THE LIVES
OF
Joaquin Murieta
AND
Tiburcio Vasquez

THE CALIFORNIA HIGHWAYMEN.

SAN FRANCISCO:
1874.
THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
JOAQUIN MURIETA
THE CELEBRATED CALIFORNIA BANDIT.
THIRD EDITION.
REVISED AND ENLARGED BY THE AUTHOR,
THE LATE
JOHN R. RIDGE.
SAN FRANCISCO:
FRED'K MACRELLISH & CO., PUBLISHERS.
AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

The continued and steady demand for the "Life and Adventures of Joaquin Murieta" induces the author to issue a third edition, revised and enlarged, according to the scope of additional facts, the knowledge of which has been acquired since the publication of preceding editions. This would seem to be the more necessary, as a matter of justice both to the author and the public, inasmuch as a spurious edition has been foisted upon unsuspecting publishers and by them circulated, to the infringement of the author's copyright and the damage of his literary credit—the spurious work, with its crude interpolations, fictitious additions and imperfectly disguised distortions of the author's phraseology, being by many persons confounded with the original performance.

FRED'K MACCRELLISH & Co.
JOAQUIN MURIETA.

CHAPTER I.

HIS BOYHOOD, EARLY EDUCATION AND PERSONAL APPEARANCE—HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH AMERICANS IN MEXICO—HIS WINNING OF THE BEAUTIFUL ROSITA—HIS ARRIVAL IN CALIFORNIA—HIS HONEST OCCUPATION AS A MINER—HIS DOMICIL INTRUDED UPON BY LAWSLESS MEN—THEIR OUTRAGES UPON HIM AND HIS MISTRESS—HIS REMOVAL TO A NEW LOCALITY—NEW INTRUSIONS AND OPPRESSIONS.

Sitting down, as I now do, to give to the public such events of the life of Joaquin Murieta as have come into my possession, I am moved by no desire to administer to any depraved taste for the dark and horrible inhuman action, but rather by a wish to contribute my mite to those materials out of which the early history of California shall be composed. Aside from the interest naturally excited by the career of a man so remarkable in the annals of crime—for in deeds of daring and blood he has never been exceeded by any of the renowned robbers of the Old or New World who have preceded him—his character is well worth the scrutiny of the intelligent reader as being a product of the social and moral condition of the country in which he lived, while his individual record becomes a part of the most valuable, because it is a part of the earliest history of the State.

We must here premise that there existed another Joaquin, contemporaneous with the subject of this narrative, who bore the several titles of O'Comorenia, Valenzuela, Botellier and Carillo. His true surname was Valenzuela, and he was a distinguished subordinate of Joaquin Murieta. He used, however, by many persons to be mistaken for his chief; and certain individuals who knew him simply as "Joaquin," and who saw him after the announcement of Murieta's death, insisted with great pertinacity that the terrible bandit was still alive.

Joaquin Murieta was a Mexican of good blood, born in the province of Sonora, of respectable parents, and educated to a degree sufficient for the common purposes of life in the schools of his native country. While growing up, he was remarkable for a very mild and peaceable disposition, and gave no sign of that indomitable and daring spirit which afterwards characterized him. Those who knew him in his school-boy days speak affectionately of his generous and noble nature at that period of his life, and can scarcely credit the fact, that the renowned and bloody bandit of California was once and the same being.

The first considerable interruption in the general smooth current of his existence occurred in the latter portion of his seventeenth year. Near the ranch of his father resided a packer, one Feliz, who, as ugly as sin itself, had a daughter named Rosita. Her mother was dead, and she, although but sixteen, was burdened with the responsibility of a house.
keeper in their simple home, for her father and a younger brother, whose name will hereafter occasionally occur in the progress of this narration. Rosita, though in humble circumstances, was of Castillian descent, and showed her superior origin in the native royalty of her look and general dignity of her bearing. Yet she was of that voluptuous order to which so many of the dark-eyed daughters of Spain belong, and the rich blood of her race mounted to cheeks, lips and eyes. Her father doted upon and was proud of her, and it was his greatest happiness, on returning from occasional packing expeditions through the mountains of Sonora (he was simply employed by a more wealthy individual) to receive the gentle ministries of his gay and smiling daughter. Joaquin having nothing to do but ride hisfather's horses, and give a general superintendence to the herdng of stock upon the ranch, was frequently a transient caller at the cabin of Felix, more particularly when the old man was absent, making excuses for a drink of water— or some such matter, and leaving the lady somewhat backward and dazed. She had need of bright and handsome lovers, in the strays of romance and, well interpreted, no doubt, the mutual emotions of loving hearts. Indeed Nature herself is a sufficient instructor, without the aid of books, where living fire is in the veins, and glowing health runs hand in hand with the imagination. It was no wonder, then, that the youthful Joaquin and the precocious and blooming Rosita, in the absence, on each side, of all other like objects of attraction, should begin to feel the press of each other as a necessity. They loved warmly and passionately. The packer being absent more than half the time, there was every opportunity for the youthful pair to meet, and their intercourse was, with the exception of the occasional intrusion of her brother Reyes, a mere boy, absolutely without restraint. Rosita was one of those beings who yield all for love, and, ere she took time to consider of her duties to society, to herself, or to her father, she found herself in the situation of a mere mistress to Joaquin. Old Felix broke in at last, upon their felicity, by a chance discovery. Coming home one day from a prospected tour in the mountains, he found no one in the cabin but his son and daughter Reyes, who told him that Rosita and Joaquin had gone out together on the path leading up the little stream that ran past the dwelling. Following up the path indicated, the old man came upon the pair, in a position, as Byron says, it is in the most diabolical of his works, "loving, natural and Greek." His rage knew no bounds, but Joaquin did not carry for its effects. On the contrary, he felt precipitately from the scene. Whether he showed a proper regard for the fair Rosita in so doing, it is not our province to discuss. All we have to do is to state what occurred, and leave moral discourses to be har- monized as they best may. At any rate, the loving girl never blamed him for his conduct, for she took the earliest opportu-nity of a moonlight night, to seek him at his father's ranch, and throw herself into his arms.

About this time, Joaquin had received a letter from a half brother of his, who had been a short time in California, advising him by all means to hasten to that region of romantic adventure and golden reward. He was not long in preparing for the trip. Mounted upon a valuable horse, with his mistress by his side upon another, and with a couple of packed males before him, laden with provisions and necessaries, he started for the fields of gold. His journey was attended with no serious difficulties, and the trip was made with expedition. The first that we hear of him in the Golden State is that in the spring of 1850, he is engaged in the honest occupation of a miner in the Stanislaus placers, then reckoned among the richest portions of the mines. He was then eighteen years of age, a little over the medium height, slenderly but gracefully built, and active as a young tiger. His complexion was neither very dark nor very light, but clear and brilliant, and his countenance is pronounced to have been at that time, exceedingly handsome and attractive. His large black eyes, binding with the enthusiasm of his earnest nature, his firm and well-formed mouth, his wavy black hair hanging over his shoulders, his silvery voice, full of generous utterance, and the frank and cordial manner which distinguished him, made him beloved by all with whom he came in contact. He had the confidence and respect of the whole community around him, and was fast amassing a fortune in his rich mining claim. He had built him a comfortable mining residence, in which he had domiciled his heart's treasure—the beautiful girl whom we have described.

The country then was full of careless and desperate men, who bore the name of Americans, but failed to support the honor and dignity of that title. A feeling was prevalent among this class, of contempt for any and all Mexicans, whom they looked upon as an inferior race. Joaquin being a proud blood of the Castilian, mounted to the cheek of a partial descendant of the Mexiques, showing that he had inherited the old chivalrous spirit of his Spanish ancestry, they looked upon it as a base presumption in one so inferior to them. The prejudice of color, the antipathy of race, which are always stronger and bitterer with the ignorant and unlettered, they could not overcome, or if they could, would not, because it affixed them a conventional excuse for their unmanly cruelty and oppression.

One pleasant evening, as Joaquin was sitting in his doorway, after a hard day's work, gazing forth upon the sparkling waters of the Stanislaus River, and listening to the musical voice of Rosita, who was singing a dreamy ditty of her native land, a band of the lawless men above alluded to approached the house and accosted its owner in a very insulting and supercilious manner, asking him by what means he, a d—d Mexican, presumed to be working a mining claim on American ground. Joaquin, who spoke very good English, having often met with Americans in Sonora, replied that, under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, he had a right to become a citizen of the United States, and that as such he considered himself.

"Well, sir," said one of the party, "we allow no Mexicans to work in this region, and you have got to leave this claim."

As might have been expected, the young Mexican indignantly renounced against such an outrage. He had learned to believe that to be an American was to be the soul of honor and magnanimity, and he could hardly realize that such a piece of meanness and injustice could be perpetrated by any portion of a race whom he had been led so highly to respect. His remonstrances only produced additional insult and insolence, and finally a huge fellow stepped forward and struck him violently in the face. Joaquin, with an ejaculation of rage, sprung at his affrighted mistress, fearing that his power might be fatal to him, frustratedly seized and held him. At this moment his assailant again advanced, and, rudely throwing the young woman aside, dealt him a succession of blows which soon fell him, bruised and half-killed, to the floor. Rosita, at this cruel outrage, suddenly seemed transformed...
into a being of a different nature, and herself seizing the knife, she made a vengeful thrust at the American. There was fury in her eye and vengeance in her spring, but what could a tender female accomplish, against such ruffians? She was seized by her tender wrists, easily disarmed, and thrown fainting and helpless upon the bed. Meantime Joaquin had been bound hand and foot, by others of the party, and, lying in that condition, he saw the cherished companion of his bosom deliberately violated by these very superior specimens of the much vaunted Anglo-Saxon race!

Leaving him in his agony, they gave him to understand that, if he was found in that cabin, or upon his claim after the expiration of the next ten days, they would take his life. The soul of the young man was from that moment darkened, and, as he himself related afterwards, he swore, with clenched hands, that he would live for revenge. She, weeping, implored him to live for her, as he knew she only lived for him, and try to forget in some other and happier scene the bitter misery of the present. He was prevailed upon by her kindness and her tears, and soon after the young couple took their departure for a more northern portion of the mines.

The next we hear of them, they are located on a nice little farm on the banks of a beautiful stream that watered a fertile valley far out in the seclusion of the mountains of Calaveras. Here the somehow saddened adventurer deemed that he might hope for peace and again be happy. But it was not so destined. One day, as he was engaged with axe and mattock in clearing his ground, several Americans rode up to the fencing of his little retreat, and notified him that they allowed no infernal Mexican intruders, like him, to own land in that section. Joaquin's blood boiled in his veins, but he answered mildly that the valley was unoccupied save by himself, that he acknowledged allegiance to the American Government, that the treaty of peace between the United States and Mexico gave him his choice of citizenship either in California or in Mexico as he liked, that he had been already driven from the mines without any crime or offence on his part, and all he now asked was a very small patch of ground and the shelter of a humble home for himself and "wife." He was peremptorily told to leave, and, when he said he would not, compelled to abandon the spot he had selected and the fruits of his labor.

It is honorable to him to say that his spirit was still unbroken, nor had the iron so far entered his soul as to sear up the innate sensitiveness to honor and right which reigned in his bosom. Twice ruined in his honest pursuit of fortune, he resolved still to labor on with unflinching brow and with that true moral bravery which throws its redeeming light forward upon all his subsequently dark and criminal career. How deep, must have been the anguish of that young heart, and how strongly rooted the native honesty of his soul, none can know or imagine but they that have been tried in like manner.

He bundled up his little moveable property, and again started forth to try his luck in another country. As both Joaquin and his half-brother were young and well-reared young men from the Atlantic States, they naturally resorted to it, in time of trouble, for fortune and for happiness.

He arrived at Murphy's Diggings, in Calaveras County, in the month of April, 1850, and went again to mining, this time without interference; but meeting with nothing like his former success, he soon abandoned that business, and devoted his time to dealing "more," a game which is common in Mexico, and had been almost universally adopted by gamblers in Mexico. It is considered by the Mexicans in no manner a disreputable employment, and many well-reared young men from the Atlantic States have resorted to its pastime, as a "profession" in this land of luck and chances. It was once in much better odor than it is now, although it is now a game which may be played on very fair and honest principles, provided anything can be strictly honest or fair which allows the taking of money without a valuable consideration in return. It was therefore looked upon as no departure from rectitude on the part of Joaquin, when he commenced the dealing of "more." Having a very pleasing exterior and being, despite of all his sorrows, very gay and lively in his disposition, he attracted many persons to his table, and won their money with such skill and grace, or lost his own with such perfect good humor, that he was considered by all the very beau ideal of a gambler and the prince of clever fellows. His sky seemed clear and his prospects bright, but Fate was weaving her mysterious web around him, and fitting him by the force of circumstances to become what nature never intended he should be.

His half-brother, of whom we have spoken, resided on a small tract of land in the vicinity of Murphy's Diggings. Joaquin had paid him a visit, and returned to the Diggings on a horse borrowed from his brother. The animal, which his brother had bought and paid for, proved to have been originally stolen, and being recognized by a number of individuals in town, as well as by the owner, a stout rough-grained man, named J—, an excitement was raised on the subject. Joaquin suddenly found himself surrounded by a numerous mob, many of them strangers to him, who were by no means sparing of their threats and insults.

"This is my cow," said J—, laying his hand on Joaquin's shoulder, "you are the clump that's been a stealing horses and mules around here, for the last six months, are you?"

"You charge me unjustly," replied Joaquin. "I borrowed this horse of my half-brother, who bought it from an American, which he can easily prove, as well as show a bill of sale besides.""This is all grammar," said J—"and you are nothing but a dirty thief!"

"Hang him!" "Hang him!" cried out several voices from the crowd, and the young Mexican was at once seized and bound. Some one, more moderate than the rest, suggested that it would be better, before proceeding to extremities, to see what the half brother had to say for himself.

"Yes, nab him too!" exclaimed various persons in the mob, and they at once started for the half brother's house, taking their prisoner along with them.

"All I want you to do, gentlemen," said Joaquin, "is to give my brother a chance to prove his and my innocence, Let him have time to summon his witnesses."

This remark was only answered with jeers and contempt. Arriving at the place sought for, the brother of Joaquin, being readily found, he was seized, with scarcely a word of explanation, hurried to a tree and swung by the neck amid the howlings of the mob, until he was dead. Joaquin shed tears of agony at the sight, and begged that they would proceed at once to deal out the same fate to him. But the original intention, with regard to him, was changed by some sudden revulsion of feeling in the crowd, and a far more humiliating punishment inflicted. The unhappy young man was bound to the same tree upon which the original intention, with regard to him, was changed by some sudden revulsion of feeling in the crowd, and a far more humiliating punishment inflicted. The unhappy young man was bound to the same tree upon which the lifeless form of his brother was swinging, and publicly disgraced with the lash. An eye-witness of this scene declared to the author that he never saw such an expression in all his life as at this moment passed over the face of Joaquin. He cast a look of unutterable scorn and scowling hate upon his torturers, and measured them from head to foot, as though he would imprint their likenesses upon his memory forever. In grim silence he received their blows, disdaining to utter a
JOAQUIN MURIETA.

CHAPTER II.

A CHANGE IN JOAQUIN'S CHARACTER—MYSTERY DISAPPEARANCES—MURDERS UPON THE HIGHWAY—AN ORGANIZED BANDITTY—RANCHERS LOSE THEIR STOCK—THE KILLING OF THE DEPUTY SHERIFF OF SANTA CLARA COUNTY—ENCOUNTER WITH THE BANDITS BY THE SHERIFF OF YUBA COUNTY.

A change came over the character of Joaquin, suddenly and irrevocably. Wanton cruelty and the tyranny of prejedice had reached their climax. The soul of the injured man grew dark, and the bitterness of honor, rooted into atoms by the strong passions which shook his heart like an earthquake, crumbling around him. He was no more the genial, generous, open-hearted Muriesta, as of yore. He walked apart in moody silence, avoided all intercourse with Americans and was seen to ride off into the mountains in company with such of his countrymen as he had never before confided so fully to associate with.

It was not long before an American was found dead in the vicinity of Murphy's Diggings, having been almost literally cut to pieces with a knife. Although horribly mangled, he was recognized as one of the mob engaged in the whipping of Joaquin and the hanging of his brother. A doctor, passing in the neighborhood of this murder, was met shortly afterward, by two men on horseback, who fired their revolvers at him, but, owing to his speed on foot, and the unconsciousness of the ground, he succeeded in escaping without further injury than having a bullet shot through his hat, within an inch of the top of his head! A panic spread among the rash individuals who had composed that mob, and they were afraid to stir out on their ordinary business. Whenever any one of them strayed out of sight of his camp, or ventured to travel on the highway, he was shot down suddenly and mysteriously. Report after report came, spread among the rash individuals who had composed that mob, and they were afraid to stir out on their ordinary business. Whenever any one of them strayed out of sight of his camp, or ventured to travel on the highway, he was shot down suddenly and mysteriously. Report after report came, spreading among the rash individuals who had composed that mob, and they were afraid to stir out on their ordinary business. Whenever any one of them strayed out of sight of his camp, or ventured to travel on the highway, he was shot down suddenly and mysteriously.

A CHANGE will show. He keep that oath, as the following pages may witness.

He was different from his more youthful self. His form was large and rugged, and his countenance was fierce. His eyes shot off in a skirmish with an American. From the fact of his joining the enemy, he had been the occasion of the mob, was among the missing, but whether he slid off for distant parts, in fear of his life, or fell a victim to the wrath of the avenger, I have never learned. Certain it is that Muriesta's revenge was very nearly complete. Said an eye witness of these events, an acquaintance of mine, named Burns, in reply to an inquiry which I addressed him:

"I am inclined to think Joaquin wiped out the most of those prominently engaged in whipping him."

Thus far, who can blame him? But the iron had entered too deeply into his soul for him to stop here. He had committed deeds which made him amenable to the law, and his only safety lay in a persistence in the unlawful course which he had begun. It was necessary that he should have horses, and that he should have means. These he could not obtain except by robbery and murder, and thus he became an outlaw and a bandit on the verge of his nineteenth year.

The year 1850 rolled away, marked with the eventful history of the young man's wrongs and triumphs, his bitter revenge and the blood of his enemies! Fearfully did the world beheld the events of the year. In 1851, it became generally known that an organized banditti were ranging the country; but it was not yet ascertained who was the leader. Travelers, haled with the produce of the miners, were met upon the roads by well-dressed men who politely requested them to "stand and deliver;" persons riding alone in the many wild and lonesome regions, which form a large portion of this country, were skillfully noosed with the lasso, (which the Mexicans throw with great accuracy, being able thus to capture wild cattle, etc., sometimes even grizzly bears, upon the plains,) dragged from their saddles and murdered in the adjacent thickets. Horses of the finest masts were stolen from the ranches, and, being tracked up, were found in the possession of a determined band of men, ready to retain them at all hazards, and fully able to stand their ground.

The scenes of murder and robbery shifted with the rapidity of lightning. At one time the northern counties would be suffering slaughters and depredations, at another the southern, and, before one would have imagined it possible, the east and the west and every point of the compass would be in trouble. There had been before this, neither in 1849 nor in 1850, any such thing as an organized banditti, and it had been a matter of surprise to every one, since the country was too well adapted to a business of this kind—the houses scattered at such distances along the roads, the plains so level and open in which to ride with speed, and the mountains so rugged with their ten thousand fastnesses, in which to hide! Grass was abundant in the far-off valleys which lay hidden in the rocky groves, cool, delicious streams made music at the foot of the towering peaks, or came leaping down in Gladness from their sides—game abounded on every hand, and nine unclouded months of the year made a climate so salubrious that nothing could be sweeter than a day's rest under the tall pines, or a night's repose under the open canopy of heaven. Joaquin knew his advantages. His superior intelligence and education gave him the respect of his comrades, and appealing to the prejudice against the "Yankees," which the disastrous results of the Mexican war had not tended to lessen in his mind, he had soon assembled around him a powerful band of his countrymen, who daily increased, as he ran his career of almost magical success. Among the number was Manuel Guardia, more frequently known as "Three fingered Jack," from the fact of his having had one of his fingers shot off in a skirmish with an American party during the Mexican war. He was a man of undaunting bravery, but cruel and sanguinary. His form was large and rugged, and his countenance so fierce that few liked to look upon it. He was different from his more youthful leader, in possessing nothing of his generous, frank and cordial disposition, and in being utterly destitute of one merciful trait of humanity. His delight was
in murder for its own diabolical sake, and he gloated over the agonies of his unfortunate victims. He would sacrifice policy, the safety and interests of the band for the mere gratification of this murderous propensity, and it required all Joaquin's firmness and determination to hold him in check. The history of this monster was well known before he joined Joaquin. He was known to be the same man, who, in 1848, surrounded with his party two Americans, young men by the names of Cowie and Fowler, as they were traveling on the road between Sonora and Bodega, stripped them entirely naked, and, binding them each to a tree, slowly tortured them to death. He began by throwing knives at their bodies, as if he were practicing at a target; he then cut out their tongues, punched out their eyes with his knife, gashed their bodies in numerous places, and, finally flaying them alive, left them to die. A thousand cruelties like these had he been guilty of, and long before Joaquin knew, in which he was a hardened, experienced and detestable monster. When it was necessary for the young chief to commit some peculiarly horrible and cold-blooded murder, some deed of brutal ghastliness at which his soul revolted, he deputed this man to do it; and well was it executed, with certainty and to the letter.

Another member was the boy, Reyes Folio, whom I have before mentioned, as the brother of Rosita, and who was left by his fugitive sister a year or so before in the province of Sonora. The old father, the packer, was dead, and Rosita, having no feeling whatsoever against Joaquin and his sister, had hastened with the remnant of his father's property to join them, and had arrived in California a few weeks after the affair of the mob at Murphy's Diggings. He was now a mere youth of sixteen years, but he had read the wild romantic tales of the infamous robbers of Spain and Mexico, until his enthusiastic spirit had become imbued with the same sentiments which actuated them, and he could conceive of nothing grander than to throw himself back upon the strictly natural rights of man and hurl defiance at society and its laws. There is many a villain nowadays, for the mere romance of the thing. Reyes Folio was a devoted follower of his chief; like him, brave, impulsive, and generous.

A third member was Claudio, a man about thirty-five years of age, of a lean, but vigorous constitution, a dark complexion and possessing a somewhat sanguine but lively and expressive countenance. He was indubitably brave, but exceedingly cautious and cunning, springing upon his prey at an unexpected moment and executing his purposes with the greatest possible secrecy as well as precision. He was a deep calculator, a wise schemer, and could wear the appearance of an honest man with the same grace and ease that he would exhibit in throwing around his command. When his father's property, to join them, and had arrived in California a few weeks after the affair of the mob at Murphy's Diggings. He was now a mere youth of sixteen years, but he had read the wild romantic tales of the infamous robbers of Spain and Mexico, until his enthusiastic spirit had become imbued with the same sentiments which actuated them, and he could conceive of nothing grander than to throw himself back upon the strictly natural rights of man and hurl defiance at society and its laws. There is many a villain nowadays, for the mere romance of the thing. Reyes Folio was a devoted follower of his chief; like him, brave, impulsive, and generous.

Another distinguished member was Pedro Gonzales, less brave than many others, but a skillful spy and expert horse thief, and, as such, an invaluable adjunct to a company of mounted men who required a continual supply of fresh horses, as well as a thorough knowledge of the state of affairs around them.

There were many others belonging to this organization, which it is not necessary to describe. It is sufficient to say that they composed as formidable a force of outlaws as ever gladdened the eye of an acknowledged leader. Their number at this early period is not accurately known, but a fair estimate would not place it at a lower figure than fifty, with the advantage of a continual and steady increase, including a few renegade Americans, of desperate characters and fortunes.

