

who came down to the cabin. It was feared they would do some damage if permitted too much freedom, and they were ordered to keep away entirely. These Indians had murdered two prospectors, William Mosier and ——— McKee (by some given as Reaves), but a short time before, and the miners were afraid to trust them. The injunction to keep away from the cabin was not heeded, and one of the Indians was shot. A short time afterwards, Captain Hardy started up the stream for Scott river, and the savages chased him back again. By this time there were many miners in that vicinity besides the founders of Happy Camp, and a party of fifteen or twenty was made up to fight these Indians. They went up at night, and just at daylight made an attack on the rancharia, killing every buck there. Two squaws were accidentally shot. One of the attacking party was killed while carelessly crawling into a wickiup. This is known as the fight at Lowden's ferry.

MURDER OF CALVIN WOODMAN.

In the month of May, 1852, while a well-known miner, Calvin Woodman, was riding along Indian creek, in Scott valley, he met two Indians, one of whom, when they had passed, shot him dead. They then made their escape. It was supposed that the murderers belonged to the Scott Valley tribe, and hostilities were commenced with them. Johnson's ranch, now Meamber's, was barricaded and men scouted about the valley, firing upon the Indians whenever they could find them. The surprise and indignation of the Indians at this treatment was great. They were guiltless of the murder as well as of any design upon the whites, and were at a loss to account for these sudden hostilities. They became excited, and returned the fire of their persecutors, whenever possible, and in one of these little skirmishes S. G. Whipple, then deputy sheriff and now Colonel in command at Fort Klamath, was seriously wounded.

A company of which Ben. Jacobs and Isaac Hamilton were members came over from Scott Bar to aid their friends. Nothing was accomplished, except that some of this company followed a trail some distance into the mountains between Scott and Shasta valleys, with the idea that it was Scarface's band from Shasta valley, that had killed Woodman. The Scott Bar company soon after went back to the river.

While this was going on, Judge Steele, who was returning from below, arrived at the ranch. Upon learning the cause of the difficulty, he assured them that there must be some mistake, and that he would go and see about it. Upon visiting the camp he was informed by the chiefs that the murderers did not belong to their band, but were probably Shastas, that is, Captain Jim's band. Old Tolo, Tye John and Tye Jim offered to accompany him to Yreka to interview Captain Jim, placing themselves as hostages in his hands. With these hostages and a small volunteer company he proceeded to Yreka. That town was greatly excited, and it was with difficulty that the rough element was restrained from laying violent hands upon the hostages. It was with great difficulty that the Shastas could be induced to have a talk, as they feared harm was

intended them, but finally Tolo convinced them of their error, and a conference was had near the mouth of Yreka creek, which resulted in convincing all that the murderers were not of Jim's band. They said that the shooting was done by Rogue River Indians, and offered two young Shastas as hostages, to accompany a party to that region, with which they were well acquainted, in search of the guilty men; if any treachery was discovered or it was ascertained that they were deceiving in the matter, the two hostages were to be hanged.

The matter now began to assume a different aspect. The Court of Sessions, consisting of Judge William A. Robertson and Justices James Strawbridge and William A. Patterson, then organized but a few days, had authorized Mr. Steele to raise a company and go after the murderers, not expecting so much of a journey would be necessary. This journey across the mountains into a hostile country did not meet with much favor, and but nine men were found willing to undertake it; they were E. Steele, captain; John Galvin, Pete Snellback, James Bruce (afterwards a colonel in the Oregon militia), Frank W. Merritt, John McLeod, Dr. L. S. Thompson, Harry ———, and James White. These, with the two hostages and a Klikitat Indian named Bill, formed a small band of twelve, that set out for Rogue river, well armed and mounted, the hostages riding between Steele and one of the men.

Proceeding cautiously over the Siskiyou mountains they come suddenly upon an Indian, just south of where Rufus Cole now lives, who had his bow in his hand, with an arrow fitted to the string ready for instant use. He was a messenger from the Rogue River tribe, on his way to enlist the Indians on this side of the mountains to aid their relatives in the war then being waged on Rogue river, a difficulty of which both the whites and Indians on this side were ignorant. So suddenly had they come upon him in the trail, that there was no chance for him to escape, and he halted, defiantly facing his enemies. John Galvin was directed to disarm him, but when he advanced, with a revolver in his hand, the Indian with lightning rapidity wrenched the weapon from his grasp, and hastily firing a shot at Steele, turned and fled. The bullet clipped the mane of Steele's horse, but did no other damage. The owner of that animal raised his rifle, drew a hasty bead upon the flying savage and pulled the trigger, the hammer stopping at half cock. It seemed a providential interference, for just as the hammer stopped, the head of one of the party, who was advancing rapidly and making frantic efforts to discharge all the barrels of an Allen "pepper-box," came in range of the gun, and had the weapon not missed fire, the bullet would have found lodgment in his brain. The Klikitat dismounted and pursued him through the brush, until he got near enough to shoot, when he fired and killed him.

Resuming the journey, the party soon came upon the son of Tipsu Tye, whom they then captured and disarmed. This young worthy was just returning from a visit to the Indians farther west, to whom he had gone to induce them to lend their aid in the war. Arriving at Major Barron's, they found a large number of men, among whom were some two dozen from Jacksonville, who had gone thus far