



HANG 'EM HIGH

**When a Cornish Gold Miner Was Shot
in Cold Blood,
The Bodie Vigilance Committee
Took the Law Into Its Own Hands**

Roger D. McGrath

Tom Treloar was one of many thousands of Cornish miners who immigrated from the rocky and windswept but mineral rich peninsula of Cornwall to the United States in the 19th century. By the time he arrived in Bodie during the late 1870s he had been in America for a dozen years. His mining skills, like those of his fellow “Cousin Jacks,” were in high demand. The Cornish had been working at hard-rock for 2,000 years by the time they started coming to America—and to Canada, Australia, and South Africa. “Wherever there is a hole in the earth,” according to an old saw, “you will find a Cornishman at the bottom of it.”¹

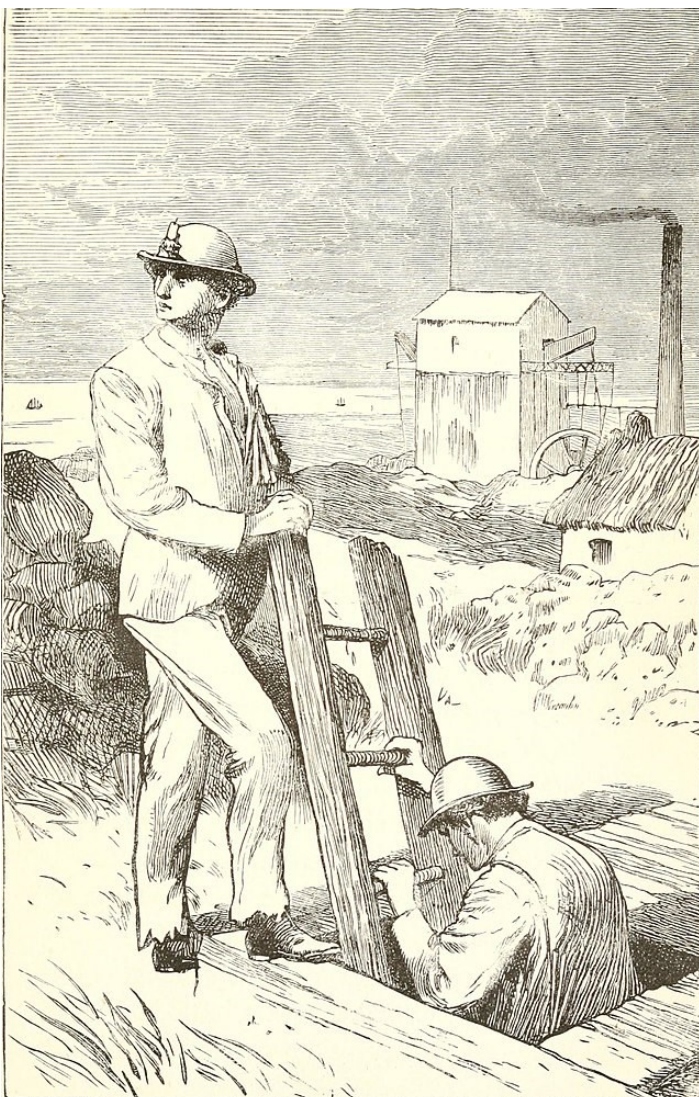
Tom Treloar was one of these highly skilled hard-rock miners until he fell 225 feet down a mine shaft in Virginia City, Nevada. That he survived the fall was considered a miracle but he was left, as described by the *Daily Free Press* in the California mining town of Bodie, as “little more than half witted.” This didn’t stop him from returning to work in the mines or from marrying Johanna Londrigan in January 1879.²

When John Brophy, the owner of an auction house in Bodie who knew both Treloar and Londrigan, asked Londrigan why she had married Treloar, she allegedly responded, “Oh, I married him for that endowment policy on his life, which will be due in a couple of years; and then I will have the money.” Typical of Cornish miners, Treloar had insured his own life, in his case for \$1,000, equivalent to \$100,000 or more in today’s dollars. The New England Life Insurance Company policy would mature in 1881 and Treloar would be owed his original investment plus interest.

