

cipline, elected officers, and from thenceforth stood guard at night, and were on the qui vive by day, of which the hostile tribes may have been possibly aware for they let us severely alone.

Looking back from three-score, for thirty years brings before you vivid pictures of life and your associates. Especially is this so when your life at thirty was thrown among stirring scenes, and your companionship was with men of the early time who met danger with the cool skill of veterans. The captain of our party was Pleasant Armstrong, of Yamhill, and our Lieutenant, Joe Bailey. Armstrong was a man of mature years, of savant character and great natural courage and caution, who inspired confidence as well as respect. Joe Bailey was one of several brothers, most of them older, but Joe was a man among men, as brave as a lion, cool and inspiring by nature one of those men born to be popular leaders. The short experience of that journey left an impression on my mind concerning him that is pleasant to recall, because it is a pleasure when your head is grey to look back and count the men you have known who were above the average, and both these men were nature's noblemen. The young men of our company naturally liked Joe and he accepted their popular regard with a quiet modesty and unassuming confidence that aided his popularity. If I am not mistaken both Capt. Armstrong and Joe Bailey afterwards were killed in battle with Indians. I tried to trace the history of the younger man, but soon after heard that such was his fate.

The gold of Rogue River did not glitter in our way, and we did not discover it, but within a year rich diggings were found on the ground our party prospected on that stream, and millions of treasure came out of it. In course of time, after traveling 450 miles in all, our train reached what is now Yreka, but was then called Shasta Butte City, because the great mountain was not far to the eastward of it. Returning in after years, I recognized the spot where the stage road crosses the creek, in entering the town, as the site of my "tom," where the biggest day's wages I ever made was \$12.37. I might have got rich cutting and hauling hay in Shasta valley, for I had a scythe with me, but with dull infatuation I sold the scythe

for \$50, when I could as well have had \$75, and so threw away another opportunity. One of our party I remember was Michael Cosgrove, from French Prairie; others have never returned to Oregon, and the *personnel* of the expedition is confined by my memory to a few persons.

Shasta Butte City, was an agglomeration of tents and clap-board shanties, and presented a graphic picture as it shimmered in the summer sun. Here were pack-trains coming and going. Gamblers were in profusion, and the gambling haunts were great social centers. The place was ignorant of any attempt at a hotel, though grub could be had for a dollar a rough meal. Some Oregon family, I recollect, had struck a bonanza by driving thither some milk cows that the girls milked and tended, a business that panned out better than ordinary placer mining. Those were wild times, when Indian alarms were frequent, and calls for volunteers a common occurrence. Sometimes we heard of great strikes, and one nugget was unearthed valued at \$2,200. Shasta plain was soon a worked out placer, though not distant was a mining camp that bore the significant name of "Humbug," that belied its title by turning out millions of treasure. Whether the placers paid me or not, it was worth all it cost to gather experience from such wild fountains, and the sight of that grandest of mountains, Shasta, looming up in the east, dwarfing the tremendous ranges and mocking the whiteness of the clouds, combining majesty and beauty in one startling *coup d'œil*, was worth more than I can tell.

When I returned to Oregon General Joe Lane and Governor John P. Gaines were holding a grand council on the banks of Rogue River, trying to make peace with the hellish tribes of that region. A temporary peace was fixed up, but when the mining interests of Jackson county led to settlement of that valley, these fiends made war with a savage ferocity hardly equaled in the annals of time.

The history of any mining camp of that early day, would be replete with startling incidents, for which gambling would generally afford the cause. Mining was finally prosecuted late in the season, over on the Klamath. Such an incident occurred one beautiful Sunday morning, and it is doubtful if so thrill-

ling a murder and terrible a judgment was ever before realized in so brief a time. Sunday was the miners' holiday, the gamblers' harvest. On that Sabbath day, amid the pines that stood sparsely near the river, the camps were set. Under a tree about a gambling table had gathered a crowd of packers, miners and others, and close by the long row of apparahoes and cargo showed that a pack train was not far off. Some miner, it seems, had been unusually "down on his luck," and by continued losses was reduced to his last half dollar. Miners are superstitious, and holding his last piece in his hand thus, he looked around and asked: "Is there any man here who never bet on a card?" The crowd pushed forward a tall, awkward youth, whose looks bore out the assertion of his friends that he had never bet a dollar. He tried to escape, and even refused to become in any way a participant, but the urgent request of the ruined gamster, aided by the entreaties of his own friends, overcame his scruples. Not even knowing the meaning of his act, he placed the coin upon the table, and as it won changed it from spot to spot. Following one of these freaks of fortune that are occasionally surprising, his winnings rapidly doubled up, and in less time than it can be told, without a word being uttered, the bank was broken and the novice in faro, who was a young man of irreproachable character from way down in Maine, turned quietly to leave the scene. At this moment the owner of the broken bank, seizing a bowie knife, shouting: "By G—d, no man with such luck as that shall live," stabbed him to the heart and he fell dead. The scene was terrific. Miners and others in large numbers had watched the game, as the circumstances created unusual interest. These closed in around the table. Gamblers' too, had gathered around their comrade, and they now tried to rally to his defence. It seemed certain that the bloody episode must culminate in further horrors, when suddenly some outsider seized a lariat from the pack saddles near by, and making a loop, threw it accurately to the center of the crowd, where it was slipped over the gambler's head, and scarce a moment passed from the time he struck the fatal blow, when retributive justice had accomplished his fate and he was swinging to a neighboring tree.