

region, on account of the Indians, and a few days later they passed down the Oregon trail to Shasta.

Although the fear of Indians was strong upon the majority of the party, there were some who were valiant enough when it was perfectly safe to be so. One of these was a big Irishman, who crossed the river the morning after the fight and boldly scalped the savage Jones had killed, exclaiming, "Bejabers, yez hev no right to be an Injin." This trophy he fastened to his bridle, and bore it with the proud mien of a conqueror.

#### BLOODY POINT IN 1851.

In the early part of February, 1851, a party of six men, among whom were two brothers named Smith and a French Canadian who had formerly been a trapper in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, was passing from Oregon to California, on the old emigrant road by way of Pit river, and camped one night near the famous Bloody Point, on Tule lake. During the night a swarm of Modocs surrounded their camp, poured in upon the travelers a cloud of arrows and made the air shudder with their demoniacal yells. All night long the six beleaguered men lay hidden in the tall grass, firing their guns whenever the form of an enemy was exposed for an instant to their view. The Indians, armed simply with their bows and arrows, had great respect for the loud-speaking rifles, and when the gray dawn of morning began to light up the scene, they hastily departed, leaving their intended victims to pursue their journey unmolested. Upon comparing notes, it was found that the Canadian was wounded in the head and one of the Smiths in the arm, but neither of them seriously. Several of their assailants had been seen to fall during the fight, but a search failed to reveal any "good Indians," and it was evident that they had been carried off by the others. The six men retraced their steps to Oregon, and soon afterwards came to Yreka.

#### BEN. WRIGHT AND MODOCS IN 1851.

In the summer of 1851, a number of men had taken up land claims in Shasta valley and cut large quantities of hay for the Yreka market. Besides the ox-teams they used to draw this hay to town they all had more or less horses, cattle and mules. The Modocs were in the habit of swooping down upon these at night and running them off over the Eutte Creek mountains. N. D. Julien, still living in the valley, was a heavy loser in this way. Late in the summer they stampeded a corral full of animals near Butteville, getting away with forty-six fine mules and horses, twenty-five of which belonged to a pack-train owned by Augustus Meamber, then on his way to Yreka with a load of goods. There is no doubt that the Indians received credit for a great deal of stealing done by white men, for there was an organized band of stock thieves operating here at that time, who lost no opportunity to lay their own guilty deeds upon the shoulders of the Indians. After this last act, however, which was certainly the work of Modocs, a volunteer company was organized to punish the depredators. One of the men who offered his services was William R. Fanning, now living at Grant's Pass, Oregon, and the following account of the formation of the company and the events of the expedition is substantially

the same as contained in a letter received from that gentleman.

A notice was circulated through Yreka and vicinity, that a meeting would be held on a certain day at the ranch of one Brown, who lived a few miles from Yreka, for the purpose of organizing a company of men to chastise them, and, if possible, to recover the stolen stock. A few men appeared on the appointed day and camped to await the arrival of a sufficient number to make the proposed expedition a success. They kept dropping in by twos and threes, until, in a few days, quite a number of men were collected together. By a unanimous vote we decided to send for Ben. Wright, who was then living at Cottonwood, some twenty miles from Yreka. He came at once upon being informed of the opportunity to hunt redskins, and was pressed to take command of the company. This he declined to do, saying that he preferred to do his fighting in the ranks. We then elected for captain, Samuel Smith, a rancher, and induced Wright to act as scout and guide. This suited him exactly, giving him an opportunity to gratify that restless, dare-devil spirit for which he was famous. The company was composed of about twenty men, mostly miners from the vicinity of Yreka. I have forgotten a portion of them, but among them were, Samuel Smith, captain; Ben. Wright, scout and guide; George Rodgers, Morris Rodgers, Henry Smith, brother of the captain, William Brown, William Kershaw, Lin. Abel, Frank Tomlinson, Frank Fawset, Jacob Rhoads, John Onsby, Augustus Meamber, William R. Fanning, an old Spaniard called Dobe John, another Spaniard whose name is forgotten, and two Oregon Indians who had come in with Wright from Cottonwood.

N. D. Julien furnished a quantity of beef, which we jerked or dried for use while on the march. Having prepared the beef and obtained other provisions in sufficient quantity, everything was placed on pack-animals and all was ready. We were all mounted, each man armed with rifle and revolver. Proceeding eastward in the direction of the Modoc country, we camped after an easy day's journey, and some time in the night the Indians stampeded our horses, but we succeeded in recovering them. The next day we found the trail of this party and followed it all day without overtaking them. In the afternoon of the second day the country became so very rocky that we lost the trail. Wright, accompanied by one of his Indian friends, started out to hunt it, while the rest of the party camped. They did not return that night, and we thought that our brave scout and his companion were certainly killed. On the afternoon of the next day, however, they came in and reported that they had found the trail and an Indian village, the latter situated on Lost river. Wright said that he and his fellow scout had looked at the village from the summit of a high hill, unseen by its occupants; that considerable stock was being herded near the rancheria, and estimated the number of savages at two or three hundred men, women and children. Of course we were all anxious to rush off and fight them, but Wright advised us to wait until the next day, when, by starting early in the morning, we could have time to reach the village before night; then to ride near enough to make

