

think we are just as capable of doing justice to these Indians as a man who has forsworn his oath to the United States. We won't give up the keys.'"

The question with these three men was, then, what to do with the Indians? The Oregonians decided to try them themselves, and told the Indians if they were found guilty they would be shot. They were to be tried under the same tree they had been driven to when they first arrived in Coloma.

A great crowd of people gathered at the house where the Indians were confined, and as soon as the door was opened the Indians appeared, taking an observation of the crowd before them. They were headed by the Indian spy from the mill, and he gazed wild-eyed as if looking for some chance of escape. All of a sudden, with a strange scream or shout, he sprang from the door onto the ground upon all fours, and zigzagged his way right and left through the crowd, under the legs of the astonished spectators, with Smith after him with gun in hand. The spectators quickly scattered for fear of being shot, when Smith killed the spy. The other Indians instantly followed him, and were wiggling their way in the same manner. All was confusion; but finally all the Indians were killed while trying to escape except two, who fled to the mountains. The names of the three persons who had the prisoners in charge were Flem Hill, Jack Smith, and Crock Eberman.

Things went on quietly for a few days until another Oregonian was murdered about eleven miles from Coloma. Then we had to raise another army. Fifteen started out this time. They soon came to where three Indians were mining, and they immediately dispatched them. This was in accordance with an agreement made by the Oregonians that all Indians would be killed on sight until all were destroyed, or else sufficiently subdued to stop

any further molestation. That same day they found eleven mining. As soon as the Oregonians were discovered the Indians fled, and were pursued until they reached a ranch owned by a Californian by the name of Goff, where the Indians had secreted themselves in a cabin. They knocked at the door, but nobody replied, until somebody suggested picking the adobe out of the sides of the cabin. They did this and saw the eleven Indians inside. Some one cried, "Shoot," and Goff asked them to wait until he got out. Before the Oregonians left the scene they killed all the Indians in this band. They came at last to the trail of a large number, whom they followed until they surprised them as the Indians were going into a swamp, where they thought the Oregonians' horses could not travel. The tall grass, however, supported the horses. I do not remember how many were killed this time, but seventy-six of that tribe perished during the entire war. All the men were killed in this last battle, and one woman. This was not done on purpose. She was lying in the grass shooting arrows, and was mistaken for a man and shot.

The Oregonians told the women to come with them to "dry diggings," about six miles from Coloma, and they would protect them and let them work. But by this time the Oregonians, who had been out over twenty-four hours with only a vest pocket luncheon, were very hungry. They stopped at the house of a rancher named Bailey and asked for beef, but were refused. In connection with this, Bailey published a letter in the *Placer Times* saying that the large band of Indians that had been killed by the Oregonians were his, and that they were coming to him when they were overtaken and killed by the murderers and robbers from Oregon. A few days later, Nichols, the captain of the Oregonians at that time, saw this letter; he replied through the same paper "that it was well for