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Memiors of the Tallies  
by  
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## MEMOIRS OF THE VALLEJOS

New light on the history, before and after "the Gringo" came, based on original documents and the recollections of Dr. Platon M. G. Vallejo.

Arranged for Publication by James H. Wilkins

Long before the acquisition of California by the United States, stories were told on the Atlantic seaboard of our continent and in England, by sea captains and travelers, of a young Californian, commander of the Presidio of San Francisco, who charmed all comers at once by his hospitality and grace of manner; who, in a land where the opportunities of learning were few, spoke indifferently English, French and Spanish; who quoted Cervantes, Shakespeare, Voltaire and Horace. His name found its way into various books, before the gold discovery and the vast migration that followed it.

His name was Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo. He was a direct lineal descendant of a noble family of old Castile, associated from the inception with the history of the New World. It was Admiral Ignacio Vallejo who, at the King's command, brought back Columbus to Spain, a prisoner. It was the admiral's brother, Pedro Vallejo, companion of Cortez, the conqueror, who after wards became Viceroy of New Spain which included not only Mexico, but also the two Californias and the immense, indefinite territory to the westward. It was Alonzo Vallejo, the great-great-grandson of the Viceroy, who joined his friend, Don Gaspar de Portola, to go with Father Junipero Serra on that ever memorable expedition to the unknown land of Alta California. And it was the same Alonzo, who, late in life, became the father of Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo.

Thus he came from the best strain of the old world and from a race of the truest pioneers.

The young man, born in Monterey, was educated at the Mission and received further instruction from a secretary of the Governor. He had almost a passion for learning. He acquired the French tongue from a priest, the English from one of the early sojourners. Books were few and far between but he eagerly bought every volume brought by the trading vessels that had become frequent visitors to the coast. He read eagerly the histories of all nations and general literature and became a polished, well-informed man, with broad, expansive views, notwithstanding the peculiar nature of his environment.

In his early youth he saw military service under the flag of Spain and later was commissioned general by the War Department of the Republic of Mexico.

In the stormy twenty-five years when California was a province of the Mexican Republic there was almost continual friction between the colony and the central government. Those who followed Father Junipero Serra and those who arrived in the ensuing fifteen or twenty years were of pure Castilian blood. This strain remained largely predominant up to the time of the American occupation. Between the high bred Californians and the mixed population of Mexico, beset with revolutions, that seemed to Humboldt to presage a return to savagery, there was little in common. More than once the friction took the form of overt acts. More than once, Mexico sent governors to California, who were unacceptable and were promptly sent back. At other times the Mexican authority was successfully attacked. So the country was largely under home rule--nominally governed by Mexico, but really doing very much as it pleased.

But Californians were alive to the fact that such a condition of things could not go on forever. In spite of many drawbacks the country was growing and attracting the notice of farseeing statesmen. It had already a considerable foreign commerce and the greater possibilities were easily recognized. Mexico, rent with internal strife, with a navy worthy of the name, was impotent to defend its distant provinces

from foreign seizure. Therefore, it became evident to clear thinking Californians that it was wise to forestall a possible conquest by voluntary annexation to some formidable maritime power.

For this purpose a meeting was held at Monterey just before the Mexican War, to consider the problem. Most Californians present favored an alliance with England, two or three advocated Russia, while General Vallejo spoke eloquently in favor of union with the United States.

What speedily followed is a part of history. With the change of government, the discovery of gold and the vast influx of population from the other side of the continent, General Vallejo, the great land owner, at once became a figure of prominence and noted for his constant friendship for the American people. His estates were the center of hospitality on a vast scale. He donated a large tract of land to the United States Government, where the federal arsenal was located. He deeded other tracts for public purposes and still more to friends, not always deserving. And he was always a kindly mediator in the asperities that arose between the newcomers and those of his own race, embittered by an only too-well founded sense of wrongs.

In 1863 General Vallejo visited Washington and New York where he found that his fame had preceded him. He was duly lionized and among other things, charmed President Lincoln, who became his intimate friend. In California, his popularity was unbounded. In his later days, no large gathering of native sons was complete without his presence.

Having lived a subject of three nations--Spain, Mexico and the United States--acting largely a man's part in the affairs of each--he was a vast repository of knowledge concerning all the early history of the State. Many writers sought him to settle disputed questions, but unhappily his entire story has never been told. A whole unpublished library perished with him.

One of his surviving sons is Dr. Platon M. G. Vallejo. Dr. Vallejo was sent by his father to be educated in the Eastern States, is an alumnus of Columbia College medical department, where he won the faculty prize in his class, and has been for fifty-five years a practicing physician. While well on, he is by no means "stricken" in years, but a very fine specimen of physical conservation and youthful spirits.

Dr. Vallejo has no small stock of ancient memories of his own, for his recollections go back to a period far beyond the gold discovery to the grand old days of patriarchal California. Among other things he is doubtless the only living man able to speak the language of the powerful tribe of Suisun Indians, now totally extinct, which he learned in his boyhood and has ever since retained. This should be a thing of great ethnological interest.

But apart from that, Dr. Vallejo is in a measure his father's literary legatee. He heard from his own lips the story of his life, has many old documents and memoranda pertaining to early events, many of which are of deep public interest and throw an entirely new light on history. All of which the doctor has kindly placed at the disposal of the Bulletin and its readers. For the sake of continuity, the gentleman will tell his own story, differing only in arrangement from the original narration.

## CHAPTER 1

This chapter contains the blithesome narrative of an exploration trip around San Francisco bay made about 1830 by Lieutenant (afterwards General) Vallejo; shows how he met a Cacasui and how Los Osos roamed the wild that was to become Oakland; also is given the sprightly tale of the Markinos in the Straits, the Devil in the Mountain and the Mare on the Island.

Where a story has neither a beginning nor an ending, said Dr. Vallejo, it is not easy to know where to commence. Perhaps, to break ground, a brief retrospect is in order.

As you know, the line of Missions in California extended northward from San Diego, almost always within sight of the sea. For nearly half a century this line halted at the Mission Dolores. It was not until 1817 that the Mission of San Rafael Archangel was founded and a year after the Mission St. Francis Solano at Sonoma.

And in the meanwhile all that great section on the east and north shore of the Bay of San Francisco was a terra incognita. True, the padres from the Mission Dolores had crossed over in boats to the rancherías of the wild Indian tribes--the padres went everywhere in their soul-saving labors. But, in that region, now covered with cities and towns and the home of immense industries, there was not a resident civilized man, nor had the country ever been explored.

My father was born in Monterey in the year 1808. The active outdoor life of the Californians of his time joined with the generous climate to promote maturity of mind and body at an early age. He entered the little army at 16, like most of the young men of ambition and good family; but even then he was a fine figure of a man--what we call a husky--tall, broad shouldered and athletic, with a very frank and winning face, as old men have told me who knew him in his early youth. The army of California was not a very great affair, but it represented the one idea of law and order--the big policeman with a beat of 500 miles from San Diego to Dolores Mission.

And being in the army was no joking matter, regardless of what some of our historians say. It was necessary to have authority over the 30,000 neophyte Indians of the Missions to say nothing of the far greater number who were totally uncivilized.

As the California Indians have been misrepresented in everything else, so also their very number has been underestimated. My father told me that in his belief there must have been 200,000 savages around and behind the line of Missions; enough to overwhelm them utterly if once aroused to hostile acts. The goodness of Fathers Serra, Palou and their fellow workers made their persons safe enough. But their property was quite another thing. When great herds of cattle, sheep and horses began to cover the valleys and stretch into the open range, the Indians were in the habit of helping themselves, just as to any other thing in nature, without so much as saying "Thank you" or "If you please." This of course, could not be permitted. Yet to impress on the native mind an understanding of the distinction between "mine" and "thine" was a thing that required not alone force and firmness, but endless tact as well.

Thus, if what we call cattle lifting was going on among the herds pertinent to a Mission, at once there was rapid concentration there of troops, both to overawe the Indians by a show of force and recover the stolen stock. The trick was to do this without a friction that might arouse wholesale the passions of the wild tribes and bring them down like a resistless torrent on the handful of white people. Commissioners were always first sent to the local chiefs, seeking peaceful return of the abducted stock. This often was successful. If a few heads were missing that was easily overlooked. All pacific measures failing, force was freely used, but only so far as needful to gain the end in view. There never was indiscriminate massacre or reckless waste of life, such as some of our good historians describe. That was the wise policy of the padres, and without it the story of the Missions would have been very brief.

Still, it can be easily seen that the little army had its hands full. I doubt if any other army ever accomplished so much in the way of keeping order. It was always on the move from San Diego to the Mission Dolores, wherever danger threatened, often facing serious work, undergoing hardships and exchanging dry blows. In this service my father spent what might be called his boyhood, gained reputation as a brave, cool-headed soldier and held the rank of lieutenant before he was twenty years old.

And it was thus he was chosen at this early age to lead an expedition of discovery around the eastern shore of the Bay of San Francisco--through the trackless wilderness where Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, Richmond and other towns and cities now stand.

First I must explain what prompted the expedition. Alta California was claimed by Spain by right of discovery. Her navigators, Cabrillo and Viscaïno, had sailed along the coast to the forty-second Parallel, had landed at various places and of course claimed everything in sight. Then followed a lapse of over a hundred and fifty years before the Mission came, during which time the shores of Alta California were unvisited. Another fifty years passed and not a single Spanish habitant lived north of the Bay of San Francisco. Now the right of discovery can only be maintained if followed up by use. Otherwise it dies some time by the statute of limitations. Just when it is hard to say. But two hundred years might seem enough to some people. Therefore, when the Russians settled at Fort Ross, on the Sonoma coast, they laughed at the protests of Spain and her two-century-old rights of discovery, hitherto unused. This cool appropriation of what Spain and all Californians deemed their land was the cause of indignant feeling toward the intruder. Besides, the Russian was not a welcome neighbor in himself. When we saw him we knew why he was called the Bear. He was savage, uncouth, morose, very different from the courteous, hospitable light-hearted Californian, more uncongenial than the wild Indian. Indeed, he was not a Russian at all, except in a small degree of consanguinity, but a native of the Siberian solitudes--just about as much Russian as the inhabitants of some parts of Mexico are Spanish. So it was to establish our rights of discovery on the firm basis of possession that the expedition headed by my father was planned--first of all to explore the unknown land and afterward to plant colonies far to the north.

It was in the early summer that my father, at the head of twenty-five said "adios" to Monterey and plunged into the wilderness. The party kept well to the east of the pueblo of San Jose, near the edge of the foothills, for the vegetation on the level ground--mostly wild oats and mustard--was so rank that it obstructed progress and wide vision. Everywhere towards the bay the land stretched away in pleasing prospect, giving evidence of the soil's fecundity, not only in the redundant growth of wild grain, but also in the stately trees that gave the plain a park-like appearance. Water seemed everywhere plentiful. Great herds of elk, antelope and deer seemed careless of the near approach of man: only the great surly grizzly bears were at times inclined to dispute his progress. Indeed, the young lieutenant was very busy taking notes of what he saw and making sketches. And most did he remark in this region, the valley that we now call Niles, with its fine stream of sweet water, not then carried under the bay in iron mains, and the region around the present Haywards. Two of three days they camped near what is now Seventh and Broadway, Oakland, for purposes of exploration. Here they were much annoyed at night by grizzly bears. It was only by maintaining large fires that they were prevented from making themselves very much at home.

I have taken this journey with my father so often in conversation that often I fall into the error of thinking I was there myself.

Proceeding northward, he discovered Berkeley, Richmond and the fertile land of San Pablo. Here a depleted commissary enforced a halt. The expedition was expected to obtain fresh supplies at the Sonoma or San Rafael Mission, but whether the original provisions were insufficient or whether the fine climate and outdoor service sharpened the appetites, certain it is that the party found themselves eaten out, all but a little.

"pinole," a very nourishing preparation of corn. Some time it may shine as a breakfast food. So the expedition halted on a cape that jutted far into the bay while the cargadors went back for supplies to the pueblo of San Jose. I mention this incident for a purpose.

As soon as the cargadors returned the expedition was again in motion. Soon the hills began to approach the waters' edge on either side and the bay narrowed to the appearance of a broad river. Riding along the margin, with the outgoing tide, the explorers noticed great quantities of little crabs.

How were they to cross this barrier! They passed where Port Costa stands, but alas! there was no largest ferry boat in the world to help them over. They followed the stream to where it broadened into a lake or bay. Then from the hilltop they could see where the river bifurcates, with branches stretching north and south. Far and wide extended a wilderness of tall reeds. Many Indians were in the neighborhood, with whom the Spaniards were able to converse. They told my father, that the only place to cross was lower down, where the banks were bluff.

Riding across the country near the present town of Concord, the party was suddenly confronted by a Cocasui.

Here I must digress in explanation. Your fly-by-night historian, among other things has described the California Indian as absolutely without religion or the idea of deity. On the contrary, he had a theism quite well worked out, recognizing among other things the idea of unseen forces of good and evil. The beneficent power they called "Olel Basalti"--"our God"--the giver of good things, the friend of man. The sinister and unfortunately more active unseen power they called Pul(Poo-i).

Now a Cocasui was a sort of human agent for Pul, or at least set up to be. He painted his face and body, wore a fantastic head dress of feathers and otherwise made himself conspicuous and notable. He professed to cure people, by compelling them to take the most revolting decoctions, by making hideous noises and grotesque dancing and by passes of the hand. Also, he could bring any number of disasters and kill his enemies by wishing their death. He was what the Indian story books call a medicine man or a magician, but what we call a faker. The red men have disappeared from California, but not the Cocasuis. I have even encountered them in my noble profession of medicine.

Well, the, one of these Cocasuis suddenly appeared in the way of the explorers, going through all kinds of bodily contortions and ordering them out of the country as fast as possible. My father was fond of a practical joke in his day and giving one of the men a suggestion in Spanish, the Cocasui suddenly found a couple of riatas around his body that strapped his arms to his side and gave him a sharp squeeze. The magician was badly scared, but my father calmed his fears, gave him several little presents and he at once became friendly. In truth, the Cocasui quite swelled up with pride. He said he was an important and influential agent of his master, the devil, who had a home in the depths of a large mountain, which he pointed out. And so they parted friends.

Determined to cross the river or straits, at all hazards my father carefully studied the ground. Having no bridges in those days, horses were trained to take the water easily. But a swim of more than half a mile in a current evidently treacherous is not a jocular undertaking even for brave men. The spot selected for making the hazardous attempt was near what is now called Vallejo Junction. Taking advantage of the incoming tide, the troopers made the cross without loss, except that a fine mare was caught in a cross current, swept down stream and apparently drowned.

The party remained several days at a spot near the head of the bay that seemed a likely site for a town. Opposite was an island of some area. One day a trooper saw an animal moving on the island. To his surprise it proved to be the mare they had given up for lost.

The party traversed the beautiful Napa Valley. But their goal was the newly established Mission beyond. My father often told me that the first view of the great Sonoma valley from the high dividing ridge filled him with emotion. It was a case of love at first sight, which better acquaintance only deepened. He knew all the coast of California from San Diego northward, and nowhere, he thought, was there a scene of

such beauty and the suggestion of everything desirable for man. And there, in fact, he was destined to pass most of the remainder of his days.

They explored the valley northward to where it closes into a canyon, and southward past the Mission of San Rafael to the Straits of Yulupa (ee-co-loo-pa), as they then called the Golden Gate. Liking not the prospect of a swim across the straits, the party retraced their steps, recrossed the great stream at the head of the bay and arrived without incident at Monterey.

When the young lieutenant returned one might have thought he was what we call now the advance agent of a real estate boom. He said he had made a visit to paradise--the fairest land in all the world. Nothing in all California was comparable; everything ready made for civilized man--soil, climate, abundant water, a great harbor, opportunity for commerce with the world, and for landscape, of a verity, a land of pure enchantment.

The lieutenant made a full report to the commandante of Monterey. With the report was a tracing delimitation or map, tracing roughly the topographical features. The explorer and his chief studied the map attentively.

"Here," said the lieutenant, indicating, "we camped several days and were annoyed by bears. It is opposite the Straits of Yulupa, and the country is covered with oaks."

"Bueno," said the commandante, and wrote "Las Encinas" (the oaks) on the map. Had he written "Los Asos" it might have been called today "Bearland instead of Oakland."

"On this tongue of land projecting into the bay" said the lieutenant, "we camped while the cargadors returned to the pueblo of San Jose for provisions. We had nothing to eat but pinole."

"Bueno" said the Commandante, "we will call it Puente Pinole" (Point Pinole) and he wrote the name on the map.

