



"Charole": The Life of Branciforte Bandido Faustino Lorenzana *By Phil Reader*

Part I

In 1885 a reporter for the Santa Cruz Sentinel asked ex-sheriff Charlie Lincoln who was the most notorious character that he had encountered during his tenure in office. After a short pause the former "boy sheriff" reached back into his memory and called forth

"...Faustino Lorenzana, he made a regular business out of horse stealing, but we could never catch him"... "He and one of the Rodriguez boys were concerned in the killing of Jack Sloan. This was in 1865."

Indeed this was the case, because no sheriff's posse or vigilante mob could ever take Lorenzana, and any number of them tried. He fought it out with four Santa Cruz sheriffs: John T. Porter, Ambrose Calderwood, Albert Jones, and Charlie Lincoln.

Even Matt Tarpy and his hooded vigilance committee trailed him around the countryside but none could ever lay a hand on him. Sometimes operating with the Rodriguez brothers and sometimes in the company of his infamous cousin Tiburcio Vasquez, he roamed throughout central California doing just about whatever he pleased.

To the staid "yankees" of Santa Cruz he was a horse thief and murderer - plain and simple. His depredations were not to be tolerated. After the Sloan killing the State of California offered a \$500 reward for his capture and the County of Santa Cruz added another \$300, making him the most sought after man in the history of the County.

However across the San Lorenzo River, to the Spanish people of the Pueblo de Branciforte he was a son, a brother, a cousin, a childhood friend, and a neighbor. They secreted him in their homes when he was in the area, and brought food and other supplies up to his many mountain hideouts. He was called "Charole," said to mean the "lantern that leads."

In time he achieved a certain degree of stature as a hero and legendary bandit to the people of old Branciforte. Some of the Spaniards even named their children after him. He was a game fighter, loyal to his friends, and in the end, like most legendary bandits, he died with his boots on.

But just what was he really? A hero? Legend? A good boy gone bad? Or a cold blooded killer? The answer to this question may never be known because what he was depends upon whom you ask.

Faustino de Jesus Lorenzana was born January 15, 1835 at his parents adobe at Branciforte. He was the eleventh child of Macedonio Lorenzana and Romualda Lorenzana y Vasquez.

His father was a full-blooded Menteranea Indian who had been born at Mexico City in 1787 (?]. Orphaned as a child, he was raised at the famous Lorenzana Orphanage in Mexico City. Like all other foundlings he was given the surname Lorenzana, a practice which was quite common at the time.

On June 2, 1800 he sailed, in the company of several other children, from San Blas for Alta California on the frigate Concepcion. Upon arrival he was placed in the home of Francisco Castro, a resident of San Jose. While still in his teens he joined the Spanish Army and was stationed at the garrison in San Francisco. On June 8, 1816 he married Maria Romualda Vasquez at Mission Santa Clara. She was the daughter of Antonio Vasquez and Maria Leocadia, an Indian neophyte of the Mission.

In 1828 the Lorenzana family moved to Branciforte where Macedonio served the pueblo in various capacities, including secretary in 1835 and 1839, a member of the council in 1838, and second alcalde in 1845 and 1846. Before his death in 1863, he sired sixteen children by Romualda.

Their son Faustino spent his childhood years in the company of his many brothers and cousins prowling about Branciforte. The pueblo was a sleepy little village which was the center of activities for the numerous ranchos which were spread out around it. The only formal education he received was from the padres at the small Mission school across the river from Branciforte. Even this was scant and of a religious nature.

His real education came at the hands of the vaqueros who tended the vast herds of cattle roaming across the area. From them he learned horsemanship, the use of a pistol, a riata, a branding iron, and the many other arts and sciences of the rodeo. When he was old enough, he went to work on his father's farm next to Branciforte Creek and at the Rodriguez' Ranchos in the Live Oak district.