The Treloars had a rocky marriage from the beginning. Tom suspected Johanna had a lover in Joseph DeRoche, a French-Canadian who in 1878 had partnered with two men on a hundred-acre wood ranch near the Five Mile House on the road from Bodie to Aurora, and now owned the Booker Flat brickyard on the south side

of Bodie and a two-story brick house downtown. DeRoche and Johanna had known each other for a dozen years, first becoming acquainted in Chicago in the late 1860s. DeRoche had a wife and three children back in Chicago, living with her parents. She wrote him regularly, but he responded only infrequently.³

While Treloar was at work in the mines, DeRoche and Johanna would occasionally be seen together about town. Rumors flew that they were romantically involved. They claimed they were nothing



Once placer deposits were exhausted in the gold camps of the Old West and it became necessary to tunnel into the rocky core of mountains, Cornishmen were brought in. They were so skilled at sinking shafts, tunneling, excavating, timbering, using explosives, and operating power tools and machinery, that they could demand to work for a percentage of the profits rather than daily wages. They were simply the best hard-rock miners in the world.

but friends and Treloar had no cause for his jealousy. On more than one occasion Treloar quarreled with DeRoche about Johanna and also about a business matter. Treloar argued with Johanna as well and once punched her, resulting in his conviction for battery.⁴

It all came to a head on the night of January 13, 1881.

On that snowy Thursday night, Johanna was employed to help cater a Bodie social society ball held at the Miners' Union Hall on Main Street. At about eleven o'clock, Treloar, dressed in his denim work clothes, appeared at the Union Hall and asked the doorman for Johanna. She was summoned and the Treloars stepped outside. According to the doorman, they conversed "in a low tone of voice" for a few minutes. Johanna then stepped back into the hall and Treloar walked off down the street.

An hour and a half later, Treloar returned to the hall just in time to see his wife dancing a quadrille with DeRoche. "I told my wife not to dance with that man, and she said she wouldn't," exclaimed an angry Treloar to the doorman. "I want to get her away."⁵

The doorman warned Treloar not to create a disturbance in the hall. Treloar turned to George Morgan, who was standing nearby, and told him Johanna had been untrue and that he intended to kill DeRoche. Morgan went inside and informed the French-Canadian of the threat. Saying that he would shoot Treloar if the Cornishman made an aggressive move, DeRoche stepped outside and exchanged heated words with Treloar. Minutes later DeRoche reentered the hall and told Morgan he had "run Treloar off with a gun."

The ball ended a short time later, and Treloar returned to the hall to meet his wife. Instead, Treloar was confronted by DeRoche, and for some unknown reason the two of them walked off together down the street. When they passed G.W. Alexander and E.S. Butler, Alexander, who had been the floor manager at the ball, said, "That's the two gentlemen who are likely to have trouble about the wife of the smaller man."

Alexander and Butler watched as Treloar and DeRoche neared the corner of Main and Lowe. Treloar stepped off the wooden sidewalk into the snow-covered street. DeRoche fell a step behind and pulled out of his pocket a .38 caliber, double-action Forehand and Wadsworth.⁶ He put the revolver to the back of the Cornishman's head and squeezed off a round. Treloar pitched forward into the snow. Blood gushed from a hole behind his left ear.

Alexander and Butler ran to the fallen Cornishman. Butler grabbed DeRoche's gun and exclaimed, "What did you shoot that man for?"

"Because he jumped me—see where he scratched me," said DeRoche. Alexander and Butler were surprised by the answer. Neither had seen Treloar do any such thing. They looked over DeRoche and found no scratches.

