

pearing most admirably adapted to the churning of butter. These were tried and found to fail, and have so far been invariably abandoned for the common rocker, which is, as I have before said, the best machine to be used in connexion with mere manual labour. Many of the new-comers were most wofully disappointed at the appearance of things, finding that gold, instead of lying scattered in "big lumps" over the earth's surface, was only to be obtained by the most severe toil.

About this time, reports were daily arriving at the settlements of outrages committed by Indians upon whites in the vicinity of the North and Middle Forks. A report which afterwards proved to be strictly correct, came to the mill, that a party of Indians had descended to the camp of five white men on the North Fork, while the latter were engaged in labour, had broken the locks of their rifles which were in their tents, and then fallen upon and cruelly beaten and murdered them. A large party, headed by John Greenwood, a son of the celebrated mountaineer, was immediately mustered at the mill, and started in pursuit of the Indians, and tracked them to a large Indian *rancheria* on Weaver's Creek. This they attacked, and after killing about twenty of them, took thirty prisoners, and marched to the mill. Here they underwent a trial, and six of them, having been proved to have been connected with the party who killed the white men, were sentenced to be shot. They were taken out in the afternoon after their arrival, followed by a strong guard, and, as was anticipated, a little distance ahead being allowed them, they ran. They had no sooner started than the unerring aim of twenty mountaineers' rifles was upon them, and the next moment five of the six lay weltering in their blood. Soon after this, several expeditions were fitted out, who scoured the country in quest of Indians, until now a

redskin is scarcely ever seen in the inhabited portion of the northern mining region. Their *rancherias* are deserted, the graves of their ancestors are left to be desecrated by the white man's foot-print, and they have gone,—some of them to seek a home beyond the rugged crest of the Sierra Nevada, while others have emigrated to the valley of the Tulares, and the whole race is fast becoming extinct.

After having remained some time at the mill, I returned to my old residence at Weaver's Creek. I found it deserted; the opening of the warm spring weather had drawn away the entire population, both of our settlement and the "Dry Diggings," to the richer *placers* of the golden rivers. I remained but a few days, when I proceeded to Sacramento City.