"Here are the straits," said the lieutenant, "where we found the multitude of little crabs." The Commandante tapped his forehead. He had some knowledge of the classical tongue, of which he was very proud. "The Greek word for crab is 'Karkinos,'" he said "Estrechas de los Karkinos" (Straits of Karkinos) he wrote on the map.

"Here, where I have indicated a mountain, is where the Cocasui told me the devil had his abode," said the lieutenant.

"Bueno," said the Commandante, "it shall be named Monte Diable" (Mount Diable).

"Where the stream broadens into a large bay," said the lieutenant, "we met many Indians of a tribe they called 'Suisun'."

"Buena," said the Commandante, "it shall be Bahia de Suisun" (Suisun Bay.)

"Here," said the lieutenant, "we camped on what seems the natural site of a town."

"Bueno," said the Commandante, "we will call it after you 'Vallejo.' That is where the city of the same name stands."

"On this island," said the lieutenant, "we found the mare that we thought was drowned."

"Bueno," said the Commandante and he wrote, "Isla de la Yagua" (Mare Island) on the map.

And strange to relate, all of these names have endured, permanent to this day.

## CHAPTER II

This chapter has to do with one of the prattiest romances of Alta California. It relates how the gallant Lieutenant Vallejo went down at the first volley from the loveliest eyes of the Senorita Carillo; of the speed of their century-gone wooing in the sun-kissed, flower-laden land of the padres; and of the obstacles, including a Cupid on a burro, with which the lovers had to contend; and, then, of the wedding and sudden parting, of high honors for the groom and of the bride's poetic journey from San Diego to meet the husband, who had become the king's commandant at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Man was not made to live alone, said Dr. Vallejo. It was a thing of nature that one of my father's ardent temper should early fall in love and take a wife. It was the same world-old story, so often told but ever new; but in many ways so different from our modern customs that it will bear narrating.

My father's military service chanced to lead him to San Diego. He was still a boy in years, but, in form, a man. The neighborhood was far different from what Father Junipero Serra's eyes first rested on. It was planted with gardens, filled with the growth of the fragrant orange, the olive, the vine and the fig. As my father, in his handsome uniform, was admiring the pleasant scene, he saw the face of a beautiful young girl--the most beautiful in the world, he thought--peering at him from among the leaves of a fig tree.

In the Spanish etiquette, it is permissible for a caballero, even though he be a stranger, to express his respectful admiration for any lady he may see and on this occasion my father voiced his sentiments with not a little vigor and something in the young girl's eyes showed that she was not at all displeased. He made quick work, you may be sure, of gaining an introduction to her family. It was a case of love at first sight, which deepened with every day's acquaintance. Just as soon as decorum would permit, he asked her parents for her hand, which was freely granted, for everyone liked the young lieutenant, with his winning manners and handsome face.

Thus far everything was what we call "too easy." But here the stumbling blocks that beset the course of true love at once appeared. The rules of the army abounded in red tape. One regulation provided that before an officer married he must first receive permission from the war department in the City of Mexico, which was more than 2000 miles from San Diego.

Alas! in 1827 there were neither steamships, nor airships, nor even railroads. A sailing vessel might not touch at San Diego in a year. So the best my father could do was to dispatch a messenger on a burro to Mexico City with his humble petition for a permit to take a wife.

The messenger crept down the peninsula of Baja California at a snail's pace to La Paz. There he waited for a vessel to transport him to the mainland. Arrived at Mazatlan, he did some more creeping over the great Sierra Madre mountains to Durango, from there down the broad tableland to the City of the Monterumas. And there, of course, the petition had to wait its turn. But all things must have an ending. At last the warriors of the war department gravely considered the request of Lieutenant Vallejo and without difficulty granted the necessary "permiso." Armed with the precious document, the messenger started on his homeward journey.

Can you guess how long this round journey lasted? Nearly two years and a half! Imagine the emotions of the ardent young couple as they thought of the burro whose laden fleet delayed their happiness. My father, man fashioned, raged like a wild animal in a cage. My future mother, with feminine perception, realized that with his love as a possession there was not much besides in the world worth living for and maintained an outward appearance of cheerfulness, no matter how much her heart ached.

Several times, during this long engagement, my father managed to visit San Diego. But even then their happiness was incomplete. According to the Spanish etiquette, a young couple, even if espoused, never meet except in the presence of a vigilant duenna. So they can only show that good temper for each other with their eyes. My father used to tell his innamorata glowing stories of the beautiful north and the grand home he was preparing for her there. In this she took little interest. She told him plainly that with him any place, however small, was large enough, while, without him, all the world was insufficient. My father often assured me that he never saw a lady so earnestly in love.

It is said that misfortunes come not singly, but in whole flocks, like snipe. On one of these visits to San Diego my father received word of impending danger to a Mission. It was necessary to start with haste that afternoon for the scene of action. But while he was making preparations who in the world should stumble into San Diego but the laggard messenger on the weary burro, bearing the long awaited "permiso" from the war Department. As I said before, he had been gone two years and a half.

Here was a complication. My father was now free to marry, but duty compelled him to leave in two hours. And there was even another obstacle, seemingly insurmountable. It was the month of March--the season of Lent--when nothing so hilarious as marriage was allowed. My father was true son of the church, but on occasion could be very resolute. Here he made what we call a "roar." And the kind padres, who were very human and very tender when it came to young people's hearts, put their heads together for a quiet colloquy and decided that, while it might be peccable, still they would grant a dispensation. So the marriage took place at once, after all. But half an hour later my father was in the saddle and gone.

All this time I have forgotten to name the lady; my future mother. She was the Senorita Maria Francesca Felipa Benicia Carillo, descendant of an old Spanish family. Rather a long name, but had it been shortened we must have looked elsewhere for the name of one of our California towns, once the State Capital.

It was eight months before they met again. My father had then become commandante of the Presidio of San Francisco, director of colonization for all territory north of the Mission lands of Santa Clara, and with unlimited authority in that region. To this was added later by the government of Mexico the title of general in its army. The duties of his office were peremptory, so he sent his brother Salvador, with an escort of twenty troopers, to bring him his bride.

My mother never wearied telling of this journey. The soldiers were all young, very striking in their new uniforms. An easy-paced jack, an animal then much prized, was assigned for her to ride. She was seated on a sort of pillion, and, instead of a stirrup her feet rested on a board suspended along the jack's side. It was no more tiresome than sitting in a rocking chair. One of the soldiers held the bridle, and, except at night, never relaxed his grasp from San Diego to San Francisco.

When the party started on the long journey the Mission bells were ringing and all the people of San Diego turned out to bid the bride godspeed and strew the streets with flowers. It was in the spring time. All the country was carpeted with flowers and the soft air, laden with perfumes joined with the prospect of great happiness, induced a sentimental mood. The sight of the grand old ocean, with its ever recurring waves, also, has ever been prone to arouse in the bosoms of young people a certain tendency to thoughts of love. My mother told me more than once that all through that journey of four weeks she was in a state of exaltation. Where the "Camino Real" crossed the high mountains she wondered at the ever changing prospect and the far distant horizon, understanding for the first time the immensity of nature. Sometimes they stayed over night at the Missions, welcomed by the kind padres and joyous chimes.

But more often they camped by some limped stream and in a sylvan bower she listened to the music of the ocean until lulled to forgetfulness and sleep by the measured cadence of its lordly voice, and in the morning she was awakened by the birds singing their own wedding march.

It was in fact a fitting prelude to a long life of love and devotion on either side. For more than sixty years my parents were husband and wife. They had six ~~children~~ children, not counting one that came into the world without life. And, looking back over half a century, they could recall no incident of their union that they could wish otherwise.

## CHAPTER III

Tells how Lieutenant Vallejo was made commandante of the Presidio of San Francisco at a time when buccaneers yet sailed the seas; contains an illuminating note on the origin of the word "greaser"; and includes the story of Sum-yet-ho, chief of the Suysunes.

My father was made commandante of the Presidio of San Francisco about the time he came of age. To his military duties was added the civil position of director of colonization. For seventeen years he was the supreme power in the northern California around the bay, including the great counties of Alameda, Contra Costa, San Joaquin, Sacramento, Yolo, Solano, Napa, Sonoma, Mendocino and Marin. Land grants, followed by settlements, were made on his recommendations alone. And later on he was charged by the governments with the secularization of the northern missions.

Even in that early day there were not a few vessels calling at the port. The trade in tallow and in hides, the principal exports, was much less than at the southern ports, but the great convenience of wood and water made it desirable to visit San Francisco to outfit before leaving on the long homeward voyages.

All along the California coast, from the earliest days, they had sort of merchants' exchange lookouts watching with long telescopes for sails. As soon as one was spied it became at once a grave question to determine the purpose of the new comer--was it war or peace? The buccaneers were not extinct by any means in those times and then there was always the fear of foreign invasion. As soon as the watcher could see the outline of a ship's hull and make sure that it was not pierced with guns, he called out cheerfully, "Manteyero," which meant "grease trader, or tallow and hide merchant, who was always a very welcome guest. For this word the English-speaking visitors easily coined an equivalent--"greaser"--and so all trading vessels came to be known by that name. Soon it was applied as well to the officers and crew of the vessels that hailed from Boston and England to deal in hides and tallow. The appellation "greaser" became one of great dignity and honor. To be a "greaser" meant to be a prosperous, well inclined, peaceable person, a substantial trader, a man of property and all around good fellow. The lower ranks of English and Americans became chesty at once when you referred to them as "greasers." It is somewhat curious how the use of that word has been transposed. At all events, that is the history of its origin.

One of my father's first intentions was to send abroad for quite a library of select books as soon as he had a fixed home. Some of these he still possessed, twenty years after, at the time of his death. His studious habits were reflected in the names of his children. He was reading the words of Platon when I was born. So I was called by the Spanish equivalent, Platon. He was reading the works of Plutarch when a brother was born. He was named Plutarco. My brother Andronico was born while my father was immersed in the drama "Titus Andronicus," by the admirable W. Shakespeare. He was reading a life of Napoleon when my brother Napoleon Vallejo, was born. And so on down the line. This custom secured for us very illustrious Christian names.

But it was not watching ships or naming babies that concerned my father. It was the colonization of the north. He now had a small schooner at his service, which made exploration much more simple. The estuaries were deep and easily navigable at all stages of the tide, so it was the simplest thing to gain a complete knowledge of the country, which always charmed him more and more. He made arrangements for settlements by a number of families. Also he made locations for himself at various points, subject to confirmation by the governor at Monterey.

But at once a very serious obstacle interfered. The aborigines, the wild Indians, had been very friendly with the Spaniards on their tours of discovery and exploration. But when it came to make permanent settlements in their hunting grounds and patriarchal territory that was a very different thing.

Inhabiting the north and east shores of the Bay of San Francisco, and far into the interior, was a great Indian tribe, known as the Suysunes, who gave the name to a bay and modern town the sole remaining memory of their existence. They formed a great population, easily forty thousand souls. By far the greater number inhabited Sonoma, Solano and Yolo, but there were also many across the Straits of Carquinez., in San Joaquin and Contra Costa. Some had visited the Missions and been baptized, without great profit to themselves, for they were purely primitive--just the same as when Christopher Columbus sailed from Spain. I will have more to tell you of these Indians later on.

The chief of the Suysunes was a famous ruler called Sum-Yet-Ho in the native tongue, the words meaning "the Mighty Arm." His name fitted his person. He was of gigantic stature, standing six feet seven inches--without his stockings, for he had none. And he was large all over in proportion, with the strength of several men. His name by baptism was Francisco Solano, and by that name he was best known. My father early made the acquaintance of Sum-Yet-Ho and he admired the rugged savage. They were friends but when the chief learned that the commandante proposed to plant colonies in his land, he said, frankly enough, that such a thing meant a finish fight.

Well, it either meant war or an abandonment of all the plans of the Californians for maintaining their discovery right against Russia. By direction of the government, my father gathered an army of more than 200 men and invaded the territory of Solano. The hostile forces met in the Suscol valley, and there a severe battle was fought. Many Indians were killed and a few Spaniards, but the redmen, with their bows and arrows and spears were no match for the guns, swords and discipline of the soldiers.

Solano had the good sense to know when he was beaten and sought a conference with my father. The two met, like warriors, had a long talk, decided that the country was big enough for both and entered into an alliance and treaty of good will, which was never broken by either side. When colonization began soon after, Solano and his warriors were the best protectors of the early settlers. For there were very savage Indians in the mountains to the north, far different from the tractable Suysunes. They would have cheerfully murdered the settlers in their beds had not Solano and his braves prevented.

The Commandante always held Solano, not alone as an ally, but as a personal friend and equal. He consulted him on all things. The chief was a most welcome guest at his hacienda, when he settled in Sonoma. He might be savage still in some things, with the primitive ideals of war. My father often told me that he never came in contact with a finer natural mind. He was a keen, clear-headed thinker, readily grasped new ideas, learned to speak Spanish with ease and precision and was so ready to debate that few cared to engage with him in a contest of wits.

He became a fairly good Christian, but sometimes the new religion ~~was~~ jarred him a bit. One time, I think it was when they were laying out the pueblo of Santa Rosa, my father ordered a military mass. There were present a few settlers, their wives and children, perhaps a score or so of Spanish soldiers and Solano with several hundred Indians.

The military mass is a most impressive ceremonial. The men are in full uniform, with their arms. Only, they kneel during the solemn offices of the church, for it is always good that the knee should do some penance. After the ritual the padre preaches a sermon. He referred to what the gospel says--that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter heaven.

"That means an impossibility," said the priest. "A camel cannot pass through the eye of a needle any more than you can pass a bale of hay through a key-hole. It is vain to attempt to soften his awful warning into a mere figure of speech. It means exactly what it says. The man who turns his thoughts to earthly possessions, turns his heart from humanity--from God--and his portion is hell."

Solano was on his feet in an instant, with blazing eyes.

"What is this I hear!" he shouted. "Does he say that you, my good friend, because you own some land and cattle, must therefore go to hell? Why do you permit such talk?"

Ahuerra: Out with him!"

My but the Indian did have what we call "his Irish up." It took all my father's power to silence him.

A little later the commandante sent for the priest.

"Father," he said, "I think your words were not wisely chosen. We are in the midst of half-tamed men, with our women and children. We are safe only because they obey those who seem to be superior. It is not well to discredit those in authority. What you said just now nearly raised a tumult."

The priest answered gravely: "It is the word of God. I can preach nothing else."

"Very good," said the commandante. "Go at once to your bishop and tell him to send me a more prudent priest."

Out of this grew a story that my father had shown disrespect for the church by summary dismissal of a priest. Many years later I heard him relate the incident to a great prelate of our church.

"My dear General," said the prelate, "I would have done exactly the same thing myself."

#### CHAPTER IV

The story of the Pat-Wins--the "Red Children of the Open"--is told in this chapter; their encounters with the grizzlies and other denizens of the wild; their feasts of clover and the magnificent race they were on the face of California before civilization laid its blighting hand upon them or Eugenics were in fashion.

A lie well adhered to seems better than the truth, said Dr. Vallejo. In that curious labyrinth of falsehood, called the early history of California, written by many authors, you will read that the native races of the Pacific Coast among whom the Mission Fathers labored, were the most degraded of all mankind. You will read that they were absolutely without the idea of God, devil or angel, without any hope of the hereafter, without government, without laws; warriors who tried to scare each other by empty sounds; hunters whose most ambitious game was the gopher and ground squirrel; filthy, obscure, feeble-bodied, naked outcasts, hiding in holes from inclement weather, lower than the lowest brutes. Finally, as the last word of reproach, we have called them "Diggers"--as if we do not dig ourselves. This story has been handed down from one to another, until it is now accepted as gospel truth.

It matters little to these people what judgment history may pass upon them. The great tribe of Suysunes, that once inhabited the north bay region, long ago became totally extinct. But I know, and observed them in my early boyhood, learned much of them from my father and from the first settlers, acquired their language, heard their legends firsthand, many of them very beautiful, and am certainly the only man now who can speak their tongue. So I am going to tell you something about the Suysun Indians. Of the others, I know little except from hearsay.

The Suysunes spoke of themselves as "Pat-Win," which does not indicate at all a Celtic origin. The words mean "open people"--people of the open--children of Nature, if you will. That gives the key to their lives and character.

In the first place, they lived with the seasons. In the spring and summer they swarmed around the pleasant places of the bay and on the banks of watercourses, where the weather was pleasant and food abundant. There they dwelt without shelter, except here and there a brush lean-to. It may seem strange, but in this respect I have often, as a doctor, advised my patients to become Indians. I think the two best medicines in the world are sunshine and fresh air.

