

house, surrounded by his weeping family, the news came that his grand-father, a distinguished old war-chief, was also killed; and, fast upon this report, that others of his near relatives were slain. His mother, a white woman and a native of Connecticut, fled from the bloody precincts of the nation, with her children, and sought refuge in the United States. Her oldest son, "Yellow Bird," after remaining several years among the whites, returned to his own country and asserted the rights of his family, which had been prostrated since the death of his father. He was intimately concerned for several years in the dangerous contentions which made the Cherokee Nation a place of blood; and, finally, not succeeding in overthrowing the murderers of his father and the oppressors of his country, who were then in power, and, having furnished them with a pretext for putting him out of the way by killing a prominent member of their party, he left his country once more and, in 1850, came to the State of California. So far, we know his history. Whether he will ever meet with success in his purposes with regard to his own people, we cannot say, but we hope that he will.

The perusal of this work will give those who are disposed to be curious an opportunity to estimate the character of Indian talent. The aboriginal race has produced great warriors, and powerful orators, but literary men—only a few.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

The Author, in presenting this book to the public, is aware that its chief merit consists in the reliability of the groundwork upon which it stands and not in the beauty of its composition. He has aimed to do a service—in his humble way—to those who shall hereafter inquire into the early history of California, by preserving, in however rude a shape, a record of at least a portion of those events which have made the early settlement of this State a living romance through all time.

Besides, it is but doing justice to a people who have so far degenerated as to have been called by many, "A Nation of Cowards," to hold up a manifest contradiction, or at least an exception to so sweeping an opinion, in the character of a man who, bad though he was, possessed a soul as full of unconquerable courage as ever belonged to a human being. Although the Mexicans may be whipped by every other nation, in a battle of two or five to one, yet no man who speaks the truth can ever deny that there lived one Mexican whose nerves were as iron in the face of danger and death.

The author has not thrown this work out into the