The 1830s and 1840s were a good time for a Spanish boy to grow up in California. Indeed there was plenty of hard work to be done, but what young Lorenzana enjoyed most were the weekends in the pueblo. There were bear and bull fights which were held in a special ring down on the flats between Branciforte Creek and the San Lorenzo River, and scrub races along the main street of the pueblo. Gambling on these events was always heavy.



Tiburcio Vasquez

The horse races attracted many of the young vaqueros from all around the central coast. One who rode over from Monterey was Faustino's cousin Tiburcio Vasquez. He was a superb horseman and always a popular rider during the matches.

Weekends at the pueblo would invariably feature a fandango complete with it's music, dancing, drinking, gambling, and general rough-housing. It was a special occasion filled with gaiety and merriment where quite often knives were drawn in anger as two young men squared off during the course of an argument over a card game or the attentions of a young lady. Pride played a great part in such quarrels.

The Lorenzanas, like most of the young men of Branciforte, were a rough and tumble lot, excitable, sometimes quick to anger, and always seeking an adventure.

But they were a close knit family who always watched one another's backs and protected their own. Most of the boys found themselves in trouble with the law at sometime. Usually for some petty offense which they received a small fine or a few days in jail. But the eldest Jose Jesus was arrested twice on assault charges, Facundo, a talented musician, for grand larceny and assault, and Juan who served six years in San Quentin for the murder of George Wise at the Refugio Rancho in 1862. But it was Faustino who was to really to make a name for himself.

His first known brush with the law came in December of 1859, when he was 24 years of age. Sheriff John T. Porter was called over to Branciforte to break up a drunken brawl which was taking place at a Saturday night fandango. As he stepped in with his pistol at the ready, all of the belligerents backed down except Faustino, who was cursing loudly in Spanish. It was necessary for Porter and his men to jump Lorenzana and drag him bodily off to jail. This was to be the only time that he would ever submit to arrest.

At the time, the jail was a small wooden building located at the upper plaza near the old Mission. It consisted of two cells made of timbers about one foot thick and lined with sheet iron. There were no windows and only one door, fitted with a large lock. The County did not employ a jailor, so the key to the jail was in the possession of a citizen who would take the prisoners out to a restaurant twice a day for their meals.

While awaiting trial, Faustino Lorenzana and two fellow prisoners managed to pick the lock to their cells and make good their escape. After several days of freedom he returned to his family's home at Branciforte where he was recaptured and brought back to jail.

Part II

When the grand jury convened in early February, 1860, an indictment for assault with a deadly weapon was found against him. The Lorenzana family hired the redoubtable Joe Skirm to represent Faustino in court. The flamboyant attorney picked apart the indictment, claiming that when it was drawn up the defendant's Christian name was incorrectly given, the place where the crime was supposedly committed was not stated, nor was the weapon used in the alleged assault described. After these technical points were raised, the court had no other option but to dismiss the charges. Lorenzana was a free man and he would never again see the inside of a jail.

He then joined a band of horse thieves and cattle rustlers who were working the Monterey Bay area. Their number included his cousin Tiburcio Vasquez, who had recently emerged from San Quentin where he served a term for grand larceny. They drove their herds of stolen stock down to the southern counties where they were sold, and during the return trip they would steal horses and cattle along the way and peddle them here. This was to become Lorenzana's trade mark.

The year 1864 found Faustino and Vasquez in the Santa Clara Valley trying their hand at gambling and other petty crimes among the miners at the New Almaden mines. On the night of June 4, 1864, they sat in a saloon playing cards when Joseph Pelligrini, a butcher doing business at the Enriquita Mine, walked into the place. The two men could see that the Italian was flush, so when he left the place they followed him home.

It was about 11 o'clock, while Pelligrini was preparing to retire for the night when Lorenzana and Vasquez broke into the house. A terrible struggle ensued during which the butcher was shot and stabbed several times. They robbed him of \$400 and hurriedly left.

