

MASSAORE OF THE ROLF INDIANS.

The following account, furnished by one Yount, of a horrid massacre of friendly and peaceable Indians, is published in the *Alta*.

We have already made mention of a body of volunteers, under Lieut. Langley, known as the "Pitt River Rangers." These were not at that time a portion of Kibbe's troops—being what is styled an independent company—organized for the protection of the valley. This company got back into the valley the same day that Baily and his troops left, and encamped at Lockhart's Ferry, on the Pitt river, where they commenced carousing and drinking. That evening they formed the plan to attack the Rolf Indians, whose peaceable disposition we have already alluded to.

The company numbered twenty-one, and arrived at Rolf's ranch during the night. Rolf and his two men had been engaged in cutting hay under contract for the United States station. They had about sixty tons of hay cocked upon the meadow below his house. The attacking party approached and surrounded the camp of the Indians, which was about three hundred yards off. At daylight Rolf and his men were awakened by a firing, and then ensued a scene which our pen is inadequate to describe, and which, for fiendish cruelty, exceeds anything ever occurring to blot the fame of California. The story needs some of the embellishment of language. The plain, simple facts are horrible enough of themselves. The massacre was almost entirely of squaws and papposes—the greater part of the Indians having fled directly after the attack. The camp was taken completely by surprise, as the Indians knew that they were innocent of any depredations, and were confident of the kind feelings of the whites towards them.

take completely by surprise, as the Indians knew that they were innocent of any depredations, and were confident of the kind feelings of the whites towards them.

The attacking party rushed upon them—blowing out their brains and splitting open their skulls with tomahawks. Little children, in baskets, and even babes, had their heads smashed to pieces, or cut open. Mothers and infants shared the common fate. The screams and cries of the victims were frightful to hear, but no supplications could avail to avert the work of devilish butchery. It will scarcely be credited that this horrible scene occurred in Christian California—within a few days' travel from the State Capital. Humanity sickens at the thought. Many of the fugitives were chased and shot as they ran. Where whole families had been butchered, was indicated by heaps of bodies composed of the mother and her little ones. The children, scarcely able to run, toddled toward the squaws for protection, crying with fright, but were overtaken and slaughtered like wild animals, and thrown into piles. From under the haycocks, where some of them had taken refuge, they were dragged out and slain. One woman got into a pond hole, where she hid herself under the grass, with her head above water, and concealed her pappoose on the bank in a basket. She was discovered, and her head blown to pieces—the muzzle of the gun being placed against her skull, and the child was drowned in the pond. The ground was covered with blood, and the brushwood ranches, of which there were fifty or sixty, were filled with the dead bodies. Old decrepid squaws, young girls and infants, none were spared. Guns, knives and hatchets were used, but the favorite method appears to have been staving in the head with tomahawks. The blush of dawn shone upon this fearful spectacle, and still the massacre went on.

Some of these wretched creatures had lived with the very men who now struck them down. Thus they had become in a measure intimate with them, and had other claims than the common ties of humanity which ought to actuate every breast. But even this relationship did not suffice to save them. One of the butchers (Lee) had been attended while sick almost unto death by the Indian women, who had shown him all the simple kindness inculcated by their rude ideas of charity and hospitality. The wretched beings looked around in their terror; some of them recognizing the man whose life they had saved, cried out: "Lee! Lee!" raising their hands towards him with gestures of supplication, but in vain. Lee was among the most infuriate of the party, and afterwards boasted of the number of skulls he had split open, and ex-

every breast. But even this relationship did not suffice to save them. One of the butchers (Lee) had been attended while sick almost unto death by the Indian women, who had shown him all the simple kindness inculcated by their rude ideas of charity and hospitality. The wretched beings looked around in their terror; some of them recognizing the man whose life they had saved, cried out: "Lee! Lee!" raising their hands towards him with gestures of supplication, but in vain. Lee was among the most infuriate of the party, and afterwards boasted of the number of skulls he had split open, and exhibited his tomahawk, hacked and broken in the dreadful work. This is no sensation story, but a sober record of facts, as detailed by our informant—facts so fearful in their nature that one shudders in the act of recording them. Yet this iniquitous deed goes unpunished. Unpunished, did we say? A bill of nearly seventy thousand dollars is now before the Legislature awaiting payment, to be distributed in part among these crimsoned murderers! Many of the women were found butchered with their children in their arms—the mother's head blown or cut to pieces, and that of the child split in twain by tomahawks. In their blind and insatiate fury they killed one of their own party (McElroy) while firing into a bevy of squaws who had huddled together for protection.

When the slaughter was over, the shambles were examined, and more than sixty squaws and children, and ten Indian men, were found dead on the field. The murderers then returned to Rolf's house, and remained there a week within a few hundred yards of the charnel house, upon which the corpses were allowed to fester and rot in the blaze of day.

After the last squaw and child had been killed the brushwood ranches or huts were set on fire and the bodies burnt. The smell of burning flesh, the crackling of the flames, and the black smoke soaring up, was the closing scene of this tragedy, of which we cannot recall any parallel in our country's annals. The Indians crept down at night and carried away a few of the remnants of the bodies, and continued to do so until they became so offensive and decomposed that they could not be removed. The rest were left a prey to the buzzards, and the bones lie bleaching there yet unburied, for most of this band were with the group which passed through this city a few weeks since *en route* for their final home in the North, whither they were taken, as our readers will remember.

ODDAILY U

BLE SHEET.

NDAY MORNING, JANUARY 30, 1860.

PRACHY—That is more than I can tell.

CHASS—Except an individual has sufficient inter-
est in this country to file a declaration of his intention
to become a citizen, he ought not to be entitled to such a
privilege as this. Except I am so informed, I shall have

Federal authorities. I suppose that the object of this
resolution is to secure a proper number under the con-
trol of the State authorities.

An amendment in accordance with Mr. Kungle's sug-
gestion, calling for a supply of artillery, was adopted.

inn
is co
is m
men
tion