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*From Chauwahiniu I walk
crying I walk
looking for my people.
I see no one anymore.
I walk crying, "Poor little thing."
Walking where they lived
walking over their graves
but see no one.*

—Willie Pomona's personal song

Powwows have been held for centuries in the midwestern United States. Probably when an English translation of the ana yagan was necessary in the early 1900s, a non-Indian chose powwow as the best description. Unfortunately many uninformed non-Indians assume an ana yagan is similar to the modern powwow, which includes competitive dancing and sales of Indian crafts. Some Nim prefer to describe the ana yagan as a cry ceremony or a mourning ceremony.

I don't fear that our culture will disappear, as many non-Indians suggest. The old people await us, as animal people, and life continues.

SPRING, WHEN UNINVITED GUESTS BRING GIFTS OF DEATH

It's long ago, at the time called puhiduwa, the season now known as spring. The days are warmer; the world turns green as emerging grass blankets the earth and leaves reappear on the oaks. As darkness disappears into light, the song of young coyotes is heard. Heavy snow covers the mountains surrounding Cha:tiniu; rain falls occasionally on the tonobi at the meadow's edge. The air is brisk. The renewal ceremony has been held. Kwi'na has danced.

I can see my great-great-great-grandmother Chinitit out-of-doors with other women, weaving baskets, repairing or making clothing, cooking, watching children, gossiping, visiting. Men fish nearby streams, make bows and arrows, repair tools, gossip, and visit. Children play.

Scores of white men, gold miners mostly, strangers all, mounted and on foot, arrive at Cha:tiniu in the year 1851. Gunfire erupts, shattering the peaceful community; women and children disappear into the forest while the men stay behind to protect their families and homes. Then there is silence, except for the crackling sound of burning houses, granaries, sweathouses, shade arbors, and windbreaks. The white men burn everything.

History's version of what has become known as the Mariposa Indian War, which occurred over a few-month period in the spring of 1851, is well documented. The recollections of Indians and white people sympathetic to their plight are hidden in isolated biographies and historical accounts.

Much has been written about the so-called Indian Wars in the eastern United States that predate California's statehood by many years. And about the Plains Indians' defense of their millions of acres from the hordes of migrating settlers in the 1860s, 1870s, and 1880s, ending with the massacre at Wounded Knee, South Dakota, in 1892, forty years after miners first entered the central Sierra Nevada.

My tribe's resistance to the white man has been virtually ignored. How we tried to live undisturbed as the American government attempted to destroy my family and others, culminating in the government's ultimate, deceitful misappropriation of our land.

Grandpa said all he knew about those times was what his own grandfather had told him when he was a child: "Some of the old people saw *suntati* [uniformed soldiers] at *Cha:tiniu*, long ago." It is unlikely that more was ever said, in keeping with the family's dictum that we not talk about "bad things." My grandparents cautioned not to discuss bad things or they could be "brought in" to one's own experience. But it's time for the bad things that occurred in the 1850s to be revealed, events that drastically changed *Chinitit's* life and her descendants' future.

History glorifies the first gold discovery by an American on January 24, 1848: James Wilson Marshall found yellow flecks in the sand of the American River east of Sacramento, where he was constructing a sawmill. As if shot from a single giant cannon, thousands of men from every walk of life, from throughout the United States and from other countries as well, exploded suddenly onto the shores of the American and Sacramento rivers. They had one purposeful thought: find gold and get rich. Their actions unintentionally supported the federal government's quest for control of the

western United States by inundating California with Americans; within months, California was a state of the Union.

Logically, California's Indians were protected by the Hidalgo Treaty of 1848, signed at the conclusion of a war between the United States and Mexico, which guaranteed them the right to land and freedom from domination. Miners entering northern California, with their bad feelings toward the Indians they found living there, had other ideas.

As had occurred for more than two hundred years, since the English, French, and Dutch wrested the eastern seaboard from its native inhabitants, these newcomers shared a common attitude: annihilate the Indians, whose presence impeded the miners' search for gold. Indians were forced from their homes and often murdered; women and young girls were often raped. And the miners were amazed at the Indians' "strange conduct" when they occasionally retaliated against them.

Within a few months the initial gold fever lost its momentum. Some miners, impeded by the hordes of other men with similar determination and disgruntled when their fortunes were not discovered quickly, began to travel southward—by foot, on horseback, in wagons—to sift the sands in other rivers.

John Charles Fremont was ahead of them; he was one of the earliest arrivals in what became known as Mariposa County, where he purchased the Las Purisimas Land Grant. Fremont had returned to California after he was court-martialed for his involvement in the Mexican-American War. He initially sent his friend, Alexis Godey, who had accompanied him on some of his earlier explorations, and some Mexican miners to prospect the grant. After Godey discovered gold on a tributary of Agua Fria Creek, word of the new strike spread and other miners swarmed to the new strike. By December 1849, hundreds were in the vicinity.

Fremont developed a large estate at nearby Bear Valley. Today's travelers on Highway 49 pass through this quiet, pastoral valley a

few miles north of the town of Mariposa, unaware of the excitement almost 150 years ago.

Luck had also visited a few miners in 1849. They found gold in the San Joaquin River near a place that later became known as Millerton. Within a year, a traveling French journalist, Etienne Debec, found poor placers and evidence of mining that was apparently abandoned by disillusioned miners.

Still propelled by dreams of wealth, miners explored eastward into the Sierra Nevada, where they discovered productive strikes along the Merced and Chowchilla rivers and along the Fresno River, at places they named Coarsegold, today a thriving village on Highway 41 to Yosemite, and Grub Gulch, also on Highway 41 near today's town of Oakhurst. Little regard was given to the Indian people living there, our neighbors and sometimes enemies, the Wowa (the miners called them Chukchansi); who were swept into the maelstrom created by the gold-hungry miners.

Leading this invasion was James Savage, who arrived in Mariposa County in 1850. He was a controversial personality then, and still is. Some historians and biographers praise him as a military hero and a friend to the Indians. Others revile him. My family said Savage was a "bad man." His actions altered my ancestors' way of life. He cannot be ignored.

Savage was familiar with frontier life. He was born in 1823 in Illinois, then the western frontier. His family's legends suggest he may have lived with Plains Indians, either after he was kidnapped by them or after he ran away from home to live with them when he was a teenager. Savage was a small man but well built and physically strong. His skin was darkened by the sun, and he wore his brown hair long and tied below his shoulders.

Savage was twenty-three years old when he joined a wagon train heading west. After arriving in northern California he joined Fremont's California Battalion to fight Indians, and he also fought with Fremont against Mexican soldiers in the Mexican-American War. After gold was discovered, he worked for John Sutter.

Restless, Savage traveled south to Big Oak Flat, at the confluence of the Merced and Tuolumne rivers in Miwok Indian territory. He mined gold and opened a store to trade frontier necessities to other miners and to Miwok who worked the river sand for him near his Big Oak Flat trading post. Disgruntled Indians destroyed the post within months of its opening, but some of its remains are visible today next to a souvenir store just outside the entrance to Yosemite Park on Highway 140.

