

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

Harry St. John Dixon

Twist in Time Books
Madera, California

Dedicated to David Childers
and the
Academy for Civic and Entrepreneurial Leadership

Research Advisors:

Bill Coate

Daryl Lewis

Student Editors-in-Chief:

Zachary Lark

Rebekah Young

The journal entries of Harry St. John Dixon and Constance Maynard Dixon have been selected from the Harry St. John Dixon Papers (M-2375) in the Manuscripts Department of the Southern Historical Collection of Wilson Library at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and are used with permission.

Published by
Twist in Time Books
1920 Julius Street
Madera, California 93637

Contents

Acknowledgments.....	iv
Preface.....	vi
Introduction.....	viii
Harry's Retrospective.....	1
Epilogue.....	38
Family Journal Entries Made by Constance Maynard.....	40
Ninth Census of the United States, City of Fresno, California, 1880.....	71
Student Researchers.....	96
Endnotes.....	97
Bibliography.....	100
Index.....	101

Acknowledgments

This book is the result of two years of research by two history classes from two different schools. The first, an eighth grade class from Valley Preparatory Academy Charter School, worked on Harry's diary in the 2009/2010 school year. Eight of these students traveled to Washington County, Mississippi, to do additional research there and in the State Archives in Jackson, Mississippi.

The students were led in their work by teachers and historians Daryl Lewis and Bill Coate. They were assisted in Jackson by archivist Clinton Bagley.

In the 2010/2011 school year, students from the Academy for Civic and Entrepreneurial Leadership picked up where the Valley Prep students left off. They finished the research on Harry's "family journal," worked on Constance Maynard Dixon's portion of the journal and compiled the first census of the City of Fresno (1880), since by this time this was home to Harry, Connie, and their young son, Maynard.

Each class had an editorial board.

For the Academy for Civic and Entrepreneurial Leadership, Miranda Betts, Breylee Bonds, Curtis Ellen, Herbert Hardin, Michaela Kimball, Zachary Lark, Tierra McKinney, Samantha Odermatt, Charles Rocha, Gregory Ross, Justin Rossignol, Andrew Ruggiero, Madelyn Smith, and Rebecca Young made up the board of directors.

For Valley Preparatory Academy, the board consisted of Alexandria Fall, Albert Flores, Zachary Lark, Marquetta McQuone, Abigail Melton, Elias Sazuate, Emilee Taylor, and Rebecca Young.

Zachary Lark and Rebekah Young served as student editors-in-chief.

The names of the student researchers are listed on page 97.

The students and their advisors wish to acknowledge the assistance and cooperation of the following individuals and organizations, without which this work would not have been possible:

—The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill; Wilson Library, Manuscripts Department, Southern Historical Collection.

—David Childers; Executive Director, Academy for Civic and Entrepreneurial Leadership, Fresno California.

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

—Dixon Family; Descendants of Harry St. John Dixon and Constance Maynard Dixon.

—George Martinez; Advisor, ACEL Student Editorial Board.

—Shelly Melton; Executive Director, Valley Preparatory Academy, Fresno, California.

—Jill Moffat; Executive Director, Fresno County Historical Society.

—Al Sheeter; Superintendent, the Mordecai Ranch, Madera California.

Preface

On March 15, 1860, a sixteen-year-old Mississippi plantation owner's son wrote the following in what he called his "beloved Journal": "I advised Hal to keep a journal. I told him of what incalculable advantage mine had been to me, and is now, of the pleasure it might afford him (as I hope it will me) in some future day when, in the winter of life, he could read in its pages his boyhood cares and joys. It is impossible for anyone to offer me an inducement to discontinue this one."

True to his claim, Harry St. John Dixon never stopped recording the events he experienced, along with his thoughts and dreams, on the pages of what became a multi-volume summary of his life. Starting with short, matter-of-fact entries in 1858 that evolved into the longer, more telling sketches of young manhood, the volumes are truly a window into the mind and soul of a man whose life spanned some of the most tumultuous years in American history. Perhaps, as Harry wished, the recordings of his younger days did console him during his old age. Regardless, they surely provide us with not only a riveting historical narrative but, maybe more importantly, with an intriguing glimpse into the psychology of one man and his family who lived those days and a rare insight into how and why they responded and reacted as they did.

Indeed, the journal reads more like a novel than a diary, yet everything Harry relates is astonishingly true. His grandfather, Henry St. John Dixon, who was a Virginian by birth, a lawyer by profession, and a War of 1812 soldier by choice, subsequently fell on hard times. Consequently, his son, Richard Lawrence Dixon, who was Harry's father, was forced to migrate to Jackson, Mississippi, along the Old Southwest frontier during the so-called Flush Times of the 1830s when an ambitious man could acquire wealth at dizzying speed. But the wise émigré knew to invest some of his profit in a plot in Greenwood Cemetery because the price of fast money in this life was the risk of an equally quick exit from it, perhaps as the recipient of a bullet from a dueling pistol or a skull-crushing blow from a walking cane, precipitated by the breach of some point of honor.

Into this raucous world Harry Dixon was born in 1843. Not long after, just as Harry reached the age of memory in 1848, his father moved the family from their comparatively urban existence in the state capital to rural Deer

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

Creek in Washington County—a mosquito-, malaria-, and snake-infested waterway in the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta. Here R. L. Dixon established “The Sycamores,” a cotton plantation, on land renowned as the most fertile this side of the Nile Valley. At a time when many of the planters were forced by the unhealthy environment to be absentee landlords, the Dixons actually chose to inhabit their plantation. Thus, Harry experienced daily the agricultural economy in which cotton and slaves sustained each other. In fact, more of one necessitated more of the other, so that, for the few who braved it, the Delta of the 1850s became the new frontier that the Old Southwest had been during the Flush Times. There was no doubt that, as a planter’s son, Harry would inevitably become a planter himself. Both geographical and family traditions required him to become a Southern gentleman, not to mention the potentially staggering wealth the “Cotton Kingdom” could afford him.

But the Civil War of 1861-65 upset this idyllic world. The South’s failure to gain independence and preserve slavery erased forever the only world Harry had ever known and deprived him of the only future he had ever contemplated. The happy youthful diarist returned home from the fighting a traumatized man—not so much by the terror he had witnessed, but by the horror he imagined as his future fate. His writings, once filled with the carefree foibles of an adolescent, now poignantly splattered the pages with his mental anguish as he tried to endure the unendurable—the old way of life was dead. There was thrust upon him by men he hated a new way of life that he could not accept. When Harry exhausted his endurance, there was left but one solution—escape. Consequently, Harry, his brother Jimmy, and their father began pondering whether to pioneer a new trail for the Dixon family, but not to a proverbial “new” life, rather to a place where the “old” life could be transplanted, re-rooted, and perpetuated.

During Reconstruction, most Southerners stoically accepted their fate, able to endure Northern occupation and oppression because they clung to the hope that one day they would restore to their homeland the world they had known. In stark contrast, the Dixons and a handful of expatriate Confederates rejected that notion as an impractical dream and turned their gaze to the horizon, believing that only there did something better exist and only there could the old way of life be revived. In the following retrospective, which is an equally compelling narrative sequel to his diary, Harry St. John Dixon traces the Dixon family’s journey to the new old life they committed themselves to carving out of a California desert. This is his version of how his family from the South tried to escape the domination of the North by looking to the West to find their past in the future.

Daryl Lewis
Leland, Mississippi
June 27, 2011

Introduction

In 1868, a colony of Southerners migrated to Fresno County in search of a refuge from the ravages of Reconstruction. Their world had been turned upside down after the Union victory in the Civil War, so they determined to turn their backs on their ancestral homes and move to a new land, one more congenial to their determination to start life anew. Pursuing their desire to be “left alone,” they chose one of the most desolate areas in the San Joaquin Valley, which possessed only two redeeming qualities: its isolation from other population centers and its proximity to Cottonwood Creek.

There they laid out their plots, built their makeshift abodes, and named their tiny community “The Alabama Settlement.” These new settlers on the land proceeded to engage in a form of cooperative farming, but it was an economic disaster. The soil was poor and parched. The sunup-to-sundown labor sapped their strength, and the paltry showing for their efforts soon raised doubts about the wisdom of their attempt to revive plantation life in California.

One by one, the colonists gave up on their dream and slipped away in search of more promising enterprises. Samuel A. Holmes, one of the leaders of the Settlement, moved to Fresno to become the Superior Court Judge there. Zack Hall also moved to Fresno and was elected sheriff. Smith Norris relocated on the San Joaquin River and opened a merchandise store. Dr. Marriott went to San Francisco to resume his medical practice, and the patriarch of the colony, Samuel Strudwick, packed up and returned to Arcola, his plantation near Demopolis, Alabama. Only George Washington Mordecai stayed the course. By 1876, he alone remained on Cottonwood Creek, steadfastly refusing to give up.

Although it took several years for disillusionment to break up the Alabama Settlement, the first hint of fracture appeared at the outset in the person of Harry St. John Dixon. He and his brother, Jimmy, had joined the Settlement in November 1868 and set in immediately to take up farming on their acreage. Jimmy, the younger of the two, seemed to take to the new venture with gusto, but Harry was anything but satisfied. The bitterness he had brought with him from the South was only exacerbated by his less-than-promising prospects in California.

Notwithstanding the daunting circumstances, Harry clung to a “never-say-die” attitude and refused to look back. He struggled against the arid land,

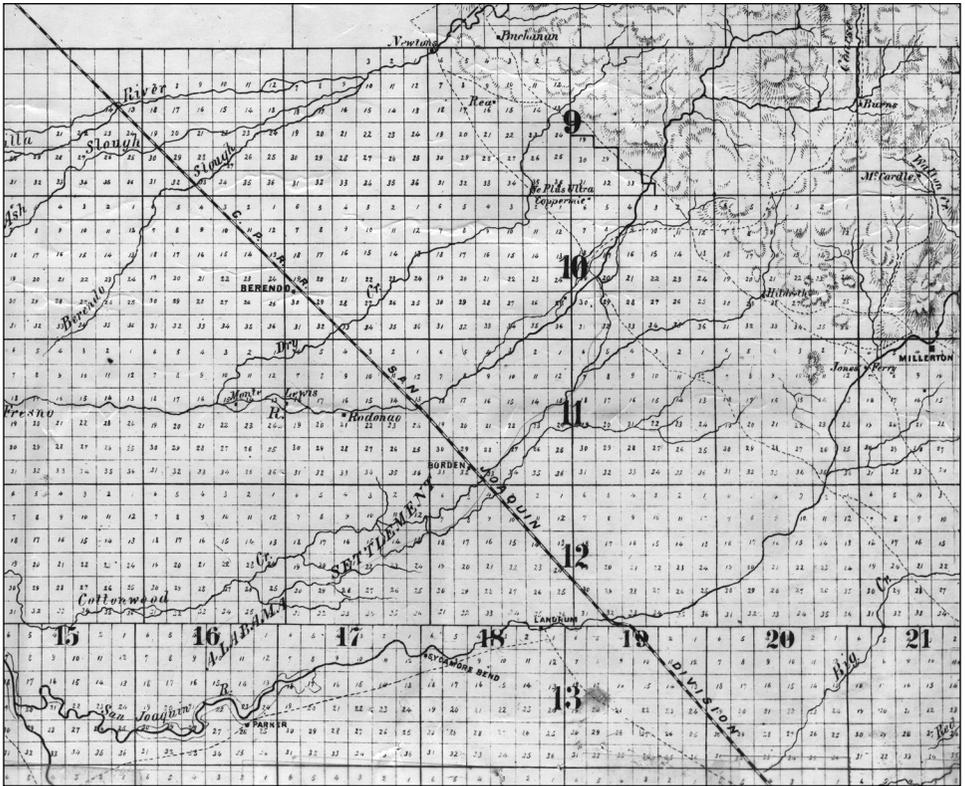
Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

the suspicious natives, and a ceaseless debt, all the while remaining acutely sensitive to any opportunity and moving quickly to adapt it to his advantage. In the end and against all odds, Harry did forge a new life, but, more importantly, he recorded in rich narrative the journey he traveled to that destination.

Unfortunately, few know Harry's story, except for a handful of local historians. No published works of the San Joaquin Valley pay him his due, and some hardly mention his name. The editors contend that this is true in part because he stands in the shadow of his son, Maynard Dixon, an artistic genius whose name is a household word in California. The aim of this work is to correct this case of historical amnesia.

They have turned to Harry's own writings and to those of his wife, Constance Maynard Dixon, to allow them to speak for themselves—to let them tell their own peaks-and-valleys story of how one disheartened ex-Confederate soldier, bound by bitterness but with the heart of a rebel, became a success and a major figure in Fresno's past—one who deserves to be upstaged no longer.

—Bill Coate
Madera, California
June 27, 2011



Fresno County California
1874

Harry's Retrospective

The Dixons Prepare to Leave Mississippi

I remember that during the spring of '68, I enjoyed attending terms of court very much. I at last was admitted among men on a familiar footing at the bar. I particularly relished my intercourse with Col. Percy,¹ who is a truehearted, cultured gentleman. I got enough practice to pay more than my expenses.

In the meantime, Father² was writing to Dakota Territory, Colorado, and California to find a proper place for me to locate. In the summer of '65, he had determined to abandon the country. Most people thought the country would revive, but he thought not, and the result of time has proven him to have been correct.

I agreed with him and never intended to remain in the South. There were between 13 and 14,000 Negroes and between 12 and 1400 Whites in the county. They then had unrestrained sway, and I saw there was as little hope of doing anything to benefit my country by remaining as there was to escape absolute Negro equality. Every species of personal degradation and tyranny had to be submitted to—inflicted by the U.S. Government, which had completely reversed its position and theory on which this war was waged.

The war was waged on the ground that a state had no power to take itself out of the Union. Yet, that point being conceded and carried by force of arms, we were declared out of the Union and placed in the position professedly of conquered territory. We were in the Union when taxes were to be paid and burdens borne, but out of [the Union] when privileges were to be enjoyed and rights observed.

After placing on record in the Archives of the Legislative and Executive Departments of the Government at Washington the adoption by Mississippi, as one of the states of the Union, of the 13th (and I believe the 14th) Amendment to the Constitution we were declared to possess no legal state government—to be without the pale of the Union—and under the provision of the U.S. Constitution which requires that the government shall guarantee to each state a Republican form of government. As John C. Calhoun predicted—we were reconstructed! I could not and would not stand it.

Harry St. John Dixon



Harry St. John Dixon is shown here in his Civil War uniform after the War. The stress of the times shows clearly on his face.

—Courtesy of the Southern Historical Collection, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill.

Judge Dixon Decides on California

Mr. S. A. Holmes,³ our neighbor, and his brother-in-law, Mr. L. A. Sledge⁴ of Alabama, went to California in May 1868 and in July settled near Borden⁵ in this county [Fresno]—then known as the Alabama Settlement. Father had

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

received a rather discouraging letter from Dr. William M. Gwin,⁶ formerly U.S. Marshal of Mississippi, and U.S. Senator for many years from California, whom he had known in the Flush Times in Mississippi.

But Mr. Holmes' letters were so flattering and hopeful of success that it was determined that Jimmy and I should come out in the fall as pioneers for the rest of the family and take up preemptions. I remember Mr. Holmes said we could by wheat raising be worth \$25,000 apiece if we came.

Raising the Money to Start

The only trouble was to get money to start with. I was far from being sanguine and only intended to take up my preemption to have a place of retreat in case of misfortune and to go into practice as soon as I could. I wrote to Ewing⁷ informing him of my plans and offered to pledge Mother's silver, which had escaped the hands of the Yankees, for \$1000. The noble fellow refused the security and said he could only spare \$500, which he would let me have provided I went through Nashville and visited him.

Father raised about \$1700 more and Jimmy and myself turned our backs on the home of our childhood forever on the 8th of October. I had been suffering from chills during the summer and could scarcely walk to the steamer at Greenville. We were two inexperienced youths making our first venture in life.

Leaving the Plantation

It was a bright, cool morning and the many colored leaves were gently falling in the sunshine. Nearly all our old servants were on the plantation—treacherous childish beings—and most of them came to bid us goodbye. The family were all mute with grief at parting with us. Our trunks and boxes had gone on before in the wagon and we awaited only to say goodbye and step into the buggy at the front steps around which we had played as merry urchins and up which we had stepped as proud gallants. It was a hard parting, but at last it was over and we drove slowly away amid tears and weeping. Our backs were turned on Old Sycamores—I then and now believed—forever.

Our old Negro Mammy—who was raised with mother and given her by grandmother as her maid—then lived at the upper end of the plantation immediately on our road. She was watching for us and came out to bid us farewell. As she came up to the side of the buggy she put her apron to her eyes and sobbed like a child. I bent down and put my arms about her neck and she cried out unable to contain her grief. We both embraced her and received her kisses and "God bless you my children" and drove on over the familiar road over which we had often galloped in other and happier days. As far as we could hear the poor old creature's voice, she was crying and wailing at the top of her voice.

Harry St. John Dixon



“Mammy” Burns was a Dixon household slave. She had been given to Harry’s mother by his grandmother. “Mammy” stayed with the Dixon family at Sycamores after the Civil War. Harry expressed a great deal of affection for her.

—Courtesy Daryl Lewis

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

Where we left the field was near the spot where Jimmy and I had “deadened” trees for father long years before the war—about ’54 or ’56—for the first money we ever earned. I sadly called Jimmy’s attention to the fact. Entering the road through the forest, we soon lost sight of the confines of the plantation, and we rose in the buggy just before leaving it to take a last look at a place endeared to us by so many tender memories—then drove on—with hearts full of bitterness and loneliness—voluntary exiles—exiles only because we would not submit to personal and political degradation. How deep and black were things, and ever since have been my curses on those who made it so!

Leaving Greenville

As much as could be expected, our friends seemed sorry to part with us. We remained in Greenville that night paying parting calls, and the next evening at nightfall took the steamer to Vicksburg. As the boat slowly pushed off from the shore into the Mississippi, we stood on the upper deck in the dusk and took a last look upon our Fatherland. Jimmy soon went below to the cabin, but I remained as long as I could see a light. Ah! My God! May I never be called on to suffer so again! Had I been a hardened criminal sent forth for my offenses against the laws of my country, I should not have suffered, but I felt myself robbed of my property and my personal dignity—my social position and standing—my education and ambition—all because I was true to my country and fought to preserve the liberties bequeathed to me by my forefathers. It was bitter—bitter—bitter!

Parting with Old Friends

We went by Columbus, Mississippi, and remained a week with Mr. and Mrs. Chandler⁸ who would hear of no refusal. I was glad to see them, but the surface was all that was left of my former countrymen. Their whole lives were a lie. They kept up old appearances, but it was a hollow fraud—a grim sarcasm on what their lives once were.

I was persuaded to go to a ball. I found new men and their newer sons and daughters there. Shrewd army contractors from both sides filled most of the places of former gentlemen and gentlewomen. A rich stable keeper’s daughter and a successful tailor’s—whose fathers had brought my horse to me and made my clothes—were the belles—with a sprinkling of half-genteel companions from Yankeedom. I attempted to throw off my sourness and make the best of it. My disgust overcame me, and I was glad to take an early departure.

We remained a week and, bidding them goodbye, went to Nashville to see Ewing, as I have mentioned. I stopped one night at Pulaski, Tennessee, and Jimmy went on. It was night when I arrived and without previous warning. I

Harry St. John Dixon

particularly desired to see Dr. Wm. Battes⁹ family and went immediately next A.M. there.

It was at night and I went to the hotel. Next morning, having but 24 hours at my disposal, I went to the Dr.'s to breakfast. The good man met me at the door and was of course astonished. His lovely daughter, whom I had left 24th December 1864 a little girl, came running to me, both hands extended, from the dining room on his calling out cheerily, "Come here, Mr. Dixon has come!"

Blood kin could not have received me more warmly. Julia just didn't kiss me and that was all; and that old, true lady, Mrs. B. and Eddy, her manly son—then just springing into manhood—with the Dr. were scarcely less cordial.

There were many sad evidences of pudency on every side, but our happiness at meeting put that out of our minds except as cause of merriment. How I hated to leave them! I felt so at home in that genial, unostentatious, yet strictly gentlemanly fireside.

In 1872, I received the saddest, most melancholy letter I ever read from Dr. B. in August to one from me informing me of Mrs. B.'s death. It troubled me much in my own seclusion and loneliness at Millerton for I loved her and them all sincerely.

Julia had married and was a mother! I confess that shocked me a little for I had indulged a sly, quiet, romantic sort of attachment for her girlish liveliness since I had met her in December '64.

Nearly 10 years have gone since then! How time flies. It seems but yesterday since, reluctantly giving up my expected Xmas with them, I had to depart abruptly and join my regiment on retreat through the town at late bedtime—when Julia filled my cartridge box (on me) with Yankee cartridges. (N. my diary that date)

That evening, after visiting all my old acquaintances of 1863, I left for Nashville and was met by Ewing at the station. How hearty—how warm—how generous and joyous our meeting in the dusk of evening! Arm in arm [with] that noblest of men, [we] walked the street to his snug, happy home where his sweet wife met me as a brother and, lounging in his easy chairs and sofas, his bright children crawled over me and received my caresses. Happy was that week ever to be remembered in looking back over the hard fight for bread which followed here. The honored guest—the bosom friend—how could it be otherwise.

Poor fellow, he now lies in death to them and to me. How it cut me to the heart one day in the summer of 1873 to read the announcement in the papers. He had returned to St. Louis in 1870 and, buying a part of "the St. Louis Times," by his energy and talent contributed largely in making it the leading Democratic paper of the state. He became a prominent man in various respects

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

and, overworked, died without my knowing his illness until he was gone, else I should have gone to him, for he lingered a long time.

In her answer to my letter of condolence, his heartbroken wife said he mentioned me in his delirium and often asked for me. Alas—I never had a friend but him. All others fell away with time, but ever steadfast he! Truly it seemed our souls were knit together with hooks of steel! Noblest, truest, and best of friends. He was the friend of a lifetime—never to be replaced!

Let me now turn from these black memories to my journey. We left Nashville at dusk at the end of a week. Ewing went to the cars with us and stood outside the window on the platform until they moved off—cheerily talking of my prospects and certain success—but my heart was heavy, and I said but little. At last a quick, convulsive grasp of our hands, a mutual “God bless you,” and I saw my friend no more.

He came to San Francisco in 1872, but I did not know it in time to meet him there. Being on a committee sent from his city on R.R. matters, he could not get away, and so we met no more. In the fall of '72, he begged me to invest in the Times and move to St. Louis to practice, offering me something to do on the paper until I got into business. I could not then, and it was well enough as events came about. To the last we strove to be together, but it seemed that all the Fates forbade it. Man proposes—God disposes!

Going to New York

I was now indeed bitter in heart. I was taken through Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey to New York City—[They were] teeming with wealth, in glaring contrast to the havoc of war left behind me in my native land. That greatest of American cities excited my envy and my hatred. They rolled in wealth filched from my people—they prospered—they were conquerors—we were pushed into poverty—we were slaves! What I would have given to march there at the head of a conquering army of Southerners! But it could not be. In my worn suit of black, 10 years out of date, I mingled with showy magnificence on every side. I felt myself an outcast, and as soon as I could, I made our little purchases (within a week), and, too poor to pay for a first class passage, we took the steamer for Aspinwall about the last week in October and arrived in San Francisco on the 24th of November, 1868.

The Ocean Voyage

The voyage via the Isthmus of Panama was a wretched one for us both. Jimmy was seasick the whole way, and I suffered from a continuation of my chills. At Panama I lay on the deck with a high fever and could not go with Jimmy to examine that romantic old city, yet I could not be prevented from

Harry St. John Dixon

enjoying the dreamlike beauty of the scenery. It was like a thousand islands of roses, and the bay and the quaint old city sleeping at its edge reminded me of its tropical glory of fairyland.

Our voyage was otherwise unpleasant. Our berths in the second cabin were simply humble. There was a sickening stench of a stifling nature that rendered it untenable to me, so I remained—especially on the Pacific side—most of the time on deck. We ate at the second table—were allowed but a certain portion of the deck—and our food was both scanty and mean.

The servants were insolent and altogether unaccommodating wretches. So bad was our food that twice I headed a delegation on this side to the Captain and remonstrated. He was a gentleman and did, no doubt, all he could with his rascally subordinates. He was William H. Parker¹⁰ of Norfolk—late of the C.S.N. and of the U.S.N. prior to the war—and was a gentleman. He kindly put his cabin and quarters at my disposal during the day and introduced me to several U.S. and British Naval officers who congregated there (where none were allowed except at his sufferance).

I could not stomach the U.S. officers much, but with the last held much pleasant conversation, finding them intelligent companions. There were also a good many U.S. and British Marine officers aboard who, being young fellows of a like profession, had many boisterous nights together in which I indulged more than I should have. We organized the “Society of Crows,” a sort of glee club, and used to drink brandy and sing songs until the wee hours nearly every night from Panama in the stateroom of a Jew who had incurred our displeasure by having a bottle of champagne, all which he drank without dividing with his roommates. We would crowd in the room and there remain, keeping him out, much to his disgust.

Arrival in California

When we landed in San Francisco, November 24, 1868, there was but one man on the Pacific Coast we knew—Mr. Holmes—who was the occasion of our coming. We brought many letters of introduction, but I presented but two—one from Father to Dr. William M. Gwin and one from Dr. Meares¹¹ to Mr. Henry Bradley (of Bradley and Rudolphor, photographers).¹² I had never seen such balmy weather at that season. It was enormously delightful and a relief beyond measure to get off of shipboard and have food we could eat.

The morning after our arrival, Jimmy and myself donned our fashionable suits Father insisted we should buy in New York and made our call. I shall never forget the warmth and cordiality of the old Dr.’s greeting. We felt ourselves indeed “strangers in a strange land.” In the midst of magnificence we

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

were poor, inexperienced, and friendless, but there was a bitter resolution in our hearts to make our way and owe no man anything.

I discussed with the Dr. (Gwin) as to our course. He commended our plans to go to the country and work our way up. The city was overcrowded with occupants and applicants for everything but hard labor. It was a dark and, in my soul in some sense, a degrading prospect to go to manual labor on a farm. It was our only alternative, so taking a letter of introduction from Dr. Gwin to Dr. R. P. Ashe¹³ of Stockton and Judge D. S. Terry,¹⁴ we went up on the steamer the next day—the railroad not being built.

Dr. Ashe received us very cordially, but Judge Terry seemed afraid we would want something of him, so, as I thought, gave us the cold shoulder. He had known Mother's family in Mississippi, and I rather expected another reception, and so was proportionately disappointed. From subsequent knowledge of the character of the two men, I am satisfied he, however, was far the kindlier man.

Coming to the Alabama Settlement

Jimmy bought a horse and rode up to the "Alabama Settlement." I went up on a steamer to Firebaugh's Ferry on the San Joaquin River—suffering chills on the way—my last in the state. I there got a horse and rode out to the settlement (20-25 miles) on a wretched brute lent me by some kind ranchers at Hall's Ranch where I stayed all night.

The country was a wonder to me—a well-burnt-up plain bounded by the snow-clad Sierras on the east and by the Coast Range on the west, sleeping in their purple grandeur miles away. All underfoot was parched and dry in the crisp December air. I rode along my solitary way, thoughtful—anxious—disappointed. I had pictured to myself a rolling prairie dotted with thrifty settlers' houses. This was a dreary waste. I then made up my mind that, if known for 20 years and so near great arteries of travel, there was some good cause why the country was peopleless and that I did not intend to risk much at farming.

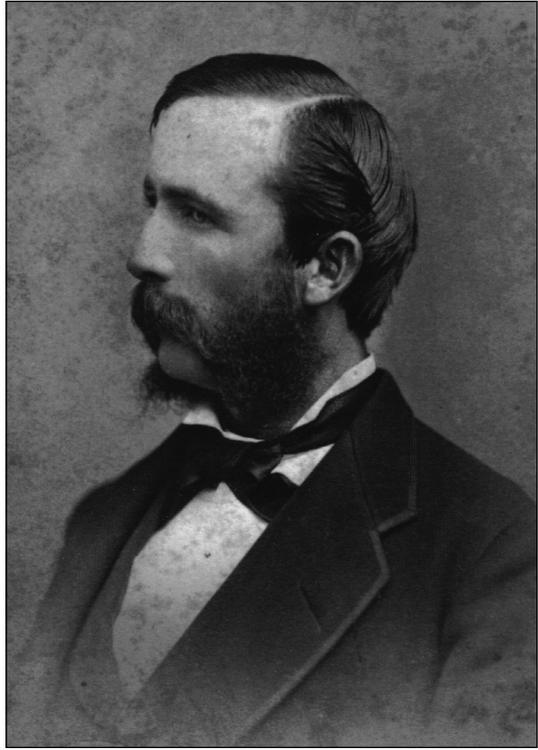
Sad, wretched experience by my unfortunate neighbors since proves me correct. All agree that farming can only be done here by irrigation—that I knew nothing of then. I was the only one in the colony of this opinion and have been badgered no little for it. Poor people; how I pity them. Not so Jimmy. Had he had \$100,000 and that was all, it would have gone into farming. I had the greatest difficulty in restraining him, but I precede my narrative.

