

would ensue if they were not met by a supply of provisions. James Thomas, an auctioneer, took the letter in his hand and rode up Miner street, calling the people together. Before the crowd which quickly gathered the letter was read and a call made for volunteers and subscriptions. Such a call was never made in vain in a mining camp; volunteers and gold dust poured in thick and fast. Preparations were completed as quickly as possible, and a company of men, well armed, and with pack animals carrying a generous supply of provisions, started in the direction of Lost River, with the hearty cheers of the benevolent citizens of Yreka. Captain Charles McDermit, after whom Camp McDermit, Nev., is named, was in command of the expedition. When the Rebellion broke out Captain McDermit joined the army, rose to the rank of colonel, and died in battle with the Indians, in 1866, in Nevada.

The relief party encountered the first train of emigrants before reaching Lost River, who reported that they had been annoyed by the Modocs. They pushed on through the Modoc country, and after passing Tule Lake met a party of eight or nine men who had come across the plains with pack animals. Warning them to look out for the Indians, McDermit and his men continued on, while the packers resumed their journey towards Yreka.

The emigrant road after it crosses the divide between Clear and Tule lakes, going west, passes along the south base of a high ridge which terminates in a rocky bluff on the east shore of Tule Lake. Winding around this point of rocks on the very margin of the water, it opens out into a large flat covered with wild rye and grass. This was a favorite place of ambuscade, and has been well named "Bloody Point."

As the packers passed around the bluff at Bloody Point they were attacked by scores of Indians, and all save a man named Coffin were killed. This man cut the pack from one of the animals, charged through the yelling savages on horseback and made his escape. The Modocs, unlike most of the tribes of the West, were not horsemen, and were unable to pursue the fugitive.

When Coffin arrived in Yreka with news of the massacre the excitement and horror were great. Ben Wright was sent for, and within a few hours a volunteer company of twenty-seven men, bountifully supplied with arms, horses and provisions by the citizens, were riding in haste toward Tule Lake, to rescue the emigrants that were supposed to be following close behind the murdered packers.

Meanwhile the work of death went on in the Modoc country. At Black Rock Springs McDermit had met two trains, and had detailed three of his men, John Onsbey, Thomas H. Coats and — Long, to guide and guard them to Yreka. He then went on, distributing his men and provisions among the trains he met until both were exhausted.

It was about the 1st of August that the two trains referred to encamped on Clear Lake, but two or three days behind the packers. In the morning Coats, Long and Onsbey rode ahead to select a camping place for noon.

One of the trains remained behind to make some repairs, while the other, consisting of six wagons, thirty men, one woman and a boy, slowly followed the trail. The captain of this train was David M. Morrison, and the woman and boy were the family of W. L. Donnellan, who was with them.

As they crossed the divide and the road to Tule Lake was spread out before them, they could plainly see the Indians swarming in the rocks at Bloody Point, while the three guides were riding directly into the jaws of death. In vain they endeavored to warn them. Unconscious of danger the men rode on, passing around the fatal point, and were never seen alive again. The sound of rifle shots was soon borne to the anxious ears of the emigrants, telling the story of a brave defence, while the silence that followed was vocal with its tale of death.

The train moved slowly on, and the Indians again concealed themselves in the rocks and tules to await their new victims. As the emigrants rounded Bloody Point, they were greeted with a shower of arrows and yells that might well fill their hearts with fear. Two men were wounded. These were placed in wagons, and the others, divided into a front and rear guard, kept the savages at bay with the few rifles they possessed until they reached the open flat, where they made a corral of the wagons and retired within it for protection.

The Modocs, well hidden among the rocks and tules, bombarded the corral with arrows, though their fear of the rifles kept them at so long a range that they did but little damage. The day wore away and the darkness of night settled around that beleaguered camp and its distressed occupants, many of whom scarcely hoped to see the light of another day. Oh, the horrors of a night spent in the midst of savage enemies! Only one who has experienced them can realize their hours of agony. What form the attack will take, or from what point the enemy will appear, are unknown; the faintest sound is magnified into a footfall, and the slightest waving of the grass becomes the form of a crouching, creeping savage.

Intervals of fierce yelling and then a profound silence, followed by an attack upon the camp, first on one side and then on another, succeeded each other throughout that terrible night. At one time the Indians set fire to the wild rye, and made a rush upon the corral under cover of the smoke; but a counter fire built by the emigrants burned out and met the other, leaving a clear space across which they dared not come. A howl of rage and a shower of arrows told of their disappointment and anger.

At length the welcome daylight came, and the men began to dig for water. The lake was only a few hundred yards away, but the tules on its bank were full of savages, and to reach it was impossible.

As noon approached the Modocs were seen to again take their stations among the rocks at Bloody Point, and by this they knew that the other train was approaching. With that train was an old mountaineer who had seen Indians before, and knew better than to run into a trap when he could see it plainly before him. Roads were nothing to him; and when the emigrants were listening