By now, Sheriff's Deputy James Monahan was on the scene. Alexander and Butler told him DeRoche had pulled out a gun and shot Treloar. DeRoche said they had it wrong—it was Treloar who had drawn the gun and that he, DeRoche, was attempting to wrestle away the revolver when it accidentally discharged. Monahan didn't buy it and arrested the French-Canadian.

Back at the Union Hall Johanna finished her work and asked T.A. Stephens, an attorney and the committee chairman for the ball, and his wife to escort her home. Headed down Main Street, they spotted Monahan with DeRoche in custody walking towards them. Fearing there had been a fight, Johanna rushed to the men.

"Mrs. Treloar, I have killed your husband!" DeRoche exclaimed.

"Good God!" gasped Johanna.



Only 100 miles from Carson City, Nevada, and with the boomtown awash in gold, plenty of stagecoaches stopped in Bodie

Although Stephens tried to restrain her, Johanna broke free and ran to her husband's side. The unconscious Treloar lay in a pool of blood, beyond help and near death. The snow around Treloar's head was turning a deep crimson. Within minutes he was dead.

At two o'clock in the morning Monahan arrived at the Bodie jail and handed over DeRoche to Constable John Kirgan and Deputy Constable Sam Williamson. Charged with murder, DeRoche was locked in a cell. He wouldn't be there long.⁷

A couple hours later, Sheriff's Deputy Joe Farnsworth rushed into the jail. He had been on night duty and had sampled too much whiskey while patrolling the saloons but managed to blurt out that a lynch mob was gathering. Farnsworth volunteered to take DeRoche to a secret location where the murder suspect would be safe until Bodie's angry citizens lost their enthusiasm for a hanging. Farnsworth then suggested his own room in the Standard boarding house would be good. Constable Kirgan concurred.⁸

Upon being taken out of his cell by Williamson, DeRoche asked, "What are you going to do with me—hang me?"

"No. We're trying to save you," declared Williamson.

The deputy constable handcuffed DeRoche and turned him over to Farnsworth. Deputy and prisoner were able to make their way to Farnsworth's room undetected. Farnsworth shackled DeRoche's legs and then conversed with DeRoche for a while before the deputy fell into what the *Daily Free Press* described as "the profound sleep of the inebriated."⁹

Constable Kirgan had ordered Farnsworth to have DeRoche back at the jail at seven o'clock in the morning. The time passed without the deputy and prisoner appearing. At eight o'clock Kirgan walked over



Before the sun rose, DeRoche nimbly escaped from Bodie's jail.

to Farnsworth's room. He found the deputy sound asleep and DeRoche gone.

When awakened, Farnsworth had no explanation for the disappearance of the prisoner. Since no lynch mob had shown up at the jail, Kirgan began to suspect Farnsworth had been bribed to allow DeRoche to escape. When asked directly, Farnsworth vehemently denied such an accusation, saying he had been offered \$1,000 from DeRoche but had firmly rejected it.

Shortly after noon, the coroner began an investigation into the death of Treloar. By now the entire town had heard of how DeRoche had shot Treloar and how DeRoche had escaped from Deputy Farnsworth. Bodieites were outraged. Treloar was regarded as a quiet, peaceable, hard-working man, who suffered from his fall down the mine shaft. Many suspected his wife was also having an affair with DeRoche.

By Friday evening squads of men, said to be in "dead earnest," were searching the town not only for DeRoche but also for Farnsworth. "Farnsworth must produce the murderer or suffer the consequences," declared the searchers.

"It was difficult to determine," reported the *Daily Free Press*, "whether the feeling was more intense against the assassin or the officer who let him escape."

The search continued through the night and into the wee hours of the morning—through the two-story brick building where DeRoche lived, the jail, warehouses, brothels, saloons, stables, vacant cabins, and buildings.



Now a ghost town, Bodie once boasted 10,000 people.

For two days the coroner's jury investigated the case and examined more than a dozen witnesses, including eyewitnesses Alexander and Butler. Both men testified they had clearly seen DeRoche, without any kind of provocation, drop a step behind Treloar, pull out a gun, and shoot Treloar in the back of the head.