I found Mr. Sledge's house and Mr. Holmes' in course of erection. So Dr. Borden's. Major Reading¹⁵ I had never seen, but his family was in his house, and I found Jimmy there—happy, hopeful, buoyant, and confident. All were so in fact but myself. I was gloomy and anxious. All the responsibility I knew fell on me, and, being genuinely inexperienced in business and totally so as to

Harry St. John Dixon

James Phillips Dixon was the second oldest Dixon son. Like his brother, Harry, he was born in Jackson, Mississippi, served in the Civil War, and came to California in 1868. He died in 1882.

—Courtesy Daryl Lewis



farming, I was greatly troubled. I determined that we would take up our pre-emptions, plant only what we could ourselves on the most economical basis, and profit by the experience of others.

Harry Goes Back for the Others

First, however, we must have a wagon and provisions, etc., so I mounted a miserable little pony and rode through the bitter cold 120 miles to Stockton for them. The horse Jimmy had bought was unsound and had given out on the way. I had to ride her back from where I found her. The first day out I got lost and barely escaped camping among the prairie wolves (coyotes) by finding a rancher's house just at dusk, almost surrendering my jaded little pony to get to it.

He hospitably gave me a rawhide bed and blankets and dried beef (jerky), coffee, beans, and bread prepared by his Mexican wife, and refused pay for it.

When I arrived in Stockton, I met Colonel W. B. Dennet and wife—N. B. Whitfield and wife and children—Martin A. Lyon and family—Dr. Borden and family—Mr. Sledge and family—and the two Miss Lomax's—and Mr. Holmes and Mr. Strudwick and family en route for the colony with several young men—all gentlemen and ladies, all southern exiles, and all happy and hopeful of peaceful homes away from Yankee and Negro rule.¹⁶

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

I wanted to believe it and could not help catching the infection—in my heart at least. There was such a crowd of children and ladies, and we young men felt something of the heroic—going to labor for their comfort—something of manly independence and defiance to our conquerors resembling the days of war.

Our purchases made, we started about December 20th—a perfect caravan of carriages, wagons, etc. I had never driven a wagon or harnessed any except a buggy horse in my life, but others showed me and all was in the family. I had them aside my buggy and was dressed in a slouched hat, yarn shirt, coarse boots, and an old pair of patched pants. Mrs. Holmes laughed and told me afterward that she could not [have] recognized the dandified Mr. Dixon in me as I helped load the wagons with trunks, etc.

My horse bucked and, before I got out of town, broke one of my traces. I had to go back and take out part of my load. I never before and hope I should never again have such misery to bear as I endured on the drive back with that infernal horse, which at last was taken from me as stolen property. At last I had to give it up and attach my wagon to the one Mr. Sledge drove and put my horses in his team. After a cold, rainy drive we arrived at Mr. Sledge's Christmas Eve night.

The Founding of Refuge

Everything was gusto and excitement. He [Mr. Sledge] had a large tract of land, and Mr. Holmes, Strudwick, and Major Reading were using a large force and planting heavily. I fear I have undue envy in my nature, for I felt that they were the men of consequence while I, a miserable preemptor on the outskirts of the colony, was a nobody. I do not mean I would lessen their prosperity, but my rising vanity was hurt that I was under them. All there had means. Mine were all gone but \$500.

I found Jimmy at Major Reading's where I drove our wagon next day. I think I slept in the barn at Mr. Sledge's, the house being filled with ladies and children. At Major Reading's I was warmly received. The old Major heartily offered the use of anything he had, and a place to store our groceries, etc., until we were ready to go on our preemptions. He told us to make our home at his house.

Miss Ella and his good wife offered to take Mother's place for us and do our darning and mending. That went home to my heart, and I have never forgotten it.

We had a tent with us from New York and a little stove we could almost put in a pocket. No time was to be lost if we would make any crop that year, so we did not stop (and indeed we were without the means) to build a house. In a day or two—before January 1, 1869—we went over with our first load and

Harry St. John Dixon

pitched our tent. It was near noon, and Jimmy went back for the rest. I cooked our meager supper of picked pork, coffee, and biscuits with a few twigs of driftwood we found on the way in Cottonwood Slough.

As night came on and the little plains owls began their mournful whoop, the long shadows falling from the mountains over bleak expanse of plain, I looked about me and my heart sank in me in bitterness and loneliness. Jimmy's Pointer pup we had brought with us from home was my only companion. Alone on the broad desert—a claim on 160 acres of poor land for my estate and a rickety tent for my house—without even wood and water!

We had no bed but the paper taken from our boxes over which was laid on the ground an empty bed—tick covered with coarse blankets—a wretched little lamp for light. I stood a long time in the gathering gloom while the puppy kept pace with my dark and moody thoughts by his piteous whines at my feet. To this I had come! All my lofty ambitions fallen to this! Where was the pride of station? Where was the hearty gentleman? [I was] a common farm laborer without his freedom from care. Thousands of miles from all I loved, an outcast—an exile! I went into the tent and began my distasteful task. At last it was done. I ate and smoked Yonah my old meerschaum, the companion of a checkered past.

I at last heard the slow rattle of the wheels of the wagon as Jimmy returned. I gladly went to meet him. My heart went out to him in unexpressed and inexpressible tenderness. I wanted human sympathy and comfort, and he was the only one I had to love. We were alone and must be all in all to each other. He ate, and we slept peacefully and soundly, the puppy sharing our bed at our feet. I arose the next morning prepared by stern, silent, unexpressed resolution to face the stern duties of life as they fell to our lot and perform them uncomplaining.

First Attempts to Farm at Refuge

It is needless to go into a detailed account of our struggles in endeavoring to make a crop on our preemptions during the year 1869. Totally unused to manual labor, we found ourselves surrounded with manifold difficulties, but we struggled as best we could. Cooking was so distasteful to me that we divided the work so that Jimmy, who from boyhood had had a sort of penchant for good things to eat, took that department in charge. I fed the animals (two) and curried them, cleaned the stable (if a shed of rude planks can be so dignified), cut the wood, brought the water (part of the time 3/4 of a mile), cleaned the pots, etc., built the fires, and on Sundays did our washing.

We were up before day and ate our cold breakfast, sometimes warmed on our pocket stove, and were at work as soon as we could see the plow in the

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

furrow and—except long enough to take a lunch at noon and let the horses rest and eat—continued to work until it was too dark to see—doing, as we knew, poor work—yet the best we knew how to accomplish. We were both too intent on making a crop and too poor to afford a house, so we lived on in our tent in much disgust.

When it rained, it beat in on us, and once I remember blew our tent down in the night. When it was dry, the winds filled everything with dust, but we bore it all and worked on. We were the pioneers for the family and our manhood forbade us to give up.

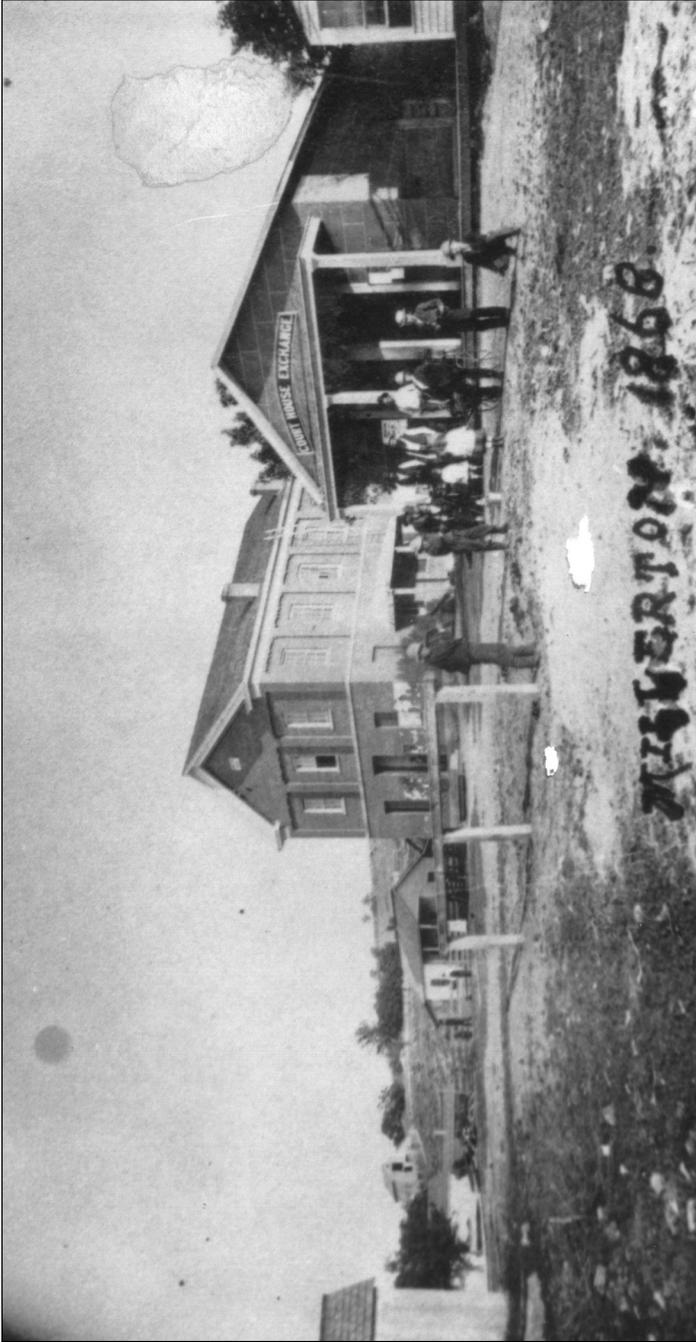
The hardest part was our total failure—a meager, sickly little crop of about 20 acres of barley came up, and despite our nightly vigils over it, what the cattle, which at that time swarmed the plains, did not eat, utterly perished by the drought, which effected almost as bad a failure for all the rest of the colony. At the latter part of April I had given up in disgust, believing my opinions as to the suitability of the country for farming fully verified. Not so Jimmy and the rest. I was alone in my opinions to which all—after disastrous failures for 3 subsequent years—have come. Then, however, I was the black sheep of the flock and was no little browbeaten and ridiculed by the poor, brave men who are there today fighting for bread and overwhelmed with debt, which it will take years of prosperity to remove.

Harry Goes into Politics

I had gone to Millerton on January 5, 1869, with Mr. Holmes to buy some horses and there had been by him introduced to Dr. S. R. Cockrill, Deputy County Clerk, the County Seat then being at Millerton. In leading a horse from Major C.A. Reading's Christmas Day, 1868, to Mr. Sledge's with a double tree in front of me, he had held back so strongly I determined to ride him and lead the other. They were both broncos, wild horses and rascals, as all of them are in this country on account of the way they are reared and broken, and as I, as easily as I could, let the single tree down, its rattling made the one I led draw a long snort, and as I was midway off in dismounting, he suddenly dashed off and the one I was riding in an opposite direction. I endeavored to hold both and succeeded in holding neither and on regaining my feet after being dragged some distance by the one I led, regained my feet to find my hands utterly burnt and the last joint of my second right hand finger badly strained, if not dislocated. This incapacitated me for labor for nearly a month, so when Dr. Cockrill offered me work in the County Clerk's office for several weeks at \$75 per month and board (\$25 more), I told him I would accept if Jimmy could spare me.

On returning and finding he could do without me, I went to Millerton and remained until about February 15, working until 11 or 12 o'clock every night.

Harry St. John Dixon



Millerton, California, shown here, was the county seat of Fresno County from 1856 to 1874. Harry's office as County Clerk was in the brick courthouse shown here on the left. The townsite is now covered with the waters of Millerton Lake, but the courthouse has been saved and now sits on a nearby hill over looking the lake.

—Courtesy Madera County Historical Society

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

I mention these circumstances only because of their consequences. Seeing my aptitude for such work, when I went to Millerton to attend the May term of County Court, I fell among several old citizens who in public desired me to run for the office of District Attorney. I flatly refused, but on informing Cockrill, who, by the way, is a thorough gentleman, Californiaized, being sprung from a Tennessee family of high standing and having come to California in 1849, he said to me in his bluff way, “D---n you—you need not be in such a hurry; we may want to run you for Clerk.” The office then gave \$5,000 per year, so at his suggestion I saw William Faymonville,¹⁷ for many years (the) incumbent of the office, who had been beaten for it at last election, who encouraged me. It was a venture as I did not know by sight 10 men in the county, but I looked on it as a matter of business and thought it justified a debt of \$500 necessary to make the canvas, which was generously tendered me.

My strong point was my experience and that my opponents were not better known than myself. Both were Mississippians, however, and married men—one (Clark) an “old Californian” and the other (Sherrard)¹⁸ a Confederate—and besides were men of families. I told my friends I would go home and consult my brother and Mr. Holmes about it and let them know by the 10th of May.

Having been reared with such an aversion to politics, I was loath to become a candidate and nothing but necessity drove me to it. It may be asked why I did not run for District Attorney. I would have preferred to do so, though the office was not worth more than half the Clerk’s office, but an old decrepit South Carolina gentleman, S. B. Alison,¹⁹ held the office and was a candidate for re-election. His friends were mine. Beside which he had been very kind to me, so I could not run against him, though I then and yet think I could have beaten him as he was totally broken down and inefficient from ill health and drunkenness.

I consulted both Jimmy and Mr. Holmes who advised the step, so I returned and on the 10th of May became a candidate before the Democratic Convention for the nomination. There was in fact but one party in the County—20 Republicans being all of the opposition I suppose. In fact, the county was filled with Southerners and of consequence Rebels in sentiment. My being a Confederate was a high recommendation. It was a singular position to be placed in—asking the suffrage of men to whom I had to introduce myself and inform (them) of my position.

There were no meetings, so “bush-whacking” was the *modus operandi*. I was green at the business but was complimented for my adroitness. I had to visit every house in the county—larger than the state of Massachusetts—before the 12th of July, the day of the primary election.

Unfortunately for me, our colony marked a new era in the history of

Harry St. John Dixon

the country. We were invaders socially, morally, and industrially—a set of aristocrats even to those who believed with us in politics. The people were good-natured—shrewd [and] independent—passionate and prejudiced—fearless adventurers from across the continent, and holding their “six shooters” to be the best law.

The only industry of consequence since the failure of the mines was stock raising in which farming was an onslaught, as it took from them the untended range of government lands. I found after my first round a perfect yell after me for being an aristocrat, etc.—despite all my care and pains to prevent it, all manner of garbage was vindictively thrown after me and the most insane reasons assigned why I should be defeated. The “newcomers” of whom I was the avant courier were going to rule the county and push the “old settlers” overboard.

My brother Confederates were on one side and the old Californians on the other. To facilitate log-rolling, the convention of delegates from the various precincts was formed on this basis: the Confederates who obtained the majority at a precinct had the votes of all the delegates therefrom. Faction ran high and I rode night and day in the fearfully hot weather. [I] worked with the laborers in the fields—ditched with the ditchers—galloped about on the rodeo grounds with the vaqueros—drank with the drunkards—talked morality with the religious—and of course nursed and petted all the babies!

My friends offered me money to pay expenses, but I refused. On the day of the election I was at Centerville—the largest precinct. The whole election turned on the selection of County Clerk, and the contest was very hot. Whiskey was in plenty and it at last came to pistols, but fortunately no bloodshed.

By my generosity in allowing a man to vote [who was] not entitled to do so, I lost the precinct—8 votes—by one vote!—and the possibility of the nomination in consequence, though I had a handsome majority of the popular vote.

However, neither of my opponents had sufficient to receive a majority vote of the delegates in convention. I was the interloper, so they leagued against me. My only hope was to disrupt the convention. This my friends determined to do. Half of the Centerville delegation were my friends, and with them I had a small majority of the convention, so a resolution requiring the delegates, after the first ballot, to vote for the next highest candidate at their precinct was introduced. Strange to say, however, it was voted down. A majority at once withdrew from the convention! No quorum being present, no nominations were made and a “pony race” ensued and a bitter one.

I was charged with breaking up the convention and reported that I did so because my opponents had leagued against me while I had a majority of the popular vote. This was true, and they fell out, so after another tour to ev-

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

ery house in the county, on September 1st, I received a handsome majority and was elected in triumph. William C. Caldwell,²⁰ Dr. Cockrill,²¹ Alexander Kennedy,²² L. Waggener,²³ William and R. Glenn,²⁴ and William Faymonville were my staunch friends throughout and elected me. I owe all to their zeal and generosity.

Although elected, I was in debt to Cockrill several hundred dollars—to Ewing \$500—and the Ranch was over \$1,000 in debt. Jimmy, the most sanguine of the sanguine, in haste to prepare for Father and the family, had bought Hussey's²⁵ 160 [acres] (where the family now live) and contracted for 320 acres from Mr. Sledge—the first at the exorbitant sum of \$2200 and the last [at] \$1600, against my judgment.

I was so worn out and disgusted that after trying my first case (which I lost) in county court in September went to San Francisco for 2 weeks to recuperate and enjoyed myself greatly. I went into no private house—knowing only the Gwins who were absent at the time in Calaveras County. Returning, I buckled down to my work as a Deputy under Cockrill until March 7, 1870, when my term began.

Except my restlessness in my subordinate position and general melancholy over my fate, which had cast my lot in a rude community without a single soul “to open myself unto,” as Ld. Bacon says,²⁶ [I had] not a single associate or companion. I was heartsick enough at the dreary prospect before me and hungered for congenial intercourse with my own kind. At Xmas I went down to the Ranch, which I had named Refuge, as it was to be a place of refuge from Yankee tyranny. There had not been a drop of rain up to Xmas week when five showers came and all were gleeful and happy.

We visited from house to house in the style of Southern life and in a nice way received and gave hospitality. I returned to the office, however, January 1, 1870, and remained until March—every cent I made going to pay our debts. I bought some blankets, a rickety old bed, a pillow, straw mattress, pine tables, and tin pans in February—which was my furniture—and ate at a wretched hotel.

Harry's Troubles Continue

My employer, Dr. Cockrill, is a warmhearted and good, but a rude, man and gave me much annoyance as his subordinate, so when he surrendered the office to me as principal on the 7th of March, 1870, I felt like a free man in a measure. There, however, was begun afresh the onslaught upon me. Every man about me was my social enemy, and I was among a set of ruthless spies day and night. Not a word or look escaped them. Silence was construed into contempt for them, and no expression of opinion or remark upon the most unimportant subject could be made without the grossest misinterpretation. I could not be

Harry St. John Dixon

polite, for then I was putting on airs. I could not be as they in manner, for then I was making game of them or merely electioneering. I was not a gambler or drunkard, hence I was stingy and only desired to make what I could out of the people and [then] leave. I was considered drawn and quartered without a hearing. In a community of this character, I was totally without backing or countenance of any kind and fair game for all that low malice toward the gentlemen which is by the laws of nature [an] integral part of the plebian.

Even the men who elected me feared and were suspicious of me, and most seemed to take it for granted I was to be a thief in office. Not until my marriage and settlement in practice—indeed, until my term ended in March 1874—surprise was constantly expressed that I was going to live in the county by those who had been my consistent supporters. In short, there was a bitter animosity against the colony. My head (to use a homely phrase) was out of the barn and as their representative was soundly belabored on the slightest provocation. Nothing could occur there (and often the most outrageous falsehoods were invented to serve the purpose) which was not visited upon my head.

However, I kept the even tenor of my way—took no fees from widows and orphans—subscribed to every school, church, and charity—let it be known that I did every man's work with or without fee, and though I was at heart the most wretched of men—more wretched than if I had been in a solitary dungeon—kept up a good face.

There was no practice and I knew myself to be unfitted for farming, so there was no alternative but to endure and work for my own interest. Within my office my duties were very onerous. My office embraced 10 petty offices: as clerk of the Board of Supervisors, I had to be their legal advisor in great part and as to general county business—roads, ferries, finances, etc., their secretary. As clerk of the Board of Equalization, its assistant [concerning] taxation—as clerk of the Board of Swamp Land Commissioners to see after all such lands—as clerk of the Board of Canvassers to see that a cumbersome election law was observed by ignorant and illiterate subordinates—as clerk of the county probate and district courts to attend to all criminal, civil (common law and equity), and probate business—as recorder to register all instruments and search titles—often of 50,000 and 75,000 acre tracts—as auditor to calculate all taxes and keep accounts of the finances against the assessor, collector, and treasurer, and as county clerk to do a multitude of acts not covered by specific offices above—all under a system of laws extremely minute and so difficult of proper administration.

The county [judge] being also probate judge could scarcely write his name,²⁷ so I was the power behind the throne there. It had been charged that I could not perform the duties of the office, so for this reason I determined to do

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

so alone. First, I needed truly every cent it would yield, and second, I desired to give the lie to my opponents. This, however, as business rapidly increased, caused me to work from 9 a.m. until 11 p.m., as my ordinary bedtime (not excepting Sundays) and frequently until 12, 1, and 2 at night.

I made money, and that was a cause of hatred, but utterly alone, I worked on. I desired to build up our broken fortunes and save enough to practice on when I went out of office.

Dixon Family Reunion!

In May 1870, Father and all the balance of the family, Laura Phillips,²⁸ our cousin with them—a girl of 18—arrived. Hearing of their arrival, I mounted a horse sent for me and rode down through a furious storm, arriving at Mr. Holmes' where they were in the afternoon. What joy I felt as I rushed in and was embraced in their arms! We were separated no longer! The old home, as I had learned by letter, had been sold—"Sycamores" was ours no more, and its product was to assist in building us a new home in a new and untried country. I did all I could in my letters to discourage the move, as Father's practice had greatly increased, giving a handsome living, but he could and would not stand the degradations of his position there. Negro rule had been entirely established and the Whites had become aliens in their destroyed homes. I feared for our future with great anxiety, but Father had sided with Jimmy and the others. Within a year, however, he became and is yet of my opinion. Fortunately, Jimmy, at my earnest solicitation had bought a small band of sheep and had taken a small number besides on shares. This was my only hope for our subsistence and events have proven me correct. But for them we would be beggars today.

In June my dear old father came up and acted as my deputy, and I went to San Francisco for 2 weeks and enjoyed myself no little. I was kindly treated by Dr. E. B. Perrin (formerly of Alabama and who had known the family there) who introduced me to his family, the only one beside Dr. Gwin's that I visited. My dissipation over and \$125 dollars, I returned to my labors, which were so much the same day after day that I know nothing worthy of relating except Father's great joy in being free once more.

From time to time as I visited Refuge, I noticed with pleasure his progress in horticulture and general improvements about the place—additions to the house, etc. Mother seemed happy having all her children with her once more, and Louly [was] contented with her pony and visiting.

Dr. Meares had come out also with Mary, a grown woman. She and Louly were then I think as happy and innocent a pair of country ladies as I ever saw—a delight to see and know—but they were invited to San Francisco by Mrs. Gwin and went during the summer. All was meant for kindness by their

Harry St. John Dixon

hosts, but in my opinion resulted in anything but their benefit. They were artless and happy when they went—they returned filled with the follies of fashion and the necessity of living in a style in which neither could be supported. Their heads were completely turned and the result was much that which befell the daughters of the good Vicar of Wakefield.

At Xmas I went down to the Ranch and for the first time in many years we were all gathered around the paternal fireside. Notwithstanding the failure of crops and the backward season, there was much gayety in the colony, and we all joined in social communion in our rude homes so that I felt quite bereft of society when on 1 January, 1871, I returned to my official duties at Millerton.

Harry Runs for Re-election

In February candidates began to announce themselves for office and my two old opponents took the field against me—one in February and the other in March for the election in September. The same fight was to be fought over again. I announced that I would go to various parts of the county in March to register voters, which I did, and felt my way sufficiently to feel assured in taking the field for re-election. I had in truth saved nothing from my office. Though exercising the strictest economy, I had not a cent laid by—all had gone to the ranch. My dear father again acted as my deputy, and in May I took the field and kept it until September, being constantly on horseback.

The fight against me was more acrimonious than ever. The antipathy to the colony had been fanned by many slights. My own family were living in luxury and splendor—had a piano in the house—servants, etc. Besides the 15th Amendment to the Constitution of the U.S. having been adopted (on the supposition that the reconstructed states were such) during my term—acts with heavy penalties passed by Congress for refusing all rights to Negroes granted by them—yet as our State Constitution and Registry Act had not been changed and allowed only Whites to be registered, I refused to register a Negro²⁹ who applied for that purpose. This set all the Republicans (who were now no inconsiderable portion of the voters) bitterly against me, and the newspapers in the adjoining counties and even in other portions of the state, among which I remember the Oakland Transcript and Sacramento Union, belabored me fiercely as the “Rebel Clerk of Fresno.” I took a grim delight in defying them by action, for I never noticed them in print. I well knew as they threatened that Alcatraz, the prison of the U.S. near San Francisco, yawned for me, but believing that the 15th Amendment was no part of the Constitution as it was passed by fraud, force, and violence, and had not a majority of 3/4 of the states, if the usurped reconstruction governments of the South were, as they should be, stricken from the list of approvals. I refused to register Negroes and did not do so until

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County



Edward Turner Dixon was Harry Dixon's brother who followed him to California in 1869. Edward later moved to Merced where he became a pharmacist and County Superintendent of Schools.

—Courtesy Daryl Lewis

in 1872, after the State had recognized it by striking the word “White” from its registration laws. I claim to and was thus the last Rebel—as I hope all who follow me will ever be against tyranny and wrong.

I had intended if arrested and taken before the U.S. courts to plead not guilty, confess the facts charged in the indictment, and when asked “If I had any cause to assign why judgment and sentence should not be pronounced against me,” to give my reasons in a resume of the 15th Amendment and the Reconstruction Acts and Emancipation Proclamation and their illegality in such a way that it would at least have bearded the bear—not the lion—in his den of infamy.

However, the people at large (for there was no convention) triumphantly elected me. I received more votes than both my opponents conjoined and had the satisfaction to see the deep chagrin of my enemies’ whole capacity for lying had been fully exerted for my benefit.

Harry St. John Dixon

Harry Meets Constance

On the 30th [of] October [1871], I went again to San Francisco for a pleasure trip. My brother Edward³⁰ kept my office as Deputy, and I determined to have a good time of it. We had been reasonably successful with our sheep though our poor neighbors again failed in their crops. I felt secure and so took my holiday and enjoyed it no little.

I had met Dr. Gwin's son—William M. Gwin, Jr.³¹—when we were fellow students at the University of Virginia—who had been elected State Senator from Calaveras County where the Gwin mine³² was and who was to be married [on the] 24th [of] November. Louly had been invited by Mrs. Maynard³³ to be one of the bridesmaids, and I was to stand treat. I consented and took her and Mary Meares, who was also to attend in the same capacity, down with me. Miss Mary Meares went on to the city from Lathrop, and I took Louly up to the mine. My stay there was most pleasant for the week allowed me.

Gwin was to be a happy groom shortly—each [of us] was successful and our families prosperous. They had an elegant house at the mine and the old Dr.'s great qualities as host—the good table—quiet and refinement were most acceptable. I was just cynical enough from my trials and my seclusion and my abandonment of all idea of ever doing anything for myself to be ready for anything giving pleasure and excitement. Gwin wanted me to attend as groomsman, and I reluctantly consented.

The wedding was to be in the City and a grand affair and in that capacity an expensive one for me as I had Louly to carry. We returned, Mrs. Coleman and Mrs. Gwin with us, and feeling I could not afford it, I indulged for the first time since 1860 in fashionable clothes and boarded at a first-class hotel.

In the meantime, I had to run up to Stockton and Sacramento on business for Dixon and Faymonville—Real Estate Agents and Searchers of Records—a partnership I had formed with the old clerk my friend on 10 September—and returned to the wedding, which took place at Trinity Church. Unhappily it was a wretched day—cold and rainy so that the attendance was sparse. Miss Mary was assigned to me, however, and covered to my chin in the carriage with her dress, we did our part.

At the reception at the bride's father's house, to which we returned immediately after the ceremony, I first met my wife³⁴ and was by request introduced to her by Major Maynard, the new father-in-law, her uncle. I saw a demure, rather sour visaged woman, well formed—brown eyes and hair—standing alone—moody and silent.

There was something about her face—intelligent and bright with a shadow of sadness about it—which attracted me, and upon lifting my face after

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

a profound bow, a sneer from me got a retort in kind, and then and there we crossed rapiers.

