

**California all the way back to 1828. By Michael C. White. Written by Thomas Savage for the Bancroft Library, 1877. Introduction and notes by Glen Dawson; illustrated by Clarence Ellsworth**

CALIFORNIA ALL THE

WAY BACK TO 1828

EARLY CALIFORNIA TRAVELS SERIES XXXII

MICHAEL C. WHITE (MIGUEL BLANCO) 1801-1885

California All the way back to 1828. By Michael C. White Written by Thos. Savage for the Bancroft Library 1877.

.INTRODUCTION & NOTES *by* GLEN DAWSON

ILLUSTRATIONS *by* CLARENCE ELLSWORTH

GLEN DAWSON...LOS ANGELES...1956

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**INTRODUCTION**

MICHAEL WHITE was one of the earliest foreigners to settle in California. He was characterized by Benjamin Wilson as “a man of roving disposition.” White made a number of sea voyages; claimed to have taken part in the first shipbuilding enterprises in California; traveled from

California to New Mexico and back in 1839-40; was a pioneer on Catalina Island, in the Cajon Pass near San Bernardino, and in what is now San Marino where his adobe home still stands. It seems probable that White's Point near San Pedro is named for him. He was one of the first to bring a wagon from northern California to southern California. He had a large family and many of his descendants are living in southern California.

The most important source of information about this pioneer is his own testimony given to Thomas Savage for Hubert Howe Bancroft, printed in full for the first time in this volume. Bancroft not only collected books, pamphlets, manuscripts and newspapers, but sent out his associates to interview *viii* pioneers. So it was that in 1877 when Michael White was 76 years of age, with a clear memory, he told some of the details of his eventful life. These accounts given verbally have a freshness and vitality often lacking in formal writing.

The Bancroft Dictations, preserved in the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, were an important source for Bancroft's seven volume *History of California* and have frequently been used by later historians. Yet most of the dictations remain unpublished, partly due to editorial problems. There are problems of transcription, punctuation, irregular arrangement, irrelevant or inaccurate passages. Sometimes language was used which is not normally considered printable. In this volume an endeavor has been made to let Michael White speak with a minimum of editing.

The *Early California Travels Series* has drawn heavily upon Bancroft sources, including printing the reminiscences of Job Dye, Joel P. Walker, William Glover, Dr. R. T. Maxwell, Vassili Tarakanoff, Alexander Markoff, and Jose Francisco Palomares. Thanks are due to George Hammond, Director of the Bancroft Library for permission to use manuscripts in his care, and for the cooperation of his staff. An excellent article based on the manuscript printed here is *Michael White: Sailor of Fortune* by Helen S. Giffen, in the *Quarterly of the Historical Society of Southern California*, September 1940. Many of the notes used *ix* here are based on those by Mrs. Giffen. Others who assisted in the preparation of this work include L. Burr Belden, K. L. Carver, Catherine MacLean Loud, Allen R. Ottley, W. W. Robinson, and Fred Rogers. The translations from the Spanish are by George Shochat.

The Topographical Sketch of the Los Angeles Plains by E. O. C. Ord is reproduced from the Report of P. T. Tyson upon the Geology of California, 31st Congress, 1st Session Senate Ex. Doc. No. 47. The end sheet maps of White's land grants in San Marino and San Bernardino are from the Los Angeles Recorder's Office and San Bernardino Recorder's Office. Other acknowledgments appear in the notes.

GLEN DAWSON.

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CALIFORNIA ALL THE

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MICHAEL C. WHITE

THIS AGED MAN lives on his ranch San Isidro at some distance from the San Gabriel mission. He has been ever since he settled in California known among the native Californians as Miguel Blanco, and, indeed, the certificate of his marriage existing in the archives of said mission, 22 November 1831, calls him Miguel Maria Blanco. He has a large family of children and grandchildren, and is now reduced to poverty, having to sell his ranch to pay off encumbrances thereon.

Mr. White is an Englishman, who believes that the Americans have treated him badly; he accuses Americans of having swindled him out of lands and robbed him of other property so that after having labored hard to secure a competency for himself and family, he finds himself in his old age, reduced to penury. All this misfortune he lays at the door of Americans, their authorities, and laws.

Apart of that, I found him genial and obliging, willing to impart what he knew. It is evident that he xvi is a man who gave but little of his attention to politics, and would take no part in civil strife.\*

Mrs. Florinda Plaisance, granddaughter of Michael White, described him as of medium height and weight, with blonde hair which he let grow long in later life. The frontispiece is based closely on a portrait secured by Mrs. Plaisance, a copy of which is in the Huntington Library.

The narrative appearing on the annexed pages I took down from his dictation at the house of his son-in-law, Mr. [Ygnacio] Alvarado at a short distance from this town of Pomona.

Mr. White is in very feeble health; his hand is extremely shaky, his memory seems to be quite fresh, and I am led to believe from the little I have seen of him, but much more from what others have said of his character, that he is a truthful man, a man who means always to speak the truth.\*

Michael White as a resident of long standing was considered an authority on early history. For example, when in 1864 B. D. Wilson and party found remains of cabins on Wilson's Peak, White was asked concerning their origin. In this case he knew nothing about them. Reid, *History of Pasadena*, 395.

Pomona, December 16th, 1877.

THOS. SAVAGE.

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## **GULF OF CALIFORNIA**

\*

I, MICHAEL CLARINGBUD WHITE (generally known in California under the name of Miguel Blanco) was born in Kent (England) and brought up there till I was 13 years old. My father and

his father were named James White, and were farmers. My mother's maiden name was Elizabeth MacTed.\*

The chapter headings do not appear in the manuscript.

H. D. Barrows who knew Michael White well and interviewed him in 1881 gives White's birthplace as Margate in Kent and the date as February 10, 1801. ( *Michael White, The Pioneer* in Annual Publication of the Historical Society of Southern California, 1896.)

At 13 I was apprenticed to the master of the ship *Perseverance* of London, whose name was William Mott. I was with him 2 years and 9 months in the whaling business, was left ashore at San José del Cabo in Lower California, that was in 1817 in my 16th year, for I was born on the 10th (Shrove tuesday) of Feb. 1802.

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I went ashore with liberty for a walk, hired a horse and went to take a ride in the country. The horse fell down, caught my foot under it and put it out of joint. The horse ran away to the house it belonged. The women of the house on seeing the horse without a rider, and the saddle somewhat out of gear, came to where I was, picked me up and carried me home. They pulled my foot till they got it in place again, and took care of me till I was well. They were very good people. The old man's name was Ignacio Márquez and his wife's Lucia. They treated me with the utmost kindness, and, I, of course, did all I could to help them. I was in the place and vicinity about 15 months. The authorities never interfered with me.

I finally went to La Paz and shipped on a small Mexican schooner called the *Flor de Mayo*, commanded by a Spaniard named Pepe Sailas. That was in 1819. La Paz was then under the Mexican flag. There were no houses there then, and the vessel came to exchange flour and other things for cheeses, preserves, and other country produce. We repaired to Mazatlan, where there was no other building but the Custom House. From there went to Guaimas—not a sign of a building there but 19 the Custom House. After arriving in Guaimas the master Sailas who was also owner of the schooner, went off to his home in the country, and placed the vessel in my charge. I knew how to sail her having been taught navigation on board the *Perseverance*. Besides, not much knowledge of navigation was necessary to sail on the coast.

Went back to La Paz, and then returned to Guaimas. When I reached Guaimas, the owner came on board and we went together to Mazatlan calling at La Paz. I left him in Mazatlan, as I got a fit of home sickness—wanted to go back to Old England, and I had saved up a little money. Embarked for Acapulco as passenger on a Mexican Brig, touched at San Blas and there with a boat of said Brig re-captured by hard fighting an American Brig named the *Lancaster* (a Baltimore clipper) which had been taken by some French and Spanish people to make a privateer of. Those pirates that had captured the American Brig were carried to Guadalajara, tried and shot—that was in 1820. I was a witness before the English and American Consuls on the hill in San Blas. The English Consul was named Forbes. I don't remember the name of the American Consul, and never wanted to, as he was a mean man, who offered me 5\$ for the service I had rendered in recapturing the Brig. I told him to stick it up his fundament, to his face. I was mad as well as ashamed of the insult. The English Consul told him that he had grievously insulted me, that I was entitled to claim 1/3 the value of the vessel, and asked me if I wanted to make the claim. I answered *no*. After that we went on to Acapulco, where I was taken sick—found no vessel going home.

In the fight for the recapture of the *Lancaster*, I had only 4 men, and took her without anything but a boathook from the 24 men that held her. I was wounded on the shin by a big Frenchman with a cutlass. He struck at my head, but I jumped back, and fell on my back. The cutlass peeled my skin. In San Blas the British Consul told me to stop that night in his house but I had the two pistols I had taken from the Frenchman, and started off to go down the hill to the port where I had a girl. In going down I saw three men scuffling on the road and thought they were waiting for me, but it was not so. They had robbed and killed a poor man, and I stepped over him. He was not quite dead yet and breathed hard. I got down to the port and told the Alcalde Lorenzo (his surname I did not know), who was an Italian by birth. He advised me to hush up. The murdered man had been sent from there with 2000\$. The reason he told me to say nothing was that I would be detained and lose my passage.

As I said before, on my arrival at Acapulco I was taken sick with fever. I had to spend all the money I had, and to sell all my clothes, had nothing left but a Scotch cap, a duck frock and pair of

pantaloon, no shirt, shoes or anything else. I was then entirely destitute, and no vessel there to get away in.