They passed the summer season hunting, fishing, gathering food supplies against the winter, but mostly in merriment and sport. They were skillful fishermen, catching all kinds of fish in nets and traps. They also had ingenious nets to snare wild ducks. All stories to the contrary, they were brave and crafty hunters, not only slew the elk, the deer and antelope, but my father and others have told me that two hunters did not hesitate to attack the savage grizzly bear with bows and arrows. This was an enterprise of extreme danger. The play was to divert the bear from one hunter to the other until he was disabled and killed. But sometimes bruin singled out one hunter and rushed him to his death, despite everything his companion might do to divert his attention. Skins of animals were dressed so as to be very soft and pliant. Such meat as was not eaten fresh was smoked carefully for winter use. They also smoked and preserved great quantities of salmon and other fish. But they always shunned anything that approached a waste of animal life. They killed only in the just proportion of their needs, never in a spirit of wantonness or cruelty--never to make what we call a "bag." It was solely for that reason that game of every kind was so strangely abundant. They had natural game laws, far better than our.

In the winter they returned to higher land, often to a grove that served as a wind-break or partial shelter. Here they had winter quarters. In the first place, they excavated a sort of a circular pit or cellar, about five feet deep--goodness knows how, for they had only the most primitive tools. Some of these pits were large. I have seen them thirty feet in diameter, sufficient to accommodate a large family.

Around the circumference large straight limbs of trees were firmly driven and drawn together at the top, so as to form a sort of cone, with an ample aperture for the escape of smoke. The sides were thatched with rushes and brush and the whole covered with a plaster ~~and~~ of clay so as to make it fairly water tight. Living in this cellar shielded the inhabitants from the sharp wind, while a fire, burning on a high platform of stones, gave them heat with very little smoke.

As a rule, the floor of this winter hut was covered either with woven mats or with the skins of animals. I have seen many of these habitations myself. It is true that they had no burglar or fire alarms, no telephones, no city heat and steam, no electric lights, no water service, no fire escapes, in fact, no modern conveniences at all, but for people ignorant of modern civilization the winter quarters of the Suysunes did well enough. But they were only used in times of stress. Between storms, when the weather moderated, the people loved to sleep outdoors.

The earth cheerfully provided for their needs. Therefore, the Suysunes never coaxed her by cultivation. There were many savory roots with which they were familiar and regularly gathered. Some of them I know are very palatable and nutritious as well. There is a root they called chuchupali, of the celery type, of which they were very fond. This could be made a highly prized market vegetable. It grows wild in great profusion in Sonoma county. Every year I have my feast of chuchupali.

Another thing you will see in all the histories of early California is that the "bestial Indians" used to browse on the pastures, like the antelope and elk. In this there is an element of truth. In many places a kind of clover grows with a red blossom on a long stem. This has a sweetish, very pleasant taste, and the Indians used to eat it in quantities wherever found. I myself acquired a taste for this clover when a boy, and, what is more, I have retained it ever since. I find that it is not alone agreeable to the palate, but a fine tonic for the stomach as well. In my judgment, it has distinct medicinal values. And so, like the Indians, I have my clover feast every year.

They used the acorn to make bread, this was ground to a powder, soaked in cold water until all the tannin--the bitterness--was removed, and then baked in the ground. Sometimes it was sweetened with wild honey and flavored with blackberries or other fruits. I have often eaten acorn bread. It was agreeable to the taste and nutritious. Oak trees were then far more plentiful than now. Acorns fell from them till they often covered the ground inches deep beneath. So the harvesting was an easy matter. The simple cooking of meat or fish was done over coals or by heating water to the boiling point in their wonderful woven watertight jars, by placing in them red hot stones.

So it can be seen that the Suysun--the Pat-Win--lived in a climate that did not present the imperative demand for shelter and clothes, which was inspired so much of civilization. At the same time he had an almost automatic supply of high-class food in quantities to suit his inclination. The bay and rivers gave him endless fish and shell fish, the plains and forest gave him meat and the earth gave him fruit, vegetables and bread. There were no soup kitchens, no unemployed. It is strange that the Suysun was satisfied, choosing to lead a life of happiness and merriment, instead of breaking his back with work?

And yet the most blistering part of the indictment against the California Indian is the charge that he was an idle, worthless wretch, with an unconquerable aversion to work. That was true enough. It was hard to make the Indian understand why he should labor all day in the hot sun, with the plough, the rake or harrow, foolishly scratching the earth to obtain that which she willingly gave for the asking. That was the hard problem the Padres had to face in the olden missions. The Suysunes only touched civilization for ten years, then disappeared forever in a vast tragedy, of which I will tell later. So their capacity to assimilate work was never fairly tried, but I have a strong belief that they also would have proved lacking.

Does anyone love work for itself? On a pleasant summer day, do we prefer to saw a cord of wood or go on a picnic among the trees? --Would you rather keep shop till 10 o'clock at night or go to a moving picture show? The plain truth is, we of civilized life, work because we must, and shun it when we can. The California Indian, removed from the necessity of work, only followed a native human inclination.

There were no tailors or modists among the Suysun Indians. Their costumes, even in the present day, would be called scant. The men merely wore a breech clout of fur. The women wore a sort of petticoat reaching from the waist to the knees, either of fox skin or closely platted grass. This latter was often ornamented by interweaving the many-colored feathers of birds, in rare harmony, so that the work resembled the finest embroidered velvet. Sometimes they wore a cape or collar of fur, but not always. So the female dress was somewhat limited, but still extremely chaste, for the handsome young Indian girls were modest, were utterly unconscious of anything improper or wanting in their attire. Nowadays if a lady but slits her skirt a bit, so as to show a flash of stocking, everyone is apt to say: "My! how suggestive!" And, indeed, it may be suggestive, for all depends on the way the thing is done. I think the lady in Paris who not long ago received her guests nude had the glimpses of a great idea--that there is nothing inherently more vulgar or immodest in the undraged living form than in one cut from marble.

Physically, instead of the weak, squat figures described in the histories, my father and his friends always contended that the Suysunes were the finest developed people they ever saw--men and women cast in a noble mold, of which Solano, with his six feet seven inches, was a type. I used to sit on his mighty shoulder when a boy and the earth below seemed remote. I have heard my father say that he had seen several hundred of the active class together at a time, anyone of whom might have served as a model for a sculptor. Talk about your eugenics! Here was a people who bred true, had no deformed nor unhealthy offspring, no word for disease, and a blood entirely without contamination, and that was the cause of their undoing long before the discovery of gold.

My father looked on the Suysunes as the most interesting savages in the world, and held them in high regard. He found them trustful and trustworthy, honest, truthful and, all accounts to the contrary notwithstanding, singularly faithful in their marital relations. Through the help of Solano he maintained a sort of militia force among these Indians, who gave a sense of security to all the settlers in the north.

As a sort of sole custodian of their speech and history, I am going to relate some of the Suysun myths and legends, but first I must tell a story of Solano which cannot fail to interest.

## CHAPTER V

This chapter contains the story of the honeymoon in Sonoma of the Russian Princess Helene; the capture of herself and escort by Suysunes and their rescue by the Spaniards; also of the breakneck ride of the Soldier Cesario and the gift of God he drew from the river and took to the Senora Vallejo.

What I am now about to tell you is one of the strangest scenes in the California drama, one that has never before been told to my knowledge; one that may have had a determining influence in shaping the destiny of the Pacific Coast. The story will embrace as well a very startling episode, illustrating how the lines of Fate converge at times from distant points to work out mysterious ends.

In the year 1805, the Russian navigator, Kotzebue, son of a famous poet, visited the Bay of San Francisco and saw something of the country surrounding its shores. The report he made to his master, the Czar, which has been often published, seems now not alone dramatic, but prophetic. It was because of the report of Kotzebue that the Russians took possession of Fort Ross and Bodega, despite the earnest protest of Spain. The language of the ancient mariner was roseate enough to urge on a grasping nation in taking any chance. Kotzebue was unfortunate, indeed, because he was born more than a century too soon and should have lived, not as a subject of Russia, but as a boomer in Los Angeles today.

Far away, in an antipodean region, about eighty years ago, something took place that seemed to have no bearing possible on the affairs of distant California. That was the marriage at St. Petersburg of the beautiful Princess Helene, niece of the Czar, to a great Russian noble by the name of Roscheff, a grand duke perhaps, for aught I know. He was the overlord of Siberia and of all the possessions of Russia on both sides of the Pacific ocean. And where do you suppose the young bride proposed to spend her honeymoon: In the gaieties of Paris, Vienna, London, or under the soft Italian skies? No, she chose to cross the Asian continent and the Pacific ocean to view the land which Kotzebue described.

Two warships conveyed the royal party from the Siberian shores to Agitka, late in the fall. Thence they sailed in lazy fashion down the coast of America, spending some time in Puget Sound, and at length arrived in the late winter or rather, early spring, at the large Russian settlement that we call Fort Ross.

Heavy rains for a time kept the party indoors. Then the weather cleared, the air became soft and enticing to adventure. The princess, eager to see more of the land of Kotzebue, at once arranged for a party to explore the interior and look for herself at the beautiful valley which the Russian described. A small guard from the garrison accompanied the noble bridegroom and the bride, they passed through forests of stately redwoods, that the princess greatly admired, reached the Russian river, across which a small boat transported the party, while the horses swam. And so they reached the Sonoma Valley, already radiant with flowers.

Now the arrival of the Russian warships had alarmed the Californians. They always feared greatly the aggressions of the Muscovite. They now expected far more serious inroads. These fears were shared by the Indians under Solano. They wanted no more Russians in their land. Therefore, Chief Solano set out with a large war party to reconnoitre. My father would have gone along to prevent imprudence, but a pressing domestic event interposed. Instead, he sent his brother Salvador Vallejo, and several Spanish soldiers.

Thus it happened that the Princess Helene and her escort found themselves suddenly surrounded by several hundred savages, fairly well armed. The Russians stood on the defensive, ready to fight to the death, but my Uncle Salvador rode up to them begging them to do nothing that might precipitate a massacre and offering all the protection in his power. Then he approached Solano and asked "what do you intend to do with the prisoners?"

The chief made an ugly motion of his hand to the neck, "That for the men," he said. "The squaw we keep."

But my Uncle Salvador was insistent that nothing should be done without the sanction of the Commandante, to which Solano consented with bad grace. Then he wrote on a slip of paper, torn from a roll that was kept for making cigarettes, a letter to my father begging him to come with his Spanish soldiers with all the speed he might. He gave the letter to one of the troopers and bade him not to spare his horse. I do not recollect the trooper's name. Let us call him Cesario for short. One good name should suffice. You may be sure that Cesario, as we say, "made tracks."

In the meanwhile, something was happening elsewhere. On the banks of a large creek near where stands Santa Rosa, a small party of camp followers were stationed. The soldiers had marched ahead to subdue some marauding Indians in Lake County. There had been quite a fight and several Spaniards were killed. At the camp a wife of one of the soldiers had given birth to a child. Shortly after this event some thoughtless wretch entered the mother's tent and told her that her husband was among the slain. Seeping from her couch, she seized the still naked child and before anyone could interfere rushed to the bank of the creek, threw the infant into the rapid stream and was about to precipitate herself after it, when overtaken and with difficulty subdued.

And the child? Ah! it had been swept away by the current and lost in the darkness of the night.

But we must return to Cesario. He speeded onward, onward, toward Sonoma, remembering well my uncle's caution not to spare his horse. It was long dark when he arrived at a stream swollen with recent rains. He had no time to seek a ford, but plunged into the water, like a good rider, holding his horse's head upstream and keeping a sharp lookout for quicksand.

What was that pink object approaching him with the current? It seemed a fish, but he had never seen the like before. As it swept by, Cesario leaned over, seized it, drew it from the water. What on earth do you think it was? A little white boy baby, still alive. Cesario held it up by one leg and had just sufficient sense left to gasp out, "Mira no mas," which is about the same as when we say in English, "Holy Smoke," or "Where am I at?"

But he was a man of action. He did not stop to inquire how the stream came to run tables, or to wait for any more. He only dried it as best he could, placed it next to his arm body and continued his wild ride.

It was long after midnight when Cesario reached the house of my father. But there were lights burning and people moving outside.

"I must see the commandante at once," he said. "I bear an important message."

"Be quiet," said the guard: "this is a house of sorrow. The senora's child came into the world without life. She is heart broken."

Sometimes a man has a great idea, so great that he does not measure his steps. Those who know Spanish etiquette can understand the impropriety of Cesario's conduct when he brushed aside the guard and entered unannounced into my mother's quarters.

"Yes, a gift from heaven" said my mother, as she took it in her arms.

My father read the letter from his brother, telling of the capture of the Russian party by Solano, with deep apprehension. Instantly there was a call to arms. The garrison was roused and before daybreak seventy-five troopers, all heavily armed, were speeding across Sonoma valley, following the route by which Cesario came.

It must have been a gallant sight in the early morning when my father and his troopers, in their high hats of the country and embroidered leather uniforms, galloped on wearied horses to the place where Solano was guarding his captives. As planned, the Spaniards at once ranged themselves around the Russian princess and her party, while my father took the Indian chief aside for a brief parley. His influence with the savage leader was without limitation. Solano listened, runted once or twice, gave quick orders

to his people, and almost as swift as I can tell it every Indian was gone--completely vanished.

And what did the Princess Helene do when she realized that all danger was over? Did she faint? Did she shed tears and call for her smiling salts? Ah! She was what we call the "dead game sport." She clapped her little white hands and cried out in French: "This is too delightful. Truly spoke old Kotzebue when he called California the land of romance and enchantment. To think of being captured by that splendid old savage and then rescued by preux chevaliers. I have had the time of my life. What will the ladies of St. Petersburg say when they hear of this?"

The commandante and his soldiers escorted the party back to the fortification. All the way the men were in a merry mood, racing, throwing the riata, picking up objects from the ground while riding at full speed, or going through the movements of mimic war. The princess admired greatly their perfect equestrianism.

The Spanish party remained at Fort Ross for rest and refreshment for perhaps two hours. When they prepared to leave, the princess, very serious, approached the Commandante

"Amigo," she said--she had picked up somewhere that Spanish word--"I wanted the honor to own this fine country, but now I have changed my mind. I hope it will ever remain for you and yours."

Very gracious, indeed, she outstretched her hand.

The Commandante kissed it very gallantly and felt himself at once more than repaid for all his trouble. The remuneration was given on an impulse, but that did not detract from its par value in the least.

Of course they never met again. But because she had shown herself a woman of the blood, or, perhaps, because she had called him by the gentle word "amigo," he always remembered her with deep respect. Sometimes, when the story was told, his friends rallied my father about kissing the hand of the fair princess and perhaps there was a laugh. But I took note that my mother never seemed to see the joke.

And did this incident make a part of history? No one can say for certain, and the question may be answered as you please. But this much is beyond all doubt. Russia in the early thirties coveted California, as well she might, and was determined on its seizure. Really, nothing prevented. Mexico was powerless. The Californians themselves were a mere handful and must have submitted to superior force. Of a sudden all that policy was changed. That was after the return of the Princess Helene to Russia. A little later still all the Muscovite settlements in California were abandoned.

And so, but for the visit of the Princess Helene and her adventure, California, instead of American might today be Russian.

Ah! I was forgetting about the infant rescued by Cesaric from a watery grave. Inquiry at once cleared the mystery. It was the child thrown in the stream by the frantic mother, who was seized later with fever and died. The name of the father, killed in the Indian fight, was Enrique Licaldo. But the little orphan child was brought up in the Vallejo family, just like the rest of us, and we all willingly shared with him our name. He was my brother Enrique Vallejo, who grew to be a fine man, well known throughout California. He always thought himself a Vallejo, had a proper family pride, and, it was not until late in life that he learned the strange story of his birth.

Perhaps you know how uncharitable is the world in all its judgments; how often it misconstrues the most amiable and worthy acts. When I was a grown man I began to hear little hints about the paternity of my brother Enrique.

"He favors Don Guadalupe in appearance," said one. "Don Guadalupe was a very handsome man," said another; "Yes, Don Guadalupe was a man greatly admired by the ladies," said a third. All of these were childish hints, but they had a sting.

Now once my father was a very ill man. It was an attack of pneumonia in a serious form. By that time I was a practicing physician myself and waited on my stricken parent. The onset of the infirmity was so severe that notwithstanding his perfect constitution

if had poor hopes of his life. Like a good christian, he received the last offices of the church. Then something crossed my mind.

"My dear father," I said, "you have made your peace with God and man. Now I want you to tell me the fact--is Enrique my true brother, or, as I have always understood a brother by adoption?"

Sick as he was, my father had to laugh.

"Who has been telling you foolish lies?" he said. "On the word of a dying man, the story of his birth and coming to our household is gospel truth. He was the son of Enrique Licaldo, the soldier killed in the Indian fight. And another thing I want to tell you: Licaldo and his wife lived in San Diego. The first time I saw either was when they arrived at Sonoma, three months before the boy's birth."