My good humor, however, did not forsake me, and her tartness rather suited me. Our conversation lasted for some time and we parted to pass mutually out of mind for the present.

Soon after the forgoing conversation was over the bride and bridegroom left and were on the ferryboat steaming across the Bay to the Oakland Wharf on their way to the Gwin Mine where they sensibly proposed to spend their honeymoon—at home.

Major George Maynard, the bride's father, Dr. Gwin, and myself were crossing the street when we turned and saw the ferryboat, and the old Dr. feelingly said after looking intently at it gleaming in the bright sunshine, which had come out, and pointing his cane at it [said], "There they go on the journey of life!" and turned sadly away. He insisted we should dine with him to cheer him up with a game of cards afterwards. Others came and did so. I did not participate as I am no card player, but being along out of the circle toward 2 or 3 o'clock in the next morning, got to running on the piano and whistling to keep myself awake, which attracted the old Dr.'s attention and so pleased him that he kept me at "Listen to the Mockingbird" until I was out of breath and exhausted with the effort and laughing. It need not be said I suppose that we did ample justice to the old Dr.'s champagne at dinner and his Havanas and brandy afterward.

Dr. Meares and Hubbard were of the party and altogether it was a pleasant one. Immediately after the wedding I returned home—if I could be said to have one—and about December 1st [1871] resumed by treadmill existence at Millerton.

My Xmas was spent pleasantly at the ranch with the family, but another failure in crops had cast a gloom over the neighborhood.

Politics in 1872

I know of no incident worth relating in my life until June following (1872) when I was pressed into service as a delegate to the State Democratic Convention at San Francisco to nominate electors for [the] presidential campaign of that year. In their utter desperation, the people of the South to all appearances desired the election of Horace Greeley, the liberal Republican candidate in opposition to Grant the regular Republican. This county (Fresno) was bitterly opposed to it, and although I saw and said before going that it was useless to attempt to prevent this nomination of Greeley by our convention, I undertook to be spokesman for them and went, much to my inconvenience in business and against my will. We were in the hopeless minority. All the old leaders—the bitterest Rebels—led by

Harry St. John Dixon

Dr. Gwin—were opposed to our “straight” principles. We were laughed at on every side and voted down and spoken down on all occasions. I well knew and said to Dr. Gwin and others that there was no hope for Greeley or any other man who proposed anything like justice to the South [or] any relaxation whatever of the hold Negroes and carpetbaggers had on her—but was also privately and publicly laughed at.

We managed however to have committees appointed by Districts and got Ferguson a co-delegate from this county, editor of our only newspaper, and myself on the Committee of Resolutions. Ex-Governor Downey was chairman, and we were not a “corporal’s guard.” The resolutions were of course “cut and dried,” and the Governor took it for granted all would be one way. But 2 or 3 stood by me and I resisted them to the last—objecting—striking out—amending—threatening a minority report, etc., until I got our delegates left without instructions whom to vote for and ignoring, except in general terms, the Cincinnati Convention which had nominated Greeley.

For my pains I was suspected of playing false—because the hard-shell Democracy of Fresno could not understand why everything was not as they desired it. However, after a hot contest, Greeley was beaten by the man of plunder and died a short while after, much to my satisfaction. As he could not amend any of the wrongs he had been among the chief to inflict and found himself bitten by the hounds he had turned on my people, I took pleasure in believing he was in Hell where he should have been 40 years before.

I take occasion here to say that those Southern men who expect any mercy from the North as long as there is life in the South to crush, they will find themselves as far from facts as those who years ago put faith in the “Constitutional guarantees” and compromises, which were only made to be used as cloaks to treachery and encroachment on well recognized rights.

In July (1872) I returned to Millerton and resumed my official duties. They had grown more onerous and had overtaxed my strength and broken down my health so that my physician ordered me to return to San Francisco, which I did [on] August 31, [1872] and remained until September 28, [1872], returning again to drag out the winter in no little misery. In the meantime, my sole pleasure was a correspondence with Miss Constance Maynard with whom I had renewed my acquaintance in June [1872]—all which is preserved among my papers.

Harry and Constance Get Serious

On December 20th [1872] I returned to San Francisco to spend Xmas with my father’s family, he having moved there in March of this year to take a clerkship in the Recorder’s office, which was afterwards resigned for the Secretaryship of the Board of Health to which he had been elected. On the 23rd I

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

addressed Miss Constance Maynard, who accepted me conditionally upon her father's approval. He was suffering then from illness occasioned by dissipation, which finally caused his death.

Having asked his wife to inform him that I wanted an interview and having learned from her that he was too ill to see me, [I] addressed him a note requesting his approval. This note and our whole correspondence on the subject are in my papers.

I was given to understand through Miss Constance and other members of her family that he gave his approval and was forthwith received by the whole family on the footing of a betrothed lover. Through them the matter was made public and in making New Year's calls (January 1, 1873) with the eldest son (B. G. Maynard)³⁵ I was congratulated on my engagement by their most intimate acquaintances in the City.

I gave my affianced an engagement ring and on January 30th, 1873, returned to Millerton. No letter came from Mr. Maynard according to his message sent in answer to my note, so I returned to the City in March to learn why and to bring the matter to an issue between us. Learning that I was coming, he informed me through his daughter that he would not write but awaited an interview at that time.

It seems that he had taken offense at my presenting his daughter with the ring (and a locket as a Xmas gift) before securing his approval, but this was not done until after both (Harry and Constance) had understood from Mrs. Maynard that he had given his approval.

He appointed a day to meet me at his office. I did not like this but attended. He failed to keep the appointment. Through Miss Maynard he apologized and fixed another day at the same place.

I attended and under the circumstances was embarrassed. Our interview was not satisfactory. He objected as to the ring, etc. I explained the circumstances and disclaimed for myself and Miss Maynard any disregard of his authority. He made no reply to this but merely said his daughter was of age and could do what she saw proper in the matter. The interview was quiet and courteous, but this was the whole of it.

To his brother, Major Maynard, he expressed favorable opinion of me, yet certainly did not so act. I continued my intercourse with Miss Constance as before. In May [1873], he allowed her to spend several weeks at "Refuge" with Mother, tacitly in a public manner acknowledging the relation as she and I viewed it.

In March [1873] I announced myself a candidate for District Attorney, but on reflection determined entirely to withdraw from politics and withdrew from the canvas.

Harry St. John Dixon

In November 1873, I had accumulated \$20,000 dollars of which \$8,000 was in cash outside my property and, owing nothing, thought I was justified in marrying. In October the family had returned to Refuge having found the experiment of city life expensive and unsatisfactory.

Sheep raising, in which the family's little fortune was invested, had been fairly prosperous, but the Ranch had been wretchedly managed and, besides the city expenses, had lost heavily. It was well that Governor Booth's treachery ousted Father of his office (which [at] \$200 per month did not pay expenses) [or] else we would have been bankrupt. Father had William³⁶ on the ranch and I believed he could successfully manage sheep for me. We calculated that, at the lowest estimate, if I borrowed \$4,000 and added it to my \$8,000, sheep purchased with it, besides my practice, would yield me as my part at least \$2,000 income besides any practice I could get. This was done in December 1873, and in November I [had] opened correspondence with Mr. Maynard looking to my marriage.

Harry Fights for Constance

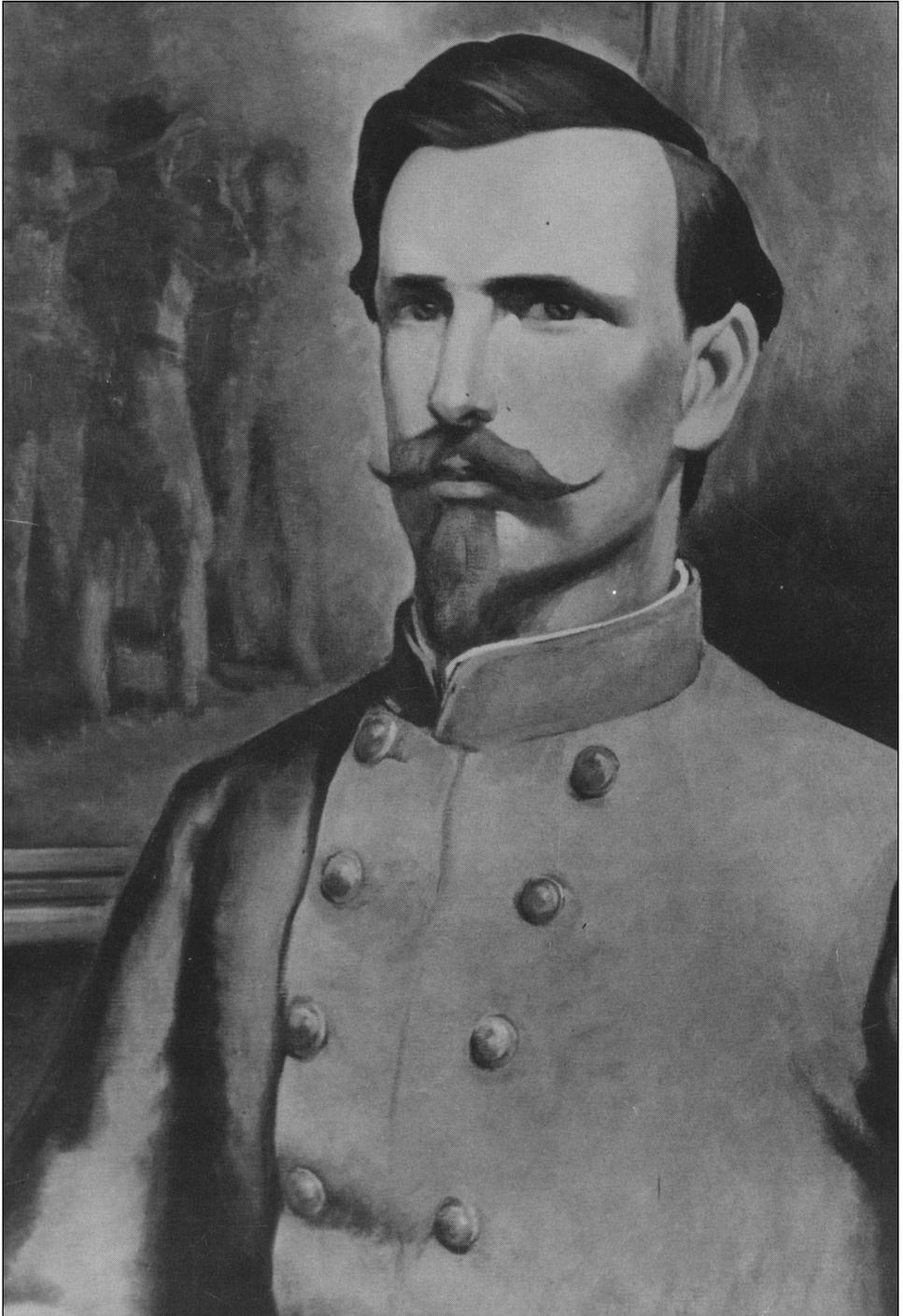
The correspondence between us shows with what ascerbidity it was conducted. I regard the period intervening between the 3rd of November, 1873 and 2 o'clock P.M., February 14, 1874, the day of our marriage, the most wretched of my life.

Mr. Maynard evidently believed I was unable to support his daughter and that my only motive in desiring to marry her was to make him support me. His family had [shown] affectionate friendship until he made his opposition apparent, when all was coldness and austerity. I never had faith in the former and took no notice of the latter and cared nothing for it so long as my betrothed stood firm. My only concern was that the imperious despotism which Mr. Maynard exercised over his household would at last break down her woman's fortitude.

I persistently refused to be drawn into a personal contest with Mr. Maynard in our correspondence, which terminated in January 1874 with his expression of a wish for a personal interview. I went to San Francisco February 7th and called on Miss Constance that evening. I had, before leaving Fresno and upon the ending of our correspondence, informed Miss Constance that, as matters stood, I could never enter her father's house. She then wrote him a note asking the direct question if I could call and if she could invite me as from him. He answered certainly. Hence I went.

She invited me to dine the next evening as usual, but I refused unless the invitation came directly from Mrs. Maynard. I called the next day, and Mrs. Maynard expressed her surprise that I had not remained, whoever invited me.

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County



Maynard Dixon painted this portrait of his father, Harry St. John Dixon.

—Courtesy Mordecai Family

Harry St. John Dixon

I made some excuse and declined. Illness prevented my calling again until [the] 12th inst. [February]. In the meantime I had [an] engagement to call [on the] 11th but was prevented by a note from Miss Constance telling me to call [on the] 12th. She then told me her father had forbidden her to receive me or be seen on the street with me. I at once arose and told her this could have no other meaning than that Mr. Maynard intended to carry out his purpose to prevent our marriage and that the time had come for her to choose between us. She replied, "You know what my choice is."

"What is it?" I asked.

"To go with you."

I at once sat down and drafted for her the note to her father contained in our correspondence to which she added considerably to the effect that she had decided to marry me. It was arranged that I should come with a carriage at 3 P.M. Saturday [the 14th]—should go to church with a few of my acquaintances, and go thence to the Lick House.

I told her that we would have nothing clandestine about it—that I would call at the time appointed and stand on the sidewalk in front of her father's gate and await her coming, but would not even open the gate for her—that when she thrust the gate open far enough on the street for me to get hold of it, I would open it and see that she exercised her liberty, the moment she stepped across the line of her father's premises on the sidewalk.

She had informed me that Mr. Maynard had spies upon me and, fearing some foul play, I went to a friend, Dr. H. Marriote,³⁷ and armed myself and had him do the same to protect myself from any embroilment. I caused him, a cooler man than myself, to carry a revolver, while I only took a knife—intending if necessary to use it against any who opposed me. On reading her note, Mr. Maynard made no objection and sent her word that since she had decided to marry to do so in his house.

We were accordingly married at 3 P.M., 14th of February in his parlor at 557 Harrison Street. I arrived precisely at the hour, dressed in a gray business suit—Miss Constance being dressed in a gray traveling suit. No one was present save the minister, Major George Maynard (who "gave her away"), her mother, and 3 sisters. It was a very stiff and silent affair. As I entered the parlor, frigid bows were exchanged between the ladies and myself. Major Maynard, who had been my friend throughout my engagement, met me warmly. I had not a word to say until I was invited by Mrs. Maynard into the sitting room to lead my bride to the altar.

I found her with her head leaning upon the mantle, greeted her with a silent but close embrace and a warm lingering kiss on her lips, and without a word escorted her back to the parlor where the ceremony was performed.

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

Major Maynard at once came forward to congratulate me, followed by the minister—without giving any of the ladies any opportunity—and [I] strode into the dining room adjoining, where the Major offered me a glass of wine. We drank a quiet toast and cracked one or two of the stereotypical witticisms of such occasions when I arose and, going back to the parlor, informed my wife that it was time to start for the train.

She at once went for her bonnet and a few minutes after we were on our way to the wharf with Major Maynard in our carriage. Dr. Meares met us at the wharf, and they went across the bay with us, where we took the 4 P.M. train for Borden—Refuge.

Connie acted with great calmness, triumphant, although quite ill and amid the usual woman's tears. As I was bowing myself out, Mrs. Maynard offered me her hand (which I took) and said "Take care of my child."

"I shall, Madam."

Major George Maynard handed Constance a note to me from Mr. Maynard in the carriage with injunctions not to give it to me until we were on the cars. It forbade me his house and all communication with his family but was silent as to my wife. I was glad that I had said to Major George Maynard on the way to the wharf that I would never enter Mr. Maynard's door until he had made me proper reparation. Correspondence between Constance and her mother as to other matters developed the fact that Mr. Maynard had forbidden correspondence between them also.

Thus I was the first person in or out of his family who had met and conquered Mr. Maynard, and he was the only member of his family who ever forgave me for it. We had a common experience in this matter at last. In August, correspondence was allowed by Mr. Maynard. I made no objection. Shortly the ladies began to send me messages, to which I never replied, except at last to say through Constance that I could not answer them.

Constance had occasion to send to her mother and sisters for various little articles which they would send as presents. At last her mother sent a dressing gown, which I insisted on paying for, and instructed her to tell her mother I forbade her to receive any but merely trifling presents.

I went out of office in March 1874 and resumed practice in a desultory way until July when I opened an office (8 x 10 feet) in Fresno, which in March was declared the county seat. Constance spent part of the time here with me [and] most of the time at the Ranch (Refuge), until [in] November when, having bought a block and rebuilt the old house in Millerton, went to housekeeping on a very moderate scale—our only grand things being my wedding present, a piano, and a set of silver spoons and forks presented by my family in Massachusetts.

Harry St. John Dixon

Maynard Dixon Is Born

My practice was gradually increasing, though in small cases, and with my sheep in Willie's hands (4500) I deemed a moderate fortune in my possession—about \$20,000 dollars, including the Fresno land office.

On January 24, 1875, at 8 o'clock P.M. our firstborn came to us—then named by Connie, against my remonstrances, Harry St. John Dixon, for me, but whose name at my request on her reconciliation with her father afterwards at his christening was changed to Lafayette Maynard. He was the first grandchild in both families.

Knowing that I would be blamed if possible, I had Connie write her mother that if she saw proper to come, my house was open to her to be present with her in her confinement. She did not come, but put me to some useless extravagances for the baby—necessaries to the opulent, but not to a poor lawyer struggling to gain a practice.

Everything prospered with me this year but my sheep business. Gradually that went down so as not to pay expenses by October and to be unsellable, and our child increased our expenses. I had everything to buy—an office to build—library, etc.—and the country becoming less prosperous. A nurse at \$20 dollars a week for 5 weeks before and 3 weeks after our child's birth and a regular nurse afterwards made it the harder, especially as in January [1876] my wool merchant could no longer honor my checks.

Peace with Mr. Maynard

In August this year [1875] a reconciliation was effected between my wife and her father's family. In this month, Miss Ella and Miss Lizzie paid us a visit. I met them at the train and, against Connie's remonstrance, gave up our room to them as the most comfortable. Their visit was ill-timed—in the hottest term and happened to be in a very hot spell, so they returned in a few days.

I could hardly bear the expense, but making some excuse as to business, escorted them back, meeting their brother, B. G. Maynard, on the ferryboat. He was in disgrace with Mr. Maynard at the time of our marriage and was loud in our behalf. I gave him no opportunity to change and made an utter stranger of him. I lifted the ladies into their carriage at the wharf and, turning them over to him with a bow, declined their invitation to go with them to the house.

It was in September following that the finale in this matter came. It was arranged that Constance should go to visit her family, which she then did, taking the baby—a lovely, crowing fellow, showing his "blood"—with her to whom Mr. Maynard took a great fancy. I had to go to the City while she was there to attend to some business and telegraphed her to meet me at [the] Lick House at 3 P.M. I found there a note, brought by one of the family who

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

expected to find me there, from her, insisting in her father's name upon my coming directly to the house. I was surprised and not much pleased. I did not wish to appear obstinate to a man so much my senior, although I knew opium and a general distrust of all men except a few he knew to be his friends caused his unprecedented course toward me. Yet I could not take this as a retraction of his letter forbidding my entering his door. At all events, I concluded to be in no hurry about it. I took several hours to reflect and called on Major George Maynard to see what he thought of it. I told him I was not at all inclined to go until the note was recalled, but he warmly insisted I should go—that Mr. Maynard was peculiar with all men—with his best friends—and felt I had wronged him—felt that he was conceding, and that I would do wrong to keep the breach open.

I at last reluctantly concluded to go but did so as a mere fashionable caller at 5:30—intending to leave in a few moments before the dinner hour. I was met in the most cordial manner by all the family, as if nothing had ever happened. In a few minutes Mr. Maynard arrived from his office. I heard him ask Mrs. Maynard, who met him at the door, if I had come and, on being informed I was in the parlor, came in and greeted me as kindly as if I was the most favored of sons-in-law, took his seat by us and evidently by his manner to say—let by-gones be by-gones. He was a man of great sincerity and honor and a thorough gentleman. Knowing that he met me with an open hand and meant what he seemed—as a gentleman I could not and did not wish to meet him otherwise. The hatchet was buried between us there. I am sorry I can't say as much for the ladies of the family.

Hard Times for Harry

In September 1874, a young Mississippian—an attorney with whom I had met, or rather sought out to do what I could to assist—came to the county and wrote me asking the use of my office and desk until he could get into practice. His name was W. D. Tupper,³⁸ and I desired to aid him, feeling grateful for a night's lodging given me by his mother during the War. I, without thinking, answered “certainly,” forgetting that two lawyers could not practice, save as partners, in the same office. But rather than retract, I took him into partnership with me at 1/4 the first year, 1/3 the second, and 1/2 afterwards. I explained to him that I intended to run for District Attorney in 1875, the fees of which office would go in the common fund.

He did not work; on the contrary, [he] squandered money collected for clients. Still worse, while my partner, [he] electioneered for District Attorney. I told him he must decide whether he remained in the firm or surrendered all pretensions to candidacy. He, on reflection, did the latter, but that cordiality

Harry St. John Dixon

which must exist between partners was broken, and he made an excuse in February to require more than 1/3. I was glad to refuse and dissolve. Thus [so] much for befriending and placing confidence in a stranger because he ought to be a gentleman. He had banded himself with my enemies—some of them [were] those I believed friends in the “Settlement” (Borden) with whom I found I had become unpopular for no other cause that I can see than we had been (but were not now) more prosperous than they had been. What a rude passion is envy—how sharp the passion of ingratitude!

In August this year 1875, I received a letter and photograph in answer to one from me from our old Negro nurse, Mammy Lucy.

I forgot to state that Tupper did run for District Attorney and was ignominiously beaten by a young barkeeper who took out his license in May this year! ³⁹

Harry’s Big Break

[I have] several times deferred the execution of my promise to my dear wife to make an entry in this, now the family journal. One reason of my procrastination was and is that evil days have fallen upon us, and I had little pleasant to write. The causes, however, I shall state at another time. At present I only state that the prime cause is debt—against which I warn all who would feel the independence of a man.

The beginning of this year was far from propitious. Sheep had gone down in the market. A part of mine were sold and I became so anxious to be out of debt that instead of paying a debt with the money, having every confidence in the member of our banking firm who [later] absconded, placed the money, \$1300, in his hands to invest in mining stocks. He did so at \$4.25 per share, and all was lost.

Today (March 24) a demand was suddenly made upon me for \$500 by our bank here to be paid by noon tomorrow. I have after strenuous efforts been able only to pay \$229.20 and am left without a cent in my pocket and not a resource to look to for a dollar of cash, should I be unable tomorrow to pay the balance and maintain my credit.

In view of the decrease and competition in business and my indebtedness, I suggested to Connie today that we get rid of \$300 per annum by discharging our cook—I taking his place. It hurt me some that she pleaded with many tears to do it herself, poor little woman. But I can never hear of it. If either has to do it, I shall be the one. I can never while I live permit her father’s taunt to me that I desired to make her my maid of all work, in his opposition to our marriage, to be verified.

Indeed, in reflection and figuring together, we found afterward that the

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

wash alone would reach that sum if given out, so to be at all economical I would have to do both, which is impossible if I attend to my business.

I was well near my wits end when I was engaged on April 2nd to assist in the first large case I have ever been engaged in—the only case I could make a reputation out of which has ever fallen in my way. It was *People v Green* in County Court of Kern County—an extraordinary case of larceny, the history of which is pretty well given in the extracts from the papers.

Jimmy's Death

Here [Refuge] all was hope, and for a time, embarking in sheep-farming, prosperity. Desiring the advantages of city society for Louly, and of better schools for the three younger boys, he (Harry's father) left Refuge in the fall of 1872, and removed to San Francisco, leaving its management to Jimmy, Edward having settled at Merced, Merced County, as a druggist in 1871. But Jimmy then had large interests of the same kind in Kern Co. with Wm. C. Ralston⁴⁰ and was unable to give the property proper attention, and the profits of sheep-raising having greatly diminished, Father was compelled in the fall of 1873 to return from San Francisco, where he had lived one year, being Secretary of the Board of Health and clerk in the Auditor's Office during that time. He then took charge of his interests at Refuge, where he lived until 1875, when he removed to Kern County to take charge of Buena Vista Ranch for the Ralston Estate, having sold most of his sheep. In order to get more land, Refuge was mortgaged. Property in sheep decreased so rapidly in value that in 1881 he was compelled to relinquish it to Mr. George W. Mordecai, his son-in-law, the husband of Louise, who now owns it; and never afterwards owned the house in which he lived. But his eldest son offered to convey to him his residence in Fresno City, built in 1888, the year before he died; but he declined to receive the deed.

Thus in his old age he finds himself without that home for which he has struggled so manfully for nearly 50 years. But his chief misfortune was the death of his son James in 1882. No member of the family has ever been so beloved by it as James P. Dixon. Deserting his own interest, and devoting all his energies to building up for his old parents a new home in California, James Dixon undertook more than one man could perform. Never robust, yet he could not stand idle and see work done in a slovenly manner. In 1873, selecting some sheep on an exceedingly hot day, which were being cast over the fence of a "corral" as selected, he imprudently assisted, and in doing so, ruptured a blood vessel in his lungs, suffering a profuse hemorrhage. He would never care for his health. The hemorrhages became more and more frequent, threatening

Harry St. John Dixon

death in 1875, and finally ripening into consumption, which rendered him incapable of any physical, and most mental, exertion for years before he died on 25th March 1882. During the last years of his life, Mother's business was alone to watch over and nurse him.

A dark shadow which must remain on my mind while memory lasts forbids me to say that he passed away like one who lies down to pleasant dreams. In peace with all mankind, without malice to any living creature, and sacrificing self in the very act of death, my brother did die and pass away as a shadow, but the physical and mental torture he endured surpasses anything which I conceived humanity could suffer, and it has been my fortune to see death in all its forms. I say mental torture, but I mean only that which comes from the physical; for he never feared death in any form. As a boy, a child, I never knew him to fear anything—but knew him to be as far fearless as rational man can be, and never unmanly in anything. His mind, religious in its turn, sensitive always to every suggestion of wrong and repelling it, was from childhood too well-balanced to accept superstition in any form as a substitute for religion. He was ever unable to suppress his reason by force even of education and example; and without wounding others, quietly laid aside the fallacies taught as religious truths, and himself, from the deep wells of reason and philosophy of which his fine mind delegated to drink unadulterated Truth, conceived a God of Justice and Mercy so far beyond that taught by narrow priestcraft, that they could not, nor could even his closest relatives, understand him. So believing he died, trustful of things beyond his ken, and fearless that any but a false God could endow him with Reason and punish him for using it. The heaviest charge which can be brought against that system which insists upon the acceptance of absurdities as truths—so evident that their defense has long since ceased among men of ordinary education—is that it results in a stultification of reason—the only guide to truth we have—and hence leads to wrong and cruelty. My brother's death-bed gave the most flagrant example of this I have ever known. If there ever were parents tenderly devoted above all others to a child, his were to him. They would have suffered death to have spared his life for a time; yet so strong was the hold of superstition upon them, and upon all his brothers—save myself and two others, William and Julian—that against his pleadings thrice made to them, they refused to administer opiates because to do so in sufficient quantities to relieve pain would (as they thought, which it turns out however was not the case) produce death—would take a life which could last but a few hours longer, the possession of which was only prolonged agony—death at every breath. All hope of life was confessed to be gone; he knew he had to die; all of us knew it; he had called us about him and had divided out his

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

little personal jewels and effects as keepsakes; he wanted to go, and was suffering tortures; twice before he had asked it; and about 10 o'clock at night the 23d had called us about his bed, in the absence of mother and sister, and, his breath so short that he could articulate but a word or so at a time, again asked for enough morphine to relieve his intense torture. I stood at the head of his bed holding his hand; Edward stood facing him from the foot of his bed, the others standing about, and Father with his head bowed against the opposite wall. Mother had crept back and crouched in the passageway, but I don't think she knew what was passing. He addressed himself to Edward as he was a druggist. Edward told him that enough to relieve pain would produce death. The brave words forced (by halves often) from his parched lips—his body a bare skeleton—will ever ring in my ears: "That's—just—what—I want—it—to do."—Edward remonstrated that it would be wrong, when he added: "What is the use of stimulating me, giving me rich food to keep me alive to suffer a while: I've got to die!"—I said—"I will give it to you brother—I will give it to you" but Father cried out—"My son, I am ready to die for you, but I can't do that—I cannot." He then wearily turned his head on one side and said: "That ends it. I will suffer it for you and Mother." and never referred to it again, though his pain increased, the difficulty of breathing grew greater from hour to hour and without sleep but for a few minutes at a time for weeks previously, propped on his pillows, his hand in mine—the death agony came on him about 20 minutes past 1 and—the last articulate words on his lips "Don't forget me"—he breathed his last at 55 minutes to 2 o'clock A. M. My great hearted brother, how can any who ever knew you do so!—

What shall I say of him?—Nothing. I can say nothing which ever in this existence can give either of us one look in the other's face again. He was more my companion, because we thought more alike, than any of my family, and more than any of the others was given to investigation and study. Yet he was not a mere bookman, but a man of practical affairs, of love of outdoor sports, even beyond my liking for them and was a keen sportsman, and one of the most expert I ever knew with both rod and gun. A fine horseman, he loved and kept the best of horses. A quiet and not talkative man, he had a facility about him which made the very brutes love him; although no man could converse more pleasantly; and he had a vein of gentle humor, a sense of the ludicrous which he kept alive as a thread in it when no serious question was in discussion, and which was most pleasant. His mind was broad and able to grasp any topic it came in contact with, and did so with an astonishing rapidity; and once understood he seemed, like his grandfather Dixon, who he resembled in size and many characteristics, never to forget what he had learned. Like many such men, he was given to abstraction, and might often be spoken to without hear-

Harry St. John Dixon

ing. Among women he was, I think I can safely say, a universal favorite; but if he ever loved one no one knew it, though I have long thought that he met with a disappointment in that regard, but never told me, whom he would have told if anyone. With all his careless good nature and submission to knavery he was a shrewd judge of human nature and weighed men well; but never acted on his conclusions. Practically he seemed never to realize that all mankind were not spotless gentlemen like himself. No man was ever more compassionate, and I never knew him to resent imposition except against a worthless kinsman, a boy who with his sister he brought from the East (James Lemley and Sarah Hall) when well near bankrupt himself, against the remonstrances of all his family, and who he supported in idleness for years during his misfortunes. Shortly before his death he ascertained some act of more than usual vagabondage done by the boy, then a man, and to his sister expressed his indignation. The wretch sent him an insulting letter on his deathbed, so foul that his sister wrote my brother not to open it. He did not, and sent it back to him.—He was asked where he wished to be buried, and answered that he did not care much, but if he expressed a preference it would be away on some lonely hill, by himself. He did not die as the papers stated at Buena Vista Ranch, the place he had settled and loved most in California, but at the McClung Ranch, a few miles distant. The last act of his life was to remain on a piece of land near Borden in order to acquire title to it for the benefit of father and mother, well knowing that he could never live to use it. This hastened his death. I tried in vain to dissuade him; and going to the train at Fresno to see him as he returned in Mother's charge to Kern, found that from being able only to walk two weeks before, he was then prostrated, and had to be lifted about like a child. I took him to Bakersfield where I delivered him in charge of Louis. Father was unable to get him to Buena Vista—his strength was not sufficient. The devoted kindness of Col. McClung and his good wife, herself since dead, who surrendered their house to our family for two weeks before his death, cannot be repaid in words.—One night when I was watching with him, a beautiful moon came up majestically in the east, which could be seen full from his bed through the window. Having attended to his wants, I called his attention to it. He was always an acute observer and warm lover of the beautiful. Casting his large blue eyes, yet magnificent though the shadow of death was upon them, toward its silvery rays, he said, with some tone of the old cheeriness in his voice—"Isn't it beautiful?"—Aye-aye but it was no more beautiful than your life my brother.