Savage relocated again, opening a trading post where Agua Fria and Mariposa creeks meet, still in Miwok territory. A third post was opened next to the Fresno River, near where today's Madera County Road 415 crosses the river. He was now in Chukchansi territory.

Savage was shrewd. He quickly allied himself with the area's Indian tribes as their self-proclaimed friend. He also "married" young daughters of several Indian leaders, a common practice of European and American adventurers in the 1700s and 1800s who lived openly with Indian women on the American frontier. Robert Eccleston, a miner in the area, claimed that Savage had thirty-three "wives" between the ages of ten and twenty-two whom he dressed in white chemises with low necks and short sleeves and either red or blue skirts. "They are mostly low in stature & not unhandsome," Eccleston wrote in his diary. "They always look clean & sew neatly. [Savage] has a little house built for their accommodation."¹

Savage continued to hire Indians to dig gold, paying them with trade goods, while he earned huge profits by underhandedly using a "Digger ounce" to measure the gold. ("Digger ounce" describes the method of using a lead slug to measure gold instead of the lighter, normal weight commonly used.) "One time . . . when a squaw came in and asked for some raisins," recalled Joseph Kinsman of a visit to the Fresno Crossing store, "Savage put the scales on the counter and told her to put what gold she had in one of the pans, then he balanced it with raisins. I asked him if raisins were worth their weight in gold and he said, 'Oh, well, she doesn't want

the gold; she wants the raisins.' . . . Savage was always causing trouble among the Indians."² Savage was also less than generous with the white miners, who were forced to accept his high prices for goods in order to save the time it would have cost them if they'd traveled into the village of Mariposa.

Savage's rapport with the Indians deteriorated even more following a trip to San Francisco in October 1850 with two of his Indian wives. J. M. Cunningham, who also accompanied Savage, claimed, "One of the first causes of the Mariposa Indian War was a difficulty which arose between . . . Savage and an Indian . . . called Jose Juarez [who was] of some note in the Tribes about the Chowchilla and Fresno Rivers and had influence in those Tribes." After a long evening of heavy drinking, Savage and Juarez argued violently. Cunningham said that Savage struck Jose, whose intoxication was an embarrassment to him. He continued, "I frequently heard the Indian mutter threats of what he would do when he got back to his own people, but when sober he concealed his anger and Indian like waited his opportunity for revenge."³

Dr. Lafayette Houghton Bunnell's impression of these events differed. He claimed that Savage was drunk. "Jose arose, apparently sober, and from that time maintained a silent and dignified demeanor," Bunnell wrote in his personal memoirs.⁴

Jose Rey, who was also identified as a Chowchilla leader but who may have been a Chukchansi, sided with Juarez after he heard about the dispute. Both men stopped trading with Savage and began inciting the area's several tribes to drive the white people away. Although Nim families lived only a few miles over the ridge from Grub Gulch, there is no evidence they became involved in the disagreement.

Adam Johnston, who in April 1849 was appointed Indian agent for the Sacramento and San Joaquin River areas, journeyed to Savage's Fresno River trading post in the fall of 1850 to try to appease several tribal headmen, including Rey, Juarez, a man identified as Vouchester (who was sometimes called Baptista), and Tomkit, a

leader of the Dumna who lived in the eastern San Joaquin Valley foothills near the San Joaquin River. He was apparently unsuccessful, as by mid-December unidentified Indians attacked and murdered three clerks at the Fresno River trading post, burning the post to the ground. Mariposa County officials did not act then against the Indians, because they assumed the attack was a continuation of Savage's personal dispute with Juarez. Unfortunately, their wisdom was soon tainted.

Savage did not know his attackers, yet he used the incident to gather together and incite nearby miners, warning them to arm themselves as quickly as possible against the Indians. Johnston also joined the fray, fueling the miners' fears by falsely warning them that an Indian attack was imminent. Although no miners had been killed, the miners were encouraged to kill all Indians, regardless of their guilt or innocence. Johnston knew that most of the Indians (who were probably from the Miwok tribe) had left their homes near the community of Mariposa to hide in the mountains; yet he petitioned California's Gov. Peter H. Burnett to protect the miners.

Soon after statehood the California legislature approved "An Act for the Government and Protection of the Indians," which permitted white farmers to indenture (read: enslave) Indians. The act would have enabled even the miners to indenture Indians. But that's not what they wanted. They wanted the Indians' land, and they were ready to fight for it.

Military campaigns had already been waged against northern California Indians who were impeding mining interests there. Thus, in January 1851, there was no legislative resistance when Governor Burnett ordered a war of extinction against the Indians, the unavoidable and "inevitable destiny" of the Indian people. When Burnett resigned before he could put words into action, Sheriff James Burney asked the new governor, John McDougal, for permission to "subjugate" the mountain tribes, from the Tuolumne River north of the village of Mariposa to the Tejon Pass in the Tehachapi Mountains, at the southern extremity of the San Joaquin Valley.

But Burney was impatient. Acting on his own authority, he solicited miners to form a volunteer militia to protect the frontier after the Indians at Coarsegold and Fine Gold, the head of the San Joaquin, and the Four Creeks region appeared to be hostile. Burney led a large party of armed miners in an attack against any Indians they encountered. His scout was James Savage.

Savage's recent military experience in northern California now served him well. He assumed leadership of another contingent that traveled toward Pilot Peak, south of the village of Mariposa. He also appointed a miner, "S. Skeane," to the rank of lieutenant in a hastily organized military organization called Company 1, California Volunteers. Skeane led an attack on a group of Indians near Pilot Peak who, according to Savage, were from marauding foothill tribes. "Without the least delay," Bunnell wrote, "the men dashed in and with brands from the camp fire, set the wigwams burning, and at the same time madly attacked the now alarmed camp. . . . Jose Rey [Savage's sworn enemy] was among the first shot down."⁵ Rey evaded capture after Skeane was mortally wounded. The miners withdrew.

Skeane became the miners' hero, the first "soldier" killed in the conflict. In fact, he may have died from a shot fired by another miner. "Bad blood had developed between two of the men in the party," recalled Dorsey Ramsden in an interview, "and in the dusk and confusion one man's gun was fired. . . . As a result of the shot . . . Lieutenant Skeane [sic] was fatally wounded and another seriously injured."⁶

Savage next claimed that all the miners south of the village of Mariposa had been killed by Indians, and he instructed Burney to arrange a meeting in Mariposa. The seventy-five miners who attended drafted and signed a petition demanding that Burney brand all Indians outlaws and permit the miners to kill Indians throughout Mariposa County. The only condition was that bodies had to be buried and the sheriff informed of the location and number of In-

dians killed. At that time, Cha:tiniu was within Mariposa County's boundaries.