The following morning the murder was discovered and Santa Clara County Sheriff John Hicks Adams was called in. Adams, a very competent lawman, called for an inquest. At the hearing he found that he needed an interpreter because none of those to be questioned could speak English. The only people around who were bi-lingual, were none other than Faustino Lorenzana and Tiburcio Vasquez, who they were called upon to interpret.

Needless to say the inquest found that "the deceased came to his death from a pistol bullet fired by some person or persons unknown." A few days later, Sheriff Adams received information which led him to the conclusion that the murder had been committed by Lorenzana and Vasquez. But he did not deem the evidence sufficient to warrant an arrest and by then Vasquez had moved on to Sonoma County and Lorenzana returned to Santa Cruz.



John Hicks Adams

Back home, Faustino divided his time between Branciforte and Whisky Hill, getting by as best he could. On Wednesday, February 8, 1865, a fandango was held at the Juan Perez adobe which was located at the end of Garfield Street on the east bank of the San Lorenzo River (near the present site of the County Government Center). Among those attending the festivities were the Lorenzana and Rodriguez boys from the pueblo. Also there was 25 year old Juan Arana, who lived in the Live Oak district above the gulch which now bears the family name.

During the evening a fight broke out between Lorenzana and Arana. The latter pulled out a knife and slashed Faustino across the shoulder and arm. Being unarmed, he wisely withdrew vowing revenge upon Arana.

However, he did not have to wait very long to carry out his threat because on the evening of Saturday, February 11, he and two other men - his nephew Pedro Lorenzana, and Jose Rodriguez, a neighbor - rode out to Arana Gulch and stationed themselves in a grove of trees next to the bridge at the bottom of the gulch. Their plan was to ambush Juan Arana as he returned home after working in the woods.

Pedro was the 18 year old son of Jose Jesus Lorenzana, Faustino's eldest brother. He was a luckless boy who would blindly follow his uncle anywhere and on any adventure. At 15, he had stolen a neighbor's horse to attend a dance at Monterey and was subsequently arrested for grand larceny. But Pedro was freed when the neighbor refused to press charges.

The other man who rode with them that night was Jose Rodriguez, son of Facundo and Guadalupe Rodriguez and a grandson of Don Alejandro Rodriguez of Rancho Encinalito. At 18 he was already a handsome, strapping lad standing well over six feet tall and weighing about two hundred pounds. He was both strong and smart, and in his belt he carried two pistols.

At sometime between 8 and 9 o'clock they heard the clatter of horses' hoofs starting across the wooden bridge. Peering out from behind their shelter, they were disappointed to see that it was not Juan Arana, but two yankees who were passing by. So they pulled back and waited. The two riders were John W. Towne, County Supervisor from the Soquel district, and his brother-in-law, Jack Sloan. As they were crossing the bridge their horses were startled upon glimpsing the men in the trees.

"Who the hell are you?," Sloan demanded of the three men.

At this Faustino emerged from the trees, drew his revolver, and fired a warning shot into the air. The report of the pistol sent the American's horses galloping up the hill and out of the gulch.

The Californios, realizing that they had now missed their chance at revenge, started back towards Branciforte. After they had ridden about one hundred and fifty yards they heard a horseman behind them. It was Jack Sloan.

When Towne and Sloan had finally recovered control over their mounts, they were near the rim of the gulch where the lower road to Soquel Landing branched off. Then quite unexpectedly, Jack Sloan, a veteran of the Mexican War, who was unarmed, decided to return. Towne, knowing that his companion was a foul-tempered man, tried to persuade him from doing such a rash thing. But Sloan could not be swayed and returned to the gulch alone.

Upon seeing the three men moving along the bottom of the creek bed, Sloan rode up and demanded to know who they were. Getting no response, he began beating them with a coiled lariat, demanding that they identify themselves.

Finally Faustino turned around with his revolver drawn and replied,

"You son of a bitch, I'll kill you anyhow."

But Sloan grabbed his arm, preventing him from firing.

"Help me boys!", shouted Lorenzana.