There is little else to relate than that Jimmy left all his small estate, by a codicil to his will to his mother and father, to be given by them to the most

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

needy of his brothers or sister at their death. The proceedings (in the Superior Court of Fresno County) exhibit a novelty in the law. The appraised value of the Estate (\$6,000) was distributed in full.

Conclusion

The Present Condition of the Family

Of our own immediate family, my mother is old and in feeble health. My father, against the objection of his sons, remains the superintendent of one of Mr. J. B. Haggin's ranches in Kern Co. because, he says, it enables him to be independent. I pursue the harassing and thankless, and I may say poorly paid profession of the law at Fresno, and am succeeding no doubt as well as I deserve. Edward is a cautious—almost a too cautious business man—pursuing his calling as a druggist at Merced, with which he compounds a little politics, and holds, as he has done for, this, a second term, the office of Superintendent of Schools for this county. William is surveying for Mr. Haggin on his Kern County ranches; Louis is seeking location at Fresno, and Julian is bookkeeping for Genl. Williams in San Joaquin County; while our sister Louise is caring for her babies and performing the duties of a good wife at Refuge.

It may be asked if we "are all honorable gentlemen;" if there are no "black sheep" in this large flock. Of the name of Dixon, there is, thank God, not one. And now having concluded my labors, having without attempt at ornament or form, but only in a plain matter-of-fact way endeavored to perform a duty which I felt incumbent upon me and which like most duties has become in great part a pleasure upon being pursued with earnestness, with a rational prayer to a God who, as I believe, has never and will never interfere with the regular operation of his laws, that all of my race and kindred may so cultivate their reason, so suppress their prejudices and superstitions, as that they may ascertain and abide by his laws whereby alone they can be happy and perpetuate our name, I lay down my pen and announce that we have arrived at

The End.

Epilogue

Red, white, and blue bunting was draped everywhere, but most surprisingly, for the first time in twenty years, Harry St. John Dixon did not object to the presence on his property of blue uniforms nor to the Stars and Stripes. Presently, the leader of the organizing committee called Harry up the wide steps of his home at 1605 K Street (now Van Ness Avenue) in Fresno to present him accolades for his recent efforts. She first handed him a plaque, which lauded him for the reason that so many had gathered on his lawn this evening. Then, unexpectedly for Harry and the mass of admirers, she unfolded a letter addressed to him from General Ulysses S. Grant and began to read. It said in part, “I hope the fraternity practiced by the veterans of Fresno may be patterned after by all the citizens of our country.”

What motivated the “Unreconstructed Rebel Clerk of Fresno County” to host on this day in 1885, men whom he had repeatedly labeled his enemies? Was it the financial success that came to him as a result of the Green Case? Did that fact plus the newly earned status Harry enjoyed in society make him feel somehow less defeated by these former foes? What role might his brother Jimmy’s death just three years prior have had on ameliorating the harshness of his emotions? Could it be simply that a man mellows in old age? Regardless of which reason or combination of reasons answers the question, Harry St. John Dixon in 1885 was not the same man who emigrated to California two decades before.

Perhaps the most plausible explanation is by that time Harry’s accomplishments had overpowered his bitterness. He had become arguably the most prominent attorney in the Fresno bar. In addition, he had climbed to the top of the political ladder in Fresno politics, recognized as the leading Democrat of the city, even spearheading locally the Grover Cleveland presidential campaign of 1884. Furthermore, he was the first City Attorney of Fresno, designed the first seal of the city, and, with a partner, drew the first map of Fresno County.

Harry continued to enjoy his newly found status throughout the 1880s. But in a cruel twist of fate, in the early 1890s, he became increasingly less lucid and his overall health suffered accordingly. Not even his wife’s at-



The grave of Harry St. John Dixon is shown here in Mountain View Cemetery in Fresno, California. This monument to Harry was constructed by Sigma Chi Fraternity in the 1940s. It covers the graves of Harry's parents, Judge Richard Lawrence Dixon and Julia Rebecca Phillips Dixon.

—Courtesy Bill Coate

tempts to change his environment could rescue him from the dementia that set in, and he died in Agnew's State Hospital in 1898. His family returned his body to his beloved adopted home where he now rests in Mountain View Cemetery, shaded by two spiraling evergreens.

—Daryl Lewis
Leland, Mississippi
June 27, 2011

Family Journal Entries Made by Constance Maynard

Marriage—Our first meeting at the Reception following the marriage of Hon. Wm. M. Gwin, Jr. and Miss Blanche Maynard

October 2, 1874—Fresno

My dear husband wants me here to jot down my emotions and opinions on the occasion of our first meeting at Blanche Maynard's wedding, and for his amusement (and maybe for that of "those who will come after"—who knows?).

No wonder I wore so "sour" a visage as he unflatteringly describes. Had the true and complete state of mind and heart been imprinted on my features, I feel it would have been sufficiently "sour" to have repelled him altogether. I had a heart full of anger and bitterness against all the world & against the families most concerned in that particular wedding above all. I disliked my cousin—hated everybody who bore the name of Gwin—despised the folly of attempting a "grande affaire" on an empty purse and under a whelming load of debt—detested any parade at weddings—for though I had no faith whatever in marital happiness, yet I considered it as too solemn—to be frank, as too horrible—an occasion for indulgence in frivolity and jollification.

My health was very delicate, though I was not aware how greatly impaired it was in reality, and that morning in particular I was suffering from an even more than usual severe headache and degree of languor. I was interested in a study which was then absorbing all my time and attention. I was determined not to attend the ceremony and was in a mood in an utterly perverse, sick, cynical, and hateful frame of mind. Truth compels me to the admission that such was generally my mental condition in those unhappy days, when my wit was like the poison of asps, my conduct unruly, my spirit rebellious, contemptuous, and utterly unhappy. A great aching void my life seemed to me, and the prospect spread black and joyless before my gloomy and diseased anticipations.

I tried to absorb myself and satisfy my restless cravings with study and with all its fascinations and satisfactions; study but poorly fills the empty room

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County



Constance Maynard Dixon (1852-1909) is holding her son, Maynard Dixon. Constance was the daughter of Lieutenant Lafayette Maynard of San Francisco. She married Harry St. John Dixon in 1874 and moved to Fresno County.

—Courtesy Dixon Family

of warm human love & sympathy. My good mother saw the impropriety of my remaining away from the “event of the day,” especially as both his sisters were too much indisposed—one from severe cold, the other from chronic ill health—to attend, and therefore insisted that I should accompany her to the church, & we would decide regarding the receptions afterward.

So, unwillingly and gloomily I set out and we drove up through the dreary, drizzling, chilly day to Trinity. I entered at once and flung myself in a disconsolate heap on the corner of one of the reserved pews and stared at the gorgeous chancel windows, “waiting further developments.”

The next “development” was calculated to do anything but mollify the acerbity of my temper, for in walked my mother, right across the front of the church, chatting gaily with a man with whom I was, in fact, flirting most outrageously, though I detested, despised, and utterly abhorred him. However, he was really deeply in love with me, and I took a fierce delight in inflicting pain on him, which I had a thousand chances to do most suc-

Harry St. John Dixon

cessfully. He attempted to take a seat next to me. I requested him, freezingly, (& not very politely) to move away, for I did not desire or intend to entertain him.

Unfortunately, he was quite accustomed to that encouraging style of treatment and could never know when I would melt with the greatest animation of warmth and affability, and consequently retained his position and attempted some jocular remark. I deigned no other reply than an intensely scornful curl of the lip and made my youngest sister change her seat for mine. After what seemed an age of weary waiting, the organ suddenly pealed into Mendelssohn's superb "Wedding March" from "Die Sommer Nacht's Traum" and the bridal party appeared.

The girls were all of gentle blood—save only the new sister-in-law, Carrie Gwin—two of them exceedingly pretty, and all were well dressed and attractive looking. The bride herself was very sweet—petite, but dignified in her style—in a dress which was a masterpiece of delicacy, elegance, and simple richness. She was certainly, I was bound to own to myself, one of the loveliest and most charming little creatures I had ever seen in bridal robes. The groom was gentlemanly in appearance, but could brag of no beauty save a figure, and the groomsmen were none of them good looking. Mr. Dixon—a total stranger whose name I was too indifferent even to inquire—was the most erect and manly of them all.

In 4½ minutes, Blanche Maynard had become Mrs. Wm. M. Gwin, Jr., & had been gracefully saluted by the rector, Dr. Theo. B. Lyman (now Assistant Bishop of North Carolina).

I should note here a very graceful accident which occurred. A certain gloom was cast over the ceremony of course by the great half empty church and the gloom and chill of the day, but just as Dr. Lyman, holding the clasped hands of the bride and groom in his, raised the other above their heads with a gesture of blessing, pronouncing the words, "I pronounce you man and wife," a brilliant ray of sunlight broke suddenly through the clouds & streaming through the colored window a golden glory directly on the pair, all else being still shade.

We followed the bridal party, and to my despair, my mother endeavored to persuade my male detestation to enter our carriage and accompany us to the reception. He looked to me for encouragement, but I was so rigidly speechless & freezingly distant in manner that he did not dare, so he pleaded a case in court and left us.

I stormed all the way home, where I insisted on being driven first, and when I got there, deliberately removed my bonnet and refused pointblank to go a step farther. But the conveniences were too much for me, and in a worse

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

temper than ever, I was constrained to reenter the carriage & be rolled off to the reception.

When I got to the house, the bridesmaids were yet dismounting, and I waited until their last vehicle had drawn away, and then was assisted to alight by my uncle.

Inside everything was noise, laughter, and merry making. I greeted my relatives, saluted the groom as cousin, kissed and congratulated in the orthodox manner, and as soon as possible escaped from the vortex of this living whirlpool and took refuge in a window which nobody seemed to approach. But one after another of the young men came up to chat, and all went away with some stinging sarcasm or biting retort stored up against me.

I had received my orders from my mother not to leave until the bride took her departure for the boat, which was to bear her away to her new home, and I could see the soft eyes turned reprovingly on me at every step I took towards the door. So I was penned up for an hour longer and had just resigned myself to my misery with a fervent “benediction” on the head of whoever should disturb me again when I saw the strange groomsman talking with my uncle, who came and requested to introduce him a moment later—or I think he presented him without a previous request. At any rate, presented he was, and all that I remember of the conversation is that I discovered that here was my match in sarcasm and that I received in the same measure and kind as I bestowed, and took a dangerous pleasure in the unusual occurrence—for most men feared me and always succumbed before my biting tongue. But this man bit in return and roused me somewhat from my languor and ennui. I remember thinking how tall and slim he was, noticing that he had a beautiful head and brow, and that his eyes, tho’ not large or handsome, were yet brilliant, clear, and piercing.

Presently Erin J. Coleman joined us & if possible introduced another element of sharpness into the conversation (which was nothing more than a flashing passage at arms—a scintillation of stinging repartee). Soon after they went off, and everybody moved into the lurching room, where people insisted on my eating things that I didn’t want and drinking poor champagne till my head was near distraction. Then someone proposed a dance, but the bride had disappeared to don her travelling dress, & the discovery of that fact threw the usual damper over everybody’s spirits. It was not long before she reappeared to be kissed and cried over and at last to depart. How I did exult, for now I might escape.

So without waiting for anything or anybody, I got away unnoticed during the confusion & rushed home, there to throw myself into a chair and sneer at everybody concerned & everything pertaining to the whole affair. And I

Harry St. John Dixon

did not fail to mention the new man I had found who was so unusually bright-witted, sharp, cynical, and intelligent and my pleasure in the encounter, and then I forgot all about him—name, appearance, everything and never gave him another thought till I met him next in June of '72.

He says that my costume attracted his attention as much as my face that memorable day, & no wonder, for it was in every respect “*hor des convenances*.” It was short where all others were long, of a soft silver-gray poplin, quaintly made in a style entirely out of fashion; my hair was laid in smooth soft braids flat on my head with the hair cut short and lying in rings all over the brow and in front of the head—everybody else wore theirs in a high pile and mass of frizzes, curls and confusions; my head, where everyone was bareheaded, was covered with a quaint daintily antiquated Gypsy bonnet of white velvet & white lace with a few soft pink beads and green grasses for trimming.

No doubt the whole effect was curious and noticeable enough, especially the delicate colors surrounding my sallow face and dark eyes & hair—And so of our first meeting.

Small idea either of us had of ever marrying and, above all things, of marrying each other. He returned to oblivion—so far as I regarded him—and I returned to books, cynicism, headache, and mental gloom and was as miserable as one misunderstood by others could possibly be.

March 4, '76—Our Family Journal

So many items occur to me that the task of selection is no easy one, so I'll follow a true woman's rule and let the heart speak first and then the mind. Fayette, who is just 13 months and a few weeks old, I hope will be spared to make many an entry in this book. Fayette has seemed much better today; his fever has left him and, excepting his cough and snuffles, his cold is diminished. There is no probability of measles, as I had feared. He has been ill with a severe cold for about a week. He begins to be annoyed by the necessary confinement to his own room and was gloriously un-amusable all day. It has been more than two weeks since I have heard anything from my mother, and I begin to fear bad news of her health.

I finished Bulwer's “*Devereux*” today, and was not sorry to do so. It has the youthful fault of undue prolixity and I think, too, that it is too ambitious, tho' that is also a young writer's error.

Bulwer is the man of the world and at the same time the romantic dreamer, the charming idealist, but he does not leave his readers with the tender heart & sympathy & charity for suffering & sinful humanity—like Thackeray. Ah, Thackeray! Who can rival thee in unveiling the erring, struggling human

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

heart! The more I read of novelists (Tho' isn't he yet more of a moralist?) the more lovingly do I return to Thackeray & that true hero, Lamb.

Today Jule has been setting out more trees & vines for me, and if they flourish—as they ought—my tiny home will be fairly embowered by next year. Harry and he together set out a tiny Magnolia—about a foot high!—with great care and tenderness and many anticipations of how beautiful it will be when it attains its full growth. I wonder if we will still be here when that time comes! How sweet it would be to feel quite certain that here in my bridal home my age would be passed and that we should rest together under the arching shades of one of the very saplings that we are now planting and petting.—I resume “*Wilhelm Tell*” tonight and find that I have lost remarkably little of my German despite my long negligence.

A long, lonesome, rainy day. Harry left just after breakfast for the neighborhood of Kingston to have a section of swamp land surveyed, and I spent the morning in superintending the setting out of fruit trees & grape vines by Tang; the afternoon in making underclothes & the evening in reading German. And now at about 9:30 o'clock I betake myself to bed. I feel very solitary, & my severe cold (which must have reached its climax today) makes my ears ring most dismal chimes. So to bed I go. I have relinquished English literature pro tem and am reading Schiller for business at night and French (Sonpetre) pro passer les temps superflu in the daytime. It is remarkable how easily one “picks up” a language after having neglected it awhile!

CMD

March 27, 1876

Not only has misfortune come to us, but far worse has overtaken our neighbors. Their very subsistence gone. Their only stay and helper revealed in the infamous light of a systematic and deliberate swindler and forger; disgrace far worse than mere pecuniary ruin now shrouds them in its dark clouds! In this disastrous season, adversity has fallen upon even the wealthiest, & long faces surround us. As for ourselves, although servants do have to go & expenses do have to be reduced to as small as possible a fraction, I at least can be happy & content, except the grief that I must feel for my noble husband's anxiety and trouble. His generous heart is far more distressed for me than the occasion requires; the care of my good baby amounts to but little, and as for the little household duties—in our tiny home & with our two selves as our only family—they are insignificant. The only real trouble I feel personally in the matter is in the necessity of Maggie Kinsman, my nursemaid. She has been so conscientiously & exceptionally a good girl & has shown so much gratitude and affection towards us that both Harry and myself have

Harry St. John Dixon

become really attached to her & I feel the parting with her as a parting from a friend; for even though I am hereafter able to employ her again in my service, yet she will never be exactly the same simple-hearted, pure-minded girl that she now is.

April 12, 1876

Our life here in the country flows on smoothly; one day ripples after another with just the same cadence of quiet happiness so that we have almost nothing to write about. I have been greatly disappointed in a person whom I imagined to be a sincere friend, but all details which would be a reproach to others I prefer to exclude from our "home book." Consequently, I will omit all but this brief mention of my grievance.

Maggie left, and on the night of her departure arrived my sweet and dear Mama-in-law. What a pleasant surprise was that and how thoroughly I did enjoy her week's visit. On Saturday, she went on to the "Alabama Settlement" (so called) to meet Lulie, who is detoured from her visit to San Francisco (her first in 2 years). There they remain during this week, and at the expiration of that time will return and give me another week, after which they will go back to their present abode in Kern County.

On Sunday, Fayette met with his first serious accident. I was preparing some custard for his delectation on my stove and placed the hot lid, on removing it, where I did not believe my "little mischief" could reach it. For a moment I turned away & instantly he threw himself over and dragged it out on his right hand burning the knuckles of his 2nd and 3rd fingers very severely. They are evidently better today (Wednesday) but still in a dreadful condition & exceeding painful to the least touch. The dear little man is so good and merry that it is a pleasure to take care of him. Not that he is without his little tempers and frets sometimes, but generally he is easily amused.

We decided, Harry and I, to keep our cook during this month so that I might be at perfect liberty while Mama is here, but lo! Today appeareth my celestial & desires to go forthwith in order to bring a lawsuit forsooth! I insist on his remaining until he completes his week's work, and as he is working with energy, I think it very likely that his cloak will fall upon my shoulders tomorrow P.M.—some three weeks earlier than I anticipated!

Looking over some beautiful engraving lately, in which all the houses and gardens were elegant & all the personages sumptuously attired, I became conscious of an unmistakable and uncomfortable pang of envy, & a little repining at my 10 ct. calicos and cookery. An hour later I took up "Le Philosophe de l'Attique," (a translation of which I am reading) & the very next sentence after my mark was so beautiful an answer to my unpleasant emotions and so

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

thoroughly reconciled & nerved me that I quote entire—that whoever will read this confession hereafter may benefit by the whole lesson.

“Why this insatiable craving for riches? Does a man drink more because he drinks from a large glass? From whence comes that universal dread of mediocrity, the fruitful mother of peace and liberty? Let us award the palm moderation, for it is the great social virtue. O beloved and gentle Poverty! Pardon me for having for a moment wished to fly from thee, as I would from Want; stay here forever with thy charming sisters, Pity, Patience, Sobriety, and Solitude; be ye my queens and my instructors; teach me the stern duties of life; remove far from my abode the weakness of heart and giddiness of head which follow prosperity. Holy Poverty! Teach me to endure without complaining, to impart without grudging, to seek the end of life higher than in pleasure, further off than in power. Thou givest the body strength; thou makest the mind more firm, and, thanks to thee, this life, to which the rich attach themselves as to a rock, becomes a bark of which death may cut the cable without awakening all our fears. Continue to sustain me, O thou whom Christ hath called Blessed.

May 2, 1876

Who could compute, I wonder, the number of times in his (or her) life on which he as quoted the old Bible adage—“Who can tell what a day may bring forth?” In my brief 24 years I suppose I have said it scores of times & will continue to say it, no doubt, to my life’s end. I tried the experiment of doing all my own work and broke down under the burden. Harry was away from home except for two days; & when he returned & saw the amount of labor entailed on me, he at once said that we must curtail our expenses on something else, but a cook I must and should have.

Finding that his mind was fully determined, I then informed him that I couldn’t have continued my exertions much longer, for they had weakened me very much. (I did not tell him, however, that I was completely “used up” and was sick all the time; but in truth, I was tired and exhausted, had severe headaches and worse backaches without intermission; & when dear little Fayette was at last gone to his nightly rest, I could absolutely do nothing but go to bed too, where I was too tired & in too much pain to rest).

He (Harry) was obliged to leave before he succeeded in getting a Chinaman, & I had just written in desperation to Mother in San Francisco to exert herself in my behalf when last Sunday who should walk up to the piazza where I sat with Baby than a Chinese “gentleman” who possessed himself of a chair at my knees without removing his hat & proceeded to make jocular remarks to Baby. But necessity makes us lenient, & I engaged him, after the usual mutual queries, to come on trial for a week. I find that despite his unprepossessing

Harry St. John Dixon

manners, he is a really good, obliging, and amiable old soul, and though he knows very little about cooking, yet I should rejoice to feel that I might be sure of keeping him. He promises, however, that if he goes, he will at least remain till I can fill his place. How earnestly I dwell on this Chinaman! There is nothing like doing the “dirty work” oneself to make one appreciate the true delight of having someone else do it!

How charming are my meals now, and how good everything tastes (despite the poor cookery) when Baby and I walk in at the sound of the bell & take our seats at a table ready prepared for us; and who—save one who has been through a similar “do-it-yourself” episode—can understand the exquisite satisfaction I experience when I lean back in my chair and luxuriously touch the bell, & then betake myself to my other occupations with the blissful thought “that table is to be cleared off and all those dishes, etc. cleansed and put away, & I am to see or touch or smell no greasy water or coarse dish clothes nor kitchen odors!” I can in sober truth be thankful for my culinary experiences since they have enabled me to enjoy all these enviable emotions, of which I had not conception before.

Harry is still away from home and can’t tell when he may be able to return. He is attending to some very important business, and if he is successful, it will give him a wide reputation in his profession. Words can’t express how much I miss him, & how I long for the sound of his footsteps or to hear his voice. How dear, how dear to me he is.

My noble, generous, thoughtful, unselfish husband! What is the affection of a lover when compared to that of a wife? It is like the glimmer of a star compared to the soft brightness of a tropical moon!

Mother & all the family are in a stir preparing for Lizzie’s wedding, which I don’t doubt will be as charming an affair as exquisite taste, congenial company, & plenty of money can make it. I am invited to attend, but on condition of “new clothes” and a nurse, which conditions effectually preclude all possibility of acceptance. I do wish fashionable people didn’t attach such vital importance to fig leaves.

Monday, June 5, 1876

Lizzie will become Mrs. Herbert Winslow & leaves at once for New York, Boston, & the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. Good wishes follow her from every side, & handsome gifts, I’ve no doubt, are showered upon her. My present was a simple one, but very dainty & bridal in appearance, being a fanciful opera hood of silk trelle, silk lace, and rich ribbon, all of soft cream color, which is so much in vogue just now. Liz acknowledged its receipt in a very pleasant note, & professed herself much pleased.

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

I have been away from home since May 8th, having returned only one week ago last night. Lulie very unexpectedly appeared in my doorway one day, & Harry, to my yet greater surprise, walked in two nights later. After holding a "Council of War," it was decided that Lulie & I would go on with Harry to Kern County the next night, which we accordingly did.

After a day pleasantly passed at Mr. Julius Chester's near Bakersfield, Jimmy appeared & we drove out with him—22 interminable miles—to Buena Vista Ranch. There I stayed for two weeks in unspeakable misery. I was eminently uncomfortable, for during all that time I had to wear soiled underclothing, my host having neglected to send for my trunk, & I having packed my valise exclusively with Baby's clothes. He got unwell & remained so all during my stay & was consequently fretful & hard to amuse; & I have never been so miserably homesick in all my life.

At the expiration of those two dismal weeks—which really seemed long as years—here came on the same evening my longed for trunk & Harry to take me home! My exquisite relief & joy were beyond all expression and when finally we drove away from the door, I felt as if a numbing weight were lifted from my heart. Harry was detained a day or two longer in Bakersfield by his business, & meantime I paid Mrs. Chester another visit, which was very pleasant, for Harry came home to meals three times a day, & our evenings were of course together. Mrs. Chester entertains after the English method, which is much more agreeable to everyone concerned than is our too attentive American system. But oh! How delicious was the pleasure of starting at last for home, all alone with my dear husband & our sweet boy. How lovely & cozy did our wee house look! How brilliantly green were the trees! How delightful was the piano! And what unceasing pleasure have I taken ever since in gradually arranging the house for summer & doing all the accumulated darning & mending of my 3 week's absence.

Baby is perfectly well & consequently very good ever since we reached home & is so cunning & bright & winsome that it is a real pleasure to take care of him. It will be many a long day before I am wheedled into taking such another trip—of that I am positive.

July 12, 1876—Wednesday—Ahmobe.

At last by pure accident Maynard has walked alone. He has for some months past been able to perform this feat, but could not be coaxed to do it; no cause for his timidity can I imagine, for he has never had a fall in walking. He started in pursuit of his kitten this evening, in his eagerness not waiting to ascertain if I had firm hold of his dress, as he usually does, & when I showed him how nicely he got along unsupported, he couldn't do it enough, and ran up

Harry St. John Dixon

and down the porch until he was well fatigued, & his eyes fairly blazing with excitement.

After the most sultry hot spell I've ever felt (the thermometer ranging from 105 degrees to 116 degrees for nearly 2 weeks!), we had a wind storm which cooled matters for one day, but that brief respite was succeeded by another two weeks of excessive heat, but not sultry heat, fortunately.

Last week came a heavy rain & cold winds, which caused me to put baby into flannels & to myself resume heavy winter dresses. Today (98 degrees) is the hottest day we've had since then, & as a strong cool wind has sprung up tonight, the probabilities are in favor of a fall in the thermometer tomorrow.

Our Centennial 4th of July passed away very quietly. It was 108 degrees Fahrenheit, so Baby & I passed the day in the cellar—our place of refuge in hot weather. Harry was requested to take part in the public festivities & did so to the extent of figuring in a procession & reading the Declaration of Independence. As Fresno is composed exclusively of wooden shanties & is entirely without means of defense of any kind from fire, all fireworks, from torpedoes up, were strictly prohibited; so real patriotism was forced to confine itself to a brave display of bunting.

