

Nevada Journal, Volume 2, Number 42, 11 February 1853 — Untitled [ARTICLE]

[Back](#)

From the Sacramento Union, Feb 3d

Indian Robberies on Dry Creek—Arming of the People—Fights with the Indians, &c.

Mr. J. A. Benson communicates the following particulars of recent difficulties, between the people of his neighborhood and the Dry Creek Indians:

On Friday night last the house of Messrs. Bragg and Drew, situated on the Mokelumne river, near the junction of Dry Creek, was entered and robbed of a large quantity of goods. Mr. Drew, accompanied by another gentleman, went in search of the robbers, and from well founded suspicions entertained, visited an Indian rancheria not far off. Here they discovered a lot of the goods for which they were in search. They asked the Indians to deliver the goods over, as the property of Messrs. Bragg and Drew, which request they refused to comply with. A Chief of the tribe held a pistol over the head of Mr. Drew in a threatening attitude, and told him "if he didn't leave he would shoot him." Mr. Drew and his companion, not considering it prudent to remain longer, departed.

Information was dispatched throughout the neighborhood of these facts, with a request for an assembling of the whites.

In response to the summons, some sixteen persons assembled together, armed, and proceeded a second time to the Indian village. When the Indians saw them coming they ran from the cover of a thick brush, where they appeared to have been concealed or occupied, and took refuge in their houses. There were about twenty in all. The party of whites informed them that they did not come to fight, but to reclaim the goods. The Indians drew out of their houses, and one of them advanced among the whites.— Another of their number was seen to

raise a rifle, which he fired on the instant, at one of the party, fifteen or twenty paces off, but did not hit him.— The whites returned the fire unanimously, killing two or three of the Indians.— They then seized upon an Indian amongst them, who proved the same that had drawn the pistol over the head of Mr. Drew. Having tied him to a tree, while the Indians kept up a fire upon them from their houses, into which they had again retreated, the whites killed him and withdrew, but not until they had exhausted all their ammunition.

During the retreat, a young man named Gardiner, ignited a box of matches, and, running into the village, set a couple of the Indian shanties on fire, which were entirely consumed. Although several shots were discharged at him, he succeeded in joining his companions unhurt. The Indians, taking courage by the flight of the whites, sallied out, crossed Dry Creek, and kept firing steadily upon them, till they were nearly half a mile off.

Not deeming themselves sufficiently strong to renew the attack, messengers were dispatched all over the country for more men. A force of 30 or 40 were collected, our informant included, who armed themselves and went back on Saturday to complete their work of driving the Indians off, or exterminating them.

When the augmented force arrived in sight of the Indian village, the sun was about an hour high. But five or six Indians were seen, who fled as the party approached. Following in the pursuit, they found that the main body of the tribe had taken refuge on an island in Dry Creek, surrounded on all sides by a broad sheet of water. Having stolen all the boats along that stream or set them adrift, the party were unable to approach them. Their position was found to be regularly fortified by the cutting down of brush wood, and piling it up as a breastwork of defence. In reply to inquiries addressed to them from the shore, they said it was their chief who had committed the robbery, and that it was also in accordance with his com-

mands that they had fired upon the whites. They refused to give him up, and said, with true Spartan heroism, that if the whites desired to secure him, "they must come and take him."

In reply to this insolence, the whites again fired upon them. The fire was promptly returned, the Indians showing great bravery, and venturing to the very water's edge to discharge their pieces. Their bullets rattled about the heads of the whites in every direction, and to protect themselves, they were compelled to adopt the shelter of trees, logs, &c.

Night closing in, the party retreated, leaving the Indians masters of the field.

When Mr. Benson left, the whites were collecting in still greater force to make a third attack. In the meantime men were stationed along the Creek, at proper intervals, to keep a watch upon the movements of the enemy. Mr. Benson had himself served one whole night on duty, and thinks that the Indians are securely trapped.

None of the whites were killed in the different sallies, while it is believed that the Indians lost several of their number. When the Indians made their first sally upon the whites, crossing Dry Creek in the pursuit they proceeded to the house of a farmer residing near, and plundered his house. Success seemed to delight and embolden them very much, and should they be suffered to remain in their present fortified position, it is believed that their robberies and murders will become common throughout the neighborhood. Mr. Benson has promised to keep us advised of the various proceedings adopted against the Indians,

which shall be given to the reader as early as practicable after their receipt. The rascals have exhibited a courage which will secure their inevitable destruction; and although many may desire this result, the brave man will both pity and admire their fate, after the assumption of so bold a defiance in a populous country, where every man who is not a fellow Indian, is a foe.

THE HONEYMOON BOUND — With a great

portion of the population of San Francisco, the night previous to the sailing of an ocean steamer is one devoted almost exclusively to bacchanalian enjoyments. The lucky or luckless person who is about to undertake the short trip which was once considered an almost interminable journey, is fastened upon by an army of well-wishing friends, from whose convivial clutches it were sheer madness to attempt an escape, and he is borne about from one temple of the rosy god to another, offering libations to the winds and waves, and drowning the bitterness of the oft-repeated "good-by," in dozens of champagne and incomprehensible successions of every variety of exhilarating beverage. From the hour when the first melancholy ray from a street lamp makes darkness visible, to the moment when they turn pale beneath the opening eyes of the morning, the sound of revelry of the most fantastic description is heard in-door and out, each reveller coming to the natural conclusion that he must "make a night of it," in order to prevent the possibility of being too late for the steamer. No compromise with one's friends can be effected on such an occasion. A refusal or even a hesitation to comply with the ever-renewed invitation to "come up," or the slightest intimation of a design to fabricate an excuse, is *lese majeste*, and condemned with an uproarious unanimity that leaves the object of it in a hopeless minority. "The last glass" assumes a plurality and becomes a palpable misnomer; it is of the elasticity of *utta percha*, is multiplied to infinity, and serves only as a decoy, a species of "Willo' the Wisp," to lure the more backward into the toils of the tempter. It is reduced to a reality only with the first revolution of the paddle wheels, when the enthusiastic homeward-bound hiccups his last farewell, tumbles down the companion-way, navigates amid a labyrinth of bales and boxes, and finally, after a hopeless attempt to remember the number or whereabouts of his stateroom, turns into the most convenient berth at hand, which generally proves to

be that appropriated to the use of some vinegar-hearted maiden-lady of a certain age. The intruder, having been put to rights through the assistance of chambermaid and stewards, generally wakes up to a consciousness of his identity somewhere in the vicinity of Aca-pulco, and devotes the remainder of the journey to getting sober.—*S. F. Herald.*

RAILROAD TO THE PACIFIC.—Senator Gwin has introduced into the Senate of the United States, a most important bill, providing for the construction within ten years, of a *Railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean.* Its leading features are, that it is to have at its Eastern end *two* lines, connecting it with the Atlantic through the North and South respectively, and *two* at its Western end, connecting it with the Pacific through Oregon and California; that the contractors for its construction receive in payment alternately, sections of public lands forty miles through the State, and eighty miles wide, through the intervening territories; that at the end of thirty years it is to be surrendered to the United States; and that the mails, troops and other transportations of the Government shall always be free upon it.

WASHINGTON NATIONAL MONUMENT.—The contribution received at the office from the first of November to the second of December, amounted to \$9,202 30 —mainly subscribed at the polls on the day of the Presidential election. The expenditures for the monument during the first named month were \$2,633 24.

This article has been automatically clipped from the Nevada Journal 11 February 1853, organised into a single column, then optimised for display on your computer screen. As a result, it may not look exactly as it did on the original page. The article can be seen in its original form in the [page view](#).