Jose Rodriguez was the first one into action. He rode over and shot Sloan twice, once in the chest and once in the arm. The American fell from his horse freeing Lorenzana, who immediately fired a bullet into Sloan's groin. It was a mortal wound and within fifteen minutes he bled to death. The assailants dashed back up the hill towards Branciforte.

Part III

Word of the killing spread quickly through Santa Cruz and before long there was a large posse in the saddle led by Sheriff Ambrose Calderwood and his deputies Albert Jones and Charlie Lincoln. They went out to Arana Gulch, located the body and sent it back to town while they questioned some of the Californios in the Live Oak district. From a farmer living along the Soquel Road, they learned the names of Jose Rodriguez, Faustino Lorenzana, and Pedro Lorenzana.



Ambrose Calderwood

In the darkness of night, the posse, by now over a hundred men strong - heavily armed and carrying lanterns - rode through Branciforte and stopped at the Rodriguez adobe. The angry group was met at the door by Guadalupe Rodriguez. Her husband Facundo was away working in the Santa Clara Valley at the time. Behind her stood six small children, including her three sons, Narciso, Garcia, and Philadelphia. She was well known to the members of the posse. Her maiden name had been Robles. She was a daughter of Jose Antonio Robles, one of the first settlers of Branciforte and sister to Avelino and Fulgencio Robles, wild young men who had met their deaths at the end of a gun during an earlier decade. She was a fiercely protective mother who had always pampered her handsome son, Jose.

She disliked "gringos" and on this night she made no attempt to hide it. When they pushed their way into her home, she charged them screaming, swinging, and kicking. Her young children also joined in the assault. Guadalupe was bound and carried away to be tried later for attempted murder. Jose, found hiding in the back of the house, was also taken and placed in a cell with his mother. It was a sight that the other children would long remember.

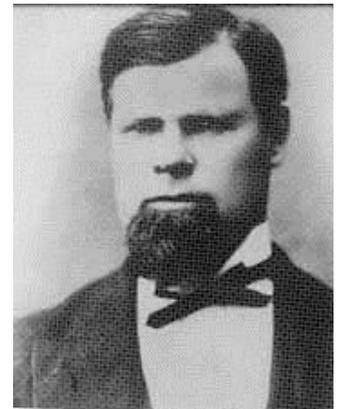
Then the posse went next door to the home of Bernarda Juarez y Lorenzana and searched the adobe for the two Lorenzanas. Not able find them there, they arrested Bernarda's son Pedro Juarez on the charge of being an accessory to murder, claiming that he had helped the men escape.

They then continued on up into Blackburn Gulch to the ranch of Mattias Lorenzana just off of Vine Hill Road. Mattias, a brother of Faustino's, was married to Maria Concepcion Rodriguez, eldest daughter of Facundo and Guadalupe Rodriguez. Both were also arrested and hauled away, leaving five small children unattended. But no sign of the two killers was found so the posse went back to town.

Most of the mob was still milling around the plaza when word was received that Faustino and Pedro Lorenzana had been seen heading out across country towards the beach at San Andreas. Within minutes Calderwood and Jones with a dozen hand-picked men were galloping along the Soquel Road in pursuit.

A short time later they were following the Lorenzana's trail up the beach for about a mile until it veered northward, striking out across the farmlands. It quickly became obvious that the pair were heading towards Whiskey Hill, so the posse hurried on. Later that afternoon they found Pedro Lorenzana hiding in an old adobe near Corralitos. He surrendered without a fight and made a full confession on the spot. He was then handcuffed and taken back to Santa Cruz where he joined the others in jail.

Deputy Jones was dispatched to Whiskey Hill in an attempt to apprehend the other outlaw, but he received no cooperation from the residents of the village. Meanwhile Faustino had stolen a another horse and on this fresh mount sped further ahead of his pursuer, so all that Jones got for his trouble was a glimpse of him as he made his escape into the Santa Cruz Mountains.



