

who proved to be the advance guard of a company of Oregon volunteers sent out by the governor of that Territory to protect the large immigration expected that year. The company was commanded by Captain Jesse Walker and Lieutenants Westfeldt and Miller, William Hill being the orderly sergeant. Although bound on the same mission, the Siskiyou company did not wait for the main body to come up, as it was encumbered with a large train of supplies, but pushed rapidly ahead, eager to be the first to reach the Indian country and have a brush with the savages. That night they encamped near the natural bridge on Lost river.

The next morning they crossed and moved down the stream until they came to Tule lake, when they continued along its shore to the eastward. On the edge of the tules where the trail led it was very muddy, and the horses had great difficulty in getting along. Finally, two pack animals mired completely down, and the men were engaged in unloading them, so as to help them out, when they were saluted with a volley of arrows from the tules. Completely surprised by this sudden attack from an enemy that they had no idea was in their vicinity, they were thrown into confusion, some of them wishing to abandon the mired animals, and seek safety in flight. A half dozen resolute ones were able to get the animals liberated, however, and all gathered on a little ridge of high ground to consult on a plan of operations. From this point of view the Modoc rancheria, which had before escaped their notice, was plainly visible some three hundred yards distant in the tules. The water was a little over knee deep, and the few brave ones in the company were convinced that they could drive out the forty or fifty hostiles that occupied it, but the balance of the men were afraid to attempt it, insisting upon an immediate return to the Oregon company for aid. While they were discussing the matter, Hallick suggested to White that he try the range of his new rifle upon a knot of a dozen redskins that were clustered in the rancheria. Elevating the sights, White rested his gun across the back of his horse, took careful aim and fired. At the report of the gun all of the Indians scattered but one; he sprang into the air and fell dead upon the ground.

The company then went back to meet Captain Walker and his men, falling in with them on Lost river. A detail of forty men was made to go with five of the Siskiyou company and attack the savages. They went into the marsh on foot, horseback, and in a boat, the Indians fleeing before them and making no resistance. The rancheria was completely destroyed, and the men returned to the camp at the mouth of Lost river. The two companies united in their efforts and established headquarters on Clear lake. From here a dozen of the Oregon volunteers and half a dozen Siskiyou men, under the command of Lieutenant Westfeldt, went down the trail as far as the big bend of the Humboldt to meet the coming immigrants. Here trains were made up of the scattered parties, and sent along as rapidly as possible, escorted by four or five of the men as far as headquarters. From there another escort took them as far as Lost river, from which point the route was considered perfectly safe.

When the expected Siskiyou families had all

18

passed through, the company returned home, save Marvin Stone, Newton Ball and J. G. Hallick, who enlisted for scout duty in Captain Walker's command and remained till November.

The emigrants had been annoyed this season and the year before by the Piutes, who stole their stock, and it was decided to punish them. The last train that came in had lost some animals, and on the third of October Captain Walker started on a trail from the mountains east of Goose lake leading north-east, having sixteen men. After going eight miles he came upon a band of Indians, whom he pursued north forty miles. On the second day he came upon them fortified on an immense rock, from thirty to one hundred feet high, near where Captain W. H. Warner had been killed in 1849. This he called Warner's rock. The top could only be approached on one side, and they made a furious attack upon the stronghold from that direction; but after having one man, John Low, wounded, they abandoned the attempt. They passed to the north, crossed through Warner's pass, and two days later attacked a rancheria in Goose Lake valley and killed two Indians. He then went to the camp on Goose lake, and prepared for another trip to Warner's rock.

Taking twenty-five more men, he, traveling by night, arrived in the vicinity of the former battleground in the darkness. A careful reconnoissance showed that the savages, unconscious of danger, had come down from the butte and were living on the bank of a creek. To effect the desired object the command should have been dismounted and the camp entirely surrounded, but instead of this the men advanced on horseback, forming a half circle about the camp, on one side of the creek only. They were particularly charged not to shoot until it was sufficiently light to distinguish an Indian from a white man. This injunction was disobeyed, so eager were they all to shoot the first Indian. Silently they waited for the coming of day, and just as the gray streaks of dawn appeared in the east, an old brave arose from near the fire and stood up. This was too much for the patience of one of the men. He drew a bead on the unsuspecting brave and killed him on the spot. The whole camp started to its feet with cries and shouts, while from three sides a deadly volley of bullets was poured into the confused mass of frightened savages. The survivors escaped across the creek and fled to the hills or to the brush further up the stream, followed closely by the whites, who succeeded in killing a great many.

A most curious incident is related by Mr. Hallick in connection with this pursuit. While several men were engaged in the chase they overtook a young brave, and one of them shot him dead. Just as he was pulling the trigger, they heard the brave shout in good English, "For God's sake, don't shoot me, I'm a white man." He spoke too late. They made no examination of him, simply noticing that he was dark like an Indian. He was dead and they were too excited and eager to kill more to care about the matter. As English was then unknown by the Piutes, they all felt satisfied that this was a white boy that had been stolen by them years before, probably from some murdered emigrants, and raised among them, and by exposure and living after the