

was strengthened for a fort, and with provisions and an abundance of ammunition and about twenty-five loaded rifles, I was left alone to resist a siege.

"O solitude, where are thy charms  
That sages have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
Than reign in this horrible place."

So might have sung Robinson Crusoe;<sup>87</sup> but he had his man Friday for company, while I had only my dogs to talk to, and they were alert and on watch day and night. Fortunately, in the daytime there was a white hen that had been left behind and had become wild in the brush near by. She faithfully performed "picket" duty, and picked up the crumbs I scattered for her on post.

About dusk, the Indians, who were well mounted, would drive horses and cattle into the corral and amuse themselves by wantonly shooting them with arrows. After the wounded animals had made their escape, I could hear them moan in their agony out on the plain at night. It got to be monotonous, and my sympathy for the poor animals nearly overcame my discretion. Finally I could stand it no longer. Tying up my dogs and armed with my two Colt's revolvers, I crept down to the corral one afternoon and lay down under a dried bullock's hide inside the fence, to await the matinee performance.

As it began to grow dark the Indians came, driving in about fifty horses, mares, and colts. They dismounted and crawled up to the corral fence, where they commenced their fiendish work not ten feet in front of me. Some were on the other side, too. I emptied one revolver, rushed between the horses to that side, and fired at them with more effect. Then I ran out with the horses in the dust, and reached the old adobe house, where I fired off three rifles in quick succession in the direction of the corral, while the Indians were still yelling, but with a different tone. I was now somewhat excited, and dripping with perspiration, while my dogs yelped in chorus.

There was no sleep for me that night, and I rested with a rifle in my hands; but that sort of cruelty by the Indians ceased. In about three weeks the Company and their *vaqueros* returned for another band of cattle. I insisted, however, on removal of the office of the clerk, which was done, to Coyote Valley, where some of the cattle were being herded. There was a log house with comfortable bunks at Coyote Valley, also a peaceable tribe of Indians we could employ, among whom was "Sam Patch."

At Clear Lake the Indians continued to be mischievous and devilish. Finally, half a dozen of us — Thomas Price, John Price, John Depp, Granville Grigsby, two others and myself — started one afternoon on horseback for the lake. We arrived in the valley at dark, but continued on for several miles to where there was good grass for our horses. We halted here for the night but did not unsaddle, and in that way got what rest we could.



Just at break of day, we remounted our horses and followed a trail, which led down into a creek bottom where several other trails came together. The luxuriant grass was as tall as our horses' backs. Soon we heard the sound of an ax coming from a dense patch of thicket, where the Indians had fortified themselves by felled trees, the tops and branches being placed outward and the whole heavily interwoven with thick vines. We divided our little party into three, one to hold the horses, and the others to enter the thicket by two separate trails but within supporting distance of each other. We had scarcely taken our positions when three stalwart warriors, armed with bows and arrows, came out on the war path. My party with Thomas Price shot the chief who was in the lead, and the other party shot the last Indian, while the middle one got away although he was badly wounded.

Immediately the whole tribe of several hundred Indians began giving the war hoop. We got our horses, rode out onto the bluff, reloaded, and waited for events to develop, but the Indians did not come out. We then returned to Coyote Valley; and after being reinforced went again to Clear Lake, taking along with us a friendly Indian whom we sent with a flag of truce, in order to get the hostile Indians to come out and treat for peace.

A day was fixed for them to meet us, and several bullocks were slain for the feast. About sixty armed warriors appeared. We made them lay down their bows and arrows, and cook and eat their meat first, which they did. We had them agree, right then and there, to send for their squaws and little ones; and stipulated that all of them should come out and live in the open, and go to work, and build fences and corrals. We agreed to pay them for this work until all the cattle and horses were taken away; otherwise we would not leave one of them alive. They submitted to our terms, and soon the whole tribe of over five hundred appeared with their movables and began to build their rancheria, corrals and fences, and thus the Indian war in that part of the State came to an end. Mule loads of calico and clothing were distributed to them. Most of the stock, driven to the Sacramento Valley by contract with Matt Harbin,<sup>88</sup> and the clerk's office were removed to the mouth of Cache Creek canyon. In December 1850 the Company, in debt, was dissolved, and all I received of what was owing to me were two colts, which I had broken to the saddle myself.

With the experience of a flood lasting for months at Sacramento and a fire at San Francisco, I determined to go to Sonoma. Mounting one of my colts, and leading the other, I started alone in a heavy rain storm by the trail which led across the mountains, Berryessa's<sup>89</sup> and Pope's valleys<sup>90</sup> and down the Howell Mountain<sup>91</sup> to Napa Valley, and arrived at an empty log cabin at dark, wet through, cold and hungry, but at least out of the pelting storm.

I picketed my colts where there was good feed. In the night, however, I was aroused by whinnying and the sound of splashing water by my colts.

I found them swimming necks. It was intensely poor animals and then had to dive down in order to get up on the bank, and until daylight to see where the two colts and swam the roaring river. I soon got I was given a good horse which I resumed my journey. I arrived at the Old Sonoma. I had started nearly six months for, I had a good supper.

The next morning I was grateful that I had got paid my way by writing. The opportunity afforded, I sold my years my home was for sale.

Little did the back of Francisco de Solano know my birthday six years ago, a few miles inland from the town.

The town of Sonoma was built by Juan Vallejo. Barrack tower of observation quarters on the north side. Adobe also occupied the site.

There were two men in the town. One was a Mexican flag, originally from 1846, Sonoma was called after the American revolution (his brother), Lieutenant Vallejo's brother-in-law, under guard to California River Expedition. Capt. Vallejo's brother-in-law were afterwards released from the Sacramento River Valley. Capt. Vallejo was given at Monterey in 1846.

The members of the California Historical Society claimed the "California Historical Society Quarterly" as the official publication of the society.