

Steel

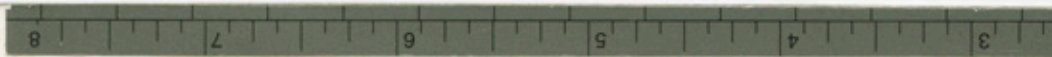
No 4

Suspect
Indian attack on Sawyer house
near
Union and Arcata Cal

After

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General and the
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Chapin



Five Miles north of Umon, (now Arcata), where the main road crossed Mad River, a settler, S. Daby, had established a ferry & located Government land. The house was a stopping place for travellers, well patronized, and the ferry property produced a handsome income. The surrounding neighborhood was not thickly settled. The ferry house was situated in a wild spot not far from the gloomy forests. Daby himself saw the advantages which were certain to accrue from an early settlement there, for he knew that the land when once cleared and under cultivation, would be remarkably productive. The Government price was exceedingly low. He could afford to wait for increase of values & profits.

Supper was on the table at the Daby House at 6 o'clock on the eve of June 6/62. Around the board gathered Mr. Daby & his wife their three children, Mrs. Danekin, mother of Mr. Daby, and a boy Geo. Danekin, Mr. Daby's nephew. In a tent near the house were two soldiers from Camp Caston, and on the place were also a Frenchman, named Peter Higet and a half breed Indian boy. Higet who took his meals with the family, had not come in. Mr. Daby went to the door and called Higet. As he did so a bullet whistled by him. Other shots were heard. Hastily closing the door, Daby said the Indians were firing at the house, and told the women & children to get under the bed in Mrs. Danekin's room. The back

part of the house being built into a bank, and the bed room being next to it, the retreat was a safe one so long as the house was not invaded. Mr. Danby, Mrs. Danckin and the four children were in the bed room a quarter of an hour, when Mr. Danby told them that their only prospect of escape was to run for the river. A fair trail led from the house to the river bank where the Canoes were tied. The winter flood had carried the ferry boat away. The inmates of the house and the two soldiers in the tent ran together towards the river. Mr. Danby had one child, Peter Injet had one, & Mrs. Danby had the 13-months-old baby in her arms. Before reaching the river one of the soldiers was shot. Twenty guns were flashing in the gathering dusk of the evening, and bullets were flying through the air in every direction. There were Indians on both sides of the river. Exposed to a murderous cross-fire, with the prospect of escape dwindling into hopeless nothingness, the men, women and children leaped into a canoe and pushed out into the stream. From the opposite bank sounded the report of fire-arms. A fusillade of shot splashed in the water as the boat drifted with the current. Mrs. Danckin was struck by a bullet & slightly wounded. Not far down the river was a thicket of bushes. Mr. Danby suggested that a landing be made there and the party separate on the bank for none could be saved if they continued on the canoe. The suggestion was followed, & the canoe landed. Mrs. Danckin went a few steps and fell, pierced by two bullets. Mrs. Danby,

with the baby in her arms, had gone a short distance when ~~the~~
 a bullet struck her in the right arm and she fell fainting to the
 ground. Although she was in a senseless condition for several
 minutes, she was dimly conscious of what was occurring around
 her. She heard her husband say to Biget: "He will hide the
 children in the bushes." Then she heard no more, and when
 consciousness fully returned she saw nobody but Indians.
 She picked up her baby and started toward the clump of
 bushes. The Indians surrounded her and robbed her of the
 money and jewelry she had about her person, taking
 her wedding ring from her finger. Having robbed her
 they told her to find "japoozes" and go to Union. (Arcata).
 She asked them: "Where is the little boy George Jackson?" &
 they answered: "Indians take the waugee boy; you go to
 Union, and send men with plenty money, and you
 get the waugee boy." Perceiving that the Indians did not
 intend to kill her or the children, she rose & went in
 search of the little girls. As she rose to her feet, she distinctly
 recognized the features of two white men among the savages,
 imperfectly disguised as Indians, who turned quickly and
 walked away. When she reached the nearest thicket
 she heard a voice say "Mamma!" and then she found the
 two girls, Lizzie, aged five, and Carrie, aged three years,
 now the wife of C. L. Dr. Howard, of Eureka.