Besides Joaquin Murieta, there were others of the banditti who were accompanied by their mistresses. The names of these devoted but fair and frail ones will be of frequent occurrence in the succeeding pages.

Such were the unsettled condition of things, so distant and isolated were the different mining regions, so lonely and uninhabited the sections through which the roads and trails were cut, and so numerous the friends and acquaintances of the bandits themselves, that these lawless men carried on their operations with almost absolute impunity. It was a rule with them to injure no man who ever extended them a favor, and, whilst they plundered everyone else, and spread devastation in every quarter, they invariably left those ranches and houses unharmed, whose owners and inmates had afforded them shelter or assistance. Many persons who were otherwise honest and upright, bought the safety of their lives and property by remaining scrupulously silent in regard to Joaquin, and neutral in every attempt to do him an injury. Further than this, there were many large rancheros who were secretly connected with the bandit, and stood ready to harbor them in times of danger, and to furnish them with the best animals that fed on their extensive pastures. The names of several of these wealthy and highly respectable individuals were well known, and will transpose in the course of this history.

At the head of this most powerful combination of men, Joaquin ravaged the State in various quarters during the year 1851, without at that time being generally known as the leader; his subordinates, Claudio, Valenzuela and Pedro Gonzales, being unfortunately mistaken for the chief. Except to a few persons, even his name was unknown, and many were personally acquainted with him, and frequently saw him in the different towns and villages, without having the remotest idea that he stood connected with the bloody events which were then filling the country with terror and dismay. He resided for weeks at a time in different localities, ostensibly engaged in gambling, or employed as a vaquero, a packer, or in some other innocent avocation, spending much of his time in the society of that sweetest of all companions, the woman that he loved.

While living in a secluded part of the town of San Jose, sometime in the summer of 1851, he one night became violently engaged in a row at a fandango, was arrested for a breach of the peace, brought up before a magistrate and fined twelve dollars. He was in charge of Mr. Clark, the Deputy Sheriff of Santa Clara county, who had made himself particularly obnoxious to the bandit, by his rigorous scrutiny into their conduct, and his determined attempts to arrest some of their number. Joaquin had the complete advantage of him, inasmuch as the Deputy was totally ignorant of the true character of the man with whom he had to deal. With the utmost frankness in his manner, Joaquin requested him to walk down to his residence in the skirts of the town, where he would pay him the money.
They proceeded together, engaged in a pleasant conversation, until they reached the edge of a thicket, when the young bandit suddenly drew a knife and informed Clark that he had brought him there to kill him, at the same instant stabbing him to the heart before he could draw his revolver. Though many persons knew the author of this most cool and bloody deed, by eight, yet it was a long time before it was ascertained that the escaped murderer was no less a personage than the leader of the daring outlaws who were then infesting the country.

In the fall of the same year, Joaquin removed up in the more northern part of the State, and settled himself down with his mistress at the Sonorian Camp, a cluster of tents and cloth houses, situated about three miles from the city of Marysville, in Yuba County. It was not long before the entire country rang with the accounts of frequent, startling and disastrous crimes.

Seven men were murdered within three or four days in a region of country not more than twelve miles in extent.

Shortly after the murder thus mentioned, two men who were traveling on the road that leads up Feather River, near to the Honset Creek, which puts into that stream, discovered just ahead of them four Mexicans, one of whom was dragging at his saddle-bow, a lariat, an American whom they had just lassoed and had been run up with a rope several times to the limb of a tree, by order of that formidable body.

He confessed to the commission of no crime himself, but pointed to the Sonorian Camp as the retreat of certain parties who had been carrying on the system of robberies and murders complained of. Obtaining a description of the principal characters at the suspected camp, the Sheriff of Yuba County, R. B. Buchanan, accompanied by a man familiarly known as "Ike Bowen," proceeded on a moonlight night to examine the premises, and to consummate an arrest of one or more, by surprise. Hitching their horses a half mile distant, they advanced on foot to the dangerous neighborhood.

Coming suddenly upon a small tent a few hundred yards from the main camp, not having observed it in the obscurity of the bushes, they were startled by a ferocious dog, who appeared likely by his fierce outcries to arouse the whole encampment. "I won't do," said Buchanan, "to be beshored with such a howling as this, and we must kill that dog. It strikes me that I can manage it. If we appear to be frightened, and bear a retreat, he will come directly up to take hold of one or the other of us; then we must have him a little cold steel."

Accordingly the two moved off hastily, and, true to the prediction of Buchanan, the animal rushed forward with frantic ferocity. Bowen, being a little behind, he sprang with one bound upon his back, got him down in an instant, and was unable to rise. The ball had struck him near the spine, and passing through his body, had come out in front near the navell. He had evidently received it while in a stooping posture at the fence. Leaving him as he lay, Bowen hastened to his horse and hurried to town for assistance, which shortly arrived, and Buchanan was taken back to Marysville and properly cared for. He lay a long time in a very dangerous condition, but eventually recovered, much to the gratification of the community, who admired the devotion and courage with which he had well-nigh sacrificed his life to the discharge of duty. He was somewhat astonished to learn, a considerable period afterward, that he had received his wound in an actual personal encounter with the redoubtable Joaquin Murieta himself. He it was who had been standing before the fire in front of the tent, and had with his quick eye discovered the two hostile forms as they approached him through the patches of moonlight.

CHAPTER III.


The bandits did not long remain in the vicinity of Marysville after this occurrence, but rode off into the coast range of mountains to the west of Mount Shasta, which rears its white shaft, at all sea-
sions of the year, high above every other peak, and serves at a distance of two hundred miles to direct the course of the mountain traveler. Gazing at it from the Sacramento Valley, it rises in its garments of snow, like some mighty archangel, filling the heaven with its solemn presence.

In the rugged fastnesses of the wild range lying to the west of this huge mountain, a range inhabited only by human savages and savage beasts, did the outlaws hide themselves for several long months, descending into the valleys at intervals, with no further purpose than to steal horses, of which they seemed determined to keep a good supply. They induced the Indians to aid them in this laudable purpose, and so efficiently did those simple people render their assistance, that the rancheros of that region loaded the very air with their curses of the "naked devil," who tormented them to such an intolerable degree. On one occasion, during those depredations upon locomotive property, an exasperated, treated in the manner in which they perished, while others plainly showed by the perforated skull that the Indian had suddenly and secretly done its work. The Ignorant Indians suffered for many a deed which had been perpetuated by civilized hands. It will be re-collected by many persons who resided at Yreka and on Scott's River, in the fall and winter of 1851, how many prospectors were lost in the mountains and never again heard from; how many were found dead, supposed to have been killed by the Indians; and yet bearing upon their bodies the marks of knives and bullets quite as frequently as arrows.

In one of the descents of the banditti into the valleys, they ventured into the plains which skirted Feather River, and on the edge of which is situated the town of Hamilton. This was a long distance from the coast range, but the fall months of 1851 were clear and mild, and camping out was a mere pastime. Here the bandits were frequently scattered, two or three riding together, others roaming at the temporary camp, others again running off horses from Neil's Ranch, and others playing cards in the saloons at Hamilton. Royce Felix was in the habit of galloping around unaccompanied, for being a good-looking fellow, he found himself welcomed at various Mexican camps along the river, where certain smiling senoritas happened to be located. At one of these camps he met with the wife of a packer, then absent with a pack train in the mountains. She was a voluptuous beauty, and named Carmelita. Royce Felix was not long in discovering that she fancied him, and he made rapid advances in her affections—so much so, he one day persuaded her that he was a better husband than the packer, and she agreed with very little hesitation to link her fortunes with those of the gay and gallant cavalier who had won her to his embrace. The bandits at the camp were therefore greatly surprised to see him one evening cantoring in with a blooming fair one behind him, whom he deposited in their midst, with a nonchalant air and the brief introduction—"There's my wife."

Residing in the vicinity of Hamilton was a hunter, who was known by the simple name of "Peter." He was half Wyandot and half French, and had two daughters, aged respectively eighteen and sixteen. Old Peter was probably the most honest man in all that section of country. Ever since the death of his wife—half French and half Wyandot like himself—which had happened in town some years before the time of his introduction to the reader, he had followed the life of a trapper and hunter, taking his two girls along with him. He had therefore some years in the Rocky Mountains, and thence had ranged down by gradual removals into California. He had horses, a heavy tent, plenty of clothing, and a purse generally well filled with money. This he earned solely by hunting, there being a good cash market for all the venison and bear meat which he could furnish. Peter prided himself upon two things, his own honesty and the virtue of his daughters. They were very hardworking girls, and, although trained up in the wilderness, yet they had sufficiently tamed the confines of civilization to know something of its refining effects. Besides, their father was by no means a savage, having received the rudiments of a French education in his youth, and having mingled with the better class of the border citizens of the United States to an extent which enabled him to speak pretty good English, and to act very much like a white man. But the Indian instinct was strong, both in himself and his daughters, the elder of whom was a dead shot with the rifle and a splendid rider, after the fashion of Indian women, to wit: astraddle. She had learned also to throw the lasso, and had more than once brought into camp wild elk, lassoed around the horns and towed at her saddle bow. Strange as this may seem, it is literally true, and there are many persons now living in California who remember the girl and her feats. The younger sister, although skilled in the handicraft of the woods, was not so daring, but was exceedingly useful to her father by her knack at cooking, washing and attending to the domestic affairs of the camp. The father usually wore a buckskin suit, while the garb of the "padres" consisted of a calico or woolen skirt and bodice, a silk handkerchief carelessly tied about the chin, and upon their small and well-shaped feet handomely beaded mocasins.

A couple of the bandits were one morning galloping over the plain, in the direction of a band of loose horses, with a view of lassoing one or two of them, when a huge elk rapidly crossed the line of their progress. The animal was making the best speed he could, and well he might, for not more than fifty yards behind there came thundering after him a mounted figure, with disheveled hair and eager eyes and urgent pressings of the pursuing steed. It was the old hunter's daughter, lasso in hand, enjoying
JOAQUIN MURIELA.

her favorite pastime of elk-chasing. It may well be conjectured that the bandits were somewhat astonished at this unusual sight, for they had never seen or heard of this extraordinary maiden before. Neither the elk nor the girl paid any attention to them, but dashed on, pursued and pursuing. The robbers, exhilarated by the spectacle, set spurs to their horses and followed in the chase. Onward sped the wild hunters for a mile or more, till now she gains upon the pacing beast, reaches within twenty or thirty feet of him, whiles the adjusted loop around and around her head to give it impetus, and lets loose the springing coil. Forth it flies on its lengthened mission, and the noose drops down over the branching horns. The well-trained mustang stops short in his tracks, the cord tightens at the middle-bow, and the flying elk, suddenly jerked backward, falls heavily to the ground. With a shout of applause the robbers recognize the capture and rein their chargers to the spot. Addressing the girl in Spanish, they found she spoke English, and so conversed with her moderately well in that language. The elk being somewhat refractory, they politely offered to help her home with it, and did so, driving it forward while she galloped on ahead. Arriving at her father's camp, it was courteous to ask the strangers to partake of the wholesome repast spread before them by the younger sister, and had finished their last cup of coffee, when old Peter entered. He looked at his now-found guests with a degree of suspicion, and saluted them but coldly. He took no apparent interest in the rehearsal of his daughter's adventure, and when the strangers asked to depart he did not ask them to call again. One of them, however, the smooth spoken and graceful Claudio, did call the next day, and old Peter peremptorily ordered him away. There was something in the old man's look that even as brave a scoundrel as Claudio did not like unnecessarily to parley with, and thinking "discretion the better part of valor," he left. Old Peter, it seems, knew instinctively that he was a rascal, and was not disposed to waste any ceremonious courtesy upon him. After the expiration of a few days, the young Diana concluded to ride over into the woods that skirts Butter Creek, a clear, pebbly-bottomed stream that empties into the Feather River, some distance above Hamilton. She took her rifle with her—a small-bored, silver-mounted piece, with an elegant carved maple stock—thinking that she would bring in a number of the gray squirrels, with which the grounds abounded, for the purpose of converting them into a pot-pie. The sharp crack of her rifle was the death-knell of many an "adjidaumo," and soon, with a string of the bushy-tailed "varmint," at her saddle-bow, she grew weary of the sport and reclined on a sunny rock, while her steed stood in the shade of a spreading oak tree, where he was still, facing them. While they were wondering what she could be at, they soon perceived that she was delibertently leveling her rifle and had determined to draw a "bead" on some one of the party. Claudio instinctively wheeled from the front of the tree, where he was standing, with a sudden effort to slide behind it, when the rifle cracked, and the death-knell of many an 'adjidaumo' came back, but stood still, facing them. What refractory, they politely offered to denly awakened her favorite pastime of elk-chasing. It may well be conjectured that the bandits were somewhat astonished at this unusual sight, for they had never seen or heard of this extraordinary maiden before. Neither the elk nor the girl paid any attention to them, but dashed on, pursued and pursuing. The robbers, exhilarated by the spectacle, set spurs to their horses and followed in the chase. Onward sped the wild hunters for a mile or more, till now she gains upon the pacing beast, reaches within twenty or thirty feet of him, whiles the adjusted loop around and around her head to give it impetus, and lets loose the springing coil. Forth it flies on its lengthened mission, and the noose drops down over the branching horns. The well-trained mustang stops short in his tracks, the cord tightens at the middle-bow, and the flying elk, suddenly jerked backward, falls heavily to the ground. With a shout of applause the robbers recognize the capture and rein their chargers to the spot. Addressing the girl in Spanish, they found she spoke English, and so conversed with her moderately well in that language. The elk being somewhat refractory, they politely offered to help her home with it, and did so, driving it forward while she galloped on ahead. Arriving at her father's camp, it was courteous to ask the strangers to partake of the wholesome repast spread before them by the younger sister, and had finished their last cup of coffee, when old Peter entered. He looked at his now-found guests with a degree of suspicion, and saluted them but coldly. He took no apparent interest in the rehearsal of his daughter's adventure, and when the strangers asked to depart he did not ask them to call again. One of them, however, the smooth spoken and graceful Claudio, did call the next day, and old Peter peremptorily ordered him away. There was something in the old man's look that even as brave a scoundrel as Claudio did not like unnecessarily to parley with, and thinking "discretion the better part of valor," he left. Old Peter, it seems, knew instinctively that he was a rascal, and was not disposed to waste any ceremonious courtesy upon him. After the expiration of a few days, the young Diana concluded to ride over into the woods that skirts Butter Creek, a clear, pebbly-bottomed stream that empties into the Feather River, some distance above Hamilton. She took her rifle with her—a small-bored, silver-mounted piece, with an elegant carved maple stock—thinking that she would bring in a number of the gray squirrels, with which the grounds abounded, for the purpose of converting them into a pot-pie. The sharp crack of her rifle was the death-knell of many an "adjidaumo," and soon, with a string of the bushy-tailed "varmint," at her saddle-bow, she grew weary of the sport and reclined on a sunny rock, while her steed stood in the shade of a spreading oak tree, where he was still, facing them. While they were wondering what she could be at, they soon perceived that she was deliberately leveling her rifle and had determined to draw a "bead" on some one of the party. Claudio instinctively wheeled from the front of the tree, where he was standing, with a sudden effort to slide behind it, when the rifle cracked, and the death-knell of many an 'adjidaumo' came back, but stood still, facing them. While they were wondering what she could be at, they soon perceived that she was deliberately leveling her rifle and had determined to draw a "bead" on some one of the party. Claudio instinctively wheeled from the front of the tree, where he was standing, with a sudden effort to slide behind it, when the rifle cracked, and the death-knell of many an 'adjidaumo' came back, but stood still, facing them. While they were wondering what she could be at, they soon perceived that she was deliberately leveling her rifle and had determined to draw a "bead" on some one of the party. Claudio instinctively wheeled from the front of the tree, where he was standing, with a sudden effort to slide behind it, when the rifle cracked, and the death-knell of many an 'adjidaumo' came back, but stood still, facing them.

JOAQUIN MURIELA.

CHAPTER IV.

TRIP OF THE BANDIT TO SONGRA—THEY TAKE UP HEADQUARTERS AT THE ARROYO CANTOVO—JOAQUIN'S FELICITY UNDER THE EYEBROW OAK—HE DIVIDES HIS COMPANY INTO THREE BANDS, UNDER CLAUDIO, VALENTIK, AND THISTLE-FINGERED JACK, LEAVING HIMSELF ONLY A FEW ATTENDANTS—THE WOMEN DRESSED IN MALE CLOTHES—JOAQUIN A VISITOR IN THE TOWNS, UNRECOGNIZED—HIS DARING FETE AT MORGANNE HILL—RETURN TO THE RENDEZVOUS—KILLING OF BULL—COMIC ADVENTURE AMONG THE ESQUIMAL INDIANS.

As soon as the spring opened in 1853, Joaquin and his party descended from the mountains, and by forced marches in the night, drove some two or three hundred horses which they had collected at their winter rendezvous, down through the southern portion of the State, into the province of Sonora. Returning in a few weeks, they took up their headquarters at the Arroyo Cantoovo, a fine tract of rich pasture containing seven or eight thousand acres, beautifully watered, and fenced in by a circular wall of mountains, through which an entrance was afforded by a narrow gate or pass, at which a very formidable force could be stayed in their progress by a small body of men. This rich and fertile basin lies half way between the Tehachapi and the Pacochea Pass, to the east of the Coast Range, and to the west of the great Tulare Lake, thoroughly encompassed in its rugged boundaries, and the more valuable as a retreat, that it was distant at least one hundred and fifty miles from any human habitation. From the surrounding emblem, it might be seen for a long way off. This region was in one respect in particular, adapted to the purpose for which it was chosen, and that is, it abounded...
Joaquin divided his party, consisting of about seventy men, into different bands, headed by Claudio, Three-Fingered Jack, and Valencia, and despatched them to various quarters, with orders to devote themselves chiefly to stealing horses and mules, as he had a purpose to effect which required at least fifteen hundred or two thousand animals. He himself, started on a separate course, accompanied by Reyes Felix, Pedro Gonzales, and Juan. Three females, who were dressed in male attire and well armed, were also in company; that is to say, Joaquin's mistress, and those of Reyes Felix and Pedro Gonzales. All the party were well mounted, and rode, no one knew whither, except Joaquin himself. Arriving at Mokelumne Hill, in Calaveras County, they took up quarters with some of their Mexican acquaintances in that place, and, passing through the streets, or visiting the saloons, were looked upon as nothing more than peaceable Mexican women, in male attire and well armed, and were admired for their exceeding modesty and quiet deportment. The men issued forth at night upon no praise-worthy mission, but avec their magnificient chargers, scouring an extent of many miles ere they returned stealthily back to their hiding place, and the arms of their languishing loves. Joaquin bore the appearance and character of an elegant and successful gambler, being amply provided with means from his night excursions.

In the meantime his men were, in different directions, prosecuting with ardor the business upon which they had been sent, and there was a universal cry throughout the lower country, that horses thievish were very nearly haplessly the ranchos. Joaquin gathered a pretty good knowledge of what his followers were about from the newspapers, which made a very free use of his own name, in the accounts of these transactions, and handled his character in no measured terms. In the various outbreaks in which he had been personally engaged, he had worn different disguises, and was, actually disguised the most when he allowed his real features. No man who had met him on the highway would be apt to recognize him in the cities. He frequently stood very unconcernedly in a crowd, and listened to long and earnest conversations in relation to himself; and laughed in his sleeves at the maxims and anecdotes which were made up to his whereabouts and intentions.

After remaining as long as he desired at Mokelumne Hill, about the first of May he prepared to take his departure, which he resolved to do at the hour of midnight. His horses were saddled, the women dressed in their male clothes, and everything ready, when Joaquin scented out into the streets, according to his custom, and visited the various drinking and gambling saloons, with which every California town and village abound. While sitting at a monte table, at which he had casually put down a dollar or two while away the time, his attention was suddenly arrested by the distinct pronounciation of his name just opposite to where he sat. Looking up, he observed three or four Americans engaged in loud and earnest conversation in relation to himself, in which one of them, a tall fellow, armed with a revolver, remarked that he "would just like to kill him in his life to come across Joaquin, and that he would kill him at once as he would a snake." The daring bandit, upon hearing this speech, jumped upon the monte table in view of the whole house, and drawing his six-shooter, shouted out: "I am Joaquin! If there is any shooting to do I am in it!" So sudden and startling was this movement that every one quailed before him, and in the midst of the confusion and confusion which reigned, he gathered his cloak about him and walked out unharmed. After this bold avowal of himself, it was necessary for him to make his stay quite short in that vicinity. Mounting his horses therefore with expedition, he dashed off with his party at his heels, heading back a whoop of defiance, which rung out thrillingly in the night air. The extreme astonishment of the citizens can be imagined when they found, for the first time, that they had unwittingly tolerated in their midst the man whom, above all others, they would have wished to secure.

Returning to his rendezvous at Arroyo Cantova, he found that his marauding bands had gathered some two or three hundred head of horses, and were impatiently waiting his further orders. He detached a portion of them to take the animals into Sonora for safe keeping, and made remittances of money at the same time to a secret partner of his in that State.

Towards the last of May, becoming again restless, and tired of an inactive life, he started forth upon the highroads, attended as before, when on his visit to Mokelumne Hill, simply by Reyes Felix, Pedro Gonzales, Juan, and the three bright-eyed girls, who, mounted on small chargers, appeared as charming a trio of handsome cavaliers as ever lighted the visions of romantic damsels. Meeting with no one for a week or two but impoverished Frenchmen, and dilapidated Germans, in search of "diggings," and having spent very nearly all his money to Sonora, Joaquin's purse was getting rather low, and he resolved to attack the first man or men he might meet, who appeared to be supplied. He was this time on the road to San Luis Gonzagos, to which place a young American, named Albert Ruddie, was at the time driving a wagon loaded with groceries. Overtaking this young man on an open plain, Joaquin, leaving his party behind, rode up to him in a manner which sent a thrill through one of his wheel horses, and politely bidding him "good morning," requested of him the loan of what small change...
he might have about him, remarking at the same moment:

"It is true I am a robber, but, as sure as I live, I merely wish to borrow this money, and I will as certainly pay it back to you as my name is Joaquin. It is not often that I am without funds, but such is my situation at present." Ruddle, without replying, made a sudden motion to draw his pistol, upon which Joaquin exclaimed:

"Come, don't be foolish—I have no wish to kill you, and let us have no fight."

Ruddle made another effort to get his pistol, which, from excitement, or perhaps from his hanging in the holster, he could not instantly draw, when the bandit, with a muttered oath, slashed him across the neck with his bowie knife and dashed him from the saddle. Searching his pockets, he found about three hundred dollars. His party coming up, he rode on, leaving the murdered man where he lay, and his wagon and team standing on, leaving the murdered man where he lay, and his wagon and team standing by the road. Joaquin's conscience smote him for this deed, and he regretted the necessity of killing so honest a working man as Ruddle seemed to be. It happened that just at this period, Capt. Harry Love, whose own history is one of equal romance with that of Joaquin, but marked only with events which redound to his honor, was at the head of a small party, gotten up on his own responsibility. In search of this outrageous bandit, Love had served as an express rider in the Mexican war, and had borne despatches from one military post to another in the Mexican war, and had borne bandsit. Love had served as an express rider in the Mexican war, and had borne despatches from one military post to another. He had been, moreover, from his early youth, a hardy pioneer, experienced in all the dangers and hardships of a border life. Having these antecedents in his favor, and possessing the utmost coolness in danger, he was a man well fitted to contend with a person like Joaquin, than whom the lightning was not quicker and surer in the execution of a deadly errand.