## CHAPTER VI

In this chapter is introduced that fine old Irish Caballero, Don Timoteo Murphy, with his bag full of stories of banshees and leprechauns; also is related how the commandante sallied through the neblina surrounding the Presidio to found the first Country Club in California.

I wish to correct several errors which have crept into the text of our story, said Dr. Vallejo. In the first place, my ancestor, Alonzo Vallejo, was the admiral who took Columbus prisoner back to Spain. Ignacio Vallejo, my grandfather, was the companion of Father Junipero Serra. These Christian names were somehow transposed. Also, my father and mother were credited with but six children. In fact, they had sixteen, nine daughters and seven sons, which is very different. And, some of the Spanish words have been misspelled. Clearly a printer's error, which those who understand the language can readily correct.

My father left various landmarks to perpetuate his life in California. There is a fine city known by his name. Benicia is named after his spouse and most towns around the bay have their Vallejo street. Also, he laid out the towns of Sonoma, Santa Rosa and Petaluma.

All these things are in evidence and speak for themselves. But very few, indeed, remember that he founded the first Country Club in California.

My father was appointed Commandante of the Presidio of San Francisco in 1827, not 1830, although for two or three years he was often absent from his post on service. From his very birth to the last day of his life he was a man of the world, and fond of companionship and friends; what we call a natural "mixer." He was always most happy when his home was filled. There was an Irish gentleman named Don Timoteo Murphy, one of the first foreigners who came to stay, who was his guest for years. My parent took great delight in his company and pleasant wit. Often Don Timoteo would sit up all night at the old Presidio, telling at the old Presidio, telling my father stories of the Banshee and other apparitions, plentiful in his native land. Later, through my father's help, he received a great grant of land north from San Rafael and built the large adobe home that served Marin county as a courthouse for twenty years. Also, he gave as a present to the church the site of the Palace Hotel. One time my father sent Don Timoteo to England to purchase high-class sheep, bulls and selected swine. He brought back not only these, but a small cargo of dogs of every class, several types of terriers and hounds, bulldogs, setters, pointers and spaniels, so that he might better indulge a strong inclination for sport.

But all this had nothing to do with the Country Club. My father had not alone the hospitable temperament highly developed, but also, in charge of his housekeeping department, he had the great fortune to possess one of that extremely rare genus, a good cook. This was the widow of a Spanish soldier, who was a pure artist in the preparation of the many savory dishes peculiar to old California life, which of which are still very popular. Moreover, she had procured a cookery book from France, which greatly aided her native talent. So there were reasons, other than because Don Guadalupe and his spouse were liked, that his home became the most pleasant place of entertainment along the coast.

Now the commandante never did anything by halves. Besides, people then did not have to measure hospitality by their means. We never lost sleep over the high cost of living, for there was no cost of plain living at all. If you wanted expensive foreign luxuries that was another thing. But the really good things of life were to be had for the asking. The country swarmed with game, the streams and bay with fish; most delicious fruits and berries grew wild everywhere in the most riotous profusion. Did you want a fine, fat steer for table use? It was yours, provided you returned to the rightful owner the hide.

So when my father extended an invitation to almost all the good families of Alta California to be his guests during the month of June he was not after all making such a dent in his pocketbook as you might imagine.

From 1830 to 1835, inclusive, these invitations were sent southward and almost universally accepted. They came all the way from Diego northward--Carrizillo, Sepulvedas, Picos, De la Guerras, Arguellos, Peraltas, Alvarados, Martinez--in fact, it was a sort of roll-call of the gentry of the Pacific Coast.

Now the Presidio quarters were not at all sufficient to accommodate such a throng, nor were the conditions suitable for picnics in the open air. The old Presidio was located in a barren spot, far different from the beautiful forest-clad slopes of the present. Besides, the place was exposed to a persistent breeze from the ocean, and, moreover, was haunted by the searching neblina, which we call by the simple, energetic English word, fog. Therefore, my father sought diligently around the bay for an appropriate spot for his Country Club, which should unite the perfection of climate, scenery and easy access by water. This he found about a league south of the Mission San Rafael Archangel, at the mouth of the deep, wooded canyon, that runs into the Mountain Temel-pa, from which flows a stream of sweet water. "Here is a little valley of perhaps two thousand varas square touched by a deep estuary of the bay. It was once covered by noble redwoods and oaks, its sheltered position made a climate ideal and my father, no mean judge, rated it as a second to none in the world in its picturesque attractions. I have often seen the spot, which is somewhat changed, for the great redwood trees are gone. It is now called Baltimore, from an ancient colony from that city located there in 1849, and lies between Corte Madera and Markapur stations on the Northwestern Pacific Railroad.

Great preparations were made for the annual meetings of the Country Club. A space was cleared for a large camp. Tents were pitched for the ladies; the men preferred to sleep out of doors. The Spanish lady, the culinary director, with her large staff of assistants was early on the spot, to see that nothing was absent that might be needed in the exploitation of her noble art.

As you perhaps know, the lands of the Mission San Rafael Archangel took in nearly all of what is now Marin county. The missions were very jealous of their territorial rights. Therefore, that entire region had no population except the primitive inhabitants. The Spanish race was strictly excluded except as pertinent to the ecclesiastical government. Therefore, game abounded in the neighborhood of this Country Club. Herds of elk and larger ones of deer were numerous. In a valley farther west, the antelope abounded. Perhaps they might be there yet under the wise laws of the Indians.

You may be sure that there were a succession of rare feasts under the guidance of the fair gifted Andalusian chef. Each meal had its culinary surprise, which, to the epicure, gave a foretaste of heaven. Every luxury of market was at hand, with the unquestioned genius for preparation.

Horses were provided in quantities to suit for long rides through the picturesque hills and valleys; also for visits to the neighboring mission. Funting and fishing parties always kept the larder filled. But it was in the evening, when the fires were lighted and the music tuned up, that merriment broke loose.

They had no dancing platform at this country club. But a square piece of ground was carefully leveled, then watered and tamped till almost as hard as a cement floor. Every day this process was repeated, so the surface was always smooth and free of dust. The ladies brought their finest toilets and the men their smartest togs to the annual meeting of the country club. Ah! How much more picturesque were the old costumes of 1830 than those of today. There, it seems to me distinct, we have gone backward, with the crab.

"Or was the music anything to be sneered at. In the old days there were many good performers on the violin, guitar and harp. A combination of the three makes a most charming dreamy music for the dance.

The commandante owned a small schooner of perhaps thirty tons burden, the only sail vessel in the bay. In this the guests were conveyed from the presidio to the scene of the festivities in little more than an hour with a favoring wind.

My father said he never saw a scene more brilliant. One can almost shut his eyes and see the tall redwoods, lighted by many fires and a hundred or more Spanish ladies and gentlemen, in their graceful attire, vivid with color, dancing as only the old Californians could. They seemed to walk on air, touching the earth only to accelerate or retard the motion. And in the background perhaps was a group of wild Indians, peaceful enough, looking on in wonderment at the gay sight. You can almost see the industrious musicians twanging on with scant intermission until long into the night. And if gifted with more imagination you might hear the old Spanish songs, very earnest and sentimental and perhaps the soft words intended only for some fair lady's ear. For it is a fact that more than one affair of the heart was happily adjusted at this first country club.

There have been many other country clubs since those days, but I doubt greatly if the members of them ever have had such an everlasting good time. For one thing, there was not the rivalry to determine which one should outshine the other in display and style. It is this foolish competition that promotes the heart aches and jealousies that poison the intercourse of modern social life. Always, without intermission, we are tortured by the spectacle of the man on top, he with the lordly house, innumerable dependents, steam yacht, automobiles of many cylinders and other possessions that indicate power and wealth. Too often, we waste a lifetime offering a cheap imitation of the real thing, to the great amusement of our neighbor, who, with great shyness has a quiet laugh in his sleeve.

This is an advanced state of society which the Californians, happily for their peace of mind, had not reached. They were all friends, all so near on an equal footing that there was no room for the envies and vain attempts at outward show, so notable in our day.

And that is why my father's country club deserves to be remembered as conspicuous in its kind.

## CHAPTER VII

This chapter deals with events leading up to and following the secularization of the Missions of California--showing how the Indians reverted to their old manner of life after the Padres had been deposed and their supporting hands withdrawn.

In the contract made with Father Junipero Serra by the King of Spain, Alta California was ceded as a field of pure missionary work for the term of ten years, and no more. At the end of this period the King and his advisers concluded all the Indians would be not alone Christianized, but also civilized, industrious workers, skilled in agriculture and on a basis of self-support. It seems incredible that any such idea, abhorrent to all human experience, should have been seriously entertained by sensible men. Yet such seems to have been the fact. And what makes it doubly strange is that in a hundred and fifty years not a single Spaniard had visited Alta California, so no one had the faintest knowledge as to the character of the native races. They might have been cannibals for all the King of Spain and his advisers knew.

At the end of the ten-year period the Missions were to become merely parish churches, the movable property, such as livestock, to be given to the made-over Indians, the land allotted to them in quantities ample for their support, and the large vacant areas granted to actual settlers, subjects of Spain. Such, in brief, was the scheme on which were founded the Missions, designed beautifully in conception, lacking only in one respect--it did not work.

When the first ten years expired even a child could see that the real work of the missionaries had not made a start. More time was easily granted, until ten years stretched out to nearly seven times ten. But all the while the inevitable secularization was anticipated and dreaded. Of course, ecclesiastical government, and with it control of the best opportunities of the country, could not go on forever. White population was increasing with rapid strides, and when the good padres pleaded for the poor Indian and his soul there was a sharp inquiry from the settlers, "How about us?" In the meantime the Missions had become very rich through the hide and tallow trade and the export of wine and other products.

The blow fell in 1835. Secularization was decreed in 1834, but the actual reduction of the Missions to parish churches and the forfeiture of their vast possessions in land did not come till a year later.

You will read in almost any history of California that the Missions were a complete failure; that Father Junipero Serra and his successors were hopelessly impractical; that if a neophyte were able to mumble a few latin words--to him quite meaningless--in return for a bowl of mush his Christianity was complete; that they taught the Indian none of the arts of self-support, while undermining his native independence. Therefore, when secularization took place the helpless Indians, unable to maintain themselves either in their primitive condition or with the arts of civilization, sank without effort by the roadside and expired.

It is not easy to write with patience about such idle trash. I have had many talks with my father about the Missions and the padres. He had what you may call first-hand knowledge from Father Serra down, and he, much a man of the world, always declared that the old Mission fathers were saints--nothing less. The other would have accomplished what they did? They reached California, eighty-eight in all, of whom eighteen were priests and of the remaining seventy some were women and children. Among tens of thousands of primitive savages they were helpless if attacked, but during almost seventy years only once was the blood of a Christian father shed by a native hand. It was their pure, ever-manifest goodness that won the hearts of these simple children of nature. In turn they were loved as few men of this world were loved before. Nothing could be more touching than the stories I have heard of the primitive, passionate grief of the poor neophytes, when one of the good fathers passed on.

The doctrine they preached was far enough from a mechanical babble of unknown words.

It was straight Christianity they taught, very practical, very earnest, very pure. The Indians were schooled, above all things, in the cardinal virtues, good will towards their fellowmen, charity, truth, honesty, virtue and a general application of the Golden Rule. All these went hand in hand with the more abstract teachings of the Christian faith.

It is curious to observe through what small knotholes the human mind will endeavor to escape from plain deductions founded on unquestioned facts. Father Junipero Serra and his companions were not mere religious enthusiasts, such as the historians describe. In their wordly wisdom they were reminiscent of the down East Yankees, who, at business, can make any other man on earth hunt his hole. They selected the site of every coast city of California from San Diego to the Golden Gate. They had all the agricultural potentialities of the State worked out more than a hundred years ago, so that when the Americans came, they only had to go ahead. There was little left for experiment. The padres introduced the vine, the olive, the citrus fruits, the fig and the various stoned and seed fruit trees, demonstrating their singular adaptability for the soil and climate. They grew great crops of wheat and barley, paving the way for another great industry. They introduced the alfalfa plant, the economic value of which was not realized till later on! They were the acknowledged founders of irrigation. They built up a considerable foreign trade. Everything they did indicated rare foresight, and efficiency. Yet because they failed to completely civilize the Indian many writers call them impractical dreamers and failures.

They failed in just one point--where all the wisdom in the world would have been of no avail. They could not change in one or two generations the ingrown habits of thought and action backed by the ancestry of countless generations. They were never able to make the Indian see the advantage, the necessity of systematic work. You see, he was a Pat-Win, a child of nature. He and his forbears had got along very nicely without work. He had abundance to eat. 't is doubtful if any people ever had universally a more ample food supply, or a better quality, for sustaining vigorous life--and all to be had for the asking. His clothes suited him to a nicety, likewise his abode, whether beneath the blue sky in summer, or in his winter quarters. Even the little spurts of work, killing game, catching fish, gathering acorns for the winter, were all made a kind of sport, accompanied with singing and dancing. So the Indian was more than satisfied with the life handed down to him by his forbears. It was not hard to make him understand the the great truths of Christianity, but no power in this world could make him see the necessity of work.

It was on that rock that the ship of the padres in some measure split. The Indian wished to lead his own life. If he became drowsy while ploughing a furrow, he stopped his oxen there and then, laid down under a tree and went to sleep. He would drop any task in the middle to have a chat or a dance with his chums. Agriculture of all kinds he despised, as not only onerous, but foolish in the extreme. It was only by the greatest persuasion that the padres could induce the Indians to anything like connected effort. Yet, despite this obstacle, not a little was accomplished, though not much considering their number. The labor of constructing the Mission buildings, the planting and harvesting of crops and practically all the labor pertinent was the work of neophyte Indians. They took kindly enough to other things, acquired the Spanish language, learned to read and write, had some taste for music, showed aptitude for drawing; in short, gave much evidence of an improvable mind. But from start to finish, their pet aversion was work.

When the Mission system collapsed the neophytes, left to their own resources, simply went back to their tribal relations--to their old life. They did not fall helpless by the wayside. They did not disappear till years after, and from a cause unconnected with any physical deterioration, but they returned to primitive conditions much better men and women. What might have been their future had not the awful hand of fate interposed we can only conjecture.

Yet no one minimize the padres's task or mistranslate what has been called the failure of the Missions. No race of whatever color has ever been reduced from savagery to civilization without centuries of bitter resistance. History shows us nothing else but the struggle of the superior man to fasten his system on his barbarous neighbors and their

frantic efforts to be free. It required eight centuries and then a Charlemagne to tame Germany and Central Europe.

And, come to think of it, are the best of us quite civilized yet? In that passionate love for the forest, the mountains, the solitudes; in the wild exuberance that a young boy feels when he first pursues wild game or fishes in a dashing brook, do we not recognize the tingle of savage blood, do we not feel the primitive old ancestor tugging at our heart? I am glad to say that here in California we are reverting to the simple life of the aboriginal inhabitants. We are spending more and more of our lives in the air, camping, picnicking, sleeping on porches, making way thus for a finer people, organizing a new chapter of the Ancient Order of "at-Wins--people of the open.

The fathers were not to blame because they failed to tame the California Indians, or should we blame the Indian because he refused to be tamed, because he returned to nature like a boy let loose from school. Likely enough, his Christian faith itself was not too well fixed. His head was doubtless filled with "cocasius," "puis" and other figures of his mythology. Centuries at least were needed to make him a civilized man in any true abuse of the word.

## CHAPTER VIII

The double-back-action "massacre of Sonoma" is related in this chapter, together with the story of the orphan boy who was its hero; also is narrated the mutiny of Sergeant Coyetano Juarez, his flight and his wonderful swim on horseback across the Golden Gate. Instead of getting the Carnegie medal of his day for establishing such a record, Coyetano would have been executed had not the senoras pleaded for him.

My father was officially charged with the task of secularizing the Mission of San Francisco Solano, in the Sonoma Valley. He already had a foothold in the country, owning a grant of a large tract of land adjacent to the present city of Petaluma. His position as commissioner of secularization made it necessary for him to take up his residence at Sonoma, which was ever after his permanent home.

This mission, the last of the series, while it claimed authority over a vast region, comprising most of the counties of Solano, Yolo, Napa and Sonoma, never prospered greatly in the number of neophytes. At the time of secularization these numbered less than 400. All around were the large rancherias of the primitive Sutsunes, governed by the powerful Chief Solano, who was my father's faithful ally and friend. Further north in the mountains were fierce predatory tribes, very different in all respects from the well-disposed subjects of Solano. To guard against enemies, there was a small troop of Spanish soldiers and, in addition, a force of 200 natives, armed with lances and bows and arrows, regularly trained, who proved themselves efficient when emergency required. The neophytes were given assignments of the Mission cattle, which they took with them to the rancherias, but they had so much confidence in my father that they soon returned them, asking him to handle them on their account. This was a trust religiously observed. The proceeds from their stock was placed to the credit of the proper owners, on which they were entitled to draw at will. It was expended mostly in the purchases of various articles of use or luxury--the prized colored blanket, cooking utensils, useful implements and tools. Some of the ambitious squaws ordered dresses with the expansive hoop skirts, but they always insisted on wearing the hoops outside.