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Carrying the baby and leading the girls, she walked two miles until she reached the forest, where, sick and weary, she hid the two girls at the foot of a tree where the dense undergrowth formed an impenetrable screen. Taking off two of her skirts she put one under and one about the children, telling them to be still & quiet till she returned for them. Again, with the baby in her arms, she started through ^{the woods} and the fields, reaching the Pigmore farm, three miles down the river. The house was deserted. She then went back to the road, and reached the Jones' farm, where there was only a sick man named Chapman and another man who watched over him. Chapman said to his attendant: "I am not afraid to stay here alone; you go and help Mrs Daby to town". The man carried the baby and they started for Union. It was two o'clock in the morning. When they got to the main road they met a great crowd coming up from Union, among them a physician and Mrs Daby's father and brothers. Mrs Daby went on to Union, and the crowd of citizens went to the river. Mr Daby, when the family separated at the river, had escaped unhurt, and carried the news of the attack to Union. The two soldiers also got in that night, both seriously though not fatally wounded. The relief party from Union carried the dead body of Mrs Damskin to town.

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at daylight. They had been unable to find the two little girls, & were about to give up the search in despair, when a fortunate idea was carried into execution by Mrs Dabig's youngest brother, John Dauskin. A valuable dog belonging to the family was still on the place. John Dauskin called to the dog and said: "Jingo, go find the children." With what seemed to the excited men as more than brute intelligence, the dog led them eagerly into the forest - and at the very spot where the mother had left the children, stopped & growled, as if directing further search. Parting the intervening boughs and brambles, the men saw the children lying there, locked in each other's arms, fast asleep.

Only Mijet, George Dauskin, and the half breed ~~was~~ Indian boy remained to be accounted for. The half-breed was wounded in the thigh, and after a desperate fight, in which he killed two of his assailants, he escaped, crawling to Union in his disabled condition, reaching the town on Saturday night. It was the general supposition that Mijet had been killed and George Dauskin carried into captivity by the Indians. Rewards were offered and searching parties organized, but with no avail. The day passed and neither Mijet nor the boy was heard of. The Dauskin family as a last resort employed friendly Hopa Indians to make enquiries

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about the fate of Nizet & the boy, promising them a liberal reward for reliable information. At the end of nine days the Hoopa Indians returned and reported that they had ascertained the fate of the missing. The attacking Indians, they said, tried to capture the boy, but Nizet picked him up in his arms and ran to a large log which spanned the stream. Half way across the stream Nizet was shot, falling to the water below with the boy in his arms. They fell into a deep pool, where a powerful eddy whirled them around and around and dragged them down to death. When their bodies were recovered the arms of Nizet still clasped the form of the boy, loyal even in death.

It was a ~~miraculous~~ miraculous thing that any escaped from the ruin unharmed. Besides being wounded in the arm, Mrs Daby had two bullet holes in the ruffles of her dress. There were three holes in the baby's dress. Dr. Daby had a bullet hole through his hat. The Daby family never returned to their farm. The Indians burned the building and drove off the stock, and the land passed into the possession of others.

Specie

No. 4.

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Superior M.S.S.
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Subject
Indian attack on Dobney house
near
Union now Arcata Cal

Chapman

No. 11.

12th April 1871
Chapman No. 11
" No. 11 B "

Chapman
Chapman's and Chapman's
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Five north of Union, (now Arcata), where the main road crossed Mad River, a settler, S. Daby, had established a ferry and located Government land. The house was a stopping place for travellers, well patronized, and the ferry property produced a handsome income. The surrounding neighborhood was not thickly settled. The ferry house was situated in a wild spot not far from the gloomy forests. Daby himself saw the advantages which were certain to accrue from an early settlement there, for he knew that the land when once cleared and under cultivation, would be remarkably productive. The Government price was exceedingly low. He could afford to wait for increase of values and profits. Supper was on the table at the Daby House at six o'clock on the eve of June 1862.