The coroner also put Constable Kirgan on the witness stand and asked him, "Do you think, Mr. Kirgan, even if there were a Vigilance Committee, prisoners would be safer outside than inside jail?"

"I do," replied Kirgan.

"Then do you not think that it's a great extravagance to build jails at all?"

With no good answer, Kirgan remained silent.¹⁰

On Saturday afternoon, the Miners Union Hall was packed with Treloar's friends and sympathizers from the mines and the fire department. F.M. Warrington, a fire and brimstone Methodist minister, stoked the flames, denouncing DeRoche as an assassin and Farnsworth as a fugitive. "If a man have an irresistible impulse to take another man's life, I say let the law have an irresistible impulse to put a rope about his neck and take the life from his body," Warrington preached, miming the act of hanging a man. "But keep cool, and under all circumstances be men."¹¹

That night the jury rendered its verdict: Thomas Treloar was killed by Joseph DeRoche and the killing was "a willful and premeditated murder." The jury further found that Constable John Kirgan was "guilty of

gross neglect of duty in allowing the prisoner to be removed from jail" and that Deputy Joe Farnsworth was "criminally careless in allowing the escape."

By now a committee of vigilance—the Bodie 601—had been organized, and some 200 vigilantes were searching Bodie for DeRoche and Farnsworth. The vigilantes operated like the military veterans some of them were. They were organized into companies and squads, had their own elected officers and a chain of command, and went about their business in a quiet, orderly, and determined manner.

Deputy Farnsworth was able to escape the vigilantes only with the help of close friends who concealed him until nightfall and then hid him in a buggy and drove him furiously to the mining town of Aurora, some eight miles away. They then put him on a stagecoach bound for Carson City.

At about the same time, Mrs. Archie McMillan heard what sounded like a man crawling through her woodpile behind her house. She grabbed a pistol and stepped into the backyard. When doing so, she stumbled and the gun accidentally discharged. If DeRoche had been hiding in the woodpile, he was not there now.

When Sheriff P.B. Taylor arrived, he discovered an area had been hollowed out under the woodpile where a man had lain. He was able to track the man's footprints through the snow to the street but there they merged with many others. Just in case the footprints belonged to DeRoche and he might return, guards were secreted near the woodpile, and the entire block was surrounded.

At about nine o'clock the vigilantes reassembled and decided upon a new strategy—they would roundup and interrogate DeRoche's French-Canadian friends. Three squads of vigilantes soon had several of the friends imprisoned at Webber's blacksmith barn. The French-Canadians were handled roughly and threatened but none would admit of knowing the whereabouts of DeRoche.

Near midnight a saloonkeeper and friend of DeRoche named DeGerro was brought into Webber's

barn. Feigning not to understand much English and to be nothing more than a casual acquaintance of DeRoche, DeGerro was able to keep the interrogators at bay. Nonetheless, it eventually became evident he was not revealing everything he knew and a vigilante threw a rope over a beam, saying a hanging party was about to commence. Others joined in.

“Fix up the noose!”

“Pull him up!”

“Grease the rope so that it won’t make any noise!”¹²

DeGerro broke. He said his brother had a wood ranch eight miles outside of town, the same one DeRoche had partnered on in 1878. It was there DeRoche was hiding. Taking DeGerro along with them, a squad of a dozen vigilantes was dispatched to the ranch. The vigilantes told DeGerro if he was trying to put them off the track, he would not return to Bodie—at least not alive.

Riding hard through the crisp night air and over snow-covered ground, the vigilantes arrived at the wood and adobe cabin that served as ranch headquarters in less than an hour. Surrounding the cabin, they called for DeRoche. DeGerro’s brother opened the cabin door and stepped outside into the bright moonlight. He found himself confronted by a half-dozen men with their weapons leveled at him. “Let me out of this,” he exclaimed.