This deadly philosophy, "There's no good Indian but a dead Indian," fueled the mountain Indians' fear of white men for years afterward. Indian people would disappear without a trace; and each family had its own stories of rape and beating. Grandma said her parents hid their children whenever people came to their home. She'd hide Gloria and me when we were children. "Go, hide," she'd order us when white people came to the house. My great-grandfather, Jim Moore, was found dead in 1948, behind a North Fork business. The family suspected that he was beaten to death by white men, but in those days law enforcement officers weren't interested in Indians' opinions. Caution in their relationship with non-Indians prevails among some Nim families even today.

Meanwhile, back in Washington, D.C., the federal government saw another frontier to be conquered and settled as the nation expanded across the continent. At the request of California's mining and farming interests, the government implemented its own Indian policies based on local interests. It turned to the long-established treaty process initiated in 1789, when the management of the nation's Indian affairs was delegated to the War Department. In 1793 Congress invalidated all Indian title to lands not formerly acquired by treaty under the Constitution and placed Indian matters directly in the president's hands. Congress's intent was to extinguish Indian title to the public domain through treaties with individual tribes while at the same time effectively removing the Indians from the advancing frontier by placing them on federal reservations located in areas chosen by the government.

Thousands of California's acres were prime land ripe for settlement by American pioneers but lived on by numerous Indian tribes. In 1850 President Millard Fillmore appointed Redick McKee, Oliver W. Wozencraft, and George W. Barbour as his representatives and commissioned them to journey overland to California to

meet and treaty with Indian tribes living in important gold mining regions in the San Joaquin Valley and the western Sierra Nevada. Indians living along the coast or in California's eastern deserts weren't involved. The government assumed the Indians wouldn't resist relinquishment of their right to ancestral lands in exchange for reservation land and sundry goods.

Erasmus D. Keyes was a West Point graduate and career army officer, most recently appointed by Gen. Persifer F. Smith to the rank of captain in command of the artillery company at the post of San Francisco. Keyes was detached to assist the commissioners in their negotiations with the tribes. He was also secretly armed by the War Department's General Hitchcock to, if necessary, subdue the Indians with force. A trained force of two hundred infantry soldiers from Companies M and F of the 3d Artillery Regiment and Companies B and K of the 2d Infantry were placed under his command. Keyes led the commissioners south from San Francisco through the San Joaquin Valley, through pristine country coveted by the federal government for its public domain.

Others, meanwhile, were marshaling for an Indian attack. Burney finally received the governor's edict to raise a military force. Two hundred miners volunteered and were hastily organized as the Mariposa Battalion. They were ordered to subdue, capture, and remove all the Indians living in Mariposa County to a reservation in the foothills on the Fresno River.

Savage was elected the battalion's leader; he immediately assumed the military title of major. Burney wasn't too pleased about that, as he also wanted to lead the battalion. But he'd already declined an appeal by the miners to lead them, publicly pleading his position as county sheriff and claiming to respect Savage's fluency in several Indian languages. He also had knowledge of the countryside, Burney said.

Years later, however, Burney recalled his loss of confidence in Savage in a March 20, 1885, letter to J. M. Hutchings, who was gathering information for a work on early California:

[Savage] . . . told me confidentially that he desired to go even with a small force . . . and if the Indians cut his men all to pieces it would incite the Americans so that they would turn out in sufficient force to conquer the Indians and then he could get control of them again and all he wanted was to work them one more season in the mines and he would have all the money he wanted. . . . I thought . . . he would not do to trust.⁷

The volunteer miners were now militiamen and were paid \$4 a day for each private, up to \$12 a day for Savage. They gathered about two miles south of the village of Mariposa to await orders. While there, they were further inflamed when they learned of attacks by unidentified Indians against teamsters near Fine Gold Gulch and the death of trader Wiley P. Cassady at his San Joaquin River store on the former Castro land grant.

A few Indian families, meanwhile, traveled to Camp Fremont, a temporary tent encampment established for the commissioners in the lower foothill drainage of the Mariposa River, on Fremont's La Purisima Ranch. A festive air prevailed on Sunday, March 9, as visitors from the surrounding area arrived to see the Indians, commissioners, and soldiers. More Indians arrived during the next few days, and a treaty was signed with six of their leaders on March 19.

The commissioners then sent word to all of the remaining mountain "warriors" including the "Monos," some of whom had refused to come in, to report to Camp McLean with their families by the end of March, to sign a treaty. This camp was another hastily established tent "fort" on the banks of the Fresno River, where the valley plains blend with the lowest foothills, between present-day Adobe Ranch and Hensley Lake. At the same time, however, the Mariposa Battalion was finally ordered into what became a month-long campaign to subdue those Indians who refused to come into the fort and transport them to Camp McLean, where the reservation would be established.

The "monos" most often referred to in the historical reports of

the early 1850s were actually that portion of Chief Tenaya's band living at that time in Yosemite Valley. Tenaya's lineage was part sibi Nim and part Ahwaneechee from Yosemite Valley. Accompanied by others, Tenaya left his family and established himself as a chief in Yosemite. He refused to surrender and escaped to his family on the eastern slope, where he and his followers were eventually captured.

The miners hoped for a quick and final conclusion to the "Indian problem," but that was not to be. Sorties again swarmed over the countryside, searching fruitlessly for the recalcitrant Chowchilla. Savage returned to Camp McLean on April 2 and joined forces with Keyes. An unidentified correspondent, after meeting with two Mariposa Battalion officers in San Jose on April 22, 1851, penned his observations.

This [the Chowchilla], the most powerful of the Indian tribes in California, is believed to have at its command 1000 warriors. A portion of the Pyanches [the eastern Mono of today] from the other side of the Sierras are known to be allied with them and other tribes this side of the mountains [alluding to the presence of Tenaya]. A hard fight is anticipated with them since they have refused all overtures of peace and have committed the most daring robberies and unprovoked murders in the neighborhood of fine and coarse Gold Gulches. Large quantities of snow have fallen since the expedition started, which will render the march exceedingly difficult. . . . [T]he Major and the officers . . . will not turn back for any ordinary difficulties, and we may expect soon to hear of the complete subjection of the Chow-chillas. . . . The best of feeling exists between the regular and volunteer forces, and in the course of a month it is believed the Indian difficulties will be satisfactorily settled from the Calaveras to the Tulare Lake, *opening to miners some of the best mining and agricultural districts in the state.*⁸

To escape the advancing soldiers, some of the Chowchilla retreated southeast into the Sierras, toward the isolation of Cha:tiniu,

where they expected to be welcomed by the Nim. The Nim's act of friendship was ultimately disastrous.

April 14, 1851, dawned. The Mariposa Battalion, some of whom rode horseback, marched with panache. Eccleston wrote,

We made a display at once formidable & romantic. . . . [A] young squaw who is acting as guide . . . was mounted on a large Rowen horse & sat astraddle & rode without stirrups. She wore a hat under which her black & straight hair hung down gracefully upon her shoulders, which were partially covered with a scarf thrown negligently over the left shoulder, her bodice was white muslin & her skirt of blue fig[ured] calico, & her small feet & ankles showed to advantage. Next to her, Major Savage rode . . . & . . . the whole Battalion in Indian file making a formidable appearance, each carrying their Red, blue &c. blankets behind them & our youthful Guidess would every little while look back & seem proud of her station.⁹

Indian scouts from an unidentified San Joaquin Valley tribe led the soldiers eastward into the mountains. Savage's plan was to sweep the area of scattered bands as he followed a circuitous route. For three days they followed Coarsegold Gulch to the headwaters of the Fresno River, crossing over today's Goat Mountain, and entered a lush valley rich with abundant game and acorns.

