



Capt. Salvador Vallejo's Quarters

Gen. M. G. Vallejo's Headquarters

Barracks

Mission

Sonoma Plaza now Vallejo Square

The Lowering of the Bear Flag and Raising of the American Flag at Sonoma, Cal.

At 12 m., July 9, 1846, by Lieut. Joseph Warren Revere, U. S. N. by order of Commodore John Drake Sloat, Commanding the Pacific Squadron.

The Bear Flag Revolution

DICTATED BY BENJAMIN KELSEY, A PARTICIPANT
TO MARY E. FOY.

BENJAMIN KELSEY. In the summer of 1887, in a little house underneath an old sycamore tree—then far out in the country, but now the northeast corner of Sixteenth Street and Burlington Avenue in Los Angeles—Benjamin Kelsey, one of that famous little band of California Pioneers, called the Bear Flag Party, dictated to Mary Foy his version of that epoch making event in which he took an active part. We have not changed his frontiersman vernacular and you have his own words as they were spoken to Miss Foy nearly sixty years ago—the year before his death.

Benjamin Kelsey, with his wife and small daughter, came to California with that first emigrant train to cross the continent—the famed Bartleson-Bidwell Party of 1841. With this same group was his brother Andrew Kelsey, but he, with others, left the California Party and went on to Oregon, but came down to California later and also became a member of the Bear Flag Party.

The two brothers took up land near Clear Lake and founded the town of Kelseyville in Lake County. Benjamin Kelsey was a true frontiersman, and according to Bancroft, one of the fire-eating type. The Indians in the Clear Lake country stood in deathly fear of him, for he was ruthless in his handling of them. Kelsey spent much of his time at Sutter's Fort and around San Francisco, and evidently, from all records was considered a man of importance. His narrative given here shows he held himself in that light at least. It is apparent he was not interested in the part others of the Party played, and doesn't even mention William Ide, the acknowledged head of the Bear Flag Party. This may be due to the time elapsed between the event and his dictation some forty years later, and to his feeble condition at the time the dictation was made.

After many years of adventure between the affair at Sonoma and his death, spent in northern California, Arizona, Texas and Mexico, he and his wife settled in Los Angeles and lived for some years on the corner of Seventh and Pearl (now Figueroa) Streets across the street from the Foy family. It was there Mary Foy came to know him and his wife. Later it was Mrs. Kelsey who requested Miss Foy to come out to the little house where he passed the last months of his life and take down his story of "The Bear Flag Revolution" as he called it. As the actual words of an active member of the Bear Flag Party the narrative is valuable. — J. GREGG LAYNE, Editor.

AFTER THE Government whipped Mexico and fetched them to terms they concluded they wanted California too as a thorough-fare to the Pacific Coast. California was a small country and governed by General Vallejo.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

We had took California and Lower California from the Mexican Government before our Government whipped Mexico. United States got New Mexico and Arizona by treaty but they had to take California. But the Government didn't know how to commence on it as it was such a small country and they concluded that the best way was to raise a revolution to have an excuse to come on and take it. They were ashamed—so small a country—they were working for an excuse.

They knew I was living at San Francisco Bay for my letters had been sent back East and published and they knew I knew how many Americans there was in California and where they was located. They concluded to send Lieut. Gillespie up through California to find me so as to effect this Revolution.

They picked on Gillespie because he could speak, read, and write the Spanish language and looked like an English officer. He was English too but had been in the Government service since he was a boy. He was about twenty-five year old but was much of a man and understood himself well.

Well, Gillespie told the Spaniards he had business with the British Consul at Monterey: so he was put through the country as fast as men and horses could carry him from Mission to Mission to Monterey. He stayed around there two or three days and went to see the British Consul just to fool the Mexicans but his business was to find me.

The Government knew Fremont was on this Coast somewhere and Gillespie knowed I could tell where to find Fremont. So Gillespie come on to San Francisco and when he got there he met a man who knew me and told him where I was. So he sot down and wrote for me to meet him at Sutter's Fort near Sacramento. I met him.