Moments later DeRoche came through the door, crying “Hang me! Hang me!” The vigilantes told him they had not come to hang him but to return him to jail.

On the ride to Bodie, DeRoche repeated the version of Treloar’s death he had told to Deputy Monahan—that Treloar drew the revolver and that it discharged accidentally when he, DeRoche, tried to wrest the gun away from Treloar. DeRoche also claimed he had run only because Farnsworth told him he would be lynched by a mob if he didn’t escape. When Farnsworth fell asleep, DeRoche said he worked his way over to Farnsworth’s side, slipped the keys to the handcuffs and shackles out of the deputy’s pocket, opened the locks,



Harper’s Monthly marveled at Bodie’s riches.

and crept out of the boardinghouse. He then walked hard to the wood ranch.

The vigilantes arrived back in Bodie before sunrise on Sunday morning and secured DeRoche in jail. By noon there were hundreds of men milling about Main Street. A meeting was held in front of the Bodie House hotel, and the killing of Treloar was discussed. Many of the men urged that DeRoche be hanged immediately. A smaller number argued the law should be allowed to take its course.¹³

As time worn on indignation increased and the crowd began moving towards the jail. Into the street jumped Patrick Reddy, a prominent attorney who was a force of nature inside and outside the courtroom. A large man with a full head of white hair and a ruddy complexion, he had but one arm—he had lost the other by amputation following a Virginia City gunfight. His younger days in the mining camps of the West were marked by his fistfights, gunfights, and daring gambles in mining ventures.¹⁴

Reddy brought the crowd to a halt and in “a speech of some length” cautioned the men to do nothing rash and promised that the law would, if properly administered, deal with DeRoche severely and justly. John Kittrell, another attorney, and William Irwin, the president of the Bank of Bodie, then joined the big Irishman and echoed his sentiments. No leader arose to oppose Reddy and his two supporters, and the crowd of hundreds gradually cooled down and dispersed.¹⁵

A short while later, though, the Sunday edition of the *Daily Free Press* hit the streets with an editorial that fanned the flames of outrage again: “The criminal history

of Bodie has been a peculiar one. There have been many foul murders committed since the revival of affairs here, yet there have been no convictions ... The past has demonstrated the fact that the exertions of a vigilant and faithful lawyer have more to do with the framing of a verdict than the plain, cold facts developed in the case.”

At two o'clock in the afternoon, DeRoche was marched to justice court for his examination. He appeared frightened upon seeing the hundreds of angry men on Main Street but walked with a firm step down the street and into the courtroom.¹⁶

“You are entitled to secure counsel,” Justice of the Peace Thomas Newman told DeRoche.

“I'll take Pat Reddy,” DeRoche quickly replied.

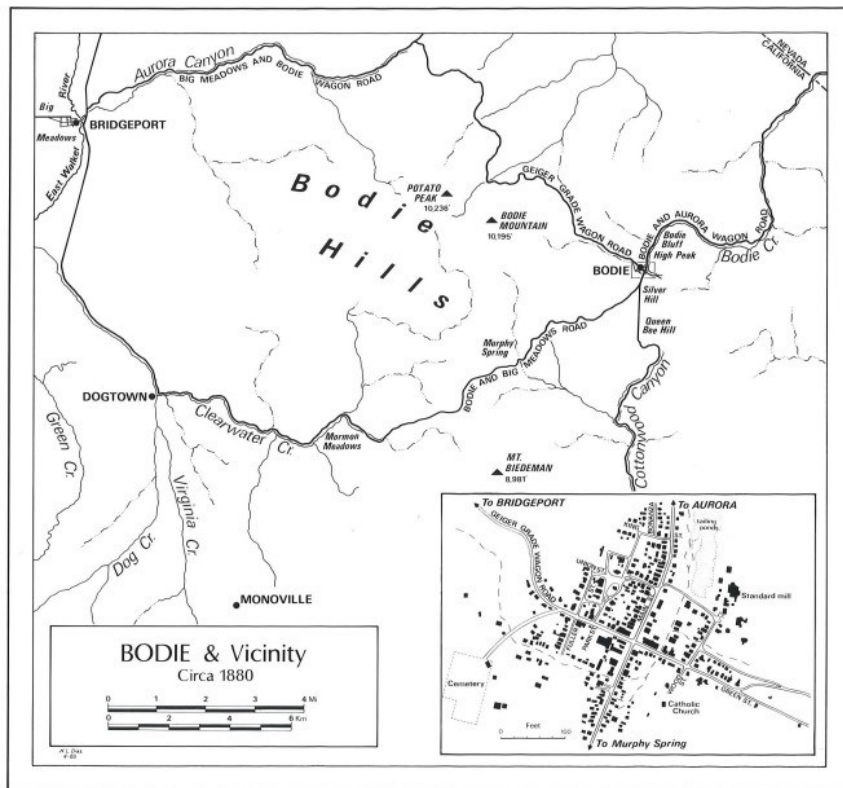
“I'm engaged for the prosecution,” said Bodie's ablest defense attorney.