Love was on the direct trail of Joaquin, when Ruddle was murdered. With the utmost speed consistent with the caution necessary to a surprise of the bandit, he pursued him by his murders and robberies, which left a bloody trail behind him, to the rancho of San Luis Gonzago, which is now well known to have been a place which regularly harbored the banditti. Arriving at that place at night, he ascertained by certain spies whom he had employed, that the party of whom he was in search, were staying in a canvas house on the edge of the rancho.

Proceeding cautiously to this house with his men, the Captain had just reached the door, when the alarm was given by a woman in a neighboring tent, and in an instant Joaquin, Gonzales, Reyes Feliz and Juan had cut their way through the thick part of the canvas and escaped into the darkness. On entering, no one was to be seen but women, three of whom, then dressed in their proper garments, were the banditti's mistresses of fact, however, Love was ignorant. Leaving the women to shift for themselves, the fugitives went to their horses, which were lashed in an adjacent thicket, mounted them, and rode directly over to Oris Timbers, a distance of eight miles, where they immediately stole twenty head of horses, and drove them off to the neighboring mountains.

They remained concealed all the next day, but at night came back (a movement wholly unanticipated by Love) to the cloth house where they had left their women, who quickly doffed their female attire, and rode off with their companions in the hills, from which they had just come. Driving the stolen horses before them, the parties started in high glee across the Tulare Plains, for Los Angeles. Love followed them no further, having business which recalled him. The owner of the Oris Timbers Rancho, however, attended by a few Americans, fell upon their trail, indicated by the Captain, and pursued them without much difficulty into the country of the Tejon Indians. Not coming up with them, and perhaps not very anxious to do so, the owner of the horses proceeded with his attendants to the seat of government of the Tejon Root Digger Nation, in order to see the old chief, Sapatara, and if possible to make an arrangement with him by which to recover his property. They soon reached the capital, which consisted of twenty or thirty very picturesque-looking bark huts, scattered along the side of a hill, in front of the largest of which they found old Sapatara, seated upon his benches in all the grandeur of "naked majesty," enjoying a very luxurious repast of roasted acorns and fried angle-worms. His swarthy subjects were scattered in various directions around him, engaged for the most part in the very arduous task of doing nothing. The little smoky-looking children were sporting, like a black species of water fowl, in the creek which ran a short distance below, while the women were pounding with stone pestles in stone mortars, industriously preparing their acorn bread. The delicacies of the chief's table were soon spread before his guests, which, though tempting, they respectfully declined, and catered immediately upon their business.

Sapatara was informed that a party of Mexican horse thieves had sought shelter in his boundaries; that they were only a few in number, and that they had in their possession twenty splendid horses, one half of which should belong to the chief if he recovered the whole number. This arrangement was speedily effected, and the high contracting parties separated with great satisfaction, and mutual assurances of their distinguished regard.

Sapatara held a council of state, which resulted in sending epics over his dominions to discover traces of the marauding band. Information was returned in a day or two, that seven Mexicans, superbly dressed, and covered with splendid jewelry, and having a large number of fine horses, were camped on a little stream about fifteen miles from the capital. The cupidity of the old chief and his right-hand men was raised to the highest pitch, and they resolved to manage the matter in hand with great skill and caution; which last, by the way, is a quality that particularly distinguishes the California Indians, amounting to so extreme a degree that it might safely be called cowardice. Joaquin and party, having ascertained that they were no longer pursued by either Sapatara, or Oris Timbers Rancho, and feeling perfectly secure amongst so harmless a people as the Tejons, disemboweled themselves of their weapons and resolved to spend a few days in careless repose and genuine rural enjoyment. Juan was one evening lying in the grass watching the horses as they fed around him, while Gonzales, Felis and Murieta were each of them separately seated under a live-oak tree, enjoying a private tête à tête with their beloved and loving partners. The evening shades were softly stealing around them, and all nature seemed to hush their unquiet spirits to security and repose. Just at this moment a few dark figures might have been seen, but unfortunately were not, creeping cat-like in the direction of the unsuspecting Juan, and the
JOAQUIN MURIETA.

CHAPTER V.


JOAQUIN MURIETA.

Poor fellows! they went forth into the wilderness as naked as on the day they were born, and striken with a blanker poverty than the veriest beggar, upon the streets of London or of New York. The blisters were big, the robbers were robed, and loud and deep were the curses which Feliz, Juan and Gonzalez pronounced upon Sapatarra and the whole Tejon nation. But Joaquin rubbed his smarting back and laughed profoundly, declaring upon his honor as a man that not a hair of old Sapatarra's head should be harmed at any time in the future.
of the hotel's making no concealment of his purpose to take him, dead or alive. The next night, after this discovery, a great excitement was raised in the street, and a crowd rushed up to see an apparently very hard fight between two Indians in front of the hotel at which Wilson was stopping. He, in common with others, stepped out to witness it, and was looking on with much interest, when a dashing young fellow rode up by his side on a fine horse, and stooping over his saddle bow, hissed in his ear, "I am Joaquin." The astounded hearer started at the sentence, and had scarcely looked around before a pistol ball penetrated his skull, and he fell dead to the earth. With his accosted whoop, the daring murderer put away his animal and galloped off. The fight between the Indians was a sham affair got up by Three-Fingered Jack to effect the very purpose which was consummated.

As the immediate consequence of this act, Los Angeles became too hot a place for the robbers to stay in; for the whole community was aroused and thirsting for vengeance. Accordingly Joaquin held a hasty conference with his followers, which resulted in sending Valen- tiua and band, who had been compelled to take the robbers to stay in; for the whole community was aroused and thirsting for vengeance. Accordingly Joaquin held a hasty conference with his followers, which resulted in sending Valen- tiua and band, who had been compelled to leave their horses, with that generous warmth of feeling which made an other- wise unmeaning custom of the Mexicans beautiful.

"Joe," said he, as he brushed a tear from his eyes, "I am not the man that I was; I am a deep-dyed scoundrel, but so help me God! I was driven to it by circumstance and wrong. I hate my enemies, who never knew the progress made by the thieves, before Joaquin could possibly interfere to prevent it. The young chief, who always regretted unnecessary cruelty, but knew full well that he could not dispense with so brave a man as Joaquin, had had the face of the combat, displayed his brutal disposition by kicking the dead body in the face, and discharging two loads from his revoluer into the lifeless head. Thus perished General Bean, a generous, noble hearted and brave man. Had he been less brave, he might have exercised more caution and preserved his life, but he was a man who never knew fear.

After this outrage, which though dark enough, was yet only an act of self-pre-
man was in their midst, told a few Americans quite privately that he had seen the bloody cut-throat Murietta. A Mexican was standing by, wrapped in his serape, who bent his head on his bosom and smiled. About sunset of the next day, a solitary horseman, whose head was covered with a profusion of red hair, rode up very leisurely to the front of a trading post, at which Lake and some other gentlemen were standing, politely raised his hat, and addressed an inquiry to Lake, which caused him to step forward from the crowd the better to converse.

"Is your name Lake?" said the red-haired stranger.

"The same," was the reply.

"Well sir, I am Joaquin! you have lied to me."

Lake being unarmed, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, protect me," and sprang back towards the crowd. Several persons drew their revolvers, but not before the quick hand of Joaquin had presented his own. lake followed the trigger. The aim was fatal, and Lake fell in the agonies of death. The murderer wheeled his horse in an instant, and by a sudden bound, passed the aim of the revolvers which were discharged at him. In another instant he was seen on the summit of a hill, surrounded by so few as three red-haired men, with whom he slowly rode off. Such was the magic luck which pursued this man, following him like an invisible guardian spirit, in every hour of his peril, and enabling him to successfully perform deeds which would turn any other man's blood cold. So perfect was the organization which he had established that apparently harmless Mexican who was standing near while Lake betrayed Joaquin, and who lived unsuspected in that very town, was none other than a paid member of his band, who acted as a spy.

CHAPTER VI.

JOAQUIN SEEKS A RESPITE FROM ANGER-THE SANTO DOMICILE FOR A HOLIDAY—ANCIENT BURIAL PLACES-SINGULAR ANTIQUITIES AND ARTIFACTS—EXTINCT PECULIAR PLANTS AND PHENOMENA—DISCOVERY OF SCULPTURED ANTIQUITIES AND ANCIENT BURIAL PLACES—SINGULAR DOMICILE FOR A TOAD—A WEIRD REALM.

Such daring feats as the one last recorded, and such equally daring and bloody ones as those which immediately preceded it, caused the organization of so many formidable companies of armed men, in the different counties through which the robber chief had more recently passed, sworn to capture him, that he became somewhat tired of the exercise of so much vigilance as the circumstances required of him. He concluded to spend the remaining portion of the dry season in some spot in the mountains which should be absolutely free from intrusion. Accordingly, not caring whether he went, so that he reached a secluded place, he struck out, with his whole band, in an easterly direction, taking along with the company, at the request of certain members whom he wished to please, a number of free and easy animals from the town of Jackson. Besides these were his own beautiful partner, and the wife of the late Gonzales, who had already conspired to widowhood with an ugly, brutish member of the band named Guerra. Carmelita remained at San Gabriel with Reyes Fols, who was still languid and feeble by his wounds from the ghastly bear.

The party, after two days' riding found themselves at the summit of the Sierra Nevada, whence they descended towards the great Utah Basin. Passing down a succession of slopes, wooded with pine and juniper, they suddenly entered into an evidently new and unexplored region, alternating in sandy plains covered with sage bushes and rocky, intervening hills, dotted with stunted cedar, and enlivened with small valleys, which were watered by bright and sparkling streams. Following one of these they discovered that it emptied—as they could face it for a long distance by its willowy margin, and gradual descent—into a vast lake. As they approached this sheet of water they felt an increasing warmth in the atmosphere, and pretty soon a hot wind from the direction of the lake. Suddenly, as if to belie the heat, there came down upon them what appeared a terrific snow storm, but they soon discovered that there was no moisture in the flakes, and that they did not melt either upon themselves or their horses, but left both with a ghastly whiteness which it was difficult to shake off. When they told of this event afterward they did not even know how to make of it, but the writer since learned that a similar phenomenon has occurred at Washoe and other points on the rim of the Utah Basin, and is simply a shower of alkali dust caught up by the whirlwinds in the adjacent deserts, and descending, when their force is spent. Astonished beyond measure at this circumstance, so much so that even Three-Fingered Jack crossed himself, and prayed to the Virgin Mary, while the hitherto gay fellows offered at the shrine of the same Virgin vows of eternal chastity. They rode on, and the sham snow storm being past they relied upon the margin of the expanse of water to which they had been for so many miles tending. Here, although prepared for almost anything that might happen, by what they had recently passed through, they were struck with new wonders. And well they might be, for they were on the shore of an inland sea, as mysterious as might have been the dim lake of Ahtoe, if the ghoul-haunted woodland of Wier.

They stood by what is now known as Lake Mono, the name which was given it by the Indians who inhabit that region. This lake, now included in the newly organized county of Mono, marked at that time the probable junction of the somewhat vaguely defined boundary lines of Calaveras, Mariposa and Fresno counties. It is twenty-seven miles long, and sixteen broad, curving somewhat in the shape of a crescent with a large island in the middle, five miles in length, and whitened on the edges with peculiar incrustations. A white vapor, like incense from an altar, continually rise from this island, caused by the presence of the hot springs which it contains, and the subterranean heat is such that although a night's lodging on the island is tolerable, it is not altogether comfortable. Nevertheless there are also springs of fresh water in the island, and some salt. Near by is a smaller island, lying dim and dully by the side of the other.

Although the waters of the lake are clear, they have a Letho-like and gloomy appearance, and within their shimmering depths no living thing is found, with the single exception of an insect, which is peculiar to the lake, and which has been discovered nowhere else in the world. This nonscopic is shaped somewhat like a snail, has something like rudimentary wings, is about three-quarters of an inch long, and of a brownish color. They skim in swarms over the surface, or crawl upon the bottom, and in mild weather myriads are hoisted upon the shore, and stretched out at times in living masses, as many as three feet deep. They constitute food for the miserable Root Diggers who haunt those parts, and also glut the innumerable gulls that nest on the island and occasional rocks which break the mirror of the water. The birds named form the only life above the surface, unless we except a few desolate and hirsute looking
JOAQUIN MURIEZ.

ence, whose melancholy silence well harmonized with the scene. But, in the winter season, uncounted multitudes of ducks and geese flock thither and make havoc upon their only spill, the amphibious insect. The slow, but steady flow of the waters is from the circumference to the centre, which is of unfathomable depth, indicating a subterranean gulf underground. A perceptible difference in the temperature of the water in different parts would seem to signify that there might be hot jets shooting up from the bottom in the more shallow places. Although numerous streams of fresh water continually discomoge in the lake, its contents are so strongly impregnated with alkaline matter as to be unfit for use. This curious lake is about eight thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Seeing a curling smoke on a piece of table land belted with pines and cedars, about a mile distant, Joaquin and party galloped in that direction. In the spot they discovered an Indian village composed of a few scattered brush houses, from which a set of ragged figures, big and little, male and female, were emerging in great consternation. Joaquin told Juan to catch one of them and bring him back. Juan dismounted with terrified native, a weather beaten creature, his entire face was blackened and, underneath.

A word in the vicinity of the Indian "Mono" is not settled; speaker of English. The proper definition of the Indian "Mono" is not settled, some saying that it signifies Stranger, and others Dead Sea.

Releasing the poor Digger, they left him to explain matters and things to the balance of his tribe as he best could, and proceeded to a little valley, where there was some bunch grass, and encamped for the night. Having packed with them a supply of provisions which were not yet exhausted, and having feminine hands to prepare their meal, the time passed off pleasantly enough, and jest and song went round.

The curiosity of the bandits being satisfied after a few day's exploration of this region, and thinking they might see as new and as strange sights farther on, they broke up camp and journeyed northward through the Sierra Nevada, southward. They found many beautiful resting places, where they tarried for a day or two, according as the fancy esteemed them. Still in search of incident and novelty, they took the course southward—the character of the country varying between that of undulating plains, covered with sage brush, and rugged hills and mountain spurs, together with abysmal vales, through which precipitous streams thundered—until they arrived at the eastern verge of Tulare county. Here they again came into a region of striking desolation, and were destined to meet with new and un梦想ed of marvels. It was a rough tract of broken mountains, seeming to be separate and apart from the Sierra Nevada Range, whose sublime peaks rose on the right, crowned with snow, and its entire face was blackened and crisped from the effects of volcanic action. It was a region treelose and waterless with the exception of boiling springs, which bubbled up in the most unexpected places. Birds there were none, save a species of lonely snake killers, which half run and half fly over desert spots, and make war upon every reptile and serpent they meet. Having traveled with a great deal of anxiety, owing to the treacherous character of the encrusted ground, for about twenty miles, they reached a scene which had probably never before been witnessed by civilized or semi-civilized eyes. But there it was, and the report of the robbers with regard to it has since been abundantly confirmed. It was simply a huge mountain, as compared with the surrounding objects, rising say some fifteen hundred feet in height and terribly excoriated, if we may so use the term, by the demon of fire. Like a volup monster, sick at its stomach, it continually vomited forth from numbers of mouths large volumes of mud and steam; a regular mud volcano; and, in its belchings, it sent forth different colors of mud—scarlet, yellow and indigo, which, thick and glutinous, rolled down its sides and hardened. Near its base there was an opening which they had not at first observed, being on the opposite side, which revealed a tremendous boiling pool, forty feet long by twenty feet wide, and reaching down into cavernous depths from which low rumblings came up like muttered thunder. The ground was hot for a mile around this monster, and all the small peaks adjacent were heated. This region, so apochryphal then, has since been thoroughly explored, and the celebrated "Silver Mountain" of the Coseis lies to the north of the spot described, about twenty-five miles.

On the edge of the big caldron above named the party saw tracks of naked feet, and the noises of rabbits, "and such small deer," which had been apparently cooked on the heated rocks that form the rim of the cavern. There was, doubtless, a tribe of people somewhere in the vicinity who adopted this unique mode of converting the sublime and terrible into the useful. Following the tracks over the crispy ground, and circling the bed of an extensive lagoon, now dry, they reached a footpath and descended suddenly, and with a transition truly wonderful, into an exceedingly beautiful valley; and here was an Indian village.

The inhabitants were entirely naked, men, women and children, of pigmy size, very dirty, and altogether a very inferior specimen of the sufficiently inferior Root Digger race of California. This tribe live on lizards, crickets, roots and worms, and occasional rabbits which they snare. Giving these poor creatures a few presents, the bandits passed on in the path which led through the village, and reaching the pine-clad slopes of the eastern slope, were gratified with the sight of what is now known, Owen's Lake, a body of water filling a huge basin scooped out for it in the elevated land. It is forty miles long and from five to ten miles wide. The eastern slope, were gratified with the sight of what is now known, Owen's Lake, a body of water filling a huge basin scooped out for it in the elevated land. It is forty miles long and from five to ten miles wide. The eastern slope, were gratified with the sight of what is now known, Owen's Lake, a body of water filling a huge basin scooped out for it in the elevated land. It is forty miles long and from five to ten miles wide. The eastern slope, were gratified with the sight of what is now known, Owen's Lake, a body of water filling a huge basin scooped out for it in the elevated land.
ancient burial places are visible, with circular mounds of stones heaped upon them, about ten feet in diameter, and mounded with time.

CHAPTER VII


In this locality, described in the last chapter, the banditti remained until the end of the month of September, when they obtained an Indian guide to lead them through a broken mass of volcanic ground to a deep gorge, now known as the Mission of San Luis Obispo, where they reconnoitered the adventures related in the preceding chapter. A portion of his band in a short time went over and stopped at Santa Margarita, about fifteen miles distant. There were persons connected with both of these extensive ranches who knew more about Joaquin's concerns than they cared to acknowledge.

While at San Luis Obispo, Joaquin one day took up the Los Angeles Star, and was reading the news, when his sight seemed suddenly blasted, and he let the paper fall from his hands.

His affrighted mistress sprang to his side, and clasping his hands, begged him to tell what was the matter. He shook his head for a moment, and the tears gushed from his eyes—eyes, rubber as he was—as he exclaimed, with quivering lips:

"Rosita, you will never see your brother again. Reyes Feliz is dead. He was hung two days ago by the people of Los Angeles."

Pierced with anguish, the fair girl sunk upon his bosom, and from her dark eyes, overshadowed by the rich, luxuriant hair, which fell around her like a midnight cloud, the storm of her grief poured itself forth in fast and burning drops, which fell like molten lead upon her lover's heart. Why should I describe it? It is well that woman should, like a weeping angel, sanctify our dark and suffering world with her tears. Let them flow. The blood which stains the fair face of our mother Earth may not be washed out with an ocean of tears.

It was indeed true that Reyes Feliz, in his seventeenth year, had met his end. What is almost always the outlaw's fate. He was shot down by the gallowsmen. Having recovered from his wounds, he left San Gabriel and went down to Los Angeles, attended by his faithful Carmelita, where he had been only a few days before he was recognized by an American as one of a party who had once robbed him in the vicinity of Mokelumne Hill. Standing without the least suspicion of danger, in a "fandango house" at Los Angeles, he was suddenly arrested and covered with iron; he was charged with being a party to the assassination of General Bean, and although no evidence appeared to implicate him in this transaction, yet enough was elicited to show that he was undoubtedly a thief and a murderer. He was accordingly taken to the gallows, where he kissed the crucifix and made oath that he was innocent of the murder of General Bean, but guilty in many other instances. Though doomed to die at so early an age; young, healthy and full of the fine spirits which give a charm to early manhood; beloved as men are seldom loved; a wild, unamiable boy; he quailed not in the presence of death, but faced it with a calm brow and tranquil smile. There came over him no shudder or pallor as the rope was adjusted around his neck, and he himself leaped from the platform just as it was about to fall from under him.

Reyes Feliz is dead. He was according to show that he was undoubtedly a thief and a murderer. He was accordingly taken to the gallows, where he kissed the crucifix and made oath that he was innocent of the murder of General Bean, but guilty in many other instances. Though doomed to die at so early an age; young, healthy and full of the fine spirits which give a charm to early manhood; beloved as men are seldom loved; a wild, unamiable boy; he quailed not in the presence of death, but faced it with a calm brow and tranquil smile. There came over him no shudder or pallor as the rope was adjusted around his neck, and he himself leaped from the platform just as it was about to fall from under him. Alas, for the unfortunate Carmelita! She wandered alone in the woods, weeping and tearing her hair, and many a startled ear caught the wail of her anguished voice. She fled at the approach of a human footsteps, but at last they found her cold and ghastly still, defying the human race and all that exists in the universe. Poised on our own immortality, we may defy the human race and all that exists beneath the throne of God!

A few days after the distressing news which they had heard, Joaquin and his sweet Rosita were sitting in front of an old building at the Mission, enjoying, as well as they could, the cool of the evening—for the month of November was still pleasant in the southern counties—when a messenger rode up on a scantily mounted horse, hastily dismounted. He advanced toward Joaquin, who rose at his approach and, seeing that he was a stranger, gave him the secret sign by which any member of the organization might recognize another, though they had never met. It was satisfactorily returned, and the stranger immediately inquired for Joaquin, and expressed a wish to see him. He was of course informed that he was addressing that individual himself, whoupon he proceeded to unfold the object of his mission.

"I am," said he, "most worthy Senor, deputed by a person whom you well, residing near the rancho of Gen. Fio, to say to you that there is danger where you now are. A party of Americans, well armed and mounted, have passed the rancho Los Coyotes in this direction, and it is no doubt their intention to surprise you at your present resting place. I myself passed them this morning, without being perceived, encamped about fifteen miles from this place, and I seriously believe that you had better look out."
"Very well," replied the chief, without changing countenance, "this is as good as I want; hold yourself in readiness to serve me as a guide to their encampment, for I intend to surprise them."

Summoning Three-Fingered Jack and Claudio, he informed them of the facts which he had heard, and of his intentions, directing them to prepare the band immediately for action. In an hour afterwards the different members came galloping up from various parts of the rancho, booted, spurred and equipped in brilliant style, to the number of forty-five men. They were fine-looking fellows, and scarcely any of them over thirty-five years of age. Under the guide of the Los Coyotes messenger, who was furnished with a fresh horse, they started just as night set in upon their dangerous expedition. After a ride of two hours and a half they arrived at their destination. The fires were still burning, and in a few minutes a fine clatter of horses' feet was heard distinctly in the distance. Neeker and nearer they came, and in a few minutes a fine looking young man, with blue eyes and light hair, rode up within twenty yards of Joaquin, followed by about fifty other Americans, armed with rifles and revolvers.

"I don't like the looks of this place at all," said the young man, and hardly had the words escaped his lips, before the rocks blazed around him, and the sharp report of twenty or thirty pistols rang in his ears. His hat was shot from his head, and his horse fell under him. A dozen of his followers hit the dust. "Dismount, boys, and scale the rocks!" A shout of delight he severed the neck joint and threw the gaping head over the rocks. He was out, the night of blood, and searched eagerly for another victim. He scarcely knew his leader, and the latter had called to him three times before he recovered his senses. "Ah!" he cried, "is this a great day. Damn! how my knife lapped up their blood." The fight now having lasted half an hour, and there being no prospect that either party would conquer, so equally were they matched, it gradually subsided, and each side gradually drew off from the other, with a tacit understanding that they were mutually satisfied to cry quits. Joaquin looked around and saw that he had lost twenty men, among whom was the invaluable Claudio, and ascertained the loss of his enemies to be very near the same, perhaps a little over. Mounting his horses, the bandits rode off in silence toward San Luis Obispo, while the surviving Americans found as many of their horses as had not left them during the conflict, and retired to their homes in Santa Barbara County, having made arrangements on the way for the burial of their deceased comrades. During the following night a company from the Mission went over to the bloody scene with picks and shovels, and buried the dead bodies of the bandits near the spot where they fell. On the next morning Joaquin summoned the Los Coyotes messenger, and said to him:

"Go back and tell my friend, who sent you, that the danger is passed, and hand him this purse. For yourself, take this one." handing him another well-filled bag.