Harry can't make up—or make down, which is it?—his mind to have a “Yankee flag” wave over his house, so I made a heraldic banner as well as I could in a great hurry & from very remarkably inappropriate materials. It is much prettier than I believed it would be, seeing that the shield reads “Tules, three torteaux on a bend or, between six plates; a chief ennimorse.” (Which is being interpreted, a red ground, 3 red nomdels (or balls) on a gold bar, with 3 white nomdels on each side, the upper third (of the shield) white dotted with black like ermine.) Our little banner fluttered gaily as ever it did from the lance of Knights of old, tho' in this instance, its staff was ignominiously abstracted from a window frame & bound with cords to the stove pipe!!

However, we do not live in a hypercritical community, & that we should show a flag, which was not a “Rebel” flag, was all that was necessary. We dismounted banner and staff from its proud elevation at nightfall, as solicitously as if there were dews to injure it, & I stuck it slantwise behind the piano where it droops across the door; so it waves in a business-like manner, as if it appreciated its own importance, all day long & all night too, if the door is left open.

Maynard being nearly 18 months old (He will be on the 24th) was taken by Harry to a circus day before yesterday & spent the entire P.M. downtown with his father, who says that he seemed to enjoy himself very much & was as good as he is at home. He is as bright as a sunbeam in both intelligence & temper.

Pecuniary matters remain in status quo, or if there is any change, it is for the worse. We are very anxious just now about dear Jimmy, who seems to

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

be in a very delicate state of health. Lulie wrote a few days ago that in the past two weeks, he has had frequent & severe hemorrhages, & they are all much alarmed about him.

Lulie, Mama, Mr. Mordecai & Mr. and Mrs. Chester are going up on Mt. Breckinridge with him to try the efficacy of tar water and the air of the pine forests, which are highly recommended for pulmonary troubles. They must be settled by this time, and we are anxiously expecting a letter to tell us how he stood the trip & whether he seems to profit by the change. I do hope that he will be able to stay, for Mama and Lulie are both far from well. They are so patient & uncomplaining that it is chiefly by their looks that one has to judge of the state of their feelings.

October 8th, 1876—Sunday Evening

Our journal has remained unused for a long time, as I think rather to Harry's regret, so I will begin to make—or endeavor to make—an entry however brief every few days, henceforth.

Harry—to begin with the head of the family in my recapitulation of the events that have transpired since my last entry—Harry's business is beginning to brighten up, and he is constantly occupied just now. Last Saturday he returned from a brief trip to San Francisco, only to leave home again last night—this time bound for the Supreme Court in Sacramento. His engagements are such that he will probably be absent nearly all of this month.

My health was beginning to suffer from constant attendance on Maynard (I expect to be confined in November or December & am therefore not very strong now) so he brought me a nurse on his return last Saturday. She is an English girl & seems to be a very good one, is fond of Maynard & tends him admirably; & he is also fond of her.

He is very intelligent and constantly doing and saying bright and winning things. He is devoted to his father, who returns it with interest—He is the joy of his parents' hearts; May God spare him to us and grant that he may continue such throughout his life!

Since Carry—the new nurse—came, I have resumed my French & tomorrow shall take up German & music again & improve my opportunity while it lasts. I began with “Esther” by Racine & shall read his “Nahlie.” I think of continuing through all of his dramas, but shall judge what is the better plan in regard to my French reading more wisely hereafter.

Jimmy is still on Mt. Breckinridge with Mr. and Mrs. Chester & is very busy in improving a place, which he has preempted for a future summer resort. Mama and Louise returned to the ranch some weeks ago. Lulie is to be married on the 26th of this month, & I will be unable to attend! “Isn't it too bad!” What

Harry St. John Dixon

is yet more regrettable is the fact that the probabilities are strong that it will be impossible for Harry to so arrange his business as to be able to be there. On such an occasion—the marriage of his only sister to a much esteemed friend—it cannot be too greatly deplored. He will make every effort in his power, and we earnestly hope with success.

Our wedding gifts must perforce be very simple; he will give Lulie some photographs—painted & quite large enough to look well hung on the wall—of the old portraits of his great grandparents, the founders of the family in America. I will give Lulie a very dainty pair of silver napkin-rings, bearing the initials & the date! Harry proposed to send Mr. Mordecai at the same time the first letter ever written by Louise, a quaint, precise, stiff little epistle, both in phraseology and chirography. It was written to himself just after he went to the University of Virginia in 1860, aged about 17. As it is going out of our possession, it may be pleasant hereafter to possess a verbatim copy of it, which I forthwith proceed to insert on the next page. Edward's patience in waiting for an answer to a letter written "a week ago" was exemplary—as it took almost that time for a letter to go from Deer Creek to Charlottesville. "Mr. McFadden" was Harry's pet dog, a marvel of intelligence and ugliness—the letter is endorsed

"Rec'd November 1860"

"Answ'd Thurs" 15th, 1860"

"Dear Brother,"

Ma received your letter yesterday dated October 21st. You asked me to write to you if you will excuse mistakes, as this is my first attempt at letter writing. Pa got home from Greenville yesterday; he has been out there all the week attending to business He wrote to you while out there. Mrs. Percy came home a few days ago. Miss Ellen Percy and Miss Marion [Rucks], a great beauty came down with her. Miss Ellen expects to stay all winter; I expect there will be several parties this winter. I wish you were here to go to them. I do not know that you would enjoy them as you used to, as you seem so much devoted to your books.

Mr. McFadden is as fat as ever; he missed you a great deal. He wandered about the house and yard looking for you. Poor fellow, I pitied him. I feed him every day. Edward hunts with him one Saturday, Jimmy the next. I intend to take good care of him until you come home. Edward wrote to you last Sunday, and is looking for an answer. He says he will write to you often if you will answer his letters. Ma told Jimmy he ought to write to you, but he says you have not written to him as you promised. Mammy sends "howdy." Lawrence sends a kiss—Mr. McFadden a "buss." All send their love to you; answer soon. Edward will write a P.S.

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

Your affectionate Sister,
Louise H. Dixon
(Aged 11 years)

“P.S. Harry I wrote to you a week ago and have not received an answer yet. I am waiting very patiently for you to write. Ma says Pa wrote to you a few days ago and she will answer your letter next Sunday.

Your affectionate Brother,
E. T. Dixon”

October 13, 1876—Friday Evening—6:30 o’clock

On Monday night arrived Jule and Willie from Kern County, so I’ve had a house full of boys all the week till today. On Wednesday Louis left for the swamplands. Yesterday Jule went on to Borden to wait on his preemption till his is wanted, and today Harry and Willie together departed to join Louis and the surveyor on the swamps. Harry came home last night to my infinite pleasure. At each absence my loneliness is as forlorn, and at each return my joy is as great as in the day of our honeymoon; how many wives are so blessed as to be able to feel—or justified in feeling—the same emotion with fervor equal to mine!

My kind, loving, true-hearted husband—my affection for him can never equal his merits. At the first sound of his voice, baby woke up, and his joy on recognizing him was sweet beyond description to one’s ears. Harry took him for mutual kisses and embraces, and when he gave him to me while he should undress, the wee man cried and rebelled until he was made to understand that Papa was coming close to him in a moment. He lay close, close to “dear Papa,” one hand caressing him tenderly, the other with the finger between his rosy lips for a considerable time, & finally asked to be put back into his “own ittedy bed,” but then was greatly distressed until Harry moved near to him again. This morning when his nurse came for him, he sobbed so bitterly that we had him brought back, and he clung to his father till the door was fairly closed on Carry’s retreating figure. His absolute devotion to his father is very lovely & grows stronger as he grows older.

Tonight I am alone again, but as I am rereading “Tom Jones” I have agreeable company waiting for me.

Harry met Rob in Sacramento & was received with much cordiality by him. It is their first meeting since just before we were married, and it was a very pleasant one for me. They had a long brotherly sort of a talk about past misunderstandings and difficulties, & Rob fully justified the opinion we have hitherto entertained of him by his honesty and manliness of conduct & expression & his calm sensible view of the matter.

Harry St. John Dixon

October 14th [1876]—Saturday—8:30 P.M.

Last night on laying down my pen, feeling particularly lonely, I resolved to console myself for Harry's absence by looking thro' some of our early letters, and settling myself luxuriously on the lounge, I began with those written just after our engagement and didn't lay them aside till my flickering lamp warned me that bedtime had come. When I lay down for my customary rest this afternoon, I resumed them, and the result is that I intend to continue their perusal up to the latest dates. They are very fond & very sensible at the same time and make me so unspeakably happy. For all their professions of truth and devotion have been consistently verified, and their bright hopes and dreams of mutual confidence & affection have been more sweet in their realization than imagination has power to paint them.

I took my work out on the porch after my siesta & amused myself with Maynard's efforts to capture all the stray butterflies and "Kickybirds" (so he calls chickens) that crossed his view. About 5 o'clock, who should put in an appearance but Willie, who to my great pleasure and surprise announced that Harry was to follow in a few minutes. So I rushed about energetically & was just putting the final touch to my toilette when in he came, tired, dusty, and bright, with Baby's happy arms clasped round his neck. But he had been requested to address a public dinner company, so I am deprived of the pleasure of his presence tonight again, and he is specially requested to address the O[dd] F[ellows] Monday night & receives letters stating that appointments have been made for him to address several towns on the "political issues of the day," in company with a Maine Democrat who was a soldier in the U.S.A. during the late War. This was at Harry's own suggestion of the probable effect of the association of a Northern with a Southern soldier in an electioneering tour—a conjunction which would go farther towards invalidating & enfeebling "bloody shirt" arguments than all the words that could be spoken.

February 18, 1877—Sunday Evening—8 o'clock

Partly carelessness, partly sickness caused me to neglect my diary for a long time, & lately I have shrunk from it for reasons that will be self-apparent hereafter.

Harry's political campaign was a busy one, and the moderation & logical cleanness of his speeches fairly broke the ice of the prejudice existing against him, & from his very first public address, it began melting away. Now his position is very different from what it was a year ago. Then the conduct of most of the people was dictated by spite, jealousy, or distrust; now they are respectful, & his very worst enemies are one after another putting their business into his

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

hands. His time is fully occupied; he has not a moment at his own disposal without taking it from the necessary attention to his business. The land office he is forced to neglect entirely; that being the case, he has written Willie (who is heavily in debt & rapidly getting more so) to come & take his half of that business, give it attention & build it up. (It only requires someone to attend to it to make it a valuable paying business) His home, of course, will be with us if he consents to come. I am in great hopes he will accede; for besides believing that he would find it a profitable step to enter land business, it would be a great pleasure to have him as one of our little family—and now to return and tell my sad little story.

On 26th October, 1876, Louise was married very quietly, none but the family being present, at Buena Vista Rancho, where the Judge is in charge for William Sharon. After her marriage she went for a few days to Los Angeles and thence to Refuge, which Mr. Mordecai has rented for a year. He has made a few improvements, trifling in themselves, which add greatly both to the looks & the comfort of the place. They have two wells 7 windmills, & an abundance of water; so the trees and flowers have all grown beautifully, & the whole enclosure is one wide, green shade now. It must be very lovely.

On November 21st was born to us a lovely baby boy (weighing 13 lbs) who bore a striking resemblance to my dear father. He was to all appearances strong and hearty, but at the end of two weeks (because of repeated chills & some fever) I was obliged to put him on the bottle. He throve and grew rapidly & improved so much that I was happy and proud. Within an hour, he was taken very ill & by the next night was so utterly prostrated that I sat up all night expecting him surely to die. After that, for more than two sad weeks it was a fluctuation of hope and despair, and at last on December 28th came a telegram announcing the sudden death of my dear father in San Francisco of paralysis of the brain.

My sweet little baby was so very much better that I made all my preparations to accompany Harry to attend the funeral, but that evening he became so very much worse that I gave it up. (My nurse, Mary Lyons, is a very experienced one, in whom I have entire confidence, having known her since I was a child, 8 years old (16 years). From that day he seemed to rally, eat better, seemed stronger, & was entirely free from pain; & when I left him at one o'clock that night & went to bed, it was to sleep sweetly in the hope that the next day would see them fulfilled.

The next morning (Harry came home from Kern that night, recalled by a telegraph from me) I dressed leisurely before going into the room where our little darling was. Harry went in & came out saying he could see no hope, & when I went in, I found he was indeed dying. Mary laid him in my lap, & there

Harry St. John Dixon

he breathed away his life in soft little gasps, without any pain. For that I am so grateful, for he had suffered so much & so unceasingly before.

In less than half an hour after I took him, his pure soul left the tender little body. I can't write down all the details—the watching, the dreary waiting, the desolate house when everything was restored to its usual order and everybody gone—but can I ever cease to feel it?

Our little darling was laid under a willow here on the grounds where I can watch his lowly bed & keep it green and lovely. The few who had shown interest & thought for him were here. Mr. Mordecai bore the little casket in his arms to the grave, & Jule put it in position then filled it in, & that was all! Of our grief I cannot speak here; nor are more words necessary. Louise was with me during that sad, sad week, & her sweet sympathy and love were a great comfort to us both.

Maynard is only now getting accustomed to being without his sweet “ittle brudder” to kiss & love, but often talks of him still. His first word every morning was, “Go see dear ‘ittle brudder,” & all through the day he would come running in from his play to look at the sweet bright-eyed little baby. – Thank God that it wasn't Maynard who was taken. I do believe that it would have made my dear husband ill; for he found it so hard to bear the loss of this little one whom he had hardly seen at all. (His business kept him away from home nearly all the time of his brief life.) We called our little one Robert Lawrence for dear “Daddy” & my dear brother Rob. “Lawrence “ he was to have been habitually called. Only one month and fifteen days & and yet how deep a wound was inflicted by his loss! I know my sweet one is happy now and free from pain, & I can almost see him often times, so vividly do I realize the change that has come to bless him.—I finish my chronicle now & dwell no longer on our grief.

My dear Mother-in-law left me last Saturday to visit Lulie at Refuge after making me a visit of two weeks. Maynard became very much devoted to her & I believe he misses her almost as much as I do. I meant to have gone on Thursday to join her and Louise & stay with them until tomorrow, but on that morning I was suddenly taken sick & had to stay all day in bed. Friday night Harry had to go to San Francisco, so I did not go at all. I have asked my mother to return with him on Wednesday & pay me a visit. Whether or not she will come I have not heard.

On February 14, the 3rd anniversary of our wedding day, Harry gave me two of Black's charming novels—“Madcap Violet” & “A Princess of Thule”—& Bickersteth's “Yesterday, Today, and Forever.” I have read them & am so charmed with Black's style & sentiments that I've tonight ordered three more of his books.

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

April 1879

On February 12, 1878, was born to us a bright-eyed, chubby girl who was named Rebekah, for Harry's mother. She has always been a lively, merry, bright little creature; cut her first teeth on the day she was four months old; taught herself to walk, entirely without assistance, when she was ten months; and is now at 14 months cutting her eyeteeth, already having twelve. Her nickname is Reb—this at Louis' suggestion.

We debated many nicknames, with the intention of avoiding the objectionable Becky, but at last, hearing of Louis's idea, at once adopted it as being original and rather appropriate for one of the Confederate Dixons.

I have at last got consent to make, and a way of making, useful pecuniarily. Not long ago, I played at a concert given here, and played well; and as the other performers played not at all well, my execution stirred considerable enthusiasm. I was on the spot requested to take one pupil and assured that I could easily get others. So I advertised and have so far got two scholars, and two more are promised. I charge only \$1.00 a lesson, as my pupils have to come to me, but if I get a half dozen or so scholars, that will be a little income not to be sniffed at. I hope to get another pupil soon, in which case I shall buy a parlor organ (on installments) and think that will get me more "customers." At least I hope so.

An old man named Michael Dolan has signed a contract to farm the place for three years, raise poultry, and keep a cow on these terms—we to supply the water and tools & seeds for one year; he to supply us with all the vegetables, fruits, poultry, eggs, & milk that we may want to use; he to dispose of the remainder for his own benefit and behalf.

In the matter of house servants, I am about to make a bold dash—dismiss Chinese altogether & employ Whites—boys or girls as I can get them. I have accepted an application of a German boy who is to sign a contract to stay one year, be honest, industrious, respectful, & obedient, cook, do general housework, & make himself useful whenever & in what ever way he may be called upon. It remains to be seen how this system will work, but at least it can't be worse than my past and present vexations with Chinese. So, if I can save money by the garden, etc., make money by music lessons, & capture a good servant for a whole year, I shall consider myself indeed well off!

June 1880

I have saved money by the garden though not as much as I was justified in expecting, and did expect. I have made a little money by music lessons, but little as it has been, it has been of great assistance to me; but as for the German boy, he never came at all! After trying girl after girl, with always worse luck at

Harry St. John Dixon

each venture, I at last got a real treasure, to secure whom I discharged the best Chinaman I've ever had. Immediately she got very ill (with dysentery) and had to go home. The good Chinaman will return tomorrow, & I shall keep him as long as I can henceforth.

June 18, 1880

I have lately had an opportunity of learning who are my friends in this town & have been surprised in two ways. The one woman whom I should have expected first to show her kindness has done least. The one whom I should have last expected to trouble or inconvenience herself did both at once and unreservedly.

Maynard was taken very sick about two weeks ago with croup, waked me at midnight by strangling badly, and next day developed diphtheria. It was a very slight attack; but as it found me without a servant and with a curious, painful infection of my foot, it promised to speedily wear me out. I sent the materials and recipe to Mrs. Hoxie with a request that she would make some jelly & she at once informed her mother-in-law of my predicament. So while I was almost in despair, with Maynard very sick, with Ellie and Reb to be waited on & kept out of his room, & with none of the housework even begun to be done, in walked old Mrs. Hoxie with a working apron on and at once set to work in the dining room and kitchen. How grateful I felt! And what an assistance it was!

Then came her daughter, Mrs. McKenzie, & Mrs. Hoxie with unlimited offers of assistance. They sat about for awhile, but finding that there was nothing to be done, drifted back to their own houses & duties after awhile. Old Mrs. Hoxie was going to stay & do the cooking, too, but left when I told her how we have only a cold lunch at noon.

When Harry came home, his fear and distress had almost unnerved him. Where could we send the little ones, so as to save them from this terrible infection? There was nobody we felt at liberty to call on and we didn't know what to do and were almost in despair. Just in the midst of it, in came dear, kind, good Miss Louise Carnahan, and her first words were, "I've come to stay and help you til Maynard gets well." My relief and gratitude were beyond expression; I could only clasp her kind hand in both of mine and stammer some broken words of acknowledgement. Then I went and told Harry, and he abruptly turned his back and gazed out the window till his emotion subsided. Words can't express what I felt. She is one to be thoroughly relied upon and confided in.

I felt that in case of Maynard becoming ill enough to confine me to his room I could unhesitatingly trust everything outside his room to her management. The next arrival was a Chinese cook, who was accepted on his own

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

terms, and installed forthwith that evening. When the Doctor returned, he brought an offer from the Froelich's to take Reb and Ellie out to his place to stay till Maynard's improvement should justify their return home. That offer touched me deeply, not to mention their willingness to assume the very considerable care and responsibility of two babies of two years and of eight months of age.

Coming to the front door not long after the Doctor's departure, I found Mr. Bramlet seated on the porch. I stopped and asked if he knew we had diphtheria in the house. "It is that which brings me here," he answered in his deliberate, precise fashion; then told me he was come to offer his own or his wife's services in anyway in which they could be made available—nightwatching or anything else.

We felt this friendliness deepest of all. Only recently they have lost their dear little John and have now only a lovely baby daughter of four months. Yet they were ready to run the risk and do all that they could to help us. They keep no servants either, which added considerably to the weight of the obligation.

Dear Mrs. Bramlet came over yesterday to spend the afternoon and assist (Maynard having a return of the fever) in nursing, but finding how little she could do in that line, she came again today to get some of my sewing and help me in that way. She is indeed a friend as she has now abundantly proved. And all this because I loved her sweet little John and grieved when he was called away. Tomorrow I must speak of Mrs. Tupper's kindness. Tonight I am half-sick myself, having caught cold in the night last night, which cold has settled in my neck and throat.

June 25, 1880

Since writing the above, I've been quite sick; pain and inconvenience startled me with a little fear of diphtheria. I haven't time to be seriously sick, so I didn't relish the prospect. Fortunately it has all passed away and left merely a slight cold in the head.

Now to return to Mrs. Tupper, and do her the justice that she deserves. She depends entirely on Miss Carnahan (her sister who lives with her) who takes entire charge of the house and almost entire charge of her and her two babies too. As soon as she heard of the strait that I was in, however, she sent her sister to me with a message to the effect that she sent me all she had, her warmest sympathy and her "Prime Minister." This was real self-sacrifice and friendliness, and I fully appreciate it.

Within this week, I've had an opportunity to return some of Mrs. Bramlet's kindness. Ellie and her little Eva are having an attack of teething and in-

Harry St. John Dixon

digestion just alike and just at the same time. Mama is better than a doctor for such small ailments and of course I appealed to her and her prescription being very successful with Ellie. I at once took some of the medicine to Eva, who is also improving under it. Mama took fright from a letter I wrote her, which I ended by telling her of Maynard's slow recovery and constant fever. So at once she started and reached here on Saturday morning to my great relief and delight. Her experience with sick children enabled her to suggest a number of things to do and try, and thanks chiefly to her suggestions, I think our sweet boy is now recovering rapidly, regaining his roses, his laugh, and mischief—his natural disposition and appearance in a word.

June 26th, 1880

I shall endeavor hereafter to put into execution my oft-expressed intention of chronicling the quaint and clever sayings and doings of our youngsters. Having neglected it so far, much of it must necessarily be lost, and all of the past five years be but scantily remembered and that little recalled in an irregular and disconnected way. However, even that will doubtless give us very great pleasure in the days, not so very far distant, when we shall be growing old.

To begin with ages—Maynard was five on the 24th of January; Reb, two on the 20th of February; and Ellie, eight months on the fifth inst. Of course Miss Ellie's share in the "sayings" is very limited as yet, being confined, as far as we can yet understand it, to ecstatic screams for "Papa" and pitiful wails for "Mama." She turns to her Papa for fun and frolic but clings to me when in trouble.

Maynard used to have many funny ways and make many bright speeches, which have been pushed out of my memory to make place for more recent events.

When a mite, not more than two years old, he had a comical way of expressing his satisfaction by saying "Make a lo-ow bow!" following it up with a gesture to suit the words. During the Presidential campaign of '76 when Samuel J. Tilden was Democratic candidate, Harry taught him to cry, "Hurrah for Tilden!" He would take him into the saloons and make him give his little shout and then pay for "drinks all around!"

After Tilden's defeat, he was one day told to shout for Tilden and said, "No, Tilden's gone. No more Tilden!" And that continued thenceforth his invariable answer. He had of course heard us discussing the "political aspect," etc. and had drawn his own sage little deductions from our talk.

He always considered the lead as the pencil proper, the wood as a sort of case. So his form of request used to be, "Please sharp de wood off dat pencil."

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

After we lost our sweet baby Lawrence in January 1877, he missed him greatly and talked of him constantly. He used to gaze up at the soft rosy tinted evening clouds and say wistfully, "Dose is ittle brother's clouds." During his brief life, (only one month and fifteen days) little Lawrence slept in his big basket carriage, and during his day naps was covered with a white mosquito netting to keep off the flies. A day or two after his sweet little body had been laid away, the net had been thrown over the end of the carriage. Maynard came in and at once noticed it, and with a cry of delight, "Ittle Brudder came back!" I began very tenderly and carefully to draw down the net. His face fell to a look of distressed disappointment when I told him how the dear little brother would come back no more, and with a little sigh he said, "Boysie, 'ants his ittle brudder."

About this time, he had for a nurse a fine looking English girl, whom I afterwards discovered to be very mean and bad besides. She would sometimes take him for a walk, but always stayed so long that I forbade the walk entirely. One day they came in and Maynard came as usual at once to me. "Boysie tired, Mama. Cawwy (Carry) take a long walk. Big man take a long walk, too." And such, I afterwards learned was the case, and the long walks were accounted for.

He has always been a great admirer of female beauty and wanted, when a little fellow, to kiss all the nice little girls. These he called "diddle dur," and a little boy was "diddle dee." A biscuit was a "bucka" and a book was a "booka, bookoo." Every "r" was turned into a "w" and all "sks" were changed into "ks," as basket to bakset, etc.

He was as a baby exceedingly sensitive to sound. Cats fighting would make him scream and cry, and the sound of distress would draw tears. And even the delicate shades of major and minor in musical compositions affected him as the following incident will prove.

One day I was practicing a new piece, and he was playing about the room, apparently not listening at all. From a very lively strain, the music changed (without lessening the rapid time) to a weird, sad minor. He screamed out and cried so bitterly that I was frightened, thinking something had harmed him. But when I could understand what he was saying through his sobs, it was "Moosic cwy! Moosic cwy!" I immediately played a merry little refrain whereupon the smiles at once came back, and he began capering about saying, "Now, moosic laugh!" Thinking that I might have mistaken the cause of his tears, later in the day when I saw him absorbed with his toys, I slipped away and played a minor air, but instantly he dropped everything and came running to me with his lips quivering and the tears beginning to flow, crying as if in pain, "Top Mama, Top; Moosic cry!"

He was always devoted to his father, and during his frequent absences from home would sit on the floor and gaze up at his portrait and make love to

Harry St. John Dixon

it as if it could understand what he was saying. (He was not quite 2 years old when we had the little scene about the music.)

He seems now, at five years of age, to be developing an unusual talent for sketching and cutting, making frequently quite graphic sketches both with pencil and scissors. His taste for mechanics is also worthy of remark. He takes great interest in everything of the kind and readily understands explanation even of engravings of machines. His disposition is generous and candid; he has almost no obstinacy and as little perseverance.

Reb has a great deal of all these qualities. Her obstinacy she expresses in a manner peculiar to herself by closing her eyes as tight as she can. Where Maynard is dependent, she is independent and self reliant, impatient of assistance, and perseveres until she accomplishes her object or is forced to relinquish its attainment.

Maynard had to be coaxed and wheedled and finally cheated into walking alone; Rebekah rejected all help and taught herself, entirely without assistance and in one week, to walk. She has so far no spell of sickness worse than a day's indigestion, and is so full of health, mental as well as physical, that she is a source of constant pleasure and pride to us. She is not pretty, but her round, rosy, chubby face wears such a bright expression of affection and honesty that people frequently wonder why is she not pretty? What is the "something lacking?"

She has always been so independent that she had done "no end" of amusing things, and still does them, but I can mention only a few here.

One day when she was about 18 months old, she took the china mug off my wash stand and deliberately threw it down the steps, and of course, destroyed it. I at once slapped her hands and read her a lecture. She repented with many tears and much contrition. During the evening she came and leaned on my knee for a twilight talk before the fire and at once began, "Mama, naughty gurlie fwow down er cup an bweak him all up. An Mam s'ap er gurlie's naughty handies an gurlie cw y so hard! Gurlie so sowwy, Mama!"

Still later I was telling her a little story in which a girl throws down her pitcher and breaks it. She at once interrupted; "No, Mama, Litty gurlie bweak er pitser an er Mam sap er gurlie hand!"

As a sample of persistency, this will suffice. One night she took it into her head that she wanted to get into my bed. It was very warm weather, and I preferred that she should stay in her crib. So she began wailing a long persistent cry, unspeakably annoying and tiresome to hear. This sweet music she kept up without interruption from two o'clock till seven o'clock A.M. Of course I would not succumb to her ladyship, and she was (as she proved) equally determined not to give up to me. The moment I took her up, she began laughing

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

and chattering as she always did, showing no symptom of fatigue beyond a few short sighs!—and had not shed a tear all night!

August 18, 1880

Here has been a long pause, which I will break by mentioning a little expression which Maynard has lately picked up. He used it first apropos of little Mary Tupper, who was here at lunch. He is a very ardent admirer of little “Polly’s” and fights her battles present or absent both verbally and fistally.

They were speaking of degrees of affection and inquired how much Reb loved Polly. She took a shy fit and made no reply, whereupon up spoke Maynard, “Mrs. Tupper, I love Polly all the whole wide world worth!”

A few months ago (as already mentioned in this diary) Maynard being very sick, Mrs. Froelich took Reb out to spend the day with her. On entering the house, she looked about at everything and everybody and finally said with much emphasis, “I love my Pap, and I love my Mam, and I love my poor little sick bwrother, and I love my baby too!” Then, as if feeling that she had done her duty and stated the true condition of affairs, she fell to playing about and chattering as merrily as usual. About the time her father was expected to bring her home, she would leave everything and station herself in the window to watch for him, greeting his appearance with screams of rapture. She is devotedly attached to her “dear Papa,” and words can’t give any the faintest idea of his love for her. It is beautiful to see the comfort and delight he takes with his sweet “old woman.”

