

Shasta Courier, Volume 3, Number 5, 8 April 1854 — Is4iss Fight MB »*Clwrf Blw. [ARTICLE]

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Indian Fight on McCloud River.

Cow Creek, April 9d. 1854.

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EDITORS COURIER:—Some two weeks since a large number of animals were stolen from the ranches of Mr. Dryden and others on Stillwater, by the McCloud river "diggers," and notice being given, a party of citizens from Oak Run, Cow Creek, Dribbelbis' Ferry, Stillwater and vicinity, met at the above named Ferry, on the Saturday succeeding, and under the command of Capt. Johnson, crossed the Pitt and followed in pursuit the trail of the animals ten miles up the McCloud, crossed over and four miles farther up, thence westerly through a mountain pass into a deep cañon midway between the Sacramento and Cloud. Here we came upon a ranch lately deserted, where several of the animals had been killed; the remainder being driven in various directions into cañons and defiles of the surrounding mountains. Scouting parties were detached to ferret them out, and on the fourth day from the Ferry, just at sunset, ten of the party discovered their fires about four miles distant from where the first horses were butchered. At two o'clock next morning, sixteen of the company started for the ranch, and just at the dawn of day had the pleasure of taking a peep into their temporary encampment—halting a few minutes for light sufficient to draw a *hair sight*, we, by twos and threes completely surrounded them, and then the *charge*, and crack! crack! bang! bang! "Yopitoo! yopitoo!" echoed and re-echoed along that bloody gulch, till none

were left to tell the tale save one squaw and a small boy, taken prisoners, and one "buck" that escaped, and he left many a purple drop in his trail, being shot through and through with a rifle bullet. Fourteen lay dead within a few yards of their fires. On the day previous, one was shot on the bank of the river, making in all fifteen dead, one mortally wounded and two prisoners.

Since the severe chastisement near this same place, for the massacre of the Chinamen, they have *en masse* abandoned their huts along the river and fled to the mountains, daily on the move, camping but a night in a place.

Including the above number, sixty-three of the McCloud Indians, and forty on the waters of Cow Creek, Pitt and Sacramento have slept their last sleep within the last five months. A pretty good number; and a "few more of the same sort" will follow unless they cease stealing.

On our return, just above the mouth of the McCloud, two bucks were seen on the opposite bank, and upon promising them no harm, they swam over to us. They were then informed through a friendly chief (Numtarriman,) whom we had along, that if the leading chiefs on the McCloud would come in, and promise to stop further depredations, the whites, on their part, would lay by the rifle and permit them to fish on their favorite river. They appeared much elated at this and promised forthwith to make the same known, and probably in ten or fifteen days they will be at Johnson's ranch, the place designated for the talk.

This hasty sketch is written for your columns, agreeably to the unanimous vote of the company.

Respectfully, &c.. G. W.