

hundred yards from the house. "No," he added, "it is a white man."

They hastened to it, turned up the face to get a better view, and Blackburn exclaimed: "Great God! It is my father."

The old gentleman had not seen his son for ten years and had followed him to California. He started from Trinidad with a pack train, which camped that night some ten miles from the ferry. Too eager to wait, the anxious father pushed on alone and fell beneath savage knives in sight of his son's cabin.

The three men pushed on to Trinidad in haste, and the next day started back with ten volunteers to chastise the murderers—not only them, but any and all Indians they could find. A number of miles above Trinidad lies a body of water between the mountains and the sea, known as the Lagoon. Reaching this point they came upon a party of Redwood Creek Indians in canoes. Indians were Indians, and although these had nothing to do with the massacre, the men blazed away at them on general principles. It was one of the "strained relations." The savages jumped into the water and swam ashore, where a brisk battle was maintained for some time. Bows could not contend with guns, and the Indians soon fled, with the loss of two or three braves. That night the party encamped near a rancheria of Bald Hill Indians, which they felt justified in attacking for the same reasons as before. They intended to surprise them in the night, but the occupants of the rancheria became aware of their designs and silently imitated the Arabs. Foiled in this, the men pushed on the next day to Durkee's ferry, near the mouth of the Trinidad, where was a rancheria of the Klamath

River Indians, the same who committed the massacre at Blackburn's. When

night settled down upon the mountains they advanced to attack the camp, but found that the Indians had crossed the river. Durkee was one of those characters so common then, and by no means extinct now, known as "squaw men." The partner of his joys, and partaker of the luxuries of his cabin, was a squaw of this same band, and through her they received timely warning of the intended attack. A few had not yet crossed the Klamath, and the men sent them over the Styx instead. The party then disbanded and scattered through the mines.

As soon as the news of the massacre reached McDermit and Tompkins, proprietors of the ferry, they hastened to the scene with a party of friends, arriving in about three weeks. They found the place deserted, the ferry rope cut, and general ruin and desolation everywhere. While four of them were scouting along the river, they saw two Indians in a canoe, taking plunder away from the deserted cabin. They fired upon the canoe, killing one of the occupants, while the other swam to the opposite shore. He appeared not to know the range of a rifle, for he stopped when about three hundred yards away and leaned against a rock. Abisha Swain, now living in Etna, Cal., took careful aim at a bright red spot on his arm, where a bullet had struck him, and fired. That Indian never learned the range of a rifle. All efforts to punish the savages were now abandoned, as they had fled to their retreats in the mountains, and McDermit's party went up the Klamath and founded the town of Happy Camp, still one of the chief mining centers of that region.

H. L. WELLS.