Then there came in a small Mexican hermaphrodite Brig belonging to two brothers, Felipe and Nicolas Lastra. She was called the *Eagle*, but the owners being natives of Paita (Peru) people called her the *Paitena*, indeed, she was built in Paita.

I was on the beach one day when one of the owners came on shore, spoke to me in broken English, asked me if I had been sick. I answered in the affirmative, and he told me that I was sick because I had had nothing to eat—asked me to go on board. I asked him if he thought I could be of any use to him on the vessel, and he said “Never mind—go on board.” I did so and got something to eat. In the evening he asked me if I could repair sails. I told him I had done it. He got me to repair the foresail, and finally asked me to go as mate with him, which I did, very glad of the chance. He paid me 1\$ each day for the time we laid in port, then I shipped as mate with 30\$ pr month, and the privilege of taking two mules' loads of tobacco or any other goods that might be smuggled. Came with him to La Paz, thence to Guaimas; he then delivered the Brig over to me saying I was as smart as he, and even a little better. I sailed her as master from that time till the year 1826. Then there came in at Guaimas a Philadelphia Brig, the *Gen. Sucre* and as I had made some money I concluded to go to Sandwich Islands to see if I could find a British vessel there to carry me home. All the time I was in Guaimas, I was engaged in smuggling money out of the country for the priests. It was the time when the Government were expelling the Spanish priests from Mexico and did not allow them to take out their money without paying a heavy duty, nearly one half of the amount. I went over to the California side in the Brig to take in pearl-oyster shells—met Tova the Governor living on his ranch Dolores betwixt La Paz and Loreto—he knew me and gave me some goats which I took over to Guaimas, and they served me as a cover to bring money away from the shore.

When the money was on the point, a small light was shown. In the morning I would go ashore in the boat for grass. Took in the pigs of silver, and covered them with grass, and then came on board. The Custom House officer on board was invited into the cabin to take his *mañana* [morning] or *las once* [eleven o'clock] and whilst he was down there, the silver was pitched in and stowed away

under the pearl shells—he never saw the silver, but he was paid for closing his eyes. Custom house boat never searched me, as they did other boats. I was called the “Old man.” The fact is all knew I was serving the priests, whose influence was very great.

From there we went to Mazatlan and the priest asked me if I could go and fetch on board two bars of silver (1000\$ each) in the day time. I answered *yes*. I went, got the two bars lashed them under my shirt with my belt, and passed in sight of the Custom House officers and took them on board. I pretended to be as drunk as a loon, and kept singing and hallooing. When I got on the boat I was worn out, untied the belt and dropped the bars in the 24 bottom of the boat, at same time dropped my boat cloak over them. I had a Frenchman with me, who would not pull. I had sculled the boat a little ways. He got fighting me, got me under, and was striking me. I was trying to keep him off with my arms. He stood over me, and in that predicament I got hold of his privy parts and hove him over board, where I left him—he asked me if I intended to leave him there to drown, and I answered yes, “drown and be damned, you Jonny Crapeau.” He begged hard to be rescued, and when I saw he was well worn out, pulled him on board—he could do me no harm then. Capt. Pittores of the Philadelphia Brig saw the whole transaction. He came on board and told the Frenchman to get his chest up, paid him off and we carried him off in the boat to one of the islands of Mazatlan where we left him, and that's the last I ever saw of the Frenchman.

That evening we got under weigh and proceeded to off San Blas, being afraid that the Frenchman might report our doings. Two canoes came off to us and brought on board 36 bars of silver (1000\$ each).

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## SANDWICH ISLANDS

THENCE WENT to Sandwich Islands.\* Were 20 days on the pasage, left the vessel there.

According to H. D. Barrows, White had been in the Sandwich Islands in 1816 prior to coming to Lower California.

There were no ships going home from the Islands. Stayed there some time and finally shipped upon a Sandwich man of war Brig named *Kameahmeah*\* (the King's name); I was first Lieut. of her.

We knocked around the islands gathering in the taxes. I was there from latter part of 1826 till May 1828.

The *Kamehameha* was a vessel owned by Boki, Hawaiian high chief, member of Kamehameha II suite on the voyage to England, 1823-25. Boki and his ship were mysteriously lost in 1829. (Bernice Judd, *Voyages to Hawaii before 1860*, 1929.)

Then Mr. [Richard] Charlton, the English Consul, had a Brig called the *Dolly*—he employed me to bring her to this coast as a trader, 26 and to buy horses and send them there.\* My agreement with him was that if I could better myself here in California I was to stop.

Bancroft, III, 146. lists an American brig, *Dhaulle* (or *Dolly?*), William Warden, master, at Monterey, July 1829 from Honolulu; carried 47 horses to the Islands. Bancroft lists White's arrival in California as 1829 rather than 1828, but indicates some doubt as to the date of arrival. In any case when Bancroft wrote, White was a candidate for the title of the oldest living pioneer.

## SAN FRANCISCO

I FIRST went into San Francisco (which was not then a port of entry), where I bought two fine otter skins in exchange for a barrel of whiskey; there was an American ship belonging to Gale lying in port getting off hides. I was taking my barrel on shore in the night, and there was a man under the hides belonging to the Ship whom I had not seen. Just as the purchaser got the barrel on a pack horse, the man under the hides jumped up, the horse started, the barrel fell, stove its head in, the purchaser went after his horse, and I went off on board. I had the otter skins on my vessel—he lost his whiskey and I saved the skins. The next morning the sailors went after the hides, saw the whiskey 27 and got drunk. In a short time I could see 10 men drunk and fighting. I stood there and laughed, but knew well it was no time to stay there. I up anchor and started for Monterey, stowed away all the costly things where they could not be easily discovered by the Government officers. Entered there and a Custom House officer was put on board of me to prevent my smuggling. He was José Castro, who afterwards was so prominent in California history. As soon as we got off Punto de Pinos, José Castro came to me and said “Well *mi capitán*, with the little that the Government gives me, and the little that you will give me, will make me a pretty good salary, won't it be so?” I answered yes, and we understood one another. He never saw me smuggle.

Whenever I had anything of that kind to do, he went down into the cabin and attacked the bottle of liquor. We were very good friends from that time to the day of his death.

I left the Brig in Santa Barbara and sent her back to Sandwich Islands, with 60 heads of horses. That was in 1828 in the month of August, don't remember the day.\*

Barrows writes "In 1828, as captain of his own vessel, the *Dolly*, he engaged in the coasting trade, visiting Bodega, then occupied by the Russians, and from thence coming to San Francisco, Monterey, Santa Barbara, San Pedro and San Diego, and then back to Santa Barbara, where he went ashore to stay. Here he bought sixty-four horses, which the *Dolly* in charge of the mate took to the Sandwich Islands."

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## FLOOD

I HAD all my movements set down in my log book and kept it in my house at the place now called Compton on the way to Port San Pedro, when the freshet came 1839 in January, and ruined it.

The water was in the house waist deep for 6 weeks. My family were there when it began to rain in the latter part of December 1838. Two days before Christmas I sent them off to Los Angeles and remained in the house and then never had a chance of getting away till February. The two rivers, San Gabriel and Los Angeles, met and overflowed the whole country.\*

This paragraph and the section on New Mexico are not in chronological order, but the arrangement has been left just as it appears in the manuscript.

## SANTA BARBARA

IN 1829 I was in Santa Barbara when the revolted troops of Monterey and San Francisco, under Joaquin Solis, were expected to come and 29 attack the place. I was engaged in building a schooner at a place called Malcasquetan (it was afterward called la Goleta, in consequence of the building of the Schooner there), when I was sent for by Capt. José de la Guerra y Noriega, who told me to guard his house with the 18 men I had under my superintendence constructing the vessel for him. He ordered me that if any one came I was to cry out three times *Quién Vive?* [Who goes there?] and if no satisfactory answer was returned to the 3rd call, I was to fire. My men all got drunk and

he told me I had better stand the first sentry. I told him all right, but I thought to myself that I had never walked with a musket on my shoulder.

I had a good old fashioned fowling piece. In the night I saw the old Captain go out to pass water, and as he was coming I cocked my gun, and halloed out, *Quién vive tres veces!* [Who goes there three times!] I was not going to bother giving *quién vive, quién vive, quién vive!* He cried out, *yo, yo, picaro, tu estás más borracho que los otros; anda a dormir,* [I, you rascal; you are drunker than the others; go to sleep!] which was precisely what I wanted, and did go to sleep. The next day he asked me if I would have shot him—answered yes, laughing, 30 and pretended that I had not understood him as to the manner of giving the *Quién vive* three times. His wife and I had a real good laugh at the old Captain's expense. The good old man, I hope he is in heaven, for he deserved it. Every time I went to his house, he would cry out to his wife, “Get out the money, Michael wants *plata* [silver].” I would say “No, I have come for provisions,” but he would insist that I should have some money—this was his way, invariably.

The Commandante General Echeandia was there; the Commandante of the place was Don Romualdo Pacheco, father of ex-Governor and member of Congress Pacheco. The revolutionists fired several cannon shot at the presidio—they had possession of the mission, but they dissolved themselves and went back to Monterey. I don't know the particulars of that affair, except that the revolution was put down, the chief leaders captured and sent to Mexico.

## **SAN PEDRO**

THE BUILDING of the Schooner was discontinued. An American Brig called the *Danube*<sup>\*</sup> 31 was wrecked at San Pedro on Christmas eve and Captain de la Guerra bought her. I had a cousin named Henry Paine whom I had seen once in La Paz and met in Santa Barbara when I got there in 1828. He was my chief carpenter in constructing the Schooner. The Captain prior to buying the *Danube* had sent him to San Pedro to survey the wreck, get her off, and put such repairs on her as might be necessary. He went to San Pedro and she proved to be a splendid vessel but could not be got off. I went afterward to San Pedro; started on 30 December and got there on New Year's eve.