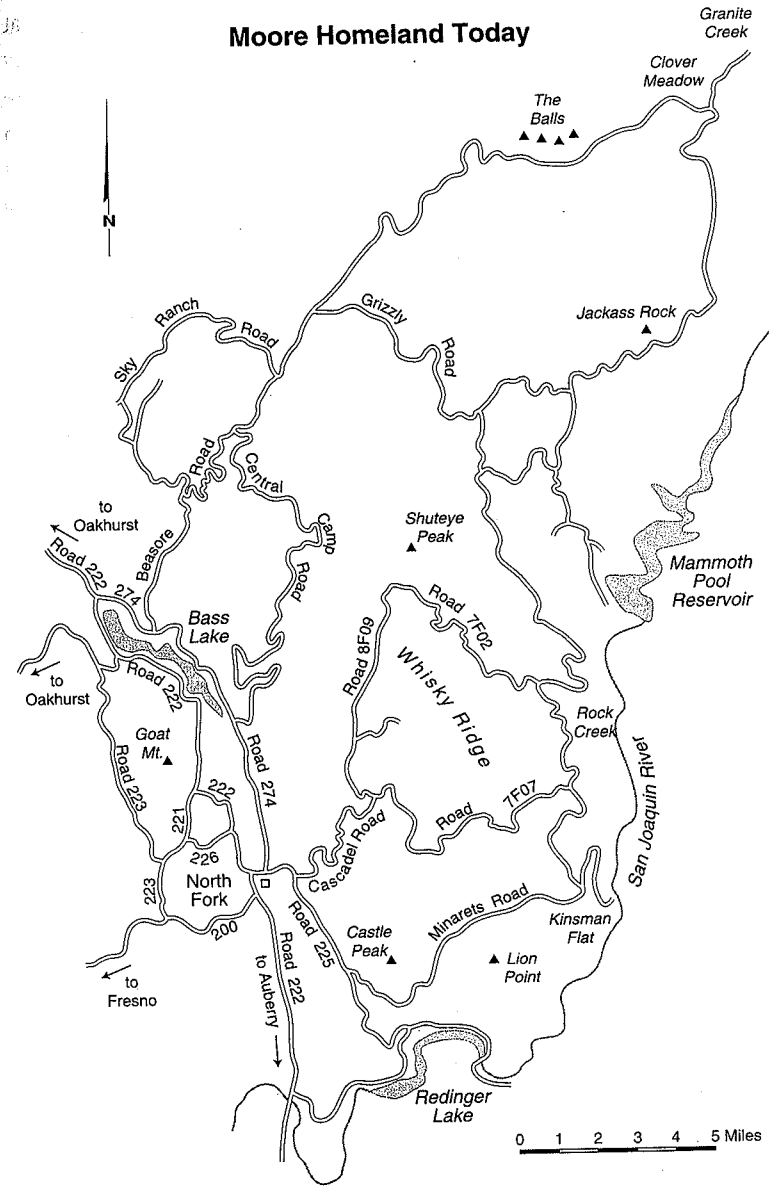
The battalion had arrived in Nim territory, where the animal people awaited them. "As we entered the valley selected for our camping place, a flock of sand-hill cranes rose from it with their usual persistent yells; and from this incident, their name was affixed to the valley and is the name by which it is now known," wrote Bunnell.¹⁰ It is still known as Crane Valley. Grandpa said cranes are always the first into battle.

The scouts rendezvoused with the main force near a double waterfall at the west end of the lush valley, where the grass was good, there was an abundance of soap root for washing, and a placid stream ran through rich meadowland. The stream was named the

North Fork of the San Joaquin River, but some years later, after its own headwaters were discovered, it was renamed Willow Creek. Many deer, bear, and a variety of small animals were hunted for food. The soldiers searched for Indians in the valley and surrounding mountains but found nothing, except for a few tracks on the trail. Some of the soldiers expressed an interest in laying claim to Crane Valley for a ranch, after the Indians were conquered.

Members of Mom's paternal family were fortunate that the whole valley wasn't explored. Several Nim families lived a few miles downstream, among them the ancestors of great-grandma Kitty Camino, who married great-grandpa Dick Pomona. Grandma Kitty's nephew, Dan McSwain, recalled living as a child, early in the twentieth century, in a cedar bark house at what is now known as Willow Cove. His homesite, Grandma Kitty's homesite, the battalion's campsite, and much of Crane Valley including a broad meadow around which Nim families built their cedar bark homes have all disappeared beneath Willow Creek's impounded water. The area is known today as Bass Lake, a popular water sport, vacation, and retiree locale. Only occasionally, during a dry winter, does the original scene that greeted the Mariposa Battalion become vaguely visible, when Willow Creek flows so slowly that the lake's level lowers and the creek flows as it did long ago. The double waterfall still invites exploration. Cranes still nest in tall snags around the lake, flying overhead in search of food. Bears and mountain lions are occasionally sighted, and deer still roam Crane Valley. Absent from the scene are the Nim, although Grandpa Dan, over ninety years old, lives just a few miles away from his boyhood home, his memories of his early years in Crane Valley still vivid.

Savage was recalled to the commissioners' headquarters; before leaving he ordered John Bowling, another miner who volunteered for the battalion and was immediately appointed "captain" of Company B, to take command and follow the elusive Indians. Sandino, a Mission Indian, whom Bowling later accused of inefficiency and cunning, stayed behind to guide and interpret.



An estimated one hundred soldiers started out, slogging in heavy rain, higher and higher into the mountains. They camped at night with their horses in pristine meadows that were quickly fouled and trampled. Following what became known as Beasore Creek, they traveled through meadows yet to be named Johnson and Arnold, out onto the sharp ridge between the not-yet-named Chiquito Creek and the west fork of the San Joaquin River. They reached the upper San Joaquin River on April 25, only to discover an abandoned settlement in the area of Cha:tinuu.

Hardy adventurers can follow some of the battalion's route. A pickup truck journey over rutted dirt roads took us one day to Little Shuteye Pass at the base of Shuteye Peak, past which the battalion traveled. The vista draws the eye northeast, into the Sierras. Less hardy travelers can enjoy a springtime exploration on a macadam highway that meanders through the forest, beginning at The Pines Village on the north shore of Bass Lake, past brilliantly flowered meadows, beneath a canopy of old growth trees, along briskly flowing creeks. It is easy, if not pleasant, to visualize the past: N̄im living throughout the forest, their stores of hundreds of pounds of acorns and pine nuts, their homes, all torched by the soldiers.

