

from the tent with a cry for help. He had taken but a few steps when the cry was hushed upon his lips, and he fell to the ground dead beneath the knives of his pursuers. The agonizing cry of the wounded man awoke from their slumbers the occupants of the house, who knew too well its dreadful import. Hastily barricading themselves, they prepared for defense. Their arms consisted of two rifles and a revolver, and with these Blackburn kept the savages at bay throughout that long and terrible night, his noble wife reloading the weapons as fast as he discharged them.

With the coming of the morning there appeared on the opposite bank of the river A. E. Raynes, William Young, and William Little, who had staved that night at a cabin a few miles distant, and had come at the request of its occupants to see if Blackburn had any extra arms, as they feared an attack by the Indians. Blackburn made his appearance from the house and greeted them with a sad voice, saying, "I'm glad to see you, boys; they are all killed but myself and wife." When he had ferried them across the stream they went to examine the scene of conflict. They saw a body lying about one hundred yards from the house and hastened to the spot. When the body of the dead man was turned so that they could see his face, Blackburn sprang back with the cry, "Great God! it is my father," and so it was, killed by heartless savages in sight of the cabin of his son, whom he had not seen for ten years. The old gentleman had accompanied a pack-train from Trinidad, and when they encamped that night some ten miles from the ferry, he had pushed on alone, and had fallen before the knives of the Indians that lay concealed in the forest, awaiting the time for the attack upon the cabin.

The three men volunteered to push through to Trinidad for assistance, to administer to the Indians a chastisement they would not soon forget, while Blackburn and his dauntless wife remained on guard at the cabin. They lost the trail in the darkness and lay all night in the redwood forest, until daylight enabled them to again find the trail and push on for help. Arriving at Trinidad the next day they were joined by only ten men, and the little party of thirteen started back to the ferry to attack at least three hundred savages. A number of miles above Trinidad lies a body of water on the low land between the mountains and the sea, known as the lagoon. When the party arrived at this point they came upon a number of Redwood Creek Indians in canoes, whom they decided to attack. They therefore fired upon the canoes, when the savages jumped into the water and swam ashore. A brisk battle was maintained for some time, the men using their animals for protection. The superiority of guns over bows was soon demonstrated, and the Indians withdrew with the loss of two or three braves.

Going further up the trail the party camped that night near the rancharia of the Bald Hill Indians, which they intended to attack; but the occupants became aware of their presence and intentions, and departed to more peaceful scenes. The next day they went to Durkee's ferry, near the mouth of the Trinity, near which was a large rancharia of the Klamath River Indians, the same who had made the

attack upon Blackburn's place. When night settled down upon the mountains, they quietly advanced upon the foe. What was their anger when they found their approach had been expected and the Indians had moved across the river. Durkee was living with a squaw from this rancharia, and had given her friends timely warning of the intended attack. When the little band of avengers reached the village all had crossed but a few, and upon these few they fell, and before they could escape killed two or three of them. Unable to accomplish anything, the party disbanded and went their several ways.

News of the attack upon the ferry, and massacre of some of its attendants, reached McDermit and Tompkins in Oregon, and with a party of friends they hastened to the place to see what could be done, and to punish the murderers. Two or three weeks had passed before the party arrived in the vicinity of the ferry, and here McDermit and Tompkins, with Abisha Swain and another man, went ahead of the party to see what could be discovered. When they neared the river they saw two Indians in a canoe, taking away plunder from the cabin. They fired upon these, killing one and wounding the other, who jumped into the water and swam to the opposite bank. The Indians had not yet learned the exact range of a rifle, and this one stopped about three hundred yards away, thinking himself at a safe distance, but discovered his mistake when too late to rectify it. He was wounded in the arm, making a bright red spot at which Swain took careful aim, resting his knee on the ground. When he fired the Indian fell behind a big rock against which he had been leaning, and the men declared he had dodged behind it for safety, as they saw the bullet hit the ground ten feet in front of him and raise a puff of dust. One of the men swam out to the canoe and pitched the dead Indian into the river, being much chagrined to find it the body of a squaw. The men were then taken across the stream in the canoe, and made a cautious advance upon the rock behind which the savage lay. Their caution was unnecessary, for he was dead, with a bullet-hole through his body from side to side.

An examination of the premises showed that the place had been deserted, the ferry-rope cut, and general ruin and desolation marked the spot. The Indians had retreated to the recesses of the mountains, beyond the reach of an avenging arm, and they abandoned the effort to punish them. Instead they went up the stream and established the town of Happy Camp.

FIGHT AT LOWDEN'S FERRY.

The founders of Happy Camp, late in July, 1851, were Charles McDermit, Abisha Swain, Gwin R. Tompkins, Charles D. Moore, Thomas J. Roach, L. H. Murch, J. H. Stinchfield, — Cochrane, Jeremiah Martin, William Bagley, Daniel McDougall, Jack McDougall, William McMahan, and James Carr. They built a cabin which they used as a store-house, and Cochrane remained there to look after the property and mules, while the others scattered along the river mining. Sundays all met at the cabin. About twelve miles up the river was a rancharia of Indians, and they were greatly annoyed by the occupants