all necessary observations, and without appearing to notice anything in particular, pass on as if we were merely a party of travelers; that we should then camp at quite a distance from the village, go back in the night and attack them at daylight. He said that was the way to fight Indians, and to take them at a disadvantage in any other way was impossible. We decided to do as he advised, and started on our journey at daylight the next morning. About the middle of the afternoon we passed the village, and the Indians ran out to look at us, but without seeming to notice them at all we rode on and camped some eight miles away. Some of the Indians followed and kept us in sight till we camped, when, probably thinking we were too far away to molest them, they returned to their village. We turned our horses out to graze in charge of two men, and leisurely proceeded to get supper.

An hour after dark our horses were brought in, saddled up, and everything put in readiness to move camp at a moment's notice. Leaving them in care of five men with orders to bring them on at daylight, the balance of us started for the village. When we passed it that afternoon we all supposed it to be on the opposite side of the river, so now we crossed the stream at the natural bridge where the water was but a few inches deep, several miles from the village, and passed quickly along the bank. Approaching the rancheria we were chagrined to find that the crookedness of the river had deceived us, and that the village was on the other side. The stream at that point being only thirty yards wide but so deep that to cross it was impossible, we decided to stay and fight them from across the river. They were in total ignorance of our proximity, and at daylight an Indian stepped out of a wickiup and uttered a peculiar sound. Instantly three or four more, evidently guards, came in from somewhere and entered the tent. The one who had come out untied a pony which was picketed within a stone's throw of the tent, and led him up in front of it, when Wright said in a low tone, "We will commence by shooting that Indian." Two of us who were standing at his side fired, killing the savage instantly. The Indians came rushing out of their wickiups in confusion, and fought desperately for a while, having nothing but bows and arrows and protecting themselves with shields made of tule rushes, old tin pans, etc. Several men were wounded by arrows which were shot with great force and precision. As soon as they found that their shields would not stop bullets, they began to waver and hunt for shelter. We fired as fast as we could load our rifles, reserving our revolvers at Wright's suggestion, to be used if we should come to close quarters. After a short resistance they took to their heels and deserted the village. The men who had brought on the pack and saddle animals according to orders, heard the noise of the contest and broke into a wild gallop towards the battle-ground. Discovering the Indian canoes and supposing the fun was on our side of the river, they left the animals and crossed over. Thus we were enabled to reach the village without difficulty, where we found some sixteen dead Indians. In the tents we found a great deal of hair, which, beyond a doubt, was taken from the heads of white people whom they had murdered. We captured several

head of horses, but found nothing else about the village of any value to us. We then mounted our horses and camped a few miles beyond at a nice spring of water.

At this place we remained several weeks, occasionally sending out scouting parties and scouring the country in all directions. In these raids we found several head of horses and cattle, which we drove into camp, killing the cattle for food. After much difficulty we managed to communicate with the Indians, and induced them to come into camp to make a treaty. Wright talked plainly to them, and they finally agreed to bring in the stolen stock and refrain from molesting the settlers, on condition that the white men would leave their country and not trouble them again. In pursuance of this agreement they brought in a few head of horses and cattle, saying that was all they had, though we had good reason to believe they had more. Believing they were pretty well whipped and anxious for peace, and as the weather was quite cold, provisions about all used up, etc., we thought it best to return home. Accordingly we took what stock we had and retired in the direction of Yreka, reaching a small stream called Willow creek in the evening. That night the Indians attacked us, shooting arrows into our camp, though without doing any damage, and succeeded in stampeling our animals so as to get away with eleven of them. We came to the conclusion that they needed a better drubbing than we had given them, and four of us started to Yreka for provisions for a new campaign. When several miles from the camp on our return we met some men who had come out to escort us in, fearing we would be cut off. Those of our party who had remained in the Modoc country had not been idle. On the morning that we started after provisions they went in pursuit of the band that stole our horses and overtook them. A running fight was maintained for several miles, a number of Indians being killed and a few horses recaptured. The Indians took refuge in the tules on Lost river, where the men could not follow them on horseback. The water and snow were about knee deep, partially frozen, and the mixture of snow and ice was pleasant to no one but a Modoc. Finding the Indians were beyond their reach they returned to the camp on Willow creek to await our coming, in the meanwhile discovering a village in the tules near the mouth of Lost river. A consultation was held, and in pursuance of a suggestion from Wright, we started at eleven o'clock of the night of our return from Yreka, striking the river some distance above the village, which, as we rode quietly down the stream, we discovered to be on an island in the midst of the tules. The Indians became aware of our approach, and collected on the opposite side of the stream and opposed our crossing with a cloud of arrows. It was just light enough for us to see that the water was shallow, but fearing our horses would become mired if we rode in, we dismounted and all but five of us charged across on foot, through water two feet deep and as cold as water ever gets without freezing. The Indians scattered in all directions and hid in the tules, but we made directly for the island, surrounded it and took about thirty prisoners, all of whom but three were women and