When I got the letter I sent for Mose Carson, half brother to Kit Carson, telling him I had to go to Sacramento and wanted him to go with me—that he would have a chance to see his brother Kit. Kit Carson was with Fremont.

Next morning we were under way by daylight and the same day we got to the Fort. When we got to the Fort, Lieut. Gillespie was there. Then I learned what his business was. That he wanted for me to commence this Revolution so as to have an excuse for to take the country. That he wanted me to go and fetch Fremont. And as it happened there was some Hudson Bay men at the Fort so I hired them to go after Fremont and fetch him back.

Fremont was then three days on his way to Oregon. He was surveying and acting as topographical engineer taking all the points of the country. I fitted out the two men and sent them after him. They had two good horses apiece. I told them not to sleep till they caught him as Lieut. Gillespie wanted to see him and was in much of

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a hurry. Those men rode all that day and all that night and the next morning caught Fremont at Goose Lake, head of the Sacramento River about 125 miles from Sacramento.

Fremont travelled slow. He had about a hundred men and many pack animals with him. When the boys started they told me they would have Fremont back to his old camping ground at the mouth of the Yuba River the third day in the evening and that me and Gillespie could meet them there.

They got back on time. And when Lieut. Gillespie and me and Mose Carson and three other mountaineers got there they was just unpacking. They had beat us by about fifteen minutes.

Those mountaineers knew just what they could do and what they couldn't do. And these boys knew every camp and knew just how far John Jandro—Fremont's pilot and a Hudson Bay man—just how far Jandro could go and how long it would take them to catch him and how long it would take a forced marched back.

Well, Lieut. Gillespie and Fremont had a talk and then Carson and Gillespie and Fremont and me had a council of what could be done and what they wanted done. They wanted me fur to go and open fire on Sonoma town. That's where Gen. Vallejo lived and had a Fort and soldiers. To go right in and commence war on the General. And I told them I couldn't do it fer the reason that Gen. Vallejo was a particular friend of mine. Then they wanted to know more reasons why I couldn't do it.

I told them when our company landed in California in October '41 [1841] that I had found that we was in a strange country and among strange people. No passport, no recommend, not a scratch of a pen to show who we were or where we come from or what we was there for. The General of the country could have bundled us up, put us on the next ship and sent us home just as well as not and he might have done it too but three Englishmen at San José vouched for us.

General Vallejo come over to the South side of the Bay and heard our story and gave us each a passport to go any where we wanted to in California and for the Mexicans to give us any thing we wanted. All those passports specified that they was to treat the Americans in that way—horses to ride, food to eat, and clothes to wear if they needed them. Vallejo also specified that families could be admitted without passports. If you wanted to go a hundred miles you went to a ranch and asked for a horse and saddle. You rode it to the next ranch and left it and took another. No charge.

Our company lost every thing they had on the road. We left our wagons and things at Salt Lake on the plains. We were about desti-

tute as our journey was long. We were six months and four days on the road. When I got to California I only had \$2.50 in money, two ponies, and six blankets. It cost \$1500.00 to come as I fitted out nearly all of our company.

I told Gillespie and Fremont that was my reasons why I couldn't open fire on the General. He had been such a good friend to me and all the Spaniards on the North side of the Bay had treated me very well.

I told him if they would let me have my own way about it I thought I could arrange matters in a much better way than to open fire on the General. As for opening fire on him I couldn't do it nor I wouldn't do it. That I would take my men and go to General Vallejo and take him prisoner (Yes, that looks mean enough but it had to be done.) and after we had taken him prisoner would deliver him and his officers up at Capt. Sutter's Fort where Lieut. Gillespie and Fremont was to be. It was concluded for me to have my own way and Fremont and Gillespie was to come to Capt. Sutter's Fort and remain there and in five days I was to communicate with them.

I had four men and calculated to git more from Fremont's camp but we could not have any of Fremont's men because that would be the Government assisting in the Revolution. But there were seven hired men I got from Fremont. They were mountaineers and used to hunt for the company.