Attention having been attracted to the San Luis Obispo rancho, the bandit thought it prudent to go elsewhere. Accordingly word was sent over to their friends, who were rustling at Santa Margarita, to join them, and they forthwith started to a well-known harboring place, not more than a thousand miles from Jose Ramone Carrelo's rancho. Here they remained until such as were wounded recovered their usual health and strength—and here, again, Joaquin heard news similar to that which shocked him at San Luis Obispo, namely, that Murieta Jim had been hanging at San Diego. This misfortune happened to the jolly robber from his own carelessness. He and Valenzuela had stopped at a
From his present stopping place Joaquin sent a messenger, about the first of December, to the Arroyo Canoeros, to see Valenzuela, if he was there, and if he was absent to await his return, in order to inform him that it was made his duty to continue the business in which he was engaged, through the entire winter, or until such time as Joaquin should arrive at the rendezvous. The messenger returned after a few days and stated that he had sound Valenzuela and band at the Arroyo, with tents pitched, and a herd, of fine horses amounting to between five and six hundred, feeding on the pasture, and that the bold leader had signified a willing obedience to his chief's mandate.

"He is a glorious fellow," exclaimed Joaquin. "He didn't practice under that harden ed old priest, Jurata, without learning something."

Spies were now ranging the country every day, picking up valuable information; and among other things, it was stated that an opinion prevailed that Joaquin had gone to the State of Sonora. Thinking it a favorable time, he issued forth with his whole force, uniting Three-Fingered Jack's party with Claudio's, which last was now under the leadership of a member of the band named Rois—and started up into Mariposa county for the purpose of plunder.

On the road that leads from Dead Man's Creek to the Merced River, he overtook four Frenchmen, six Germans and thirteen Americans, walking and driving mules before them, packed with provisions, blankets and money. He had so large a party with him, numbering about thirty men, he had no difficulty in stopping the travelers as long as he wished to detain them. His men stood around with pistols cocked, while Joaquin dismounted, and walking up to a terrified Frenchman, who was armed with a revolver which he was afraid to use, took him by the top of his head, and jerked him around once or twice, slapped him across the face with his open hand, and told him to "shovel out." The Frenchman hauled out a well-filled purse and was hanging it over, when one of his companions made a show to draw their pistols and defend their gold dust. The robbers were too quick for them, and more than half of the unfortunate miners were shot down in their tracks. Joaquin brandished his glittering blade in the faces of the survivors, and threatened to do every one of their windpipes if they didn't hand out "what little loose change" they had about them, in half a minute. His polite request was complied with, and the little loose change amounted to about $15,000. He then bestowed a kick or two on some of the number as a parting tribute of regard, and told them to "roll on." Three-Fingered Jack insisted on killing the whole company, but the chief overruled him.

Riding forward after this transaction, they had not gone more than two miles when they met a Chinaman with a long tail, carrying a large bundle suspended at each end of a stick laid across his shoulders, walking leisurely along with his head bent to the ground. Looking up and seeing so large a number of armed men before him, his eyes rolled in sudden fear, and he ducked his half shaved head in unmistakable homage and respect to—the revolvers and bowie knives which swept his vital parts. No one harmed him, and he shuffled on vastly gratified and relieved. He had passed only a few minutes when he was heard howling and crying for help at the dreadful fate which was being meted out to a poor Chinaman, but speedily confronted the Chinaman, but speedily confronted Joaquin and told him to stop. With Le fell upon his knees in deep astonishment of Joaquin bade him go on his way, and laughingly reprimanded Jack for wanting to kill so pitiful a looking creature.

"Well," said Jack, "I can't help it; but, somehow or other, I love to smell the blood of a Chinaman. Besides, it's such easy work to kill them. It's kind of luxury to eat their throats."

Proceeding across the woods and mountains, the bandits in a few days struck the main road leading from the town of Mariposa to Stockton, in San Joaquin county. Robbing once in a while as they went along, they arrived late one night at a ferry on the Tuolumne River, Tuolumne county, and finding the boat locked to the shore so that they couldn't exercise the privilege of crossing themselves which was their usual custom, they rode up to the ferryman's house, and very nearly beat the door down before they could arouse him. He came out at last with a terrified look, and asked what they wanted.

"We want to cross the river," replied Joaquin; "and before doing so we wish to obtain from you the loan of what spare cash you may have about you. You have the best evidence of the urgency of our request," cocking his pistol and presenting it close to the fellow's head.

"Never mind the evidence, Señor; I believe you without it. I will certainly loan you all I have got."

So saying, he lighted a candle and got out a purse from under his pillow, containing a hundred dollars.

"Come, said Jack, bursting a cap at his head, "you have got more, and was cocking his pistol for another trial, when Joaquin very fearfully told him to know
his place. Turning to the trembling ferryman he said: "Is this all you have got?"

"Precisely all, Sir; but you are welcome to it." "I won't take it," said the young chief, with a flush of pride; "you are a poor man and never injured me. Put us over the river and I will pay you for your trouble."

I mention this incident merely to show that Murieta in his worst days had yet a remnant of that noble spirit which had been his original nature, and to correct those who have said that he was lost to every generous sentiment.

CHAPTER VIII.
ARRIVAL AT STOCKTON—JOAQUIN RIDES BOLDLY THROUGH THE CITY—DARING ATTACK ON A SCHONER IN THE BAY—DEPARTURE FOR ANDRES CANTOVA—HAPPy REUNION OF THE BANDITs—JOAQUIN REVEALS HIS FUTURE PLANS—GUERRA'S WIFE BECOMES RESTITUS—AMERICAN HUNTERS FALL INTO A TRAP—HOW THEY GOT OUT OF IT.

The party arrived in the neighborhood of Stockton after two days' travel, and camped on the plain, under an oak grove, about three miles from that city. They were seen at their encampment, but not suspected. Indeed it was then, as it is now, so common a thing to see companies of men engaged in the various occupations of packers, cattle drovers, horse traders, hunters and the like, stationed by the banks of some cool stream, or resting under the shade of trees at a distance from any house, or with their tents pitched in some lonely place for weeks at a time, that it was scarcely just to suspect a party to be criminal, merely from circumstances like these. The knowledge of everybody that it was the habit among all classes to go armed and to camp out, in every sort of a place, materially aided the banditti in their movements, for it gave them the opportunity to remain perfectly safe until they chose to show their real characters by some open outrage and villany.

One fine Sunday morning, while the bells were ringing for church in the goody city of Stockton, and well-dressed gentlemen were standing at the corners of the streets, marking with critical eyes the glancing feet and the flaunting dresses of the ladies who swept by them in the halo of beauty and perfumery, a fine looking man whom they had never seen before—having long, black hair hanging over his shoulders, and a piercing black eye—rode through the streets, carelessly looking at the different objects which happened to attract his attention. So finely was he dressed, and so superbly was he mounted, and taking out his pencil, signed to this rare advertisement, especially as the auctioneer seems to have been something of a wag as well as ignoramus. But, perhaps, it will be better not. A fourth was headed, in good English, and a fair running hand. "Five Thousand Dollars Reward for Joaquin—dead or alive."

And stated that the citizens of San Joaquin county offered that amount for the apprehension or the killing of that noted robber.

Seeing this, the young Mexican dismounted, and taking out his pencil, wrote something underneath, and leisurely rode out of town. No less than a dozen persons, stimulated by curiosity, went to the paper to see what was written, when they read the following in pencil:

"I will give $10,000. Joaquin."

Numerous were the exclamations of astonishment at this discovery, and nothing else was talked of for a week, among the Indians at least, who got hold of the fact almost before it was discovered, and insisted each to the other that they had remarked that the young man had a peculiar wild and terrible look, and they had suspected very strongly, though they had not mentioned it to any one, that it was none other than the noted personage whom it proved to be.

Joaquin appeared on this occasion in his usual costume, his face being much more marked and distinctive than usual, and his manner as always peculiar. He frequently went afterwards, however, into that city completely disguised, and learned many things important for him to hear. Ascertain one evening that a schooner would go down the slough in a few hours, bound for San Francisco, on board of which were two miners from San Andreas, in Calaveras county, with heavy bags of gold dust, who designed to take their departure for the States, he took three of his men who were lounging around town, with him, and jumping into a skiff shot down the slough, and tying up his boat in a bend of the water, hid in the sails and patiently waited for the schooner to come along. The mosquitoes bit him unmercifully, and he was almost tempted to abandon the enterprise on account, but the prospect of so good a haul was so seductive, not to be resisted. He cursed himself for not bringing some matches with which he might have kindled a fire, and sought the protection of its smoke; but perseverance is always rewarded, if the object desired lies in the bounds of possibility, and waiting like a martyr for three mortal hours, in those sails, which are a perfect "mosquito kingdom," where huge gallinippers reign as the aristocracy, he at last saw the white sheeted schooner stealing along in the crooks and turns of just the current stream in the whole world, so narrow and so completely hid in its windings by the tall flags which overspread the plains for many miles to the right and left that the white sail looked like a ghost gibbling along over the waving grass. As the vessel came opposite, Joaquin and companions shoved their boat out into the stream, and tying it to the schooner's side, leaped on board of her, and commenced firing without
JOAQUIN MURIETA.

saying a word. They shot down the two young men who managed the vessel before they had time to use their double-barreled shotguns, which they always carried for the purpose of defending waterfowl in the slough and up the San Joaquin River, and rushing aft attacked the two miners, who had risen at the last report of the pistols, and were standing with their revolvers drawn and cocked, ready for action. They and the robbers fired simultaneously. Two of Joaquin’s men fell dead on the dock, and the miners fell at the same time. Their wallets were soon stripped from them by Joaquin and his surviving companion, and finding some matches, they set fire to the vessel, and left her to burn down.

They rowed their skiff to the head of the slough in Stockton, and wended their way back to their encampment. Early daylight there was no trace of murder on the ground, but a dark bulk which was hardly visible on the water’s edge. By this operation Joaquin realized twenty thousand dollars. Having now between forty and fifty thousand dollars in gold dust, he ordered his band to pack up, and started for the rendezvous of Arroyo Cantoova, passing by José Ramuno Carrejo’s rancho, and taking the lovely Rosita along with him, who had been tutoed one of his herdsmen looking at her as he galloped up and informed him that she was about to leave that valley with the knowledge that she was married, and that this was the reason why he had come so secretly and quietly.

Three awovals leaked out through persons not sufficiently reticent on the rancheria of the habit of harboring Joaquin, and came to the ears of Captain Harry Love, whom we have before mentioned, and others, causing them to use renewed exertions to capture or slay the daring robber.

The bandit shrouded in loud applause of their gallant leader. Their eyes kindled with enthusiasm at the magnificent prospect which they presented to them, and they could scarcely contain themselves in view of the astounding revelations which he had made. They had entertained no adequate idea of the splendid genius which belonged to their chief, although they had loved and admired him throughout his dangerous career. They were fired with new energy, and more than ever willing and anxious to obey him at all hazards, and under the most disadvantageous circumstances.

On this same day he dispatched a remittance of $50,000 to his secret partner in Sonora, under a strong force commanded by Valenzuela, and directed Three-Fingered Jack, with fifty men, to drive off to the same Sinto a thousand head of the horses which had been collected. Joaquin was accordingly left at the rendezvous, with twenty-five men, who had nothing to do but kill games and attend to their horses, and clean their arms.

The widow of Gonzales, and present wife of the brute Guerra, who looked more like a grizzly bear than a human being, wished to go off with Three-Fingered Jack, but Guerra beguiled his brother bandit, of whom he was afraid, so hard to move her with him that Jack forced her to stay. Guerra was by no means so kind to her as Gonzales had been, and one night while he was asleep she awoke to cut his throat, when Joaquin, who was lying in the same tent, fiercely told her to behave herself, and assured her with an emphasis that he would hold her responsible if Guerra ever found dead about camp. She threw her knife spitefully toward Joaquin and laid down again, and he was ever found dead about camp. She threw her knife spitefully toward Joaquin and laid down again, and he was ever found dead about camp. She threw her knife spitefully toward Joaquin and laid down again, and he was ever found dead about camp.
accompanied by fifteen picked men. They proceeded to the trail indicated by the sentinel and rode rapidly for two hours, which brought them in sight of ten Americans, who hailed in curious surprise and waited for them to come up.

"Who are you?" said Joaquin, "and what is your business in these parts?"

They replied that they were hunters in search of bears and deer.

"We are hunters, also," rejoined the bandit, "and are camped just across the plain here. Come over with us, and let us have a chat. Besides, we have some first-rate liquor at our camp."

Suspecting nothing wrong, the hunters accompanied them, and having dismounted at the tents and turned out their horses to graze, found themselves suddenly in a very doubtful position. They were surrounded by a company more than double their own, who made demonstrations not at all grateful to their sight, and in a few moments they realized the bitter fact that they were driven to the extremity of a hopeless struggle for their lives. They remonstrated with Joaquin against so shameless an act as the cold-blooded murder of men who had never injured him.

"You have found me here," he replied, "and I have no guarantee that you will not betray me. If I do not tell you who I am, you will think it no harm to say you have seen a man of my description; and if I do tell you, then you will be certain to mention it at the first opportunity."

At this moment a young man, originally from the wilds of Arkansas, not more than eighteen years of age, advanced in front of his trembling comrades, and standing face to face with the robber chief, addressed him in a firm voice to the following effect:

"I suspect strongly who you are, sir. I am satisfied that you are Joaquin Murietta. I am also satisfied that you are a brave man, who would not unnecessarily commit murder. You would not wish to take our lives unless your own safety demanded it. I do not blame you, following the business you do, for desiring to put an effectual seal of silence on our tongues. But listen to me just a moment. You see that I am no coward. I do not look at you with the aspect of a man, who would tell a falsehood to save his life. I promise you faithfully for myself, and in behalf of my companions, that if you spare our lives, which are completely in your power, not a word shall be breathed of your whereabouts. I will myself kill the first man who says a word in regard to it. Under different circumstances I should take a different course, but not, I am conscious that to spare our lives, it will be an act of magnanimity on your part, and I stake my honor, not as an American citizen, but as a man, who is simply bound by justice to himself, under circumstances in which no other considerations can prevail, that you shall not be betrayed. If you say you will spare us, we thank you. If you say no, we can only fight till we die. I will not be strangled by some of your lives in the conflict."

Joaquin drew his hand across his brow, and looked thoughtful, and undecided. A beautiful female approached him from the tent near by, and touched him on the shoulder.

"Spare them, Joaquin," she tremulously whispered, and looking at him with pleading eyes, retired softly to her seat again.

Raising his fine head with a lofty look, he bent his large clear eyes upon the young American as if he would read him like an open book. He answered his glance with a look so royally sincere that Joaquin exclaimed with sudden energy:

"I will spare you. Your countrymen have injured me; they have made me what I am, but I scorn to take the advantage of so brave a man. I will risk a look and voice if you, if it should lead to perdition. Saddle your horses for them," he said to his followers, "and let them depart in peace."
of molten lead into his ear, tipped from a ladle by a small and skillful hand. Byron has said in one of his misanthropic verses:

"Women's tears produced at will,\nDeceive in life, unman in death,\nand the truth of this bitter assertion was partially illustrated when the incon-\nsolable widow wept so long and well over the husband, whom she like a \nsecond, to the thousandth, seemed, had made a corpse. It is barely possible, \nhowever, that her tears were those of remorse. She accepted for her third \/husband a young fellow in the hand at the rendezvous, named Isidora Conejo, who loved her much more tenderly than did the brutal Guerra, whom she so skillfully put out of the way. This young man was a few years her junior, but she looked as youthful as himself. Twice widowed, her sorrows had not dimmed the lustre of her eyes, or taken the gloss from her \nrich dark hair, or the rose from her cheeks. Her step was as buoyant as ever, \nher hands on her hips as graceful, the leaf of her impulsive bosom as entran-\ncing and her voice as full of music, as if she had never lost Gonzalez or mur-\ndered Guerra. There are some women who seem to grow older as they \nbecome older. One of these women whose face no successions of molten \nstream concealed the yellow grains of molten lead into his ear, tipped from a ladle by a small and skillful hand. Byron has said in one of his misanthropic verses:

"Women's tears produced at will,\nDeceive in life, unman in death,\nand the truth of this bitter assertion was partially illustrated when the incon-\nsolable widow wept so long and well over the husband, whom she like a \nsecond, to the thousandth, seemed, had made a corpse. It is barely possible, \nhowever, that her tears were those of remorse. She accepted for her third \/husband a young fellow in the hand at the rendezvous, named Isidora Conejo, who loved her much more tenderly than did the brutal Guerra, whom she so skillfully put out of the way. This young man was a few years her junior, but she looked as youthful as himself. Twice widowed, her sorrows had not dimmed the lustre of her eyes, or taken the gloss from her \nrich dark hair, or the rose from her cheeks. Her step was as buoyant as ever, \nher hands on her hips as graceful, the leaf of her impulsive bosom as entran-\ncing and her voice as full of music, as if she had never lost Gonzalez or mur-\ndered Guerra. There are some women who seem to grow older as they \nbecome older. One of these women whose face no successions of molten
JOAQUIN MURIETA.

AND HOW IT WAS BROKEN UP—
GIRL ABducted BY THE ROBBERS—
HER SUBSEQUENT FATE.

Joaquin, knowing well the determined character of Jim Boyce, and deeming it more than probable that he had heard of the different large rewards offered for his capture, or death, amounting to fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, he made up his mind speedily, that an attack would be made upon him by the whole party of miners, if he remained at his encampment, which was some five miles distant from their own. Concluding that they could not collect their horses together and prepare their arms and ammunition in a proper manner for an attack or pursuit, before, at night, he conceived a plan, the most brilliant and ingenious that ever entered an outlaw's brain, by which to defeat their purposes and carry out his own original intention of robbing them. Knowing that a trail could very well be made in the night but that it could only be followed in the daytime, he ordered his men, numbering fifteen, to saddle up and make ready for a ride. They obeyed with alacrity, and without question; and in a few minutes were on their horses and ready to move forward. The chief led the way in silence, proceeding over the pine ridges in an easterly direction. He rode on vigorously until night, over very rough ground, having traversed a distance of twenty miles; but wishing to place a still greater distance between him and the encampment which he had left, he did not come to final halt until a late hour. Building a huge fire, and hitching their animals near by, the bandits hastily threw their blankets down and stretched their limbs upon them for repose. Sentinels alternately set up until daylight, so that at the first touch of dawn the whole band arose and again started, having lost only four hours in sleep. They journeyed on in the same course, as briskly as possible until noon, when, having reached a nice little valley, covered with grass and wild clover, and watered by a beautiful spring which bubbled up from the roots of a clump of evergreen oaks, distant about twenty miles from their last encampment, they stopped for two hours to let their horses graze, and to refresh their own rather empty stomachs with the surpluses and crackers which they generally carried with them. Here they left strong indications that they had spent the night, but established the contrary fact by riding on for the remainder of the day, whose close found them at another distance of twenty miles. Building fires as before, and eating a hearty supper they again mounted, and having made a circle of five miles in their course, suddenly turned to the westward, and encamped about three o'clock in the morning at a spot distant another common day's journey from the last starting point. Thus traveling and resting, after the lapse of several days they found themselves in the original trail upon which they started.

Jim Boyce and company had struck the path of the robbers on the morning of their departure, and had encamped each night at the fires which they had re-kindled, quietly eating fires as before, and eating a hasty supper. Joaquin did not come to final halt until a long night's ride over the remote and rugged mountains and deep gulches, Jim Boyce and his company, numbering twenty-five men, including himself, were second to none of Joaquin's late fires, which they had skilfully, quietly enjoying their pipes and laughing over the stereotyped jokes which had descended, like Shakespeare, from one generation to another, and are too good ever to be worn out. The heavens were cloudy, and a boundary of solid darkness lay around the lighted ring in which they sat. In the ragged clouds a few stars dimly struggled, and the lingering, friendly lights of the campfire, like the walls of a lost spirit heightened in the infinity of darkness, gave a wild terror to the surrounding woods.

Suddenly and startlingly, the simultaneous reports of fifteen pistols vented the air, the dark outer wall of the fire circle blazed as if a cloud had uncovered its lightning, and the astonished survivors of the company bounded up to see fifteen of their number stretched upon the earth, and to meet with the deadly repetition of the fifteen revolvers. Panic stricken and bewildered, the survivors of the second discharge, numbering three men, among whom was Jim Boyce, fled headlong into the darkness, and taking no time to choose their ground, hurried madly and distractedly away from the horrible scene. Joaquin stopped quietly into the circle to see if Jim Boyce was killed, but Three-Fingered Jack leaped in like a demon, with his huge knife in his mutilated hand, which had lost none of its strength, but did its three-fingered work far better than many other whole hands could do it, and soon quenched the last spark of beating life in the pale forms around him. Every one must know that death from a bullet flings a sudden and extreme paleness over the countenance, and thus the light from the fire falling upon the ghastly faces around, displayed a sight so hideous and harrowing, that Joaquin exclaimed with a shudder:

"Let's leave here. We will camp to-night somewhere else."

Searching the bundles upon which the company had been seated, he found a different buckskin purse a sum amounting to not less than thirty thousand dollars. He also added fifteen excellent horses and ten powerful mules to his live stock.
Jim Boyce and his surviving companions wandered to the distant settlements, which, after many hardships, they reached in safety, and it is pleasant to add, that in a short time they raised another company with whom they went back to their rich diggings, and spite of their immense loss by Joaquin’s robbery, made for themselves ample fortunes, with which they returned to the Atlantic States. Should Jim Boyce chance to read this humble narrative of mine, I beg him to receive my warmest congratulations.

On one of the head branches of the Mokelumne River, on the last day of December, a large crowd was gathered in and around a cloth building, in a little mining town, which looked like a half venture towards civilization in the midst of that wild and savage region. A tall, dark-skinned man sat in the middle of the room, with a huge log chain around one of his legs. His brow was tall and massive, and his large gray eyes looked forth with that calm, cold light which unmistakably expresses a deep, calculating intellect, divested of all feeling, and independent of all motives which arise from mere impulse or passion—an intellect which is sole in itself, looking at the result merely in all its actions, not considering the question of right or wrong, and working out a scheme of unextensive as many of the County Courts in other and older States of the Union.

The prisoner was none other than Luis Vulvia, who had been arrested in other and older States of the Union. This constituted all the testimony against Vulvia, whose person was unknown to the community, but whose name was familiar to all by reputation. Had he been recognized as that noted character, no further inquiry would have been made, but he would have been hurried to the first convenient tree and hung fastener. He stood on a dangerous brink. Being asked by the Justice if he had any proof to offer in his own behalf, he replied that he depended upon some of his acquaintances coming in during the day, who would establish his character as an honest man to the satisfaction of the Court.

He affirmed his innocence in a calm tone, and an unblushing manner, although, could his heart have been read, he relied upon the possibility of a rescue by his comrades, which was indeed a feeble hope, seeing the immense crowd who stood scowling upon him from every side. A silence of half an hour lasted in the Court, while the Justice was engaged in writing up a transcript of the case as far as it had proceeded, when a young man superbly dressed, and adorned with a splendid gold watch and chain, entered the room and politely addressed the Justice to the following effect:

“My name, your Honor, is Samuel Harrington. I am a merchant and packer in the town of San Jose, and I am just from a mining town in the northern mines, to which I have been packing flour and other provisions. I am encamped within five miles of this place, and having heard from a citizen of your town this morning, that a dark-skinned man, with grey eyes, was in custody on a charge of murder, and that although there was no positive proof against him, yet there was so strong a prejudice against Mexicans, that there was great danger of his being hung by the infuriated populace, I just struck me that the prisoner might be one of my hired men, a Mexican whom I sent into town last night, and who, much to my astonishment, did not return. It is indeed the case. Your prisoner is none other than my packer, and consequently cannot be connected with any robbing or thieving band around here. I have been with him four years, and no man ever sustained a better character. I shall wish, your Honor, to testify in his behalf, but before I take my oath I would like to prove my identity as Mr. Harrington of San Jose. Please examine these letters.”