Of course, Elinore is almost too young to be a very dangerous rival so far, though she is already developing so many winsome ways that she wins our hearts more and more daily. Reb did and said many funny things while she was resuscitating at Mrs. Froelich’s.

Among others, one day she had been pretty obstreperous, and Maren at last set her up in a chair and proceeded to lecture her, winding up her sermon with the query, “Now Reb, will you say you’ll be good?”

“No,” said Reb, at once, “Can’t say I’ll be good.” And good she wasn’t until she felt inclined to be so.

Our physician has a little trick of saying to the children, “Oh the Dickens! The Dickens.” I didn’t know Reb had noticed it till one day she spied him as he approached and announced his arrival with, “Aha! Here comes the Dickens Doctor.”

When she asks for music, she generally phrases it, “Make mooshets on the panjo.” One evening she asked for a story and I obediently began, “A man told his boy” when I was interrupted by hands pressed on my mouth and an eager voice crying indignantly, “No Mama! That’s not a good stowy, tell ‘Once upon a time!’” I repeated as instructed and this time gave satisfaction.

Harry St. John Dixon

One Sunday, such a hot day, her father was stretched on the veranda in a vain endeavor to get a cooler air. By way of helping, Reb got the comb and brush and took his head on her lap. Then ensued such a pulling and pushing and settling and resettling of poor Pap's unlucky head, such a combing and brushing, over the ears, eyes, everywhere. She, keeping up a cooing and love making all the time, interspersed with comments of her own performances intended to reassure Papa. At last she noticed that his eyes were closed. "Oh, dear Ol Papa! Gurlie bwush hairsie and comb hairsie. What you shut you eyes fo-o-o-r?" Says Papa, half laughing, "I'm feared!" With the utmost earnestness and encouragement, she answers, "You needn't be 'fraid. I wouldn't hurt hou!" Followed by kiss after kiss.

During Mama's last visit a month or so ago, we asked her one day, "Do you want to go see Grandpa?" Her answer was, "Yes, I loves my Grandpa. An I loves my Uncle Willie too." It had been fully a year since she had seen Willie, but when he came very unexpectedly a few weeks later, she proved her affectionate remembrance of him by at once going to him with every sign of joy.

One evening as he strolled away on his way to town, she asked me where he was going. Not knowing, I couldn't tell her. She pondered the matter and finally inquired, "Mama, is you sink my Uncle Willie's gone with his girl?" (She had heard some laughing remark made a few days before about "his girl.")

Having got a splinter into her hand she came home to have it out, but when I got a needle, her courage failed her. She stepped back and with tearful eyes and quivering lips said earnestly and coaxingly, "Little splinters gone away into his little house now an' shut his door tight. You can't get him out." So I didn't try to get him out as he was a little fellow who would probably cause no trouble (as he did not.)

Maynard is learning to read now, and is getting it very fast. Reb is greatly interested in his lessons and comes to have her lesson always after him. I spell a few words over with her, and she is already learning several...knows "it" and "my" and a few more.

Maynard has a great fancy for "marking with a pencil," as he very correctly calls it, and has now taken a fancy to diversify his "picture" making with letters, a fancy which I encourage. He is already learning history and geography in his play. I wish he could get over all the fundamental drudgery in the same way.

And now I must say a few words about our latest and lovely one, sweet, bright-eyed, rosy-lipped Ellie, with her tiny hands and feet and her voice like the soft cooing of a dove. Her wee hands are always in motion, and with them she expresses eagerness or desire in a manner peculiar to herself. She turns the wrist and curls and uncurls the fingers with a gesture that is very pretty and

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

impossible to describe by either words or imitation. She is full of lovely ways and into considerable mischief nowadays, having learned to crawl and stand in the last few weeks. She employs her locomotion powers to the full. She slaps her little hands for “pat-a-cake” and then drops her head on one side and shuts her eyes with a little laughing affection of embarrassment, which is bewitching. When in distress, she tucks her chin down with her breast, shuts her eyes, and pouts her soft rosebud mouth, the very picture of woe. When she is laid in bed at night, she turns her little head on one side, peeps up at me with a lovely drowsy little smile and that is the last heard from her ladyship till ten o’clock. Then she wakes, has a little drink of water, and goes to sleep again.

She is now about ten months old, but is not so forward as Reb, who learned to walk at her age. She seems to be as affectionate a disposition as the others, for she spontaneously gives me kisses, little soft pressures of her fragrant mouth, sometimes closed, sometimes open as the humor seizes her.

August 19, 1880

Yesterday Reb and Maynard were playing together, Maynard having instructed and assisted her to bury a little cotton rabbit. They were standing admiring the grave stuck around with trees when Maynard said suddenly, “Reb, let’s love each other!” Simultaneously they turned and threw their arms about each other squeezing as tight as they could, Reb saying warmly, Bwother, I love you, Bwother!” “Mama you see your children loving together?” said Maynard. And Mama did see, and said from her heart that she had never seen a sweeter little picture.

August 23, 1880

Today I called Reb to have her dirty fingers washed. As she rose, she said, “Oh you dear, Ol Mama.” I answered “Oh you dear Old Toots!”

“What you say dear ‘Ol Toots foo-or?”

Said I, “What you say dear Ol Mama for?”

“Cause you is a dear ‘Ol Mama. Zat’s foo-or.”

A few days since, Maynard was lying on the lounge with a picture book; Ellie was playing about the floor. Presently she started for the lounge and climbed up on her feet with a pleased chuckle. A second after, Maynard called out in delighted tones, “Oh Mama! Ellie leaned over and gave me a kiss on my cheek,” adding in a voice of caressing tenderness, “Oh you sweet little true lover.”

Says my sweet boy, “You dear little Muntz, I love you all the whole, big wide world worth. But you love me two hundred miles more, don’t you?”

They all have such loving natures. They frequently leave their play or books to give or beg a caress; even tiny Ellie will press her sweet mouth on my

Harry St. John Dixon

face or lay her head back on my breast to be kissed. Reb has a way of noticing any decided movement of mine by exclaiming, "I like you, Mama! You's a good Mama!"

January 6, 1881

In September we went to Kern, that is I took the elves to pay a long visit to the old folks. We stayed just eight weeks, and that was exactly two weeks longer than what I had proposed for my outside limit. The elves had a glorious time. The little Indian had a young colt, a little delicate fellow, who looked hardly strong enough to hold Ellie, but who was in reality a sturdy, strong little creature.

On this pony, who was gentle as a dog, it was their delight to ride. Sometimes all three—Mary, Maynard, and Reb—would ride him at once, sometimes the younger ones, while Mary led him, and sometimes only one at a time. One day Maynard and Reb were riding—Reb behind. They spied Grandpa coming from the fields on his old white mare, "Molly," and off they went in a great hurry to meet him at the gate. He came in, and they turned to follow. But Miss Reb must needs see what was in front, and, leaning over to peep around Maynard, lost her balance. Down she went, and as her arms were clasped around her brother's waist, of course down he went too! Such an uproar as they made! While the pony stood perfectly still, never turning his head at all, but merely giving his tail a little shake as if to express his entire satisfaction at getting rid of his noisy burden. Maynard lay still and roared; but Reb struggled to her feet at once and ran to Grandpa, still crying, to beg to be put up again on the pony. Maynard wouldn't mount again, and as she couldn't ride alone, the old gentleman dismounted and put her into his saddle and came walking up to the front steps, leading her ladyship, who was in a high glee as if no accident had ever happened to her.

Reb's devotion to the pony knew no bounds. One day the hostler, a Mexican named Zanon, said to Willie, "I think to better hide this pony in the yard. Litty boy get killed. He hug the leg; pony move leg—he no let go. Maybe kick. Kill him." And such we found was the fact. She would go to where the pony "Prince" was tied and embrace his hind leg with both arms. Prince would move his leg, trying to shake her off, but that only enhanced the fun for her, as it gave her a "ride."

They were frequently allowed to have a ride about the yard on Grandpa's old "Molly." One evening, he himself had been leading her with Reb in the saddle. Something caused him to drop the bridle, and while he was still talking, Molly seized the opportunity to walk off to the barn. She was nearly there when they caught her, and she was led back to the steps with Reb scolding all

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

the way because she was not allowed to ride alone. Mary's menagerie contains also three goats, very pretty white things, a pair and their kid, who were only less tame than the pony. On these also they would ride after a manner peculiar to themselves! Reb would get on the back holding Ellie in front. The feet of all three were on the ground, and as the poor goats with bleats of wonder and discontent would run about, they would waddle along after them. Such shouts of fun and jollity and such screams of laughter from the lookers on.

Everybody thought our sturdy, sensible Reb a boy, till undeceived by us, and they had some cause to think so, for Maynard at once becomes babyish and silly when with his grandparents, and she while there showed for more independence and self reliance than he.

She used her first and, as far as I know, her only oath down there. At the lunch table Grandpa had been feeding her with some of his eggs. At last he asked her if she would have more, but seeing that he had only empty shells, she said no. He tried to coax her to have some, but she merely turned away her head and closed her eyes, without a word. Finally some hot eggs were brought to Willie. He said, "Reb, come and have some of my eggs." Reb looked, and at once began to climb down from her chair saying in her funny, deliberate way, "Yes—Those are 'aigs over there. Those are no goddam 'aigshells!" Oh how they did laugh! Will taught her a naughty little saying, which sounded very funny—"What do you comb your hair for, Reb?" To which she would reply at once, "For Christ's sake, and amen!"

Little Ellie progressed finely during our trip. She taught herself to walk, disdaining the repeatedly proffered assistance and equally despising her frequent tumbles. She took great delight in the many dogs, one of whom, Louis' dog, "Glaucus" (called "Dick Deadeye" for his beauty!) was a special favorite and seemed to fully reciprocate her affection. Several times he showed his teeth with an angry growl when other dogs dared to claim some of her attentions.

I had watched her carefully all the time we were there to keep her from attempting to descend alone the long flights of steps leading down from the veranda. But the day before leaving, she slipped away from Grandma while I was packing, and when I went to look for her, found her sitting on the lowest step with the greatest unconcern and equanimity. Harry came down to spend two or three days before bringing us home. Of course we were charmed to see him. But Ellie held off and studied him earnestly and solemnly for some time before she would go to him at all. But when at last she did, she was standing in my arms. He stooped and called her, and after a final, long gaze, she suddenly ran to him and laid her head on his shoulder, and there she nestled for the rest of the day. From that time on, her devotion was entire.

Harry St. John Dixon

Just before Xmas, he was absent in San Francisco for some time, and while he was gone, she “would not be comforted.” During the day, she would spend much of her time gazing out of the window, jabbering and calling “Papa.” One night I told her, when I put her to bed, that he would be here the next morning. When next morning came, as soon as she opened her eyes, she sprang up calling his name, and not at all satisfied with my assurance, made a thorough search of the whole bed. After that aggravated disappointment, she wouldn’t look for him anymore, in bed that is, for she continued to expect till dinner every night and cried bitterly when he didn’t come.

One night Mr. Bramlet called. Ellie was in bed and almost asleep, but hearing the man’s voice, up she sprang, screaming as fast and shrill as she could, “Papa! Papa! Papa!” and when I went to her, the tiny creature was fairly trembling with eagerness and delight. And when at last he did come home, she was so delighted that she could only put her arms round his neck and squeeze and kiss, murmuring like a little dove, “Papa! Dear Papa! Dear Papa!”

And now for a little about our dear boy. His love of cutting has developed into a perfect passion for pictures. I let him follow his own bent. He’s too young yet to try to incline his mind to any particular pursuit, but I often wonder what he will follow as a man.

His Xmas gift to his father deserves communication. I left it to him to select a gift and without a moment’s hesitation he exclaimed, “I’ll make some of my cuttings for him and won’t he be surprised and pleased?” So he worked away every evening, taking the liveliest pleasure and interest in preparing his present for Papa. And Papa was as much touched and pleased as he could have wished—and I carefully put all the tiny trains and gins in an envelope together and put them away.

When Maynard was eighteen months old, he had a special fancy for No. 11, Mungen Album, Schumann, (Wilder Reiter) which he called “dumpler moojets. Whatever suggested this name I can’t imagine.

While we were in Kern on that memorable visit in ’80, Reb did a thing that amused us so much. I had got hold of a letter of Willie’s and hidden it in my clothes. All the afternoon he tried in vain to get it away from me, had locked me in my room, tied me into a chair, held me against the wall, exhausted his resources of teasing without result. Finally we got into a regular tussle. I was so weak with laughing that I was utterly helpless. Reb looked on disapprovingly through it all. But when matters reached this point, she considered the crisis had come and resorted to active measures on her own responsibility. Without a word, she went out and got a cup full of the icy cold drinking water from the oya (?) on the veranda, marched deliberately up to Willie, and before anybody suspected or noticed, she had splashed the entire contents of the cup

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

full into W's face where it ran down his shirt and treated him to a very cooling process. She at once turned to go out and put away the cup all with the utmost deliberation and coolness and without uttering a word! Her explanation was that "Uncle Willie shan't abuse my Mama!"

Reb was chattering away giving remarkable statements concerning the various men of her family and imagination. I asked her, "What sort of man are you, Reb?" Her answer was as descriptive as unhesitating, "I'se a jabber ma-an!"

I was wearing one day a golden locket, Harry's gift, which attracted little Ellie's attention. She took it in her dainty fingers and said inquiringly, "tick tick?" (Her word for a watch) I said, "No, that's not a tick-tick." She repeated persistently, "tick-tick!" I said, "No, it's not a tick-tick." With enthusiasm she said, "Mama, Papa, tick-tick," and proceeded to tell me a long talk in her own peculiar and sweet jargon.

Sitting on the floor, during one of her father's absences, she inquired, "Where's Papa?" Reb pointed to the large photograph on the wall and said, "There's Papa, Ellie." But littlest one was not so simple as that. She laughed and shook her little head saying knowingly, "No! No!"

One evening a few days later (this was in '80) Ellie was nestling in my arms gazing pensively into the fire. I whispered to her, "What are you thinking about, little one?" She answered in a whisper with clasped hands and eyes of love, "Papa!" If he could only have seen and heard! As she grew older, she still kept her loving pretty ways. A constant habit was to say to her father (or to me as the case might be) in a caressing, cajoling, tender tone, "Nice O' Papa! Feet (sweet) O' Papa! I love 'ou! I love 'ou mah!" (much)

When she was not quite two years old, I had been visiting Mrs. Bramlet. She had tried hard to talk with little Eva who was her own age and very much larger, but very shy and backward about talking. As we came away my small woman remarked with an air of the most condescending superiority, "Baby don't like it. Tiny little baby don't 'stand it!" (understand)

Within a few days of this visit, her father lying lazily in bed, called to her, "Littlest one, run and see what time it is." She trotted off, studied the clock with an air of profound observation and wisdom and returned with the crushing announcement, "It's time to get up and dress!"

About this same time, playing with her one day, I touched her mouth with my finger and inquired, "What's this little red thing for?" She retorted with a bewitching air of coquetry, "Good 'er Kiss!"

Reb was a great teller of tales, most remarkable "yarns," which she would spin off by the hour, expecting and demanding, however, due appreciation and applause from her audience. Ellie was a favorite listener, but by no means an

Harry St. John Dixon

attentive one, as she generally kept up a running commentary in her own peculiar language. One day I overheard and saw a most amusing little piece of acting. Reb was telling her story—"There was a little girl walkin' up the road an' she was bringing a dolly to her little sister. Ellie, you say, 'Oh, x-kizet!'" (exquisite) Obedient Ellie rolled up her eyes and with the most ludicrous affection of tone and manner exclaimed as ordered, "O Ox ki' it."

[This is the last entry in the family journal made by Constance Maynard.]

Ninth Census of the United States, City of Fresno, California 1880

Name	Age	Occupation	Nativity
Moyses, Maurice	38	Store Clerk	France
Hoffman, Allen F. W	33	Store Clerk	Virginia
Mayer, Samuel	22	Tobacco Store	California
Tupper, Henry C.	36	Lawyer	Mississippi
—Lizzie J. (wife)	22	Keeping House	California
—Hampton (son)	8 mo		California
Tupper, Walter D.	33	Lawyer	Mississippi
—Belle C. (wife)	29	Keeping House	Virginia
—Mary C. (dau)	2		California
—Walter H. (son)	8 mo		California
Reese, James W.	46	Merchant	Tennessee
—Minnie T. (dau)	11		Tennessee
—Herbert P. (son)	9		Tennessee
—Mary P. (dau)	7		Tennessee
—Sophia A. (dau)	4		Tennessee
Frietas, Manuell C.	28	Barber	Portugal
—Louisa (wife)	19	Keeping House	Portugal
—Annie B. (dau)	2		California
—Infant (dau)	2 mo		California
Kramer, Fred	45	Saloon Keeper	Switzerland
—Mary V (wife)	21	Keeping House	Missouri
—Kitty (dau)	5 mo		California
—Dalbom, Nors (servant)	30	House Keeper	Denmark
—Witt D.H.	38	Bartender	Virginia
Schell, Joseph	58	Jeweller	Prussia
—Annie (wife)	59	Keeping Hse	Breman
—Julia (dau)	18		California
—Joseph (son)	17	Jeweller	California
—Amelia (dau)	14		California
—Henry (son)	13		California
Dixon, Henry S.	36	Lawyer	Mississippi
—Constance (wife)	25	Keeping House	Wash. D.C.
—Lafayette (son)	5		California
—Rebecca (dau)	3		California
—Eleanor (dau)	8 mo		California
—Dolan, Michael	50	Gardener	Ireland

Harry St. John Dixon

Cooper, John C.	23	Dentist	N. Carolina
Doyle, Bradley W.	26	Dentist	Tennessee
—Amanda (wife)	19	Keeping House	California
Jansen, John	28	Boot & Shoe maker	Canada
—Margaret (wife)	25	Keeping House	Illinois
—Mary (dau)	3		Illinois
—John (son)	2		California
Roemer, Henry	35	Saloon Keeper	Germany
Andrews, Lyman	51	Engineer	Rhode Is.
Spaus, Stephen	43	Carpenter	Italy
Froelich Otto	48	Post Master	Denmark
—Sine	43	Keeping House	Denmark
—Maven	12		California
Campbell James B.	47	Lawyer	Tennessee
De Long, Charles	28	Merchant	Michigan
—Charles E.	3		California
Hughes, Thomas M.	26	Store clerk	California
Coffman John	23	Store clerk	California
Alves, Frank White	34	Sheepherder	Portugal
Silver, Frank White	22	Sheepherder	Portugal
Dieson, Antone	23	Sheepherder	Portugal
White, John J.	19	Store clerk	California
Bronson, William	53	Miner	Canada
Hutchinson, John	73	Stage driver	Virginia
Taber, George K.	27	Farm laborer	Ohio
McCullough Geo.	57	Carpenter	Pennsylvania
—Caroline	51	Keeping House	Tennessee
Webster, Harry	16	Bootblack	Pennsylvania
Lankon, Edward	19	Laborer	New York
Hughes, Thomas E.	50	Stock Raiser	N.C.
—Anne E. (wife)	39	Keeping House	Missouri
—James E. (son)	24	Stock Raiser	California
—William M. (son)	22	Stock Raiser	Arkansas
—Mary C. (dau)	7		California
—Yoakum Sallie	26	Visitor	California
McClelland, Emily	20	Visitor	Missouri
Gentry, John	21	Laborer	Unknown
DeGraw, Dan	40	Laborer	Unknown
Ah Que	30	Cook	China
Kutner, August	45	Merchant	Poland
—Caroline (wife)	30	Keeping House	Prussia
—Abe L. (son)	5		California
—Teresa (dau)	3		California
Goldstein, Samuel	42	Merchant	Poland
—Sophia (wife)	23	Keeping House	California
—Lynch, James	34	Store porter	Ireland

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

Fleming, Russell H.	48	Stable Owner	Pennsylvania
—Elizabeth (wife)	37	Keeping House	Ireland
—Elizabeth (dau)	13		California
—Alice (dau)	12		California
—Russell A. (son)	9		California
—Annie (dau)	6		California
—George (son)	4		California
—Resilla (dau)	3		California
—Julia (dau)	1		California
Motooh, Albert	16	Hostler	California
Carver, Charles H.	35	Laborer	New York
—Mary F. (wife)	33	Keeping House	Pennsylvania
—Theodore (son)	7		New York
—Minnie (dau)	4		California
—Elmer (son)	2		California
McNally Martin	45	Blacksmith	Ireland
—Rose (wife)	30	Keeping House	Ireland
—Anna (dau)	2		California
Foster, William	57	Cabinetmaker	England
—Sarah A. (wife)	63	Keeping House	England
—Walter J. (son)	22	Cabinetmaker	Iowa
Wood, Annie	33	Prostitute	Missouri
—Olivia (dau)	18	Prostitute	California
—Mattie (dau)	15	Prostitute	Nevada
Toddhunter, Jewitt (grandson)	3		California
Brownstone, Jacob	35	Merchant	Prussia
—Lena (wife)	21	Keeping House	California
—Henry (brother)	25	Store Clerk	Prussia
—Wilson, Frank	22	Store Clerk	California
Harris Miles K.	27	Lawyer	Tennessee
Vaughan, George	28	Lawyer	Tennessee
Gilmore, William	32	Milliner	Canada
—Emily P. (wife)	40	Milliner	New York
Hunting William	39	Plasterer	Massachusetts
—Spicy J. (wife)	37	Keeping House	Indiana
—Mary E. (dau)	16		Ohio
Rumble, William	51	Bill Collector	England
—Laura E. (wife)	29	Keeping House	New York
Lewis Randall S.	23	Flour Miller	California
Rockwell, Noah	34	Laborer	Ohio
Williams John	30	Farm laborer	New York
Ferrell, John G.	28	Farm laborer	Rhode Island
Wilson, Henry L.	35	Shepherd	Kentucky
Lawrenson, Wm.	41	Laborer	England
—Salona J. (wife)	25	Keeping House	California
—Amanda (dau)	4		California

Harry St. John Dixon

—Hetty (dau)	1		California
—McCombs John (Father-in-law)	52	Stockraiser	Ohio
Burleigh John M.	59	Fruit Owner	New Hampshire
—Harriet A.(wife)	54	Keeping House	New Hampshire
—Howard (son)	18		Kansas
—SadieA. (dau)	16		Kansas
Meade, Oliver J.	32	Saloon Keeper	Virginia
—Ada (wife)	18	Keeping House	California
—Ellen A. (dau)	1		California
Simpson, James	33	Blacksmith	Maine
—Mary (wife)	22	Keeping House	California
—John (son)	8		California
—James (son)	4		California
Patterson, Robert	43	Shepherd	Alabama
Lanius, Brad H.	38	Plasterer	Indiana
Klein, Henry C.	46	Butcher	Prussia
—Mary (wife)	33	Keeping House	Mexico
—Henry (son)	14		California
—Martin (son)	10		California
—Albert H. (son)	8		California
—Christina (dau)	6		California
—Dalia (dau)	4		California
—Louisa (dau)	2		California
Bernhard, George	49	Butcher	Prussia
—Emile T. (son)	18	Store Clerk	California
—Matilda (dau)	16		California
—Louisa (dau)	13		California
—Lizzie(dau)	8		California
—Annie (dau)	4		California
—Bonger, Savina	45	Housekeeper	Prussia
Bernhard, George	22	Butcher	California
—Ella (wife)	16	Keeping House	California
Studer, George	48	Tailor	Switzerland
—Emma (dau)	17	Tailoress	New York
—Ida (dau)	14		New York
—Albert (son)	12		New York
Fanning, Isabella (daughter)	23		New York
—Nathan (grandson)	3		California
—Chester (grandson)	10mo		California
Winchell Elisha	53	Lawyer	Massachusetts
—Laura C. (wife)	41	Keeping House	Virginia
—Lilbourne A. (son)	24	[?]	California
—Ledyard (son)	20	Farming	California
—Anna C. S. (dau)	9	At Home	California
Bedford Minerva	41	Keeping House	Pennsylvania

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

—Frank (son)	16	Harness Maker	California
—Ellen (dau)	14	At Home	California
—Charles (son)	12	At Home	California
—Henry (son)	10	At Home	New York
Stevens Jerome	56	Contractor	Ohio
—Silvia (wife)	48	Keeping House	California
—Alva (dau)	23	At Home	California
—Mary (dau)	16	At Home	California
—Anna (dau)	13	At Home	California
Clark James H.	49	Miner	Indiana
—Ella A. (wife)	21	Keeping House	New York
Toombs Arthur	52	Harness Maker	Ireland
—Madeline (wife)	47	Keeping House	Pennsylvania
—Sam (son)	19	Harness Maker	California
—Anna (dau)	17	At Home	California
—Arthur (son)	15	At Home	California
—MaryL. (dau)	12	At Home	California
—Hester C. (dau)	11	At Home	California
—Matilda E. (dau)	8	At Home	California
Donahoo John M.	37	Lumber Dealer	Iowa
—Rachel A. (wife)	37	Keeping House	Ohio
—Della M. (dau)	13	At Home	Iowa
—Jesse L. (son)	10	At Home	Iowa
—Peter (son)	6	At Home	Iowa
—Cora (dau)	1		California
—Infant (dau)	3mo		California
Patten Wm. F.	24	Carpenter	California
Burks Lefonse	23	Druggist	Missouri
—Mary C. (wife)	19	Keeping House	California
—Lefonse (son)	6mo		California
—Wm T. (brother)	21	Druggist	Missouri
—Sayle C. G. (Father-in-law)	53	Lawyer	Tennessee
Griffith Emerson	30	Lawyer	North Carolina
—Mary V. (wife)	26	North Carolina	
Moodey Nathan	29	Deputy Post Master	Ohio
Bosch Joseph F.	20	Shepherd	Portugal
Freites Joseph F.	20	Laborer	Portugal
Swantz Peter	28	Laborer	Portugal
Enos Manuel	27	Laborer	Portugal
Mendoza Manuel	28	Laborer	Portugal
March John	18	Laborer	Portugal
Silva Clark	24	Laborer	Portugal
Severs Manuel	21	Laborer	Portugal
Enos John	24	Laborer	Portugal
Mendosa Antone	25	Shepherd	Portugal
Bacon John	47	Engineer	Pennsylvania

Harry St. John Dixon

—Edward (son)	26	Plasterer	Pennsylvania
—Charles (son)	15	Lather	Pennsylvania
Wimmer Elijah	50	Livery Stable	Indiana
—Ellen (wife)	25	Keeping House	California
—Mary E. (dau)	5		California
—John A. (son)	3		California
—Earl M. (son)	1		California
Wilson Malori	38	Groom	New York
Edwards Edward	33	Lawyer	Missouri
—Anna (wife)	25	Keeping House	Tennessee
—Ernest H. (son)	8		Tennessee
—Clarence W.(son)	2		California
Creed William	31	Lawyer	Ireland
—Georgia (wife)	26	Keeping House	Texas
—Wigington (son)	3		California
—Chris B. (son)	1		California
—Infant (son)	2mo		Ireland
Gressup George	29	Merchant	Missouri
—Fanny Q. (wife)	26	Keeping House	Kentucky
—Brenner (son)	6		Kentucky
—George (son)	3mo		W.Territory
McDonough Charles	27	Furniture Dealer	New York
—Mary A. (wife)	19	Keeping House	Illinois
Hyde Albert E.	33	Carpenter	Massachusetts
Bechtol Frank L.	22	Agent/Singer	Ohio
Birch John W.	38	Brickmason	Kentucky
—Susan M. (wife)	33	Keeping House	Kentucky
—Charles S. (son)	11	At Home	Kentucky
—Mary (dau)	7		Missouri
—Kate (dau)	4		Missouri
—Mattie(dau)	1		California
LeBlanc Perry	42	Nightwatchman	Louisiana
—Sallie (wife)	37	Keeping House	Mississippi
—Robert (son)	11	At Home	Louisiana
—Joseph (son)	9		California
—Thomas (son)	7		California
—Albert (son)	4		California
Shanklin J.T.	48	Variety Store	Indiana
—Sarah (wife)	44	Keeping House	Indiana
—Crow Sarah(dau)	26	At Home	Iowa
—James (son)	20	At Home	Iowa
—Alice (dau)	17	At Home	Iowa
—Clara (dau)	15	At Home	Iowa
—Ida B.(d-in-law)	20		Iowa
—Clarence W. (grandson) 9mo			California
—Crow Sylvanus (son-in-law)35		laborer	Iowa