I set out next morning at break of day for Sonoma. We rode all that day and all that night and just at sun-up next morning was within a mile of my house in Napa Valley. There I hid my men in a little canyon in the mountains and increased my force to twenty men.

At 9 o'clock that night we started again for Sonoma which was fifteen miles off. We got there before it was quite light. The General's Fort was on the corner of the public square. The sentinel when we got there was asleep. Four of our party dismounted—took the sentinel's gun. Sam Merritt was the only man amongst us who could speak any Spanish. Sam woke him up—spoke to him in Spanish and told him not to make any noise or he would be killed right away. The rest of the soldiers was sleeping in a sleeping room near by and more of the boys got down and went in—took the soldiers' guns and fetched the guns outside and stacked them by the side of the house. This was done without waking any of them. Then the first soldier we took, the sentinel, was sent in the sleeping house to wake them up and tell them they must keep quiet or they'd all be killed. Then we shut the door and locked them in and proceeded to the General's quarters.

We knocked on the front of his dwelling and one of his servants came out. We was standing all a horseback in front of his dwelling.

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The servant waked him up and told him there were men outside there who wanted to see him. He came out. We told him the country was revolutionized. Merritt told him in Spanish that if he would keep quiet and do what we wanted him to the place wouldn't be fired on. That all we wanted was to take him prisoner and he should be treated well. His brother Salvador was his Captain of Soldiers and Pruden, a Frenchman, was his Lieutenant. We told him to send for them to come. They were in another apartment and when they come we told them they could consider themselves prisoners.

Jacob P. Leese, the General's brother-in-law, lived across the square from the General's. He spoke good Spanish. When he come we explained to the General and his officers that there was a Revolution in the country; that we was going to take them to Captain Sutter's Fort at Sacramento and put them under guard till the Revolution was over. We gave the General to understand that he could consider the North side of the Bay already taken by the Americans; that the South side we didn't have any claims on for the present. Before we left it was explained to him so thoroughly that he appeared to be satisfied. He left orders with his wife for the Spaniards on the North side of the Bay not to gather up in arms nor to attempt any fighting.

The same morning, about three hours after, we had them on the way to Sacramento. We had told them we did not want to confine them—that the General could take his sword with him but the rest of them could not take any arms. They could pick out their own riding horses and they could ride along like men. We did not calculate to treat them as any thing else but gentlemen. I'd send six men along for to guard them but they mustn't attempt to run away. Leese went along as interpreter but just before we got to the Fort we took him prisoner. My, but he was mad. He was Irish and made things pretty lively. When we got to the Fort we took Captain Sutter and the Fort too. Then we delivered all up to Fremont.

We had to call on Fremont and Gillespie to protect the American citizens and families before we delivered all up to Fremont. I did not go up but wrote to Fremont and Gillespie to take the prisoners and put them on parole of honor till the Revolution was over. Gillespie told me how to word any notes calling on the Government for protection. Fremont was considered boss but finally everything rested on Gillespie.

Next morning after they was arrested my company was increased to about forty men. The reason why we did not have more Americans to begin with was—there were a great many of the American settlers who would have revulged the plan to the Mexicans. We didn't know who to trust but after we had taken the General and his officers those

who were on our side joined us. And, do you know—the strangest thing—we had the hardest time in the world to get some of the settlers to come in to Sonoma town to be protected. They said they had no fight with the Spaniards and wouldn't have nothing to do with our Revolution.

We took General Vallejo on the 25th and the 26th was a busy day, I tell you.

Each man had a little powder but it was mighty scarce. We couldn't git any of the immigrants'—some had little and some had more. There was a keg of powder up at Mose Carson's so we sent two men up to the ranch—Cowie and Fowler was their names—for to get it. They had to pass the Santa Rosa Ranch on their way and when they got there they found about seventeen or eighteen men who were gathering up for to fight the Americans. Cowie and Fowler was much surprised because they were not aware the Spaniards was going to fight as Gen. Vallejo had given orders for them not to war the Americans.