A surprised and dispirited DeRoche turned to John Kittrell and said, “Then I'll take you.”

Several hours of testimony in the examination did not differ materially from that given before the coroner's jury and, under heavy guard, DeRoche was returned to jail.

Upon conclusion of the examination, the vigilantes of the Bodie 601 crowded into Webber's blacksmith barn and after a “long and deliberate” discussion, concluded DeRoche should hang. At half-past one o'clock on Monday morning, the vigilantes, some masked and others not, marched in formation to the jail, surrounded it, and began shouting for Constable Kirgan to produce DeRoche. Kirgan looked out the jail window and saw more than 200 armed and determined vigilantes.

“All right boys. Wait a moment. Give me a little time,” Kirgan shouted out the window. Seconds later, Kirgan opened the door, and five vigilante officers entered the jail. They found DeRoche in his cell, fully aware of what this untimely visit meant.



DeRoche appeared at the door with an expression of “dogged and defiant submission” on his face. With a firm step he descended the stairs of the jail and walked into the street. “Fall in!” ordered the captain of the vigilantes. The vigilantes assembled in company formations and, at the bark of a second command, marched DeRoche to Webber's.

In front of the barn stood a large hoisting frame, used for raising wagons and stagecoaches for repairs. “Move it to the spot where the murder was committed,” ordered the captain. A squad of vigilantes hefted the hoisting frame and carried it to the corner of Main and Lowe. They set it down on the very spot where Treloar fell.

DeRoche was led underneath the frame, and a rope with a noose was thrown over the frame's top member. DeRoche stood there stoically and even helped adjust the noose when it was placed around his neck so the knot didn't rub on his ear. His hands and feet were tied and he was asked if he had anything to say.

“No, nothing,” he replied.

A moment later he was asked the question again, and a French-speaking bystander was requested to receive the reply. “I have nothing to say, only O God,” said DeRoche.

Snow was falling now and the moon, which earlier had been shining brightly, shed only an eerie glow on the improvised gallows.

“Pull him,” ordered the captain. Instantly, DeRoche was jerked several feet off the ground. His eyes closed, his legs twitched, and then all was still except for the slow pendulum swing of his body. The vigilantes remained perfectly silent, except for the vigilante captain, who ordered, “Keep back, and give the man all the air possible.”

After a couple of minutes had passed, a man came upon the assembly of vigilantes from the rear and broke the silence.



In 1864, well before becoming the most respected lawyer in Bodie, Patrick Reddy had been shot in an arm by an unknown assassin while walking down B Street in Virginia City, and had lost the limb.



Winters in Bodie were not for the faint of heart.

“I will give a hundred dollars if twenty men connected with this affair will publish their names in the paper tomorrow morning,” declared the man.