He bore presented to the Justice, who was already favorably impressed, five or six letters, addressed in different hands, to “Mr. Samuel Harrington, San Jose,” and bearing the marks of various Post Offices in the State. The Justice showed these letters to several of the crowd, whose countenances immediately relaxed towards the prisoner.

“Mr. Harrington,” said Squire Brown, “your evidence will be taken without a moment’s scruple.” Harrington accordingly testified to the facts which he had already related, and the prisoner was discharged. Many apologies were made to Mr. Harrington for detaining his hired man so long, and after many compliments he and Vulvia departed. As soon as they were clearly out of town, they both indulged in a hearty laugh.

“How came it,” said Vulvia to Joaquin, “that you arrived in such good time? I had no expectation but to be hung.” Joaquin replied, “I happened to reach your camp out here in the mountains last night, having met some of our spies who guided me to it. I had not been there more than two hours before two of your men came in, and reported that they had killed a man in that little cloth town and inquired for you. Your being absent immediately created apprehension, and having wait-
ed for you anxiously till morning, we were at once convinced that you had been captured. Having most fortunately in my possession a package of letters addressed to Samuel Harrington, San José, which I had the good sense to keep, thank God! to preserve at the time I got them in my hands, I immediately flung on me that in case I found you arrested, I could pass myself off for a respectable merchant, and so save your life. It worked to a charm, as I had reason to believe. In fact, save your life. It worked to a charm, as I had reason to believe.

"Tell him," said Joaquin, "it is all right, and to go ahead; I will send him word before long. Tell him hereafter to send his horses for safe keeping to Qalan Sabe Rancho, Rancho Muños, or Joaquin Guerra's Rancho, either of the three."

Reis had managed most cunningly. Hid in an old abandoned tunnel, out of which he had whisked a gang of wolves, he nor any of his party had been seen by daylight at all. All his thefts and robberies had been done in the night. The miserable Chinamen were most unfortunately situated, and they lay along the highways like so many sheep with their throats cut by the wolves. It was a political stroke in Reis to kill Chinamen in preference to Americans, for no one cared to preserve at the cost of a Chinaman's head. The miserable Chinamen were most fortunately situated, and they lay along the highways like so many sheep with their throats cut by the wolves. It was a political stroke in Reis to kill Chinamen in preference to Americans, for no one cared to preserve at the cost of a Chinaman's head.

"Reis had managed most cunningly. Hid in an old abandoned tunnel, out of which he had whisked a gang of wolves, he nor any of his party had been seen by daylight at all. All his thefts and robberies had been done in the night. The miserable Chinamen were most unfortunately situated, and they lay along the highways like so many sheep with their throats cut by the wolves. It was a political stroke in Reis to kill Chinamen in preference to Americans, for no one cared to preserve at the cost of a Chinaman's head. The miserable Chinamen were most fortunately situated, and they lay along the highways like so many sheep with their throats cut by the wolves. It was a political stroke in Reis to kill Chinamen in preference to Americans, for no one cared to preserve at the cost of a Chinaman's head."

"Tell him," said Joaquin, "it is all right, and to go ahead; I will send him word before long. Tell him hereafter to send his horses for safe keeping to Qalan Sabe Rancho, Rancho Muños, or Joaquin Guerra's Rancho, either of the three."

Reis had managed most cunningly. Hid in an old abandoned tunnel, out of which he had whisked a gang of wolves, he nor any of his party had been seen by daylight at all. All his thefts and robberies had been done in the night. The miserable Chinamen were most unfortunately situated, and they lay along the highways like so many sheep with their throats cut by the wolves. It was a political stroke in Reis to kill Chinamen in preference to Americans, for no one cared to preserve at the cost of a Chinaman's head. The miserable Chinamen were most fortunately situated, and they lay along the highways like so many sheep with their throats cut by the wolves. It was a political stroke in Reis to kill Chinamen in preference to Americans, for no one cared to preserve at the cost of a Chinaman's head. The miserable Chinamen were most unfortunately situated, and they lay along the highways like so many sheep with their throats cut by the wolves. It was a political stroke in Reis to kill Chinamen in preference to Americans, for no one cared to preserve at the cost of a Chinaman's head.
as black as a thundercloud, "after what you have done to poor Francisco there," tying his hand on his pistol at the same time.

"You don't, eh?" said Reis, "then you are as trifling a scoundrel as he is."

The two fired at once; the subordinate fell dead, and Reis was grazed on his right cheek with a piece of hot lead, which made him blush, if his own vanity did not.

"Blow the two miserable scoundrels," said he "it actually seems as if some men had no humanity at all."

Tying the wounded wrists of his lonely drooping captive with his handkerchief, he proceeded to the spot where the horses were hitched, cut them loose, all but his own, and mounted into his saddle with his precious bootee before him.

The loosened horses dashed back to the corral from which they had been taken, and Reis rode on by himself, till within a quarter of a mile of his tunnel, when he got down and with his new weeping bur-then, turned his horse loose, which fol-

tered to find her way out. Pressing her hand to her heart to still its loud beating, she stepped noiselessly along, until she had left the sleeping apartment, when looking forward, she saw that every light in front of her had been extinguished. Pausing with indecisive dread at the thought of walking that dreadful passage alone, she started, and the sentinel, for it was he, who had left her, tenderly laid her upon her couch, without disturbing any one in the room, and hurried back to his post.

So tenderly delicate was this innocent creature, so divining the appealing spirit of her eyes as he looked into her face, that Reis could not find it in his heart to treat her with anything but the profoundest respect. He had seized her in a moment of passion, stung with her voluptuous beauty, and would at that moment have fought for her, as for a conquest of so much of Heaven itself. Such is the maddening effect of beauty upon the hearts of men! It is the peculiar and further slander on his hands. He was not scoun-

del enough to force her into a vile position, and he was afraid to leave her for a moment in the hands of his less scru-

ulous comrades at the time, and everything which followed subsequently.

Joaquin was in a tempest of anger.

"So you have done nothing but mope for the past week,—essential service you have rendered to our organization, Reis," he continued, convulsively clutching his pistol handle, "If it is any other man but you, I would still him on the spot, and with a sudden fierceness, which made every man in his presence quail, turned to Reis, and said with a look that rived his soul:

"How is this? Did I ever instruct you to engage in a business of this kind? Explain yourself, or by G-d, it will not be well for you."

Reis begged him to listen patiently, and related every circumstance connected with the girl's capture, his struggle to find her, his anxiety to rescue her, and his distressing doubts as to her safety.
innocent females. I would have no woman's person without her own consent. I have read of robbers who deliberately ravished tender and delicate females, and afterwards cut their throats, but I despise them. I am no such robber, and I never will be. Rels, I ought to kill you, but since you have had some honor and manhood about you in this rascally matter, I will let you off this time. Get you in readiness, and we will, you and I alone, return this girl to her mother, to the poor old woman be alive, and forthwith set this matter right. I wouldn't at such a time as this, be bothered by a frivolous matter of this kind, for at such a time as this, be bothered..."

Rosalie, who had been listening with intense interest to every word, at this moment sprang towards the young chief, whose appearance was far from forbidding, even to the most refined female, and in a fit of uncontrollable gratitude, even to the most refined female, whose appearance was far from forbidding, making inquiries in every quarter, but not a trace could she find of the missing girl or her abductor. His face was pale and thin with anxiety, and his voice had something hollow in it, as though the vampire of despair was seeking his heart's blood. He began to believe that his adored Rosalie was lost to him forever, and was doomed to a fate he could not contemplate without a shuddering chill. After soothing the feeble brain of the old woman with what he knew to be the merest illusions, he had subsided into silence, and was eating his heart in bitter regret, when a sudden tap was heard on the door and in a moment leaped into the room the very object of his thoughts. The meeting was such as might be expected. But I will not fill this sheet with an attempt at a description of it. Edward's rapture, as he embraced Rosalie, is beyond the power of language to describe. He touched the hilt of his bowie-knife, when a suppurating look from Rosalie checked him. Edward drew his revolver half out, Rosalie touched his arm, and with a reproachful look, said to him—

"Fie, fie, Edward, you forget yourself. You wouldn't harm the man who has restored me to your arms? Why, Edward, would you make me despise you? I care not if he were a robber a thousand times, he is a noble man; shake hands with him," and taking his hand with her left hand, and the robbers with her right, she joined them together with a gentle force.

Sternly the young men looked at each other for a second, and then, with a half-friendly, half-defiant smile, they parted. Joaquin and Rels rode off, the one somewhlat reconciled to his subordinate, since the issue had been good, and the other delighted beyond all bounds at the happy turn which things had taken. "I would have given her up long ago," exclaimed Rels, "but my man would have killed me for it, I am certain. It was fortunate that you came when you did, or the poor girl would have been far worse off than she is now, the beautiful creature that she is," said he, with enthusiasm. Rosalie and Edward were shortly after married. They kept their secret while Joaquin lived, and for my part, I do not blame them.

---

JOAQUIN MURIETA.
There was not a town of any importance in that whole region in which he had not a spy, one or more, located; not one in which he had not his agents and secret friends. He lacked not for harboring places in which to conceal his wounded men, and stolen animals. Numerous ranchos, owned by "wealthy and respectable men," as the world goes, have been mentioned to me as places which afforded him refuge and assistance whenever needed. Among the number which were named with particular emphasis, were the Los Alamos Ranchos, on the Rio Napaoma, the Ortego Ranchos and the Concho Ranchos. Some of the suspected ranchos, it is but justice to say, have since changed hands.

Around San Andreas, Caliveritas and Yackee Camp, numerous thefts and robberies had been committed in the space of a few weeks. Property was missed, but no one knew whither it was gone. Men were murdered, and the bloody hand remained unseen. Yet everyone knew that thieves and murderers walked unobserved in the midst of the community. The strange dread hung over every face, and gave vigilance to every eye. The fearful shrank back from a danger which they could feel, but not see. The bold stood forward with their hand conflicts, a trial of muscle, nerve and skill, in a game whose stake is human life, and whose hazard is eternity.

As a juncture so important as the period of which I speak, a man like Ellas was most naturally looked to as a leader, and entrusted with a large amount of discretionary power, so necessary to be used in perilous times, when the slow forms of law, with their snail-like processes, are altogether useless and inefficient.

The first opportunity which presented itself for anything like determinate action, occurred about the middle of January. Some horses were stolen at the town of San Andreas, and a description of the Mexicans who took them had been given to Captain Ellas, who in the course of a day's ride on the various roads, accidentally discovered the party on the road heading for Yackee Camp to Chaparral Hill. They had added two to their number, who were not perceived, however, by the Captain at the first glance. Spreading two mounted men on a small hill to the left of the road, he halted them, and requested them to come down as he had something to say. One of them replied: "If you want to see us more than we do you, come to us."

Whereupon Ellas advanced, but the intermediate space being marshy, much rain having lately fallen, his horse mired up to his knees, and he dismounted. Proceeding on foot, he heard a rustling in the brush to the right, which sounded very much like an ambush, ready to burst forth, but he kept on his way. When within eighty yards of the two to whom he had spoken, he saw that they had drawn their revolvers. This hostile movement, and the rustling in the brush to the right, convinced him that he was acting a very imprudent part, and that he was before he should have acted. He then, in very imminent danger. With much presence of mind he looked behind him, and gave a signal whistle, as if he had a company in waiting, which stranger succeeded so well that the two in open sight rode slowly over the hill, and those who had been concealed precipitately left the thicket. Going to where his horse was feeding, he mounted and rode over to Yackee Camp, a little mining town a few miles distant, in order to get men to go out with him in further pursuit. He found no one at all prepared to accompany him, but a Mexican merchant in the place, named Atanacio Moreno, a man who was worth money, and stood well in the community. Unsuspected by Ellas, this man secretly belonged to the band of Joaquin Murieta, or, I should rather say, to the tremendous organization which that bold chief had established throughout the country. The Captain had unlimited confidence in this individual, for he had previously assisted him in the capture of a horse thief, and besides giving him much valuable information, had furnished men and horses in various expeditions started by the honest portion of the community.

He was treacherous, and though attempting to capture individuals sometimes who belonged to his own fraternity, they were always those whom he hated personally. A dangerous companion in a lonely ride! Moreno, pretending to have watched through his spies the movements of the desperado, led the way to the mountains, valleys, and gulches until sunset, but no trace of the objects sought was found, and the pursuit was here relinquished.

It became known before a great while, for a certainty, that this man was a scoundrel, and leaving the country in a few weeks after his connection with Joaquin, was discovered, he joined Scatl, a petty robber of some note in the south. He had not been with that leader long, before he secretly assassinated him, cut off his head, and delivered it to the civil authorities of the town of Los Angeles for a reward of five hundred dollars, which had been offered for it. This act of treachery did not avail him much, for he was afterwards arrested on a grave charge, and thrown into prison, and afterwards hung.

CHAPTER XII.


It was soon ascertained, that an organized band of robbers was in the community of San Andreas and vicinity. Yackee Camp was discovered to be their rendezvous, situated about two miles and a half from San Andreas. Upon this discovery, Captain Ellas employed a number of spies to gather all the information that they could in relation to the thieves and robbers, whose leader was not then known. While these spies were out, Captain Ellas one day rode into Yackee Camp, and was seated on his horse near a little drinking house, observing matters and things in that very suspicious vicinity, when he perceived a young, black-eyed, fine looking fellow, standing with his cloak wrapped around him, very intently fixing his gaze upon himself, the Captain. As soon as their
eyes met, the young fellow drew the rim of his hat over his face, and flinging his cloak a little back from his shoulder, dropped his arm down carelessly toward the butt of his pistol. In a moment more he turned and walked off. Captain Elias will no doubt recollect the circumstances, and must not be surprised to learn that this was some other than Joaquin himself, who thus took his daguerreotype upon memory, and found it afterwards of much avail in aiding him to escape danger, and to keep out of the way when he saw the original at the head of an armed party, or otherwise to direct his movements to the best advantage. The Captain did not at this time even know that Joaquin was in the county, although the renowned robber's name was familiar to his ears, by the report of his depredations in other counties for a long time back.

A few days after the return of the spies, a gentleman by the name of Hall, who kept a rancho on the road leading from Mokelumne Hill to San Andreas, leading behind a ridge of mountains that skirted that little town—showing that the roads had kept themselves concealed from view of the main road, until immediately opposite San Andreas, at which point they had evidently ridden to the top of the ridge, and who no doubt saw their pursuers start out, and at the same time counted their number. The trail from this point led over the mountains towards Yackee Camp, which gave Elias to suppose they were a part of the band about to make a dead shot, during which movement Davis levelled his rifle at a fellow partially hid in the rocks, and evidently hit him. The man with the yager in vain tried to fire it—it would not "go off," and the weapon remained useless through the whole fight, as well as the bearer of it, who had nothing else with which to do battle. Though sadly needed he stood neutral, as far as any service he could do was concerned, but served admirably well as a target for the bandits to practice at, nevertheless.

To aggravate the state of things, Davis, after discharging his rifle, could find no more bullets in his pouch, and was thus also rendered unable to do anything. Only three men therefore were left to do the fighting! The Mexicans noticing this dilemma, dashed along on the curve of the hill, nine in number, splendidly mounted and well armed—some were observed to have two revolvers each. While passing they fired a piece or two shots, but were riding so rapidly that they could not shoot with much precision.

As it was, Gatewood's mule was severely wounded in the neck, and another went through his hair. After this swoop of theirs they retired to their first position. A portion of them then dismounting, crept down behind the bushes, so as to get near enough to Elias' party to make a dead shot, and commenced firing, but not with the desired certainty, for Elias and Gatewood had dismounted, and were somewhat protected by their animals. The Captain finding an opportunity for the first
time to fire with any chance of hitting, shot at a large Mexican who stood on the edge of a bush, who suddenly retired to the top of the hill. Upon the report of his pistol, his mare, a fine, well trained animal, went down the hollow about four hundred yards towards Willow Creek, when one of the mounted Mexicans dashed around as if to secure her. She ran back towards Elias, and the Mexican followed to within seventy yards, immediately below him. Elias fired, and the fellow sunk on the neck of his horse, apparently badly wounded. Four or five of the Mexicans noticing this, galloped along the ridge towards the side of the hill to which the wounded Mexican had retired, and effectively covered his position, so that it was impossible to approach him without receiving their fire. He was then wrapping his red scarf around his breast, as if endeavoring to stop the blood. Elias' horse soon dashed to the left of the Mexicans, and came up to him, when he mounted and led his party around towards the summit, if possible, which object he evidently had in view, as he was within thirty yards distant, mounted upon a horse, discovered him almost perpendicularly over his head not more than twenty yards. Ellas suddenly wheeling his horse, discharged his pistol at a distance of not more than forty yards,三十 yards distant, mounted upon a horse, discovered him almost perpendicularly over his head not more than twenty yards. And Ellas of the mounted company, and Ellas of the Mexican gambler in the place, and some Americans, with whom the wounded Mexican was acquainted, had commenced killing the few Americans with whom they happened to meet. Joaquin (for it was with him that Ellas had been fighting without knowing it) rode among the houses during the shooting, and remarked:

"This is not my fight; this is Bill's fight." Alluding to an affray between one of his friends, named Bill, who was a Mexican gambler in the place, and some Americans, which had occurred a short time before.

When this remark was made Three-Fingered Jack discharged his pistol at an American who was standing near, and killed him on the spot. Another American whom Joaquin recognized, started to run; he was on foot, but ran with as much speed over the rough ground, which had been dug up and ditched in various places by the miners, as did the robber-chief, who pursued him on horseback. Leaping and plunging through the holes and ditches, Joaquin shot at him six times without effect, and having thus emptied his six-shooter, finally threw at him his two-edged sword, which barely missed the poor fellow's neck just as he escaped in a ledge of rocks. It was a trying scene for any one to pass through, and of a character such as he would not soon forget. Joaquin reloaded his revolver, recovered his sword, and rode back into town, swearing that he would get even on that day's work if it took him twenty years, for he had lost three of his best men on Chaparral Hill.

"Oh—oh that little Sheriff of San Andreas," said he, "I knew him all the time!"

Soon after, having cleared out the Americans in Yackee Camp, he galloped off with his men, numbering six, over the hills towards the mountains, leaving one wounded horse, which had been shot at the late skirmish at the pass.

Upon receiving this information, Ellas started for Yackee Camp with his party, consisting of six mounted men, followed by some thirty citizens of San Andreas, on foot. Arriving at the tragic scene, they immediately seized the Mexican gambler Bill, who had been foolish enough to remain after Joaquin's remark about him, and having subjected him to a California trial, they sentenced him to hang. "Fingers Jack," as a member of Joaquin's band. He begged them earnestly to spare his life, but finding it was in vain, he bowed down and, with an air of profound dejection he told them to do their work.

"By going to my trunk," said he, "you will find a knife, from whose blade no handkerchief has yet wiped the d—d American's blood." This speech did not serve to mollify the state of feeling toward him, and he was jerked up into a tree, and strangled with very little ceremony.

It was now a late hour in the night, but there remained a finishing stroke to be put upon the proceedings before retiring to rest. The harboring places and dens of the robbers were found out, and the enraged citizens went to work tearing down and burning up the houses of this character. The conflagration lit up the vault of heaven, and its sound roared among the mountains for miles around.

Around the smouldering ruins, guards and pickets were stationed till morning, and the wounded citizens slept.

CHAPTER XIII.


At daylight these companies were organized, two mounted, and one on foot, whose object was to break up the whole confederacy of robbers and their hostages, and never to rest until the neighborhood should be free from them. A man named Henry Srobko took charge of one mounted company, and Ellas of the other. The former proceeded over the mountains, and Ellas over the lower hills in a different direction. It was sometime before the companies could be fairly started, and meanwhile Joaquin, accompanied by the five men who were left to him after the fight at Chaparral Hill, and who had seen the burning of his friends' houses at Yackee Camp, had...
come down full of vengeance, as far as the Phoenix Quartz Mill, a few miles from Yackee Camp, and there had met two Americans whom he had immediately attacked. One of them was Peter Woodbeck, who was known by the robbers, having been marked by them when on the day before Ellas had sent him back with word to Alcalde Taliaferro. He was just mounting his horse at the quartz mill, when Joaquin rode up.

"You are my meat," said Joaquin, and drew his revolver. Woodbeck replied, "We will see," and drew his. Three-Fingered Jack rode towards Woodbeck's companion, who, being on foot, fired one shot from a derringer pistol and dashed into the mill. Three-Fingered Jack, after emptying two loads at him as he fled, which perforated the building near the door, dismounted and rushed, with bowie knife in hand after him. There a desperate hand to hand conflict ensued, the American defending himself with a short knife in hand after him. There a desperate hand to hand conflict ensued, the American defending himself with a short knife in his own hand, and the robbers, having been marked by his companions, met with a violent resistance. But Three-Fingered Jack triumphed, and his bowie knife drank the poor fellow's heart's blood. He came dragging him out of the mill, emptied the pockets of his dead body, and Joaquin was still going on, the robbers having been thrown from a wounded man, whom they had not found an opportunity to attack. The wounded man was still lying at the camp, unable to get out of the way without help. It was dark when Ellas and company met with word to Alcalde Taliaferro. He had scarcely landed on the other side when he was attacked by Three-Fingered Jack, who had been informed that the robbers were making their way to find the lost trail, even if it had been practicable to follow it. The pursuit was accordingly given up for that night. The next morning the Captain rode up to an isolated house in a wild section of the mountains, where lived a rough looking Mexican, solitary and alone, and discovered at his door the tracks of several horses, which he knew to be the same horses that had made the trail of the day before, from the peculiarity in one of the hoofs, which was very distinctly impressed at every step. The ill-looking fellow denied all knowledge of any mounted men having been to his house. A laritl was speedily attached to his neck, and he was placed in a tree in a seat if he could not obtain the desired information. Having been sent up twice, he ascertained the important fact that Joaquin had passed his house the night before with two other men, and had told him that he was going to Campillo Seco, on his way to the city of Marysville in the northern country— that the neighborhood was going on extremely well, and that the neighborhood was going on extremely well, and that the neighborhood was getting so warm for him, and he wanted a little fresh air; that he intended to return, for he would never rest satisfied until he had the heart's blood of Ellas and the Mexicans who had put the Captain on his trail, etc.

Further on they found two or three Americans, who had seen Joaquin and two others pass them not a great while before, riding at full speed down the river, Joaquin being mounted on a thoroughbred mare. Ellas, with his usual energy diligently pursued their trail until the dusk of the evening, when he arrived at the Phoenix Quartz Mill, a little mining town a few miles off, but doubled upon itself again, and again crossed the river. It was now dark, and impossible to find the lost trail, even if it had been practicable to follow it when found. The pursuit was accordingly given up for that night. The next morning the Captain rode up to an isolated house in a wild section of the mountains, where lived a rough looking Mexican, solitary and alone, and discovered at his door the tracks of several horses, which he knew to be the same horses that had made the trail of the day before, from the peculiarity in one of the hoofs, which was very distinctly impressed at every step. The ill-looking fellow denied all knowledge of any mounted men having been to his house. A laritl was speedily attached to his neck, and he was placed in a tree in a seat if he could not obtain the desired information. Having been sent up twice, he ascertained the important fact that Joaquin had passed his house the night before with two other men, and had told him that he was going to Campillo Seco, on his way to the city of Marysville in the northern country— that the neighborhood was going on extremely well, and that the neighborhood was getting so warm for him, and he wanted a little fresh air; that he intended to return, for he would never rest satisfied until he had the heart's blood of Ellas and the Mexicans who had put the Captain on his trail, etc.