These Spaniards wanted the boys to give up their guns and told them if they would do so they would not be molested. The boys did so and then the Spaniards took them and tied them and took them about a quarter of a mile from the ranch up a little canyon, tied them to trees and beat them to death with rocks.

The third day they didn't come back and a young man by the name of Cox said he would go and see what was keeping them and told our boys if he didn't come back that night they might know there was something up. And he didn't come.

Mis (Mrs.) Vallejo, the General's wife, got a note from Ramon Carillo, her brother, that he had one of our men prisoner and that the next morning they would be at the Injun ranch down on the Bay and the prisoner would be with them. The next day they calkulated to kill him. Then they were going to fight the Americans on the North side of the Bay. He said Captain Tolo (Joaquin de la Torre?) had crossed the Bay on the South side and they would have about eighty Mexicans.

Mis Vallejo showed us the note she got from her brother and we sent twelve of my mountaineers for to meet them at the Injun ranch. They had just got there and was preparing for breakfast when we arrived.

The way that we come in to the ranch was covered with a forest of buckeye bushes—the same kind of a bush we have back home. This forest reaches within forty yards of the house. When we entered the forest we was discovered by an Injun sqaw and she gave the alarm. The Mexicans hadn't unsaddled their horses. They rushed

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for their horses; mounted them and rode off about 600 yards. We rushed into the house and got the prisoner. It was Cox. They had him stripped and tied. They was about eighty Spaniards and twelve of us, that is Americans. We fell back into the buckeyes.

The Spaniards rallied up, two or three at a time would take turns and run up and down on horse-back. And when they would come within about 100 yards of us would fire into the buckeyes. But they would always shoot over us. Now our boys were pretty good at shooting on the wing and we killed one dead and wounded two more. The Spaniards went away—retreated. And we took our prisoner and returned back to Sonoma.

When we took General Vallejo prisoner, we had plenty of cannon but no one to handle it. We had six cannon. We had four brass pieces made by the Russians and two iron Mexican cannon. Previous the Russians took a lease from the Mexican Government for to hunt sea otter and lion and whale for thirty years and the Mexicans got the brass cannon from them.

They was a man in the country by the name of Jack Ransford that had served twelve years aboard the American man-of-war that knew all about handling cannon. He was then living about twelve mile from Sonoma in the mountains where he had taken up a little ranch. Previous I wrote him a note and wanted him to come take charge of the cannons and help in our Revolution. And he answered the note saying he would have nothing to do with it—that we could take our Revolution and go to grass with it. Then I saw that it would be necessary for me to go and see him personally.

The morning of my going the Bear-Flag was discussed. Some wanted one thing and some another. The oldest man among us was Tom Ellet of Texas and he said that we would paint a grizzly bear on a piece of canvass and a lone star; as the grizzly bear was the master animal of the country and the American the next strongest. That we would fight under the orders of the grizzly bear and it was decided that the grizzly bear and lone star should be the flag. Then I told old Mr. Ellet to take the boys and make the flag and put it up. And I left for to find Jack Ransford to get him to come to take charge of our cannon.

When I found him he said he would have nothing to do with it. And as it happened I had some writing from Lieut. Gillespie specifying if I raised the Revolution what backing I had. (No, I have none of that writing now; the Injuns destroyed that in Texas.) The writing specified that he would see that I was backed up by the Government; that Fremont would back me up as soon as called on. And after his reading that, he said that he would go. That if the Government had

any thing to do with it, it was all right. So he went back with me to Sonoma.

After we got there I showed him our guns. They were all well mounted on carriages. He took a couple of the boys and begin to wheel the guns around about and we soon found out that he knew all about it. He said he would help through the Revolution.

He said that if he could live for to see the American flag fly over the country—that was all he wanted—that he didn't want to live any longer. He was a very profane man. He was a great man for to swear on most every occasion. Over and over during the whole time of the Revolution, whenever the War was discussed or the flag amongst the boys, he would say he hoped that God would smite him as soon as the American flag would wave over California. That after that he didn't want to live any longer.

