

was ruled by Tyee John, son of the old head chief; at Yreka, Old Tolo, always a firm friend of the whites; in Shasta valley, Tyee Jim; on the Klamath, Tyee Bill; on Siskiyou mountain, Tipsu Tyee (the hairy chief); in Rogue River valley, Tyees Sam and Bill. It must be remembered that the true name of these Indians was seldom known to the whites, who called them Sam, John, or Bill, or named them in accordance with some physical peculiarity or some occurrence, as Old Smoothy, Scar-face, Rising Sun, Greasy Boots, etc.

Suffering less by hostilities with the whites than the Modocs, the Shastas have melted away before the advance of the Caucasian race like snow before the warm rays of the sun. Whisky, disease, and the appropriation of their squaws by the whites have almost annihilated them, and to-day all that is left of the once powerful Shasta tribe is a handful that will soon disappear. Even the original name of their tribe is unknown by them. Powers calls them the Shastika, and thinks that the origin of the word Shasta, but we have already shown that Shasta is a corruption of the Russian word *Tchastl*, so that Mr. Powers is evidently mistaken.

The Modoc, or as properly pronounced, Mó-a-dok, occupied the country along Butte creek, Hot creek, south and east of Klamath lake, and in and about Lost river and Tule lake, which latter place was their great headquarters. This name is said by E. Steele to be a term applied to them by the Shastas, and to mean "hostile" or "enemies," while others say it was derived from Mó-dok-us, a chief under whom they seceded from the Muk-a-luk, or Klamath Lake tribe and became a separate and independent tribe. The latter derivation is favored by Powers.

The Indians known by the general term of Klamath River Indians are those that occupy the river between the Shastas and the sea. Although several dialects are spoken along the river, they are divided by Powers into two tribes, the Ka rok and Yu-rok, meaning "Up the river" and "Down the river." The former occupied the stream from below Waitspek to Salmon river and up that stream, while the latter extended from them to the ocean. A portion only of the Ka-rok tribe belonged in that portion of Klamath county now annexed to Siskiyou, those on Salmon river, and hostilities that occurred with them will not be treated of. The Klamath River Indians were the finest specimens of physical manhood to be found among the natives of California, powerful and fierce, and gave the whites trouble from the time they first placed foot on their hunting-grounds.

Indian difficulties will be treated of in the order of their occurrence, and facts and causes related with as close an adherence to the truth as is possible when information is drawn solely from the testimony of the whites. It will be seen, however, that even then the record is by no means creditable to our boasted civilization, and could a history be written from the Indian's stand-point (not such a collection of exaggeration and untruth as composes Joaquin Miller's *Unwritten History*), it would be less creditable still.

As early as 1835, the Rogue River Indians had trouble with the trappers, but the first blood that

marked the intercourse of the two races in this county, was wantonly shed by Turner and Gay, two Americans, who shot a Shasta Indian near Klamath river, on the fourteenth of September, 1837, as has been related in Chapter VII. The same chapter relates the attack by the Modocs on Fremont's camp on Hot creek, May 9, 1846, and the swift retribution that followed; also the killing of an emigrant the same year by that blood-thirsty tribe; also the story of the killing of a party of whites on the McLeod river, and a fight with Shastas in 1849.

FIGHT WITH SHASTAS IN 1850.

It was in July of 1850, that a party of forty men, of which J. M. C. Jones and Ed. Bean were members, left the forks of the Salmon and started on the first exploring expedition up the Klamath. The party of Rufus Johnson had, a few weeks before, gone up as far as Happy Camp, become involved in difficulty with the Klamath Indians, lost all their animals, and returned to Salmon river. When the new company reached that point, they found the Indians inclined to be hostile. At one time a long line of warriors was drawn up, with bows in their hands, about one hundred yards from the trail, along which the whites marched in silence, apparently taking no notice of the savages, but holding their weapons ready for instant use. No trouble occurred, and they passed on unmolested, their numbers probably inspiring the Indians with a degree of respect.

Their Klamath guide left them near Sciad, having reached the boundaries of the territory dominated by the Shastas, and one of the latter tribe soon came into camp and was secured in his stead. In all their intercourse with the savages they made use of the Chinook jargon, but imperfectly understood by both parties. One night they camped on Horse creek, and in the morning two of the men started on a hunting expedition, intending to rejoin their companions at the noon encampment. Noon came, and with it one of the men to the new camp near Oak Bar. He stated that in following a deer he had become separated from his companion. The company resumed its journey, and that night reached Beaver creek and stopped for the night. The missing man still failed to put in an appearance, and grave fears for his safety began to possess the minds of all. A squaw came down to the opposite side of the stream, and began yelling to the Indian guide, who replied in an exciting tone. He kept on talking and backing slowly towards the edge of the camp, and then suddenly sprang into the brush and was gone. The men were now convinced that the absent hunter was dead, and that the squaw had imparted the intelligence to the fugitive guide. The missing man was Peter Gerwick, from near Toledo, Ohio, whose fate was probably never known by his relatives.