Around the board gathered Mr. Daby, his wife and their three children, Mrs. Danskin, mother of Mrs. Daby, and a boy Geo. Danskin, Mrs. Daby's nephew. In a tent near the house were two soldiers from Camp Gaston, and on the place were also a Frenchman, named, Peter Nizet and a half breed Indian boy, Nizet who took his meals with the family, had not come in. Mr. Daby went to the door and called Nizet. As he did so a bullet whistled by him. Other shots were heard. Hastily closing the door, Daby said the Indians were firing at the house, and told the women and children to get under the bed in Mrs. Daby's room. The back part of the house being built into a bank, and the bed-room being next to it, the retreat was a safe one so long as the house was not invaded. Mrs. Daby, Mrs. Danskin and the four children were in the bed-room a quarter of an hour, when Mr. Daby told them that their only prospect of escape was to run to the river. A fair trail led from the house to the river bank where the canoes were tied. The winter flood had carried the ferry boat away. The inmates

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crossed Mad River, a settler, S. Baby, had established a ferry
and located Government land. The house was a stopping place for
travelers, well patronized and the ferry properly produced a
handsome income. The surrounding neighborhood was not thickly
settled. The ferry house was situated in a wild spot, not far
from the gloomy forests. Baby himself saw the advantages
which were certain to accrue from an early settlement there, for
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profit. Supper was on the table at the Baby House at
six o'clock on the eve of June 1882.
Around the board gathered Mr. Baby, his wife and their three
children, Mrs. Bannakin, mother of Mrs. Baby, and a boy Goo.
Bannakin, Mrs. Baby's nephew. In a tent near the house were two
soldiers from Camp Gaston, and on the place were also a Frenchman,
named, Peter Nizer and a half-breed Indian boy, Nizer who took
his meals with the family, had not come in. Mr. Baby went to the
door and called Nizer. As he did so a bullet whistled by him.
Other shots were heard. Hastily closing the door, Baby said the
Indians were firing at the house, and told the women on their
to get under the bed in Mrs. Baby's room. The back part of the
house being built into a bank, and the bedroom being next to it,
the retreat was a safe one so long as the house was not invaded.
Mrs. Baby, Mrs. Bannakin and the four children were in the bedroom
a quarter of an hour, when Mr. Baby told them that their only
prospect of escape was to run to the river. A fair trail led
from the house to the river bank where the canoes were tied.
The winter flood had carried the low boat away. The invasion

of the house and the two soldiers in the tent ran together towards the river. Mr. Daby had one child, Peter Nizet had one and Mrs. Daby had the 13-months-old baby in her arms. Before reaching the river one of the soldiers was shot. Twenty guns were flashing in the gathering dusk of the evening, and bullets were flying through the air in every direction. There were Indians on both sides of the river. Exposed to a murderous cross-fire, with the prospect ^{of escape} dwindling into hopeless nothingness, the men, women and children leaped into a canoe and pushed out into the stream. From the opposite bank sounded the report of fire-arms. A fusilade¹ of shot splashed in the water as the boat drifted with the current. Mrs. Danskin was struck by a bullet and slightly wounded. Not far down the river was a thicket of bushes. Mr. Daby suggested that a landing be made there and the party separate in the bush for none could be saved if they continued in the canoe. The suggestion was followed, and the canoe landed. Mrs. Danskin went a few steps and fell, pierced by two bullets. Mrs. Daby, with the baby in her arms, had gone a short distance when a bullet struck her in the right arm and she fell fainting to the ground. Although she was in a senseless condition for several minutes, she was dimly conscious of what was occurring around her. She heard her husband say to Nizet: "We will hide the children in the bushes". Then she heard no more, and when consciousness fully returned she saw nobody but Indians. She picked up her baby and started toward the clump of bushes. The Indians surrounded her and robbed her of the money and jewelry she had about her person, taking her wedding ring from her finger. Having robbed her they told her to find "papooses" and go to Union. (Arcata). She asked them: "Where is the little boy George Danskin"? and they answered: "Indians take the wangee boy; you go to Union, and send men with plenty money, and you get the wangee boy". Perceiving that the

