

We examined where the men fell, and saw where the rocks were drenched with their blood. We saw where Mr. Merriam ran down the hill, and wondered how it was possible for a man to accomplish so much. We came to the conclusion that this was not a war party, although we think Joaquin Jim was among them. . . . Joaquin Jim has never been conquered. He has said frequently that he would not let the whites occupy his domain.

After we had buried the dead and returned to our horses we commenced a search about the Indian camp. We found baskets, great quantities of pinons cached, the bridle of Mr. Merriam's horse, a pair of shoes which belonged to Mr. Ericson, and his hat with a bullet hole through it, covered with blood. We each took as many pinons as we could carry. One or two stayed behind and destroyed all that remained by burning them.

Unless something is done for us we shall have much trouble. We cannot prospect and watch Indians at the same time. We cannot prospect with a rifle. There is no need of a military force near San Carlos—we can defend it ourselves; but we want stations along the valley so that people may safely pass, and prospectors find a refuge from the savage, who is peaceful today and warlike tomorrow.

The chase seeming to be hopeless, return was made to San Carlos. On the way down, the party met two men named Bell and Slocum at Big Pine, where they had gone with the idea of starting a sawmill. Indians had warned them to leave, and after talking with the Phillips company they concluded that it would be wise to comply.

Henderson and associates, mining in the southeastern Inyo ranges, had been driven out in March by Indian dangers. They then went back after an absence of not more than a month. On reaching the Josephine mill they learned that Chief Bigfoot had the better of a fight with the miners the day before and had gone across to the Panamint Mountains. Henderson waited until the arrival of Ringgold from Owens Lake, and the two followed the trail to their mines in the Panamints. After traveling seventy miles camp was found at Mesquite Springs. Going on, Indians were seen in pursuit. Henderson and Ringgold waited until they came near enough to parley. The Indian spokesman said in Spanish that the men were up in the mountains. The whites, seeing that a battle was intended, opened fire and killed two of the leaders. A fifteen-mile running fight ensued; its casualties were the killing of three

Indians and Ringgold's being left afoot by the killing of his horse. Henderson visited the neighborhood in 1870, and found parts of the skeletons of three men and some bones of a woman in the ruins of a cabin which had been burned at Combination Camp. He gives the date of the killing of his companions as April 13, 1863.

Ten or twelve skulls of white men, and other human bones, were found under a shelving pile of rocks near Anvil Springs in 1874. Nothing was known of the identity of the victims or of the time of their deaths. The supposition was that they had there taken refuge from Indians and had all been killed. For this discovery there had been found but one authority. It is certain, however, that an unknown number perished on the lonesome trails of that region.