For other references to the *Santa Barbara* and *Danube* see Bancroft III, 140, 146.

We had everything ready to get her off, and were waiting for the tide to rise, when a gale came on and brought her high and dry. She got on the top of the bank so that I could walk off her bowsprit on the shore. She was knocked all to pieces, and we saved all the materials and built a schooner out of them. She was named the *Santa Barbara*, and was the first vessel ever built in California. She was placed under command of a man called Thomas Robinson,<sup>\*</sup> a Nantucket man.

Thomas M. Robbins came to California in 1823. In 1846 he was granted Santa Catalina Island.

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## MARRIAGE AND SAN BLAS

AFTER FINISHING that job, we built another schooner for the Mission San Gabriel in 1830, that was named the *Guadalupe*, and put under command of William Richardson, an Englishman who in after years owned Saucelito and was Capt. of the port of San Francisco.

She made a trip to San Blas and came back, and then I took charge of her myself some 8 days after I was married [1831] to Ma. del Rosario Guillen, daughter of the famous centenarian Eulalia Perez, and Miguel Antonio Guillen. I went in her to Mazatlan and San Blas. Richardson and another man named Manl. Somali went with me as super cargoes. The cargo consisted of dry tongues, olives, wine, dried beef, soap, Mission aguardiente and other trifles, and two priests, not of the missionaries here. One of them was Father Jesus Martinez who married me.

The *Guadalupe* measured 99 90/100 tons—was a topsail schooner, and carried about 150 tons of cargo.

I was away less than one year and came back in a hermaphrodite Brig called *Eagle*, the same one I had charge of some years before in the Gulf of California. I was engaged in trading, 33 working, carpentering and one thing and another during my absence. I wrote to my wife (who thought I must be dead), but got to California before my letters did. I was here about one month before my letters.<sup>\*</sup> This brings me to 1832.

White did not hear from his family in England until eighteen years after he left home. (Barrows.)

## LOS NIETOS

WHEN I came back I went to live on the Nietos ranch, and set up a little store. Was appointed Alcalde.

I forgot to mention that when I was in San Diego in the latter part of 1831, on the point of going to sea, I received a letter from Father José Sanchez, missionary of San Gabriel, informing me of the events connected with the revolution against Commandante Gen. Victoria, that Capt. Romualdo Pacheco had been killed in a fight between Los Angeles and Cahuenga, and Victoria severely wounded, and that my mother in law, Mrs. Eulalia Perez de Guillen, was nursing him. Victoria brought me letters from home and delivered them to me at San Blas. He was taken there by American ship 34 *California*, Capt. Bradshaw from San Diego. By the bye the old lady married during my absence an old Spanish artilleryman named Juan Mariné, a Catalan.

Nothing worthy of mention happened during my stay in Los Nietos until 1836.

In the mean time Gen. Figueroa had been *Gefe Político* [Political Chief, or Leader] and *Comandante General* from the early part of 1833 to latter part of 1835 when he died and was buried in the Church of Santa Barbara Mission.

In the year 1836 I was still Alcalde in Los Nietos, and José Sepúlveda was the *Juez de Paz* [Justice of the Peace] in Los Angeles. I got from him a letter directing me to meet him next day at Los Angeles with every man capable of bearing arms residing in my jurisdiction. Next day I could only get together 3 brothers named Alvitre out of a population of 100 men.

We four rode into town to the court house; the brothers got off their horses, went in and were talking to Judge Sepúlveda—then came out with the Judge. I was still sitting on my horse. He said to me, “*Miguel, ya estas aqui?*” [Are you here already?] I answered, “Yes. what do you want with me?” He directed me to alight and go in. There were sitting in the office (I think it was in the latter part of Feb. 1837) Don José Castro, Don Juan Bautista Alvarado and my brother-in-law, the Alferes Isidoro Guillen. The first words Sepúlveda uttered to me were if I was ready to go and die

with him in San Diego. I answered that I had no idea of dying. He then explained that he had not meant to convey the idea that I had about dying. He grumbled about the people of San Diego having fooled them, and taken away the piece of artillery they had. He wanted me to go and help take it away from the Dieguinos, and I refused. Then, he said, "Why, you are a citizen." I answered, "Yes, I am a citizen of Mexico, but not a citizen of revolutions." He then repeated two or three times the question "So you won't go?" and I repeated my answer that I would not, each time in a more peremptory tone, then he broke out, "*Pues, váyase a su casa.*" [Well, then go on home.] I thanked him, and told him that was precisely what I wanted to do. Castro, Alvarado and Guillen had a good laugh. Alvarado said "*Qué clase de Inglés es ese tan chalán?*" [What kind of Englishman is this smart horse-trader?] Castro replied, "*Ese es mi viejo Capitán, y mi discípulo, 36 pero el discípulo ha llegado a saber más que su maestro.*" [That's my chief and my pupil, but the pupil has come to know more than the master.]

A day or so after Castro came to my house at Los Nietos, and asked me to go with him to Las Flores, where the San Diego and Los Angeles troops were encamped. I declined to go, but went with him as far as Santa Ana at his own request. Carried a demijohn of aguardiente and 4 case bottles, two in each saddle bag, and the demijohn slung on the head of the saddle. He tried hard to induce me on the road to go with him to Las Flores, assuring me there would be no fight as he felt he could talk the Southerners out of it. I answered him that one reason why I wouldn't go was that Macedonio Gonzalez, an own cousin of my wife and my *compadre* [a name used to express kinship between father and godfather] (I had been godfather to his son) was among the *abejeños* [those from down below, Southerners] in Las Flores, belonging to the Mission San Luis Rey, where the mission had a Chapel, and a priest would go there to celebrate mass every two Sundays. (The Mission had, besides the principal church at San Luis, another chapel in Pala. Las Flores 37 and Pala were ranches of that mission occupied by Indians of different tribes.)

I gave Castro the demijohn of liquor at Santa Ana and returned to Los Nietos. The 4 flasks I gave to an old woman living at the Coyotes, nearly halfway between Santa Ana and Los Nietos.

## REVOLUTION AGAINST MICHELTORENA

NOTHING MORE happened in which I had the slightest participation until the revolution against Micheltorena in 1844-5.

In the mean time [1843] I had moved to the place I now have at the Mission San Gabriel, called rancho San Isidro,<sup>\*</sup> and was Alcalde.

Granted to White as Michael Maria White by Pio Pico, last Mexican Governor of California on March 27, 1845. Confirmed as an area of about 78 acres by the United States in 1872. (*Paten Book 1*, page 212, Recorder's Office, Los Angeles.) The original adobe has been restored by K. L. Carver and others and is a central feature of the San Marino High School. Chain of title and other information in typed folder, *Restoration of the Old Adobe*, by K. L. Carver, 1951.

Benjamin Hayes and his wife visited White's San Isidro rancho in 1852 and Mrs. Hayes wrote a description of the visit. *Pioneer Notes, Diaries of Judge Benjamin Hayes*, pages 88-89.

In Feb. 1845 I was sent for by the Juez de Paz Juan Sepúlveda (now living in San Pedro) of Los Angeles. I remember the words of his letter that if I did not present myself in Los Angeles by 10 o'clock on the day following the date, I was to be adjudged “*traidor a la patria* [traitor to the country]. I went in there and asked the Judge what he wanted me for. Just at this moment a fellow came and took my hat away, and then brought it back to me with a red ribbon around it. Then Mr. William Workman came out of the office to where I was standing, and asked me to what party I belonged. I answered, “To the party of myself.” “Then,” says he, “you are one of my soldiers.” I told him I didn't see it, and he pointed at my hat, saying I had his ribbon on.

I didn't want to have anything to do with the revolution, but Workman took me against my will, to Cahuenga. That night we passed in the house of Cahuenga, lying around, singing songs, eating and drinking.<sup>\*</sup>

This probably refers to the house of Tomas Feliz, which was built at the north end of Cahuenga Pass. (Giffen.)

Next day went as far as the Alamos. There the Micheltorena forces fired cannon at us, but at a great distance. They kept up the firing the whole day, and we lost one horse whose head was shot off. That was the only casualty we had. The firing was returned. The enemy's balls were picked up and returned to him.

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The next day came down about two miles to the east of Cahuenga, where the springs begin to rise in the river Los Angeles.\* We there were all the time under a bank. Our captain was William Workman, the Lt. John Rowland. Don't remember who were the other officers. Our company was of about 100 men. I can't remember the names of all, but among our number were: Danl. Sexton (Am.), P. Mace (Am.), James Beckwith (Am. mulatto), John Reed (Am.), B. D. Wilson, James Barton, the three brothers Callahan (Am.), John the Baker (Irish), Cooper (Eng.).

If White's mileage is correct this would have brought them to a point on the river almost in a line with the present Walt Disney Studios. (Giffen.)

When we wanted to shoot we had to lift our arms to shoot over the bank which was higher than our heads.

I know that there were negotiations between our Captain and the Captain of the foreign camp on the Micheltorena side, but what they were about I never knew, and very soon Micheltorena surrendered at Cahuenga, binding himself to leave the country with his officers and troops that he had brought from Mexico. Those troops were a pack of thieves. Nothing could be left within reach of them that they didn't steal; shirts, cooking utensils and everything, and in many instances attempted to ravish women. It was understood that they were men taken out of the presidio on Lake Chapala, and of the jails, and many of the officers were no better or even worse than their men, for in many instances to screen their men they didn't hesitate to tell lies. Several of the soldiers would not hesitate to commit murder to possess themselves of articles of even trifling value.