The next day after this the Captain ascertained that Joaquin had crossed the Stanislaus River at Lancha Plana with his party, finding the ferryman to act contrary to orders, and put him over. He had scarcely landed on the other side when he was attacked by Americans, for it must be borne in mind that
JOAQUIN MURIETA.

the whole country was aroused, who being superior in number, poured his lead into his midst with such bewildering rapidity that he was compelled to fly with the utmost precipitation, leaving in his hurry several very fine loose horses. It was supposed that he soon afterward swam the river at another place, and was still in the neighborhood. Accompanied by a gentleman from Angel's Camp, Ellas went to the fastnesses of the Bear Mountain range, in the hope to discover fresh trails; found one which led towards a camp called Los Muerzos; the tracks indicating that there were five mounted men. Being in no condition to follow them, he rode over to Cherokee Flat, and requested a number of Cherokees, located there, to go out and waylay the different trails between Bear Mountain and San Domingo Range, to which they readily assented. In the meantime a meeting of the citizens was held at Carter's Creek, to take measures in the pressing exigency, which was upon that district, in common with others.

A Mexican was noticed in the meeting, attentively noticing its proceedings, who as soon as it was broken up, was seen to go to a bakery, purchase a quantity of bread, and start off on foot toward Bear Mountain. He was followed and seized on the side of the mountain, and at the same time his captors discovered three Mexicans riding on the ridge a few hundred yards above them. One of these was Joaquin, and the others were Reis and Valenzuela. The captive Mexican was hurried away to Cherokee Flat, and requested a number of Cherokees, located there, to go out and waylay the different trails between Bear Mountain and San Domingo Range, to which they readily assented.

Several weeks had now transpired since the flight on Chaparral Hill, and, notwithstanding the most diligent pursuit had been made after the robbers, yet during the whole time they had been husbanded in murder, theft and plunder. They left a broad and bloody trail wherever they went, and committed their outrages at times in the very sight of their pursuers. Frequently were the harrowing cries of "murder!" heard just ahead, and hurrying to the spot, citizens were found weltering in their blood, while the audacious bandits were seen riding off with no great evidence of fear at being overtaken. The banditti were divided the greater part of the time, into small companies of four or five, and Joaquin was at one time or another superior in number, pouring his lead into his midst with such bewildering rapidity that he was compelled to fly with the utmost precipitation, leaving in his hurry several very fine loose horses. It was supposed that he soon afterward swam the river at another place, and was still in the neighborhood. Accompanied by a gentleman from Angel's Camp, Ellas went to the fastnesses of the Bear Mountain range, in the hope to discover fresh trails; found one which led towards a camp called Los Muerzos; the tracks indicating that there were five mounted men. Being in no condition to follow them, he rode over to Cherokee Flat, and requested a number of Cherokees, located there, to go out and waylay the different trails between Bear Mountain and San Domingo Range, to which they readily assented. In the meantime a meeting of the citizens was held at Carter's Creek, to take measures in the pressing exigency, which was upon that district, in common with others.

A Mexican was noticed in the meeting, attentively noticing its proceedings, who as soon as it was broken up, was seen to go to a bakery, purchase a quantity of bread, and start off on foot toward Bear Mountain. He was followed and seized on the side of the mountain, and at the same time his captors discovered three Mexicans riding on the ridge a few hundred yards above them. One of these was Joaquin, and the others were Reis and Valenzuela. The captive Mexican was hurried away to Cherokee Flat, and requested a number of Cherokees, located there, to go out and waylay the different trails between Bear Mountain and San Domingo Range, to which they readily assented. In the meantime a meeting of the citizens was held at Carter's Creek, to take measures in the pressing exigency, which was upon that district, in common with others.

A Mexican was noticed in the meeting, attentively noticing its proceedings, who as soon as it was broken up, was seen to go to a bakery, purchase a quantity of bread, and start off on foot toward Bear Mountain. He was followed and seized on the side of the mountain, and at the same time his captors discovered three Mexicans riding on the ridge a few hundred yards above them. One of these was Joaquin, and the others were Reis and Valenzuela. The captive Mexican was hurried away to Cherokee Flat, and requested a number of Cherokees, located there, to go out and waylay the different trails between Bear Mountain and San Domingo Range, to which they readily assented. In the meantime a meeting of the citizens was held at Carter's Creek, to take measures in the pressing exigency, which was upon that district, in common with others.

A Mexican was noticed in the meeting, attentively noticing its proceedings, who as soon as it was broken up, was seen to go to a bakery, purchase a quantity of bread, and start off on foot toward Bear Mountain. He was followed and seized on the side of the mountain, and at the same time his captors discovered three Mexicans riding on the ridge a few hundred yards above them. One of these was Joaquin, and the others were Reis and Valenzuela. The captive Mexican was hurried away to Cherokee Flat, and requested a number of Cherokees, located there, to go out and waylay the different trails between Bear Mountain and San Domingo Range, to which they readily assented. In the meantime a meeting of the citizens was held at Carter's Creek, to take measures in the pressing exigency, which was upon that district, in common with others.

A Mexican was noticed in the meeting, attentively noticing its proceedings, who as soon as it was broken up, was seen to go to a bakery, purchase a quantity of bread, and start off on foot toward Bear Mountain. He was followed and seized on the side of the mountain, and at the same time his captors discovered three Mexicans riding on the ridge a few hundred yards above them. One of these was Joaquin, and the others were Reis and Valenzuela. The captive Mexican was hurried away to Cherokee Flat, and requested a number of Cherokees, located there, to go out and waylay the different trails between Bear Mountain and San Domingo Range, to which they readily assented. In the meantime a meeting of the citizens was held at Carter's Creek, to take measures in the pressing exigency, which was upon that district, in common with others.

A Mexican was noticed in the meeting, attentively noticing its proceedings, who as soon as it was broken up, was seen to go to a bakery, purchase a quantity of bread, and start off on foot toward Bear Mountain. He was followed and seized on the side of the mountain, and at the same time his captors discovered three Mexicans riding on the ridge a few hundred yards above them. One of these was Joaquin, and the others were Reis and Valenzuela. The captive Mexican was hurried away to Cherokee Flat, and requested a number of Cherokees, located there, to go out and waylay the different trails between Bear Mountain and San Domingo Range, to which they readily assented. In the meantime a meeting of the citizens was held at Carter's Creek, to take measures in the pressing exigency, which was upon that district, in common with others.

A Mexican was noticed in the meeting, attentively noticing its proceedings, who as soon as it was broken up, was seen to go to a bakery, purchase a quantity of bread, and start off on foot toward Bear Mountain. He was followed and seized on the side of the mountain, and at the same time his captors discovered three Mexicans riding on the ridge a few hundred yards above them. One of these was Joaquin, and the others were Reis and Valenzuela. The captive Mexican was hurried away to Cherokee Flat, and requested a number of Cherokees, located there, to go out and waylay the different trails between Bear Mountain and San Domingo Range, to which they readily assented. In the meantime a meeting of the citizens was held at Carter's Creek, to take measures in the pressing exigency, which was upon that district, in common with others.

A Mexican was noticed in the meeting, attentively noticing its proceedings, who as soon as it was broken up, was seen to go to a bakery, purchase a quantity of bread, and start off on foot toward Bear Mountain. He was followed and seized on the side of the mountain, and at the same time his captors discovered three Mexicans riding on the ridge a few hundred yards above them. One of these was Joaquin, and the others were Reis and Valenzuela. The captive Mexican was hurried away to Cherokee Flat, and requested a number of Cherokees, located there, to go out and waylay the different trails between Bear Mountain and San Domingo Range, to which they readily assented. In the meantime a meeting of the citizens was held at Carter's Creek, to take measures in the pressing exigency, which was upon that district, in common with others.
The Justice having deciphered the hieroglyphical characters of this letter, as satisfactorily as he could, sent a messenger to the keepers of the ferry at Winter's Bar, to let no one cross during the night, believing that, from its proximity, that point would be selected by the robbers for the passage of the river, in case he was closely pursued, and hurried off the Constable with a posse to rescue the six unfortunate men whom Joaquin had "tidied" out in the hills. Arriving at Capulope in great heat, the Constable ascertained that there were no six men tied out at all, but that the letter had designed to inform the Justice that Joaquin's party numbered six men.

"It's a pity," said Bidenger, "that a man of the Squire's linin' can't read no better than that."

Nothing was seen of Joaquin in the neighborhood, though diligent search was made for him by the Constable from the time he left Campo Seco until dark, but at midnight he rode up to the ferry at Winter's Bar, and requested to be set over. The keepers informed him that they had orders from the civil authorities to let no one pass, not even the Governor of the State, whereupon the impatience of the Constable caused him to start over. The Constable was on horseback, a tall, fine-looking fellow, with a large, solemn face, and a sort of gravitas that gave him an air of authority.

The poor, terrified fugitives each took a separate course, and it was not long before they miserably perished under the murderous pistols and knives of the robbers. Dragging them by the heels, the robbers, who had secured their heavy purses, threw them into a hole which had been sunk by some prospectors, and covered them partially with leaves and bushes.

Riding on a little farther, upon a narrow pack-trail, which wound along on the bank of a foaming stream that was almost hid in the deep gorge through which it ran, they suddenly came upon a Chinese camp, containing six Chinamen. Though each had a double-barreled shot-gun, they made no effort to defend themselves, but begged for their lives. Joaquin was disposed to spare them, but not wishing to have his portrait impressed upon too many memories, which might prove too tenacious for his good, he concluded to kill Jack, by a not from Joaquin, stepped as well as rob them. Three-Fingered Jack's appearance was enough for him without any further examination, and wheeling his animal, a splendid bay mare, he proceeded to place his gun at each man's head, and then fired. Neck and head they had it, for five miles, up the hills and down, Joaquin and Pedro a short distance behind, and the "Knight of the Three-Fingers" close on to the fugitive, who spared neither whip nor spur, at one time grasping at his bridle-reins, at another falling behind his horse's tail, and at another shooting at him with an unsuccessful aim. Struggling travelers on the road, Jow pedlos, almond-eyed Chinamen, and deplorably ragged looking Frenchman, all, and everybody who happened to be on the road, gave way to the frantic riddle and his head-long pursuers, gazing at them with unmitigated astonishment, and thanking their stars that they happened to be poor obscure foot-men. Honestly rode on, and on, and on, with unabated ardor on his own part, and no perceptible failure of vigor on the part of his horse, until within sight of a thickly populated mining district, when, giving him a farewell shot which rang in unpleasant proximity to his ear, Three-Fingered Jack roared out to him:

"You deserve to escape, old fellow, success to you!" and galloped back to his comrades, who had halted a few minutes before. "There's another fine horse," said he to his leader, "that we've missed getting."

Numerous murders having been committed, and many parties having failed to capture the leading desperadoes, an excitement prevailed, almost too intense to be borne, in the whole county of Calaveras.

About the 19th of February, a large meeting was held at the town of Jackson, at which it was resolved that everybody should turn out in search of the villain Joaquin. A committee of six men were secretly sent at midnight to Mokelumne Hill to secure a concert of action there, upon whose arrival, the citizens immediately assembled, and before morning two companies were organized, horse and foot, and placed under the command of Charles A. Clark, Esq., then Under-Sheriff of the county. Thus was the whole country alive with armed parties whose separate movements it would be impossible, without much unnecessary labor, to trace. Arrests were continually being made; popular tribunals established in the woods, Judge Lynch installed upon the bench; criminals arrested, tried, and executed upon the limb of a tree; pursuits, flights, skirmishes and a topsy-turvy, hurly-burly mass of events, that set narration at defiance. It remains only to give a few touches here and there, that an idea may be gathered of the exciting picture which the state of things then presented.

The Jackson Company went down on the west side of the Mokelumne River, while Clark directed his companies to scour the woods and mountains in the direction of Campo Seco. From Campo Seco he went to Winter's Bar, crossed the river, and rode up to Stone & Baker's.
Rancho, where he met the Jackson Company. Learning that Joaquin had lately been seen at Camp Opera, the united parties surrounded that place about daylight, and huddled all the inhabitants, who were mostly Mexicans, together in a large tent, depriving them of their arms, and upon questioning them, ascertained that a Mexican horseman had come into town the day before and inquired of some women, who were washing at the branch near by, if they had seen Joaquin, and that he paid one of them fifty cents for washing a handkerchief deeply stained with blood. Upon closer questioning, it appeared that the Mexican spoken of was himself present in the tent, and he was accordingly led forth for the especial consideration of his case. Finding that the trial to which they subjected him was no farce, and that they were actually going to hang him, he confessed that he was one of the brigands, and submitted with great composure to be choked to death. This was the end of the bichito very lucky "Juan," for he seems never to have had a surname.

While his comrades were undergoing the penalty of death, Valenzuela and a few others, ignorant of the circumstances, were robbing a Dutchman only a few miles off, from whom they took six hundred dollars in beautiful specimens, for which the poor fellow had honestly labored six months in the mines. He was fortunate, however, in meeting with Valenzuela instead of Three-Fingered Jack, for he escaped with his life after a long debate between the robbers as to the propriety of letting him live, in which the Dutchman afterwards acknowledged, he was more interested than in his question he had ever heard discussed.

Captain Ellas about this time heard of a suspicious fellow lurking around the little town or Camp of Los Muertos, and mounting his horse rode over to the tent in which he was harbored, and, with a pistol cocked in the villain's face, arrested him and took him to San Andreas. The people of that place appointed a Committee to investigate the case, and report their judgment as to what should be done in the premises. The Committee ascertained that he was wounded, a pistol ball having pierced him in such a manner as to make four different holes, from a twisted pasture no doubt which he had assumed, and being able to elicit no satisfactory account as to how he had received the wound, they reported to the crowd that it was their opinion that it would not be wise to hang him and risk it any how, whether he was guilty or not. Finding that he had to go, he confessed that he was the man whom Ellas had shot on Chaparral Hill, while he was endeavoring to catch his mare, and that he was with Joaquin when the two Americans, Peter Woodbeck and another were killed at the Phonix Quartz Mill. The time-honored custom of choking a man to death was soon put into practice, and the robber stood on nothing kicking at empty space. Bah! it is a sight that I never like to see, although I have been civilized for a good many years.

On the 22d day of the month, one of the pursuing parties mentioned before, came upon five Mexicans, who were halted a few moments at a place called Sherman's Camp, and immediately fired upon them, wounding one of them in the hand. Outnumbered, the robbers, among whom was the chief himself, rode off at full speed. The Americans followed, and had not proceeded far when pistol shots were heard in rapid succession at a Chinaman Camp at the foot of a hill upon which they were riding. Hastening down to the spot, they found three Chinamen dead, and five others writing in their last agonies. The murderers were not more than ten minutes ahead. A dying Chinaman exclaimed that they had been robbed of three thousand dollars. Exasperated beyond measure at such audacity, the party rode furiously in pursuit, but their horses had not the mettle to compete with those of the brigands, and they were forced to give it up for that day. On the 23d they resumed the pursuit, passing no less than a dozen Chinese camps which had been recently plundered, and towards evening, caught sight of the recusals on the summit of a hill, engaged at the moment in knocking down some Chinamen, and robbing them. With a whomp of defiance, the daring chief led off his men before their faces, with such speed that they could not hope on their own scrub horses to overtake him.

The Chinese, beginning to believe that they were singled out for destruction, were seized with a general panic, and by the fifth of March might have been seen flocking from the mining districts in hundreds and thousands to the towns and cities. Mention the name of Joaquin to one of these Chinamen now, and his knees will quakes like Belshazzar's.

Having ravaged the country for several long, and, to the people, distressing weeks, and having lost some of the bravest and most useful members of his band, and having aroused his enemies so that they met him on every trail, and surprised him at almost every encampment; having, besides this, collected by his plunder an immense amount of money, Joaquin concluded to abandon Calaveras, and try his hand awhile on the citizens of Mariposa. Of course that county suffered, but it will not be necessary to recount anything like the entire series of his fearful deeds, in that devoted region, as it would only be a repetition of the bloody and harrowing scenes which have already sufficiently marked these pages. His guardian fiend seemed never to desert him, and he came forth from every emergency in triumph.

The following incident is but one among many, which shows the extraordinary success that attended him and would almost lead us to adopt the old Cherokee superstition, that there were some men who bear charmed lives, and whom nothing can kill but a silver bullet.

About the first of April, in the little town of Hornitas or Little Owens, an American named Prescott, a very bold and absolute man, was one night informed by a friendly Mexican, who was a miner in that district, that Joaquin and four or five of his men were at that moment sleeping in a house kept by a Mexican woman, on the edge of the town.

"If I point him out to you," said he, "I will be sure and kill him, for if you don't, my life is not worth three cents.

Prescott raised some fifteen men with secrecy and dispatch, and guided by the Mexican, gained the house without raising an alarm. Stationing his men around the house in every necessary direction, he and a few others cautiously entered. Candles were still burning, and everything was visible in the room.

"There they are," whispered the trembling Mexican, pointing to several heaps, rolled up in blankets, and slapping out as soon as he had spoken.

One of the party, holding a candle over Joaquin's face, in his anxiety to see if there might not possibly be a mistake, startled the formidable chief from his slumber, who, with a rapid return of consciousness, which belongs to men accustomed to danger, rose like lightning to his feet, cocking his pistol, as it were, in the very act of waking, and fired. The astonished candle holder staggered back, severely wounded in the side.

CHAPTER XIV.

COMBAT BETWEEN PRESCOTT AND JOAQUIN—ROBBER TRANSACTIONS IN YUBA COUNTY.

Prescott, at the moment Joaquin fired at the candle holder, discharged both barrels of his shot-gun into the robber's breast, and was amazed to see him stand
The young man not relishing a cocked pistol in his face, with a man carelessly fingering the trigger, very readily gave his consent to have the house searched. Every drawer was ransacked, and every trunk burst open, and having obtained a few hundred dollars, the robbers left.

At a late hour in the night another house was burst open, and the terrified inmates were dragged out of their beds, and securely bound hand and foot, besides being gagged, before they asked sufficiently to know whether it was a dream or a reality. There was only one man at the house, the rest were women and children. All the money and jewelry was taken that could be found, and among other things, a gold watch, the claim of which Valenzuela very coolly put over his neck.

"Go to that old woman and take the gag out of her mouth," said he to one of his men, "she looks as if she were choking herself to death in the effort to say something."

As soon as the gag was removed, she begged Valenzuela with many tears, to give her back the watch, as it was a precious lock of hair. "Certainly," said the robber, "if that's the case, I don't want it," and handed it to her.

Strange as it may seem at the first glance, the aged widow felt a sentiment of gratitude towards the robber, who, steeped in villainy as he was, had soul enough to answer an appeal of this kind. The unfortunate family were found the next morning by their neighbors, still lying upon the floor, bound hand and foot.

Such terror possessed that neighborhood for sometime afterwards that a traveler, no matter how peaceable his intentions, could no more get a chance to stay all night on that part of Bear River, than he could fly. A young fellow from the mountains, on his way down the valley, happening to be belated in that vicinity, called one night at every house in every direction, and was refused admission, or hospitality, with an obstinacy which astonished him. The doors were barred on his approach, as if he had been a bearer of pestilence, and to his loud halloos and earnest solicitations for protection from the night air, he received the response that they had "no accommodation for travelers," and he began to believe that, indeed, they did have but little accommodation, and enough. It was drizzling rain, the hour was late, it was dark, and there were many deep and miry sloughs, which it was dangerous to pass unless in broad daylight. Directed at each refusal of "accommodation," to go to another house, "just across the slough," or "just beyond that pint," the poor fellow wandered around nearly all night, narrowly escaping being drowned a dozen times, and finally, towards morning, having his horse tied on the bank of a slough and crossing to the other side in a canoe, he succeeded, after fighting a pitched battle with a gang of fierce dogs, in reaching an old shanty in a barfy field, whose occupant, a bachelor, consented, to his great surprise, to let him stay. It seems the young fellow was dark-skinned, and unfortunately not a very amiable looking fellow at best, and he was accordingly taken for Joaquin or some one of his band, traveling around as a spy.

CHAPTER XV.
ADVANCING TO A CLOSE-STATE LEGISLATURE-TAKING ACTION TO PROTECT THE COUNTRY-MOUNTED RANGERS ORGANIZED-HARRY LOVE IN COMMAND-MOUNTED RANGERS DIVIDE INTO TWO COMPANIES.

We come now near to the closing of the bandit's life; and, for the reason that unauthorized and fictitious accounts of the manner of his death, have been set
JOAQUIN MURIETA.

After I have taken very extraordinary pains in collecting and sifting the facts connected with that event, and the reader may rely upon the account given in these chapters as absolutely correct in every particular.

So burdensome were the tributes levied upon the citizens, that it became a fit subject for Legislative action. The officers of the law in the different counties were either shot down in cold blood or openly defied by the bandits. The constant arming of private companies for the protection of the lives and property of citizens became too extensive a drain upon the pockets of private individuals. In many agricultural districts both mining and agricultural pursuits were in a state of suspension. Travel became absolutely dangerous in the most open highways, and communication had well nigh ceased between important localities, with great trouble and at heavy expense. American owners of ranches were impoverished in a night and others denouncing it as a cold-blooded murder. Without hesitation, nay, with alacrity, for it was in consonance with his daring spirit, Love immediately took the command of twenty choice men, selected for their well-known courage, and led them forth to meet as formidable a man as ever figured in the arena of crime. The following is a list of their names: P. E. Conner, C. F. Bloodworth, G. W. Evans, Wm. Byrnes, John Nuttal, Wm. S. Henderson, G. V. McDowain, Robert Mastores, W. H. Harvey, George A. Nuttal, Col. Melana, Lafayette Black, D. S. Hollister, P. T. Herbert, John White, Willis Prescott, James M. Norton, Colo Young, E. B. Van Dorn and S. R. Pigott.

Several of the names in the foregoing list will be recognized as those of men already prominent in the counties in which they lived, and afterwards occupying positions of more or less distinction in the State. One of them represented California for two years in the Lower House of the United States Congress, and became involved in a serious difficulty at Washington, in which he drew a derringer and killed an Irish waiter at one of the hotels, who had for some reason or other attacked him. The affair was variously represented by the partisans of the day, some deploring the act of the California member, and others denouncing it as a cold-blooded murder. At any rate, Mr. Herbert was tried and acquitted. This brave but small party of Mounted Rangers were looked upon as the discipline through which it had passed, whose brain was as strong and clear in the midst of dangers, as that of the daring robber against whom he was sent; and who possessed a glance as quick, and a hand as steady in the execution of a deadly purpose.

With untiring energy, and most stealthy movements, Captain Love set himself to work to obtain a full knowledge of the haunts of the bandit chief, the latest traces of his steps, and all that was necessary to enable him to fall upon him at the best possible time and place. While on the lookout for him, Joaquin was busy in making his preparations for the grand finale of his career in California. After robbing extensively on the Little Mariposas, and the Merced River, he proceeded to the rancho of Joaquin Guerra, near San Jose, killing a Frenchman on his way, who kept the Tivola Gardens, and there stopped for a few weeks, lying concealed. The Major Dome of this rancho, Francisco Sicarro, was well connected with his band, and this accounts for his stay there. In the meantime he had despatched Luis Vulvia to the Arroyo Cantaova, with orders to assemble the women to a place of safety in the province of Sonora; to send Valenzuela, as soon as he should arrive at the rendezvous, to the same State with remittances of money, and with instructions to arm and equip his followers and adherents there, who stood in waiting, and to proceed himself to the different harboring ranches in California, and collect at the Arroyo Cantaova all the horses which had been left upon them from time to time. It was his own intention to go to the rendezvous in a short time and wait for the arrival of his forces. The extreme caution with which

armed with the authority of the State, whose experience was part of the stormiest history of the frontier settlements, the civil commotions of Texas, and the stirring events of the Mexican War; whose soul was as ragged and severe as the discipline through which it had passed; whose brain was as strong and clear in the midst of dangers, as that of the daring robber against whom he was sent; and who possessed a glance as quick, and a hand as steady in the execution of a deadly purpose.

