

of twelve men came down and entered upon the search, only to find that the Indians had murdered Jerome Dyer and Daniel McCue, on the Applegate, where they had gone on their supposed way to the Klamath lakes. A day or so later the Indians, finding their way blocked for escape to the eastward, surrendered to the troops and were taken to the Fort for safe keeping, as there were no regularly constituted authorities to receive them, and if once allowed to go out of the power of the soldiers would infallibly have been killed by the citizens, as indeed they well deserved. The Indians, fourteen in number were brought up to the reserve, but Chief Sam put in forcible objections against their being allowed to come among his people, saying that some whites were endeavoring to raise disturbances among the latter, and their own good name would suffer, etc. To this Captain Smith and Agent Ambrose assented, and provided a place for the Indians at Fort Lane, where they were kept under guard, as much to prevent whites from killing them as to discourage them from running away.

The next sequence of events that deserves notice, constitutes the "Humbug War," well known by that name in Northern California. The whole matter, which at one time threatened to assume serious proportions, grew out of a plain case of drunk. Two Indians—whether Shastas, Klamaths, or Rogue Rivers there is no evidence to show, but presumably from the locality of the former tribe—procured liquor and became intoxicated, and while passing along Humbug creek in California, were met by one Peterson, who foolishly meddled with them. Becoming enraged, one of the Indians shot him, inflicting a mortal wound; as he fell he drew his own revolver and shot his opponent in the abdomen. The Indians started for the Klamath river at full speed, while the alarm was given. Two companies of men were instantly formed and sent out to arrest the perpetrators. The information that an Indian had shot a white man was enough to arouse the whole community, and no punishment would have been deemed severe enough for the culprit if he had been taken. The citizens found on the next day a party of Indians who refused to answer their questions as they wished, so they arrested three of them and set out for Humbug with them. While on the road, two of the three escaped, the other one was taken to Humbug, examined before a justice of the peace and for want of evidence discharged. When the two escaped prisoners returned to their camp, it was the signal for a massacre of whites. That night (July 28) the Indians of that band passed down the Klamath, killing all but three of the men working between Little Humbug and Horse creeks. Eleven met their death at that time, being William Hennessy, Edward Parish, Austin W. Gay, Peter Hignight, John Pollock, four Frenchmen and two Mexicans. Excitement knew no bounds; every man constituted himself an exterminator of Indians, and a great many of that unfortunate race were killed, without the least reference to their possible guilt or innocence. Many miserable captives were deliberately shot, hanged or knocked into abandoned prospect holes to die. Over twenty-five natives, mostly those who had always been friendly, were thus disposed of. Even infancy and old age were not safe from these "avengers," who were composed chiefly of the rowdy or "sporting" class.

Meantime some had said that the Indians who had committed the massacre had gone north. On the dissemination of this report, preparations for a pursuit were rapidly made, and about the first of August five companies of volunteers started for the north side of the Klamath. These were commanded by Captains Hale, Lynch,