of the house and a two soldiers in the tent together towards
the river. Mr. Baby had one child, Peter Nisset had one and Mrs.
Baby had the 15-months-old baby in her arms. Before reaching
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children leaped into a canoe and pushed out into the stream.
From the opposite bank sounded the report of firearms.
A fusillade of shot splashed in the water as the boat drifted with
the current. Mrs. Panakin was struck by a bullet and slightly
wounded. Not far down the river was a thicket of bushes. Mr. Baby
suggested that a landing be made there and the party separate in
the bush for none could be saved if they continued in the canoe.
The suggestion was followed, and the canoe landed. Mrs. Panakin
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with the baby in her arms, had gone a short distance when a bullet
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and robbed her of her money and jewelry she had about her person,
taking her wedding ring from her finger. Having robbed her they
told her to find "paposes" and go to Union. (Arrest). She asked
them: "Where is the little boy George Panakin?" and they answered:
"Indians take the waggos boy; you go to Union, and send men with
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Indians did not intend to kill her or the children, she rose and went in search of the little girls. As she rose to her feet, she distinctly recognized the features of two white men among the savages, imperfectly disguised as Indians, who turned quickly and walked away. When she reached the nearest thicket she heard a voice say "Mamma!", and there she found the two girls, Lizzie, aged five, and Carrie aged three years, now the wife of G. L. M. Howard, of Eureka.

Carrying the baby and leading the girls, she walked two miles until she reached the forest, where, sick and weary, she hid the two girls at the foot of a tree where the dense undergrowth formed an impenetrable screen. Taking off two of her skirts she put one under and one above the children, telling them to be still and quiet till she returned for them. Again, with the baby in her arms, she started through the woods and the fields, reaching the Prigmore farm, three miles down the river. The house was deserted.

She then went back to the road, and reached the Janes' farm, where there was only a sick man named Chapman and another man who watched over him. Chapman said to his attendant; "I am not afraid to stay here alone; you go and help Mrs. Daby to town". The man carried the baby and they started for Union. It was two o'clock in the morning. When they got to the main road they met a great crowd coming up from Union, among them a physician and Mrs. Daby's father and brothers. Mrs. Daby went on to Union, and the crowd of citizens went to the river. Mrs. Daby, when the family separated at the river, had escaped unhurt, and carried the news of the attack to Union. The two soldiers also got in that night, both seriously though not fatally wounded. The relief party from Union carried the dead body of Mrs. Danskin to town at daylight. They had been unable to find the two little girls, and were about to give up the search in despair, when a fortunate idea was carried

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into execution by Mrs. Daby's youngest brother, John Dansk^skin.

A valuable dog belonging to the family was still on the place. John Dansk^skin called to the dog and said; "Jingo, go find the children". With what seemed to the excited men as more than brute intelligence, the dog led them eagerly into the forest-and at the very spot where the mother had left the children, stopped and growled, as if directing further search. Parting the intervening boughs and brambles, the men saw the children lying there, locked in each other's arms, fast asleep. Only Nizet, George Dansk^skin, and the half breed Indian boy remained to be accounted for.

The half breed was wounded in the thigh, and after a desperate fight, in which he killed two of his assailants, he escaped, crawling to Union in his disabled condition, reaching the town on Saturday night. It was the general supposition that Nizet had been killed and George Dansk^skin carried into captivity by the Indians. Rewards were offered and searching parties organized, but with no avail. The days passed and neither Nizet nor the boy was heard of. The Dansk^skin family as a last resort employed friendly Hoopa Indians to make enquiries about the fate of Nizet and the boy, promising them a liberal reward for reliable information. At the end of nine days the Hoopa Indians returned and reported that they had ascertained the fate of the missing.

The attacking Indians, they said, tried to capture the boy, but Nizet picked him up in his arms and ran to a large log which spanned the stream. Half way across the stream Nizet was shot, falling to the water below with the boy in his arms. They fell into a deep pool, where a powerful eddy whirled them around and around and dragged them down to death. When the bodies were recovered the arms of Peter Nizet still clasped the form of the boy, loyal even in death. It was a miraculous thing that any escaped from the river unhurt. Besides being wounded in the arm,

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Mrs. Daby had two bullets holes in the ruffles of her dress.

There were three holes in the boy's dress. Mr. Daby had a bullet hole through his hat. The Daby family never returned to their farm. The Indians burned the buildings and drove off the stock, and the land passed into the possession of others.

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