

since the morning before at Black Rock, when our breakfast had consisted of one soda cracker and a small slice of raw bacon. I always thought if it had been me when asked what the price was for breakfast and it had been my children that had been murdered by those Indians, I would have said, "Nothing at all, there is nothing too good in this place for you men." We then started for Chico twelve miles farther on. When we got to Bidwell's we told of the good luck we had in surrounding the Indian camp and sending a good many Indians to the happy hunting ground.

Bidwell immediately ordered two four-horse teams hitched to two coaches and ordered them to go as fast as possible and meet the Concow men and bring them to Chico. He then went to the Chico Hotel and told Mr. Wetherby, the proprietor, to give them the best dinner the market afforded and charge it to him. After dinner he ordered his drivers to take the men home to Concow valley.

Good kept the little Indian girl. The next spring when I was at Good's place, I asked Good where she was. He said that she was out gathering flowers. Presently she came and stood between his knees, he patted her head and she went to sleep. Good put her in a little bed and said, "When she wakes up I will show you something." Good had a partner by the name of Barrington, a Frenchman. Mrs. Barrington was Spanish. When the little girl awoke and came out Good spoke to Barrington and his wife and they all three talked to her. Barrington spoke French, Mrs. Barrington Spanish and Good English, and the little girl could speak all three languages. Good at that time was running a pack train to Idaho. Mrs. Barrington wanted to go to her people in Mexico as Good bought Barrington out and told them when they left to take the little girl up the canyon to the old sheep herder who had a squaw for his wife and while Good was gone the little girl took sick and died.

### THE ROBBING OF THE SILVA HOME.

The robbing of the Silva home by the Mill Creek Indians, was on April 24th, 1866. Mr. Silva was away, Mrs. Silva and the hired man were at the ranch. About noon they saw a swarm of bees go by and light down the canyon. They took a box and went to hive them. When this was done they started for the house and saw the Indians packing the bedding out. Just then the Indians saw them and fired, but they were too far away and did not get hit. They immediately started for our home, about a mile down the canyon. The hired man got there first and all he could say was, "Indians." Immediately after came Mrs. Silva. When she got there she fell in a faint. My brother's wife restored her. I was away. My brother told his wife to run some bullets for the big rifle, while he caught a horse. (In those days we had muzzle loading fire arms.) He took the gun and rode up the canyon as fast as he could but when

he got there the Indians were gone. He went on up the canyon to Boness' place; here he found Boness, Jack Reed and Dutch Charley; the three came to our house with him.

Just then I got home. They told me. I got my gun and we started. We got to Chico and it being Sunday, the two stores were closed, so we found one of the clerks and got two sacks of crackers and two sides of bacon and away we went.

We rode to the Phillbrook place on Mud Creek and slept in a barn. Mr. Phillbrook gave us breakfast and we started for R. A. Anderson's place on Rock Creek. Mr. Anderson, Perry McIntosh, Tom Gore, Rich Goe and Boliver made the party. We then went to Good's place on Deer Creek. Good said it was impossible for him to go. He was running a pack train to Idaho and his forty pack animals and men and merchandise were there and all ready to start next morning. He said that, if the Indians had committed murder he would go, but as it was just robbery we would have to let him off, and as Anderson could track the Indians we started on.

We found their trail on Deer Creek Flats. These flats are not on the creek, but on the bluff. We then went down the Indian trail to the creek, where we found the Indians had crossed. There were two large lava boulders in the creek. The Indians had made a crossing by putting poles from the bank to the rock and from rock to rock. After they had crossed they pulled the last span and let it go down the creek. When we saw what they had done we were up against it as the creek was very high. Jack Reed was one of those men, who at all time had a way of getting out of difficulties, he said, "I will go on the bridge to the farthest rock and you go and get long poles and shove in the creek; slant them so they will drift toward the opposite side." We did as he said and he caught two and rolled them on the bank. Then he took and put the end he had in notches in the rock. We then crossed, all but McIntosh. He would come across to the further rock and then go back. It was a dangerous crossing. If a man fell in he would have drowned as the creek was a roaring torrent. We coaxed and pleaded and finally were going to leave him when he came over.

We traveled up the creek and came to a very high bluff. Here we found a trail going up the bluff. It was very steep, but the only way. We had to go Indian file one behind the other. When we got to the top, my brother, Jake, was in the lead, Anderson next and I next. I heard Jake say, "There they are, Bob." From the top of the bluff the ground sloped to a ravine about fifty or sixty yards and there they were camped.

We ran down among them. It was a great surprise to the Indians, and also to us as we did not think of finding them there. But then the thing was on in earnest, every one loading and firing as fast as he could and Indians

dropping or trying to get away. Some were badly wounded.

Mrs. Silva some time before had gone to Chico and bought a wide brimmed spring hat and had had the milliner put flowers all over it; one young Indian had the hat tied on his head and when they broke to run Anderson started after him. They had a muddy flat to cross, and I believe that Indian could out-run anyone in the United States if Anderson was after him. I ran across the ravine and had got on the bank and as I looked down I saw an Indian running down the ravine. I started after him. He was bothered in running as it was very rocky and I had good ground and as I gained on him I thought I would chance a shot. I did not know where brother Jake was until I heard him say, "See those two running through the buck brush." I heard him shoot. He said, "I have got one." The one I was after kept running as my shot had not stopped him. I continued running after him, loading as I ran. The water at the foot of the ravine ran over a bluff, about seven feet high, in sheets about six feet wide. On the south there was a thicket under the bluff and when the Indian jumped off the bluff I lost sight of him. Jake came up and said, "What became of your Indian." I said, "He is in that thicket." Jake went around and got down the bluff and went through the thicket. Then Anderson came; I told him the Indian must be in the thicket. He told Jake to be careful, but he made a thorough search and said, "He is not there." I was beaten, as the hillside was all open country, and if he had gone in any direction I would have seen him.

When Jake got in front of the waterfall he said, "There is a great hole in the rock under that water." He cocked his gun, sprang through the waterfall and instantly we heard the shot, he hollered, "He is here. I got him." He came backing out through the waterfall, dragging the Indian out by his long hair.

Jake and I went to find the Indian Jake shot. He had a red bandana handkerchief; this, Jake said he threw up when the bullet hit him. We found the handkerchief, it had files, shoemaker's thread and wax, sack twine and needles and was full of such things, but we could not find the Indian. Anderson called us and said, "They are just like ground squirrels, hard to kill." The Indian was found in '70 by Drennans.

The Indian Anderson took after lost the flowered bonnet. Anderson had it and in the chase lost his hat. We went back to their camp and got almost all they had stolen. There was a man in our party by the name of Boliver. The Indians, after robbing the Silva home, went by Boliver's place and robbed it. Jake was prowling around the camp and directly he came back with a new pair of boots. Boliver said that they looked just like a pair of boots he had bought Saturday. He was a large man and the boots just fit him. He had on a pair of old shoes that were worn out, so he threw them away and wore the boots.