Indian Disturbances in the Klamath Reservation.

Three men arrived in town on Saturday from Crescent City, by way of the coast, and report the following adventure they had with the Indians at the mouth of Klamath.

On Wednesday last, just before they reached the river, on their way down, as they were ascending a point of hill, they suddenly came upon a band of about forty Indians dressed in war paint and armed with bows, knives &c. A whoop was given, and the men found themselves immediately surrounded, the Indians crowding upon them, appearing frantic with rage, some of them brandishing their long knives and making other demonstrations which led the men to suppose that they would be then and there dispatched; they were without arms and in boot. It seems, however, that a difference of sentiment prevailed among the Indians about killing their prisoners, and after a short consultation among the leaders, it was decided to take them to their rancheria at the mouth of the river and they were accordingly marched off. Here, they saw the dead body of an Indian—over which the squaws were mourning piteously. Some of the most blood-thirsty, Klamath Mike and Lagoon Charlie—as afterwards ascertained—among the number, could hardly be prevented from bowling them to pieces, and as t was, would taunt them by telling them how easily they could kill them if they wished, and what they would finally do with them. It was decided by the Indians, after arriving at their village, to keep the men over 'till morning. Mike, who could talk broken English, then said to them in an insulting manner, pointing to the round door of one of their huts, "go in there, and in the morning we will tell you what we will do with you." A guard was kept up all night, and in the morning the Indians had another pow-wow and a kind of war dance around their prisoners. They then bought their flour had come. One of them

...was kept up all night, and in the morning the Indians had another powwow and a kind of war dance around their prisoners. They thought their hour had come. One of them stated to us that he had been in the Rogue River war where the bullets whizzed about him, but he did not know what fear of Indians was compared with what he suffered at this time. They were finally placed in a canoe and taken up the River, as they supposed to a place of torture, but they were happily disappointed when they found themselves at the Indian Agency, or Government farm at Wah-kell, about five miles up. After the painful apprehensions they had suffered, their joy in finding themselves among white men again can only be imagined.

From Maj. Heinicke, the Agent, they learned that Klamath Mike, the day previous—the same on which they were taken-prisoners—had attempted to take his life with a yager, and would have succeeded, doubtless had not the Maj. knocked it aside in time.

The ball passed through his clothes near his person. The Maj. fired on Mike in his flight and it was thought wounded him. He had some followers, and some of the troops being near gave them a brush and killed fifteen of their number, and others are supposed to have died from their wounds. The Maj. told these gentlemen that he intended to demand Mike and enforce the demand; if refused by the Indians at the mouth of the River, which he did not think would be the case. He started down the river that day, as they left, and we have not since heard from them. Our informants, who give their names as James Matthews, R. H. Parris and —— Stephens, are strangers in this section, but we have no reason to doubt their story, besides they are corroborated by the Indians above, at the ferries on the Orleans trail. The dead body they saw at the rancheria was doubtless one of the number wounded by the soldiers on the Reserve the day previous, and under the state of excitement which must have been created by this conflict, it is really a wonder that...
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