With untiring energy, and most stealthy movements, Captain Love set himself to work to obtain a full knowledge of the haunts of the bandit chief, the latest traces of his steps, and all that was necessary to enable him to fall upon him at the best possible time and place. While on the lookout for him, Joaquin was busy in making his preparations for the grand finale of his career in California. After robbing extensively on the Little Mariposas, and the Merced River, he proceeded to the rancho of Joaquin Guerra, near San Jose, killing a Frenchman on his way, who kept the Tivola Gardens, and there stopped for a few weeks, lying concealed. The Major Dome of this rancho, Francisco Sicarro, was well connected with his band, and this accounts for his stay there. In the meantime he had despatched Luis Vulvia to the Arroyo Cantaova, with orders to assemble the women to a place of safety in the province of Sonora; to send Valenzuela, as soon as he should arrive at the rendezvous, to the same State with remittances of money, and with instructions to arm and equip his followers and adherents there, who stood in waiting, and to proceed himself to the different harboring ranches in California, and collect at the Arroyo Cantaova all the horses which had been left upon them from time to time. It was his own intention to go to the rendezvous in a short time and wait for the arrival of his forces. The extreme caution with which

this wily leader was bringing his plans to a focus, is aptly exhibited in the following comparative little incident.

Feeling one evening somewhat inclined for a dram, and unwilling to show his own person, he sent from Guerra's ranch some liquor from San Jose. After the Digger had started, he became a little uneasy lest the fellow should betray him, and mounting his horse, overtook him on the road to Coyote Creek, and killed him.

On the first day of July, seventy of his followers had arrived at the Arroyo Cantaova, with fifteen hundred horses, and in another part of the valley, Joaquin himself, with Red Three-Fingered Jack, and a few other men were waiting for the final arrival of all his forces from Sonora and other quarters. His correspondence was large with many wealthy and influential Mexicans residing in the State of California, and he had received assurances of their earnest cooperation in the movement which he contemplated. A shell was about to burst, which was little dreamed of by the mass of the people who merely looked upon Joaquin as the petty leader of a band of cut throat robbers.

CHAPTER XVI.

CAPTAIN LOVE WITH ONLY EIGHT MEN COMES UPON THE ENCAMPMENT OF JOAQUIN — REMARKABLE COOLNESS OF THE BANDIT—DESPERATE LEAP ON HORSEBACK—DEATH OF JOAQUIN—DEATH OF THREE-FINGERED JACK—SUBSEQUENT MOVEMENT OF RANCHERS—CONCLUSION.

On the fifth of July, Captain Love, who had been secretly tracing the bandit in his movements, left with his company the town of San José and camped near San Juan for four or five days, scouring the mountains in that vicinity.
From San Juan he started in the night, on the coast route, in the direction of Los Angeles, and tarried a night or two on the Salinas Plains. Thence he went across the San Benita Valley, camping just before daylight, without being discovered by any one, in a small valley in the coast range, near to Queen stars Rancho. Leaving this place, after a short survey of the neighborhood, he proceeded to the Eagle’s Pass, and there came upon a party of Mexicans, who were going, or said so at least, in the Tulares to capture the wild mustangs, which fed there in great numbers. From this point the Rangers divided, a portion going to the Chico Pass, the Pass, and the others taking a course through the mountains. They found trails which led both divisions to the same point, that is, to the Bayou Seetas, or Little Prairie. Before reaching this point Love stopped a few Mexicans, who were evidently carrying forward the news of his advance into that wild and suspicious region. Siding again, the company again met at the Grand Panoche Pass, from which they went on in a body to the Arroyo Cantoona. Here they found the seventy or eighty men, of Joaquin’s band, spoken of above, with the fifteen hundred stolen horses. These men, it would be fair to infer, could have annihilated the small party of twenty men opposed to them, numbering only eight men, dauntlessly pursued the southern trail, which led in the more proper direction for finding Joaquin. Just at daylight he saw a smoke rising from the plains on his left, and wishing to allow no circumstance, however trivial, to pass unnoticed, at a time so much requiring his utmost vigilance, he turned from the trail and rode out towards it. He saw nothing more than some loose horses, until within six hundred yards of the spot from which the smoke proceeded, when rising a few steps off, washing a fine looking bay horse with water which he held in a pan. Their sentinel, who had just been cooking, at this moment caught sight of a horse and a man, with a gun, and gave the alarm to his comrades, who all rushed forth in the direction of their horses, except the man who already had his by the haliast at camp. Rushing up in hot haste, the Rangers succeeded in stopping every man before he got to his animal. The Captain, rising up to the individual who stood holding the horse, questioned him as to the course upon which he and the others were traveling. He answered that they were going to Los Angeles. This man was not two of his young men, Henderson and White, they stood watching this individual, while the Captain rode toward others of the suspicious looking party, I have omitted to say, were all Mexicans, superbly dressed, each wearing over their finery a costly broadcloth cloak. A dressing one of these men in relation to the destination, he replied in direct contradiction to what the other had just said, who, flushing up with an angered look, exclaimed:

“No! we’re going to Los Angeles;”

And turning to Love, said: “Sir, if you have any questions to ask, address yourself to me. I am the leader of this company.”

Love answered, “that he would address himself to whom he pleased, without consulting him.”

The leader, as he called himself, then advanced a few steps towards the saddles and blankets, which lay around the fire, when Love told him to stop. He walked on without heeding the command, when the Captain drew his six-shooter, and told him if he did not stop in an instant he would blow his brains out. With a proud toss of his head, and SMARTING his teeth together in rage, he stepped back and laid his hand upon his heart, which had stood quietly during the moment he was away. This individual was Joaquin Murieta, though Love was ignorant of the fact. He was armed only with a bowie-knife, and was advancing towards his saddle to get his pistols at the time Love covered him with his revolver. A short distance off stood Three-Fingered Jack, fully armed and anxiously watching every movement of his chief. Separated by the Rangers, surprised, and unable to act in concert; on foot, and unable to get to their horses, were scattered here and there others of the party. The danger to Joaquin was great and imminent, yet no sign of fear appeared upon his composure. He held his head firmly, and looked around him with a cool and unfainting glance, as if he calmly studied the desperate chances of the time. He patted, from time to time, his horse upon the neck, and the fiery steed raised his graceful head, pricked up his sharply pointed ears, and stood with flashing eyes, as if ready to spring at a moment’s warning. Lieutenant Byrne, who had known the young robber when he was an honest man, a few years before, soon rode into camp, having fallen behind by order of the captain, and immediately on his approach, Joaquin, who knew him at the first sight, called out to his followers to make their escape, every man for himself. Three-Fingered Jack bounded off like a mighty stag of the forest. He was shot as by several of the Rangers, an accident being momentarily called away from Joaquin, he mounted his fine bay horse, already eager to run, and rode off, without saddle or bridle, at the speed of the wind. A dozen balls from the Colt’s repeaters whizened by him without effect. Rushing along a rough and rocky ravine, with that recklessness that belongs to a bold rider and a powerful, high-spirited animal, he leaped from a precipice ten or twelve feet high, and was thrown violently from his horse, which turned a half somersault as he touched the ground and fell on his back with his heels withered in a few inches of his master’s head. Horse and rider recovering themselves in a moment, Joaquin again mounted with the quickness of lightning, and was again on the wing. One of his pursuers, named Henderson, fearlessly leaped after him, while others who were not so close behind, galloped around to head him at a certain favorable point. Henderson and horse went through the same tumbling motions as in the example which had preceded him. He was not mounted so soon but that Joaquin was
swift and beautiful steed, and a few more chieftain was fast escaping danger on his ready to renew the chase. The some distance ahead before he was fairly s

if he knew his life depended upon bleeding, and was bearing his master as side. The noble animal sunk a moment, 

horse, and sent a ball obliquely into his done!

When the third ball struck him, he sinking 'slowly to the ground upon his pale as his life-blood ebbed away, and 

done1~

when it was born from his own extreme fell upon him, if we may call it Fate, 

submitting to the inexorable Fate which the main body 

himself and one or two ofiers, ran five 

gling for their lives against fearful odds 

miles before he fell, pierced with nine 

pursuers, whose horses would sometimes 

charged several balls into his body. They outran him upon their horses, 

exulting hopes of the youthful chieftain, 

whoever aimed that rifle! Joaquin, now charged several balls into his body. 

few moments, turning 

While their beloved leader was proudly 

Three-Fingered Jack commenced, three 

doctor, apparatus below Joaquin's camp fire where 

Three-Fingered Jack, during the chase, 

the prisoners, however, declared that 

broadcloth cloaks were found at the 

Rangers, who approached them in three 

their pursuers, and reached the three 

fear of a capture, when alas! ,for the too 

fallen long, dying with his hand 

the fact would be eternally doubted, 

of seven fine animals, which were afterward restored to their owners, six 

elegant Mexican saddles and bridles, 

a ball into his back that made him reel 

a rifle at his retreating figure and sent a ball into his back that made him reel 

them, and said: "Don't shoot any more—the work is done!"

He stood still a few moments, turning 

His hand, however, was preserved 

be hurried away with the utmost ex-

yielded until the company were ready to.

to Mariposa county jail, and there con-

this expedition one of the prisoners, after 

of seven fine animals, which were afterward restored to their owners, six 

soil of the plain, and throw their riders 

headlong in the dirt. When overtaken, he would wheel with glaring eyes and 

he had emptied of every load but one. He was at last shot through the head by Captain Love, who had 

him twice before in the long chase. Three-Fingered Jack, anon-

as it may seem to be, while he was the very incarnation of cruelty, was at the same time as brave a man as this world ever has produced, and so did, as those who killed him will testify. Shortly after the chase of Joaquin and Three-Fingered Jack commenced, three 

the band not before discovered, gal-

reach of pistol shot, when they suddenly 

sinks in escaping, but one of them fell from 

wounded men grew so faint that he fell 

tumble in the gopher holes, and soft 

The bloody encounter being over, Love gathered up the spoils, which consisted of seven fine animals, which were afterward restored to their owners, six 

elegant Mexican saddles and bridles, 

The bloody encounter being over, Love gathered up the spoils, which consisted of seven fine animals, which were afterward restored to their owners, six 

elegant Mexican saddles and bridles, 

To be be hurried away with the utmost ex-

while even that was done, but to 

the public the actual sight of an object which had flung a strange, haunting 

to give—

the headlong in the dirt.

When Byrnes did not happen to be looking at Joaquin when he first rode into camp, 

and consequently had not recognized him at all, not being with the individu-

assistance of thousands who only 

Tales which death presents in the growth of the hair and nails, were ascribed with a kind of terror to observe that 

the moustache of the fearful robber had grown longer since his head had been cut off, and that the nails of Three-

Fingered Jack's hand had lengthened almost an inch.

The bloody encounter being over, Love gathered up the spoils, which consisted of seven fine animals, which were afterward restored to their owners, six 

elegant Mexican saddles and bridles, 

The bloody encounter being over, Love gathered up the spoils, which consisted of seven fine animals, which were afterward restored to their owners, six 

elegant Mexican saddles and bridles, 

To be be hurried away with the utmost ex-

while even that was done, but to 

the public the actual sight of an object which had flung a strange, haunting 

to give—

that four Mexicans had been killed and 

they all got together it was ascertained that four Mexicans had been killed and 

two others taken prisoners. Going up to the dead bodies, one was immediately 

recognized by Byrnes as that of Joaquin Murieta, and another, by some one else, as that of Three-Fingered Jack.

It was important to prove to the satisfaction 

of the public that the famous and bloody bandit was actually killed, else the fact would be eternally doubted, and many unworthy suspicions would attach to Captain Love. He accordingly acted not otherwise have done; and I must shock the nerves of those who succeeded in killing him. When 

them, and said: "Don't shoot any more—the work is done!"

He stood still a few moments, turning 

His hand, however, was preserved 

be hurried away with the utmost ex-

while even that was done, but to 

the public the actual sight of an object which had flung a strange, haunting 

to give—

that four Mexicans had been killed and 

they all got together it was ascertained that four Mexicans had been killed and 

two others taken prisoners. Going up to the dead bodies, one was immediately 

recognized by Byrnes as that of Joaquin Murieta, and another, by some one else, as that of Three-Fingered Jack.

It was important to prove to the satisfaction 

of the public that the famous and bloody bandit was actually killed, else the fact would be eternally doubted, and many unworthy suspicions would attach to Captain Love. He accordingly acted not otherwise have done; and I must shock the nerves of those who succeeded in killing him. When 

them, and said: "Don't shoot any more—the work is done!"

He stood still a few moments, turning 

His hand, however, was preserved 

be hurried away with the utmost ex-

while even that was done, but to 

the public the actual sight of an object which had flung a strange, haunting 

to give—

that four Mexicans had been killed and 

they all got together it was ascertained that four Mexicans had been killed and 

two others taken prisoners. Going up to the dead bodies, one was immediately 

recognized by Byrnes as that of Joaquin Murieta, and another, by some one else, as that of Three-Fingered Jack.
JOAQUIN MURIETA.

disband, when he was transferred to Martinez. While there he made a confession, implicating a large number of his countrymen in the villainies which had been perpetrated, and was prepared to make still more important disclosures—perhaps with the view of making the value of his information weigh against his execution—when he was forestalled in a mysterious manner. The jail was broken open one night at the dead hours, and the prisoner taken out by an armed mob and hung. The Americans knew nothing of the hanging, so that the most rational conjecture is that he was put out of the way by Mexicans, to prevent the damning revelations which he certainly would have made.

Among the numerous affidavits identifying the robber's head, the reader may take the following as specimens of the remainder. The Reverend Father Dominic Blaine, who knew Joaquin well, and who had often confessed wounded members of his band, testified as follows:

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
County of San Joaquin. 1853.

On this, the 11th day of August, 1853, personally came before me, A. C. Blaine, a Justice of the Peace in and for said county, the Reverend Father Dominic Blaine, who makes oath, in due form of law, that he was acquainted with the notorious robber, Joaquin; that he has just examined the captive's head, now in the possession of Captain Connor, of Harry Love's Rangers, and that he verily believes the said head to be the head of Joaquin Murieta, so known by him two years ago, as before stated.

Sworn to and subscribed before me the day and year above stated.

D. BLAINE.

Affidavits like these, together with certificates from sworn officers of the law, and the voluntary oral testimony of hundreds of visitors at the different exhibitions were more than sufficient to satisfy the legal authorities of the death of the noted chief. Accordingly the Governor of the State, John Bigler, caused to be paid to Captain Love the sum of one thousand dollars, which in his official capacity he had offered for the capture of the bandit, dead or alive. And subsequently, on the 15th day of May, 1854, the Legislature of California, considering that his truly valuable services in ridding the country of so great a terror were not sufficiently rewarded, passed an act granting him an additional sum of five thousand dollars.

The story is told. Briefly, and without the aid of ornament, the life and character of Joaquin Murieta have been sketched. His career was short, for he died in his twenty-second year; but in the few years which were allowed him he displayed qualities of mind and heart which marked him as an extraordinary man, and leaving his name impressed upon the early history of this State, he also leaves behind him the important lesson that there is nothing so dangerous in its consequences as injustice to individuals—whether it arises from prejudice of color or any other source; that a wrong done to one man is a wrong to society and to the world.

It is only necessary to add, that after the death of its chief, the mighty organization which he had established was broken up. It exists now only in scattered fragments over California and Mexico. Its subordinate chiefs—among whom is the yet living Valenzuela—lacking the brilliancy and unconquerable will of their leader, will never be able to revive it in its full force; and although all the elements are still in active existence, they will make themselves felt in nothing more, it is probable, than petty outbreaks here and there, and depredations of such a character as can easily be checked by the vigilance of the laws.

Of Rosita, the beautiful and well-beloved of Joaquin, the writer knows no further than that she remains in the Province of Sonora, silently and sadly working out the slow task of a life forever blighted to her, under the roof of the parents of her dead lover. Also: how happy might she not have been had man never learned to wrong his fellow-man!
CAREER
OF
TIBURCIO VASQUEZ
THE
BANDIT OF SOLEDAD, SALINAS AND TRES PINOS.
WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF
HIS CAPTURE BY SHERIFF ROWLAND
OF LOS ANGELES.
COMPILED FROM THE NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS.
SAN FRANCISCO:
1874.
As the second greatest bandit of California Tiburcio Vasquez will stand on the pages of the history of our State. It should be remembered that when Joaquin Murietta roamed, robbed and murdered, there was but little law in our State, and the means of arresting and bringing law breakers to Justice were scant and inadequate. On the other hand, the decades that have elapsed between his time and the years 1873 and 1874, in which Vasquez committed his greatest depredations, has witnessed the complete organization of the counties of our State under the proper authority of law, police, judges and jury. Hence it is that the exploits and escapes of Vasquez excel those of Murietta, in being performed at far greater hazards, and against greater odds. One thing, however, was greatly in his favor, as was also the case with Murietta: in all those counties where he operated, he had the moral support and physical aid of his countrymen, and especially his countrywomen, the native Californians. There seems to be an ever present hostility of those latter remnants of the early mixed Indian and Mexican stock that roamed the hills, canons, and all the valleys of California; who owned the mighty bands of wealth-producing cattle, and whose hospitality was ever generous to the stranger knocking at the gates of their haciendas. The bitterness and hate engendered by the Mexican War, is as strong as when General Scott entered the walls of the City of Mexico, and Commodore Stockton’s flag of conquest was raised in the bay of Monterey. The influx that followed the announcement of the discovery of gold, bringing with it new energy, industry and progress, but also vice, crime and outlawry, spreading in every direction, the evil being felt a thousand times more exquisitely than the good among the quiet loving and indolent Native Californians, served to intensify the original feeling of dislike and disgust to everything American, and caused them to view with sympathy and to lend practical aid to any man of their own language, who made as his prey the hated interloper. With ideas of right and wrong mixed and sadly confused, whether he, to whom they granted comfort and assistance, was a bandit or a patriot, was of small consequence. Of course in the higher degrees of the Native Californian social order, this feeling was not shared, but in the grand majority of these people who were of the poorer and less thinking class the feeling was of the strongest in favor of such men as Murietta and Vasquez. For this particular reason alone, and not taking into consideration any other, it may be understood how for so long a period in the heart of civilization, Vasquez was enabled to set the laws of God and men at defiance.
TIBURCIO VASQUEZ.

TIBURCIO VASQUEZ was born August 11, 1839, in Monterey, perhaps the most thoroughly Mexican town in appearance, ways of its inhabitants, its changes, and its religious tone, in California, and now, at the date of his capture, after a noteworthy career of murder and pillage, 35 years of age. His parents are both dead, several of his brothers and sisters are still living, one brother residing near Monterey, and another in the vicinity of Hernandez Valley in San Benito County. His other two sisters, both are married, one lives in San Juan Baptista, Monterey County, and the other at the New Idria quicksilver mine. Vasquez, when young, is said to have been unusually bright, intelligent and smart for his years. He went to school and received an English education, which he continued to cultivate and improve in later years. As a man he possessed more than an average command of the English language, while his handwriting was beautiful. His parents were people in ordinary circumstances, owning a small tract of land and always had enough for their wants.

The appearance of Vasquez, as he lay in the Jail at Los Angeles on May fifteenth, the day after his capture, was that of a man with nothing of the red-headed and ferocious brigand demeanor that his reputation has given him. He is a man of about medium stature, with a well-built, wiry figure. He does not weigh over 140 or 150 pounds. His complexion is much lighter than the ordinary Mexican. His features are clear-cut, with an intelligent expression. His eyes are rather large and of a light gray or blue color. His forehead is high and his head well-shaped. In manner he is frank and earnest, with no disposition to make himself a hero. His general demeanor is that of a quiet, inoffensive man; and for his calm, steady eye, which stamps him as a man of firmness and great determination, no one would take him for the terrible Tiburcio Vasquez. To show how diversely two men, different persons, will describe a third, we give the following description of Vasquez, furnished to a San Francisco journal from official sources.

A low forehead, and a head of coarse black hair are little indications of intelligence, and from beneath a coarse, over-hanging brow gleam two deep-set, treacherous, cunning eyes, of which even a Magician's cat would be ashamed. The whole contour of his face suggests Indian blood; his cheek bones are high, his mouth large and coarse, his beard and mustache (and the latter extends far beyond it), and his eyebrows are thick, bushy, and set in a line running horizontally. His nose is high and straight, his hair black, and so far from resembling the wavy locks of Tibercio, who even then looked out for them. The Vigilantes at length thinned out the gang, but young Tiburcio, who even then looked for number one, managed to escape. He then transferred his field of operations to the counties north of Monterey County, and for two years gave the large stock owners a deal of trouble. In 1857 he took a trip to Los Angeles County, and for stealing horses was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to five years in the State Prison. He arrived at San Quentin on August 26, 1857, Vasquez escaped from prison in a break made by the prisoners on the 20th of June, 1859, and for a few weeks kept quiet at his mountain retreat, near old Diablo. Chafing under the restraint of his self-imposed seclusion, he burst the shackles around him and made his way to the officers again.

His First Exploit.

This was in the year 1854. One night Tiburcio attended a dance. In those times scenes of bloodshed at these gatherings were of frequent occurrence. A difficulty occurred between Vasquez and another Californian about one of the pretty señoritas in the rooms. The contest of the town, attracted by the noise entered the room, and at once endeavored to quell the disturbance, when Vasquez turned upon him with a knife and stabbed him to the heart. He fled and kept concealed for a long time, but owing to the efforts of his friends, was at length allowed to roam about as of yore, without fear of official molestation. The case was misrepresented to the Courts, as the witnesses were all countrymen of the murderer, and the matter was merely winked at and looked upon as but an evidence of the precociousness of the average young Californian of the times. Shortly after this, Vasquez associated himself with a band of desperate characters who were then the terror of Monterey County. Stealing horses was their specialty. The Vigilantes at length thinned out the gang, but young Tiburcio, who even then looked for number one, managed to escape. He then transferred his field of operations to the counties north of Monterey County, and for two years gave the large stock owners a deal of trouble. In 1857 he took a trip to Los Angeles County, and for stealing horses was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to five years in the State Prison. He arrived at San Quentin on August 26, 1857, Vasquez escaped from prison in a break made by the prisoners on the 20th of June, 1859, and for a few weeks kept quiet at his mountain retreat, near old Diablo. Chafing under the restraint of his self-imposed seclusion, he burst the shackles around him and made his way to the officers again.

The bandit then changed his quarters to Sonoma and Contra Costa Counties. In 1865, after making one or two predatory excursions near the base of Mount Diablo, he fell in with a young and beautiful Senorita, the daughter of a ranchero, Vasques. Was then rather good looking. His ways were easy, graceful, and dashing, and he had long years before been regarded a lady-killer of the ultra type. His weakness always was woman. The father of this girl disapproved Vasquez's attentions, so one night when everything was quiet about the ranch, Vasquez eloped with his inamorata. He took the
Jose was overtaken near the mission San Jose by the irate father. Shots were exchanged, and Vasquez was wounded in the arm. The girl was struck just above the right temple by one of the shots intended for her lover, which caused her to fall senseless to the ground. She recovered in the arms of her father, the wound being but trifling—while Vasquez sought safety in flight.