It made quite a little settlement at Sonoma. It may seem strange, but at that time the wives and children of the soldiers followed them in their campaigns. The women cooked, washed and served as nurses for the wounded, something on the Red Cross style. Moreover, it was found that the men were better soldiers when they were fighting for their children and wives. And even the youngsters were vigilant observers.

Concerning this I can tell a story--and stories picked up by the wayside sometimes best illustrate life.

On a certain morning a small band of the northern savages walked into the settlement, unarmed, seemingly impelled by a mere sense of curiosity. This was not out of the way at all, for it was an accepted policy to encourage friendship and intercourse with all the aborigines. The Indians strolled around with an air of stolid unconcern, but all the while they were taking note of things with care, out of the tail of the eye.

After this inspection they sat down to have a Tao-Tai--a pow-wow, or political talk. They spoke with great freedom of the issues of the day, agreeing one and all that the white men were undesirables and must be deported to another world. For this they had made large preparations, a great band of savages were secreted at hand; the speakers had come merely to look over the ground, plan a night attack and universal massacre. They took no note of several little boys nearby, who were playing marbles--not the gay and gaudy marbles of today, but with little rounded pebbles picked up in the brook, which served the purpose just the same.

One of these was a small orphan boy named Jose Altamira, cared for in the Vallejo household. He was a keen-witted little chap, about ten years old, and among other things had acquired a knowledge of the native tongue. So it happened that while the Indians were planning the massacre, little Jose Altamira heard and understood every word. With concern, went on playing and shouting with his companions, but all the while his small ears were set on the hair trigger for each sound. When the pow-wow was over, little Jose quietly went to my father and told him all that he had heard.

My father instantly sent for Solano and gave him the news. The chief was one of very few words. "Leave this to me," was all he said. Well, that night there was a big surprise, sure enough. But it was the hostiles who felt the bolt. Solano's band overwhelmed them in the dark and gave them such a drubbing that they tried no more experiments for some time.

As for the boy, who showed so much courage and self-control, my father, by way of recognition and reward, sent him to Valparaiso to be educated. He attended there both school and college, and nine years afterward returned to California, a highly cultivated man. But his name was no longer Altamira. My father made him his son by adoption. He was my brother Jose. For a long period he was my father's secretary and agent, always capable and faithful. He died a short time ago at Martinez, leaving many descendants.

This was the time that most of the land grants were made north of the bay. The Governor of Alta California was empowered to grant not to exceed 11 square leagues of land--about 70,000 acres--to any resident. In truth, this maximum was seldom reached, but two or three leagues being about the average grant size. Juan B. Alvarado, my father's nephew, though they were nearly of an age, was Governor of California. The Governor required each applicant of the neighborhood to relieve his uncle's indorsement. It was no more than right that he should want to give him neighbors to his liking. It was through my parent's influence that most of the grants in Marin county were made, to such old friends as Timoteo Murphy; to his comrade-in-arms, Ignacio Pacheco; to good people like Juan Reed, Juan Cooper, Guillermo Richardson, Santiago Black. In two or three years there were more than thirty families settled in his near neighborhood; that is to say, within a good day's ride.

In all its dealing with California, the mother country, Mexico, was always exceedingly slow pay. Its hands were so full of revolutions and counter-revolutions that it was hard to find time to square accounts. Now, the maintenance of a garrison at Sonoma, to say nothing of the armed Indians whom my father looked after always himself, amounted to a considerable sum. But many times the pay of the soldiers and himself would be months in arrears. When he sent remonstrances to the government, the reply would often be, as we say, "Forget it." Then if he had funds of his own, from the sale of hides and tallow--for he possessed considerable herds of cattle--he distributed the money among the soldier just to keep the peace. Thus, the government was always largely in his debt, to his great embarrassment. And then, when he was badly "strapped," and petitioned the government for a settlement of his claims, the reply would come, "Be a good fellow, Guadalupe. Take some land. Do not bother us for cash." and land he had to take, or nothing. Once, in the payment of a large sum, he was sent a grant to the whole Suscol valley, in Solano county, which he was forced to accept, over his indignant protest. So, very much against his inclination, he became by far the largest landowner in Northern California.

Once the failure of the government to pay its troops almost brought on a tragedy, in the early history of Sonoma. The men had gone months without money. My father's exchequer was collapsed. There were deep murmurs of discontent. At this point a sergeant by the name of Cayetano Juarez suggested to his comrades a notable plan--to desert in a body, ride to Monterey and there and then effect a settlement. This plan was being put into execution, late on a dark night. But Solano, who always slept with one ear open, heard the quiet preparation, saw the horses being saddled, and at once knocked at my father's doors.

The soldiers were mounting, or about to mount, when suddenly the commandante faced them in full uniform.

"Men," he exclaimed, "have you lost all sense of duty? I am sorry that your pay has been delayed. I myself have not one centavo. But no men ever had less cause to desert. You have plenty to eat, fine water and no one can complain of the climate. In your case it is doubly base, for you are leaving your women and children unprotected among savages. I am ready to forgive you now, but any one who leaves will surely be shot, and most of all your leader."

The men had not thought of all that. Foolishly, they began to dismount, but the

words smote on the heart of Cayetano Juarez. He guided his horse into a dark shadow of trees, and, when well out of sight, headed southward with all dispatch. He passed through the lands of the Mission San Rafael Archangel and late in the afternoon of a warm summer's day reached the Straits of Yulupa.

Cayetano always claimed that he swam the straits; that is to say, his horse swam, while he "tailed" behind it. It is certain that no boat ferried him over. It is also certain that he arrived at Monterey on the same horse that he rode from Sonoma. If true he was the first and last man to cross the Golden Gate by such conveyance. At Monterey he was arrested by troopers sent by my father the other way to capture him and bring him back. He was tried by a court-martial. The offense was of the gravest kind and poor Cayetano was sentenced to be shot.

Now Cayetano, a young man, was the only one unmarried in the troop. Perhaps he had a novia, a sweetheart, possibly five or six. At any rate the gentle women, heaven bless them at once set up a universal boo-hoo over Cayetano's fate. They sought my mother's intercession, which was gladly granted. Then the entire feminine procession trooped in a body to the commandante's quarters and begged with many tears for Cayetano's pardon. My father, though a military man, was softhearted. I think he was glad of any chance to be merciful.

He sent for the prisoner.

"Cayetano," he said, "at the prayer of these good women I am giving you your life. You can never again be a soldier; but that need not prevent you from being a good man. You must marry and I will give you an ample grant of land. Then you can help us civilize this fine country."

Who would not accept such a commutation of death sentence? Cayetano, a most sensible fellow, gladly assented to the terms. He received a grant in Napa valley, married, lived happily and was much respected. Also, he always held women in very high regard. He left many descendants, but the land has passed to other hands. On a part of it the great Napa Asylum for the insane now stands.

## CHAPTER X

In this chapter the narrator describes the cause of the disappearance of the Indian population of California, tracing it to an epidemic of smallpox, which, originating in the Russian settlement, swept the native rancherias in 1837-8-9, killing tens of thousands.

I know come to the disappearance of the California Indians, about which our grave historians are so grievously at fault. Most writers, as I have said, lay all the blame on the Mission fathers. The Indians, they claim, learned nothing by their contact with the white man to help them in a fight for civilized existence. At the same time they had lost the sturdy savage habits that made life easy in the primitive state. Thus all the burden is lifted on the shoulders of the church. The ruined native, like a good philosopher, not wishing to raise an Indian problem in California, quietly effaced himself from the map. Helpless, impoverished and famine-struck from being dead broke, he became simply dead. Such is the story of the red man's disappearance from the Pacific Coast, if you care to read the various works on early California which our public libraries contain. They tell a tale of automatic retirement, although some mention is made in a casual way of the occurrence of a "fever" that helped to thin the ranks.

This explanation does not explain at all. Taking everything for granted, it might account for the vanishment of the neophytes, the Mission Indians. But how about the great wild tribes, like the *shoshones*, who were never affected by the presence of the padres, either for better or for worse? Years before the gold rush they, too, were gone.

The plain truth is so very simple that it is passing strange how any one should go amiss. The California Indians were annihilated in one of the most violent tragedies that ever overtook a great body of the human race--in a vast epidemic of smallpox, which their uncontaminated blood invited and their ignorance made fatal in almost every case.

The disease swept down the coast in 1837 from the Russian settlements in the north. Vaccination had already been introduced in California. When news of the epidemic came most of the Spanish residents were made immune. But it fell on the poor wild savages with the fury of a cloudburst. Their treatment at once made certain a fatal result. When the torture and fever drove them made they buried their bodies in a stream, cold as ice water, and at once the infirmity struck home. It was not an infrequent case that out of a large rancheria or village not a single survivor remained.

My father and the older men often told me of the horrors of those times. A solemn haze hung like a pall over the country. The air was polluted with the sickening stench of decaying human bodies. Parties made up of immunes were hastily sent out, either to burn or bury the dead. In the latter case long trenches were dug, none too deep, great numbers of bodies were hastily thrown in and the earth with equal haste replaced. The plough of the husbandman or the operation of grading have often suddenly broke in on great collections of human bones of recent origin. Much learned speculation has resulted. I wish to account for all such relics. They are only the remains of hapless victims of small-pox who perished in the great epidemic almost eighty years ago.

For three consecutive years, 1837-38-39, the dread disease swept the Pacific Coast. Those who escaped during one year by non-intercourse were caught the next. The scourge to have finally spent its force through very lack of victims. Here and there, isolated mountain tribes survived, and those domiciled around the white settlements, where strong precautions were enforced. But the great communities

of Indians, the flower of the aboriginal race, were swept away in a common, hideous fate. My father and Solano in 1835, estimated the number of Suisunes at not less than 40,000. After the pestilence there were a scant 200 left. Solano, who had been vaccinated, survived, a king without a kingdom, mourning for his departed nation. My father told me that in 1840 he rode up the San Joaquin Valley, almost to the Tulare, through the region he had known as thickly populated by the native race. In all that long journey they saw only three or four aborigines, who seemed dazed with the immensity of their misfortune and cired out in anguish to be taken any place where they might again look on the human face. But everywhere they found rancherias, whitened with skeletons, picked by the beaks of vultures and the teeth of animals of prey.

A wretched remnant was left. After secularization a few men who had acquired the liquor taste hung around cantinas, or bars, doing odd jobs in exchange for grog. The women were equally debased, the victims of newly-introduced diseases of the sexes. A sodden drunkard of the white race is not a pleasant object object to contemplate, and an Indian alcoholic wreck is equally repulsive.

That is what the gold seekers saw, these and a few skulking predatory tribes in the mountains. And at once they agreed with unanimity that here was the lowest, most degraded form of humanity to be found in all the world. And when it came to the sudden disappearance of the neophytes and others, that also was explained to the general satisfaction. They had been killed off by the influence of the Catholic Church. And if such facts and such inferences is much of the thing we call history made up.

This is the only true story of the Indian extinction. I have it first-hand from my father and mother, who could never speak about those events without emotion. from many Spanish people, from the chief, Solano, and from other Indians. It is the plain, unadorned truth. Every other story, without the least qualification on my part, is absolutely false.

A strange incident occurred in the great epidemic which has a bearing on this story. I have told how the dead were buried hastily in trenches, a hundred or more funerals taking place at one time. The covering of earth was very light. The country abounded in wild beasts and they often invaded these improvised cemeteries for a feast on human flesh. A large burial had taken place not far from Sonoma, and that same night an animal--a wolf, coyote or bear--digging for his nocturnal repast, come on the body of a victim not yet dead--he had been buried alive by accident.

At the same time, a man, happening to ride by the place, heard some one cry out in great agony and distress. It was what we call weird or uncanny, and it is possible that the hair of the horseman lifted just a bit. However, he made the sign of the cross, like a good Christian, and, thus protected from the evil one, rode forward and found a wild animal making a meal of the right leg of the living Indian, whom it had dragged from the burial ground. The horseman drove away the wild beast, drew the sick and injured man to a place of safety and watched with him during the night. The next day the resurrected man was brought to the neighborhood of my father's hacienda, was carefully nursed, and almost incredible to relate, finally recovered his health. But as the bear had eaten a piece out of his right ham, he was more or less disabled. In fact, a man who is left for head with smallpox, is buried alive, resurrected from the grave by a body-snatcher of a bear and partially devoured, who yet survives in any shape, can assert with much justice that he has "been up against the real thing," as we say expressively in the English tongue.

This Indian's name was Tomo. The reader will place the accent with stress on the final letter "o." He was lame for life, but still he was capable to mind a band

of Merino sheep, children of the same sheep brought over from England by Don Timoteo Murphy. These were not pertinent to the hacienda, but the private property of my mother. Many people now living in Sonoma and Solano counties can remember old Tomo.

By and by his duties were extended. He not only herded sheep, but herded me. As a small boy, I was extremely fond of Tomo. From him I learned the great intelligency, a fine storyteller, and it was from him that my head was filled with legendary lore, with various stories of his race and with an assortment of odds and ends of Indian information.

Having thus introduced my Indian teacher, I will tell you a little of what he taught.

## CHAPTER XI

The language of the Suysun Indians was very far from being the primitive speech of savages. Rather it was the tongue of a people with a lively, joyous, poetic imagination, with a deep love of nature and true perception of the beautiful. Therefore, it was of necessity expressive, with a fairly full vocabulary. Once in a while, to keep my hand in, I amuse myself by writing Suysun. I find that I can readily translate any ordinary book into this Indian dialect. Recently I translated the Lord's Prayer with signal success.

Different shades of meaning are conveyed in this language by assembling together several words in one. I can illustrate by the Indian names of several landmarks around the bay.

The particle "pa," added to a word, indicates nearness, proximity. Thus Napa means literally "near mother," or "near home," or "motherland." The tradition ran that the Napa Valley was the cradle of the Suysun race.

The fine mountain at the north entrance of the Golden Gate was called by the Indians Temel-pa, meaning near the Sea. It was long known to the Spaniards by that name.

The Indian name for the Golden Gate was the Straits of Sunset. The word "Yulupa" (ee-oo-loo-pa) means literally "near the sea-plunge." Looking seaward on a clear day the great luminary seems very near as it descends behind the horizon of water.

My father had an impression or theory of how the name Temel-pa was corrupted into Tamalpais. At his country club near the foot of the mountains the succulent "tamale," very different from the article now vended in the delicatessen shops, was of frequent occurrence. Out of this word and the Spanish word "pais," meaning "country," his guests coined a nickname, "Tamalpais," meaning the "land of the tamale," and this being close in sound to the Indian word, in time came to supersede it.

Similarly the particle "ma" added to the word meant "valley," or, more generally, "land."

Thus Petaluma is a combination of three Suysun words, Pe-talu-ma, and by translation signifies "Oh! fair vale," or "Oh! fair land."

About Sonoma, I hesitate to disturb a poetical idea, but the truth never hurts. "Sono" in Suysun means "moon." I think, but am not sure, that my father was the first who translated the Indian word "Sonoma" as the Valley of the Moon. No name could be more true. When the moon rises over the hills of Contra Costa, big as a cartwheel, on a pleasant summer's night, the whole valley seems flooded by its golden light.

Still, I had my doubts whether the translation was accurate or not. One day I was talking to my Indian mentor. "Tell me, Tomo," I asked, "does Sonoma mean the Valley of the Moon?" Old Tomo laughed, shook his head and answered "No." Then he went on to disclose some of his Suysun lore.

In the far distant past, he said, a child was born of the race, destined for great things. It was the Indian custom to name the male offspring by some distinguished personal mark. In the case of this child, the prominent feature was the nose.

"Sono" means "nose" in the Suysun speech, and "Sono" became his name. The boy grew to be a man of mighty strength and his nose grew apace until it reached the dimensions of the Cyrano de Bergerac type.

Now, a great nose always indicates character and force. This proved true in Sono's case. He united the scattered tribes in a common band, arranged for defense against predatory assault, was a kind of rude lawgiver, defined the tribal rules and is said to have been the author among the Suysunes whereby in cases of adultery the punishment was meted out to the male alone, a custom without a parallel in our more highly polished nations.

Well, Sono became an autocrat. He was supreme in his country--a king in fact. And having thus a kingdom, it was bound to have a name and what more natural than that it should be named from him? So a large territory was called after the

the Suysun fashion, "nose Valley," or perhaps, as we should say in English, "Nosey's land."

