to convert all California into a guerilla war field; of all kinds of warfare the most harassing. A French writer, speaking of General Hoche and the war in the Vendée, says: "Soldiers great in their profession never enter but with repugnance upon the field of irregular warfare; as practised swordsmen do not like to cross steel with a resolute novice whose unregulated violence disconcerts all the combinations of art."

The skill which wins without fighting is never appreciated as is the battle, with what Wellington called "the butcher's bill," and which precaution might have averted.

Lieutenant Louis McLane,* of the navy, who had volunteered for the battalion, was sent with the artillery to Gilroy's, where he was engaged in mounting it.

On my way up the coast from Los Angeles in September I left ten men at Santa Barbara. This was done at the request of the citizens of the town, who thought they would feel safer with even a small guard of Americans in the event of some disorder. Theodore Talbot was one of the party and in charge of it.† The men with him were Thomas Breckenridge, Eugene Russell (son of Mr. William H. Russell), Charles Scriver, William Chinook, an Indian lad from the Columbia River, John Stevens, two French creoles, Durand and Moulton, Francis Briggs, and a New Mexican named Manuel. Except Moulton, Durand, and Manuel, they were all about twenty years of age. Shortly after I had left, news of the insurrection reached Santa Barbara, and the little garrison were assured they would be attacked. I tell the story of their escape in their own words.

The ladies of Santa Barbara gave them the first intimation of danger and urged them to escape, and, when they refused, offered to conceal them. In a few days a mounted force of about a hundred and fifty appeared, with a written summons from Flores to surrender, with promise to spare their lives and let them go on parole; and two hours were allowed for them to decide. It was then near dusk. The American residents in Santa Barbara came in and recommended them to surrender, saying it was impossible to escape. One of them, named Sparks, of St. Louis, said that at the fire of the first gun they might count him one; he afterwards joined me.

They determined not to surrender, but to make their way to the mountains, a spur from which came down to the town. In about half an hour

* His father was at that time Minister to England; himself at present Minister to France.

† It will be remembered that I left Mr. Talbot in charge when, on two occasions, I separated from my party in the Great Basin. He had been with me on two occasions, and, though young, had a sense of responsibility. His father was a United States Senator from Kentucky, and his mother an English lady, and, now a widow, was among our friends in Washington. In 1847 he was made a lieutenant of artillery in the United States Army, and was with Major Anderson at Sumter, and the last officer permitted to leave the fort with despatches, in April, 1861.

they started—the moon shining—and soon approached a small picket-guard. This gave way and let them pass. They then gained the mountains and relied on their rifles to keep off both men and cavalry. On the mountain they stayed eight days, in sight of Santa Barbara, watching for some American vessel to approach the coast. They suffered greatly for want of food, and attempted to take cattle or sheep in the night, but for want of a lasso could only get a lean old white mare, which was led up on the mountain and killed, and all eaten up. Despairing of relief by sea, and certain that they could not reach me in the north by going through the settled country, they undertook to cross the mountains nearly east into the San Joaquin valley, and through the Tuláre Indians. Before they left their camp in the mountains the Californians attempted to burn them out by starting fires on the mountain around them, and once sent a foreigner to urge them to surrender. The enemy did not often venture near enough to be fired upon, but would circle round on the heights and abuse them. When they had any chance of hitting they fired, and once saw a horse fall. It took them three days to cross the first ridge of the mountains, during which time they had nothing but rosebuds to eat. The ascent was so steep, rocky, and bushy, that at one time it took them half the night to gain some three hundred yards; after crossing the first mountain they fell in with an old Spanish soldier at a rancho, who gave them two horses and some dried beef and became their guide over the intervening mountains, about eighty miles wide, to the San Joaquin valley. They followed that valley down towards the Monterey settlements, where they joined me; being about thirty-four days from Santa Barbara and having travelled about five hundred miles. When the battalion passed through Santa Barbara their old acquaintances there were glad to see them. They had been thought all dead; the bones of the old mare found at their camp being taken to be theirs and all that remained of them after the fires had burned them out. The people of Santa Barbara generally, and the compassionate ladies especially, showed real joy at seeing them alive and treated them hospitably while the battalion halted at the town.

Working and waiting for the reinforcements from the valley, the weeks passed on until the end of November, when we moved out from San Juan, and, halting a few days for our supply of beef cattle, took up the line of march for Los Angeles. Our route lay up the San Benito River, and thence over the hills into the Salinas valley. The march was made under difficult circumstances. Winter weather and cold rain-storms for days together; the roads and trails muddy; the animals weak for want of food; the strength of the old grass washed out by the rains, and the watery new grass without sustenance. Many of the horses, too weak for use, fell out by the way and were left behind, and part of the battalion were soon on foot.