Early in the morning the animals were turned out to graze, and Jones, who was lying down and watching them climb the side of a hill that led to a grassy table-land, observed a peculiar action on the part of a fine, large mule that led him to spring up with the exclamation, "Boys, there are either deer or Indians up there." Grasping their guns, he and one other rushed up the hill, and saw fifteen or

twenty Indians driving off the animals. They instantly fired upon them, and the whole camp came charging up the hill, and the Indians fled without their expected spoil. One mule was shot dead with an arrow, and him the men left, taking the other animals back to camp. After breakfast they visited the unfortunate mule, and found that the Indians had secured a fine steak from his carcass.

A party of nine then set out in search of Gerwick, led by his hunting companion of the previous day. They found his trail and followed down the creek opposite Oak Bar, nearly to the river, when it suddenly disappeared. This was the last trace ever found of him, save that a negro in the party the next year at Scott Bar, claimed to have recognized the missing man's pipe in the possession of a Shasta Indian. They returned to camp late that night. They could hear Indians in the mountains, and arranged an ambushade for them in the morning. Several red shirts were hung on the bushes, five men concealed themselves in a neighboring thicket, and the balance of the company took up the line of march. They had gone but a short distance, when a dozen Indians appeared in camp, and began to appropriate the garments, chuckling over their good fortune. Their pleasure was but brief, for a volley from the thicket sent them on the keen run for the river, into which they all plunged. How much damage was done the men could not tell, but two of the fleeing savages seemed to sink beneath the water, and it was supposed they had received their death-wound. That night the camp was made on the north bank of the Klamath, a mile above the mouth of Shasta river.

The next day, Jones, Bean and three others made a rude log raft, on which to place guns, clothing and tools, and swam the river, bound on a prospecting tour up Shasta river. Having gone some distance up the stream and the day being nearly gone, they struck across the ridge in the direction of camp, finally going down a gully that led into the Klamath nearly opposite the camp. A short distance ahead they descried a little column of smoke, curling upward among the trees. Crawling cautiously up, they discovered fifteen or twenty Indians seated in an open space, around a fire, cooking their supper. A volley was poured into them and they fled, most of them going up the hill, while three took refuge in a thicket a distance down the gully. When they advanced into the camp, the attacking party discovered that the cooking supper, whose savory smell had saluted their nostrils, was composed of juicy steaks, cut from the mule shot two days before. Among the abandoned trinkets in the camp, was a German cap, relic, probably, of some unfortunate man, which Fnoch Belange seized upon and thrust into his bosom.

Satisfied that if they desired to get back to camp alive they must clear the Indians out of the thicket and impress them all with the idea that the whole camp was after them, they laid their plans accordingly. Bean, Belange, and one other made a detour and stationed themselves at the lower end of the thicket, while Jones and the fifth man, a Swede, entered the upper end to drive out the foe. They advanced through the brush, yelling and crashing, endeavoring to make enough noise for the dozen men

they were trying to represent. The three frightened Indians ran out of the thicket in front of the ambushed men, when bang, bang, bang went the guns and two of them were stretched upon the ground. The third went wing and wing down the gully, followed by Ed. Bean, the unsuccessful marksman, whose bullet had broken his intended victim's bow.

As soon as Jones emerged from the thicket and saw the condition of affairs, he started over the hill, to head off the fugitive when he should reach the river and turn down the stream. On flew the savage, soon distancing Bean, until he came to the river. Turning to the left, he continued his flight down the margin of the stream, running the gauntlet of half a hundred shots from the camp on the opposite bank, whose inmates had been aroused and put on the alert by the firing. These shots served but to accelerate his speed, and he fairly flew over the ground, until he saw something that caused him to stop so quickly that he nearly fell down. This was no less than Jones, standing about twenty yards in front of him, and taking deliberate aim with his rifle. The savage paused, his head and shoulders appearing above a large rock, drew a formidable looking knife, and faced his new enemy. A careful aim, a shot, and he lay dead with a bullet through his chin and neck, the men on the opposite bank cheering and shouting "Good, good, hurrah for the boy!" for Jones was then but nineteen years old.

While this was transpiring on the river bank, another scene was being enacted in the gully. Belange advanced upon the Indian he had shot, who lay upon the ground with a mortal wound. Fitting an arrow to his bow he waited for his slayer to approach, and with a last effort of his fast failing strength, buried the arrow deep in his enemy's side. Belange fell to the ground, the others gathered around him, pulled out the arrow and made him as comfortable as possible. An old Indian canoe, made by burning out the heart of a tree, once a good vessel but now in a very dilapidated condition, was fortunately discovered, and in this the wounded man was ferried back to camp, the others swimming and pushing the boat. All were satisfied that he had received a mortal wound, and one of the men, the only church member in the party, went to his tent and prayed with the sufferer. He was from Plymouth, Indiana, and had left a little daughter behind him, for whom he now grieved, lamenting his untimely end at the hands of a savage in the wilderness. The wound was a long, ugly-looking gash in the side, and it was supposed that the head of the arrow was still buried in it, but a visit to the battle ground by Jones and Bean the next morning resulted in the finding of the arrow with the bloody head still upon it. The intelligence worked like magic upon the fast sinking man, and he began to amend rapidly. It was then discovered that his life had been saved by the cap he had thrust into his bosom at the Indian camp-fire, and which, alone, had prevented the arrow from going, possibly, clear through him.

While in camp here the party was joined by a company under Rufus Johnson, who had followed from the Salmon, making the company then sixty strong. Notwithstanding their numbers, there were but a few who were willing to remain in this