"On arriving at the [San Joaquin] river it was found to be very deep," Bowling wrote. "A large Indian ranch and playground, with some few Indians standing about was discovered on the opposite side."¹¹ The soldiers were poised at Yoninau, a traditional N̄im river crossing, where some Indians—who could have been either the escaping Chowchilla or N̄im from the immediate area—had just evaded them, crossing the river by holding onto a woven rope that was later cut down by "some of the boys." The soldiers used their horses' ropes to lash together a few dry pieces of timber and fashioned a flimsy raft on which some soldiers crossed to the other side. Others swam. Bowling continued:

The water was as cold as ice, and rushed down the canyon with such rapidity as to apparently defy a passage. . . . There was no dal-

lying, the Indians were in sight and the boys appeared not to know there was any obstacle in their way. No sooner was the word given than their clothing was off, and all the good swimmers rushed into the foaming current.

The Indians hollered at the swimming soldiers as they disappeared into the brush and rocks. Sandino was suspected of alerting them to the battalion's approach. The soldiers were now without horses.

Preparations were immediately made for battle, which resulted in a foot race. The whole force, as near abreast as circumstances would admit, slowly and cautiously ascended the mountain, each step expecting to hear the hum of an arrow, until we arrived at the rancheria. No Indians were to be found. They had only left a few minutes, making large trails in different directions, and having nearly all their provisions and some clothing. This village consisted of about one hundred and fifty huts, and a large supply of acorns, all of which we destroyed, being satisfied that the men were secreted among the bushes watching our movements. I sought to ascertain in what direction the women and children had gone, that we might pursue them, and probably bring the men into a fight.

The soldiers found only the remains of a fire at the abandoned settlement. Sandino sifted the ashes, finding what he claimed was Jose Rey's knife. He also identified some bones as those of the mortally wounded Rey. Whether it was Rey or someone else from another tribe, the N̄im would not have hesitated to perform the mourning ceremony, to be paid for their services with trade items.

For several more days the N̄im continued to scatter in advance of the relentless soldiers, who continued to burn settlements and acorn stores. Disgust quickly replaced elation when the soldiers found only occasional tracks and sighted only a couple of Indians in the distance. Sandino suggested the soldiers' quarry had escaped by swimming back across the boiling river.

More days passed in a fruitless search as the Nîm continued to withdraw, leading the soldiers toward the region that would be named Kaiser Pass. The soldiers, occasionally observed women and children outdistancing them in a fast march eastward, deeper into the mountains. I can't help but wonder if Chinitit was one of them.

Finally, as the Nîm continued to evade them and their supplies dwindled, the soldiers retreated. The trail became more difficult as they were forced to scramble over huge boulders and through heavy brush; one misstep or slip could have hurled a man several hundred feet into the river. When they finally reached the river crossing, the soldiers found their raft so soaked only one man at a time could cross. Suddenly some soldiers still on the opposite side began to shoot across the river where Nîm were signing that they wanted to parley but instead fired their arrows. The soldiers shot four of them.

The bow and arrow was the usual weapon of warfare of my ancestors in the 1850s, although some Nîm were known to have guns, probably old muskets taken from the Spaniards and Mexicans in earlier decades. Bunnell wrote,

The self-confident and experienced . . . men . . . felt annoyed that these Indians had escaped when almost within range of our rifles. Our feelings—as a military organization—were irritated by the successful manner in which they had eluded our pursuit, and thrown us from their trail. We had been outwitted by these ignorant Indians; but as individuals, no one seemed inclined to acknowledge it.¹²

Tired and cold, the soldiers retreated westward out of the Sierras to the San Joaquin River, near where Cassady's store had been. Keyes and his regular soldiers had created a tent encampment there for the commissioners, on a narrow plain near a village of "friendly" Indians. It was a comforting sight for the weary battalion, the surrounding hills bright green and with patches of bril-

liantly colored spring wildflowers. The encampment was named Camp Barbour.

On April 29 messengers were sent to the remaining foothill Indians to announce a peace parley. If they surrendered, the Indians were promised food, clothing, and protection. If they refused, they were promised extermination.

There was a festive air as an estimated 1,200 people from a number of local tribes assembled. Many had never seen a white man. Keyes was impressed with their general appearance. He watched the Indians amuse themselves playing games and sports.

Three men whom the commissioners identified as principal chiefs of the tribes negotiated a handwritten treaty with the commissioners on April 29, 1851, on behalf of sixteen tribes representing an alleged four thousand Indians. The feared mountain Indians, who could have been Tenaya's band or the Nîm of the upper San Joaquin River, were absent. The treaty provided for their anticipated arrival.

And it is expressly understood that the *mona* or wild portion of the tribes . . . which are still out in the mountains, shall, when they come in, be incorporated with their respective bands . . . and the tribes above named pledge themselves to use their influence and best exertions to bring in and settle the said monas at the earliest possible day; and when the Yo-semi-te tribe comes in they shall in like manner be associated with the tribes or bands under the authority or control of Naiyak-qua.¹³

By agreeing to the treaty's provisions, Indian leaders hoped to protect their people against continued attacks by soldiers; instead, they effectively destroyed their tribes' traditional lifestyle. There is no evidence that any Nîm leader signed the treaty or that any Nîm who lived deep in the Sierras were forced from their homeland.

The "Tom quit" who signed the treaty was Tomkit, the aged chief of the Dumna (identified in the treaty as Toomnas) who, after he

assumed leadership of the dissidents when Jose Rey was wounded, vowed to fight Savage rather than surrender. The recollections of an aged man, Pahmit, who was Tomkit's twenty-nine-year-old grandson when the treaty was signed, paint a scenario at odds with the historical picture.

The Dumna were a content people before the soldiers arrived, Pahmit recalled. They had plenty to eat and comfortable homes at Kuyu Illik, their encampment near the treaty grounds. San Joaquin River miners were the first white men Pahmit saw.

Pahmit watched as Savage, dressed in blue clothes and riding a horse, entered Camp Barbour accompanied by several other armed and mounted men. "I big medicine man with big father at Washington," Pahmit recalled Savage's words. "You haf do what I say. I hurt you if I want to [Savage's allusion to the magical powers afforded him by his gun]." ¹⁴ Deciding it was in his people's best interest to obey Savage, Tomkit gathered the other chiefs together to meet with the commissioners at Camp Barbour.

Yo-ho, a California mission-educated Indian who once lived with the Dumna, was the commissioners' translator during the treaty negotiations. At first the Indians didn't like what they heard and refused to negotiate, Pahmit recalled. So the commissioners decided to appease the leaders by smoking tobacco with them. "Then Major Savage give 'em lots whiskey. . . . Then they make sign mark on piece paper. . . . Lots Indian sign 'em." ¹⁵

More trouble was brewing. "There are parts of 2 or 3 tribes which would not come in to treat," wrote an unidentified correspondent for the *Daily Alta Californian*. ¹⁶ The commissioners ordered Savage and three companies to move against them. They still thought they were dealing with Tenaya's band, but they were again back in Nim territory. Even Eccleston was concerned: "There was considerable threats about disturbing the peaceable Indians by the discomfitted party." ¹⁷ But it was too late. Savage left Camp Barbour in early May, determined to capture the recalcitrant Indians.