One night I met in Los Angeles in the street where the Temple Bank now is, one of those fellows with a knife pointed at me who demanded my sarape in these words: “ *Daca mi sarape, hace tiempo*

*que lo has usado, y estoy careciendo de él.*” [Give me the sarape; you have had it a long time, and I need it.]

I pulled out a pistol and said to him, “*Ven a cogerlo*” [*Come and get it*], and he ran like a son of a gun, didn't stop to get the blanket.

Micheltorena, as I said, surrendered with his troops and went to San Pedro and embarked, and I went home the same evening. Pio Pico became Governor, and my old friend José Castro Comandante General. Pico has also been always a good friend to me.

43

## NEW MEXICO

I HAD FORGOTTEN to state, in April 1839 I started from Los Angeles for New Mexico,\* as far as Taos. I accompanied a New Mexican expedition carrying horses and mules. I carried 50 head, mostly horses, of my own; reached Taos in July without anything very important happening on the way—had a little skirmish with the Utes on the Red river. One of the Utes came and told me not to interfere in the fight as we were friends, and if any of my animals were taken, they should be returned to me—that the Mexicans had robbed them, and they were getting the value of their own.

In 1838 or 1839 White under his California name, Miguel Blanco, applied for land in the San Bernardino area as one of the Lugo colonists and before going to New Mexico lived for a short period in or near the Santa Ana River bottom on land occupied by one Hipolito. No doubt White camped there preparing for the trip to New Mexico. (Beattie, *Heritage of the Valley*, 41n, 56.)

44

We stopped a day or two on a lake called the San José (now known as the Beggars'), and I told my partner to take care of the horses, as I wanted to ride around and take a look at the country. Riding round I heard firing a little ahead of me. Hurrying on, I discovered that our New Mexicans had surrounded a rancheria of Piutes. I saw one little Indian boy, about 12 years old, with his arm nearly shot off, just hanging by the skin a little below the shoulder. I began to scold the New Mexicans and called them a pack of damned brutes and cowards, and they were so.

There was one old Indian, standing with his bow and arrow. They wanted to take and kill him, but were afraid to approach near enough to come within reach of his arrow. I went up to the Indian and asked him for his bow and arrows—they had solemnly promised me not to hurt him if I succeeded in disarming him. The Indian handed them to me and I shall never forgive myself for having taken the word of those villains, for villains they were, of the blackest kind. As soon as they saw the Indian without arms they came near and riddled him with bullets.

45

I parted with them and went by myself. This was a considerable distance from our camp.

I found another rancheria in a thicket of willows. An Indian came out and by sign asked me if I had come to fight. I said *no*; then he asked me if I was hungry, and answering in the affirmative, he invited me to alight, and partake of what he had, which was *atole* [a drink], made of the seed of hogweed, and barbecued trout of the most delicious—as you may suppose, considering I had had nothing to eat in nearly 24 hours. Whilst I was eating up came the confounded New Mexicans, and the Indians ran to conceal themselves in the brush. All but two succeeded in escaping—those two unfortunate Piutes were taken by the Mexicans, tied, and shot in cold blood. I begged, entreated, threatened, and did all I could to have their lives spared but all my efforts were unavailing. When they were about to shoot the Indians, I was so indignant that I raised my gun, aimed at one of the gang, and pulled the trigger, and it wouldn't fall, though I pulled it with all my force. 10 or 12 guns were pointed at me, but they didn't fire, as my gun had not gone off—they said this was what saved me. The rascal's name was Tomás Salazar. I assured them that I 46 would never again travel with such a set of brutes. They answered, “*Que! no es pecado matar esos indios gentiles.*” [Oh, well. It's no sin to kill those pagan Indians.]

My partner in the camp wanted me to keep quiet, because the New Mexicans were exasperated against me and would put me to death if I said more. From that time I had no rest at night. I was apprehensive of being murdered.

Finally reached Taos, and stayed there the rest of 1839, and till the fall of 1840. During that period I visited Santa Fé two or three times, trading for blankets. I had sold or exchanged all my horses and mules for blankets. Most of the time I was in the store of Mr. William Workman at Taos.

In the fall of 1840 Mr. William Workman, Mr. John Rowland, Mr. Benj. D. Wilson, William Gordon and his family, William Knight, a German tailor named Jacob, Hamilton, Dr. Lyman (afterwards a famed scientist of Philadelphia), Taylor, Col. McClewen, and a great many others, whose names I can't recollect.\* We formed a party of 94 or 95 all foreigners, started from Taos in September for California, 47 and arrived here in December at the Cajon. We celebrated Christmas day at the Cajon. We of course considered ourselves in California then.

For a list of this party see Hafen, *Old Spanish Trail*, pages 207-8.

We met with no adventures on the road. Indians would occasionally come to our camp and beg for something to eat, which we gave them. We finally reached Los Angeles, where each man took his own road. I came home to my family at the Mesa just below Los Angeles.\*

## 48

White failed to mention an important event of 1843 when he was granted the Rancho Muscupiabe in the mouth of Cajon pass. White remained on the Muscupiabe nine months, his family being with him six weeks of the time. He built a strong dwelling of logs and earth. and corrals for his stock. The object of this establishment, supported by several landowners, was to head off Indian stock thieves coming from the Mojave desert. White, however, lost his stock to the Indians and abandoned the place. In 1853 claim was made to the United States Land Commission, White to receive half the land and the attorney the other half. White sold his half in 1859 to Henry Hancock. The boundaries were stretched from the original one league to five leagues and not until 1889 was the matter finally settled. Because this land slipped through White's hands probably added to his bitterness in later life. (Beattie, *Heritage of the Valley*, 90, 92-93.) (See also "Rancheria Amuscopiabit" by Gerald A. Smith in the *Masterkey*, July-August, 1953.) An account of White's

killing Chief Coyote in Cajon Pass is found in Guinn, *A History of California and an Extended History of its Southern Coast Counties*, Los Angeles, 1907. Vol. II, p. 2148.

The fortress like house White built stood on the piedmont between Devil and Cable canyons, according to present day terminology. The land is now in vineyard owned by the Meyer family of Verdemont. (L. Burr Belden.)

The Rancho Muscupiabe plat is filed in the San Bernardino Recorder's office in connection with the certification of title by the U.S. Land Office (U.S. Survey July 11, 1868), page 24. The accompanying pages give the court decisions validating the title.

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## THE BATTLE OF CHINO

I WAS WORKING in September 1846 for Mr. Hugo Reid building a house at the place where Mr. B. D. Wilson now lives.\* My home was at the San Isidro ranch, which I still hold. Reid went up to San Francisco. There was a man sawing lumber at San Gorgonio,\* named Pablo Weaver. I am coming to see this lumber. When I got to the Chino ranch, belonging to Isaac Williams,\* he asked me to remain, and as I 50 had had a long ride, I consented to stay. That evening B. D. Wilson came there with his men, 18 all told. After that other men joined us. namely Rubidoux, John Rowland, David Alexander, George Walters, Loring and an Austrian named William Skene or Stene.

Rancho Huerta de Cuati was owned by Victoria Reid, wife of Hugo Reid. She owned this rancho and that of Santa Anita and was one of the few full-blooded Indians to hold land under a Mexican grant, in California. She sold to Huerta de Cuati to Don Benito Wilson, who renamed it "Lake Vineyard."

The mission rancho San Gorgonio, at the summit of the pass of that name, was the most eastern property occupied by San Gabriel. In 1845 Pauline Weaver joined Isaac Williams in petitioning the Mexican government for a grant of this former mission holding. (Beattie, *Heritage of the Valley*, p. 68)

The ranch house of Isaac Williams, the site of the Battle of Chino, is no longer in existence, but was about three miles southwest of the present town of Chino.

Among Wilson's original 18 were William and Edward Cottrell (both sailors) and Godey and Perdue (American Creoles from St. Louis, Mo. and both officers under Wilson). I don't remember the names of the others—one of them was an American sailor, who some years after was hung in

San Diego for having joined hostile Indians to commit depredations. We by this time formed a party of 22 or 23.\* That night I stood guard with David Alexander (present [1877] sheriff of Los Angeles). I heard the Californians who were besieging us 51 that they would burn us out the next morning. I think that was the night of 26 September.

Lieut. Benjamin D. Wilson's Company E, California Battalion, consisted of Frederick Batchelor, E. Bertran, Edward Callahan (Sgt.), Isaac Callahan, Neeley Dobson, Manuel Espinosa, Longe Guerra, James M. Harbin, Edward Malloy, Alexander Martineau, Joseph Perdue (Orderly Sgt.), Francisco Rolan or Roland, John Roland, Isaac Slover, Thomas Smith, Lewis A. (Antoine?) Valois, George Watter, Michael White (Miguel Blanco), Benjamin D. Wilson (1st Lt. Comdg. Co.). ("Rosters of California Volunteers in the Service of the United States, 1846-1847," by Fred B. Rogers, in *Publication for 1950*, Society of California Pioneers.) Presumably most of these men were at Chino.

As soon as I got relieved I went to Wilson and Isaac Williams and suggested that we should build two little forts with joists of which there were a quantity there, so that we could sweep the enemy from all sides at which they could approach the house where we were. My advice was not heeded, as they said that the Californians would not come near us.

Next morning got up, and one fellow went on top of the house. His name Isaac Batchelder, (surnamed the *Picayune* because he was short). He sang out to me, and said, "Good God—what a quantity of horses are there!" I told him to lookout sharp, and he would see men on top of them. A Frenchman named Anton, the cook, said, "I must hurry up and make some coffee" and I told him, "Yes, hurry up, or else you'll get chocolate." We did get chocolate, sure. I had hardly got the words out of my mouth, when I saw the whole force of California cavalrymen rush to the house and the roof was very soon on fire—it was made of wood and asphaltum.

