

curse, that even now is the sleeping infant, cradled on the pillow of freedom and good government—the infant that shall, ere many days, grow up the raging monster, if not choked in his cradle. That patriot, we repeat, shall be unto you even as the Father of his Country—even as George Washington! But oh! what a sound, what a surge of grating scorn, jarring sneers, contemptuous titter, shrewd ridicule, do our ears now witness! Ha, ha! Ha, ha!—Chinamen, Johns, Longtails, Celestials—dangerous to American liberties, are they? What visionary lunatic out of Stockton now? Capital!—he-he-he! Lord God Omnipotent! grant in thy wisdom and might that the verification of this prediction be never proven!

In order to pursue a due course in the narrative, it becomes necessary to depart from the path that has hitherto been followed along the river, in order to avoid the setting apart of a separate chapter or section for the locality which it is now proposed to treat of; said locality, though of consequence enough, by reason of its isolation does not justify a different arrangement.

Burnt Ranch, is fifty miles from Weaverville, fifteen miles from Hiampum, on the South Fork, and six miles from Trinity River by the trail; the author's information is at fault as to whom the honor is due of its first settlement, which took place in 1853. In 1854, it passed into the hands of one C. W. Durkee, to whose enterprising spirit its ascendancy into importance is principally due. It is natural that this place, situated on the line of travel between the chief points of trade in Humboldt and Trinity counties, must command an extensive traffic by reason thereof, as a public resort. Burnt Ranch contains about one hundred acres of rich agricultural land, inclosed, whereof an extensive orchard and vegetable garden is laid out. Dwelling and out-houses matching these uses as enumerated, have been erected by Durkee. The surrounding country is peculiarly fitted for grazing purposes, and a dairy would be just the thing for a ranchman. Being thus a highly desirable farming locality, it is none the less so in mineral respects, the ground yielding ample proceeds during the rainy season, even with less perfect means of extracting the gold. If water, the all-important lever of progress, be brought into

these diggings—and no insurmountable difficulties would attend the enterprise—the Burnt Ranch District would compare favorably with any in the county.

In the earlier days of the settlement of these regions, the Indians made oftentimes sad inroads into the same, and a few of these will find an appropriate place here, as they form part of their history. Once, in the latter part of 1854, they made a descent upon Burnt Ranch, then, as related above, occupied by Durkee, and killed or drove off nine mules and two oxen. A company of twenty was made up, who pursued the robbers across the Chapparel Mountain to the mouth of Hay Fork, where they overtook them and chastised them by killing seven of their number, and destroying their village. On their return towards Burnt Ranch, they destroyed also several of their villages along the banks South Fork, and took one prisoner, in the person of a little girl. The chastisement thus inflicted does not seem to have had the awe-inspiring effect aimed at: for it is found that shortly afterwards a number of them, armed with bows and arrows, together with a small proportion of firearms, made their appearance again in a threatening manner before the ranch. Their first warlike demonstration this time was at the bar-keeper, whom they drove into the house, perhaps to perform some duty towards them appertaining to their "spirituous" wants and in his line; if this was their object they failed, by the timely intervention of one brave white man, who—the story relates—managed them so dexterously as to make them all prisoners—seven in number. In order to take the best advised action for their treatment, an estaffette was dispatched to the river, calling together twelve men, to act as counselors of war. The council in session, upon knowing the nature of the trouble, decided that they send two of the prisoners in search of the stolen property, while they keep the rest as a ransom for their reappearance within twenty-four hours, with the understanding, of course, that the abducted chattels be restored within such time. Now the messengers were also duly informed of the rigor and immutability of martial law, which, in case of their lagging behind the stipulated twenty-four hours, would determine the mortal existence of the ransomed prisoners. The two prisoners, liberated to carry out

these articles of exchange and armistice, made their fellow-prisoners in the enemy's camp pay the forfeit of their speed and bottom, that in this instance was outstripped by time: they never returned, and the five men were shot according to "agreement."

To attach censure to the proceedings so far, would be to overthrow the prevailing system of Indian warfare, which is necessary, perhaps, if not just. The manner of carrying out the behest of the court martial was this: The prisoners were tied together and put in a file, a good marksman placed twenty steps in front of each victim, when upon the word "Fire!" they all fell, a sacrifice to their own temerity and the cowardice of their own brethren. It being now at dusk in the evening, the men left the bodies on the ground till in the morning, when it was intended to bury them. The morning came, and lo! one of the bodies had disappeared. The poor Indian who thus escaped, had only received a glance of the bullet dispatched for his death, and being merely stunned, he soon recovered consciousness, gnawed the rope in twain, and lived to brag of the feat before white men, when it subsequently became safe for him to show himself in their presence.

The sequel to this story is, that necessity and self-preservation obliged the whites to continue the killing off of the Digger superfluity during the winter. Among the killed—in all, eleven or twelve—was one of the prisoners ransomed by his comrades to effect the liberation of themselves, as above related. These skirmishes with the Indians were not without obstinate contests on their part, which is seen from the fact that Mr. Durkee was twice severely wounded, once in the back, and once in the under lip, when a superb set of front teeth caused the arrow to glance off, and thereby saved his life. An Indian by name of Klamath Jim fought with the white men against his brethren; it has been accounted him of honorable merit, and mentioned accordingly.

Now it matters not to ourselves or to history, how it has been thought or spoken of; for our part, we shall laud Klamath Jim when we learn to cherish the memory of Benedict Arnold.

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