There were actually two engagements. Bowling's command went

to the Yosemite Valley to capture Tenaya. He was guided by Cow-Chitty, an Indian scout in whom Savage placed great faith, as he was an old enemy of Tenaya. Savage commanded the remaining soldiers, following the battalion's earlier route to Crane Valley and onward into the mountains. They camped on May 7 at a very large abandoned settlement on a ridge known today as Forked Meadow, between the west fork of the San Joaquin River and the Chiquito, or little San Joaquin, near Cha:tinu.

The soldiers advanced, camping along the trail at other recently abandoned settlements, at places now named Jackass Meadow and Soldier Meadow. Grandpa John said he knew this "old trail" when I explained the war to him. He said he'd walked it with his dad, Jim Moore, years ago.

Near the upper north fork of the San Joaquin River the soldiers found tracks of Indians who were retreating as they advanced, but they had difficulty following them. Campfires were seen in the distance, but the soldiers couldn't reach them. Then they faced what appeared to be impassable boulders but found long poles that the Indians had placed from one large boulder to another. Grapevines were attached above the poles and stretched a short distance apart, then fastened together by smaller vines, enabling the Indians to walk the poles while holding onto the grapevines. The soldiers followed.

The soldiers advanced deeper and deeper into the mountains. As during the earlier attempt, Indians were seen across the river, but Savage realized his command was unprepared to pursue them. They retreated, along the way again burning hundreds of bushels of acorns and pine nuts, and arrived at Camp Barbour on May 17. Once again, my ancestors evaded the enemy.

A few days later news reached Camp Barbour that Bowling had successfully captured Tenaya and his band, including three of Tenaya's sons, in the Yosemite Valley. One son was killed trying to escape. (Tenaya spent a year in captivity. After he was released, he traveled across the Sierras to join relatives near Mono Lake, where he was killed during a dispute with some of his own tribe.)

Within the next few weeks leaders of other foothill tribes south of the San Joaquin River also signed treaties. Their relinquishment of their foothill homeland, coupled with the treaty that embraced Nim territory, placed thousands more acres in the public domain. A correspondent wrote in a July 30, 1865, letter, "And I am happy to add . . . that the country is fast filling up with an industrious American population. . . . If any of your readers should desire to emigrate to, and settle in, that beautiful section of the State, enjoying as it does a most delicious and healthy climate, they will find an abundance of good land yet to be possessed."¹⁸

After the commissioners left Camp Barbour, Keyes led the 2d Infantry a short distance to a new camp on the San Joaquin River, where they were joined within a few days by Lieutenants Moore and McLean. The soldiers built a log outpost that was named Fort Miller to enforce the treaty and protect the mining districts by controlling the Indians between the Merced and Kern rivers.

Pahmit's recollections again differ with the historical record. He claimed that some of the Dumna remained at their ancestral home after the treaty was signed.

After 'wile soldiers come, make big wood house for fight. They all got gun. They catch lots Indian. Some Indian get 'way. . . . My grandpa, Tomkit, tell soldiers, "Put away gun; my people come in; they no like gun." Sometimes the soldiers whipped the Indians into building the wood house. . . . They whip, whip, whip. Two, three Indian die—whip'em too much. . . . They run all Indian 'way from village Kuyu Illik. They burn all Indian house.¹⁹

Pahmit said his dad also warned, "Indian spirits no like you do this. Pretty soon bad things happen to you."²⁰ The San Joaquin River overran its banks soon afterwards, Pahmit added, washing away a store, killing some Chinese men, and forcing some of the soldiers to leave. In the Sierra Nevada foothills, along the San Joaquin, Fresno, and Chowchilla rivers, many miners became sick. The fed-

eral government hired forty doctors to travel to the affected areas to treat those suffering with fever and other maladies, but some of the men died.

Finally, early that summer, after the federal government was convinced that the Indians were controlled, the volunteer Mariposa Battalion was mustered out of service. Some federal troops remained at Fort Miller because Barbour was concerned that continuing misdeeds by miners could once again inflame the Indians.

At Cha:tiniu, Chinitit and her family reclaimed their life. They built new tonobi and granaries. They had to wait until fall, though, to gather bushels upon bushels of acorns and to wait until winter to gather material to replace the many baskets burned in the fires. At least there was some food. Their dried meat had been destroyed, but there were the seeds and bulbs of spring, stream fish, fresh deer meat, and a variety of small animals. It may have been during this period that an itinerant miner taught my family to pan gold from the San Joaquin River and nearby creeks.

After the war ended, some miners continued to explore the San Joaquin River. They moved deeper into the Sierra Nevada until they reached a creek east of the river, near Cha:tiniu, where they discovered gold. To recover the gold they had to use large hydraulic nozzles to wash away the hillside soil in a ravine they called Kaiser Gulch. A small settlement soon rose nearby, clinging to the side of the ravine. By 1852 or 1853 the mining district was known as the Kaiser Diggings, but the absence of a wagon road prevented its growth, and the Kaiser district took its place in history. Also nearby, in the 1850s, partners named Harris and Wolff and a man named Logan opened stores so they could trade their "Digger ounce" for commodities.

Grandpa John enjoyed reminiscing about his youth in the mid-teens of the twentieth century, when he and his dad rode horseback from their home at Peyakinu over the ridge to the San Joaquin River to pan for gold. Mom, too, remembers when she was a young girl going with her grandparents, Jim and Lizzie Moore, for a day's

outing to pan gold from the river and its tributaries. Usually, she said, they found enough gold dust to buy groceries when they made their periodic horse-drawn wagon trips into North Fork.

Elsewhere in our territory, however, some of the Nîm who lived near Crane Valley, at Fine Gold Creek, or in the foothills bordering the San Joaquin River may have been forced onto a reservation in the foothills. Although my ancestors avoided imprisonment there, the mentality that created the reservation eventually resulted in Chinitit's descendants adapting their lifestyle to the white man's.

The treated Indians' new home was intended to be a 50-mile-long-by-15-mile-wide strip of generally poor foothill land between the Chowchilla and Kaweah rivers in the eastern San Joaquin Valley. The actual reservation was much smaller. It was officially named the Fresno River Farm, but as the years passed it was more often called the Fresno River Reservation or Reserve. Its eastern boundary was the site of an Indian rancheria located below the confluence of the Fresno River and Coarsegold Creek which was overtaken by the battalion and where the commissioners had bivouacked at Camp McLean. To the west the reservation included all the land to just beyond Highway 145. Through the reservation flowed the Fresno River.

By signing the treaty tribal leaders agreed that their followers would live peacefully and in friendship with their conqueror, and if accosted by white men, the leaders promised not to retaliate, leaving to the government the settling of their affairs. The federal government also promised to give the treated Indians beef cattle, farm animals, agricultural tools, and clothing. A farmer, a blacksmith, a carpenter, and a schoolteacher were to live with the Indians, teaching land cultivation in exchange for the wheat and flour the Indians produced.

