

We fossicked here for four weeks before any other diggers came to disturb us, and in that time obtained 120 pounds' weight of gold among the party. Then some other men put in an appearance, and the gully was soon rushed. In two months from the date of our discovery there were 1000 diggers there busily at work, and many tons of gold were taken out. The creek was called after our thirsty mate who first saw the gold, and was known after as Stewart's Diggings.

Winter was now coming on, and I decided to go to Yreka for a spell. We divided our gold, and I found I had sixty-one pounds' weight for my share. I found Yreka a very comfortable place to winter in, but everything was frightfully dear. The tracks were all snowed up, and the mule-trains could not travel, so that there was at times a scarcity of provisions. However, I could obtain all I wanted, having plenty of money, and enjoyed myself accordingly. There were three large gambling saloons in the settlement, into which I often strolled, but, with my early Californian experience of "monté," I did not try my luck at the tables. Most of the miners from the outlying diggings made the town their winter-quarters, and, as every one had plenty of gold, the place was pretty cheerful.

In the spring of 1852 I left Yreka for the Salmon River, at which place a new rush was reported, where the diggers were getting gold in immense quantities, and as yet there were very few at the place. I saw one party start out for the new rush, and on the following day I was on the road, with nine others, each mounted on a mule, and leading another with our swags.

We had pretty difficult country to pass through, but managed to cover thirty-five miles the first day, and camped on the bank of a creek. It was a glorious moonlight night; we hobbled the mules and turned them out, keeping two made fast near the tents to get in the rest with in the morning, cutting a lot of wild peas, which grew here in great profusion, for their forage. In the middle of the night the two tethered mules commenced snorting at something and broke away in terror; one of the men got up and looked out, and roused us all up saying there must be Indians about. We immediately armed ourselves and sallied out; one of the men, accidentally stumbling, discharged his pistol, and wounded himself in the leg. Two of the men fired at something ahead of us, and rolled it over; when we got to the spot we found it was a huge grizzly bear they had killed. In this part of California the grizzly bear, panther, and Californian lion are very plentiful. There had been other bears about that night evidently, for all our mules stampeded, and it took all the next day to get the mob together again. The rest of the party went to collect our mules, and I remained in the tent with our wounded comrade. Our party did not return till near nightfall, and during the day we heard a great many reports of firearms, and my patient, Jones, would insist that our mates were engaged with the Indians, and we passed a day of terrible anxiety. However, they all returned safely, and during supper we asked them what all the firing was about; they were surprised at the question, and said they had not heard the firing, and had not fired a shot that day. While we were talking we heard the Indian war-whoop.

We immediately flew to our rifles and prepared for a scrimmage; another whoop was borne on the wind, and at the same time a party of twenty well-armed diggers rode up to our camp.

These men were *en route* for the Salmon River, our destination, and, leaving Yreka some hours after us, had overtaken us. We agreed to travel together, and felt pretty safe with this strong addition to our forces. Many of the new-comers were originally from Oregon, and were well used to Indian warfare, having had many tussles with them theretofore. We formed ourselves into watches that night, ten men in each for so many hours. Just at daylight one of the watches saw an Indian crossing the creek, and gave the alarm. We were up in an instant and took our arms; at the same moment a volley of arrows flew over our camp from the top of the creek bank. We at once charged up the bank and came face to face with about seventy Indians, with eight mules loaded with swags, evidently stolen property. We fired as fast as we could, and wiped-out forty of the savages, and captured the mules, the rest taking to flight. We returned to camp, had breakfast, packed our mules, and started once more on our journey.

We got about two miles on the road when we came across nine dead bodies of diggers, who had been apparently bound for the same place as ourselves, but had been waylaid by the murderous Indians and slaughtered mercilessly. There were also two dead mules; those we had taken from our foes that morning had belonged to these poor fellows, and we were thankful that they were amply revenged. We dug a large hole and buried the bodies together; some of them had many