When the Revolution was ended the Government sent an officer, Captain Davisson, with the American flag to negotiate with the company that was under the Bear-Flag. He said he would like to annex the country that was under the Bear-Flag and claimed by the Americans that was on the North side of the Bay, to the American Government and let it come under the American flag. There was no objection put up agin this request; so the Bear-Flag was taken down and the American flag was put up.

And the third day afterwards this Jack Ransford was well and hearty as usual and stopping at old Mr. Ellet's. In the evening he sot down and had supper. He eat his supper as usual. There was no complaint. He stepped out and set down on the door-step. He spoke to Ellet and told him to come to him and Mr. Ellet looked around and Jack was leaning back like he was going to lay down in the door-step. Mr. Ellet got up started towards him and he lay back on the floor and he never moved nor spoke any more. He was stone dead. And it was the opinion of every body in the town that God had heard his prayer. The next day he was buried and that was the end of Ransford. Well, Sir—up to this day, if you was to meet any one who was there, you couldn't make them believe but that God had smite him because of his profane words.

When I got back with Ransford the flag was up and I asked "Who done all that?" And the boys spoke up in general—"We all done it. Some got the pole; some dug the hole; and some made the frame fer to tack the canvass to." It was a frame of wood made just the size of the canvass, about a yard square, a little longer across than up and down. The canvass was tacked to the frame and the frame to the pole. They said that Cowie had painted the flag. That was the young man who was killed at Santa Rosa Ranch. The flag was made

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and put up in the forenoon and we started a little afterward for the keg of powder up to Carson's.

Our information about the first two, Cowie and Fowler, being killed came by the Indian to Mose Carson and whereabouts they were and how they had done it. The Injun told Carson about the boys being killed. And Carson got on his horse and come to Sonoma and told the Company. There were eight of our men went to look after the boys and found that the report was all true. They were yet tied to the trees and showed that they had been beaten to death with rocks.

We never got the keg of powder. There was powder at Sutter's Fort so we got a keg of that. When we took the Fort we took the arms and provisions and all other things which belonged to the Mexican Government kept there. So when we found there was plenty powder there we just took what we needed.

Three days after the Bear-Flag was put up, Gillespie and Fremont who had been up at Sutter's Fort, came down to Sonoma to protect in the name of the American Government the American families in Sonoma.

When Fremont and Gillespie came they learnt all what was done and transacted up to that time. It appeared to be all satisfactory and from this letter that we got from General Vallejo's wife's brother we supposed Toro (Joaquin de la Torre?) was at San Rafael Mission on the other side of the Bay some thirty miles below.

Fremont and Gillespie and myself concluded that the best thing we could do was to take our men and go down as far as San Rafael and see if we could find him. We fixed that next day a little afore sun-down to get under way to go on a campaign down the Bay. We rode all that night and at sun-up we had got to the Injun ranch which was situated on the main road down the Bay. There we decided to stop for breakfast.

Fremont's orders were, "Kill a cow," as we had nothing to eat. A cow was butchered and every man helped himself. No baggage, no wagons, no rations to be issued. When we got hungry we killed a bullock and helped ourselves. As the country was full of cattle there was no trouble in finding them.

During our taking breakfast, Torre's company passed about a little over a half mile from us. The roads forked below where we was and his company took what was called the Coast-road. After having our breakfast we proceeded down toward San Rafael for we didn't know he had passed. If we had knowed it, you know, we'd a turned round and caught him.

When getting near (The mission was situated on a high piece of ground.) the way our road come was in a low swag about 200 yards

East of the Mission, sufficient to hide our company from the view of the house. I was pilot for Fremont at that time. When we got forinst the house the orders was to form in front of the Mission in this place of ground—then make a charge on the house supposing that Torre and his party was there.

Our company was formed in three divisions. Fremont and Kit Carson was at the head of the company. Lieut. Gillespie commanded in the center and I was at the south end of the company. Our orders was fer to charge on the house and if they was there to charge at onct.