Deputy Albert Jones

There were seven prisoners now crowding into the small wooden jail up on Mission Hill. Sheriff Calderwood began to hear all kinds of rumors. Some said that an attempt would be made by the local Californios to free the prisoners, while others claimed that the Americans were planning to march on the jail and lynch Rodriguez and Lorenzana. To prevent either of these from occurring, the sheriff decided to separate the killers. Jose Rodriguez was sent over to the Santa Clara County jail where he would remain until his trial.

For the next few months emotions ran high around Santa Cruz County. The local newspapers printed the usual number of bigoted articles which only served to fan the flames of vigilantism by pointing the finger of suspicion at all "greasers" and urging the citizens to do what was necessary to rid the community of "undesirable" elements. A vigilance committee under the leadership of Watsonville resident Matt Tarpay prowled unchecked about the area terrorizing any poor Spaniard who happened to fall into their hands.

One day they caught Juan Arana on the Soquel Road and hauled him off of his horse and surrounded him with guns drawn.

"You're a god damn horse thief!", growled Tarpy.

He looked around at his men and then continued,

"He don't look much like the fellow we're after, boys, but let's string him up on general principles anyhow, so if anymore horses are stolen nobody can say that this greaser did it, an if he should steal a horse after we let him go we'd be blamed for it. What d'ye say, boys?"

Arana got down on his knees and begged for his life. In the back of the crowd he spied a man he had known from childhood. The man implored his fellows to spare the young Spaniard, reasoning that nothing would be gained by taking his life. Finally the vigilantes agreed to let him go.

Lawmen from up and down the State were on the lookout for Faustino Lorenzana. On March 18, California Governor Frederick Low authorized a \$500 reward for his capture and the County of Santa Cruz upped the ante by offering a \$300 bounty of its own. The \$800 total made him the most sought-after bandit in the State at the time.

The Rodriguez and Lorenzana families languished in jail for almost three months before their trials were finally held during the May Session of the County Court. The first action taken by the jury was to indict Faustino Lorenzana, Jose Rodriguez, and Pedro Lorenzana for the murder of Jack Sloan. Then Guadalupe Rodriguez was tried for assault with intent to commit murder. The Jury found her not guilty after being out for only fifteen minutes. Next, Pedro Juarez, charged as an accessory to murder, was tried and acquitted, but an indictment for grand larceny was lodged against him when he was unable to produce a bill of sale for a horse found in his possession when arrested. The panel declared him guilty and he was sentenced to a term of three years at San Quentin. Finally all of the indictments against Mattias and Concepcion Lorenzana were dismissed on a motion by District Attorney Edmund Pew.

Meanwhile, Pedro Lorenzana sat in his cell and waited as his lawyers were granted one postponement after another. On the night of June 1, 1865, he and another prisoner, a slippery character named "Jim Bones" Allen escaped from jail by sawing through the bars on the door. Lorenzana escorted Allen safely to the San Jose Road (Graham Hill Road) before he returned willingly to jail.

About two weeks later, the jailor who was sleeping in a small room attached to the jail, was awakened by Pedro, who was heard rattling the door to his cell and shouting that the jail was on fire. Upon investigation, it was found that indeed the building was burning and the deputy had just enough time to release the frightened inmate before the flames completely consumed the old jail. Sheriff Calderwood suspected arson although he was never able to find any evidence to support that belief.

Pedro, who was the only prisoner at the time, was locked up in a room on the second floor of the Hugo Hihn flat-iron building which was then being used as a temporary courthouse, and an armed guard was posted in front of his door. One of those who was stationed there was Uriah Sloan, brother of the murdered man.

A few nights later during Sloan's shift a group of hooded men surged up the stairs and overpowered the guard - who put up no resistance. The mob broke into Lorenzana's makeshift cell and dragged him down Willow Street to the wharf. They tied a weight to his legs and threw him into the Bay. It was a clean operation, no witnesses and no body.

