

with gun in hand, for the enemy to stick his roll of blankets full of arrows, left him in no good humor, and when he discovered, in the morning, that a large pack train had been in camp not far away, and that he could have slept by his fire in safety, he was mad enough to have shot one of his tormentors and taken his chances on the other two.

The massacre at Blackburn's ferry, a crossing of the Klamath, was but one of the many scenes of blood which marked the intercourse of the two races for several years. The ferry was established in the spring of 1851, and was under the charge of the man from it derived its name, who was living there with his wife and three assistants. The proprietors were Gwin R. Thompkins and Chas. McDermit. Blackburn and his wife occupied a small shake shanty not far from the river bank, while the three assistants slept in a tent near by. Between these was an open space, used for a kitchen and dining room. Mrs. Blackburn was a noble woman, of that pioneer class who have been led by love to follow the footsteps of their idol into the very heart of the wilderness. She noticed, one day, that the stock of bullets was nearly exhausted, and with the usual promptness of such people, at once molded a large quantity. The ferry had never been molested by the Indians, and they felt no unusual alarm, yet that very night had been fixed upon for the massacre of them all. As the evening shadows blended in a universal gloom, the Indians gathered in the forest about the abode of their intended victims, and waited until their eyes were closed in peaceful slumber and the place was wrapped in a mantle of silence.

When the night was so far advanced that they felt free from the interruption of belated travelers, the savages crept stealthily to the tent where the three men lay sleeping, and commenced the

work of death. Besides bows and arrows, these Indians were armed with long knives, guns not having yet fallen into their possession. Two of the men were instantly killed, while the third, badly wounded, sprang to his feet and rushed toward the cabin, crying loudly for help. He had taken but a few steps, when he fell, under the blows of a dozen

Indians who had remained outside the tent. Aroused from their slumber by the cry and sounds of struggle, the inmates of the cabin hastily barricaded the door and prepared for defense. Their arms consisted of two rifles and a revolver, and, thanks to the woman's care, a plentiful supply of bullets. The night was dark, and the foe could not be seen, but their continued yells and volleys of arrows were even the more horrible on that account. Blackburn maintained an incessant fire in all directions, his wife reloading the weapons as fast as he discharged them. All that long and terrible night the defense was made, until the yells died out about daybreak, and the enemy departed.

Early in the morning, three men appeared on the opposite side of the river, and shouted to arouse the ferryman. Blackburn emerged from the house and walked down to the boat, saying—

"I'm glad to see you, boys. They're all killed but myself and wife."

As he ferried them over, he related the details of the attack and how the defense had been made.

"Did you kill any of the devils?" asked one.

"I don't know; the night was dark, I could not see."

"Well, let us take a shin around and see what we can find. They always carry off their dead and wounded, and you never can tell whether any are killed or not."

"Here is one they didn't cart off," said one, as he noticed a body only a