The next we hear of Vasquez is in 1867. In Sonoma County he headed a small band of horse thieves, and for a time carried on things with a high hand, but in an attempt to run off a drove of cattle, he was caught, tried, and sentenced to four years in the State Prison. He arrived there January 18th, and was discharged June 4th, 1870, by Act of the Legislature.

**Again on the Road.**

From this date the red-handed career of the bandit properly begins. Shortly after his release he joined a band headed by Tomaso Rodundo, better known as Procopio, or Red-handed Dick. Some of the boldest outrages and robberies on record were perpetrated by this gang in the counties of Santa Clara, Monterey, Fresno and Alameda. The murder of the Frenchman at Pleasanton is accredited to this gang in 1870.

**A New Band.**

Was organized, with himself as leader, Narcisco Rodriguez and Francisco Barillas being members. About the first move Tiburcio made was to abduct the daughter of Pedro Garcia, of San Juan. Tiring of the girl soon after, he turned her over to the tender mercies of Francisco Barillas.

**A Stage Robbery.**

The Visalia stage was stopped by the brigands near Sauc Lake and all of the passengers were robbed, after which they were tied and laid on their backs in a field, and the stage driven out of the road and around the corner of a hill out of sight of passing teams. They then robbed three or four teamsters on the road to Hollister, but passed by Watson, of Monterey County, who was then a candidate for election, without molesting him. He affirms that he had not lost three men. The same day, on the San Juan mountains, Vasquez, who had separated from his companions, stopped and robbed Thomas McMahon, at present a leading merchant of Hollister, of $750. When the news of these daring outrages reached the officers, measures were at once taken to hunt the bandits.

**Quick for Several Months.**

He lived in the Cantua Cañon and at the New Idria mines. The officers were informed on many occasions that Vasquez could be found at or near the New Idria mines, and several attempts were made to capture him, but without avail. The Mexicans, who constitute almost the entire population of the mine and the mountains adjacent, were, with few exceptions, partial to Vasquez. On one occasion, to illustrate, an officer of the law and two companions went to the mine to capture the bandit. They knew he was there, and on their arrival the superintendent was sought and questioned, but he knew nothing of Vasquez's exact whereabouts. After several hours of unsuccessful search the party started to return. They ascended a hill on one side of which was a creek. As they rode along, a man in a small cabin on the opposite side of the creek, on the flat, looked out of a window.

**It was Vasquez.**

The man they wanted, but they at least knew not where. After traveling until night-fall, a halt was made near the Panoche Valley. In the morning their horses were gone—stolen. It is needless to remark that the thief was Tiburcio Vasquez.

In the Spring of 1872, Vasquez made his headquarters for some time with Jose Castro, on the San Benito, midway between Hollister and the Plechio mines. In a short time a new band of foragers was organized, and one day the inhabitants of Hollister were startled with the report that the San Benito stage, and several people on the road had been stopped and robbed by Vasquez and his gang. The citizens were aroused; a party was organized, the country was secured, and Jose Castro was captured and lynched. Vasquez escaped as usual.

About one month from this time Vasquez, who had several female acquaintances in Hollister, paid a visit to the town in the night time, and early in the morning quietly departed. He repeated these visits several times, until, growing emboldened by a sense of security, he actually remained until the latter part of the afternoon. The Constable of the place got wind of the proximity of the redoubtable brigand and organizing a posse of four men, he started for the house, the front part of which was a saloon. Vasquez, who was on the lookout, saw them coming, and mounting his horse, which was already saddled and standing in front of the house, he rode leisurely away and was not followed.

In January, 1873, Vasquez organized a new gang of desperadoes for another campaign. The programme was laid out in the Cantua Cañon.
THE ROBBERY AT FIREBAUGH'S FERRY

First occurred. The band then consisted of August De Bert, Andon Leiva, Romulo Gonzalez and Jose Garcia. De Bert, after the robbery, left for Mexico, and has not since been heard from. At this juncture Ceasar Chavez and Teodoro Moreno joined Vasquez, and the former has since acted as the bandit's lieutenant and right-hand man. The robbery of the Twenty-one Mile House, between San Jose and Gilroy, was the next move. The hotel was entered in the day time, and four men were robbed, d!d afterwards and thrown on the floor. Sheriff Adams started out in company with Under Sheriff Sollman to look up the matter, but after scouring the country from the Pacocho Pass to the New Idria they were obliged to return empty handed. Vasquez, Chavez, Leiva and Moreno were at this time arranging for the expedition to Snyder's store, and when they arrived they saw Adams pass their hiding places. The party on the floor, five or six in all, were nearly all, either confederates or involved in the crime, and when they returned to San Jose. Leiva (at present confined in the County Jail, and to whom we are indebted for many interesting facts) says that the Mexicans living in the hills thereabouts were, nearly all, either confederates or afraid of the bandit chief as to prevent any information that would lead to his capture.

But the crowning conception of Vasquez remains to be described. He aspired to a higher position than that of an ordinary highwayman, and evidently aimed to perpetrate a profitable outrage that should place him in independent financial position and perpetuate his infamous memory. Accordingly he gathered about him the bravest of his band, and prepared to attack and despoil the pay-train on the Southern Pacific Railroad. The robbers selected a spot between San Jose and Gilroy, known as "the Divide" for offensive operations. The plan included the cutting and removal of a section of the rail. This was the first exercise on the programme. The characteristic laziness of the Californians delayed their preparations, and, as the train was ten minutes ahead of time, the affair was an utter failure. As the train approached, the members of the chosen band were busily engaged in damaging the track. It came thundering down and passed them as they sprang back, and whisked out of their reach ere any harm could be accomplished. The officials on the train noticed the bandits, and divined the true reason of their presence. On the evening of the same day the tragedy at Tres Pinos occurred.

THE TRES PINOS TRAGEDY.

On the 26th of August, about 7 o'clock in the evening, two Mexicans returned to Snyder's store from the direction of Pacheco Valley and the New Idria mine. Dismounting from their horses, they entered the store and engaged in conversation with John Utzerath, Snyder's clerk. In a few minutes five more rode up and dismounted. Three of the gang—one of them being the noted Tiburcio Vasquez, remained on the outside, while the four others entered the store, looted their pistols at the inmates, and compelled them to lie down, after which all were securely tied. Two little sons of L. C. Smith, coming in at this juncture, were ordered to lie down. One of them was tied.

The robbers went through the store, appropriating all the cash, and considerable clothing, provisions and tobacco. The parties on the floor, fire or skulk in all, were searched, and their money, watches and rings taken.

While this was going on in the store, Vasquez was inaugurating a carnival of blood on the outside. A Portuguese sheep-herder, known as Martin, who had put up his stock and quartered at David- son's Hotel, immediately adjoining Sny- ders's store, not knowing the character of the new comers, attempted to enter the store, but was ordered to stop on the threshold by Vasquez. The Portuguese, who could not speak English, paid no attention to the order, and reached the steps, when Vasquez fired a pistol ball, which took effect in the herder's mouth, causing him to fall. Attempting to rise, he was shot again through the head of the neck, and death instantly put an end to his sufferings.

Hickey, a tenant who was on the road, was ordered to lie down, and, on attempting to argue the question, was knocked down by a powerful blow from Vasquez's revolver, and remained in a state of insensibility for some time.

George Redford, a teamster, at the time of the initiation of the shooting, was occupied in attending to his team, which stood in front of the store. Vasquez, the leader of the gang, who did all the shooting, and guarded the approach to the store, approached Redford and ordered him to lie down. The unfortunate man, who was troubled with deafness, did not hear the order, but, apparently realizing his danger, started for the stable on a run. Just as he reached the building a shot from Vasquez' pistol passed through his heart, killing him instantly.

When the shooting commenced L. Scherrer, a blacksmith, was in front of Snyder's store, not knowing the character of the new comers, attempted to enter the building a shot from Vasquez' pistol passed through his heart, killing him instantly.

The robbers, having secured all of the provisions, clothing and tobacco that they wanted, the robbers started for the stables and took thither seven horses, after which they decamped in the direction of the New Idria mines.

THE KINGSTON ROBBERY.

One night in December, Vasquez, with eight native Californians, two Americans and a negro, tied their horses on the bank of the river opposite Kingston, Fresno county, crossed a bridge on foot, and取得了 a hotel and two stores on the main street. Thirty-five men were bound by the gang and relieved of their money and valuables. The safes and drawers were also robbed of their contents. In this raid they obtained $8,000 in coin, besides watches and other jewelry. The citizens of the village, on hearing of the robbery, armed themselves and opened fire on the bandits from the opposite side of the street, and the fire was returned. Vasquez himself was armed on that occasion with four navy revolvers, and though hotly followed up, the gang managed to make good their escape and fled in different directions.
directions. The citizens followed in close pursuit, and two days afterwards one of the bandits was captured, and is now in the State Prison. Others of the band have been captured by Sheriffs in southern counties. But until the late brilliant achievement of Sheriff Rowland's party, the chief defied pursuit.

After the Tres Pinos robbery, Sheriffs Adams and Watson organized a party and started in pursuit. After crossing the hills into Tulare County, Watson gave up the chase, and returned to Salinas City. Adams, however, pressed on. Near Bakersfield, he arrested Romulo Gonzalez, but was obliged to let him go, as there was no jail nearer than Visalia, and by taking the back track his chances for catching Vasquez would be slim. He spent several weeks in the saddle, and at last in Rock Creek Canyon, San Bernardino County, came upon the robbers and

**A FIGHT ENSUED.**

Sheriff Rowland, of Los Angeles, was with the party, and if a charge, suggested and urged by Adams, had been made, Vasquez would have been captured. As it was, a party was had, and when Adams charged alone to the patch of unsearch; but soon after, hearing that Vasquez was at Coyote Holes Station, and that the Vasquez gang numbered one less, Romulo Gonzalez, who came into Fresno and demanded legal protection, brought in and delivered up a fellow whom they stated to have been one of the gang which sacked Kingston; but what has been done with this prisoner has not yet been stated.

**THE "LAST STRAW"—A RETRACING CHECK.**

Only a few weeks before his capture, Vasquez and four of his followers appeared at the residence of a wealthy Italian sheep-owner named Alexander Repetto, at the old Mission San Gabriel, some six miles from Los Angeles. They pretended to be sheep shearsers looking for employment, but after conversing a few minutes, covered Repetto and his nephew, a mere boy, with six-shooters, and demanded what money there was in the house. They tied the old man to a tree and demanded legal protection, brought in and delivered up a fellow whom they stated to have been one of the gang which sacked Kingston; but what has been done with this prisoner has not yet been stated.

**THE "LAST STRAW"—A RETRACING CHECK.**

After this outrageous reward of $800 was offered for the capture of the daring bandit, and then all the expert Sheriffs organized to rid the State of an outlaw whose name inspired terror wherever it was uttered. Sheriff Rowland of Los Angeles, in conjunction with Sheriff Henry N. Morse, of Alameda, and their plans finally resulted in success.

About 8 o'clock on the night of the 14th of May, D. K. Smith arrived in Los Angeles with news which justified Sheriff Rowland in sending out a party to capture Vasquez. The information was of a character to tally with reliable advice about the whereabouts of the gang received on the previous day. At ten o'clock the following-named party were mounted for the Expedition: Under Sheriff Albert S. Johnston, Major H. M. Mitchell, Emil Harris, Frank Harley, Sam Bryant, D. K. Smith, W. E. Rodgers, and G. A. Beers. They proceeded to the vicinity of Greek George's, on the Brea rancho, and cached themselves in a place where they had a good view of the country and could not be seen themselves. The next morning, movements about the vicinity were so difficult to determine who were the bandits and their allies, and who were unconnected with them, that the movement did not accomplish much. One morning, however, a Mexican was found hanging to the limb of a tree, and the Vasquez band numbered one less. Mexicans, who came into Fresno and demanded legal protection, brought in and delivered up a fellow whom they stated to have been one of the gang which sacked Kingston; but what has been done with this prisoner has not yet been stated.

**THE "LAST STRAW"—A RETRACING CHECK.**

Only a few weeks before his capture, Vasquez and four of his followers appeared at the residence of a wealthy Italian sheep-owner named Alexander Repetto, at the old Mission San Gabriel, some six miles from Los Angeles. They pretended to be sheep shearsers looking for employment, but after conversing a few minutes, covered Repetto and his nephew, a mere boy, with six-shooters, and demanded what money there was in the house. They tied the old man to a tree and demanded legal protection, brought in and delivered up a fellow whom they stated to have been one of the gang which sacked Kingston; but what has been done with this prisoner has not yet been stated.

**THE "LAST STRAW"—A RETRACING CHECK.**

After this outrageous reward of $800 was offered for the capture of the daring bandit, and then all the expert Sheriffs organized to rid the State of an outlaw whose name inspired terror wherever it was uttered. Sheriff Rowland of Los Angeles, in conjunction with Sheriff Henry N. Morse, of Alameda, and their plans finally resulted in success.

About 8 o'clock on the night of the 14th of May, D. K. Smith arrived in Los Angeles with news which justified Sheriff Rowland in sending out a party to capture Vasquez. The information was of a character to tally with reliable advice about the whereabouts of the gang received on the previous day. At ten o'clock the following-named party were mounted for the Expedition: Under Sheriff Albert S. Johnston, Major H. M. Mitchell, Emil Harris, Frank Harley, Sam Bryant, D. K. Smith, W. E. Rodgers, and G. A. Beers. They proceeded to the vicinity of Greek George's, on the Brea rancho, and cached themselves in a place where they had a good view of the country and could not be seen themselves. The next morning, movements about the vicinity were so difficult to determine who were the bandits and their allies, and who were unconnected with them, that the movement did not accomplish much. One morning, however, a Mexican was found hanging to the limb of a tree, and the Vasquez band numbered one less. Mexicans, who came into Fresno and demanded legal protection, brought in and delivered up a fellow whom they stated to have been one of the gang which sacked Kingston; but what has been done with this prisoner has not yet been stated.
back, and it was observed that among the horses was a white one, which Mitchell recognized as the animal ridden by Vasquez in his previous encounter with the noted chief. One of the Mexican party started off, and Major Mitchell and two went in pursuit. They overhauled him and brought him back. His name was Reales, and he protested his innocence. In the meantime, the Sheriff's party saw a wood wagon coming along the road, and they made a tour and captured it. It was not long before the plan of capture was decided upon. Six of the party remained. The extra man with the wagon made seven. Mr. Hartley, who speaks Spanish fluently, was instructed to inform the driver that Mr. Hartly, who speaks Spanish fluently, was instructed to inform the driver that on his way to the west side of the house, the other four to the southern, passing around the eastern end.

In a little time the Vasquez spy disappeared. The foremost of the party had hardly reached the door opening into the dining room when a woman opened it part way, and saw the retreating form of Vasquez with the agility of a mountain cat had jumped through the narrow window or rather opening which admitted the light, when Harris fired at the vanishing form with his Henry rifle, claiming "There he goes through the window." The party left the house as precipitately as they entered it. Vasquez stood a second time irresolute. Whether to seek cover in the house or rush for his horse seemed all important. He seemed to decide for the horse—doubtless he would have given ten thousand if he had had them, to be astride him—and started, when Mr. Hartley fired; turning, he sought another direction, when, one after another, shots after shot, showed him the latter hopelessness of escape.

He had already been wounded. He had fallen but recovered himself; blood was spouting from his shoulder and streaming from his wounds. He threw up his hands, approached the party and said with a cold, passionless smile wrenching his thin lips, "Boys you have done well; I have been a d—d fool; but it is all my own fault." He was taken to the courtyard on the southern side of the house, and laid upon an extemporized pallet. Not a murmur, scarcely a continuation of the visage, bespoke either pain, remorse, or any other emotion of the mind or soul.

About this time, another young fellow was captured, whose name is believed to be Labrador, and who joined the Vasquez gang some time since. He was taken without resistance. Vasquez, wounded as he was, was placed on a mattress and carried to the city. In room adjoining the one wherein Vasquez was captured was a large number of arms, consisting of Henry and Spencer rifles, globe sight rifles, double-barreled shotguns and six-shooters. These were all brought to the city.

EXCITEMENT IN LOS ANGELES.

As soon as it was known that the great robber chief was captured, the excitement prevailed in town, and when, a few minutes before five o'clock, the cavalcade was seen to make its appearance coming up Spring street from the south, a great multitude rushed to the vicinity of the jail. The prisoners who were not disabled were hurried inside the prison, but Vasquez, who was stretched out on the mattress and suffering from his wound, was lifted by four men and carried past the crowd. As he passed, he tried, to shout out his face from public view, by pulling his hat over it. It was momentarily pulled aside by one of the officers, when Charles E. Mills, who was compelled to fork over to him a few days ago his magnificent repeater, cried out, "That's him! that's Vasquez! that's the fellow!"

At this the immense throng felt relieved, for there still existed a doubt as to the identity of the robber chief.

SHERIFF ROWLAND'S PLAN.

Sheriff Rowland's plan was to watch and wait, and so careful and discreet was he to his most intimate friends supposed he was giving the Vasquez matter very little attention. This was a mistake; Rowland had a little bird who told him every movement of the bandit and his gang, and on several nights he has ridden out and reconnoitered the Vasquez camp, but on each occasion the little bird told him not to attempt the capture. He has discovered so often that the bird he began to suspect the bird might be playing him. This, however, was not true, as the sequel proved that the bird told the truth in every instance. The reports that Vasquez was in the habit of visiting the house of a woman in this city after nightfall, had no foundation in fact; but if it had been true, Rowland would have captured him, for he knew of the story and the house, and watched the interior of the woman's room the night after night.

Vasquez had two men constantly watching the party while in this portion of the State, and no one was more thoroughly posted on the movements of Morse and Cunningham, than the bandit. It was Rowland who baffled Vasquez. He was so cool and apparently indifferent as to whether the robbers were captured or not, that the bandit at times really thought he had nothing to fear from him. He was mistaken. Like Prospero's Ariel, Rowland's little bird was obedient to his slightest command, and flew here, there, and everywhere, collecting information and delivering it to its master. It told him that for the past two weeks Vasquez and his gang had made their headquarters at the house of Greek George, on the Brea Rancho, ten miles from the city; that Vasquez spent most of his days in the house, but slept at night some distance away, in the open air, with his horse always saddled and his Spencer rifle by his side. It gave him an exact diagram of the house, told him in what room Vasquez slept, in what room his arms were, and the number and quality of those arms. It told him how Vasquez' horse was always saddled and his Spencer rifle by his side. He gave it him an exact diagram of the house, told him in what room Vasquez slept, in what room his arms were, and the number and quality of those arms. It told him how Vasquez' horse was always saddled and his Spencer rifle by his side.
his friends could not find him, until the
party returned with their game from
Greek George's house.

As Vasquez and his three associates
were taken into the jail, the spy, the
man who had been sent in to watch Row-
house, Harris, Hartley, Johnston and Bry-
were taken into the jail, the spy, the
posted at the northeast corner of the
Greek George's house. I find on conferring with different mem-
trayed, and assures Sheriff Rowland that toward the door with outstretched hands
and attempted to close it. Harris pried
it open with the muzzle of his gun in
time to see Vasquez go flying through
the narrow opening in the south end of
the wing, and instantly fired. The four
men sprang around the end of the build-
ing and caught sight of the astonished
-outlaw at nearly the same moment that
he sprang toward his horse, only to find,
himself confronted
by the wretch with
a sheet
of paper,
Expressing the
wishes of the
enemies of the
bandit,
Rowland engaged him in
calculation of the
plan of leaving. Rowland engaged him in
conversation, taking him to the billiard
room and whiled away
time by astonishing the wretch with
a minute description of the location of
everything in and about the house, even
to the number of Vasquez' equipments,
the time they were brought
there, etc. When I entered the saloon of the Clarion Hotel, after our caval-
cade had arrived at the jail, Rowland
and Greek George were just coming up
out of the billiard room. Stepping up to
the Sheriff, we shook hands, and
out of the billiard room. Stepping up to
the Sheriff, we shook hands, and
Rowland engaged him in
calculation of the
plan of leaving. Rowland engaged him in
conversation, taking him to the billiard
room and whiled away
time by astonishing the wretch with
a minute description of the location of
everything in and about the house, even
to the number of Vasquez' equipments,
the time they were brought
there, etc. When I entered the saloon of the Clarion Hotel, after our caval-
cade had arrived at the jail, Rowland
and Greek George were just coming up
out of the billiard room. Stepping up to
the Sheriff, we shook hands, and
out of the billiard room. Stepping up to
the Sheriff, we shook hands, and
after the fort-
night of confinement, when his wounds
had healed and he had recovered suffi-
cient strength to travel, the bandit,
heavily ironed, and guarded by Sheriff
Rowland and three assistants, was put
on board the local train, taken to Wil-
lington and on board the Steamer
Senator, bound thence for San Francisco
and way ports.
LYNCH LAW FEARED.

It was intended to disembark at Monterey and transfer the prisoner to the care of Sheriff Smith of Monterey County. When the steamer reached Monterey, however, Sheriff Rowland became satisfied that his prisoner would not be safe if taken ashore. That the bandit should not fall a victim to mob law while under his charge, the sheriff changed his plan, remained on board the steamer, and brought his prisoner to San Francisco, where he was lodged in a secure cell in the city prison. He arrived early in the morning, and before noon a large and curious crowd had collected at the prison desirous of getting a look at the notorious outlaw. Their wish was gratified, and for four or five hours a stream of visitors passed into the prison and were allowed to gaze on the bandit as he lay upon a pallet in the cell. He conversed freely with a number of visitors, repeating his previous declarations that he was innocent of murder, and claiming that, if a fair trial were given him, he could not be condemned to any punishment more severe than imprisonment.

TAKEN TO MONTEREY.

Sheriff Smith, of Monterey, arrived the same day, and to him Sheriff Rowland turned over his prisoner. Next day, after ironing the bandit very heavily, Sheriff Smith started with him, by the route of the Southern Pacific Railroad, for Monterey. It was feared that there might be an attempt to lynch the prisoner at some point on the way; and a guard sufficiently strong to resist any such attack accompanied the Sheriff. No effort of the kind was made, however, and the party reached in safety Salinas City, the county seat of Monterey, where the prisoner was lodged in the county jail. There, trousered securely and closely watched and guarded, he has since remained. In his trial, which will soon take place, he will be defended by P. B. Tully, Esq., of Hollister, and Charles Ben Darwin, Esq., of San Francisco. The prosecution will be conducted by John Lord Love, Attorney-general of the State, assisted by the District Attorney of Monterey County. Vasquez' counsel hope to save him from the gallows, owing to the difficulty of fastening upon him the direct responsibility for the murders committed during his raids.

HIS FATE.

His fate will probably be determined before this account is in the hands of the reader—the trial is set for the 20th of July—but whether the great bandit be executed or only imprisoned, the people of Southern California will feel that they owe a debt of gratitude to the energetic sheriffs who tracked him to his lair, and rid the highways of a desperado who did not confine himself to taking the property of his victims, but wantonly sacrificed life when there was not even the excuse that his own person was in danger. The sheriffs undertook the work of capturing the outlaw when the amount of the reward would not half compensate them for the outlays they were obliged to make—they devoted weeks of time, suffered many privations, ran great risks of losing their lives, and succeeded in making prisoner a bandit whose crimes parallel those of Joaquin Murieta.

The murders at Tres Pinos cry for vengeance, and it is to be hoped that the law cannot be so tortured as to protect the ruffian who is manifestly guilty of crimes which should long ago have consigned him to the gallows. His ending should be such as to deter other aspirants for reputation as highwaymen, and in this respect it is better that Vasquez should have been taken prisoner than to have been killed in the encounter. There is little romance in dropping from a scaffold with a rope around the neck.

THE END.