Part IV

The action of the vigilantes may have put an end to Pedro Lorenzana's life, but it also effectively ended the murder case against Jose Rodriguez. They had hushed up the prosecution's only witness so that when his trial was held, the jury found Rodriguez not guilty of the charge of murder without even retiring for deliberations. No witness, no case. But this was not the last that Santa Cruz County was to hear from Jose Rodriguez.

Following his escape from the posse, Faustino Lorenzana lit out for southern San Benito County where he went into hiding near the Panoche Valley in an area known as Vallecitos. This was a favorite hang out for a number of the Spanish bandido gangs. From there, they could safely raid the ranches on both sides of the Coast Range and the San Joaquin Valley, for seldom would a lawman dare to venture into this rugged territory. A decade earlier, Joaquin Murrieta had brought his horse gangs to this hideout, and now Tiburcio Vasquez was a frequent visitor.

It was a common practice among these outlaws to assume a gang name or a nickname. So many of them were wanted men that it was deemed unwise to use their real names for fear of discovery. The nickname given to Lorenzana at this time was "Charole", said to mean "the lantern that leads."

He rode with Vasquez, Procopio, Juan Soto and others throughout the region stealing every head of livestock which they could get their hands on. A favorite target of the gangs was the Miller and Lux ranch which lay at the foot of the Coast Range. The spread was so large that they did not seem to miss the many dozen heads of cattle that the rustlers ran off.

Even though there was a price on his head, "Charole" would sneak back into Santa Cruz from time to time in order to visit his family. On these occasions he would usually stay at the ranch of his brother Mattias. During one such clandestine visit during the fall of 1865, he was holed up in an old cabin on the back side of the ranch. Sheriff Ambrose Calderwood received an anonymous tip telling him where "Charole" could be found. Wishing to collect the \$800 in reward money, he rode up to the outlaw's lair.

It was dark by the time he arrived at the ranch and he found that the cabin was not lighted. Calderwood tied his horse to a nearby tree and proceeded to edge his way across the porch. Drawing his pistol, he cautiously entered the building. Suddenly Lorenzana pounced on him from out of the darkness and a fierce hand to hand struggle occurred.

The sheriff squeezed off one shot before being struck repeatedly with a large knife. The bullet took effect as "Charole" staggered during the attack. Unable to pull the trigger again, Calderwood swung the barrel again and again making contact with his assailant. But the wounded outlaw completely overpowered him, knocking him to the floor, and jamming the knife once more into his shoulder. By the time the lawman got to his feet, Lorenzana was gone.

Defeated, Sheriff Calderwood made his way back to town with blood flowing from three deep knife wounds in his body. It would be more than a month before he could get back on the job. The desperate encounter also left him partially blind in one eye.

"Charole" remained in hiding up in the Santa Cruz Mountains while he recovered from the bullet wound in his upper arm. His friends and family brought him food and ammunition, and kept him well supplied with information on the latest movements by the local law enforcement officers. He let his hair grow long and

disguised himself with a heavy beard. He made an occasional trip down to Vallecitos to sell the horses that he would steal during his raids on the ranches around Santa Cruz and in the Pajaro Valley.

On the night of May 17, 1866, he corralled several horses and mules from the residence of the Widow Shearer near Waddell Creek and drove them to his mountain camp above the Laguna district, north of Santa Cruz. Upon getting a report of the crime, newly-elected sheriff Albert Jones, who knew Lorenzana by sight, decided to try his hand at collecting the reward.

He rode up the coast and tracked the bandit for a couple of miles back into the hills. Upon rounding a sharp turn in the narrow trail, he was taken by surprise when "Charole" suddenly stepped into the path, covering him with a pistol. He ordered the sheriff to throw down his weapon and dismount.

The lawman hastily complied with the demands as Lorenzana continued to point the pistol in his direction. Growling that he knew the sheriff was out to get him for the reward money, the desperado warned him never to attempt it again.