Williams begged me to go on the roof and ask the Californians to let us off, but as I was angry with him for not heeding my advice of the 52 night before, and charging me with cowardice, I refused, and told him to go himself. Williams was frightened out of his wits.

He was a traitor to us. He wrote a letter to the Californian commander encamped at the place now called Bella Union, which I saw him deliver to Felix Gallardo, saying that if his forces did not come up quick, they would not be able to take us, for Stuttering Alick (whose name was Smith) was out at

San Jacinto and would come to our rescue the next day. I know this to be a fact for Captain Segura some days afterwards told me of it and showed me Williams' letter.\*

Don Benito Wilson wrote a letter to Gillespie from the Chino Rancho apprising the Lieutenant of the fact that it would be impossible for him to come to his assistance in the pueblo due to lack of ammunition. This letter was given to Felix Gallardo to deliver, but Williams told the messenger to deliver it to General Flores, instead, as a token of his (Williams') loyalty to the Californians. Wilson, *Observations of Early Days*, Historical Society of Southern California Annual Publication, 1934.

The chronology of this period is as follows:*August 13, 1846*, Fremont and Stockton took Los Angeles without opposition;*early September*, Captain Gillespie and some 50 men were left to hold Los Angeles;*September 23* there was an outbreak by the Californians in Los Angeles;*September 26* was the Battle of Chino, described by White, with the American force surrendering to the Californians;*September 30* was an exchange of prisoners and Gillespie forced to withdraw to San Pedro; *October 9*, the attempt to retake Los Angeles fails at the Battle of Dominguez;*December 6*, Kearny and his men fight the Californians at Battle of San Pasqual;*January 8 and 9*, Americans approaching from San Diego fight battles of San Gabriel and La Mesa, the last battles on California soil;*January 13, 1847*, Fremont and Andres Pico sign treaty of Cahuenga.

## 53

Williams took a very long reed and hung on it something that looked like a piece of a shirt, and exhibited it in the enclosed plaza so that the Californians could see it above the roof (it was a square of about half an acre surrounded by buildings). After some palavering, Wilson, who acted for us, received a promise that we should be treated as prisoners of war if we would surrender. Previous to that there had been a good deal of firing from both sides. Our fire killed Carlos Ballesteros, and wounded a New Mexican. On our side we had Callahan (in the prairie the day before) and Godey wounded, besides William Skene who was hit by a ball in his breeches' pocket where he had a box of caps, which bursted and burnt into both his thighs and into his privates. The poor man suffered horribly.

We accepted the terms offered us and surrendered.

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The Californians took us over to the soap works—about 300 yards from the house. On going over I saw one of the Mexican officers brandishing his sword and heard him say that they must look upon us with mercy.

Loring asked me what the Californians were talking about and what they were going to do with us. I answered that they were going to make soap of us. Loring did not like the joke, for he had seen the brandishing of the sword and had not understood the words. Indeed, he believed that they were going to kill us all.

We were searched, and the same evening started on the march for the headquarters of the California forces. I had been requested by Wilson to say that we had taken the Chino by force so as to save Williams from being carried off as a prisoner, and I complied. Williams was left at home with his children.

About one mile or two from the Chino on the march we were in the utmost danger of being killed. The Californians and Mexicans were exasperated because of the death of Ballesteros and had come to the conclusion to shoot us all. Ramon Carrillo saved our lives. Mr. Wilson has always said that we owed our lives to Sérvulo Varela, but I know that he and Diego Sepúlveda were in cahoots and would have sent us to the other world if it had not been for Ramon Carrillo. I saw with my own eyes when Carrillo on the road went and struck several whacks on Varela's back with the flat of his sword, saying at the same time, "I'll let you know that they are prisoners of mine, and you can do nothing with them. They say that I am an assassin" (he referred to the charges preferred against him of having murdered some Americans in the Sonoma region)<sup>\*</sup> "I will prove to the world that I am not one." Diego Sepúlveda and Sérvulo Varela were always after that and had been before very good friends of mine; but the facts of the case are just as I have stated.

This incident occurred during the Bear Flag Revolt at Sonoma. On June 18th or 19th, 1846, two men, Cowie and Palmer, were sent by William Ide to secure a keg of powder from the Fitch Rancho on the Russian River.

Discarding all precaution these men took the main road and were captured by Ramon Carrillo and Juan Padilla, by whom they were supposed to have been killed. (Giffen)

One or two days later in the Paredon Blanco three or four of us were exchanged. I was exchanged for Andres Pico, who had been till then a prisoner in the hands of Capt. Gillespie.

Isaac Batchelder, Edw. Cottrell, and a half breed Cherokee were also exchanged for other Californians in Gillespie's hands.

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The whole trouble and revolt of the Californians arose from the despotic measures of Capt. Gillespie, who seemed to take a special pleasure in humiliating the most respectable among the Californians and reducing the people to the condition of a conquered race. His measures were unwarrantable, and led to all the trouble and bloodshed that ensued. Had a sensible officer been left in command at Los Angeles instead of him, the Californians would have continued to acquiesce to the occupation of their country by the Americans at least until something favorable to Mexico had resulted from the campaign there.

## IMPRISONMENT

AFTER BEING exchanged, I was told by Gillespie I might come home or go to San Diego. I replied that I would not go to San Diego.\* I came 57 home and the Mexican authorities reduced me to prison again. I acknowledge that I was in a very bad position for I was a Mexican citizen caught with arms in my hands fighting against Mexico, and the authorities might have shot me had they chosen to do so, and I would have deserved it, at least for my folly in having listened to Williams.

According to Gillespie, White deserted, apparently during Gillespie's withdrawal from Los Angeles to San Pedro. The following is "List of Prisoners received in exchange" by Gillespie, September 30, 1846. Most, if not all of these men were captured at Chino Ranch: (1) Lemuel Carpenter; (2) Evan. Callahan; (3) Isaac Slover; (4) Thomas Smith; (5) Thomas Canwell; (6) John Bapista [probably Juan Bautista Mutrel]; (7) Michael White, deserted on the march; (8) N. Lorrington; (9) Joseph Perdue (wounded); (10) Charles Johnson; (11) Francisco Roland; (12) J. Dobson. ( *Gillespie Papers*, Ms. No. 93, University of California Library, Los Angeles.)

Myself and other prisoners were held in durance at Los Angeles till a few days before the battle of San Gabriel. We were not particularly well treated during our imprisonment. All that was allowed

in was a little food, nothing else, not even a blanket to lie on. My own blanket had been taken by the Californians at the Chino.

Whilst I was in the prison (which was where the Bella Union now is joining the Arcadia block) we got our food from Luis Arenas, who was afterwards paid for it. None of us (except Batchelder) were allowed to go out. Batchelder Picayune was a sort of clown, who could perform all sorts of antics and make queer remarks, which caused the Californian guard to laugh. In this way he had their good will, and 58 he was allowed to go out, bring in liquor, etc., of course, always accompanied by a soldier. For this he used to tell me that he had never been so much waited on, and taken care of since he was a child.

During our imprisonment we were at one time in peril of being sent to Mexico. The military authorities had already prepared the handcuffs to put on our wrists. They wanted Andres Pico to take us in, but he refused, saying that if we were sent to Mexico, Commodore Stockton and other American authorities would send them to Cape Horn. Mr. Workman broke up the scheme in conjunction with José Antonio Carrillo, Ignacio Palomares and Ricardo Véjar. At the time we were confined in the Chino ranch having the whole of it for our jail.

One morning I was walking with William Cottrell when I saw some Mexicans ride up to the Chino house. I told Cottrell, "We are prisoners again." Said he, "You are a witch." I replied, "Witch or no witch, you will see that we are prisoners."

As soon as we sat down to get our breakfasts we saw two guards, one on each side of the door. That night they put us all on horseback, and brought us away up here, and put us in a 59 corn crib. We had plenty of corn there. In the evening of the next day, Workman, Palomares and Ricardo Véjar came, freed us from there, killed a bullock and gave us something to eat. They took Rowland to his ranch. I and Cottrell went back on foot to the Chino. The same evening Williams, the owner of the ranch said, "You have no blanket." I said that I had not. He then told me that he had plenty, and if I would promise to pay him, he would let me have one. I promised to do so, and asked him to fetch another for my partner. I was then well informed about his treachery.

**RETURN HOME**

NEXT MORNING Cottrell and myself went on top of the hills, and I told him he might go back if he wanted to, for I was going to Los Angeles, and would contrive to get in. Los Angeles had been taken the day before by Commodore Stockton's forces and my fears were that the Mexicans might catch me and carry me off to Sonora or kill me on the road.

We started together, and that night just before the day broke were at the Ranchito then belonging to an uncle of my wife's (Juan Perez), now to Pio Pico.\*

Between 1850 and 1852 Pio Pico built an adobe home, "El Ranchito," now the Pio Pico State Monument, near Whittier.

After daylight I went to the shanty. The old man came out and said, "In the name of God, where have you come from?" I told him from Chino and was bound to Los Angeles. He said 62 if I was seen by the Mexicans they would kill me. My intention was to hide in the mustard weed all day and get in at night.

We got plenty to eat, and were stowed under the bed the whole day.

In the evening after it was dark we left for Los Angeles. My wife's uncle sent a guide with us till we got over the river. We went on and had fun with him. Every time I heard a band of horses I would tell Cottrell they were horsemen after us and to lay down flat on his belly, and I would do so just for deviltry. He was in a constant dread of being taken. In fact, several Mexicans had been to the Uncle's house inquiring if he had seen any Yankees, and he would answer, "No, go home to your affairs; Stockton passed here yesterday and did not hurt me or mine—did not even take a *borrega* [a small yearling lamb].