When the order was given to charge we went yelling like so many demons. It was but a breath till we was at the house. But we found it deserted with the exception of five or six men. Four of them were Englishmen.

They were two, a Vaquero and a Spaniard, had been standing at the house on their horses. When they heard us coming they started off in a run. About 400 yards the way the Spaniard went was a thicket of timber and brush. He run into the timber. The Vaquero took up the long open alley that runs off West from the Mission. Fremont and Kit Carson took after him. The Vaquero was between 200 and 300 yards ahead of them at the start. The situation was so that we could stand and watch the race. We saw the race something near a mile. They didn't seem to gain on the Vaquero but very little. Finally they turned to the right in the low hills and disappeared out of sight.

By this time we had surrounded the house and examined the church and found that there was nobody there except those four Englishmen and two Mexicans. One of the men that we had wounded at Injun ranch was there in sick bed, shot through the shoulder.

Something like a half hour Fremont and Carson returned. We was standing all around the house—all holding our horses waiting fer Fremont to come back and give us our orders, you know. When they come, they come rushing up. Lieut. Gillespie told them there was nobody there and those Englishmen spoke up and said Torre and his company had left that morning for to go up North. The reply was that they didn't take anybody's word fer anything. So Fremont and Carson got down and rushed up the stairway to the upper part of the Mission house to see fer themselves and they found that there was no one there. They came down.

After talking a little Fremont ordered the company fer to take off their saddles and to put their horses out where they could get something to eat and put a guard over them.

Torre had left word there with those Englishmen that he was looking for eighty or a hundred men there from the South side of the

Bay and if they come fer them to take his trail and come on to where he would be encamped. Fremont concluded fer to wait at the Mission fer that party that was coming over. They didn't come.

But Lieut. Gillespie and Fremont concluded from what the Englishmen told them that the company would come over that night so they would not be discovered. It was a mile and a half to the crossing and jest after dark our company got under way and went nearer the crossing to wait fer them but they didn't come.

They sent an Injun with a letter to Torre. The Injun, we suppose, brought a bottle of whiskey with him and got tight and lay down under a tree to sleep just after he crossed the Bay to our side. We took that Injun and found that letter that he had to Torre stating they couldn't come and they wanted him to go on to Sonoma and attack and kill what few Americans they was there. This letter also stated that there would be more information at the Mission that day at 12 o'clock—that there would be two Mexicans be there. (One of them was old man Berreyesa who lived on the north side of the Bay. He was my close neighbor when I was to home.)

Fremont concluded to wait till they come across and see what more information he could get. And at that time a day—12 o'clock—we seen two men a coming as the road was open for a half mile toward the crossing. We were looking at them through a large glass that Fremont had and I saw that it was old man Berreyesa. I knew him.

Fremont says to me that he wanted me to take another man with me and get on our horses an go and see who they was and what about them and he says, "You understand, before you go, that I don't want any live prisoners fetched to my camp." I sez to him, "Cap'n, then I understand you want, after going to see who they air, you want us to kill 'em?" He sez, "I don't want any live prisoners fetched to my camp." I told him that he would have to get somebody else fer to do that job because they were friends of mine and my near neighbors and had done me many a good turn. I couldn't do that fer him.

And he stepped away to where a young man by the name of Granville Swift was standing and tole him that he wanted him fer to take a man and go and see who that was coming an, he sez, "You understand, before you go, that I don't want any live prisoners fetched to my camp." Swift replied to him, "Well," sez he, "then I understand we're to do away ball them." [Note: The words "away with" in the copy seem to have been crossed out and the word "ball substituted.]

They turned around, got on their horses and started fer to meet the men that was coming. When they met them they were something like 300 yards from the house. They stood and talked with them a few minutes. The company was all standing looking at the Mexicans and

Swift and the man he had with him. We saw the smoke of their rifles and the two men fell and some of the boys hollered out, "Why, they have killed them two men." Some on 'em said, "What a cowardly act." That was because the men had no arms. We was looking through the glass and could see they had no arms. One on 'em had a blanket under his arm and the other one a rope and bridle.