"It is not my intention to be captured!" he said,

at the same time acknowledging that he had indeed shot and killed Jack Sloan. Then gathering up the discarded arms, he brazenly mounted the sheriff's horse and rode away leaving the fortunate, and highly embarrassed Al Jones to walk most of the way back to Santa Cruz.

During the summer of 1869, "Charole" was leading a gang of horse thieves and cutthroats in the Santa Clara Valley. One day while driving a herd of stolen horses near the Alviso farm of John O'Hara, he spotted Mrs. O'Hara standing in front of the house. On an impulse, he rode up, threw a lasso around her waist, and began to drag the hapless woman down the road.

She probably would have died except for the fact that her cries for help were heard by her husband who happened to be working in a nearby field. He swiftly jumped on his horse and dashed after them firing as he rode. One of the bullets struck Lorenzana in the chest, causing him to drop the rope.

"Charole" beat a hasty retreat down to the Panoche Valley where he quickly recovered from the wound, the pistol ball lodging under the skin near the breast bone. He moved his operations to Santa Barbara County and went right back to work stealing livestock.

These activities quickly gained him the animosity of all the neighboring ranchers, especially that of Juan Rodrigues of Rancho La Carpenteria. The two men quarreled loudly whenever they met. Lorenzana boasted that he was going to catch Rodrigues alone sometime and kill him.

During the first week of August, 1870, "Charole" made one last trip up to the Santa Clara Valley. He returned driving about twenty head of the finest horses he could siphon from herds in the area. However, he didn't know that he was being followed back to Santa Barbara by a detective from San Jose.

The lawmen went to the court of Justice Cooley and had a warrant issued for the arrest of Faustino Lorenzana on a charge of grand larceny. It was then given to Deputy O. N. Ames to attempt to make the arrest.

Early in the morning of August 29, 1870, Deputy Ames gathered together a posse of eight men, who armed themselves and set out after their quarry. They had been informed by one of the vaqueros from La Carpenteria that the desperado had attended an all night fandango at Montecito about three miles south of

Santa Barbara. After drinking heavily, he had gone up to a ravine near a ranch known as the "Grape Vine" and passed out under a tree.

When the posse arrived at the spot he was still asleep, but upon their approach he bolted upright and drew the two pistols that he carried in his belt. A running gun battle ensued as "Charole" backed up the ravine for about two hundred yards while exchanging shots with his pursuers. Just as he reached the bushes, he was hit squarely in the head with a bullet and fell over dead.

Later when the coroner examined the lifeless body, he found that the outlaw had been hit no less than sixteen times. He was covered with scars from numerous old knife fights and bullet wounds. "Charole" was then buried in an unmarked grave on the very spot where he had fallen. So it was that Faustino Lorenzana, the greatest of Los Bandidos de Branciforte, died with his boots on, fulfilling his pledge not to be taken alive.

But the Lorenzana story does not end here. There is a strange epilogue to this tale which occurred almost thirty years after the killing of Jack Sloan at Arana Gulch.

On the morning of July 17, 1895, a lady and her daughter, residents of the Live Oak district, were driving their buggy into town. While they were crossing the bridge at the bottom of Arana Gulch they witnessed the apparition of a man walk across the road and then disappear. Mother and daughter were startled and pale with excitement when they arrived in Santa Cruz and told their story.

Among those listening to them describe the man that they had seen and the clothes that he wore was Thomas A. Sweeney. Mr. Sweeney had been a member of the Coroner's Jury which had investigated the slaying of Jack Sloan on February 11, 1865. From their description, he recognized the apparition as the ghost of Jack Sloan.

The local newspapers picked up on the story and ran a whole series of front page articles which included interviews with old timers who remembered Sloan and his three killers. It was in one of these articles that "a pioneer" told, for the first time, how the vigilantes had disposed of Pedro Lorenzana.

Over the intervening years, as the century turned and one generation of Santa Cruzans replaced another, the memories of those exciting events became obscured by the passage of time.

Source

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