By early summer hundreds of people from most of the treated tribes were living and farming on the reservation. It was the worst of land. Its rolling hills were unsuitable for the farming techniques the Indians were to be taught, and it was much hotter than their

former homes in the higher elevations. Only where today's Adobe Ranch borders the Fresno River west of Hensley Lake does the land settle into plains conducive to farming; but it lacked the kinds of vegetation that had nurtured the Indians for centuries.

The reservation's management was a sham. Indians worked as slaves for their overseers rather than as farmers. Savage and his partners—several miners who had served in the Mariposa Battalion—operated a store on the north bank of the Fresno River, near the Indians' homes. Another partner was the reservation's superintendent, headquartered at Fort Bishop, just west of today's Adobe Ranch.

Savage made a deal with his friend Fremont, who was back in California after serving several years in the U.S. Senate following his 1849 election from California. Fremont sold beef to Savage, who resold the animals to the federal government for the Indians. One of Savage's employees, Joel H. Brooks, eventually accused him of doctoring the receipts so as to earn a considerable profit from the enterprise:

My instructions from Savage were that when I delivered cattle on the San Joaquin and King's river, . . . I was to take receipts for double the number actually delivered, . . . and when to Indians on the Fresno, to deliver one-third less than were receipted for. . . . I also had orders to sell all beef I could to miners . . . and to deliver cattle to his clerks, to be sold to Indians on the San Joaquin, at twenty-five cents per pound; and I know that such sales were made to these Indians.²¹

There were other deals: Savage paid \$1,000 to federal authorities for a trading license and constructed several buildings on the reservation. He also hired former battalion soldiers to help run the business.

The Indians were allowed to dig gold from the Fresno River, but they were forced to give up their meager gleanings in exchange for

the clothing they were promised but never received. Savage also reaped profits from settlers who bartered at his trading post after they established farms and ranches immediately outside the farm's boundaries. And Savage lived near the post with some of his Indian "wives."

Also that summer miners entered the reservation to search the Fresno River for gold. Fearing that the treaty would fail if the reservation Indians reacted, federal authorities sent Lt. Tredwell Moore to close businesses operated by unauthorized traders at the reservation and at Fort Miller, and he ordered the angry miners to leave. They didn't. George Barbour, who was now an Indian agent, made several trips from Fort Miller to the reservation before he was able to calm the Indians. He was only able to convince a few miners to leave.

There was more deception. Charles E. Mix, a federal commissioner of Indian affairs, informed Barbour that any untreated tribes who signed additional treaties in 1851 would receive only the right to live at the reservation. They would not be given clothing or food.

The final blow was struck when California's legislature successfully lobbied the U.S. Senate to reject the eighteen treaties, claiming that by establishing reservations embracing thousands of acres from the public domain the federal government was effectively depriving the non-Indians of valuable agricultural and mineral land. Not only were the treaties never ratified, the Senate's action was cloaked in silence after any documents pertaining to it were sealed. But, at the request of California's Sen. John B. Weller, the U.S. Senate did appropriate \$100,000 for the Indians' "temporary relief," enabling reservation officials to continue its management, which by this time was mostly for their own profit. Not until 1904, when the documents were unsealed, did California's Indians learn that they were betrayed and that, in fact, there were no reservations. It was too late. Their ancestral lands had been claimed as public domain for more than half a century.

Savage died suddenly and violently. Controversy dogged him

even in death. In the summer of 1852 Savage learned that Walter H. Harvey, another miner who was also a major in the Mariposa Battalion, may have been involved in attacks against Indians at the Kings River Reservation. Acting on the request of federal authorities at Fort Miller, Savage met with area Indians during a trip to the Four Creeks area. On August 16 he confronted Harvey, either at Harvey's ranch or on the Kings River Reservation. There are several versions of the incident, but all agree that harsh words were exchanged, fists flew, knives and guns were drawn, and Harvey shot Savage through the heart. Harvey was later acquitted of any wrongdoing.

Savage was buried at his trading post on the Fresno River Reservation. Some settlers, who considered Savage a hero, later erected a monument to him near the trading post to memorialize his role in settling the foothill country. They exhumed his bones from their original burial place and reburied them beneath the monument. In the 1970s, when it became apparent that the burial site would be flooded after the newly constructed Hidden Dam impounded the Fresno River, the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers disinterred the remains and reburied them yet again beneath the monument that was relocated to the Buck Ridge Recreation Area at Hensley Lake.

After Savage's death William Howard asserted that the widely publicized Indian attacks that caused the Mariposa Indian War were only "skirmishes" and that no one could prove that the Indians living in Mariposa had ever attacked white men. The Indians were misrepresented, he claimed, and made to appear hostile through Savage's actions.

Dr. George Stealey of San Francisco was the next trader licensed to operate the Fresno River Reservation's trading post. Violence continued when a band of white men murdered some of the reservation Indians. Not only were the white men never punished, their leader was later elected a county judge.

Foothill Indians, who evaded capture and internment at the reservation, continued to live in the mining areas. And they con-

tinued to face "occasional acts of violence on the part of a certain class of desperadoes [sic] who infest the mining regions of California, who regard oppression towards the weak as a merit, and with whom the life of an Indian, is valued only as that of a wild beast," reported Fort Miller's commanding officer, H. W. Wessells, in his March 7, 1852, report.²²

Pasqual, a "Cho-e-nem-ne" leader who signed the Camp Barbour treaty, lamented in a translated statement printed in the *San Joaquin Republican* on July 21, 1852,

What shall we do. We try to live on the land the Commissioners gave us in friendly relations with the whites, but they kill our women and children, and if we flee to the mountains, then they hunt us and kill us, and we have no peace on the lands the Commissioners give us, or in the mountains. Where shall we go and what shall we do? When the Commissioners gave us the United States flag and our papers, they told us that it would protect us, but now the Flag is all stained with our blood, and our papers are all bloody, the whites are rich and strong, and we pray for mercy. Our home has been taken from us, and we live on the lands the Great Father gave us, but how can we live here, and be innocently killed? . . . Intercede and protect us that we may live.²³

Miners and settlers began to force some of the Indians off the Fresno River Reservation so as to gain control of the acreage. On March 3, 1853, President Millard Fillmore established five military reservations throughout California to which the state's Indians were to be moved "for subsistence and protection" of both Indians and white settlers. Edward Fitzgerald Beale was appointed an Indian commissioner to, among other duties, enforce the law. A military reserve, known as Sebastian Indian Reservation, was established later that year in the Tehachapi Mountains, at the Tejon Pass, south of the San Joaquin Valley. Almost one thousand Indians who lived east of the Sierra Nevada, in and near the Owens

Valley, were forcibly marched to that reservation, where they were given food, taught farming, and were to be protected by federal troops from marauding miners and settlers.

