

GONE TO HIS REWARD

Mike Brannigan, the Hackman, Died Suddenly Last Night

WAS WIDELY KNOWN

He Numbered His Friends and Acquaintances Among Millionaires and Could Secure a Pass on Any Road in the United States.

Colonel Mike Brannigan, the hackman and one of the best known residents of El Paso, died suddenly this morning at four o'clock of heart failure at his residence on North Oregon street.

Mike, as he was familiarly called by all his friends and acquaintances, was slightly ill yesterday and Dr. Justice called to see him during the day and left a prescription. The sick man complained of pains in his left side in the region of his heart, but the trouble was not considered serious.

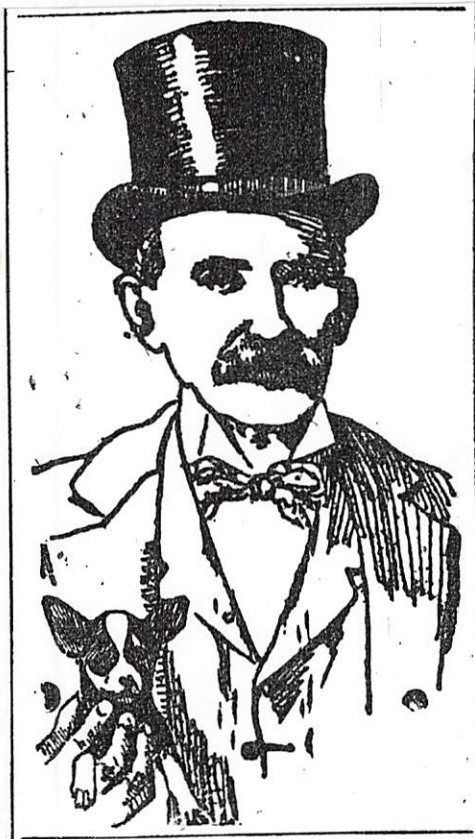
Last night he was restless until about 3 o'clock. He talked constantly about the business of the morrow and was up and down during the night.

"Just about 4 o'clock," said Mrs. Brannigan, "I told him he had better leave a sofa in which he was sleeping and get in bed. A few minutes later I heard him breathe heavily and went to him. I shook him violently and told him to get up, but he did not stir and continued to gasp for breath.

"I ran to a neighbor's and awakened them and asked them to send for a priest, but before the priest arrived poor Mike was gone."

The funeral will take place tomorrow morning under direction of Emerson and Berrien. It will be held at the Catholic church, at 8 o'clock, and requiem mass will be said.

Deceased came to this city from California and had been a resident 13 years. He was born in Ireland and was 70 years old. In 1846 he landed in New Orleans and during the gold excitement in California left New Orleans for that state and was there during the rush of '49 and '50. Mike was known from San Francisco to New York and had friends among all the millionaires



who prospected in California in the early days. He and millionaire John W. Mackay were boon companions in 1849 and whenever he passed this point he and Mike always spent a social hour together talking about old times.

Mike was intimately acquainted with the late Senator Hearst and some time ago the widow presented the hackman with a double harness trimmed with silver on account of the friendship existing between him and her husband.

It was Brannigan's boast and pride that he could get a pass over any railroad in the United States on account of his influence with millionaire railroad men.

Brannigan leaves a widow, but no children. He was married 24 years ago in Galveston. His nephews, Edward and Pat and Jim Sexton will arrive from Chihuahua and John Sexton from Casas Grandes to attend the funeral.

EVENTFUL LIFE.

"Mike Brannigan was a man with a heart as big as a house," said Mr. Berrien this morning, after he had called at the residence of deceased to look after the body.

"He was known to every man, woman and child in El Paso, and nobody ever asked him for a favor and was turned away empty handed. He was lacking in education, probably, but he had many noble qualities."

Mike Brannigan led an eventful career in the early days in California, if reports be true. Prior to the time he married and settled down his life was full of exciting incidents.

He was a gold digger in '49 and not meeting with any great amount of success concluded to seek his fortune in another direction. He owned and operated hacks both in Sacramento and San Francisco, California, and made money. Mike was of a turbulent and restless disposition when he was young, however, if reports be true, and got into some trouble in California, when the population was unsettled and lawless, and was given notice by the vigilantes to leave town. He went to New York and the entire press of the country was in an uproar about it. Mike was interviewed by reporters of all the leading papers and quickly became widely known. He threatened to sue the city but nothing ever came of it. He afterwards came to El Paso and located and during his residence here has been exceedingly hard working and attentive to his business and made money while his competitors slept.

He used to tell a good story on himself about selling a Chihuahua dog to a tourist. He had a little Newfoundland pup and sold it for a fancy price to a man who wanted to buy one of the famous Chihuahua dogs. The man took the dog east and it grew to be the size of a bruro.

Months afterward he came to El Paso and upbraided Mike for deceiving him. Mike said:

"Faith, if you had kept that dog in Texas it would have been a Chihuahua dog, but I couldn't guarantee that it wouldn't grow any bigger, if you took it east."

The tourist had to laugh and admit that the joke was on him.

MIKE BRANNIGAN IS DEAD.

His Eventful Career—Was a Turbulent Man While in California.

There died in El Paso yesterday morning one of the oldest hackmen of the Pacific slope. Mike Brannigan was on his carriage Sunday morning, but complained of being unwell. At 11 o'clock he went to bed and sent for Dr. Justice. He complained of a pain in the region of the heart, and at 4 o'clock yesterday morning he quietly passed away. It was heart failure.

Every man, woman and child in El Paso knew Mike Brannigan. He has resided in El Paso for years, and has driven his own hack during that time. In the early days of California Mike was well known to the vigilance committee, not because he did any wrong, but because he refused to submit to the order of the vigilantes. In his history of California Bancroft says:

“Michael Brannigan, one of those expatriated by the vigilance committee, left New York on the Texas on the 21st of September last, and loudly protesting his innocence and threatening all sorts of horrible feats, announced his intention of returning to California and sacrificing himself. He was escorted to the wharf by Molligan, Dapne and Crow.”

And the historian goes on at length to tell of Mike's experience in Sacramento. But while Brannigan might have led a tumultuous life in those tumultuous days in the wild west, he

was a peaceable, law-abiding citizen of El Paso and his death is deeply regretted by many who knew him intimately.

He numbered among his intimate friends many of the richest men of America and through them was never permitted to pay any railway fare whenever he or his wife wished to visit any part of the country. Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, wife of the late Senator Hearst and mother of the owner of the San Francisco Examiner and New York Journal, recently presented him with two magnificent horses and a set of silver-mounted harness. Whenever he showed up in New York or San Francisco the papers of those big cities never failed to write him up and tell some of the eventful times of his early career on the Pacific coast.

Mr. Brannigan was born in Ireland 30 years ago and though he was far past the age of most men live to reach he was hale and hearty up to the time of his death. Shortly after reaching the age of majority he came to the United States, landing at New Orleans from whence he went to California in '49, via the Panama route. The gold excitement on the coast was then at its height and he made money galore just as all did. He took issue with the arbitrary vigilance committee of San Francisco during the days of that organization's power and gave it no little trouble by his public denunciation of its Czar-like methods.

He has lived in El Paso for the past fourteen years and acquired property and the respect and high regard of all who knew him. He was intimately acquainted with hundreds of tourists who annually visit this county.

He leaves a loving wife and several young relatives in whom he took a deep interest and gave much attention to their welfare. His wife has the sympathy of the entire community.

The funeral will take place this morning from the church of the Immaculate Conception and a requiem mass will be said.