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He leaped the bank nobly, leaving my hat and almost my head among the branches, and with two or three frantic bounds came shock against two dragoons with carbines at rest, and nearly unhorsed them. An explanation followed. They had seen us on the hill and had been cautiously sent around to intercept us.

We met the army, composed of forty dragoons and sixty infantry, under the command of Lieutenant Davidson from Benicia. It seemed that the winter before two men, Kelsey and Stone, who had a large band of cattle pasturing near Clear Lake, had been killed by Indians. The soldiers had been sent up to avenge the murder, and had made a frightful slaughter of the Indians. Being told that a tribe on Russian River had something to do with the murder, and with the killing of the cattle, the soldiers then crossed the mountains to attack that tribe. They brought with them an Indian guide. The story of the fight — or more properly slaughter — was briefly given as follows :

The Indians had taken refuge in a few acres of timber and brush in a bend of the river, and shouted defiance. The dragoons then fired the brush woods through and through, when the infantry entered and picked off every Indian that could be found. Then the rancheria was set on fire, and the soldiers boasted that the tribe was exterminated.

We were not allowed to visit the battlefield that day, and went down the valley with the soldiers to our camping ground of the night before, which I found occupied by the rest of my party. Our camp was on the western side of the river and but a few yards from it. The ranch house was about a quarter of a mile away on the other side of the stream. The soldiers camped about a hundred yards away from us to the west.

A curious incident occurred that night. My San Francisco *compagno* and I made up a bed together under a small tree. It was a warm and moonlight night, and we undressed as we would for a civilized sleep. He remarked on lying down that he felt more secure than he had any night since we

had been out. The Indians, he said, had been taught a wholesome lesson which would have a lasting effect, and we could now go ahead with safety. In all the trip I had a loaded rifle under the edge of the bed at night, and a revolver under the pillow. Some time past midnight my bedfellow gave a sudden start, threw the blankets over me, and started on a run, shouting "Murder! Indians!" I was sleeping with my hand upon the revolver, and sprang instantly to my feet, cocking the revolver as suddenly; he had not made ten feet before I was up and looking all around. I saw not a living thing but himself. The night was bright and still. The vision took in the plain around almost as distinctly as in the glare of day.

A guard was set about half way between the soldiers' encampment and ours. My bedfellow, with only a pink calico shirt on, rushed with long strides past the guard, who would have fired their carbines but for his shouts in unexceptional English; nor did he stop until he had plunged headlong into Lieut. Davidson's tent. In a few seconds I saw that officer rush out in undress, and his clear voice rang out on the night air: "To arms! horse!"

A hundred soldiers rose as one from the plain, a rush was made for the horses picketed a few yards away. The move was too sudden, — cavalry horses, pack mules, and all took fright, pulled up their pickets and stampeded.

The air was a little chilly and I returned to my blankets. I could hear the hoofs of the runaway horses pounding the turf farther and farther away for some minutes. The lieutenant meanwhile proceeded to put on his clothes and prepare for battle. By the time he got his boots on he was convinced there had been a false alarm, and upbraided my bedfellow for it.

But he met the reproach with vehement assertions that our party was all murdered. The lieutenant knew better, and drove the frantic man away. The Doctor, as we called him, moved cautiously toward our camp, and had to be reassured by the guard that we were all alive before he ventured to