That was the story of old Tomo. The sole question to be determined is whether the word Sonoma is derived from "Sano" meaning "moon," or "Sono" meaning "nose." Everyone is welcome to make his choice. For myself, I like best the moon version, because it fits in better with present facts. The nose has long passed into dust, the moon is ever here.

The Suysun Indians had a way of accounting for everything in the physical world such as storms, droughts, lightning, the tides and so forth. These do not correspond closely with recent scientific research, but they gave entire satisfaction to the native mind. They even had a theory, somewhat plausible, for earthquakes.

I was walking one day in the country with old Tomo. Near where we passed a popper, or mole, was busily engaged just below the surface of the ground, heaping up a hill of earth. The hill was much agitated by the active movements of the little animal beneath.

"See," said old Tomo. "That is how earthquakes come. It is Pui (devil) burrowing and heaving in the earth."

And we know little more than this today, with all our science and research.

The Indians, not alone the Suysunes, had a persistent tradition that the entire Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys were once part of an immense, deep, fresh water sea, divided from the ocean by a narrow barrier of hills and mountains. A group of hills in Yolo county was always known as the "Islands of Yulupa." According to the Indians, they were once islets of the sweet water basin, near the sunset. Ancient water marks and other geological evidence seems to indicate that the old native tradition was founded on a fact, handed down by folklore from one generation to another, through countless centuries. This is the story of the mighty change of nature, told to me by old Tomo, as the two of us sat on a rail fence, late in the afternoon in the Valley of Sonoma.

In the ancient days, said old Tomo, the gods were much more sociable than now. Often they made humans a visitation. So it happened that one day on a great plain, far to the eastward, the sun-god in his course saw a multitude of people assembled. As the day's task was nearly done, and he felt in the mood for adventure, the god swiftly assumed the human form and appeared among the wondering people. But who would not be glad to welcome any one as bright and brilliant as the Sun. Chiefs and medicine men quickly gathered round him, but he had eyes for only one. That was the loveliest of mortals, a beautiful young princess in her early teens.

No other lover is as ardent as the Sun. At once he made his suit to the maiden, called her his novia, his sweetheart, whispered in her ear many things that young girls love to hear. But his time was brief for courtship. Even now he must be mounting upward on his course. So, as he saw the maiden's heart was one, he lifted her gently with one arm and vaulted skyward.

Up and up he sped on his journey. But the maiden was a heavy burden in his flight, though she smiled joyously at her strange lover. Strive as he might, he could not reach the beaten path, where everything was smooth and easy and where his godlike form and strength would be regained. So together they flew swiftly westward, crossing mountain range and valley, till they came to the margin of the great lake of sweet water beyond which was the open sea. And here again the Sun god made a mighty effort, but just as he reached the beaten path, just as he resumed celestial form, he stumbled, staggered and fell backward, plunging downward with his burden like a vast meteor on the western world.

The Sun god had lost his balance, but not his head. He aimed to alight on the peak of Mount Diablo; but where his foot struck the mountain was cleft in twain, so there are two peaks instead of one. The god, hurled headlong by the shock, fell into the deep, sweet water lake.

Where his mighty arm straightened it broke a gap through the mountain barrier to the Straits of Yulupa. His fist scooped up a vast handful, reaching from Port Costa to Alviso, and the fragments were cast far into the ocean. You can still see some of the rocks, ten leagues from land, which we call Farallone Islands. And the sweet waters of the lake rushed forward as a flood to join the salt sea.

Soon the great lake drained, till there remained only a far-reaching plain of silt, not pleasant to the eye, over which the ever thoughtful gods spread a many-colored carpet of the choicest flowers.

And the maiden? Alas! what mortal could survive the shock? Looking from the northward you can see the placid outline of her face, with hair streaming down to the bay of San Francisco, just where the saddened Sun God laid her on the graceful mountain, Temelpa--Near the Sea.

All day long the Sun god looks down on her silent form. And when his task is over and he makes the evening plunge his warm heart and the cold ocean water weave a misty fabric, covering gently with a snow-white mantle her dear face by night.

## CHAPTER XII

The narrator describes in this chapter the early movement of white settlers across the Sierra Nevada into California, the discontent with the rule of Mexico, and affirms the historical verity of the junta at Monterey in 1846, when the future status of the province was discussed. That this junta ever met has been disputed.

Away back in the '30s there was serious trouble between Mexico and the Californians. A Governor sent by the mother country was not acceptable to our people. Therefore, he was sent right about home, and we set up a government of our own. My father was chosen to command the little army, with the title of general. His nephew, Juan B. Alvarado, was selected by the people as the Governor of their choice. Mexico in due time accepted the situation and confirmed the official station of my father and the Governor, so regaining at least a shadow of authority. But, from the date of what is known as the "Alvarado revolution," California was virtually free of restraint. Most of the vexatious laws imposed by the southern government were abrogated in effect, especially as concerned foreign commerce and intercourse. Concerning these the old laws were harsh and intolerant.

Under Spain, every form of intercourse was forbidden. Mexico was a shade more liberal, but, according to its laws, no foreigner could set foot on the soil of California, much less become a resident, without first securing a written permit from the government. Had Mexico had its way, the little stream of settlers that began to overflow the Sierra Nevada would have been summarily stopped. Here and there a struggling new resident coming through the various seaports might be overlooked. But, what was clear enough, the beginning of a large movement would certainly have been crushed. The Californians, on the other hand, welcomed the newcomers with eagerness as a new vitality to their national life. Not that all were of uniform character. Those who crossed the plains with ox teams, household goods and families were a splendid class. Those who were classed as "trappers" were of a different type. They were doubtless brave and picturesque. Also, they were rough in speech and act, lawless, unregarding of human life, and, as it often proved, fugitives from the law of their own land.

It was with this stream of American colonists that my father alone had to deal with from the start as the dominant factor in the north. He recognized at once the value of the true American settlers, their industry, order, stable qualities and new ideas. There were adventurers he dismissed as no more than a temporary sojourner. He welcomed the early colonists, gave them first aid, saw that they had land, and it was the stories of this good reception, reaching eastward, that induced other emigrants to come. Among other things, he assisted John A. Sutter to his vast grant of land around Sacramento. As an early comer, Sutter was interesting, but never great. His much vaunted hospitality was, in truth, a sacred law of the country, practiced on a far larger scale by others. He prospered with the Californians, but was nowhere in the rush of the pioneers. With the gold discovery to himself for months, with a hundred thousand acres of the finest land in creation, in a few years he died penniless, far away, weakly bemoaning the ingratitude of republics. Yet no republic ever gave a man a grander chance.

A very large part of the new current of settlement drifted within the immediate zone of my father's influence, largely for the reason that the colonists found him a powerful and serviceable friend. Over a great region, by his wise Indian policy, he had established a sense of security before the smallpox epidemic annihilated the Indian tribes. Now the solitudes they once occupied were to be filled with the strangers from beyond the mountains. It was my father's pleasure to lend the newcomers all the assistance in his power. Often he made them presents of many head of stock, wherewith to start business, and otherwise extended important service of a material kind. And it is needless to say that all lived in great amity and mutual regard. How could it be otherwise?

Meanwhile the relations with Mexico became critical again. It was more and more apparent every day that the republic, with its ever-recurring waves of revolution, would be powerless to hold its distant province; that at no distant date California must be acquired by another power, and it became a matter of intense, absorbing interest to have a voice in determining under which sovereignty it was to come.

By arrangement a junta, or assemblage of native Californians, was held in Monterey in the month of May, 1846. It came together as the result of much correspondence and wide discussion, all the way from San Diego northward. "Early all the old families were represented. The business of the junta was absolutely frank and open, without the least attempt at concealment.

Of course, here were no newspapers, no reporters of enterprise to give publicity to the proceedings. There was not even so much as a shorthand writer. There was, indeed, a writer of long hand, a sort of secretary, to keep minutes or notes. But in the strenuous events that followed soon after those disappeared. The loss, indeed, was not deemed serious at the time, for a better report was in many people's heads.

All the Californians spoke with frankness. The universal wish was to offer either annexation or alliance with some great maritime power, able to insure protection and progress. But the members of the junta were divided as to which of the great powers it should be. A few--very few--favored Russia. More favored England, because she led in maritime power. Others favored France, because the French, like ourselves, were of the Latin race.

My father was the spokesman of the advocates of annexation to the United States. He was a student of all history, thought George Washington was one of the great figures of the world, believed in the American people and their high destiny. He made an argument that showed foresight in a high degree. Joined to any European power, he said, "California could never hope to be more than a province, a remote step-child, certain to be overlooked. Only by union with the United States could we hope to be a real part of a great nation.

"Sooner than anyone thinks," he exclaimed. "the American continent will be thickly peopled, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and of that great country we Californians must form a part."

As he made this prophetic forecast of progress and development many present had to laugh. My father was always by temperament extremely sanguine. Once, before the American occupation, he said, in an off hand way, "Before I die, I expect to ride in a railroad coach from California to New York." That was classed by his hearers as a very clever joke. Had he said that he expected to ride on a railroad to the moon, the idea would not have seemed more absurd.

Nothing in the history of California ought to be better authenticated than the fact of this assemblage. An account of it was printed in a New York publication by Lieutenant Revere of the United States navy, together with what purported to be my father's speech. This officer was in Monterey at the time. The gathering and its proceedings were affairs of common knowledge to everyone in the early days of California. But when it came to writing histories, some of the illustrious compilers have seen fit to declare the junta purely fabulous. It accepted without examination and go thundering down the ages, while the truth is rejected and disappears.

I wish here to add my evidence of the facts. I have talked with many members of the junta, all of whom are long since dead. They told me in person the story of the meeting of its deliberations and conclusions, and in all their statements are substantially agreed. Could all of them have dreamed these things? Or could all of them have conspired to perpetuate a lie?

Concerning my father's speech at the junta, advocating annexation to the United States, as reported by Lieutenant Revere, I can give firsthand evidence of that.

Not long after the junta dispersed, Lieutenant Revere came to my father's home in Sonoma. I was, but recall the incident very well indeed. He wished to discuss the story of the junta. Among other things he had a copy of my father's pro-American speech, taken down in long-hand Spanish by a secretary; also a translation into English. My father read both with care, made a number of corrections, mostly minor, signed both with his initials and returned them to Lieutenant Revere.

## CHAPTER XIII

The advent of Captain (later General) Fremont into California with his company of United States troops is narrated in this chapter. Don Vallejo tells the story of the dissensions between Governor Pico and General Castro and the rape, by men claiming to be acting under the orders of Fremont, of a herd of horses intended for the command of Castro, which led to the Bear Flag war in 1846.

From very early days down to the present time, Alta California was divided, not alone by nature, but by the sentiment of its inhabitants as well, into North and South. This took form in 1846 in an open rupture between Governor Pico, who attempted to move the capital from its ancient seat in Monterey to Los Angeles, and Jose Castro, commander of the army stationed at Monterey. There were active war preparations on either side. My father, still an officer, but immersed in the cares of his estates and in his colonization schemes in the north, urged both leaders, in correspondence the originals of which are still extant, to compose their differences and not to plunge the country in civil war. But he took no active side with either faction.

At the same time it was well known for a year that affairs between the United States and Mexico were approaching the crisis of war. Of this, Thomas O.arkin, American Consul at Monterey, had been apprised by the American Secretary of State, James Buchanan. In addition to the rank of Consul, he was made confidential agent of his Government, with instructions to conciliate by all means in his power the good will and friendship of the native people, so that no friction might arise in the event of the occupation of California by the forces of the United States. These instructions were obeyed by Mr. Arkin to the letter. The same orders were given to Commodore Sloat, who raised the flag at Monterey. Had these just counsels been observed as well by others, there might have been another story of those troublous times; a peaceful transfer of sovereignty; an era of good will, instead of hopeless resistance, the useless sacrifice of many lives, bitter memories and years of enmity, unfortunate for all alike, but most unfortunate for the weaker party.

Rumors of foreign war caused scarce a ripple among the Californians of 1846. It was true that the government of Mexico sent orders not to permit further American emigrants to enter by way of the mountains; not an unnatural precaution with a war impending. This was suggested in a way by Captain Sutter, who pointed out the danger in a letter to General Castro, in which he offered to equip his fort to receive a garrison of 300 soldiers and sell it to Mexico for \$15,000. As an officer of the Mexican government, no one can find fault with Sutter's action in putting it on guard. But it does not correspond with his later profession of devotion to the American cause. As a fact, the orders of Mexico were disregarded. Only a commissioner was sent among the new settlers, advising them to take no part in any future troubles. Many emigrants came to the Napa and Sonoma valleys during the fall of 1845 and were received by my father with every token of hospitality. He gave them freely cattle and other necessaries during the winter, refusing in every case to accept a price. Among the foreign settlers there was an atmosphere of more profound restfulness than exists today, for now we have other problems to consider, graver than any question between this country and Mexico. Of course, there were some straggling hunters, trappers, nomads, unsettled adventurers, eager for any chance to stir up trouble that might be to their ultimate advantage. But these were a small minority and therefore negligible. And there is not the least doubt whatever that the kind relations between the Californians and the newcomers would have continued without interruption had it not been for what seems at this distance the intervention of the hand of fate.

In the fall of 1845, Captain Fremont, with a party of explorers arrived in California. This party crossed the Sierra in two divisions, the main body by a southern pass and the smaller, under the captain, by what is now known as Emigrant Gap. Through some misunderstanding, it was winter before the two commands succeeded in reuniting in the neighborhood of Sutter's Fort.

The presence of so large an armed force of a foreign power, of course, needed an explanation. For this purpose, Captain Fremont journeyed to Monterey, met General Castro, told him his commission was to explore routes to the Pacific for his government, which was true, and asked permission to rest and provision his forces in California. He said he would be on his way to Oregon in the early spring. Also he met Consul Larkin, who advised Fremont of the political situation and the earnest desire of the government at Washington to maintain the most friendly relation with the people of California. General Castro promptly gave the desired permission, with the understanding that the forces should remain in Sacramento valley, the captain agreeing that he would be on the way to Oregon in the early spring.

Great then was the surprise of the Californians when Captain Fremont, in the month of March, 1845, started from Sutter's Fort westward, came down the Santa Clara valley, across the mountains to Santa Cruz, and thence, following near the coast, encamped on the Salinas river, within striking distance of Monterey. Is it surprising that General Castro felt alarm? That he protested to Consul Larkin and sent a firm, but temperate, message to Fremont, requiring him to leave the department at once? Fremont's sole answer was to fortify a camp on what is known as Gavilan peak and raise the American flag. You must bear in mind that the United States and Mexico were still in profound peace. Castro proceeded to raise an armed force to meet the invader. But before there was any clash, Fremont, probably because of the urgent remonstrance of Larkin, broke up his camp and started for Oregon by the natural route--the Sacramento valley--instead of southward by San Jose, Santa Cruz and Salinas. The latter route was as grotesque as going to Oregon via New York.

Fremont traveled slowly up the Sacramento valley, meeting many new settlers, to whom he denounced Castro, telling tales of monstrous wrongs and predicting an immediate movement to drive Americans from their newly-acquired homes in California. In the nature of things, these reports roused alarm, coming from such a source, and kindled the first spark of distrust on the part of the American settlers for their California hosts. However, he passed from California into Oregon, and the incident seemed closed. But in the latter part of April, he was overtaken by Lieutenant Arthur Gillespie, while camping on Klamath lake. What took place between the two young officers will never be known, but at once Fremont abandoned his Oregon project and retraced his steps down the Sacramento valley. His return at once renewed the almost forgotten agitation among the settlers. In a vague, mysterious way, Fremont gave out that he was come to protect them from outrage and murder. At once his camp became the center of the rough, roving, adventurous spirits of the north.

It is strange by what trifles serious events are brought about. Early in April Governor Pico changed the history of the State, made and unmade all kinds of men and even played such tricks as almost to make aman president of the United States who otherwise would never have been dreamed of, and, in many other ways, demonstrated the prodigious potency of luck.

Early in April Governor Pico solemnly declared his purpose to subdue General Castro by arms, and was actively engaged in raising a little army in the south to capture Monterey and occupy the northern country. Castro, on his part was not idle. He sought my father's aid, who declined to take sides in a fratricidal struggle. Sonoma county was famed at the time for good stock, and it was natural enough that General Castro should send agents to that section to purchase horses for his cavalry. About 150 were bought, some from settlers, some from my father, and

and the animals were placed in charge of two young officers, Alviso and Arce, to be transported to Monterey. My father advised a route by Carquinez straits, but here again the hand of fate interposed. The young men determined to go by way of the Sacramento valley, with small thought that they were making history. They crossed the Sacramento river at the rancho of a settler named Knight, the place now being known as Knight's Landing and thence proceeded leisurely down the valley to the Cosumnes river, where they made a camp.