The voice was immediately recognized as that of a person described by the *Daily Free Press* as “a leading attorney.” The attorney could only have been Pat Reddy.

Not surprisingly, no one else was brave enough to challenge the actions of the vigilantes. Officers of the law—the county sheriff and the town constable, and all their deputies—were conspicuously absent.

While DeRoche was still hanging from the hoisting frame, a note was pinned to his chest. “All others take warning. Let no one cut him down. Bodie 601.”¹⁷

For the next fifteen minutes men came forward to read the note by the light of struck matches. When the last man had read the note, the coroner was summoned and he pronounced DeRoche dead. An undertaker was then allowed to cut down the body and take it to his mortuary.

“All members of the Bodie 601 will meet at their rendezvous,” sang out the vigilante captain. Within a minute the intersection of Main and Lowe was deserted. “DeRoche,” wrote the *Daily Free Press*, “died game. He was firm as a rock to the last and passed out into the unknown without a shudder.”

The next day the coroner summoned a jury to investigate the death of Joseph DeRoche. The jury quickly rendered its verdict, “The deceased came to his death at the hands of persons unknown to the jury.”¹⁸



Present-day Bodie State Historic Park is considered one the Wild West's best preserved ghost towns. Only sixty miles northeast of Yosemite Valley, and fifty miles north of the slopes of Mammoth Mountain, Bodie is a must-see.

No one stepped forward to claim DeRoche's body. Consequently, the county conducted and paid for the funeral and burial. The real estate DeRoche had owned was heavily mortgaged, and his personal effects were of little value. The only items of value DeRoche left behind were the ropes that bound his hands and feet and the noose that encircled his neck. Pieces of the ropes and noose were eagerly sought as souvenirs.

In an editorial the *Daily Free Press* contended, "We are not quick to advise a resort to unlawful methods even to obtain justice. But there are times in the history of nations, States, communities and individuals when a revolution is necessary. There is a struggle for mastery between the right and the wrong, the good and the bad, which breaks forth beyond the bounds of ordinary procedure."

The Virginia City *Territorial Enterprise* expressed similar sentiments. "The summary hanging in Bodie of the Frenchman DaRoche [*sic*] by the Vigilantes of that reckless camp will probably have the effect of checking if not crushing out the spirit of lawlessness which has so long terrified its people. When the officers of the law


persistently fail to do their duty, and the courts themselves unequal to the task, it is time for the people to rise in their majesty and vindicate the first great law of self-preservation."¹⁹

Several other newspapers in both Nevada and California echoed the opinions of the *Daily Free Press* and the *Territorial Enterprise*, also expressing the fervent belief that Deputy Farnsworth was in on the escape.

Deputy Farnsworth fought back with a letter of his own, which the *Daily Free Press* printed on January 21.

"It is claimed that I received money to let him go," Farnsworth concluded. "I challenge the production of the proof. I left Bodie without a dollar."²⁰

Bodie's Vigilance Committee seemed to accept Farnsworth's story, for he returned to the gold mining town without incident. Animosity continued to dog John Kirgan, however, who lost his post as jailer. Kirgan continued to serve as constable for another two months, until his horse-drawn carriage overturned, causing injuries that proved fatal.²¹

As for Johanna Londrigan—whose husband had been shot and lover hanged in the course of a few, snowy winter days—she left Bodie for parts unknown. Probably to a town or city without a standing vigilance committee. 

The Long View

Thanks to Hollywood, when vigilantism is mentioned, it typically evokes an image of a wild mob of well-oiled

townsfolk stringing up a hapless innocent individual. However, lynch mobs were rare in the mining camps of the Old West and should not be conflated with committees of vigilance, which were essentially citizen militias. Moreover, vigilance committees typically conducted well-reasoned deliberations to decide the fate of a man they took into custody and usually did so only after a coroner's jury had rendered a verdict.

