

moved on fair and prosperous until '57, when the Indian war broke out in Jackson County, Oregon. The warfare soon spread to the coast, and then our trouble began. The settlers became alarmed, and some of them moved to Crescent City. However, I began to build a fort by digging a trench about three feet deep around the house and well. I then got logs ten feet long, splitting them in two and standing them on end, one flat side in and one flat side out, chambering the round sides together so as to be bullet proof. I also made a bastion on two opposite corners, so that we could enter them from the inside of the fort, and from our portholes look along two of the outside walls from each bastion. I always kept plenty of guns and ammunition on hand, and one man, my son, and myself, with the family, held the fort, while the other families moved to the city while the men were engaged in the war. Just before the close of the war five or six roughs engaged in killing all the bucks they could find. They had already surrounded two small villages and

killed twenty or thirty of the inhabitants.

One town of this character was located on my land near the beach, and was very ancient. This village contained about one hundred persons. The roughs threatened this town also, and stated that they would kill my Indian boy, who had lived with me about three years, and who had been a faithful boy. As my Indians became much alarmed with their situation, many of them came to me crying for protection.

One day three of the roughs came to my house to kill my boy, when some sharp words took place, with serious threats, but they finally left the house. Knowing as I did that my Indians had done no harm, and were true and trustworthy, I felt it my duty to do what I could for them. So the following morning, at break of day, I mounted my horse, armed with my shotgun and pistols, and started with my boy to Crescent City, where I left him with a friend of mine. Then, going to the city authorities, I asked permission for