In the spring of 1854 Thomas J. Hensley, another former miner and soldier of the Mariposa Battalion and an early settler near the Fresno River Reservation, was appointed its administrator. He inherited many problems. Hensley saw the sorry conditions in which the Indians lived—destitute, suffering from disease and vice, their numbers greatly reduced since their arrival two years earlier. The only tribes still at the reservation were remnants of the Chowchilla, Chukchansi, Pohonochee, and Potohowchi tribes, who were now too ill to move to the Sebastian Indian Reservation. The rest had died or disappeared.

Meanwhile, still living high in the Sierra Nevada were Indians who continued to distrust white people and who continued to steal horses from the San Joaquin Valley. Some of these people, who were branded "hostiles," could have been my ancestors.

The Indians who were still living near Fort Miller suffered horrible conditions. Venereal disease swept through the troops stationed at the fort in the spring of 1857; many nearby Indians were also infected. When Captain Keyes returned to the fort in 1858 he learned that most of the Indians who had remained there had either died or become victims of alcohol.

It was inevitable. The Fresno River Reservation was officially abandoned on November 9, 1859, although some Indians remained there until 1861, when they were forcibly marched to other military reservations. A Dr. Leach then moved the trading post near Fort Miller.

No evidence of the 766,800-acre Fresno River Reservation remains. Much of the land is buried beneath Hensley Lake, a popular water recreation area developed by the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers when it built Hidden Dam in 1978 for flood control and irrigation. Also gone are the few remaining stones of the trading post that were still visible in the late 1960s.

In the early 1860s miners seeking gold at the San Joaquin River diggings and in creeks near Cha:tiniu relied on Jesse B. Ross to pack their supplies. Ross built a cabin for himself and his Indian woman, Wospi, whom he called Mary Wospi, at Nuyuha, later known as the Hogue Ranch. They had one child, Julia Belle, who remained with her father after Wospi left him.

Wospi went to live near relatives at Saksakaniu, where she married Toku, my great-grandfather Dick Pomona's half-brother. Wospi's father, Penuwats, was a Wowa and a bohenab. Penuwats married a N̄im woman, who was Wospi's mother; and even though he moved to N̄im territory, he retained his hereditary position. Mom remembers Wospi, who, she said, was often called "Captain" by family and friends, a nickname likely given to her because of her father's position as a bohenab.

Ross remained at his ranch at Nuyuha, where he raised Julia Belle to adulthood. An apple orchard he planted there still produces fruit. In the 1890s Ross also farmed beans, providing employment to many N̄im women who threshed the beans with a flail or round willow pole and winnowed them in baskets to separate the chaff. "My Grandma picked apples for him," Grandpa John recalled in his ninetieth year. "He [Ross] was an old man, bent over," was Grandpa John's childhood memory. "I wonder how many other of these people are married to Indian women, are using their Indian relations for labor as Ross did until he messed things up," wondered Joseph M. Kinsman.²⁴

Kinsman arrived in California during the 1849 gold rush, hoping to make his fortune at several mining districts, the last attempt in the region around Millerton. In the 1870s he finally settled at Soyakinu, an area now known as Kinsman Flat, where he married one of my family's relatives, Maria Joaquin. Her family and friends called her Mary. Her descendants say she was well treated by her white husband.

Another war erupted in the 1860s, but this dispute was far from the events of the central Sierra Nevada. America's Civil War was

under way. The federal government, determined that California would not join the Confederacy, reactivated Fort Miller, and a contingent of armed troops was posted there for a time to protect the Union's interests in the central San Joaquin Valley. Pahmit remembered this period, too.

Then by 'n by, white man all talk fight. They say long way off, white man shoot white man. Lots white man go long way off, fight. Then white soldier come back Fort Miller. This time white soldier pretty good man; they no shoot Indian, they no whip Indian too much. Some Indian work for white soldier; white soldier give 'em flour, give 'em tobacco, but Indian pretty near all gone. . . . I big Chief now, but no got Indian tribe. . . . We work hard, we don't have 'nough eat. Big Father at Washington no send flour, no send horse; no send clothes; no send blanket like white chief say when Indian sign paper at Kuyu Illik.²⁵

Toward the end of the Civil War William Brewer explored the Sierra Nevada. After leaving the Owens Valley, east of the Sierra Nevada, on August 2, 1864, he traveled westward through Mono Pass. Brewer's expedition followed an old Indian trail. "Smokes rise, when we start they appear, and at night their blaze is seen on the heights—so the Indians know all of our movements," he said.²⁶ They camped one night near the head of the middle fork of the San Joaquin River, where they met, without incident, eleven Indians armed with rifles traveling east.

The expedition continued a westerly trek, through country known to my family for centuries. On August 4, they camped in a broad, beautiful valley (later named Vermillion Valley) where, Grandma said, our ancestors traveled to each summer to bathe in the hot springs. "It is the stronghold of Indians; they are seldom molested here, and here they come when hunted out of the valleys," Brewer wrote.²⁷ They continued to see fires on the cliffs but no people. Still exploring westward along the San Joaquin River's

middle fork, on August 15 their camp was close to Cha:tiniu. Six days later they camped at the head of "Chiquito Joaquin," also near Cha:tiniu.

Brewer wrote that, after continuing to descend from the higher elevations in a northwesterly direction, the expedition "finally struck some cattle trails, and, at length, the first dawn of civilization." He continued, "We found two men camped under a tree, watching cattle which they had driven up from the plains. . . . [The next day we] passed several cabins, in some of which white men were living with squaws, and a lot of half-breed 'pledges of affection' were seen."²⁸

They camped that night by the Fresno River, near a white settler and his Indian woman, who gave them food. The area's oral history suggests they were at the Lewis Ranch, near today's Sky Ranch Road, east of Oakhurst. Here the explorers reversed their direction. They traveled east and on August 23, 1864, reached Clark's Ranch at Wawona. They had left N̄im territory.

ENJOYING LIFE DURING PUHIDUWA

My ancestors continued to live at Cha:tiniu for at least a couple of decades after the Mariposa Battalion's attack. High in the sky Kwi'na watched and listened. The bohenab continued to guide the people, and from generation to generation the children of my family were taught the old ways, even until today.

During puhiduwa there is a time known as *isaduwa*, when coyote puppies are heard yapping, when, Grandpa said, the "others"—all those who are pregnant—are left alone. He'd say, "I tuwum bo pitchidi," "The children are sucking milk." These children of our "little brothers" wouldn't survive if we hunted during *isaduwa*. So for a while my family silences its weapons as the fledgling birds and the young of the animal world are nurtured and grow. It's OK to fish because the fish have already laid their eggs.

Does who are breeding and does with fawns are left alone, but the obviously barren doe is hunted. In the old days men would sweat before they hunted so the deer couldn't detect their human odor. The night before their planned hunt they entered the sweat-house, literally a bathhouse for cleansing the body; it is a semi-subterranean structure, dug about four feet underground, with a cedar bark roof constructed about three feet aboveground. After