Vigilance committees on the mining frontier first sprang up in the camps of the Mother Lode country of California, and then in San Francisco, though not a mining camp it was the Gold Rush that transformed the small village of Yerba Buena into the booming city of San Francisco. Next came the vigilance committees in the camps of Nevada, such as Aurora with its hanging of the Daly Gang, and from there throughout the mining country of the West.

The Bodie 601 was representative of these committees of vigilance, which were generally highly organized and disciplined bodies of men with elected officers and a chain of command. It was common to find good numbers of military veterans among the vigilantes. In Bodie there were veterans of the Civil War and of various Indian wars. In the 1850s among the vigilantes in the California camps were veterans of the Mexican War. Most importantly, nearly all the vigilantes were well armed and well experienced in the use of firearms.

The military nature of the vigilance committees meant lawmen did not make heroic stands against such organizations, but stood aside and allowed the vigilantes to remove miscreants from jail and to hang 'em high.

Roger McGrath, the author of Gunfighters, Highwaymen, & Vigilantes, and a contributor to seven other books, has been fascinated by the Old West since an early age. He was a regular on The Real West, Tales of the Gun, Cowboys & Outlaws, and Wild West Tech. He is also the author of more than 200 articles, columns, and book reviews.



1. A. L. Rowse, *The Cousin Jacks*. New York, 1969; Arthur C. Todd, *The Cornish Miner in America*. Glendale, CA., 1967.
2. *Daily Free Press*, January 18, 1881.
3. *Daily Free Press*, January 18, 1881.
4. *Bodie Standard*, June 30, 1879.
5. *Daily Free Press*, January 16, 1881.
6. Forehand and Wadsworth produced five-shot revolvers in a variety of calibers and barrel lengths from 1871 to 1890 in its Worcester, Mass., plant. See Frederick Myatt, *Illustrated Encyclopedia of Pistols and Revolvers*, 138.
7. Jail Register: Bodie Branch Jail, 12, January 15, 1881; *Daily Free Press*, January 15 and 16, 1881.
8. This was not an unprecedented procedure. Twice earlier in Bodie prisoners were removed from jail and taken to other locations when threatened by vigilante action.
9. *Daily Free Press*, January 15, 1881.
10. *Daily Free Press*, January 16, 1881.
11. *Daily Free Press*, January 16, 1881.
12. *Daily Free Press*, January 18, 1881
13. Jail Register: Bodie Branch Jail, 12; *Daily Free Press*, January 18, 1881.
14. Various small bits of biographical information on Patrick Reddy can be found in: *Bodie Standard*, Sep. 4, 1880; *Sacramento Daily Record-Union*, Jan. 1, 1883, Jan. 1, 1885, and Jan. 6, 1897; *San Francisco Call*, October 28, 1896, Aug. 13, 1897, Jun. 10 and 27, Jul. 6, Aug. 31, and Dec. 25, 1900, and Nov. 4, 1901; *San Francisco Chronicle*, Mar. 5, 1885, Jun. 27, 1900, and Jun. 9, 1904; *San Francisco Bulletin*, Jun. 26, 1900; *San Francisco Examiner*, Jun. 27, 1900; Grant Smith, "Bodie, Last of the Old-Time Mining Camps," *California Historical Society Quarterly* 4 (March 1925), 73; Roswell Colcord, "Reminiscences of Life in Territorial Nevada," *California Historical Society Quarterly* 7 (June 1928), 117; Oscar T. Shuck, ed., *History of the Bench and Bar of California*, 538-39.
15. *Daily Free Press*, January 18, 1881.
16. *Daily Free Press*, January 18, 1881.
17. A Virginia City, Nevada, vigilance committee first used the numerals 601 and was copied by other vigilance committees.
18. *Daily Free Press*, January 18, 1881.
19. Virginia City, *Territorial Enterprise*, January 20, 1881.
20. *Daily Free Press*, January 21, 1881.
21. *Daily Free Press*, March 9 and April 2, 1881.