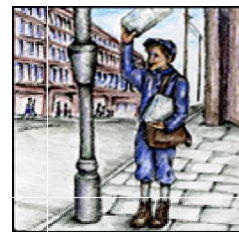


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Weekly Alta California, Number 44, 1 November 1849 — Local Matter*. [ARTICLE]

Local Matters.

A Grand Jury will meet at the Alcalde's office on each Monday morning hereafter, to pass upon such criminal business as may be before them.

Celestial Females.—Three Chinese ladies of rank arrived in the Eng. bark Helen Stewart, on the 29th last.

Serious charge.—Capt. Geo. H. Hubertson was arrested and held to bail last week on a charge of perjury.

Large suit.—The case of J. C. Fremont vs the Leidesdorff estate, involving a considerable sum of money and many important legal principles, was taken up before Judge Geary yesterday, and the following gentlemen sworn as jurors, viz: Wm. J. Ankrim, James A. Benson, Thos. Perkins, Jr., Richard B. Butler, Thos. Maynard, J. M. Resse. Much interest is felt in the result of the trial.

Grand Larceny.—A young man, whose name we could not learn, was arrested on the 29th for stealing \$1,700 in gold dust from Augustus Winder. The prosecutor, having recovered his money, declined appearing against him, and he was discharged.

Drowned.—John O. Bumpus, of New Orleans, (and a native of Virginia,) was drowned at the Lagoon, near the Presidio, on Sunday the 28th inst., by becoming entangled in the long grass at the bottom, while swimming in for a wild duck, which had been shot by a comrade on the shore.

[For the Alta California.]

CAPTAIN WM. H. WARNER.

The melancholy fate of this officer has excited universal sympathy. The circumstances attending his death are every moment enquired for, and as I have them from the best authority will state them for publication in your paper.

Captain Warner left Sacramento city, in August last, escorted by a strong body of Infantry, for the purpose of exploration, but more especially to ascertain whether or not the Sierra Nevada were passable by the ordinary route of railways. His course lay up the main valley of

grade of railways. His course lay up the main valley of the Sacramento, to Deer Creek, where the main escort with wagons were left, and the Captain with 30 men pushed on the Peter Lossen trail to Grove Lake, near the source of Pitts River, one of the principal affluents of the Sacramento. Here the emigrant trail crosses the dividing ridge of the mountain by a steep and difficult ascent, so that it became necessary to search for a better pass. A camp was established under charge of Lieut. Williamson, and Capt. Warner detached eight men, well mounted and armed, with his guide, skirted the Goose Lake and thence following the valley of a small stream emptying into that lake, to a point about 60 miles north of his camp, which proved to be the summit of the mountain, from the same point, the valley of a small stream flowing eastward, afforded a gentle and easy descent to the desert country that lies east of the Sierra Nevada. From his notes, and the description of the country given by the survivors of his party, there remains but little doubt that this pass, discovered by Captain Warner is the best one for a wagon road, and also that it is practicable for a railway. Having accomplished the chief object of his search, he turned to the south, keeping the mountain range on his right hand, and the desert on his left, his path keeping on ground slightly elevated, and crossed by valleys of small streams coming from the mountain. These streams like those of California, have level vallies, with a steep hill bounding them on the north and south. On the morning of September 27, the party had crossed one of these vallies and were ascending the steep banks, which was covered with loose rocks and stones. As they reached the brow of the hill, about forty Indians rose up from behind the rocks and discharged their arrows which took effect upon the persons of the Captain and guide, and the two leading men. The mule of Capt. Warner was badly wounded, whirled round, and plunged down the hill into the valley. In passing the party he called out, "I'm a dead man, fire on them." His order was obeyed, but it is believed without effect. The guide mortally wounded, sprung from his horse, aimed, but his sight failing him, did not fire, but remounted and rode down the hill into the valley, where the party had assembled. Capt. Warner had fallen from his mule dead, with nine severe arrow wounds. The guide died the following morning. Two of the men were wounded, one of whom has since died. The remainder of the party moved down the valley, into more open ground, where the Indians did not attempt to follow them, and after the death of the guide, travelled south until they came to the emigrant trail, which they followed to their camp on Goose Lake.

It will be a source of consolation to the friends of Captain Warner, to know that his Topographical notes up to the hour of his death, are in safe hands, and that the fruits of his long, patient and arduous labors in California will stand to the credit of his name in the maps and statistical information with which he has supplied his department. No eulogy need be pronounced to his memory, for those who knew him could not fail to appreciate his private worth, and in his death the public must mourn the loss of an excellent officer, who has devoted his life since manhood, to the service of his country.

W. T. S.

San Francisco, Oct. 30, 1849.