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

—Rena E. (grandaughter)	3	At home	California
Shaw William (guest)	27	Carpenter	Indiana
Madary Matthias (guest)	26	Carpenter	Indiana
Garrison Chas. J. (guest)	30	Carpenter	Iowa
Welch J.C.	67	Carpenter	Massachusetts
—Maria (wife)	67	Keeping House	New York
—John (son)	25	Drayman	New York
—Ragan Mattie (adopted-dau)	3		California
—Bolton James A. White	50	Laborer	England
Leach Lewis	55	Physician	Pennsylvania
—Linda (wife)	42	Keeping House	Maine
Faymonville Wm	52	Real Estate	Germany
—Mattie B. (wife)	29	Keeping Hse	Indiana
—Frank (son)	2		California
Ottman George	23	Laborer	New York
Hussey Amos	39	Brickmason	Ohio
O'Conner John	23	Laborer	California
McGill James	42	Brickmason	Ireland
Goldstine Abram	54	Coppersmith	Poland
—Alexander (son)	19	Store Clerk	California
—Shaw Russell (apprentice)	18	Tinsmith	California
Faymonville Bernard	25	Insurance Agt	Illinois
Dixon Julian R.	25	Stockraiser	Mississippi
Bigham John C.	49	Invalid	S. Carolina
Einstein Louis	32	Merchant	Germany
Gundelfinger Louis	30	Merchant	Germany
Kohler George	30	Butcher	Germany
—Dora(wife) White	23	Keeping House	California
—Emil (son)White	3mo		California
—Einstein Adolph	18		
Gundelfinger Henry	22	Book Keeper	Germany
Nichols Daniel	36	Upholster	New Hampshire
—Charlotte (wife)	38	Keeping House	Rhode Island
—Lotta (dau)	2		California
Chrismian Thomas T.	40	Store Clerk	Ireland
Etter Louis	26	Harnessmaker	Germany
Garthorne Edward	23	Harnessmaker	California
Mooney James	29	Hotel Keeper	Ireland
—Patrick (asst)	31	Hotel Asst.	Ireland
—Susan (sister)	19	At Home	Ireland
—Sharkey Matthew	62	Porter	Ireland
—Helm Robert (employee)	20	Book Keeper	Canada
Albin John A.	37	Saloon Keeper	Indiana
—Clara (wife)	23	At Home	Indiana

Harry St. John Dixon

—John	4	At Home	California
—Phillip	1	At Home	California
—Martin Joseph	22	Book Keeper	California
Farrington George	54	Cook	England
—Ah Chu (servant)	19	Dishwasher	Canton
DeLans Abram T.	42	Hotel Clerk	Louisiana
Carley Thomas	39	Hotel Clerk	Ireland
Fauer Edward	35	Barber	France
—Alma (wife)	25	Keeping Hse.	California
—Leona (dau)	6	At Home	California
—Alma (dau)	5	At Home	California
Miller John	35	Saloon	Prussia
Haney Peter	41	Shoemaker	Ireland
Rife John	37	Sheepherder	Germany
Miller Wm	39	Laborer	Germany
Pendleton Edwin S.	48	Carpenter	Virginia
Clifford Edward M.	25	Carpenter	Maine
Yeager John	70	Sheepherder	Germany
Schroeder Louis	53	Miner	Germany
Gibson Charles	51	Farm Hand	Virginia
Biene William	50	Architect	New York
Foyer George	45	Sheepherder	Kentucky
Scott Robert	40	Laborer	Virginia
Rodgers Michael	27	Laborer	Ireland
Thomas George W.	37	Laborer	Wisconsin
—Mary J. (wife)	42	Keeping Hse.	Missouri
—Samuel (son)	10		California
Callahan John	46	Laborer	Ireland
Sloan Thomas	45	Laborer	Ireland
Jones Calvin M.	54	Flour Miller	Tennessee
—Margaret (wife)	53	Keeping Hse	N. Carolina
—Albert H. (son)	24	Miller	Missouri
—John H. (son)	21	Farm Laborer	California
—William J.(son)	17	Farm Laborer	California
—Robert F. (son)	13	At Home	Missouri
—Joseph C. (son)	10	At Home	California
—Matthews Margaret	15	Granddaughter	California
—Erastus L.	11	Grandson	Missouri
—Giles Carter	17	Servant	Missouri
Williams John	57	Blacksmith	Wales
—Alice (dau)	17	At Home	Pennsylvania
—Emma (dau)	13	At Home	California
Grow Ambrose	35	Blacksmith	Indiana
—Emma J. (wife)	27	Keeping Hse.	Missouri
—Almarice E. (son)	5		Nevada
—Ambrose (son)	3		Nevada

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

—Alice M. (dau)	2 mo		California
Borches Herman	27	Blacksmith	Prussia
Lord Angetine	42	Ice Cream Parlor	Pennsylvania
—Grace (dau)	19	At Home	California
Hicks John D.	54	Coppersmith	Mass.
—Penelope (wife)	48	Keeping House	Tennessee
—Mary E. (dau)	23	At Home	Iowa
—Josephine (dau)	21	At Home	Kansas
—John D. Jr. (son)	19	Coppersmith	California
—-Laura(dau)	15	At Home	California
—Albert E. (son)	12	At Home	California
—Emma (dau)	11	At Home	California
—Lally Shepherd (assistant)	40	Tinsmith	Missouri
Martin Charles	42	Baker	England
Hughs Martha	36	Milliner	Arkansas
—William (son)	13	At Home	California
—Mary F. (dau)	8		California
—Annie (dau)	6		California
—Henry W.(son)	2		California
Baley Gillum	66	Grocer	Illinois
—Permelia (wife)	60	Keeping House.	Tennessee
—Ashman Stonewall J. (grandson)	17	Store Clerk	California
—Mary E. (grandaughter)	6	At Home	California
Eperlding Matilda	38	Saloon Kpr.	Prussia
—John L. (son)	10		California
Hahan Charles	55	Saloon Keeper	Prussia
Stewart Wm.	20	Laborer	Indiana
Simpson Thomas S.	46	Blacksmith	Maine
—Alice	76	Keeping House	Maine
—Gallison Winslow	18	Blksmith	California
Anderson Alma W.	46	Midwife	Denmark
—Halvor J.	15	Farm Laborer	Denmark
Carroll Joseph	26	Saloon Kpr.	Missouri
Law Andrew J.	49	Carpenter	Louisiana
—Ellen R. (wife)	21	Keeping Hse.	California
—Robert E.L. (son)	3		California
—Clarence (son)	7 mo		California
—Scott Annie	8		California
Davis Calib D.	53	Suryeyor	Ohio
—Susan A. (wife)	39	Keeping Hse.	Michigan
—John W. (son)	17	At Home	Nevada
—Lizzie B. (dau)	15	At Home	California
—Susan A. (dau)	6		California
—Inez E. (dau)	7mo		California
Holmes Samuel A.	49	Judge	N. Carolina

Harry St. John Dixon

—Mary W. (wife)	45	Keeping House	Alabama
—Owen (son)	29	Law Student	Mississippi
—John M. (son)	13	At Home	Mississippi
—William A. (son)	5		California
—Wallace Mortimer (guest)	47	Visitor	Georgia
Ah Wong	24	Family Cook	China
Grady Walter D.	26	District Atty.	Tennessee
—Clara (wife)	21	Keeping Hse.	California
—Walter M. (son)	1	T	ennessee
Hall Ezekiel	33	Sheriff	Georgia
King Edmund	65	Janitor-Ct.Hse	Tennessee
Thorn Andrew	52	Co. Treasurer	Arkansas
—Mary (dau)	10		California
—Lizzie (dau)	9		California
—Olivia (dau)	9		California
—Thomas (son)	7		California
—William (son)	1		California
Clark Augus M.	48	Co. Clerk	Mississippi
—Emma B. (wife)	34	Keeping Hse.	Maine
—Belle (dau)	13	At Home	California
—Sarah (daughter)	8		California
—Augus (son)	7		California
—Frank (son)	1		California
Hart Edward A.	59	Co. Assesor	New Jersey
Hoff Robert	31	Brick Mason	Germany
Schmitt John	35	Butcher	Germany
Williams Marshall L.	46	Butcher	Missouri
—Kitty (wife)	39	Keeping House	Missouri
—Alonzo (son)	22	Law Student	California
—Celia (dau)	20	School Tchr.	California
—Wade (son)	16	Farm Laborer	California
—Lew (son)	15	Farm Laborer	California
—Allie (dau)	12	At Home	California
—Maude (dau)	3		California
Zeis George	48	Saloon Keeper	New York
Green George	60	Sheep Herder	England
—Margaretta (wife)	34	Keeping Hse.	Ireland
Mullin James	50	Sheep Herder	Ireland
Hill Spencer	51	Justice of Peace	Tennessee
—Sonora B. (wife)	22	Keeping House	Missouri
Alfred John	26	Bartender	E. Indies
Belgruth William	38	Merchant	Germany
—Augusta	32	Keeping House	Germany
—Alma	2		California
—Clarinse	15	Nursemaid	California
McCardle James	47	Constable	Ireland

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

—Ellen G. (wife)	34	Keeping House	Missouri
—Eddie M. (son)	12	At Home	California
—James G. (son)	10		California
—Charles M (son)	8		California
—Sarah S. (dau)	7		California
—Mary R. (dau)	3		California
—Laura F (dau)	6mo		California
Ryan Jerry	43	Hotel Keeper	Ireland
—Catherine (wife)	34	Keeping House	Ireland
—William H. (son)	13	At Home	Texas
—Jerry E. (son)	11	At Home	Texas
—Peter E. (son)	10	At Home	Oregon
—Johanna (dau)	7		California
—Katy (dau)	5		California
—Morris (son)	3		California
—Yoakum Harriet	36	Hotel Cook	Ohio
—Ah Yu Wah	25	Hotel Servant	China
—Harrow James	53	Miner	New York
Dunn Thomas	40	Laborer	Ireland
Walker Robert	38	Pattern Mkr.	Canada
Bundy David E.	32	Clerk	Ohio
Ramsbottom David	59	Stockraiser	England
—Beller Antone	22	Sheepheader	California
—Tom	31	Farm Cook	China
Ebara Cyatano	25	Sheepheader	California
Simpson Robert	56	Sheepheader	Maine
Dolenmyer Adolphus	45	Jeweller	Pennsylvania
Ah Ham	18	Cook	China
Hoxie John	32	Miner	Massachusetts
—Mary J.	24	House Kpr.	California
Fuller Thomas	37	Sporting Man	Missouri
—Caroline	21	Keeping House	California
Williams George	18	Tinner	Kansas
Buckner Joseph	21	Plasterer	Pennsylvania
Ward Peter J.	54	Laborer	Ireland
Emory Edward	42	Gambler	Missouri
Palmer John	48	Carpenter	Missouri
Camy Simon	33	Hotel Keeper	France
—Alice (wife)	22	Keeping House	California
—Ferrius Justina	27	Chambermaid	California
—Tadlock Frank	27	Manager	Utah
—Kress Henry	38	Hotel Steward	California
—Ah Leon	40	Cook	China
—Ah Yew	25	Servant	China
Selett Samuel	22	Ice Dealer	Pennsylvania
Burleigh Frank	32	Warehouseman	N.Hampshire

Harry St. John Dixon

—[?] (wife)	32	Keeping House	Wales
—[?] (son)	[?]	[?]	California
—[?] (dau)	[?]	[?]	California
Bartholamew [?]	46	Cooper	Ohio
—Susan (wife)	38	Keeping Hse	Ohio
—George (son)	15	R.R. Clerk	Ohio
—Henrietta (dau)	8		Iowa
—Caroline (dau)	6		California
—Charles (son)	4		California
—David (son)	4mo		California
Satham Albert	37	Livery Stable	Virginia
—Mary E. (wife)	27	Keeping Hse.	Georgia
—George W. (son)	21	Groom	California
—James M. (son)	20	Groom	California
—Rosa (dau)	15	At School	California
—Albert H. (son)	13	At Home	California
—Marvin L. (son)	10		California
—Walter M. (son)	5		California
—Willie L. (son)	1		California
—Ferguson John	34	Publisher	Louisiana
—Agnes E. (wife)	28	Keeping Hse.	Missouri
—Marcalette (m)	72	At Home	France
—Walter (son)	3		California
—Marcalette (dau)	6mo		California
—Ralls Louisa	19		Kentucky
—Lyon Walter T.	19	Printer	California
Lowe Thomas R.	49	Miner	Missouri
Porteous James	32	Wagonmaker	Scotland
Simmes Leonard	30	Laborer	Ohio
Fabes James E.	35	Restaurant	Ohio
—Mary J.	21	Keeping Hse	California
—Edward	5		California
—William	3		California
—Ida	1		California
—Sullivan Thms	48	Single Waiter	Ireland
—Sam Que	22	Cook	China
—Jim Tom	25	Servant	China
—Jones Abiah J.	52	Photographer	New York
Henry Simon W.	45	Blacksmith	Ireland
—Annie (wife)	42	Keeping Hse.	England
—William (son)	17	Laborer	California
—Fred (son)	13	At Home	California
—Albert E. (son)	11	At Home	California
—Annie M. (dau)	10	At Home	California
—Frank (son)	8		California
—John (son)	6		California

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

—Simon W. (son)	4		California
Morrow Jesse	49	Hotel Keeper	Ohio
—Mary I. (wife)	36	Keeping House	Texas
—Emma (dau)	22	Invalid	California
—Huldah (dau)	18	At Home	California
—Hiram (son)	17	Hotel Clerk	California
—Jesse (son)	7		California
—Dickey William	27	Hotel Clerk	New York
—Taylor Alfred	28	Waiter	England
—Mooney Susan	19	Chambermd	Ireland
—Ah Kow	28	Hotel Cook	China
—Ah Han	42	Hotel Cook	China
—Ah Tom	26	Porter	China

COURTHOUSE AND COUNTY JAIL

Wyatt William S.	56	Undersheriff	Kentucky
Whitlock Thomas	39	Jailor	New Jersey
Ruiz Jesus	27	Prisoner	California
Royal Jim	40	Prisoner	California
Shannon Jefferson	48	Capitalist	Missouri
—Rebecca M. (wife)	43	Keeping Hse	Missouri
—Mary J. (dau)	18	At Home	California
—Fred (son)	16	At Home	California
—Albert (son)	11	At Home	California
—Leland (son)	8		California
—Ashman Jenny	9		California
Hopkins Isaiah	45	Methodist Minister	Maryland
—Mary (wife)	38	Keeping House	Missouri
—Mary (dau)	16	At Home	Oregon
—Jimmy (son)	13	At Home	California
—Alexander (son)	11	At Home	California
—Eiland (son)	7		California
—Ethan (son)	3		California
—Sutton William	60	Capitalist	Virginia
Hollie Eliza	21	Prostitute	California
—Fisher John	20	Waiter	California
—Wilburn Jenny	28	Prostitute	California
Martinez Delphena	26	Prostitute	California
—Isadora (sister)	26	Prostitute	California
—Dolores Marie	26	Prostitute	Mexico
—Frates Jesus	30	Laborer	California
—Louisa (wife)	23	Keeping Hse.	California
—Marci (dau)	3		California
—Francisca (dau)	7mo		California
—Alerdo Andreas (cousin)	11	At Home	California
—Martinez Mary (cousin)	15	At Home	California

Harry St. John Dixon

—Martinez Pedro (cousin)	20	Laborer	California
Egarro Holema	50	Keeping House	California
—Louisa (dau)	31	At Home	California
—Gelatina C. (dau)	20	At Home	California
—Marcial (son)	18	Laborer	California
—Aravento (son)	15	At Home	California
—Oulalia (dau)	10	At Home	California
—Arrenaus (son)	8		California
—Cervantes Gelatina (dau)	30	At Home	California
—Nosanta (grandson)	15	At Home	California
—Turco (grandson)	11	At Home	California
—Julia (grdau)	7		California
—Anatolia (grdau)	3		California
—Onadora (grdau)	1		California
—Ferres Ersicle (nephew)	25	Laborer	California
Horton Mary C.	50	Keeping Hse	New York
—Linde Maude (granddaughter)	5		New York
Church Moses J.	68	Capitalist	New York
—Sarah	58	Keeping Hse.	Pennsylvania
—Damsey Lenora (adopted daughter)	7		California
Betteridge William	29	Brickmason	New York
Snow Patrick	37	Laborer	Ohio
Ortega Lola	24	Prostitute	Mexico
Percy Nellie	23	Prostitute	New York
Dillinber, James R.	21	Blacksmith	California
Guion Milton	52	Carpenter	New York
Atkinson James	41	Blacksmith	Tennessee
—Sarah M. (wife)	34	Keeping Hse.	Alabama
—James (son)	9		Alabama
—Willie (son)	5		California
—Donzilla (dau)	4		California
—Zoe (dau)	2		California
—Leman (son)	6mo		California
William Hale	70	Carpenter	Maine
—Lettici (wife)	66	Keeping House	Maine
Gilbert Nathan D.	36	Painter	Illinois
—John (son)	11	At Home	Illinois
—Andrew (son)	8		California
—Lilly (dau)	5		California
—Herman (son)	2		California
—Welch Sallie (sister-in-law)	22	Keeping House	Illinois
—Bonnifield Anzina	20	Keeping House.	California
Boyle John J.	40	Painter	Scotland

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

—Savena (wife)	20	Keeping House	California
—Irene (dau)	11mo		California
—Hussy Amanda (mother-in-law)	40	Keeping House	Ohio
—Susie (sister-in-law)	8		California
—McCombs John (brother-in-law)	18	Drayman	California
McWherter Elias	48	Farm Laborer	Ohio
—Jennette M.(wife)	30	Dress Maker	Ohio
—Charles H. (son)	11		Missouri
—George F. (son)	9		Iowa
—Jennette (dau)	4		Iowa
Brown Thomas	37	Store Clerk	Canada
Malony Patrick	19	Blacksmith	California
Tuttle Elijah	32	Blacksmith	New York
Robertson Wm.	47	Blackmith	New York
—Ella (wife)	26	Keeping House	New York
Sullinger Wm.	48	Laborer	Illinois
—Sarah (wife)	37	Keeping House	California
—James R. (son)	21	Laborer	California
—Willard (son)	17	Laborer	California
—Lilly (dau)	14	At Home	California
—Owen (son)	10	At Home	California
—Infant (son)	3	At Home	California
Loveall George	73	Invalid	Maryland
—Melinda (wife)	67	Washwoman	Tennessee
Guard Melissa	40	Dress Maker	District of Col.
—Ella (dau)	20	School Teacher	California
—Annie (dau)	18	Invalid	California
—William (son)	17	Clerk in Store	California
Overhulser Charles	25	Drayman	Iowa
—Elisia (wife)	22	Keeping House	California
—Frencha (son)	2		California
—Pearl (dau)	9mo		California
Vandergaw Anna	40	Dress Maker	New York
—Helen (dau)	18	School Teacher	New York
—Ida (dau)	8		Minnesota
—Robert (son)	6		California
Owens William	49	Carpenter	Alabama
—Julia (wife)	33	Keeping House	California
—Thurston (son)	10	At Home	California
—George (son)	8		California
—Bertie (son)	4		California
—Anna (dau)	2		California
—Madella (adopted)	2mo		California
Thompson Oliver	26	School Teacher	Missouri

Harry St. John Dixon

—Nannie (wife)	23	Keeping House	Missouri
Foster John	50	Stockraiser	England
—Lilly (wife)	46	Keeping House	England
—Anna (dau)	17	At Home	California
—Emma (dau)	15	At Home	California
Harris Sampson	38	Brick Mason	Wales
—Emma	33	Keeping House	Pennsylvania
Silvers James M.	43	Laborer	Indiana
—Louisa (wife)	44	Keeping House	Indiana
—Henry (son)	23	Laborer	Indiana
Foster William	28	Cabinet Maker	Illinois
—Sophia (wife)	23	Keeping House	Illinois
—Daisy (dau)	4		Illinois
—Camelia (dau)	3		Illinois
—Robert (son)	2		California
—Henry (son)	4mo		California
Matthews Thomas	33	R.R. Engineer	Ireland
—Martha (wife)	28	Keeping House	Ireland
—Alexander (son)	1		California
—Lathrop (dau)	6mo		California
Brown Clark		Teamster	New York
—Margaret (wife)	42	Dairy	North Carolina
—Andrew J. (son)	25		Illinois
Glass Mary	38	Keeping House	Missouri
—Jefferson (son)	13	At Home	California
—Lavina (dau)	8		California
—Mary (dau)	4		California
—Henry (son)	2		California
Harris William	58	Gardener	England
—Margaret (wife)	56	Keeping House	England
—William H. (son)	48	Laborer	North Carolina
Newby William	48	Cabinet Maker	England
—Agnes (wife)	30	Keeping House	England
—Sarah (dau)	5		England
—Frederick (son)	4		England
—Frances A. (son)	2		California
Crane Edgar C.	42	Carpenter	New Jersey
—Josephine (wife)	19	Keeping House	California
—William (son)	3		California
—George (son)	1		California
Whithouse Augustus	47	Miner	Louisiana
—Priscilla (wife)	33	Keeping House	Indiana
—Dennis Sarah (sister-in-law)	21	Tailoress	Nebraska
—Whithouse Clara (adopted dau)	4		California

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

Booker Benjamin	52	Market Gardener	Virginia
—Jane (wife)	50	Keeping House	New York
Cluni George	42	Stockraiser	Georgia
—Laura (wife)	32	Keeping House	Mississippi
—Robert (son)	2		California
—Mary	9mo		California
Blasingame Jesse	54	Stockraiser	Alabama
—Mary (wife)	44	Keeping House	Missouri
—Alfred (son)	24	Shepherd	California
—Albert (son)	22	Shepherd	California
—Lee(son)	18	Shepherd	California
—Nancy (dau)	15	At Home	California
—Willie (son)	5		California
—Jesse (son)	3		California
Pikes Leroy	49	Carpenter	New York
—Josephine (sister)	26		New York
Hill Henry C.	32	Lawyer	Kentucky
—Emma (wife)	22		California
—Charles (son)	2		California
Spinney Joseph	35	Bricklayer	Spain
—Elizabeth (wife)	34	Keeping House	Maine
—Rosa	5		Maine
Boren Beverly	39	Laborer	Illinois
Wainwright Charles	27	Deputy Co Clerk	California
Bresee Sylvester	38	Carpenter	Canada
—Elizabeth (wife)	45	Keeping House	Kentucky
—Frank (son)	21	Laborer	California
—Wright (son)	18	Laborer	California
—Benjamin (son)	17	Laborer	California
—Slayton Laura (dau)	23	At Home	California
—Lucas William (cousin)	32	Carpenter	Virginia
Orr Margaret	58		Tennessee
—Dedrick	37	Civil Engineer	Tennessee
Daly Susan	42	Dressmaker	South Carolina
—James (son)	19	Deputy Co Clerk	California
—Mary (dau)	17	At Home	California
—Susan (dau)	14	At Home	California
—Ella (dau)	12	At Home	California
—John (son)	9		California
—Catherine (dau)	6		California
—Richard (son)	4		California
Ashman Mary	29	Boarding House	Illinois
—Frank (son)	7		Illinois
—Scott (son)	1		California
—Delahay Mary (mother)	53	At Home	Pennsylvania
—Pedlar Alfred	26	Physician	California

Harry St. John Dixon

—Pedlar Lily	25		California
—Reese Dora	25	School Teacher	New York
—Holton Samuel	68	Carpenter	Ohio
—Phoebe (wife)	52	Keeping House	Indiana
—Ella (dau)	18	At Home	Illinois
—Baker Hester (dau)	26	At Home	Iowa
—Clara (g-dau)	5		Iowa
—Maude (g-dau)	3		California
—Flora (g-dau)	8mo		California
Koon John H	48	painter	New York
—Louisa (wife)	27	Keeping House	New York
—Alice D. (dau)	1		California
Pickett Walter J.	28	Deputy Sheriff	North Carolina
—Betsy (wife)	23	Keeping House	North Carolina
Holden Oliver	50	Viniculturalist	Massachusetts
—Lydia (wife)	48		Maine
Greely John F	46	Merchant	Vermont
—Maggie (wife)	38	Keeping House	Ohio
—William (son)	18	Laborer	California
—Clarence (son)	17	At Home	California
—Albert (son)	15	At Home	California
—Eddie (son)	8		California
Johnson Jane	52	Keeping House	Ireland
Carnahan Louisa	30		Virginia
Ellis Mary	32	Housekeeper	Texas
Thompson Elenor	29	Keeping House	Denmark
Mangus Eugene	30	Printer	New York
Byington Ira W.	33	Printer	New York
Lyon Mary T.	39		Louisiana
—George	12		California
Lamotte Joaquin	28	Laborer	France
—Katrince (wife)	25	Keeping House	California
—Mathalina	3		California
—John (son)	3mo		California
Baker Albert	23	Porter in Store	New York
Harris Richard	21	Sheepherder	Canada
McGrath Lawrence	40	Laborer	Ireland
Harper William J.	28	Farm Laborer	Maryland
Van Valen Cornelius	24	Clerk in Hotel	New York
Powers John	56	Miner	Ireland
Weed James E.	26	Lawyer	Missouri
Krese Henry	44	Hotel Steward	Prussia
Fox William R.	25	Single Butcher	New York
Haslett Benjamin	48	Carpenter	Georgia
Kelly Douglas O.	36	Episcopal Minister	Ohio

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

—Annie A.	27	Keeping House	Massachusetts
—Tracy R.	4		California
—Norman D.	2		California
—Reginald H.	5mo		California
—Stetson Mary	36	House Keeper	Ohio
Keller, George W.	30	Farm Laborer	Missouri
—Cordelia J.	29	Keeping House	Missouri
—Eddy J.	6		California
—Willie	3		California
Stevens Clark A	28	Feed Stable	Michigan
—A.T.	21	Feed Stable	Michigan
Johnson Henry L.	28	Laborer	Ohio
Perkins Tom	32	Laborer	Vermont
Sanders John	20	Miner	Kentucky
Josephs Myron	26	Teamster	Prussia
Berney Henry	18	Laborer	Ireland
Alsop John B.	47	Carpenter	New York
Buhler Oscar	52	Laborer	Germany
Pantis Isaac	42	Blacksmith	Ohio
Lakewskie Adolp	18	Laborer	Russia
Henry Thomas	25	Wheelwright	Michigan
Tabor John	28	Shepherd	Ireland
Myers Jacob	32	Hackster	Holland
Elliott Samuel	27	Laborer	Delaware
Thompson Albert	22	Weaver	Connecticut
Olsen Peter	28	Laborer	Denmark
Severes Asa	34	Laborer	Texas
Parker George	27	Farm Laborer	Ohio
Fredericks John	42	Shepherd	Indiana
Farniss Charles	22	Teamster	Nevada
Scott Thomas	28	Laborer	Iowa
Rowell Chester	33	Physician	New Hampshire
—Nellie (wife)	40	Keeping House	Maine
—Frank A. (son)	16	At Home	Maine
—Imogene (dau)	13	At Home	California
—Branscome Flora	21	House Keeper	Maine
Ah Tea	25	Carpenter	China
Barrows Harry	42	Butcher	New York
Young August	32	Shoemaker	Indiana
—Emily C. (wife)	21	Keeping House	Michigan
—Frederick (son)	4		California
—Martha (dau)			California
—Augustus (son)	4mo		California
Maynard Ramon	28	Laborer	France
—Ambrosia(wife)	22	Keeping House	France
—Rosa (dau)	2		California

Harry St. John Dixon

—Infant (dau)	Imo		California
Laconses Talbott	27	Laborer	Ireland
Galena Jesus	34	Laborer	Mexico
Pace Solomon	23	Miner	Louisiana
Ah Hos	35	Laborer	China
—Ah Git	35	Laborer	China
—Ah Hop	50	Laborer	China
—Esunk	40	Laborer	China
—Ah Jim	40	Laborer	China
—Ah Hi	40	Laborer	China
—Ah Sam	25	Laborer	China
—Hung Wai	25	Laborer	China
—Hong Koon	19	Laborer	China
—Ah Tui	20	Laborer	China
—Choc Pan	25	Laborer	China
—Ah Pan	30	Laborer	China
—Ah Bon	20	Laborer	China
—Ah Ton	35	Laborer	China
—We Lee	18	Laborer	China
Fry James	66	Laborer	Indiana
—Sally (wife)	55	Keeping House	Indiana
—Patrick (son)	26	Laborer	Iowa
—Calvin (son)	19	Drayman	Missouri
—Rachel (dau)	11	At Home	Iowa
Royce George	25	Laborer	New York
Williams John	49	Laborer	England
Letten William	44	Journalist	Indiana
—Amelia (wife)	43	Keeping House	Pennsylvania
—Joseph (son)	24	Miner	Illinois
—Lizzie (dau)	21	At Home	Illinois
Wilson Mary	23	Dressmaker	California
Luke John P.	33	Tinsmith	Canada
—Mary (wife)	30	Keeping House	California
—Fred	8		California
Abby Willis	22	Farm Laborer	Michigan
Ah Kit	48	Blacksmith	China
—Ungan	34	Keeping House	China
—Jeff	3		California
—Baksana	1		California
Ah Bung	47	Laborer	China
—Ah Kong	50	Laborer	China
—Ah Leong	21	Laborer	China
—Ah Mow	28	Laborer	China
—Ah Ling	66	Laborer	China
—Ah Foa	18	Laborer	China
—Ah Kow	62	Laborer	China