We got into Los Angeles sometime before daylight, went to Lemuel Carpenter's house and got something to eat. About 10 or 11 A.M. went to Headquarters of Commodore Stockton and Gen. Kearny. He asked me if I had been set at liberty, and I said, "No, I have taken French liberty; if the

cage door is left open, the bird will fly away.” He said he did not blame me 63 and advised me to go to my quarters. I told him I was going home. He asked me if I was not afraid of being killed on the road, and I replied that home I would go anyhow.

As I was near the Rosa de Castilla I saw about a dozen Mexicans, all armed and mounted. I was on foot. I heard them cry out, “There goes a Yankee, let's go and kill him.” They came rushing toward me, when one of them burst out, “That's my cousin, you must not touch him.” That was the *huero* [blonde] Higuera. He was in some way a relative of my mother in law.

He asked me if Stockton would not kill them if they went into town. “Kill the devil,” I said, “you are not a deer. You may go in and deliver your arms or go and put them away, and go to your work, and no one will molest you.” He asked me two or three times if I was sure of that, and I answered him in the affirmative. He said he would go home to his work and be done with war. I told him his country was taken and he had nothing to do but to go home and keep quiet, and no one would interfere with him. They left me and I went home without any mishap.

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clothing in the house. Not a thing was left, not even corn or anything else to eat. A day or two later I came over to Workman's. I did not want to say that I had nothing to eat, but he divined it, and asked if I had brought a sack. I said yes and he gave me a sack of flour, and told me to send my ox cart the next day and he would load it for me. I did so, and got a good supply of grain and other things.

65

## **EULALIA PEREZ**

AS MY mother in law, Eulalia Perez, first widow of Miguel Antonio Guillen, and next of Juan Mariné, may be said to be a historical character, \* owing to her extraordinary age, and the services herself, husbands, son and others of her family, rendered towards the foundation and development of this California—and as the records of Loreto, Lower California, where she was born and first married, and by which the dates of her birth and marriage might be established were destroyed

by privateers from Chili somewhere about 1817, I desire to state all I have heard from herself and others about her age &c.

Some six days before interviewing Michael White, Thomas Savage took down some of the recollections of White's aged mother-in-law, the famous Eulalia Perez. These recollections were translated by Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez as "Keeper of the Keys" and published in *Touring Topics*, January 1929.

66

She told me a great many times when she was a great deal younger and entirely in her right mind that when the San Vicente mission in the frontier of Lower California was founded, her husband Miguel Antonio Guillen, then a Sergt. came in command of the military force, left her in Loreto with three children born and one in the womb. Those children were Petra, the eldest, Isidoro, and Domingo. The one in the womb was not christened because the mother accidentally smothered it soon after its birth. Domingo was a boy of about 9 to 11 years old when the whole family came to this California and he accompanied them but was taken sick on the way, and died and was buried in the mission of San Fernando of Lower California.

Sergt. Guillen, after founding San Vicente [1780], remained there 4 years, and then went back to Loreto, after that he came as sergt. in the expedition that came with the priests in 1769 to found San Diego. Eulalia and the family came with him. (There may be some doubt about this last assertion. It is possible that he came with the expedition, went back, and at a later [date], brought his family.)

The above information was also given me by Eulalia's nephew, Macedonio Gonzalez, a son 67 of her sister Teresa (Eulalia Perez had several sisters and 2 brothers—Teresa, Petra, Juana and Josefa, Bernardo and Leon). Macedonio Gonzalez was *alferez* of the frontier company. He first told me the facts about 1834, he was then upwards of 85 years of age, but very stout and hearty, and a great Indian fighter. This Macedonio entered the military service when he was a boy, taken and made a recruit of when he was about 12 or 14 years old, and assured me that he remembered the departure of the expedition to found San Diego. He also told me that a cousin of his (whose 1st name I have forgotten) of the surname of Cota, a son of another sister of Eulalia's embarked on the vessel called the *San José*, one of the three which left Loreto to found San Diego, and was never heard of again.

The *San José* must have foundered at sea with all her crew and passengers. I presume that she was blown off to Sandwich Islands and wrecked.

Eulalia's father was named Diego Perez, and her mother Lucia Valenzuela (Eulalia said her mother's name was Antonia Rosalia Cota), he was the commander or patron of a small Govt. vessel in Loreto, engaged in carrying despatches etc. from there to ports on the Mexican coast as far as Guaimas.

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I have been myself in the orchard that was planted by Capitán Perez, as he was called, and have drawn water from its well several years before I knew that such a woman as Eulalia Perez lived in the world; have also eaten figs from its trees. That was in 1820 or 1821. I remember it was one year after I took the schooner *Lancaster* at San Blas.

When I married her daughter Maria del Rosario Guillen on 22 November 1831, Eulalia was 96 years or upwards as well as I could judge.\* She was for all that very strong, and walked as straight as a dart, was sprightly and intelligent, and always at work. She was the *llavera* of the San Gabriel Mission, under Father José Sanchez, who was as good a man as ever God put the breath of life in. My wife at the time of my marriage was 17 years old, born 1st October 1814 at San Gabriel Mission.

white's chronology would have Eulalia Perez giving birth to Maria del Rosario at the age of 79. Bancroft believed that Eulalia Perez was closer to 108 than 140 at her death in 1878.

Macedonio Gonzalez was a very truthful man, as far as I was able to judge him. He served (according to his own statement to me) 18 years under the Spanish flag. I know when I was in the Gulf of California in 1817, the 69 Mexican flag waved over every place I was at, including Loreto. In 1820 the Mexicans removed from Loreto to La Paz all the archives and other valuables and the place was discontinued as a military post or port of entry. Gonzalez died in 1862 or 1863 at the Estudillo's ranch, San Jacinto (San Diego County).\* Therefore he must have been at the time of his death 105 or 107 years old.\*

Now Riverside County.  
Bancroft gives his age as "over 70."

He told me a dozen times that when he and a cousin of his named Aniceto Morillo came to San Vicente to serve in the *escolta*, Francisco Maria Ruiz, who was in after years Comandante of San Diego, was commanding on the frontier. There were a ram and a goat there which began to fight. Ruiz saw them, and hallooed to Macedonio to come, saying: "*Mata a esos hijos de puta. Aqui no hay mas hombre que yo*" ["Kill these——. There are to be no other men here than myself"]. Ruiz was a native of old Spain, lived till some time later, 1837 and 1842; was a perfect despot; and the soldiers called him a *loco* [a lunatic].

## 70

Eulalia Perez was the midwife that attended Pio Pico's mother when he was born, and afterwards weaned him.

Isidoro Guillen, my brother in law, died in La Purisima in 1864 of about 107 years of age. Governor Pico told me a dozen times that when he was a little bit of a boy, Isidoro Guillen was a full grown man, but his father made him attend school at San Diego that he might learn to read; that Isidoro smoked and so did the master. The master tried to take the segar away from Isidoro and the latter whipped him.

I remember a conversation I had with Governor Pico some years since, about Isidoro's age at the time of his death. He said that he must have been long ways past 90. I remarked that I thought he was a man of 86 or 87, when Pico answered "*y mas de 96 o 97*" [and more than 96 or 97].

I have said that Isidoro Guillen was born in Loreto and came to San Diego when about 12 years old. He told me that he remembered the springs on the road, where good or bad water was obtained, and many other incidents of the journey, that he rode his own horse and drove two cows and a bull, 2 mares and a stud that the Govt. had given his father. He stood 6 ft. 2 71 in his stockings, was well made, and a noble looking, as well as a brave and excellent man, very quiet in his demeanor. His sister Petra Guillen was his mother's first child and 1 year and 9 months older than he. She died in Los Angeles to the best of my recollection in 1844. She was the wife of Santiago Rubio, who had

been a soldier of the San Diego company, but I knew him when he was *mayordomo* of one of the ranches of the San Gabriel mission, called La Bolsa.

Now I remember that Eulalia Perez told me many years ago that she was married in the year that the Jesuits were sent away from Lower California, which I think was in 1750; that would make her about 34 years old at the time of the foundation of San Diego, and 142 years at the present time. Both Macedonio Gonzalez and Isidoro Guillen repeatedly told me that Eulalia Perez came to San Diego at the time of its foundation and she has many times said that there were at the time no houses at all, but mere *enramadas* or what we would call booths.

Anyone that sees her will immediately perceive that she is a very ancient woman, and yet her mind at times is quite bright, and she can yet walk leaning on some one's arms and resting occasionally on the way from my house to that of my son-in-law, Mr. Eslope, which is at least 500 yards distant. She gets up and walks about the house without assistance, and it is astonishing how she can remember events that occurred in her early years, and the songs and verses that were used at dances &c.

I remember that 2 years ago I went a fishing over at Santa Catalina\* opposite San Pedro and brought plenty of fish. My mother-in-law looked at the fish and asked me why I had now brought *bagre* (mullet), *pegigallo* (a big fish having a crest on the head like a rooster. When swimming it stands up, just like the comb of a rooster—an awful gormandizer of small fish). She then told me that her father used to catch those fish with a net, selected the best for the family, the soldiers of Loreto would take as many as they wanted and the rest were hove again into the sea.

Michael White is said to have had a flock of 30 sheep at White's Landing, Catalina Island, in 1865. ( *Los Angeles Sunday Illustrated Magazine*, June 30, 1901, page 19.)