Attached to the battalion was a company of Indians ; some Wallawallahs and a few Delawares from the Columbia River, the rest Indians from the Sacramento. These were to act as scouts under the command of Captain Richard Jacob,* of Louisville, Kentucky. Regularly during the march a part of this company encamped, without fires, one to three miles in advance of the battalion ; the other part about the same distance in the rear ; so that no traveller on the road escaped falling into our hands.

The battalion numbered about four hundred and thirty men. Their only provision was the beef which was driven along, but this was good, and the men were in fine health. Cold weather and the exposed marches gave wholesome appetites. Perfect order was maintained on the march and in the camp, and private property was respected absolutely. No man left the camp without a pass, and the column passed over the country without giving reasonable cause for complaint to any Californian.

In such a march, it may be supposed, there was no superfluity of baggage, and the men rode or walked in the rain and slept wet at night, but there was surprisingly little complaint and no disorder. As always, there were in the command some men who were useless and some who were worse, but these were kept under watchful eyes, and gave little trouble. In the forepart of the day of the 14th December I encamped on the mountain near San Luis Obispo. In the afternoon I went with William Knight to a point on the hills which overlooked the mission, and watched for awhile, but in the distance we could discover nothing to indicate whether or not there was a force at the place. The night was rainy. Saddling up after nightfall, about nine o'clock we surrounded the mission buildings and captured the few people found there. Some took to the roofs of the mission, but none got away. To avoid turning the people out of their houses in the stormy weather, I quartered the battalion in the mission church, putting a regular guard over the altar and church property. We found in the town some *frijoles* and other vegetables, and crushed wheat, which were bought and distributed among the men by way of luxuries.

Upon information, I sent men around the neighborhood, and in all some thirty men fell into our hands, among them an officer who had been wounded at the Encinal, and Don Jesus Pico, who was at the head of the insurrection in that quarter. Don Jesus had broken his parole, and was put before a court-martial and sentenced to be shot.

Among the papers seized here was an original despateh from General Flores, by which we learned of the action at San Pasqual, but it made no mention of the officer commanding on the American side.

The hour for the execution of Don Jesus Pico had arrived and the battalion was drawn up in the plaza in front of my windows. The rough travelling had put the men in bad humor and they wanted to vent it upon something. They looked upon Pico as in part cause of their hardships and wanted to see him die. Don Jesus was about to be led out. The door of my room was abruptly opened by Captain Owens, who showed in a lady in black, followed by a group of children. They were the wife and children of Pico. She had prevailed upon Owens, who was kind as well as brave, to bring her to me. On entering, the lady threw herself on her knees, she imploring the life of her husband, the children crying and frightened. "He did not know," she said, "that he was committing such a crime. He went with the *hijos del pais* to defend the country because he was ashamed to stay behind when the others went to fight. He did not know it was so wrong." I raised her from her knees and told her to go home and remain quiet, and I would presently let her know.

* Afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky and son-in-law of Senator Benton.

I sent Owens to bring me Don Jesus. He came in with the gray face of a man expecting death, but calm and brave, while feeling it so near. He was a handsome man, within a few years of forty , with black eyes and black hair. I pointed through the window to the troops paraded in the square. He knew why they were there. "You were about to die," I said, "but your wife has saved you. Go thank her."

He fell on his knees, made on his fingers the sign of the cross, and said: "I was to die—I had lost the life God gave me—you have given me another life. I devote the new life to you." And he did it, faithfully.

Don Jesus was a cousin of Don Andres Pico who commanded at San Pasqual, and was married to a lady of the Carrillo family. When the march was resumed he accompanied me and remained with me until I left California, always an agreeable companion and often rendering me valuable service—perhaps sometimes quite unknown to myself.

Contracting space requires me here to pass lightly over incidents of the march, beyond the Mission. On Christmas eve we encamped on the ridge of Santa Ines behind Santa Barbara. The morning of Christmas broke in the darkness of a southeasterly storm with torrents of cold rain, which swept the rocky face of the precipitous mountain down which we descended to the plain. All traces of trails were washed away by the deluge of water, and pack-animals slid over the rocks and fell down the precipices, blinded by the driving rain. In the descent over a hundred horses were lost. At night we halted in the timber at the foot of the mountain, the artillery and baggage strewed along our track, as on the trail of a defeated army. The stormy day was followed by a bright morning, with a welcome sun, and gathering ourselves into an appearance of order we made our way into the town. There was nothing to oppose us, and nothing to indicate hostility; the Californian troops having been drawn

together in a main body near Los Angeles. I remained here some days to refresh the battalion and repair damages. The gun crews wanted sights to their guns, and to please them I had the guns tried and sighted.