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

—Tom Sing	30	Merchant	China
—Ah Feu	40	Laborer	China
—How	42	Laborer	China
Lam Lee	22	Merchant	China
—Cho Gin (wife)	23	Keeps House	China
—Chow (cousin)	12		California
He Sin	63	Physician	China
Ong	22	Laborer	China
Hong Hang	35	Laborer	China
Harry Lung	35	Laborer	China
Ah Bu	17	Prostitute	China
Ah Ki	20	Prostitute	China
Kim See	20	Prostitute	China
Jack	20	Laborer	China
Ah Mu	30	Laborer	China
Ah Lon	53	Laborer	China
Quoy	20	Prostitute	China
Ah Low	16	Laborer	China
Lun	32	Laborer	China
Ku Ka	19	Prostitute	China
Hong	18	Laborer	China
Say	40	Laborer	China
Mi Oh	50	Laborer	China
Jin	20	Prostitute	China
Ah Yon	19	Laborer	China
Hat Yo	42	Laborer	China
Hat Wat	56	Laborer	China
Quong Wang Loo	36	Restaurant	China
Yak	45	Restaurant	China
Chung	45	Laborer	China
Ak King	44	Laborer	China
Sip Yon	38	Laborer	China
Ah Ting	45	Laborer	China
Wan	37	Laborer	China
Pan Wo	22	Prostitute	China
Sam	50	Laborer	China
Ah Hoy	37	Laborer	China
Yip See	40	Laborer	China
Tuk Ho	42	Laborer	China
Ah Ka	32	Laborer	China
Bong	18	Laborer	China
Wak	19	Laborer	China
Sam Si	18	Laborer	China
Ah Bad	15	Laborer	China
Ah Gow	43	Laborer	China
Louis	61	Laborer	China

Harry St. John Dixon

Ah Wing	39	Laborer	China
Charley	40	Laborer	China
Hoy	49	Laborer	China
Pong	35	Laborer	China
Ah Mong	33	Laborer	China
Tong Duck	30	Laborer	China
Wang We	38	Laborer	China
Ah Haw	24	Laborer	China
Hoy Yu	41	Laborer	China
Ah Pang	52	Laborer	China
Ah Low	30	Laborer	China
Ah Kane	20	Laborer	China
Ah We	45	Laborer	China
See Yew	56	Laborer	China
Ah Gee	42	Laborer	China
Ah Lip	26	Laborer	China
Ah Yot	18	Laborer	China
Ah Hon	37	Laborer	China
Jin Gee	40	Laborer	China
A Gin	40	Laborer	China
Yeon	44	Laborer	China
Ah Pan	46	Laborer	China
Ah Hin	65	Laborer	China
Ah Tuc	30	Laborer	China
Ah Little Jon	27	Laborer	China
Ah Korn	45	Laborer	China
Aug Yew	47	Prostitute	China
Wong Wa	40	Prostitute	China
Yit Se	44	Laborer	China
Sing	32	Laborer	China
Hos Don	32	Laborer	China
Joseph King	25	Laborer	China
Hanfook Tong	35	Laborer	China
Som Ne	22	Prostitute	China
Kaw	18	Prostitute	China
Ei Long	35	Laborer	China
Wan	56	Laborer	China
See Sing	17	Laborer	China
Quet Hoy	22	Prostitute	China
Yon Lu Ton	30	Prostitute	China
Pah Wak	28	Prostitute	China
Sing Du	22	Prostitute	China
Ah Tong	44	Laborer	China
Ah Moon	40		China
Choy	26		China
Susi	25		China

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

Ah Toy	40		China
Cheng	16		China
Quick	27		China
Ah Yek	28		China
Ah Hy	18		China
Ah Hop	44		China
Waugh Hi	37		China
Ah Chung	22		China
Ah Kie	44	Laundry	China
Ah Saye	40	Laundryman	China
Ah Tung	60	Laundryman	China
Ah Ging	22	Laundryman	China
Chu Tuk	33	Laundryman	China
Mu Ming	35	Laundryman	China
Ah Yond	19		China
Ah Kew	18		China
See Wing	20		China
Tuf See	38		China
Fi Yu	40		China
Song Ku	44		China
Lep Doo	25		China
Ting Kew	20		China
Haw Sap	36		China
Yok Jee	22		China
Hep Wee	49		China
Ting Su	46		China
Quong Gee	20		China
Yet Ap	29		China
Hap Wo	42		China
Tuk Sing	35		China
Jack	38		China
Hop Lee	26		China
Lee Yup	24		China
Suk Wo	40		China
King Gee	55		China
Sak Su	20		China
Ni Ka	31		China
Wap Ting	47		China
Foo Sup	40		China
Lakey Andrew	43	Miner	Indiana
—Linuse (wife)	40	Keeping Hse	N. Carolina
—Cora (dau)	11	At Home	California
—Thomas (son)	10		California
—Ada (dau)	5		California
Wall Timothy C.	30	Farm Laborer	Missouri
—Emily (wife)	28	Keeping Hse	Missouri

Harry St. John Dixon

—Edwin (son)	12	At Home	California
—Charles (son)	11	At Home	California
—Minnie (dau)	9		California
—Nora (dau)	7		California
—Walter (son)	5		California
—Homer (son)	1		California
Donelin Timothy	39	Rail Road Clk	Maine
—Eva M.	24	Keeping Hse	California
Hawn Charles H.	39	Contractor	Indiana
—Celia L. (wife)	24	Keeping Hse	Indiana
—Lucinda (dau)	6		California
—Nellie (dau)	4		California
—Charles (son)	2		California
—Infant	3mo		California
—Garland Elizabeth	14		California
Vergarra Rafella	47	Washwoman	Mexico
—Fred (son)	29	Laborer	California
—Adolphus (son)	24	Laborer	California
—Amelia (dau)	19	Nurse	California
—Isabella (dau)	17	At Home	California
Dwyer John	45	Teamster	Ireland
—Jane (wife)	35	Keeping Hse	California
—Annie	10		California
Jim	40	Laborer	California
—Jane (Squaw)	30	Laborer	California
Wilcox Oliver	45	Laborer	Pennsylvania
—Mary (wife)	35	Keeping Hse	California
—Benjamin (son)	14	At Home	California
—Susie (dau)	9		California
—Rosa (dau)	6		California
—Alva (dau)	3		California
—Sarah (dau)twin	1		California
—Jennia (dau)	1		California
—Frank	14		California
Shelly Luke	28	R.R. Foreman	Ireland
—Dora (wife)	24	Keeping Hse	Ireland
—Martin (son)	2		California
—Mary (dau)	11mo		California
Harvey William	44	Laborer	England
Newman Wm.	39	Carpenter	Austria
Supbrance John	37	Cooper	Prussia
Gibson William	10	Bootblack	California
Fleming James	35	Laborer	Georgia
Lane Ann M	42	Farming	Tennessee
—Joseph A. (son)	27	Farming	California
—Edward B. (son)	22	Farm Laborer	California

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

—William (son)	18	Farm Laborer	California
—Frank (son)	15	At Home	California
—Kenedy Mary	23	At Home	California
—Mollie (g-dau)	7		California
—Edith (g-dau)	4		California
—Birkhead Benjamin S.	40	Farmer	Arkansas
—Mary A. (mthr)	69	At Home	Virginia
—Holly Martha L. (sister)	36	Keeping Hse	Arkansas
—Ward Amanda	17		California
—Ward Henry	14		California
—Ward Annie	12		California
—Ward Rachel	10		California
—Ward Robert	7		California
—Haslett Matilda	8	Servant	California
Desrosiers Charles	43	Upholsterer	Canada

COUNTY HOSPITAL

Somere William	23	Hospital Std	Illinois
Ah Doo	21	Hospital Ck	China
Lucien Lew	56	Blind	Mexico
Romez Manwell	25	Rheumatism	California
Higuera Michael	26	Venereal	California
Nalty James	32	Consumption	Ireland
Friedman Fred	56	Bronchitis	Prussia
Carpenter Ira	70	Kidney Dis.	New York
Harber John	48	Rheumatism	Kentucky
Simons John	50	Dropsy	Prussia
McKinstry Wm.	27	Paralysis	New York
Simmons James	54	Hip	Indiana
Morrison Robert	39	Carpenter	Scotland
McPherson Wm.	32	Teamster	Iowa
McKenzie Wm.	23	Cty Assessor	California
—Carrie (wife)	20	Keeping Hse	California
Bramlett Ruben	38	Supt. Schools	Illinois
—Ellen (wife)	24	Keeping Hse	Illinois
—Eva (dau)	4mo		California

Student Researchers

Academy for Civic and Entrepreneurial Leadership

Amir Adem	Patrick Agbisit	Samantha Agustin
Natividad Bautista	Giovanny Bello	Verenice Betancourt
Armando Calderon	Nathan Castorena	Song Chang
Daniel Chavez	Michaela Clark	Alondra Cruz
Alondra Escoto	Mason Evans	Jose Figueroa
Juan Flores	Anabel Gallegos	Maria Gomez
Ashley Gonzalez	Richard Gonzalez	Nicholas Guitierrez
John Guy	Caleb Hathaway	Ty Hernandez
Carlos Herrera	Sammantha Jackson	Javier Zjimenez
David King	Samuel Krahn	Maria Landeros
Alice Lindo	Macenna Lipper	Rodolfo Lopez
Gustavo Luzania	Monserrat Martinez	Bryann Mendoza
John Moreno	Kayla Nellon	Adrian Nuniz
Maria Orosco	Erica Ortega	Karla Peraza
Jose Quinonez-Baez	Alexander Ramirez	Lorenzo Rios
Ana Belen Rivera	Iridian Rodriguez	Michael Rodriguez
Nicholas Rodriguez	Jessica Rosales	Ruben Rosas
Jocelyn Rubio	Guadalupe Ruiz	James Sanchez
Joshua Sanchez	Zayra Sanchez	Karim Senegal
Gilbert Sic	Caitlin Slattery	Bennie Tapscott
Dominque Turner	Susana Villasenor	Lena Wiles
Leroy Williams	Jason Wise	Sydney Yearton

Valley Preparatory Academy Charter School

Richie Abbey	Amir Adem	Breylee Bonds
Gabriel Dooley	Curtis Ellen	Antonio Flores
Faith Gonzalez	Markell Haynes	Cameron McGraw
Adam Ortega	Erica Ortega	Bree Padilla

Endnotes

1 Colonel William Alexander Percy was a planter and lawyer who was a pillar of society in Washington County Mississippi. The Dixons were well acquainted with the Percys.

2 Richard Lawrence Dixon, the father of Harry St. John Dixon. Known to his contemporaries as “The Judge,” Dixon was the force that guided his family to relocate in California. He followed his sons, Harry, Jimmy, Edward, and Willie, to California in 1870, bringing with him his wife, Julia Rebecca Phillips Dixon; his daughter, Louise Hunter Dixon (Louly), and his two youngest sons, Louis Le Roi and Julian (Jule).

3 Samuel Ashe Holmes was born and educated as a lawyer in North Carolina. He moved to Alabama and later to Washington County, Mississippi, where he became good friends with the Dixons. In 1868, Holmes and two other Southern planters came to California to find a place of refuge from the ravages of Reconstruction. They chose land on the Cottonwood Creek bottoms of Fresno County. In that same year, more than 70 settlers followed Holmes and built what was known as the Alabama Colony. Holmes later became Fresno County’s first Superior Court Judge under the 1879 State Constitution.

4 Levin Alexander Sledge was a native of Alabama, born April 3, 1823, and in that state he was united in marriage with Martha Strudwick. He was one of the founders of the Alabama Settlement, then a part of Fresno County, and was a good friend of the Dixons.

5 Borden was established in the vicinity of the Alabama Colony in 1872 by the Southern Pacific Railroad. It was named after Dr. Joseph Borden, one of the Alabama Colonists.

6 William McKendree Gwin was the California’s first United States Senator. He was born in Tennessee and moved to Mississippi where he served as U.S. Marshal. He was well acquainted with the Dixons in Mississippi.

7 Henry Ewing of Nashville, Tennessee, was considered by Harry as one of his closest friends. Harry noted in his diary in 1861 that none compared to Ewing, whose “heart was as big as a mountain.” Harry wrote that he wished the two lived in closer proximity.

8 The Chandlers of Columbus, Mississippi, helped Harry convalesce while he was confined to a hospital there during the Civil War between May and December 1863. Harry was a frequent visitor to their home, where, according to his diary, he especially enjoyed the company of the young ladies.

9 The Battes family of Pulaski, Tennessee, provided hospitality to Harry while he was in a hospital there in March and April 1863 after being thrown from a horse and hurting his back.

10 William Harwar Parker was an officer in the United States Navy until the outbreak of the Civil War. At that time he joined the Confederate Navy. After the war he was the Captain of a Pacific Mail steamship, which is how he met Harry St. John Dixon in 1868.

11 Dr. John H. Meares, a practicing physician in the Deer Creek neighborhood, was co-owner with Samuel Holmes from North Carolina of a plantation on Deer Creek in Washington County,

Harry St. John Dixon

Mississippi, located near “Sycamores” from the late 1850s until 1868 when he moved to California. Meares’ wife, Bettie, who died about the time of the move west, is buried in the Dixon family cemetery at “Sycamores” along with the Dixon children.

12 Henry William Bradley was a San Francisco photographer. He and his partner, William Rulofson, were responsible for photographs of many notable Californians. Bradley & Rulofson was recognized as the leading photographic establishment on the West Coast.

13 Dr. Richard Porter Ashe was the uncle of Samuel Ashe Holmes. The former was the grandson of North Carolina Governor Samuel Swann Ashe, and the latter was the great-grandson of Governor Ashe. R. P. Ashe came to California during the gold rush and was elected sheriff of San Joaquin County in 1850. He became one of the foremost real estate brokers in California after the Civil War and was instrumental in convincing his nephew to settle the Alabama Colonists in Fresno County.

14 David Smith Terry was a former Chief Justice of the California Supreme Court who killed United States Senator David C. Broderick in an 1859 duel. Terry was then killed in 1889 by a bodyguard of United States Supreme Court Justice Stephen J. Field. Terry had been a family friend of Harry Dixon’s grandparents on his mother’s side.

15 Major Cornelius Atwood Reading served in the Confederate Army during the Civil War. He was one of the three avant couriers for the group of Southern expatriates who made up the Alabama Colony. The other two were Samuel A. Holmes and L.A. Sledge.

16 All of the above mentioned individuals became members of the Alabama Colony.

17 William Faymonville was a pioneer resident of Fresno County who had come to California in 1850. In 1863, he was elected County Clerk, and after two terms, he entered the real estate and abstract of titles business. In this latter endeavor, Faymonville teamed up with Harry Dixon and formed a partnership. They published the first map of Fresno County.

18 A.M. Clark came to California in 1850. By 1867, he had moved to Fresno County. He was elected to the office of County Clerk in Fresno County in 1873, and took office in 1874, succeeding Harry St. John Dixon.

Joel Sherrard and his wife, Mary, were school teachers in the town of Millerton, county seat of Fresno County. Both were from Mississippi.

19 Samuel B. Allison came to Millerton from South Carolina. He was one of four attorneys practicing law in the County Seat. In the year that Harry Dixon referred to Allison as “old” and “decrepit,” he was 43 years of age. Harry was 25.

20 William C. Caldwell owned a hotel in the town of Millerton. He hailed from Tennessee.

21 Sterling R. Cockrill was a Millerton physician from Tennessee.

22 Alexander Kennedy was a 40 year-old stock raiser from Maryland.

23 Waggener served on the Fresno County Board of Supervisors from 1878 to 1881.

24 William and Richard Glenn came by covered wagon from Arkansas to Fresno County in 1853. They settled in the Kings River area. They brought with them their 39 year-old slave, Gabriel Bibbard Moore, who became a free man when they entered California. The Glenn brothers had become prosperous cattlemen by the time Harry Dixon met them.

25 “Captain” Hussey was a seafaring man who happened to own land in the Alabama Colony. He went back to sea in 1870, after selling his land to the Dixons.

Memories of the Rebel Clerk of Fresno County

26 Harry is quoting Lord Bacon, who was himself quoting Pythagoras.

27 The County Judge was Gilum Baley who was a lay minister in the Methodist Church and was quite literate. Harry is mistaken about the judge's ability to write.

28 Laura Phillips was Harry St. John Dixon's first cousin. She was the daughter of Colonel Seaborn Moses Collins Phillips, who died of disease at the beginning of the Civil War. Colonel Phillips was the brother of Julia Rebecca Phillips Dixon, Harry's mother.

29 The man Harry refused to register to vote was Gabriel Bibbard Moore, the former slave of his friends William and Richard Glenn.

30 Edward Turner Dixon was Harry Dixon's brother who followed him to California in 1869. Edward later moved to Merced where he became a pharmacist and County Superintendent of Schools.

31 William Gwin Jr., son of United States Senator William M. Gwin, represented Calaveras County in the California State Senate in 1869 – 1870; 1871 –1872; and 1877 –1878.

32 The Gwin gold mine was acquired by Wm. M. Gwin, Sr. in 1851. After yielding millions of dollars in gold, it was closed in 1908.

33 Harry here refers to Mrs. George Maynard, mother of the bride, Blanche Maynard. Blanche was the niece of Lafayette Maynard and cousin to Constance Maynard, who later became Harry's wife.

34 Constance Maynard was the daughter of Lafayette Maynard and Mary Eleanor Green, daughter of Duff Green.

35 Harry refers here to Robert Maynard, eldest child of Lafayette Maynard and Eleanor Green Maynard.

36 William (Willie) Lancaster Dixon, was the brother of Harry St. John Dixon. He was born on November 4, 1851, at Sycamores, the Dixon family plantation in Washington County, Mississippi.

37 Dr. Henry Marriott was a member of the Alabama Colony. The 1870 federal census lists him as a stockraiser with personal property worth \$3,600. This made him one of the more affluent members of the colony.

38 Walter D. Tupper became a successful attorney in Fresno. He came to Fresno from Canton, Mississippi in 1874. During the Civil War, he had served in the Confederate Army.

39 Harry is speaking here of W. H. Creed.

40 William Chapman Ralston, with riches derived from mining in Nevada, became one of the richest and most powerful men in California. He founded the Bank of California and was known for having a nothing-is-impossible attitude. In 1875, his financial empire collapsed, and the next day, his body was found in the San Francisco Bay. He was suspected of having committed suicide.

Bibliography

Alta California. December 30, 1876.

Atlas of Fresno County, California. Tulare, California: Thomas H. Thompson, 1891.

Clough, Charles, *Madera*. Madera, California: Madera County Historical Society, 1968.

Clough, Charles and Secrest, William B., Jr. *Fresno County—The Pioneer Years*. Fresno, California: Panorama West Books, 1984.

Deed Records, Fresno County, California.

Dixon, Harry St. John. Unpublished Diary. Southern Historical Collection, University of North Carolina.

Elliott, Wallace W. *History of Fresno County, California*. San Francisco: Wallace W. Elliott and Company, Publishers, 1882.

Guinn, J.M. *History of the State of California and Biographical Record of the San Joaquin Valley, California*. Chicago: The Chapman Publishing Co., 1905.

Hagerty, Donald J. *Desert Dreams: The Art and Life of Maynard Dixon*. Layton, Utah: Gibbs and Smith Publisher, 1993.

Maynard Lafayette. Unpublished papers. California State Library.

Miller, Thelma. "The Alabama Colony," *The Fresno Bee Magazine*. September 19, 1943.

Phillips, John Renning. *The Good Intent: The Story and Heritage of a Fresno Family*. United States: Magnolia Group Press, 2007.

United States Federal Census: Fresno County, 1870 and 1880.

Vandor, Paul E. *History of Fresno County*. Los Angeles: Historical Record-Company, 1919.

Winchell, Lilbourne *Alsip*. *History of Fresno and Madera Counties*. Fresno, California: A.H. Clawston, Publishers. 1933.

Index

Symbols

- 13th Amendment to the Constitution 1
- 14th Amendment to the Constitution 1
- 15th Amendment to the Constitution 20, 21

A

- Agnew's State Hospital 39
- Alabama 2, 19
- Alabama Settlement 2, 9, 46
- Alcatraz 20
- Alison, S. B. 15
- Archives of the Legislative and Executive Departments of the Government 1
- Ashe, R. P. 9
- Aspinwall 7

B

- Bacon, Ld. 17
- Bakersfield 36, 49
- Battes, Eddy 6
- Battes, Julia 6
- Battes, Wm. 6
- Booth, Governor 26
- Borden 2, 29, 32, 36, 53
- Borden, Dr. 9, 10
- Boston 48
- Bradley and Rudolphor 8
- Bradley, Henry 8
- Bramlet, Eva 59, 60, 69
- Bramlet, John 59
- Bramlet, Mr. 59, 68
- Bramlet, Mrs. 59, 69
- Buena Vista Ranch 33, 36, 49
- Buena Vista Rancho 55
- Bulwer 44
- Burns, "Mammy" 4

C

- Calaveras County 17, 22
- Caldwell, William C. 17
- Calhoun, John C. 1
- California 1-3, 8, 14, 33, 36, 38
- Carnahan, Louise 58, 59
- carpetbaggers 24
- Centennial Exhibition 48
- Centerville 16
- Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. 5
- Charlottesville 52
- Chester, Julius 49
- Chester, Mr. 51
- Chester, Mrs. 49, 51
- Cincinnati Convention 24

- City Attorney of Fresno 38
- Civil War 2, 10
- Clark 15
- Cleveland, Grover 38
- Cleveland presidential campaign 38
- Coast Range 9
- Cockrill, S. R. 13, 15, 17
- Coleman, Erin J. 43
- Coleman, Mrs. 22
- Colorado 1
- Columbus, Mississippi 5
- Committee of Resolutions 24
- Confederates 15, 16
- Constitution, U.S. 1
- Cottonwood Slough 12
- Crows, Society of 8

D

- Dakota Territory 1
- Deer Creek 52
- Democracy of Fresno 24
- Democrat 38
- Democratic Convention 15
- Democratic paper 6
- Dennet, W. B. 10
- diphtheria 58, 59
- Dixon and Faymonville 22
- Dixon, Constance Maynard 26, 29, 30, 41
- Dixon, Edward Turner 21, 22, 33, 35, 37, 52, 53
- Dixon, Elinore (Ellie) 58-60, 63-65, 67-70
- Dixon, Harry St. John 2, 6, 27, 30, 38, 39, 41, 45-51, 53-58, 67, 69
- Dixon, James P. 3, 5, 7-13, 15, 17, 19, 33, 36, 38, 49-52
- Dixon, Julian 34, 37
- Dixon, Julia Rebecca Phillips 39
- Dixon, Lafayette Maynard 27, 30, 41, 44, 46, 47, 49, 50, 51, 54, 56, 58-60, 62-68
- Dixon, Louis 36, 53, 57, 67
- Dixon, Louise H. (Louly, Lulie) 19, 22, 33, 37, 46, 49, 51-53, 55, 56
- Dixon, Rebekah (Reb) 57-60, 62-66, 68-70
- Dixon, Richard Lawrence 39
- Dixon, Robert Lawrence 52, 56, 61
- Dixon, William (Willie) 30, 34, 53, 54, 55, 64, 66-69
- Dolan, Michael 57
- Downey, Ex-Governor 24

E

- Ella, Miss 11
- Emancipation Proclamation 21
- Ewing 3, 5, 6, 7, 17

F

- Faymonville, William 15, 17
- Ferguson 24
- Firebaugh's Ferry 9
- Flush Times 3
- Fresno 26, 29, 36-38, 50
- Fresno bar 38
- Fresno City 33
- Fresno County 2, 14, 23, 38, 41
- Froelich, Maren 59, 63
- Froelich, Mrs. 63

G

- Glenn, R. 17
- Glenn, William 17
- Grant, Ulysses S. 23, 38
- Greeley, Horace 23, 24
- Green Case 38
- Greenville 3, 5, 52
- Gwin 9, 17
- Gwin, Carrie 42
- Gwin Mine 22, 23
- Gwin, Mrs. 19, 22
- Gwin, William M. 3, 8, 9, 19, 22, 23, 24
- Gwin, William M., Jr. 22, 40, 42

H

- Haggin, J. B. 37
- Hall, Sarah 36
- Hall's Ranch 9
- Harrison Street 28
- Holmes, Mr. 2, 8-11, 13, 15, 19
- Holmes, Mrs. 11
- Hoxie, Mrs. 58
- Hubbard 23
- Hussey 17

I

- Illinois 7
- Indiana 7
- Isthmus of Panama 7

J

- Jackson 10
- June 53, 56

Harry St. John Dixon

K

Kennedy, Alexander 17
Kentucky 7
Kern 36, 55, 66, 68
Kern County 33, 37, 46,
49, 53
Kingston 45
Kinsman, Maggie 45
K Street (now Van Ness
Avenue) 38

L

Lathrop 22
Leland, Mississippi 39
Lemley, James 36
Lewis, Daryl 39
Lick House 28, 30
Lomax, Miss 10
Los Angeles 55
Lyman, Theo. B. 42
Lyon, Martin A. 10
Lyons, Mary 55

M

Mammy Lucy 32, 52
Marriote, H. 28
Mary 66, 67
Massachusetts 15, 29
Maynard, B. G. 25, 30
Maynard, Blanche 40, 42
Maynard, Constance 24,
25, 70
Maynard, Ella 30
Maynard, George 22, 23, 25,
28, 29, 31
Maynard, Lafayette 41
Maynard, Lizzie 30, 48
Maynard, Mr. 25, 26, 28,
30, 31
Maynard, Mrs. 22, 26, 28,
29, 31
Maynard, Rob 53, 56
McClung, Col. 36
McClung Ranch 36
McKenzie, Mrs. 58
Meares, Dr. 8, 19, 23, 29
Meares, Mary 19, 22
Merced 21, 33, 37
Merced County 33
Millerton 6, 13–15, 20,
23–25, 29
Mississippi 1, 3, 5, 9, 10,
31, 39
Mississippi river 5
Mordecai, George W. 33
Mordecai, Mr. 51, 52, 55, 56
Mountain View Cemetery 39
Mt. Breckinridge 51

N

Nashville 3, 5, 6, 7
New Jersey 7
New York 8, 11, 48
New York City 7
North Carolina 42

O

Oakland Transcript 20
Oakland Wharf 23
Ohio 7
Old Sycamores 3

P

Panama 7, 8
Parker, William H. 8
Pennsylvania 7
Percy, Col. 1
Percy, Ellen 52
Percy, Mrs. 52
Perrin, E. B. 19
Philadelphia 48
Phillips, Laura 19
Pulaski, Tennessee 5

R

Racine 51
Ralston Estate 33
Ralston, Wm. C. 33
Reading, C.A. 13
Reading, Major 9, 11
Rebel Clerk of Fresno 20
Rebels 15, 23
Reconstruction Acts 21
Refuge 17, 19, 25, 26, 29, 33,
37, 55, 56
Republicans 15, 20, 23
Rucks, Marion 52

S

Sacramento 22, 51, 53
Sacramento Union 20
San Francisco 7, 8, 17, 19, 20,
22–24, 26, 33, 41, 46, 47,
51, 55, 56, 68
San Joaquin County 37
San Joaquin River 9
Sharon, William 55
Sherrard 15
Sierras 9
Sigma Chi Fraternity 39
Sledge, L. A. 2
Sledge, Mr. 9, 10, 11, 13, 17
St. Louis 6, 7
St. Louis Times 6
Stockton 9, 10, 22
Strudwick, Mr. 10, 11

“Sycamores” 19

T

Tennessee 5, 15
Terry, D. S. 9
Thackeray 44
Tilden, Samuel J. 60
Trinity Church 22, 41
Tupper, Mary 63
Tupper, Mrs. 59
Tupper, W. D. 31, 32

U

Union 1
University of Virginia 22, 52

V

Van Ness Avenue 38
Vicksburg 5

W

Waggener, L. 17
Washington 1
Whitfield, N. B. 10
Williams, Genl. 37
Winslow, Herbert 48

Y

Yankee tyranny 17

Z

Zanon 66