Swift and his man retired back to the house and some of the boys who was well acquainted with Swift, immediately asked him what he shot them men for. He said that he didn't know—that he had done nothing but obey orders. And they handed Lieut. Gillespie a letter that they had got out of their pockets. This letter was to Torre telling him fer to go to Sonoma next morning and attack Sonoma and kill every thing in it that had American blood in it.

And we remained the balance of the day there till evening and we got under way for Sonoma to meet Torre's band there that morning. We reached the town an hour or so before day. We was all prepared and waiting for the appearance of Torre. We had as many men as he had—a little more. All told when we was together we was 125. We'd have been much pleased if he had come. We was ready for him.

A little after sun-up an Injun came a riding up horseback. He had a fish before him—about four feet long—on his saddle. I was on guard that morning. The Injun kept his eye, every once in a while, on the fish's head. And I knowed the Injun nature so well that I dropped on it there was something wrong about that fish arrangement.

The Injun rode up to the porch and threw the fish down. I saw that the fish's mouth—the jaws—was very close together. It struck me that probably there was something in its mouth. I took the breech of my rifle and tried to punch the mouth of the fish open but I couldn't do it. I found it was sewed up. I took my knife and cut it open. Inside was a piece of india-rubber tied up very keerfully. I took and opened and found a letter in it. The letter was directed to Mis Vallejo. I twigged the Injun. I knew him so well I could tell by his looks something was wrong with that fish.

I called Lieut. Gillespie and handed him the letter. He saw it was directed to Mis Vallejo. She was summoned and Lieut. Gillespie told her there was a letter for her and he wanted permission to open and read it. And she told him to do so. He read it. He was well educated in Spanish. The letter was from Torre. He said to her he could not attack Sonoma that morning but the next morning at daylight he would attack the town and he calkulated to kill all there who had a drop of American blood in them. For her to take all the Spanish families and children the night before and let them sleep in

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her house. She had a large house. Two or three hundred people could have quarters in it.

Mis Vallejo wanted to know of Gillespie and Fremont what they was going to do and they told her they was going to let him come—they wished he would come. And she said the General—(They wrote letters back and forth and their letters was read by Gillespie).—the General always wrote to prevent any fighting on the North side of the Bay.

She asked Fremont and Gillespie if they wouldn't let her write a letter to Torre that day and send it to him. She told them she wanted to send him out of the country to the South side of the Bay,—that she didn't want him to remain on that side any longer.

Finally Gillespie—our men and Fremont didn't want Torre to go away; they wanted to fight. But Gillespie argued that the General and his officers were prisoners and didn't want fighting on the North side: it was best to let her have her own way and order him off. That we could easily catch them all on the South side. So Gillespie told her she could write.

She wrote and told him he was a fool that if he come up to Sonoma that him nor his men could never get away—that there was enough Americans there fer to kill him and every man he had—that she wanted him to take his men and go to the South side of the Bay and never come back. To leave at onct. And she sent one of her Injuns with the letter to his camp that same afternoon and the Injun returned with an answer. He said that being she requested it he would go and go at onct.

Then Fremont and Gillespie thought they could ketch him before he got across but he had started a little sooner than they expected. He travelled all that night and so did Fremont. Torre had got to the Bay and the most of his men were across. When Fremont got there the last load of men were just out of gun shot going across the Bay. The boats used were regular ship's boats which carried about twenty men at a time.

Then Fremont returned back up to Sonoma.

That fetched it up to the 3rd of July '46 and Fremont concluded that he would stay on the North side until after the 4th of July. Then we prepared for the 4th. The Mexicans and the Americans all helped to celebrate. We had a good time. We had a big ball held in General Vallejo's house in his large hall—forty feet square and well furnished.

The 6th of July Fremont started for the South side of the Bay.

End of Kelsey's Narrative.