Last year I was assured that another woman still older than Eulalia was still living about 12 miles inland of San José [Lower California]. When I was there in 1817 her son was as old as 73 I am now, and he had children grown up and married, with children of their own. What makes me remember her well is that she took a pitahaya thorn out of my left eye with her tongue. I felt as if she had taken my eye out. I had had the thorn in the eye about a couple of days and was suffering terribly.

Her son Ignacio Marquez sent me to her, assuring me that she would cure me, and she did. She was setting on a hide, made me sit by her, rinsed her mouth with fresh water, put my head on her lap, and her tongue right into my eye, and took out the thorn and spit it out. Strange as it may appear I have forgotten her name, but I certainly remember gratefully the great service she rendered me.

I believe I have had thirteen [children] of whom 9 are living.\*

This apparently in answer to a question as to the number of his children. Eight children were living in 1907: Michael and James; Jennie (Mrs. Andre Courtney), Sarah (Mrs. Ygnacio Alvarado), Frances (Mrs. Joseph Heslop of Pasadena), Alvira (Mrs. Louis Marshall), Jane (Mrs. Luis Capevielle), Esther (Mrs. Castillion). (Guinn, J. M., *A History of California and an Extended History of its Southern Coast Counties*, Los Angeles, 1907, v. II, p. 2149.) Another son, Joseph, was the one murdered at El Monte prior to White's dictation. On September 6, 1954, I interviewed Mrs. Florinda Plaisance at her home at 137 North Parkwood Ave., Pasadena. She is a granddaughter of Michael White, a daughter of Frances White Heslop. Being then 89 years old she was, as a child and young lady, a frequent visitor to her grandfather, Michael White, both when he was in San Marino and in Los Angeles. She lives with her sister, Julia Heslop de la Guerra. There are no living children of Michael White, but a number of grandchildren and great grandchildren. Mrs. Plaisance is in possession of a fine portrait of her grandmother, Mrs. Michael White. Guinn gives the date of the death of Mrs. White as 1892. Records of Mrs. de la Guerra give the date as January 26, 1895.

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Petra Guillen, my wife's eldest sister had a daughter (yet living) named Antonia Rubio, who is a good deal older than my wife, no less than 4 or 5 years.

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## **GOLD RUSH**

WHEN THE discovery of the gold placers I started for Mokelumne, was taken sick there and did nothing. Mounted my horse and with only about 200\$ worth of gold, that I got for some horses which I had sold, came away. Suffered terribly on the way, and finally reached the house of my brother in law, Isidoro Guillen, in Santa Clara. On my way I was the recipient of much kindness from Mrs. Robert Livermore,\* the wife of him after whom the town of Livermore was named. She was a native of California of the Sanchez family of San José. I believe she was a daughter of the old *Alférez* 76 [Ensign, or Second Lieutenant] José Sanchez. She would receive no pay, but I left her,

quite against her will, one little chunk of gold weighing 5 1/2 ounces that I had picked up on the Stanislaus.

This was Josefa Higuera, wife of Robert Livermore who owned the Pozitos Rancho, now Livermore Valley—and the Canada de Los Vaqueros on the road from San Jose to Sacramento. It was undoubtedly at the latter place that White received Mrs. Livermore's care. The term Santa Clara at that time had a wider meaning than the immediate Mission community of that name. (Giffen.)

After recuperating my health at Santa Clara, went back to Stanislaus to Murphy's diggings. I worked there for myself some three weeks and dug out nearly 2000\$. The diggings were very rich. Some days I would get out 8 and 9 ounces. One day I found a chunk weighing 7 1/2 ounces. That day got over one pound of gold.

There was a cooper that had been paid off from the U.S. sloop of war *St. Mary's*. His name was Edward. He had a tent and invited me to stay with him, each one cooking his own food, and working for himself. I generally got up very early, cooked my own and his breakfast, went to my work, and sometime after he would come to work alongside of me. He was a very good man.

One morning I went to my work and saw several Spaniards on the bank watching if I was picking up any gold. I did not give out to them that I understood Spanish, and did not want to speak to Ned, for the reason that I had my 77 mouth full of gold. I used to put all the gold I picked up in a day into a small soda can, but not wishing to make any rattling, whenever I picked up a *chispa* [small particle] I would put it in my mouth. Most of the gold was of the size and form of musk melon seed. It was very dangerous to let any one see what was picked up. It was that morning I got the 7 1/2 ounce piece. Ned spoke and said, "Chummy, how are you getting along?" I returned no answer, then he picked up and threw at me what he thought was dirt. It struck me on the back. The dirt fell off and I found it contained a piece of gold of 2 1/2 ounces. The Spaniards went away and I showed Ned what I had, and he said, "Damn you, you always have good luck. I can get no luck at all." I answered him, "How can you have any luck if you heave it away?" He said that he had not hove away anything, and then I showed him the piece of gold he had thrown at me. He looked at it, and pronounced it only a piece of rock. I then put it in my pocket. He could not work for some time and kept growling, and I laughing at him. Finally, he wanted me to let him see it again. We had more

chaffing. At last I gave it to him with the advice never to heave gold again at my head, for if he 78 did I would keep it. He was highly pleased and went to work like a negro. Next he begged me to let him have the 7 1/2 ounce piece and I let him have it for a like amount in fine gold. I would have done anything for that man and I think he would have done the same for me. A good natured fellow from Massachusetts, about 6 feet in height, raw boned. There was no vulgar way about him, and it was evident that he had been well brought up by his parents, or whoever had the care of him in early life.

A few days after I left him there with an Irishman that I had hired to wash the dirt, for I had never thought of washing any dirt myself. All the gold I got was picked in crevices of the bed rock.

I came down to San Francisco one or two days before Christmas, 1848. Came away in Feb. 1849. It was snowing and raining and blowing nearly the whole time I was there. I had taken passage on a Colombian Brig to San Pedro, and every morning that we lied in San Francisco, we had to clear the decks of snow in the morning. Oakland was as white as a sheet.

Stayed at home till the middle of April, and then started to go back to the same diggings. When I got to Stockton met my Irishman and 79 asked him about Ned, and he told me that Ned got out 25 pounds of gold out of the dirt I had hove out, and as I couldn't wash out any dirt for want of water, when the rains came on, he washed, got the gold and left for home. I asked the Irishman if Ned had paid him, and he said *yes*.

I went on the Mokelumne hill again. There I got a little over 5000\$ in gold in about three weeks, and took the gold to Stockton, where I deposited it with William Stockton. He was a New York rough who had belonged to Col. Stevenson's Regiment.\* Went back to work on the Calaveras, got about 3000\$ more, and the weather being insufferably hot, I came down again and as far as San Francisco. Went to Stockton and couldn't get my money. Stockton had spent it. He had number of lots there and advised me to go and sue him and get a writ of attachment of the lots. I applied for the writ and the Judge wouldn't give it to me. The Judge wanted to bring me in as a common of Stockton's. I refused to submit to it as I was not such, but a mere depositor, which Stockton

acknowledged, saying he had spent the money, 80 thinking he could have the amount before I should call for it. I employed Lawyer Fair (the husband of the woman that a few years ago killed Crittenden in San Francisco) to recover the money for me. The agreement was that in case he recovered the whole, his fee was to be 800\$. I was left without anything. In the morning I was assured I should get my money in the evening, and in the evening that I would get it in the morning, and I never got it because Mr. Fair recovered the money and made away with it. I got a letter from him that he had collected the money and was sorry that he had spent it and possessed nothing to replace it with.

William B. Stockton, a member of Co. F, New York Volunteers, came to California in 1847.

## **WAGON ROUTE**

A MAN who owed me 600\$ brought them from the mines to me at Stockton. With that money I bought a wagon and 2 mules, with harness for 4 mules. After giving the mules some rest at French camp came down to Santa Clara and got from my brother in law, Isidoro Guillen, some 3000\$ that I had left with him and went to San José where there was an auction of dry goods, and bought enough goods for 1000\$ as loaded my wagon chock full—then I hitched on my 81 two mules, and two more that I had procured since, put a boy on one of the leaders and I began to drive. This was an entirely new thing to me for I had never driven even one mule. We were on the road 20 days to San Gabriel. That was the first wagon that ever was seen in San Gabriel, and every one thought it was an excellent thing. It had a painted tent on it. The wagon was an old affair that had come across the prairies from the other side of the Rocky Mountains. I managed to capsize it three or four times on the road. When we got to Soledad two English speaking men who said they were Americans, came to me and asked where I was going. I answered that I was coming down, and they said they were also coming down to Santa Barbara. I replied that they could travel much faster than I. They were on good horses and I didn't know how they got them. They were rough, suspicious looking men, and I was afraid of them. The roads were at the time full of robbers and murderers. The Reed family had been murdered but a short time before by some tramps in the Mission of San Miguel.

I stopped to get dinner at La Soledad and then went on to the rancho Bernadal. There was an adobe house there. The two fellows came out 82 to me again. I had a case of brandy in the wagon, and said to myself that I must manage to find out what those fellows were. I got a case bottleful and gave them to drink. In two minutes they were fast asleep and snoring, but I believed they were only feigning sleep, and kept a sharp watch. I did not sleep a wink that night. In the morning cooked breakfast, invited the fellows to partake of it and gave them another dram and told them I was going only as far as the next ranch where I intended stopping 3 or 4 days to rest my mules. Sometimes a man is more scared than hurt and such was my case. I stopped at that ranch 24 hours, thinking that they would be far off by the time I started, but I overtook them about a mile before reaching San Miguel. I was not then afraid of them, as the road was full of emigrants from the East, and I would meet some every hour or so.

I was pestered on the road by many to tell where the best places for digging were, and I invariably answered, "Where you find the gold, Sir." It was the best answer I could give them, adding that I might find a place that was very rich, and another come and work alongside of me and find no gold, and then he would curse me if I had induced him to come there.