In the meantime, Knight at once rode with dispatch to the camp of Fremont, at the junction of the Sacramento and American rivers, deeming it important to advise him of the incident. Even in those days horses were horses, and a band of 150 picked animals was no inconsiderable loot. To the rovers about Fremont's camp, it seemed very large. Some fifteen of these free lances at once undertook to waylay and capture the stock. About fifteen composed the party. Later, they maintained that they acted under directions from Fremont. On the other hand, Fremont, for obvious reasons, disclaimed all connections with the incident. Anyone can take his choice. The fact remains that the party overtook Alviso and Arce, relieved them of their stock and drove the horses back to Fremont's camp.

Thus, in an act that has an ugly name in the criminal code, the famous Bear Flag war began. I am the sole surviving witness of one of its most striking scenes.

## CHAPTER XIV

The "appropriation," let us call it, of the horses in charge of Alviso and Arce, described in the last chapter, at once fired the adventurers with a desire for more kingdoms to conquer. The only place of importance north of the bay was the little settlement at Sonoma, where my father lived. This was at once selected as the next point to win glory. One day following the return from the stock lifting raid, the same fifteen men, reinforced by seven or eight others, set out from the camp of Fremont with the avowed intention of seizing the town. On the way across the country, they were joined by several trappers, till, when they reached the Napa valley the party numbered thirty-three, according to the best accounts. None of them were settlers. All were roving adventurers, or, as Fremont himself described them, "men with nothing to lose."

Sonoma had long been abandoned as a military post. There still remained several rusty and useless cannon and a few equally useless old muskets in the cuartel, or barracks. Even had these been serviceable, there was no powder or balls to charge them with. No one had the remotest sense of danger. As quiet as a New England village, the people were ending a night's repose on Sunday night, June 14, 1846, when my father was roused by a tumult in front of his house, just as the day was beginning to dawn. He looked out and saw that it was surrounded by a band of armed men. He could see that they were Americans, but all of them were unknown.

In our home at that time were my uncle, Salvador Vallejo; Jacob F. Leese, a well-known American citizen, he who built the first frame house in San Francisco, who was paying a visit; Victor Prudon, a French gentleman of high honor, holding a nominal commission in the Mexican army, but at this time domiciled in our family as a tutor. Also, I should not forget Solano, the Indian chief. In addition, were my mother, with several children of both sexes, among them myself.

My father quieted my mother's fears, dressed himself, opened the front door, and inquired of the men what they wanted--what was their purpose. No one answered at first. The party was without a leader, purely a go-as-you-please concern. Finally a huge Kentuckian, Dr. Robert Semple, found a voice and told General Vallejo that they were acting under orders from Captain Fremont to seize and hold the village of Sonoma. My father, of course, believed this to mean that war had broken out between the United States and Mexico. He also was gratified to be assured that the men were acting under military orders and not a mere band of outlaws. He agreed at once to meet a committee and draw up terms of capitulation. Three men stepped forward and entered the house. Dr. Semple, who had various accomplishments, being at once a dentist, a typesetter and editor, conducted the negotiations, and drew up the necessary papers. These promised security of life and property for the inhabitants and liberty for my father on parole. The documents themselves are still preserved. On the signature, my father surrendered his keys to the public property, such as it was, and thought that part of the incident closed.

In the meanwhile, something was going on outside. The men elected one of their members captain. This was a rather elderly, crack-brained enthusiast called William Ide. He was a great declaimer, could make speeches of hours' duration on any subject, and his head was full of a thousand wild schemes to revolutionize society and set up an ideal government. Failing to impress the people of the Eastern seaboard, he had drifted to the Pacific Coast in search of more congenial scenes. Ide seems to have been the one man of the party inspired by apparently disinterested motives.

But, as soon as Ide was clothed with authority, he at once proceeded to upset the apple cart of Dr. Semple and the committee. Entering the house, he claims to have found the American contingent comfortably drunk, victims of the potency of the General's "vino." This charge my father always violently denied. The fact remains, however, that Ide cancelled all agreements, refused to accept my father's parole, and, while he disclaimed Fremont and proclaimed an independent republic,

nevertheless decided to send him, my uncle Salvador and Victor Pruden to the American captain as prisoners of war.

To this arrangement my father was by no means averse. He did not question that an army officer would at once grant an honorable parole and also give assurance of protection for his family, greater than the irresponsible band could grant even if they would. So, he set out under guard to the camp of Fremont with a good heart. With the party also went the American guest, Jacob P. Leese, to vouch for my father if that were needful, as the leader of the American party in California.

During the early part of these proceedings, I was having my early morning nap. When I awoke, I was surprised to see so much going around the house on a Sunday morning. Many strange men were outside, in strange looking clothes. The people of the little town seemed much excited. I remember thinking it was lots of fun.

I remember very well seeing my father ride away with a number of men. He seemed quite content as he waved his adios to his family and the villagers. He told everyone he would return in four days. But, as it happened, those four days lengthened into nearly two months.

Also, I remember very well a man painting the figures of an animal on a piece of cloth. I wanted to declare myself in on this delightful job. The man was very disturbed in his work by the wind, which ruffled the cloth. So I stood on one corner of it, to hold it down. Thus, without intent, I aided in making the Bear Flag, one thing in my life in which I have never taken any pride.

My father arrived the second day at Fremont's camp. Very much to his surprise the captain received him with great austerity, disclaimed all connection with the Bear Flag people, told him he was the captive of an "outraged people," refused to accept his parole and then, with strange inconsistency, he turned the prisoners over to his own men and ordered them to close confinement in Sutter's fort. This order, for some reason, also included the American citizen, Jacob Leese. To these were added later my mother's brother, Julio Carillo, who came with a flag of truce bearing an open letter for my father, to assure him of his safety. Also another messenger, Jose N. Riega by name. These six men were confined in one small room, entirely devoid of furniture or bedding, with no provision for cleanliness or sanitation, served with the coarsest and most unwholesome food, for nearly two months, during most of the time without the right of communicating with friends. To appeals for simple justice, Captain Fremont never gave a reply. The release was finally effected through the active exertions of Captain Montgomery of the United States frigate Portsmouth, and of American Consul T. O. Larkin. These offered such representations to Commodore Stockton, who succeeded Commodore Sloat a few days after the flag raising, that an immediate order for the release of the prisoners was made. My father returned to a home partly plundered, with cattle and horses driven away--almost with life to begin anew.

Such is the history of the Bear Flag war, so far as my own recollections go, and so far as it touched the Vallejo family. That it grew out of ambitions alone born in the busy brain of Captain Fremont, calm investigation and cool judgment leave no doubt. For reasons of his own, he was determined to start grave trouble with the Californians. He merely used some rough characters to carry out his ends. As soon as the movement was fairly started, he at once took command, shouldering out with scant ceremony poor old windy Ide, who spent the remainder of his life denouncing him. Never did luck so favor an individual. Without the war with Mexico, of which he had no knowledge, the position of Fremont, as an unprovoked aggressor on a friendly people, would have subjected him to the severest

Penalties. When, three weeks later, the flag was raised at Monterey, the captain was not yet out of the woods, by any means. When he presented himself with his battalion of volunteers, both Commodore Cloat and American Consul Larkin disavowed his acts and declined his cooperation. But in a few days, along came Commodore Stockton, to whom the naval command of the Pacific was transferred. The new chief at once fell in with Fremont's views, accepted his men as volunteers in the United States army, and the conquest, instead of the peaceful occupation, followed.

Never did gambler or adventurer win a greater prize. Though Fremont was brought East by General Kearney under arrest, and was court martialed and dismissed from the army, fate, through one of its vagaries, made him the great popular hero of the generation, the inspiration of many novels, and the dime novel literature of the day. This fame brought him wealth, a Senatorship and almost landed him in the Presidency. The truth about Fremont is merely this: He was a man of fine personal habits, great industry, unquestioned courage, dashing, imaginative, and, when occasionserved, genial and magnetic. On the other hand, he was arbitrary, reckless, and recognized no law but his own will. His whole life shows it. He was expelled from college in his youth for gross insubordination, was cashiered from the army for the same cause. In the Civil War, when given a great command by President Lincoln, he tried to repeat the California game, and issued proclamations without authority that would surely have thrown all the border States into cooperation with the South. It was only by the prompt disavowal by President Lincoln and the removal of the general that a movement was prevented which might have been fatal to the Union cause.

As for my father, he was too broad a man to confuse the great American people whom he so much admired, with the acts of an irresponsible band of adventurers. He readily forgave the participants, I think, but never forgot the indignities he suffered, nor the sense of wounded pride.

All impartial writers and students unite in pronouncing the Bear Flag revolt as the most unpleasant spot in the history of California. So far from aiding in the acquisition of California, it was a grave obstacle in the way, absolutely preventing the peaceful occupation of the State as planned by Larkin and Sloat, and cost many lives and a heavy financial burden on the government. These were the direct consequences. The indirect are too numerous to even mention.

California has many noble incidents in its history. It is strange that one has been selected for canonization that will never bear a close analysis of facts.

## CHAPTER XV

The fate of Solano, the chief of the Suysun Indians, is the burden of this chapter of Dr. Vallejo's reminiscences. Deemed dead by all his acquaintances, the warrior surprised the Vallejo family by making his reappearance in the Sonoma Valley in 1858. He had been gone twelve years, and his wanderings had probably taken him as far North as Alaska.

While I am on the subject, I will tell the last chapter in the life of the noted Indian chief Solano. We left him in my father's house at the time of the general's capture by the Bear Flag warriors. The old man did not understand. All his savage loyalty was ablaze. He was trembling with excitement. Fearing some outbreak, my father addressed him briefly in the Suysun language, telling him briefly to depart, or, as we put it, to make himself scarce. True to his habits of discipline, the chief obeyed. But from a distance his keen eye watched what followed. He saw my father leave, surrounded by armed men. He thought he was being led away to execution, and, in passionate despair, turned his face to the wilderness and was lost.

It seemed as if the earth had yawned and swallowed him. When my father returned to Sonoma from his captivity at Sutter's Fort, he made a searching inquiry to learn something of Solano's fate. Far away into the mountains the inquiry extended, but the earth said naught. No one had seen him after the eventful June 14. In time, he was thought of only as one dead. Most believed he had perished by his own hand, seeking, like some wild animal, a lonely spot to die, where his bones might remain unseen and undisturbed.

He left behind him a wife, known by her Christian name Isadora. Also three daughters, called in Suysun Ahmahee ("Redbird"), Ithladatee, a pet word for rabbit like our word "bunny," and Clelthalee, "Home Girl." They were not only pretty, but real beauties, of a splendid type of womanhood. They were attached to my mother's household. None of them ever married. All of them died young, more from sadness and world-weariness than from any ill of the flesh.

Twelve years after the Bear raid, in 1858, I was sitting with my father and mother on the porch of our new home, Lacryma Monte, at Sonoma. Handsome grounds surrounded the residence. A long driveway reached from the building to the road. As we sat there, a gigantic figure of a man approached, clad in tattered clothes. Suddenly my father started and looked intently. The next moment he was tearing down the pathway and grasped the big man's hand.

It was Solano, sure enough, older, but much the same. For once, the Indian stolidity was overcome. Tears were streaming down his rugged face as he said:

"Senor, I have come to offer you my services again."

All through the afternoon and far into the night the chief and my father talked together, recalling memories of the distant past, when all through the valleys of Sonoma, Napa and Solano the wilderness was unbroken save around the little settlements of Sonoma--when the two stood shoulder to shoulder, fighting the battle of civilization.

This was, in brief, Solano's story of his flight. Convinced of my father's death, he had plunged into the wilderness, hoping never to see the white man's face again. He wandered northward through Oregon, through Washington, deep into the wilderness of the British Possessions. He must have traveled into Alaska, for he spoke of a land where it was sometimes light, sometimes dark, all day.

Always he was searching for a nation worthy to be ruled in the good old Indian way, but never found any to his liking. At last he ventured back to California and was much surprised to learn that my father was not only very much alive, but also a big chief, surrounded by many people. And where there were so many people, he surmised there must also be plenty of good fighting. So, he had hastened to offer the service of his mighty arm. He was shocked, and perhaps chagrined, to learn that everyone was at peace.

While they were talking, an incident happened that illustrated the ready wit of Solano. The story was once a classic in the north bay country.

A friend of my mother living in the neighborhood, the wife of Major Snyder, had been very ill, but was convalescing. As a token of her goodwill, while the veterans were talking over their war tales, my mother made ready a little basket of delicacies, such as may tempt a returning appetite, and on top of all she placed what was both novel and palatable--two beautiful bunches of white grapes. They were the sole product of a cutting from a vineyard on the Rhine. Dark grapes were plentiful enough, but these seem to have been the first white grapes ever raised in the Sonoma valley, and therefore sure to catch the sick lady's fancy. The basket being neatly covered with a cloth, she gave it to a little Indian girl called Salamia, together with a note for Mrs. Snyder.

Now, Salamia was not different from other little girls. She wanted to see what was in the basket. She lifted the cloth, was much astonished when she saw grapes of whitish color, tasted one and found it delicious, tasted another and found it better still. Well, when Salamia reached the home of Mrs. Snyder there were no grapes; that is to say, they were transferred to the messenger's interior.

Presently Salamia returned to our house with a very pleasant note of thanks from Mrs. Snyder. She mentioned several things in the basket that gave her special pleasure, but not a word about the beautiful white grapes. My mother was puzzled.

"Salamia," she said, "did you go direct to the house of Mrs. Snyder?"

"Yes, Senora," said the little Indian girl.

"Did you put down the basket and stop to play with any children?"

"No, Senora," replied Salamia, again quite truthfully.

"Salamia," asked my mother, with some asperity, "do you know what happened to the white grapes I placed in the basket?"

"No, Senora," she answered, but there was just the ghost of a quaver in her voice that did not elude the wily Indian chief.

"You are lying;" he said. He seized Salamia by the back of the head, opened her mouth and the next moment a big Solano finger was pushed down her throat. The girl gagged and retched. Nature would not be denied. With a mighty heave, she discharged about a half a gallon of white grapes. Solano folded his arms in regal dignity.

"Behold the proof," he said.

My father always maintained that this was the best illustration of satisfactory circumstantial evidence he had ever come across.

Solano remained at the Vallejo residence for several days, renewing old acquaintances. He left to visit some Suisun Indians near what is now known as Cordelia. This time he did not return. He died at Cordelia, just how we were never able to learn, and was buried there. Many years after his remains were exhumed and his skull is now in the possession of Mr. Topley, a druggist of Vallejo. My father always said that, in the rugged human virtues, he had never met a better man than Chief Solano.

Many of the older Suisun Indians lived on my father's land around Sonoma, and all their wants were carefully provided for as a duty he owed to friends. Old Tomo was the last to drop from life, in 1860, as near as I can remember. He became quite a musician, aspired to be a poet in the Suisun tongue, and even wrote verses in Spanish that were not half-bad. He was widely known as a philosopher and a great repository of ancient lore, taking much pride in his distinction. Very peacefully at last, he went to sleep with his father.

## CHAPTER XVI

The treaty of Queretaro, determining the political status of California, and the subsequent discovery of gold, completely changed the aspect of things in the new settlement. The newcomers had little respect for the titles of the old owners and legal strife began that has lasted almost to the present day. This is the burden of the present chapter of Dr. Vallejo's narrative.

The latter half of the year 1846 was not a pleasant one for Californians, but the resistance forced by the Bear Flag revolt was easily crushed. On March 5, 1847, General Kearney, military governor of California, was able to say this in his report to the Secretary of War at Washington:

"The Californians are now quiet, and I will endeavor to keep them so by mild and gentle treatment. Had they received this treatment from the first, I believe there would have been no resistance. But they were cruelly and shamefully abused by our own people, both here and on the Sacramento, by our own irregular volunteers. Had they not resisted, they would have been unworthy of the name of men."

Of course, there were still rumors of uprisings, mostly inspired by interested motives, just as we have rumors of foreign wars today to help the sale of armor plate and guns. But the truth is, California was never more undisturbed than during the year that preceded the discovery of gold.

No one was better pleased than my father when the news of the treaty of Queretaro came, whereby California became forever a part of the United States. Under the rule of Mexico he knew that the case was hopeless. Here was a fulfillment of all his hopes. He set himself at once abreast with the forward movement and was thenceforward the most enthusiastic Yankee of them all.

Then came the mighty gold rush. It swept over California like a tidal wave, under which the native people were submerged. A more experienced race might well have staggered and gone down with the shock. Of the Californians, many, knowing little more than children of the big moving world and its ways, came to the end of their rope, there and then acquired the wild habits of the day, and often parted for a trifle with land that later came to be of immense value. But still it was surprising how many kept their heads, hanging to their possessions with tenacity and shrewdness.

