

J. G. Hallick, William White, Samuel Frame, and ten others, well armed and mounted.

The first night they camped in Shasta valley, near Mr. Caldwell's present ranch; the second night at Soda Springs. The next day they crossed Squaw Valley mountain, from the top of which they were enabled, by the smoke of its fire, to locate an Indian rancharia between where Hudson Wells' milk ranch and John Hibbs' place now are. Waiting on the mountain until the darkness of night should cover their movements, they proceeded cautiously towards the miserable wickiups in which the thieves were sleeping, unconscious of the near approach of an enemy. Arriving at the rancharia, they found it to be occupied by some half dozen bucks and the usual complement of squaws and children, a small detached band. The presence of three of the stolen horses attested the fact that the thieves had been found, and the men dismounted, left their horses in charge of one of the company, and advanced stealthily upon the camp. Completely surrounding it, they lay concealed until daylight, the better to see their victims when they made the attack.

What a scene was that the gray light of early morn disclosed to the watchful eye of nature; without, a circle of determined men, rifles in hand, awaiting with impatience the time to commence the work of death; within, a few rude huts in which lay the intended victims, eyes closed in slumber that soon would be closed forever in death. Who among them would be the first to fall? It was left to chance to decide. As the advancing day grew bright in the east, and the surrounding objects lost gradually their fantastic appearance, and under the deepening light resumed the rigidity of their outlines, one of the slumberers slowly opened his eyes and crawled from his lodge. Rising to his feet, with a deep grunt of satisfaction, he drew in a long breath of the invigorating morning air, and stretched his sleepy limbs. That breath was his last. The watchful eye of an ambushed foe was upon him, the ready rifle was raised, the eager finger, grown impatient by waiting, pressed the trigger, and the first victim lay dead upon the ground.

The whole camp was aroused and rushed from their wickiups only to fall before the sure rifles of the encircling foe. It is a brief story. Five minutes saw every occupant of that little camp pass from a quiet sleep to the endless slumber of death. Utterly destroying the rancharia, the avengers returned home with the recaptured stock, satisfied that the Squaw Valley Indians would long remember their visit, and realize that they could not commit depredations upon the whites with impunity.

BIG BEND FIGHT.

Near George Fiock's place on Shasta river, about two miles east of Yreka, there is a spring to which it was the annual custom of the Shastas of this vicinity to resort for the purpose of making "big medicine," to aid them in fishing for salmon in the adjacent stream. In the early fall of 1853, when the Rogue River war was in progress, and the whites of this region were suspicious of all Indians, and possessed for them a no friendly regard, Tyee Bill of the Shastas, with some of his tribe, came to make the annual fish. Coming towards the town

from the south, they found J. G. Hallick and another man herding stock where the fair grounds are, and asked them if there was likely to be any trouble if they went to the river to fish. They were told that there ought not to be, but that the people were suspicious and easily excited at just that time, and if they went there they must be very prudent and careful in their actions.

The Indians passed on, going out the gap near Judge Steele's place instead of through the town. When they arrived at the river they at once repaired to the spring to make "medicine," and here their dancing and incantations were witnessed by George Heard, who rode hurriedly into town with the startling intelligence that the Indians were having a big war-dance at the spring. This created great excitement, and shot-guns, rifles and revolvers were brought to light, grasped by the eager hands of bold defenders, and a steady stream of men began to pour out of town towards the big bend of the Shasta, where the Indians were supposed to be preparing for an attack upon the town.

No sooner did Tyee Bill see the stream of armed men coming, than he beat a retreat with his band, but not until some of the whites had come close enough to open fire on them. A skirmish fight was maintained in the brush for a little while, during which H. T. Millett was accidentally shot by one of the whites, and then the Indians effected their escape. Such was the Shasta river fight, and it is but justice to remark that the Indians made no attempt to retaliate upon the whites for this perfectly unjustifiable attack.

THE CAVE FIGHT.

Along the Klamath and about Cottonwood there lived in the winter of 1853-4 a number of squawmen, among whom were Tom Ward, a gambler, and Bill Chance, a member of the Ben. Wright party. They had squaws belonging to Bill's band of Shastas, who made for their headquarters a large cave near Fall creek, on the north bank of the Klamath, some twenty miles above Cottonwood. The squaws having left them on account of ill-treatment they had received, and gone to the cave these worthy citizens went after them, but were told by the savages to take their departure immediately. They were not yet at the end of their resources. Returning to Cottonwood they reported that the Indians at the cave had in their possession a lot of stolen stock, and a company of volunteers was organized to go and recapture it. They went, and in the fight which ensued four of them were killed and several wounded, while the Indians drove them back to town.

The excitement and indignation in Cottonwood was great. The dead men, Hiram Hulén, John Clark, Wesley Mayden, and Jack Oldfield were all good citizens, as well as Joseph Rambaugh and others of the wounded, and they were unaware how they had been lied to and made a catspaw of by the squaw-men. As they looked at it, the Indians had not only stolen stock but had killed their friends. Word of the difficulty was sent to Captain Judah at Fort Jones, and he came up with a detachment of troops. A company of volunteers was organized, commanded by Capt. R. C. Geiger and Lieut. James