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Finally got down as far down as Santa Rosa ranch, close by Santa Inez mission. The old Sergeant that owned the place got angry with me because I did not call him Uncle. He was a son of Eulalia's sister. He welcomed me and my servant boys, but would not allow the two fellows that had attached themselves to me to go into the house. "*Tienen mala cara tus amigos, Sobrino, tienen mala cara*" [your friends have evil countenances, Nephew], said the old Sergeant. I assured him they were no friends of mine, but had not been able to get rid of them. Started from there two days after, and went on top of the mountains and camped in the night. The two fellows still stuck to me, for they had nothing to live on but what I gave or procured for them.

Next day got to the mouth of the Gaviota and camped there. Next day at about 3 P.M. got to the Arroyo Hondo ranch of the Ortegas, from there to the cañon of the Ortega ranch where the trail goes over the mountain. There one of the two men lost his horse. I told them I would go very

slowly that they might overtake me, but as soon as I lost sight of them, I put whip to the mules, and the road being pretty 84 level and hard, I placed a large distance between us. I never saw them afterwards. I got into Santa Barbara that evening. Three or four days after, traveling slowly, I reached home.

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## **BANDITS**

I STAYED HOME, dealt in cattle and other things, when in 1851 (or 1852) I was going down from my house to the mission, some 2 1/2 miles, I saw three young men sitting under an oak tree playing cards. All were acquaintances of mine. I scolded them and called them lazy rascals, and why they didn't go to work. Next day I heard that Sheriff Barton \* had been shot near San Juan Capistrano by desperadoes, Flores and his party. I believe they were called the *Manilas*. I had a good deal of regard for Barton and regretted his death, but could do nothing but regret.

Actually Sheriff Barton was killed in 1857. See Newmark, *Sixty Years in Southern California*, 1930, pp. 206 ff.

A few days afterwards I was going to my mill which I had just finished. There were some oak trees betwixt my house and the mill, and I 86 thought I would chop them down and make firewood of them. As I was at work cutting down a tree Pancho Daniel (the Lieutenant of Murrieta) rode past me with his gun pointed towards me. I said, "Halloo, Mace, what is up?" I mistook Daniel for the Doctor. No answer was returned me. A few moments later my son Joseph, who was murdered some years after in El Monte, came to me, and said, "Father, the man that just passed here is a robber. Go and get your gun. I could have killed him easily, but as you have told me never to shoot at anybody, I did not do it." I went for my gun and went to the swamp where the people that were hunting Daniel were. The party after him were Stockton, Osborne, the three King boys, Darcy and several others. I told them if they would promise me not to kill the man on my premises, I would catch him. My idea was to take him alive, so as to ascertain from him who were his associates. They promised me. I set fire to the swamp, and I knew there was a hole in the swamp where he could hide himself. I went into the swamp, Stockton following me, swinging his gun one side and the other right at my back. He was more frightened than a little. I was afraid he would shoot. I told him to go out. 87 Just

at this I heard a pistol shot, and one of the King boys said 'Here he is' and banged again, "Here he is," and let go again. I ran towards King and told him to let the man [live?], for he was violating the agreement. The man was already flat on his back in the last gasp. All came rushing and wanted to whip the boy, but I told them that was useless, as the man was dead. Then I saw them take from the body a handful of gold coin (maybe 200\$) and James Barton's masonic ring, which I knew at once. The man had it on his finger, from which I drew the conclusion that he was one of Barton's murderers.

They took the body on a mule to the mission, and on arriving there Dr. Osborne cut off his head. Then he wanted the people of El Monte to stick the head upon a pole, but they got mad with him to bury the head with the body.\*

This part of White's narrative does not coincide with other stories of the same happening. In Major Horace Bell's account in *On the Old West Coast*, he relates the incident and says that the man killed was Mexican Joe, a young fellow employed by Uncle Billie Rubottom of El Monte. Rubottom had sent the boy on an errand to Benito Wilson's, which was not far from White's place. On the way he was ambushed by a group of men who were hunting Barton's murderers. The body was brought to San Gabriel and decapitated by Doctor Osborne, who then took the head to Los Angeles. A group of Rubottom's friends retrieved the head and it was interred with the body. According to Judge Hayes' *Notes* Pancho Daniel was lynched Nov. 30, 1858. (Giffen.)

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A few days after that they were still hunting for Barton's murderers, and Crabb's party.\* (which were all afterwards killed at Caborga in Sonora, except one boy who was released on account of his tender age), came to the mission drunk as fools and arrested all the Spanish young men, among them one that I had brought up in my house named Felipe López. I went down after him and as I got there I found Flint and Joe Slaughter and several others in the old guard house. They were keeping away from that party. They called and told me not to go among that party for they would surely murder me. I had two good pistols, well loaded, on my person. I was determined to have the boy if it cost me my life. On arriving at their camp, saw the boy sitting down and crying. Osborne came out and asked me what I wanted. I answered that I wanted that boy. A man that was standing sentry said, "What are you talking about?" "Just what you hear," I replied. "I want that boy and I will have him." When he saw me so 89 determined, he concluded to let me have the boy, and I took him away. In the mean time, whilst I was demanding the boy, his older brother Pedro López and

two others, Diego Navarro and Juan Valenzuela, were murdered, the very three young men that I scolded some days before when I saw them playing cards under the oak tree.

For an account of this episode see *Crabb's Filibustering Expedition into Sonora, 1857*, by Robert H. Forbes, 1952.

I went over to the guard house where the Slaughters were, and some time in the afternoon there came James Thompson with 7 or 8 men. Came up to me and said, "Well, old gentleman, so that you have got off 4, eh?" I said, "No, only one." Asked them why the three young men had been killed. He answered that he didn't know. Neither did I, except that I was convinced that they were killed because they were Spanish, and their murderers willed it. It was charged against them after they were dead that they had held conversation with Murrieta and Daniel. For the same reason they might have murdered me, for once Murrieta came into my house with all his party, and asked for supper, which I provided them. We did not know the man, and at supper time my wife remarked that *Joaquin Murrieta está muy bravo con los hueros [Joaquin Murrieta is very ill-tempered 90 with blondes]. He said, "No, I am perfectly well acquainted with him; he is quite a gentleman, and they all know your husband. No one will hurt him." Perhaps if I had refused the supper, the man might have murdered me, for he turned out to be Murrieta himself, and the party were his fellow brigands.*

Murrieta's party often divided into two, he remaining at the head of one and the other going under Daniel.

Same year two Americans leased land from me. One was called Smith, the other gave his name as Peter Williams. The lease was on half shares. I was to supply land, horses, implements, &c. The were to do the work, raise the crop, and give me one half. Whilst they were there I had a band of about 100 mares and horses, and they were all lost. They raised the crop, gave me my share, sold their own, and went off to El Monte. I had no suspicions about them. When they got down to El Monte they began to steal horses there, and Joe Cattuck caught Smith in the act, brought him with a rope around his neck to the mission, threw the end of the rope over the limb of a tree. I went down there, and saw several men (20 or 30) standing by. A lawyer that was of the number 91 asked me if I thought it was right to hang a man for stealing a horse. I answered "no" that we could always get

a horse, but not return to a man his life after he had been deprived of it. He said if I would speak in behalf of the prisoner, perhaps the men would not hang him. I pleaded for the poor devil, and they concluded to send him to Los Angeles. They gave him 39 lashes in Los Angeles and told him if at the expiration of 24 hours he was in the county they would hang him.

On the road he confessed to the Constable, Frank Baker, that he was the person who had stolen all my horses, but not to say anything to me until after he was gone. And yet, I was the only one that pleaded for, and saved his life.

I was left destitute of horses, bought a pony from some Cherokees, swapped off the two mules I bought in Stockton for two American horses, went into town one day with my wagon and the horses. An American by the name of Gaff came to me, and wanted to buy one of the horses. Don Pio Pico had offered me 1000\$ for him, and I had refused the offer.

The man kept following me round the town, wanting me to sell him the horse. At last he bothered me so that I told him if he did not let me alone I would give him a thrashing. I came home with my team, turned them off to go among the timber. I feared to tie them, as the man Gaff might come and steal them. That was the last I ever saw of the horses. He stole them, and I was left afoot again. I afterwards had evidence that he was the thief.

## **MISSION FATHERS**

DURING MY life in California I was intimately acquainted with Fathers Zalvidea, Sanchez of San Diego, and Narciso Duran.

Zalvidea was a tall, rawboned, stout man, very industrious and intelligent, constantly at his work, spiritual, but also in developing the resources of San Gabriel mission and subsequently of San Juan Capistrano. He was in the full sense of the word a saint. He planted fruit trees in the ravines and in many places distant from the missions, for the benefit of the bronco Indians.

Father Sanchez of San Diego was an uncle of the Father Sanchez of San Gabriel; he told me so himself.

He was a very old man, doubled up a great deal (in 1832). He was of a very nice, affable 93 manner, very attentive to his duties. He died in San Diego.

Father Duran died at Santa Barbara. He stood 5 feet 8 or maybe a little more, quite stout when I made his acquaintance (in 1829). He was extremely fond of a joke, and was constantly letting off jokes. He was a man of fine education and intelligence, amiable to everybody, and constantly attending to his ministerial duties.

Pomona, Dec. 16, 1877.

MICHAEL C. WHITE.\*

White sold his vineyard and orchard to L. H. Titus, and moved to Los Angeles, where he lived with his family till his death, which occurred February 26, 1885. (Barrows.) This date, however, cannot be confirmed by Los Angeles death records or newspaper notices.

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