Better results might have followed had a quick settlement of land titles been arranged. The treaty of Queretaro confirmed Californians in all the rights and land grants made by the government of Mexico. But some of the grants were most indefinitely described. Also, some grants were issued by Pio Pico after he had been deposed as Governor and were fraudulently antedated. All were subject to survey and final confirmation. Had my father's warning to the government of Mexico been heeded, to make an instrumental survey of each rancho or grant, and place monuments on the corners, all this later confusion would have been avoided. As it was, "squatters" settled on nearly every grant, vast sums were spent in litigation, titles of the most important lands were clouded for more than a generation, and, in the end, everyone was broke--except the lawyers. Those who began a legal fight very seldom finished it. The fight, and the property, passed into other hands. Even today, after sixty-five years, echoes from the old Spanish land-grant lawsuits are still heard, to indicate that they are not yet exactly dead. A large portion of my father's great fortune was swallowed up in the vast cost of defending many suits.

General Vallejo always had a deep confidence that the head of the bay of San Francisco would become by nature the center of a great population. In his later years, when someone had a laugh at his expense as a poor prophet, he used to say that the laugh would be the other way if the jocular person lived long enough.

for he would surely see a great city on the straits from Vallejo around the bay to Pinole. He made few predictions concerning California's greatness that did not finally come true. And we can see now a very clear outline of his great city on the north bay shore.

Current history tells that Dr. Semple was the first to note the advantages of Benicia and its neighborhood as the site for a large commercial city. These are obvious enough. Commanding the one outlet for the commerce of a vast valley, with deep water surrounding, anyone with a breadth of mind might well have marked its opportunities. I cannot tell who was the first, but I have documents to show that as far back as 1835 my father had marked it as a future townsite, long before Dr. Semple ever thought of California. Also, history states that Dr. Semple and former Consul Thomas O. Larkin were the founders of Benicia. Now, the true facts are these:

In the spring of 1847 my father, who then owned all the land for many miles around the bay north of the straits of Carquinez, made a rough plan of the future town. Dr. Semple owned and edited in Monterey the first paper ever published in California, which was moved early in 1847 to San Francisco. There he and my father renewed an acquaintance, not commenced in the most friendly way. The doctor was one of the Bear Flag raiders, but also one of the party who engaged to release prisoners on parole, until overruled by the new leader, Ido. At all events, they became friends, and my father outlined his project for the new city on the straits. Larkin was also consulted, and, as an upshot, the two agreed to act as selling agents, at an immense commission, to place the new town property on the market.

The site was regularly surveyed in streets, blocks and lots. It was first called Francisca--one of my mother's Christian names, but as that seemed to clash with the new designation of the cove of Yerba Buena, it was changed to another of my mother's names--Benicia--the bleat. Here, in the latter part of 1847, was seen the first real estate boom in California.

In their new business these gentlemen proved anything but pikers. Dr. Semple, an irrepressible enthusiast, in order to prove his faith in Benicia and his contempt for its rival on the Golden Gate, presented to a friend half a block of land in San Francisco, now its business center--a fact that the donor and his friends had ample reason to lament. The two boosters raised a tumult without a parallel among the sparse population around the bay, so that people fairly climbed over each other in a mad emulation to buy lots at a fancy price. Houses were hastily erected and before the end of 1847 Benicia assumed the proportions of a prosperous little Western town, in every sense a competitor of San Francisco.

Had California grown only by the development of the great valley resources it is hard to say what might have been the relative importance of the two towns. Certainly Benicia had a metropolitan chance. But along came the great gold discovery, the vast rush of gold-seekers, and the tide of commerce drifted to the nearest harbor. There centered wealth, resources, the great depots of supplies, fixing forever the center of population, capital and social life for California. Nevertheless, Benicia was not entirely overlooked. It had the honor of being the temporary capital of the State. The same can be said of the city of Vallejo. My father always had a pardonable pride in both these cities. Speaking of them he used to say, "One is myself, the other my wife."

But we who live around the Bay of San Francisco have no room for local jealousies. All the great region is good, all has the certainty of a splendid future.

I have been a great traveler, am familiar with many lands and have seen nothing to compare in everything desirable by man with the country that looks down on the fair Bay of San Francisco. The time is near at hand when it will be known not only as the Pearl of the Pacific, but of the whole world--great not alone in wealth and

population, but as the home of a splendid race of men and women. This, perhaps, I may not live to see, for though my heart is young, my years are many. But let us all unite, while time remains, to speed where "manifest destiny" points.

## CHAPTER XVII

Reminiscences of early San Francisco, of his father's hospitality at his Sonoma home, of acquaintances made there who later became famous in the Civil war, fill this chapter of Dr. Vallejo's story. In particular he corrects a libel on his father given publicity in a recent so-called history of California.

In 1846, '49 and '50 I visited more than once the great new city of San Francisco, first of tents, then of wooden shacks, then, as by a miracle, petrified into great buildings of brick and stone. I shall not try to add any thing to the huge literature descriptive of those stirring days. But I do want to correct a heavy fiction that San Francisco, or any of the large settlements of California, were ever Eveless Edens. That might have been true for a week or so of some shifting mining camp in the mountains. But the yarn about the great crowd worshipping the first woman in San Francisco, the wild tumult of joy that seized its people when the first baby bawled on the streets--all these are to be classed with the pretty myths of dreamland. I can bear witness that women are very much in evidence at every stage in early San Francisco, also in Sacramento. Of course, they were far less numerous than men, and in proportion both admired and prized. Children, also, were never in the showman's class. They were to be seen on every side, in every stage of development, from the baby in the nurse's arms upward, and the infant's cry was never one to conjure with or arouse emotion of any sort in the homesick heart of man.

My father never was a miner--beyond "grubstaking" some needy adventurers here and there--good natured, win or lose investments in which he broke nearly even, as we say. He had quite enough with his own affairs and in the public work of organizing society and government. He was elected a member of the first Constitutional convention and helped to frame the State's fundamental law. Also, he served in the Legislature that put the Constitution into effect. So, in a constructive way, he left his impress on the country's early history.

As a leading Hispano-American it was his pleasure to meet almost all the great pioneers, and better acquaintance only increased his life-long admiration of American character. In particular, the cheerful way they undertook the seemingly impossible and won out filled him with wonderment.

Many years afterwards, when in Washington, D. C., he made the acquaintance of President Lincoln, with whom he had many a sociable hob-nob. One day, after a long talk on the wonderful accomplishments of the pioneers, a break came in the conversation and General Vallejo remarked, in a musing way:

"Mr. President, I hope a lot of our American people will go to hell before you and I get there."

I am surprised at such an uncommon wish, the President asked briefly, "Why?"

"Because," said my father, "the Americans will change the climate, plant trees, introduce irrigation, build railroads, make everything cheerful and pleasant, and by the time we get there we can sit down at a marble topped table and eat ice cream."

President Lincoln thought well enough of this description to repeat it as a clever Vallejo saying before a large assemblage of friends.

In the early days of the gold rush my father owned one of the few well-appointed homes around the Bay of San Francisco at Sonoma, besides large haciendas on his various grants. As a great lover of social intercourse, it was his pleasure to entertain his new-made friends. To correspond with his ideas of hospitality, he literally kept open house, with a larder stocked for any emergency. What was perhaps more to the point, he secured the services of a fine French cook. Almost every man of prominence among the pioneers I can remember as a guest under the Vallejo roof. And as a final test of friendship, good will and alliance, his daughters were given in marriage to Americans.

A military man himself, he was much interested in the splendid West Point officers who came with the regular troops. Among these were three of the younger generation. Their names were Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. More than once I have seen the three of them together at the old Sonoma homestead, little dreaming that in about a decade they would be racking the world like a cradle, making a great page in human history. They were in the bloom of youth and manly vigor, fond of outdoor life, in love with the freedom of the Far West. They were always eager for the chase, always ready to join parties for big game--the grizzlies preferred, although elk was not declined. Lieutenant Phil Sheridan and my father became social chums and a friendship sprang up between them that terminated only with death; also a correspondence that covered nearly thirty years, some of which is still preserved.

It made possible a very peculiar incident in my father's life. During the Civil War, attention to his great interests, involved in litigation, required his presence in Washington for two years. His three young military friends were now rapidly rising as the greatest generals of modern times. They remembered very well their old California entertainer. They invited him to their respective camps and he was there able to gratify an inclination to see military service on a grand scale. Connected with the staff of these three generals, he witnessed some of the most bitterly contested battles of the war. At Washington they secured him a cordial reception and general entree, including an intimate personal acquaintance with President Lincoln. It might be well to mention here that I also saw service as a young surgeon on the Federal side. Among other actions, I was at the first battle of Bull Run, where I was among those who "also ran." My log work was admirable in my youth.

Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo has been almost a quarter of a century dead. By direction of the State of California, his portrait was ordered painted and hung in the pantheon at Sacramento. He was made an honorary member of the Order of Native Sons. The Pioneers spread on their minutes a touching tribute to his life and character. In other words, he received all the honors fairly due to a career of usefulness and kindly personality. But, within a year his memory has been assailed with a malice and libel almost without a parallel. In the purported history of California by John A. McGroarty, a pioneer of 1910, General Vallejo is described as the greatest monster of cruelty that ever lived. A weird tale is told of a battle with a youth of 21, named as alfarez or ensign. Many hundred Indians, he says, surrendered after a sharp fight, under promise of immunity. Then, after they were disarmed, the young ensign ordered them put to death with indelible tortures. The women and children were dragged behind horses, and finally hung with grapevines. Father Duran, of the Santa Clara mission, says McGroarty, appealed to Governor Echandia, for justice against the perpetrators of the massacre, but no heed was paid to his earnest representations.

Such a vicious calumny carries with it, its own refutation. It existed purely in the McGroarty mind. The story told by the Mexican archives or records is simple. In the year 1829, my father, in command of a small body of soldiers and one cannon, was sent to punish a savage band on the San Joaquin, the members of which had committed many depredations. There was some sharp fighting, the Indians dispersed and the soldiers returned to their barracks. Some time later a Spanish soldier by the name of Pena showed a diary which stated that six Indian prisoners--three men and three women--had been hung, either with the knowledge or consent of the commander. Father Duran, hearing this report, asked Governor Echandia to investigate the facts, and the Governor at once appointed a court martial, over which Lieutenant Martinez presided as fiscal. After a searching inquiry, the fiscal reported, entirely exonerating my father, but found that two Indians--a man and a woman--had been "unjustifiably killed" by a soldier named Joaquin Alvarado. And to prove that it was no whitewashing affair, Joaquin was sentenced to be shot.

If there was anything in my father's life deserving praise, it was his admirable policy of conciliation and firmness in dealing with the savage races. At a time when an Indian's life was less valued than a hare's, he offered a high example of humanity.

## CHAPTER XVIII

Dr. Vallejo in this chapter discusses the elements that entered into the formation of the California people, with particular reference to the people of the north. He traces in them the splendid courage of those who followed Junipero Serra into the wilderness to save men's souls, and the sturdy manhood of those who flocked to the new El Dorado after the conquest.

Two great human movements put California on the map. To each the best blood of the world was offered freely. The first movement had for its inspiration a highly wrought religious enthusiasm. For the sake of saving souls of savages, the little band that followed Father Junipero Serra eagerly engaged in an enterprise that seemed to invite inevitable destruction. Just eight-eight persons comprised the first party, of whom eighteen were priests and some were women and children. They came to a country known to be thickly peopled, but which had not been visited for more than 150 years, so that nothing was known with certainty concerning the character of the inhabitants. Were they warlike, aggressive, resentful of the presence of strangers? Then, most assuredly, the doom of all was sealed. They had no ships for flight, since the party came overland. The resistance of such a handful, even with the advantage of firearms, would have been hopeless against overpowering odds--hundreds against one.

It matter not what may be a man's race or religion, we all have a common admiration for everything fine in human nature. And I can think of nothing finer in history than the impulse that prompted these men to offer their lives in an effort to save the souls of men they had never met. Perhaps, from your religious viewpoint, the conversion of savages to the faith of the Catholic church may not have bettered their condition. But, even then, the motive of the padres and of their no less enthusiastic followers represented in the highest form a noble sacrifice of self for others.

With the stately precision that marked the movements of Spain in the New World, we have a complete history, kept in diary form of all events in California, from the day of Father Serra's arrival to the final transfer to authority to the Republic of Mexico. We know, therefore, what small reinforcements of the Hispano-American stock came from Mexico; but these ceased before 1800. The 6000 or 7000 Californians, the approximate number at the time of the American occupation, were descendants of those earnest men and women who gladly risked their lives in the spirit of magnificent self abnegation, willing to suffer death itself if it brought salvation to their fellows. Such a stock as that is always good.

It may seem strange how from two or three hundred there came to be perhaps 7000 Californians when the flag was raised at Monterey. That is very simple. The emulation then was to make families large, not small. My father and mother had sixteen children, which was far from unusual.

The pioneers of 1849 had a different inspiration, but I am not one of those who believe that gold-greed was the main incentive that brought a quarter of a million people in a year to the Pacific Coast. It was far more the spirit of adventure, of daring, of the warm, generous blood coursing through the veins of youth. They say the average age of those who came in the year 1849 was not over twenty-three. The finest body of young men ever gathered in one place met in California, in the two or three years following the gold discovery at Coloma. I can still recall them, looking back across the mists of sixty-five years. They seem more like a race of giants than of men. And they made California famous quite as much for their almost incredible accomplishments as for its gold. Whenever any undertaking of titanic proportion was proposed it became common the world over to say, "That sounds just like California."

So we have two distinct starting points of population. One very small, one very great, and both inspired by the highest instincts of humanity. As in everything else in life, the larger will absorb the lesser, to form in the end a homogeneous whole. So far as name goes, the Hispano-Americans have already lost much of their identity. Their daughters have married largely with the later-comers. They left many descendants, but they are no longer known by Spanish names; they are Smiths, Brown and Whites. The small boys are no longer Juans, Joses and Pedros. But you can still trace in their bright young faces the old Castilian type. And you will find, no young people of our generation more proud of their country, more ambitious to make good, than those who claim a kinship with the followers of Father Junipero Serra.

At least half the population around the bay and in the great valleys can trace its ancestry, or a part of it, back to those who came to our State prior to 1860. In them remains much of the spirit of their fathers, transmitted by descent, together with much that made them lovable. In all our great affairs of life you will find them always dominant. This is why we of the north are still Californians: why those of the south are not.

It is said by some that the Hispano-Americans left no trace on the later institutions of California. With that statement I must beg to disagree. True, they were not able to show themselves at their best. Some yielded to the reckless temptations of the gold age. Others had their hands and brains occupied in litigation and squatter troubles, growing out of the mighty influx of immigration. So, in a constructive way, they did not shine. They were not among the men who tore down mountains and performed other miracles. They did not build railways, construct transoceanic steamers or organize vast industries. All of this is very true.

Nevertheless, the Californians left a deep impression on our social life, and I trust it may be permanent. You have all heard of the hospitality of California, which became famous throughout the world and is still one of the pleasant customs in our State. Do you know where that came from? It was neither more nor less than a continuance of the broad, patriarchal, almost sacred habit of the Californians and of the early settlers from abroad to welcome the stranger within their gates. These friendly customs the warm-hearted pioneers with eagerness embraced, enlarged in some directions and made them the unwritten law of the land. There is no other country in the world where the word "welcome" is displayed so large on so many homes. It is this large brotherhood that makes us love our State; that makes the wanderer lonesome and eager to return.

Again, to the old Californians, everything in their beautiful young world on the Pacific Coast looked bright, and, being by nature of a joyous disposition, they easily made their lives match their surroundings. It is a common Spanish saying that it serves better to be happy than sad, and so gloomy shadows seldom were allowed to lengthen in the Hispano-Californians' homes. They were great natural musicians, fine performers on the violin, guitar and harp. They were wonderful dancers, and made some attempts at amateur theatrical entertainments. Always something was going on of a cheerful nature. In other words they tried to get the pleasure out of life as they went along. They had no use for long faces or sour mugs. They did not believe that men and women were put into a most pleasant world for an everlasting grind. And these customs, these ideas, have, in the main, survived. Upper California is today the most pleasure-loving section of all the world, where people live more in accord with what seems to be the natural laws. And again, I hope that these customs will not be changed, except to be enlarged.

If we have acquired from the Hispano-American something of our goodfellowship, unknown elsewhere; if we have learned from him the trick of letting more sunshine into the dark corners of everyday life, he has indeed made an impression, has played a highly useful part, in a great social constructive scheme, more advanced than any other on the earth.

*For portrait see  
Portrait File 4412*