Pending this delay Don Jesus brought me word that a lady wished to confer with me. He informed me that she was a woman of some age, highly respected and having a strong connection, over which she had the influence sometimes accorded to women of high character and strong individuality.*

In the interview I found that her object was to use her influence to put an end to the war, and to do so upon such just and friendly terms of compromise as would make the peace acceptable and enduring. And she wished me to take into my mind this plan of settlement, to which she would influence her people; meantime, she urged me, to hold my hand, so far as possible. Naturally, her character and sound reasoning had its influence with me, and I had no reserves when I assured her that I would bear her wishes in my mind to act when the occasion came, and that she might with all confidence speak on this basis with her friends. Here began the Capitulation of Couenga.

With damage from hard marching and stormy weather repaired, and the men restored by their rest in comfortable quarters to good condition and good humor, the march was resumed on the 17th. On our way across the plain below Santa Barbara a corps of observation of the enemy's cavalry, some fifty to one hundred men, hovered about us, without doing or receiving any harm. It did not come within my policy to have any of them killed, and a few shots from our guns that went uncomfortably near dispersed them.

There is a maritime defile called the *Rincon*, about fifteen miles south of Santa Barbara and fifteen miles long. A mountain ridge here skirts the sea, leaving a narrow beach floored with a hard, parti-colored bitumen. The defile was passed without opposition. Here-along we were flanked by a gunboat, under the command of Lieutenant Selden, of the navy, which Commodore Stockton had sent, to be of aid to me in some possible emergency. He was watchful over the whole situation and prompt to aid wherever he saw an opening. On the morning of the 9th Captain Hamlyn, master of the *Stonington*, which had so useful a part at San Diego, came into my camp at "The Willows," below the Rincon.

* I had retained only the Christian name of this lady, but in reply to a letter I have received the following telegram:

San Luis Obispo, California, November 10, 1886.

To General J. C. Frémont, 1310 *Nineteenth Street, Washington, D. C.*

Received your letter. The lady who urged you for peace with the Californians at Santa Barbara is Bernarda Ruiz. She died eight years ago.

J. de Jesus Pico.

Captain Hamlyn was the bearer of a despatch to me from Commodore Stockton, whom he had left at San Luis Rey, and passing through San Diego had embarked on the brig *Malek Adhel* and landed at San Buenaventura, which is at the southern entrance of the Rincon Pass. He was accompanied by my friend, Don Pedro Carillo, by whose aid he had found an Indian who guided them past the camp of the horsemen who had been observing us, and brought them to me at "The Willows."

This is the letter which he brought me from the commodore:

Camp at San Luis Rey, January 3, 1847.

My Dear Colonel: We arrived here last night from San Diego, and leave to-day on our march for the City of the Angels, where I hope to be in five or six days. I learn this morning that you are at Santa Barbara, and send this despatch by the way of San Diego, in the hope that it may reach you in time. If there is one single chance against you, you had better not fight the rebels until I get up to aid you, or you can join me on the road to Pueblo.

These fellows are well prepared, and Mervine's and Kearny's defeat have given them a deal more confidence and courage. If you do fight before I see you, keep your forces in close order; do not allow them to be separated, or even unnecessarily extended. They will probably try to deceive you by a sudden retreat, or pretended runaway, and then unexpectedly return to the charge after your men get in disorder in the chase. My advice to you is, to allow them to do all the charging and running, and let your rifles do the rest.

In the art of horsemanship, of dodging, and running, it is in vain to attempt to compete with them.

In haste, very truly, your friend and obedient servant,

R. F. Stockton.

To Lieutenant-Colonel Fremont, etc., etc., etc.

I understand that it is probable they will try to avoid me and fight you separately.

We entered the Pass of San Bernardo on the morning of the 12th, expecting to find the enemy there in force, but the Californians had fallen back before our advance and the Pass was undisputed. In the afternoon we encamped at the mission of San Fernando, the residence of Don Andres Pico, who was at present in chief command of the Californian troops. Their encampment was within two miles of the mission, and in the evening, Don Jesus, with a message from me, made a visit to Don Andres. The next morning, accompanied only by Don Jesus, I rode over to the camp of the Californians, and, in a conference with Don Andres, the important features of a treaty of capitulation were agreed upon.

A truce was ordered; commissioners on each side appointed; and the same day a capitulation agreed upon. This was approved by myself as Military Commandant representing the United States, and Don Andres Pico, Commander-in-Chief of the Californians. With this treaty of Couenga hostilities ended, and California left peaceably in our possession; to be finally secured to us by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848.

Writing from Los Angeles on the 15th of January to the Secretary of the Navy concerning the capitulation, Commodore Stockton says: