

## THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN HI GOOD.

BY DAN DELANEY.

All of the early settlers of Butte and Tehama counties will remember the name of Harmon Good, or, as he was familiarly known, "Hi Good," the Indian Hunter.

But little is known of his early history by the people of this State, but many here were familiar with his manhood, and have a lively recollection of his daring deeds. His noble and self-sacrificing defense of the lives of the people in Butte and Tehama counties, and the protection he afforded their property against the ravages and depredations of savage Indians, will form a bright page in the history of these counties, and will be read with interest by all who are capable of admiring good and noble traits of character in man, or who can appreciate gallant bearing and unshrinking courage.

Harmon Good was born in the State of Ohio, and was a descendant of an ancient and honorable family. In appearance he was a most remarkable man. He was tall and muscular, with black piercing eyes, long shining black hair, regular and exceedingly handsome features, and a carriage so erect and commanding as to impress the belief that he was born to lead. When the author of this sketch first knew him he was about nineteen years old, full of vigor and energy, and in all matters touching the interests of the section in which he lived taking a decided and distinguished leadership. No one approached him without discovering his peculiar fitness to guide and direct, and all acquiesced in his leadership. The companions of his Indian fights and hunting excursions attest the fact that a more daring or trusty captain could not be found.

In the year 1857 there existed a band of savage Indians in the neighborhood of Good's ranch in Tehama county, who were making frequent raids upon the section. Finding a number of them one day engaged in stealing his corn, and having no weapons, he charged upon them with stones and put them to flight.

A few days after, he in company with myself and two others, went to the adjacent mountains in pursuit of a large bear that was disturbing the herds and flocks of the neighborhood. We found the den from distinct signs. It covered about three acres of ground, and was situated at the base of a tall and overhanging bluff, and surrounded with a dense thicket. Good asked of his companions who would venture to enter the den with him. But one could be found whose courage was equal to the task. Robert Anderson, now living in the county, bade him lead and he would follow. After two hours of absence, and of anxiety to those who were waiting without, employed in scouting the thicket and searching the den, Good and Anderson returned to us, not having found the bear. The evidence of bravery was as great as if they had captured the bear.

In the Spring of 1858 a family living on Antelope creek, Tehama county, was murdered and considerable stock driven away by the Indians. Good, with five others started in pursuit. After thirty-six hours' tramp the company came upon the trail, and for some considerable length of time followed the same. They discovered at dark, by the gleam of the camp firelight, their resting place. At dawn of day the small force surrounded the encampment. Good fired the first shot, and with savage yell rushed within the camp, his trusty rifle dealing death at every volley. The rash daring of the man struck terror to the savages and so confused them that they could not fight with any judgment or success. Not one of the Indian hunters was

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touched, whilst every dusky devil that had occupied the camp was a ghastly corpse.

In 1861, the Indians attacked one Thomas Allen near Keifer's Mill, Butte county, and killed him, and within one mile of the same place and on the same day they murdered two of Mr. Heacock's daughters, fourteen and sixteen years old, and captured and carried off their son, nine years old. Captain Good, on receiving news of the massacre, immediately raised a company of six men, and started in pursuit. Following some forty or fifty miles, they found the boy most brutally murdered and his body covered with stones. Captain Good returned in person to the valley, secured a coffin and went back and brought the corpse to Chico. Ten men, with Good as their leader, again started in pursuit. After fifteen days' travel, by day and night, an Indian camp was discovered. Waiting for the nightfall, the company quietly surrounded the camp, and when the morning broke the fight began. The savage yell of Capt. Good at each crack of his rifle, drowned the shrieks of the dying. Twenty Indians were killed and seventeen captured. Capt. Good brought his prisoners to his home, and there kept guard of them, feeding them at his own expense, until he was able to send them off to the Reservation.

In the Summer of 1863 the Indians killed near to Dogtown, two of Mr. Louis's sons, aged respectively seven and eleven years, and took away with them a little girl of about nine years of age. Making quick flight, they pressed the tender child to travel forty miles in one day, but notwithstanding the fatigue of such a march, she effected her escape through the night and made good her entrance to the town of Chico. That girl was a heroine. Good was again the avenger. He never ceased until he slew the last Indian connected with the horrible tragedy.

In the Fall of 1861, Mrs. Moore, an elderly lady about seventy years old, and mother of Mr. Thomas Moore, at present living near Chico, was killed by the Indians on Singer creek, near to Oak Grove, Butte county. Good with his trusty Indian-hunters, pursued for a number of days, and killed eight of them, and found in their camp many things stolen from the residence of Mrs. Moore.

In 1863, a party of Indians stole from the ranch of A. J. Carter on Deer creek, four horses, and set fire to the barn. Robert Anderson, one of Good's companions, discovered the fire, and at once divining the cause, went to Good's ranch to inform him. The two followed the Indians to a deep cut and there surprising them they killed three of them.

In the year 1865 the Indians stole and drove off from Good's ranch a number of cattle. Missing the cattle, Good took two men and went after them. They found them drying the beef they had killed. Not many lived to enjoy the fruits of their labor. It was a desperate fight. Twenty-seven Red skins—all well armed with guns, some of them Spencer's rifles—against one man and two boys. In this encounter Capt. Good was wounded in the thigh. Disregarding his wound, he still plied his rifle, and every bullet discharged from its muzzle dealt death to some dusky victim. His companions were Charles Boreman, twenty years old, and a boy named George W. Carter. Boreman, discovering the growing weakness of Good, proposed a retreat. His reply was, "Give it to them, give it to them, boys," and continued himself to fire more rapidly than ever, resting his gun upon his knee, upon which he had sunk of sheer weakness from loss of blood. The fight was not given up until the foe had fled in disorder, leaving upon the field many a dead one. Capt. Good was conveyed home, and for weeks was disabled by his wound.

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In 1866, as Good was returning home from a visit to Deer Creek Meadows, he was surprised, without weapons, by a band of Indians in Steep Hollow and forced to retreat, abandoning a lame horse he was leading. Hastening to the valley, he summoned three of his followers, and chase was given, Ten victims bit the dust, and Good returned with his own horse and another one, and with several guns and considerable ammunition as trophies.

Capt. Good had studied the arts of Indian warfare, and was skilled in all its intricacies. He was as fierce and unrelenting in fight as his savage foe, neither asking nor giving quarter. Once upon the trail and there was no rest. All the day was spent in pursuit, and when the night came, by the light of the moon, or in the darkness of the night, he would follow on his keen judgment and quick sight discovering any sign of the enemy's presence. He has gone into caverns under cover of night, and discovered the number of his foes, and when the morning light disturbed an Indian's slumber, he but awoke to enjoy a deeper sleep.

His yell was as familiar to the Indians as their own war whoop, and whenever heard struck terror to the heart. They believed he bore a charmed life—that no bullet sped from rifle could strike him. When danger was near, he needed no warning, he was always the first to see it, and ever and always he sought the hottest of the fray. He was always ready to respond to the call for help, and was in "harness" when others were preparing.

The Mill creek Indians were a wild predatory and bad tribe. They had raised the tomahawk and "War to the death" against the settlers was their watchword. There was nothing noble in their nature, and only under great advantages did they dare attack. Helpless women and children were their prey, and no appeal for mercy met a response in their hearts. They spared none, but murdered all. Capt. Good and his brave followers waged a war of extermination against them, and he lived to see a large band of them melt into almost nonentity. Of all the numerous tribe of Mill Creek Indians but six are left—four males and two females, and they, like the wandering Jew, have no fixed abiding place. Never secure in any locality, they continually roam from place to place, over a distance of hundreds of miles.

Notwithstanding the bold and warlike nature of Capt. Good few men possessed more of the milk of human kindness than he. Among those of his own race he was mild, pleasant and courteous. Prompt in the discharge of all duties as a man and citizen he possessed the confidence and respect of all who knew him. He was odd and eccentric. Odd in his dress, which, though scrupulously neat, was composed of many colors, differing from the prevailing fashions, and well adapted to the showing of his well developed and symmetrical proportion; odd in his associations preferring as companions those whose boldness of character were like to his own fond of adventure, and possessed of the bravery to stand "toe to toe" with the enemy; odd in his selection of a home, locating it where nature assumed her simplest character, amid hill and plain, free from culture, unvarnished and unimproved, existing in native simplicity and grandeur.



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In the year 1865, the stage coach running upon the Dogtown road was robbed of a large sum of money. The robbers sought shelter near to Captain Good's camp. Having heard of the exploit, Good in company with Sandy Young and Sam Carey commenced the search for the missing treasure and the escaped villains. Following their trail for more than one day they found the three desperadoes, resting from their travel upon the summit of a mountain, "well heeled," and provided with an abundance of scrip. They had in their possession two heavy shot guns one rifle and four Colt's revolvers. Good's company came upon them unawares. Without hesitation, Capt. Good advanced and asked if they were hunters, and received the answer that they were hunting. Declaring his object to be the same, he entered into familiar conversation, confident from appearances, that he had found his game. A proper opportunity occurring, he commanded his force "to bear down upon the foe," and when Sandy and Sam presented full in the face of the robbers, those rifle muzzles, they looked to them like twelve-pounders well directed. Surrendering without a murmur Good searched their pouches where he found greenbacks and gold dust in abundance. The leader of the band sought safety in flight, but the unerring shot from Good's rifle soon brought him to halt, and wounded and dying he lay upon the sod. The other robbers were placed in charge of the authority, and the money returned to Wells, Fargo & Co., from whom it was stolen. Capt. Good accepted no reward, but defraying expenses from his own means, he acted only from a sense of justice to offended law, and from a love of adventure, whose charms divested the rash attempt of all fear or care for consequences.

In the spring of 1869 the Indians robbed some sheep herders, and killed some cattle, on or near to Deer Creek. Capt. Good, with two followers, were soon in hot pursuit. On the evening of the sixth day they overtook the thieves, and as usual, surrounded the camp. They killed several and took two prisoners, two mahalas. These females were held as hostages at Good's camp for weeks, guarded by the Captain's Indian boy, whom he had raised, and who, for years, acted as his herder, and boy of all business. No evidence of treachery had ever shown itself, but such was the seeming devotion of the boy to Good, in his person, and faithful discharge of all duties that Capt. Good reposed in him implicit confidence. Yet this villainous, treacherous Indian was true to his savage instincts, and murdered his kind and indulgent master. Capt. Good had required the Indians who claimed the squaws in custody, to bring in all the guns and ammunition of the tribe, and when such service was performed he promised to deliver up the wives to their legitimate husbands. This brought the Indians

frequently to the house, and frequent communication with the Indian boy, corrupted him. Promises after promises were made by the treacherous devils to bring in arms and capitulate for peace, but never complied with. Still Capt. Good held the hostages. The Indians sought, as a last resort of treachery, his protection against hostile foes, and begged the privilege to camp near the house, where no wild Indian dare venture without permission. Intending to kill him, upon one occasion they early in the morning commenced a noise of battle as if attacked by a numerous foe.

Capt. Good was too wary to be taken by surprise and would not venture out. Finding they had failed in their designs, and being confident that the renowned hunter had conceived their intentions, and fearing consequences which would surely come, the tribe decamped. Capt. Good finding the coast clear, made a trip to the mountains, reconnoitering and returning home in the evening, when, within three hundred yards of the house, he was shot and killed. Investigation made by Sandy Young, and other friends, established the fact, beyond the peradventure of a doubt that the Indian boy had proved a traitor, and committed the horrid murder. That Indian boy is missing, no trace of him may be found, but we opine there are those living who know where his putrid corpse lies mouldering, to the day of judgment.

Thus died one of God's noble men. Years of bitter warfare, in which was involved the evil temper and designs of the Indian nature, at length accomplished, the revenge so much desired, and so long sought. It was obtained at a terrible sacrifice, the death of more than a hundred warriors, the total annihilation of a whole tribe, or if but six have escaped, they wander in utter insecurity, outcasts, and refugees, fleeing the face of the white man, and certain when seen, to meet the fate of those who have gone before them, for in all the country the oath of extinction has been recorded, and will surely sooner or later, be accomplished.

To the memory of Capt. Good all pay respect. He was a tower of strength to the whole country. Feared by the savage, he used his power and prowess to ward the danger of massacre, and destruction of property from the community in which he lived. When near by, helpless women and children layed down in security, and prayed for the safety of the daring chieftain, who risked his life continually in their behalf. Let his memory be graven upon the hearts of his countrymen, and suffer his noble, daring deeds to be written upon the page of history as monuments of glory, and when, in after ages, the reader shall learn of his exploits, his noble attributes of character, and the great good he accomplished in his day, may he be actuated by the same noble impulses, and strive to emulate his glorious example.

# SACRAMENTO DAILY UNION.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1872.

## Fight with Indians—Fifteen Indians and Three Whites Killed and a Number Wounded.

ASHLAND, Oregon, December 1st.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, having directed Superintendent Odeneal to put the Modoc Indians upon the Klamath Reservation, peaceably if possible, but forcibly if he must, he proceeded in person to execute the order. All efforts to persuade them to return to the agency proving fruitless, and they having peremptorily refused to go, the matter was referred to the military. On the 28th of November, at noon, Major Jackson of Company B, First Cavalry, with thirty-five men, left Fort Klamath and arrived at the camp of the Modocs, near the mouth of Lost river, the following morning. He at once surrounded the camp and requested an interview with the head men, only one of whom, "Scar-faced Charley," appeared. A half hour's conversation ensued, in which the Indians were informed that the soldiers did not come to fight them but to demand that they go upon the reservation, and they were assured that ample provision had been made for their subsistence and that they should be fully protected in all their rights. They refused to accede to the demand. They were then demanded to lay down their arms. While they were parleying on the subject "Scar-faced Charley" raised a gun and fired at Lieutenant Bontelle, who was in front of his men, but missed his aim. Instantly the Lieutenant returned the fire and killed Charley. This caused a general simultaneous firing on both sides. The battle was a desperate one, lasting two hours. One soldier was killed and four wounded. Two citizens and fifteen Indians were killed, nearly all the women and children and some of the warriors and a number of horses were captured. The Indians retreated to the hills, but in the afternoon returned to camp and commenced firing again. Three more Indians were killed and many were wounded, and some captured. At latest accounts firing at intervals was still going on. The number of Indians engaged is estimated at sixty. There were some thirty more at a camp some fifteen miles distant. It was supposed that these would arrive the following night and that another fight would take place. Citizens were arming and getting ready to go to the assistance of Major Jackson, should the emergency require their services. The women captured say that among the number killed were the four desperado chiefs Captain Jack, Black Jim, The Doctor and Scar-faced Charley, who had been the cause of all the insubordination of their followers; but about this, excepting the one last named, there is some doubt.

[SECOND DISPATCH.]

## Three Men Murdered by Indians—The Women Escape—More Murders Anticipated—State Aid Demanded by the Troops.

ASHLAND, Or., December 1st—7 P. M.

George Conn has just arrived from Linkville. He left there at 5 o'clock P. M. yesterday and rode all night. He reports three men killed named Boddy on Tule Lake by the Modocs. The women escaped, walking nine miles to another house. Fears are entertained that many more are murdered. Conn brings letters from prominent citizens asking for help, and A. J. Burnett sends a message to Governor Grover asking for assistance from the State. J. D. Applegate writes that the soldiers can't hold out long and must have help. He would start for Clear Lake last night with a small party to give the settlers notice and protection. They are short of arms and ammunition. A meeting of the citizens of this place will be held to-night to make arrangements to send assistance.

SAN FRANCISCO: THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 10, 1872.

## THE MODOCS.

### The Visit of Captain Fairchild to Captain Jack's Camp.

#### A Hazardous Enterprise.

#### THE INDIANS RESENTFUL AND DESPERATE.

#### Captain Jack Says He Can Whip a Thou- sand Soldiers in His Pres- ent Position.

#### The Indians Will Make Peace Only on Condi- tion that They be Left Undis- turbed on Lost River.

Special Correspondence of the Chronicle.

CAMP FAIRCHILD, Hot Creek, December 13th, 1872.—The die of preparation is still going on, and Captain Fairchild is resolved upon leaving nothing undone toward putting the camp in a defensible condition. The day before the *Chronicle* expedition reached here, Fairchild's wife and children were sent in to Yreka for safety, and soon after the work of fortifying began. We are now all ready for the savages; and should they come they will meet with a warm reception. Fairchild's account of his visit to Captain Jack's camp is quite thrilling. He and P. A. Dorris, proprietor of a cattle ranch three miles below here, "Nate" Beswick and James Murray set out last Sunday morning to visit the old Chief and see what could be done to prevent further hostilities. They were accompanied by "Frank" and "Tom," two Modoc Indians, of the Hot Creek branch of the tribe, and two others, who rejoice not in Anglo-Saxon names. The party thus numbered eight. They were all well mounted and armed with rifles and revolvers. They had but twenty miles to go.

#### The Indian Camp.

Before noon they were in sight of the lava-beds, in which Captain Jack has his camp. The Indian camp is located on the edge of Tule Lake, on the side of a rocky slope, running down from what is known as Van Bremer's Hill. The country is the ruggedist perhaps in California. It is of peculiar formation, being evidently the result of some great volcanic convulsion. As Fairchild expresses it, it looks for miles around as though the whole earth's surface had been blown in the air a thousand feet and then came down, resting as it fell. It contains an area of about ten miles square, and abounds in deep fissures, gulches and caves, all in the solid rock. There is no earth at all, but the whole is a mass of flinty lava, like clinker, that is formed from the remains of hard coal. The gulches range from a few feet to a hundred feet in width, and many are one hundred feet in depth. The Indians can stand on the bluffs and see men approach from a distance of five miles without being seen themselves. The only means of travel through this mass of lava is by the narrow cattle trail, is intricate in its windings and subject at all points to attack from behind the huge boulders and piles of granite. The Indians can travel all through this lava country by trails known only to themselves, and stand on bluffs over persons one hundred feet beneath, where it would require a long journey to go to them.

#### The Modocs' Outpost.

When Fairchild's party reached the top of Van Bremer's Hill they were seen by the Indians, who not then knowing the character of the party, made preparations to receive them with a warmth of feeling characteristic of the Modocs. Arriving at the edge of the lava bed Fairchild sent Indian "Frank," who is a desperate warrior, ahead in the trail to see Captain Jack. Frank was then friendly, though he with others at Hot Creek has since left and joined the hostile band. Frank went ahead with Tom, the other Indian, and kept ahead of the party three or four hundred yards. Fairchild and his men rode in single file with cocked rifles and with nerves set on edge. They knew they were within a quarter of a mile of the Modoc camp, and knew that their only safety lay in the faithfulness of their Indian allies. They wound their way through the lava piled up on either side for more than an hour, when all at once Indian Frank came riding rapidly back and told them to halt. He had come upon the Indians, and would try and arrange an interview with Captain Jack. If he was unsuccessful he would discharge his rifle, as if done by accident, and they must ride back over the trail for their lives.

#### Indian Treachery Feared.

Frank then went ahead again and Fairchild and party secreted themselves behind some rocks to await the result of their Indian's diplomacy. They had not long to wait. Frank came back in twenty minutes and said that he had seen Captain Jack and Scar-Faced Charley, who were willing to have a "big talk" with the white man. Fairchild, now that the thing was upon him, was seised with a sudden distrust of Frank. He thought the interview was too easily arranged—that Jack was too willing to talk. He was fearful that treachery was at work and for a moment all four men hesitated about putting themselves in the Modocs' power. However, it was almost too late to back out and they concluded to go ahead. Before going, however, Fairchild sent Frank ahead again with a message to Captain Jack, saying that he (Fairchild) had but four men and that he did not care to meet more than that number of Indians, and that he would meet them either armed or unarmed, as Captain Jack pleased.

#### In Presence of the Modocs.

Frank departed on this errand, and was met on the way by one of Captain Jack's warriors—Indian George—who bore the message back to the old chief. In a few moments word came back that it should be as Fairchild requested, the messenger at the same time urging the party to come ahead. Thus reassured Fairchild decided to go on. It was now nearly noon. The party rode ahead, Indian fashion, and in a few minutes came to the brow of a hill from whence they could look down into a narrow ravine, at the mouth of which they saw a large group of Indians sitting on the ground. Fairchild was now almost sure that he had been made the victim of treachery. He had agreed to meet Captain Jack and three others, and here was the whole Modoc tribe waiting to receive him. However he rode on, determined to brave it now or die. The Indians, about fifty in number, sat at the mouth of the ravine on piles of rocks, calmly awaiting his arrival. They were all armed to the teeth, and looked as desperate as hungry wolves. They were all painted in the most hideous fashion, and were dressed in rags and patches of blankets.



SAN FRANCISCO: THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 19, 1872.

### The Brave Frontiersman Wavers.

Fairchild's party rode up to within fifty paces, and then the brave frontiersman wavered. He thought the look of the savages boded no good. They were too quiet, too sullen-looking, to be friendly or want to talk. The Indian, George, who stood beside Jack, noticed the white's hesitation, and called out in English, "Come on; it's all right!" Fairchild's men rode up and then dismounted. The Indians sat on a small ledge of rocks, a few yards from the trail. They had formed a circle, with Jack and Bogus Charley, and several other chiefs in the back-ground. To get at Jack, Fairchild and Dorris had to go within the circle. This was the most trying moment, for once within the circle, away from their horses, there was no escape. What seemed particularly ominous, Fairchild says, was the silence of the savages. Not a word was spoken; they did not salute him, nor give the slightest indication even, that they were aware of his presence. But all had their guns cocked, and their faces were clouded and sullen.

### Shaking Hands with the Chiefs.

Fairchild knew Captain Jack well, and at once approached. "How do you do, Jack?" he said, extending his hand. The old Chief wore his best silk hat, and had on a greyish coat. He never raised his eyes or changed countenance, but simply allowed his hand to be shaken. Fairchild then spoke to Bogus Charley, who was quite polite. He bowed and smiled, and shook hands, but did not speak. Scar-faced Charley, the most desperate old warrior of the band, sat on a rock, a little higher up than the others, and Fairchild had to climb up to get at him. The old brave was very sullen and would not speak a word, though he took Fairchild's hand and shook it. The latter then approached Black Jim, but this Indian would not notice him at all. He would not look up, shake hands, or pay the slightest heed to Fairchild.

### First Word Spoken.

This nettled the latter a little, and he spoke out quick and sharp: "What's the matter with you, eh?" "Wounded," said Bogus Charley. Fairchild looked and then saw that Black Jim had his hand in a sling. "Wounded" was the first word spoken by any of the Indians. Fairchild did not know what to make of this ominous silence, and for a time it made him quite nervous. Every once in a while he would hear the click of a gun-lock, and there seemed to be a desire on the part of the Indians to get behind him. They kept moving about and shifting position constantly, and upon the whole the white men were completely befogged as to the real disposition of the band toward them. Having finished hand-shaking all round, Fairchild said to Frank, who was going to act as interpreter: "Tell Captain Jack that we have come here to have a big talk with him, and learn upon what terms he will make them."

Frank exchanged a few words in Modoc with Jack, and then said to Fairchild: "No ready to talk yet. Keep still a while." Fairchild then sat down a little chagrined and a good deal uneasy. He sat there fully half an hour before another word was spoken; then Scar-Faced Charley, Bogus Charley and the Doctor came down from the rocks and took seats near him.

### The Big Talk.

In a few moments Captain Jack motioned to Frank to come to him, and then the conversation began. Captain Jack asked Fairchild what he wanted to say. Fairchild replied that he had come to ask if the Indians would not go on the Reservation without further trouble. Captain Jack promptly replied that he would not; that war had been commenced against them without provocation, and they were now going to fight it out. He was only going to fight soldiers, however, and Fairchild need feel no uneasiness. Fairchild then asked what he meant by murdering the citizens on Tule Lake. Jack replied that he had nothing to do with that; that when he found out that Black Jim's band had been committing murders he stopped it at once. "You haven't heard of any murders lately, have you?" asked Captain Jack. "No," said Fairchild. "Well, you won't hear of any more; I'm only fighting soldiers now."

### Captain Jack's Terms.

In reply to a question as to what terms he wanted, Jack replied, "Well, I want the soldiers to go back to their camp at Fort Kiamath and let me go back to the north of Lost River and stay there. If they will do that I will stop fighting and make peace."

Bogus Charley here spoke up and said that Frank was not interpreting right, and that he would do it. Jack consented, and as Bogus speaks perfect English, there was no further trouble. Fairchild then asked Jack to tell him just how the trouble began and all about it. Jack therefore went into a history of the affair, and made statements which put a new light on the cause of the troubles. He said that for more than a year past certain persons about Lost River, mentioning Ivan Applegate, Bob Small, and others interested in land there, have been making efforts to force the Modocs upon the Reservation against their will. The Indians did not want to go. They occupied a splendid tract of country, abounding in fish and game and entirely free from snow and ice the year round, and did not want to leave it.

### Applegate's Government Contract.

But Applegate, who is Commissary for the Reservation, was determined to take them there, as Captain Jack says, so that he might have more mouths to feed, and thus increase the amount of the Government contract. Jack is a shrewd old Indian, and when he says this probably hits the nail square on the head. Applegate, Dyer and others connected with the Reservation, kept up their efforts for a long time, and finally, through Odeneal, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, secured the order which has culminated in the disturbance. Jack told Fairchild that he and his braves would die before they would go to the Reservation and be starved to death. They went on the Reservation once three years ago, and this is the way Jack says they were treated: First, they were not taken until Fall, and before going their Winter stock of provisions was destroyed.

### The Reservation.

The Reservation is in Oregon, where the snow lies all Winter long and the weather is intensely cold. When they got there, all they were given to keep them warm was half of an army blanket, the whole blanket being cut in two and made to serve two Indians. They were promised plenty of bread and meat, but instead, were fed all Winter on musty barley and semi-putrid beef. Jack says he and his band stood this treatment until the snows melted, and then, one morning, they and their squaws and children left the Reservation and went back to their fishing ground on Lost River, where they have remained ever since. Jack says, rather than endure this treatment again, he and all his warriors have made up their minds to die.

Fairchild then asked Jack how the fight begun on Thanksgiving Day. He said he and the other Indians were asleep in their huts when the soldiers came upon them. He hardly remembered what he said or done, for all were greatly excited. He remembers, however, four soldiers trying to take the gun away from Scar-Faced Charley.

### The First Shot.

Jack does not know who fired first, but thinks it was one of the soldiers. Jack laughs at the fight made by the soldiers, and says that in his lava bed he can whip a thousand such troops. He says they were clean whipped out, and left the field in a great hurry long before the Indians did. Jack says he lost one Indian killed and had five wounded. He brought all his squaws and children from the camp except two, one of them refusing to go, having had both her children killed by the white man Small. Jack is very bitter against Small, and fully confirms the statement concerning his killing of the children. It seems to have been a cruel, wanton piece of brutality, unworthy the age of civilization, and one of which Small should be tried for his life. The feeling of indignation against him is bitter here, and I have heard a dozen men say that if the Indians should kill Small now they would not feel a single pang of regret.

SAN FRANCISCO: THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 19, 1872.

### A Night in the Indian Camp.

Fairchild continued the conversation with Captain Jack for upward of an hour and then made a movement to go. This the old Chief would not listen to. He said he wanted another "big talk" the next day, and therefore he hoped Fairchild's party would camp for the night and go home the next day. Fairchild consented to do so and Bonus Charley showed him a place in a little ravine where there was water. Here Fairchild made his camp and the Indians retired to their camp behind some rocks four or five hundred yards distant. Fairchild was not permitted to see their camp, but he thinks it was in an absolutely impregnable position. Next morning at 9 o'clock the Indians came out and met the Fairchild party at the same place as the day before. This time Captain

Jack said he wanted "a great big talk," meaning thereby a tremendous pow-wow. But there was but little more to be said, and since Jack would not go to the Reservation, or make peace upon any terms that the whites could consent to, Fairchild did not care to prolong the conversation.

### The Massacre of the Settlers.

He asked Jack though for more information concerning the massacre of settlers, but the Indian did not want to talk on that subject. He asked him about Henry Miller, about whose fate there has been some doubt. Jack simply replied that Miller was dead, and then changed the subject. What the old Indian wanted was for Fairchild to go to the troops and get them to consent to his terms of peace. Fairchild promised to go and see Major Greene, though he plainly told Captain Jack that it would do no good. Jack then wanted him to write a certificate of good character for him, stating among other things that he, Fairchild, had visited the Modoc camp and came away unmolested; but this was refused, to Captain Jack's disgust. Fairchild says though, he would have given the paper if Jack had insisted—indeed, he would not have dared do anything else.

### Three Targets for Indian Rifles.

The morning talk amounted to no more than the day before, and after awhile the Fairchild party got up their horses and prepared to leave. Jack said he was sorry he was at war, but he again announced that he made no war on the citizens. There were only three men whom he did not want to meet. They were Dennis Crowley, a man who it appears troubled the Indians a good deal at Lost River, and who has been loudest in complaints of them at the Indian Agency. Bob Small, who murdered the two little papooses and boasts of the deed; and a man named Monroe, against whom they have some other grievance. Jack says if he meets any of these men he will shoot them down without hesitation. He told Fairchild though, that he should not be injured in any way.

### The Departure.

Fairchild and his party then shook hands all around, and, bidding the Indians farewell, all parted. Sending two of his party, with four Indian guides, back to his camp, he rode on with Mr. Dorris to the military headquarters, to announce the result of his interview. He told Major Greene what Jack had said, but of course Jack's terms could not be considered. The only terms upon which the military will receive Jack's surrender are: First, a full surrender of the entire band at the Reservation and the pointing out of the Indians who did the butchering after the battle. Fairchild says the military are determined to root out the Modocs, if it takes all Winter, but he anticipates that they will meet with much difficulty. Jack now has forty-five warriors, any one of whom are equal to a dozen soldiers, and in their naturally impregnable position they are equal to as many more. But Major Greene is very blood-thirsty, and feels quite competent to deal with the Indians as soon as he gets good and ready.

### Shack Nasty Jim's Flight.

Fairchild and Dorris returned to the camp on Tuesday night, and next morning when they awoke they found that Shack Nasty Jim, with his whole band, including "Frank" and two other Indians who had gone to Jack's camp with them had all flown from their rancheria and gone to join the enemy. Their flight was doubtless hastened by the arrival of an army wagon, come to take them to the Reservation at Yainox. These Indians all seem to detest that place, and I am inclined to believe that there is some truth in Jack's story about their ill treatment three years ago. Fairchild says he has the most implicit faith in what Jack says about it. The *Chronicle's* expedition will go to-morrow to Captain Kelly's camp on Bremer's Hill, which is in sight of Captain Jack's lair in the lava bed. Our discomforts are many, but there is no way of getting news except by pushing as near the enemy as possible. Travelling is difficult, there being nothing but trails, and the extent of country is so great that it is hard for a correspondent to cover all the points.



SAN FRANCISCO, FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 20, 1872.

## THE MODOCS.

No Attack Yet Upon the Indians.

CONCENTRATION OF TROOPS AT LINKVILLE.

A Reconnaissance Within a Mile of Captain Jack's Position.

Contempt of the Volunteers for the Apathy of the Regular Troops.

Proposition to Surround Captain Jack, and Starve Him Out.

A SNOW STORM COUNTED ON AS AN ALLY.

By Telegraph.

YREKA, December 19th.—George Flock has just arrived from Linkville, having left there yesterday morning. He reports no further depredations by the Indians, and not any attack upon them as yet.

The two companies of the Twenty-first Infantry from Vancouver arrived at Linkville on the 17th. One company of cavalry from Camp Bidwell arrived there on the 18th. They were waiting for transportation to move toward Captain Jack's camp. Captain Perry's company of cavalry, 40 men, are stationed at Van Bremer's. Colonel Ross' command of Oregon Volunteers is at Small's ranch.

A detachment from both companies made a reconnaissance of Captain Jack's position on the 18th, approaching within a mile. They think now they can surround him in such force, when the other troops arrive, as to either force him to surrender or clean him out.

Colonel Stone, Quartermaster, purchased twenty-five pack mules here yesterday, which will leave in the morning for the headquarters at Linkville.

The weather is very cold, but clear and favorable for military operations.

From the Chronicle's Special Correspondent.

VAN BREMER'S HILL,

Headquarters Oregon Militia, December 14th, 1872. }  
The Chronicle News Expedition, consisting of E. H. Autenreith, of Yreka, and the special correspondent, rode over to the camp of General Ross, of the Oregon Militia, this morning. This battalion numbers sixty men, all recruited in Jacksonville, and is composed of the best specimens of frontiersmen in the State. The command is in charge of Brigadier-General Ross, of the Oregon State Militia, whose immediate subordinate is Captain Hugh Kelly, editor of the Oregon Sentinel, and a man who has pluck and daring stamped on every feature. These troops pretend to be co-operating with the army people, though their disgust at the apathy of the latter is entirely un concealed. Major Green is still encamped with 176 regulars at the mouth of Lost River. It is said that he is making the most "active preparations for an immediate march upon the enemy." Exactly so. Eben Ball, an old ranchman in this vicinity, gave me an instance today of what these preparations are like.

### Honor Among the Modocs.

For two years or more he has had a cattle ranch within a stone's throw of Captain Jack's old camp at the mouth of Lost river. All this time he has been on friendly terms with the Modocs, and has had no difficulty whatever with them. Business frequently called him to other parts of the county, at which times he invariably left his log cabin with all his supplies, unprotected, even by lock and key. He has never yet missed a thing, on the contrary, Jack and Scar-Faced Charley made it a point to look out for his property and protect it from molestation by other Indians. Mr. Ball left his ranch a few days after the massacre, and now he has received word that the soldiers have literally gone through it. They took his entire stock of provisions, all his blankets and bedding, and in short made a clean sweep. Mr. Ball is, of course, anxious to have the hostile Indians exterminated, but he likewise remarks, *en passant*, that he wishes some one would come along and exterminate the soldiers as well.

### Major Green's Plan of Campaign.

We have received word that Major Green contemplates to move in this direction at 9 o'clock to-night. Strange to say, the Vancouver troops, which left ten days ago for the scene of war, have not yet arrived. They were at Jacksonville five days ago, and as it is only one hundred miles over here by that route, they should have been at Lost river two days ago. Military bodies, however, move very slowly. The road from Major Green's camp to this place is open, and the distance is less than twenty miles. He can come twelve miles of the way by wagon, thus securing regular transportation for his supplies. The rest of the distance over Van Bremer's Hill he will have to send supplies by pack animals. I understand the plan is to surround Captain Jack and starve him out. Both of these propositions will be difficult to put in force. In the first place, Major Green has not force enough to surround one-half of the lava bed, and, if he could even, Jack is too well supplied with provisions to be starved out in anything like the time counted upon as necessary to do it.

### The Indians Well Supplied.

It must be remembered that when on their raid the Indians plundered all the Winter supplies of the settlers they murdered, amounting to several thousand pounds of provisions, and in addition to this they have access to hundreds of cattle which are running wild on the outskirts of the lava-bed. Then, too, the lake, which is alive with fish, is right in their front, and they cannot be cut off from it. A snow-storm, for which Major Green is praying, may aid him; but even this must not be depended upon. The lava country is known to be directly over or adjacent to an extinct volcano, and the earth thereabouts is many degrees warmer than the land around it. Snows have never been known to lie in there longer than twenty-four hours, and oftentimes they melt as they fall, while on the hill-sides near by, and on the land not of lava formation, they lie for weeks. So it will be seen that snow is not likely to interfere with Jack much, and it may incommode Major Green a good deal.

### Marksmanship Extraordinary.

The only way to dislodge these Indians is to fight them ten to one, and go into the battle with the expectation of losing a number of men. That cannot well be avoided. Jack has some warriors who are desperate fighters, and are the best shots in this section of the country. Old Scar-Faced Charley is said to be equal to fifty men himself. His wonderful exploit at the fight on Lost River fully proves this. More than fifty shots were fired at him as he retreated, but he did not even get a scratch. When the firing first began, the four soldiers who were trying to disarm him fired at him at twenty paces, but not one of them hit him. The old warrior fired, and at the first shot killed private Thomas Harris; then beginning the most astonishing series of Indian somersaults and acrobatic feats, he retreated toward the water, at the same time loading his gun. Volley after volley were fired after him, but so quick and lightning-like were his gyrations that not a soldier could get accurate aim. Every once in a while, when he got his gun loaded, he would turn a back somersault and shoot from under his leg as he turned, and, strange to say, he never missed. Although he had nearly fifty yards to retreat before he reached the water, he fired four times, killing one man and wounding three. Reaching the river bank he plunged in and swam to the other side; and though the bullets flew after him thick and fast, he never received a scratch.

SAN FRANCISCO: FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 20, 1872.

## The Other Braves.

Scar-Face is a different-looking Indian from any of the others, and this has given rise to the belief that he is not a Modoc but a Rogue River Indian. He is tall, thin and wiry, and is as quick as lightning in all his movements. He is looked upon by all the settlers here as the bravest and most dangerous Indian in the tribe. He and Captain Jack are about the same age, both being in the neighborhood of forty. Jack is a low-sized man, but is very dignified in his manners. When drunk, as he is very often, he is morose and quarrelsome, but at other times he is harmless. He is said to be very honorable in all his dealings with the whites, and has long been noted for truthfulness. Bogus Charley is the most civilized of any of the tribe. He has been associated with the whites all his life, speaks English thoroughly and gets drunk as naturally as a politician. He is a good-natured Indian, and is believed to be the least dangerous of Captain Jack's men, because of his favorable regard for white men. It is believed that he did not want to go to war at all. Black Jim, Dave and Shack Nasty Jim, the other principal braves, are desperate warriors and are all ready to fight heavy odds. They have all had more or less to do with white people and are fully acquainted with the mode of warfare common among us.

## A Revolution in Indian Warfare.

Mr. Fairchild informed me that about a year ago, as is their custom, the Modocs had a grand feast and a series of dances. They improved this opportunity to get all the small bands together, with their Chiefs, and hold a kind of convention, to revise many of their laws and usages of warfare. Among others, after several days debate and "big talk," they resolved to abolish scalping and all manner of mutilation of the bodies of their victims. They also resolved to abstain from making war on women and children, and to this circumstance may be attributed the fact that in no instance, in their recent raid, did they molest the families of ranchmen whom they murdered. They also resolved to wear American clothes, and to open a system of barter and exchange for whatever commodity they might need. Many of their barbarous customs too, were abolished altogether. One of their curious usages was, that whenever a child was born, the happy father had to go out and pile stones in different places, for three days and nights. He was to work continuously, without sleep or food. The object of this was to attract the attention of the Evil Spirit away from the mother and child during the critical period after birth.

## The Pii-Pii Dance.

Another custom was called the Pii-pii dance, and this was simply horrible. At the time when the young Indian maidens were ushered into womanhood, they were obliged to dance for three successive days and nights, without food, sleep or rest, or until they fell down from sheer exhaustion, which they nearly always did, of course. All the old squaws and mothers in the camp would form themselves into a ring. The men would be sent away out of sight, and then the young girl, stripped to the waist, would be led in for the dance. The horrible music would strike up and the orgies begin. Many of the girls, I am told, would dance the allotted time without once stopping to rest, but oftener they gave out after the first twenty-four hours. Both these customs were abolished by the Convention, and are now seen no more.

## The Garrison at Fort Klamath.

Fort Klamath is almost deserted, the troops all being with Major Greene. The Post is in charge of Lieutenant Robert Pollock, Quartermaster U. S. A., who is well known in San Francisco. He has fifteen men with him, but these comprise the entire garrison. The friendly Klamath Indians, who were at first made use of in the pursuit of the Modocs, have all been sent back to the Reservation, and twenty of their number regularly enrolled as scouts, to act under charge of Mr. Dyer, Indian Agent. Just what they expect to accomplish does not now appear, for it is well known where Jack is, and there are parties here who can lead Major Greene direct to his camp whenever he chooses to go.

## Major Jackson's Report.

I have obtained a copy of Major Jackson's report of the battle at Lost River. It will be seen that the Major's estimate of Indians killed and wounded is hardly borne out by the facts. The Major says:

CROWLEY'S RANCH,  
LOST RIVER, November 29th. }

I jumped the camp of Captain Jack's Modoc Indians yesterday morning, soon after daylight, completely surprising them. I demanded the surrender of Captain Jack, Scar-Faced Charley, Black Jim and others, and directed them to lay down their arms. They refused, and fired upon us. We took their camp and drove them to the brush, killing eight or nine of them. The fight lasted about half an hour. One citizen was killed in the fight, and two others were murdered along the road while coming along unconscious of any trouble.

Citizens Killed—John Thurber and Wedelin Nuss.  
Wounded—Joe Penning.

Soldiers Killed—Private James Harris. Wounded—Corporal Thomas Fitzgerald, severely; Corporal A. W. Challinder, Privates J. D. Totten, Frank Kassehafer, severely; Edward Kershaw, David Callagher, severely; John P. Doyle—all of Troop B, First United States Cavalry.

## Indignation among the Ranchmen.

There is great indignation here among the ranchmen, that earlier notice was not sent the settlers on Tule Lake of the contemplated raid upon the Indians. It is claimed that had this been done the lives of all those murdered might have been saved. The whole thing seems to have been mismanaged throughout. The Indian Agency men, Appleton and Dyer, kept all their plans secret. They tried first to get the Indians on the Reservation in a most bungling manner; then, failing in that, they invoked, through Odeneal, the aid of the military to enforce the order. All this was kept secret, and the result of all was that the poor settlers on Tule Lake were in blissful ignorance that war was going to be made on the Modocs. They knew the latter would fight, and they knew also that in case they did they would be completely at Captain Jack's mercy. Yet, notwithstanding this the attack was made, and in twenty-four hours the settlers were corpses by the road-side. It is claimed now that a man named Crowley—Dennis Crowley—was sent to notify the families before the troops came down from Fort Klamath, but this is untrue. Crowley did not start on his errand until two days after the fight, or until every settler on that side of the lake had been murdered. The bodies of all the murdered (thirteen in number) have now been found, Captain Kelly's company having found that of Hy. Miller, the last one killed. They have all been interred at Link River

**San Francisco:::Wednesday Dec. 25.**

**THE MODOC WAR AND THIEVING INDIAN AGENTS.**

A large part of the trouble with the Indians results from the incompetency and dishonesty of Indian agents, and we have reason to suspect that the present Modoc war would not have occurred if the agents of the Government in Southern Oregon and Northern California had attended to their business properly. Some years ago these same red-men gave serious trouble, and Gen. Crook, then in command there, went after them in earnest. In a short time they begged for peace, and he granted it, on condition that they should be allowed to roam over the country and support themselves, and the chiefs should be held responsible for the surrender of any of their subjects who should murder white men, or steal the property of the whites. They kept the peace loyally, because they had learned that they could not make anything by fighting against Crook. After a time, an Indian agent attempted to drive them into a Reservation, where they could go to Sunday School, and could be used to justify the payment of various salaries and the handling of goods, on which profit could be made in various ways. A war was threatened, but Crook interfered, and protected the red-men against the agent. Now Crook has been absent for some time, and, according to report, these same Indians had been driven upon a Reservation, where they were starved and robbed.

We do not admit that because the Indians have been robbed by the Agents, the white settlers in the vicinity should be left unprotected and the crimes committed by the red men should be left unpunished. That is the policy of the Indian Commissioners, and they are welcome to all the infamy which it will fasten upon their memories. The Commissioners, in their annual report for 1872, have no regret to express for the outrages committed by the Apaches, no recommendation of any effective measures to prevent the commission of others in the future, and no suggestion to offer that the Indian Agents, appointed by the Commissioners and placed under their control, are in many cases thieves of the darkest dye, and worse than the savages whom they would starve or drive to crime.

The Springfield *Republican* says the original of the following letter, addressed by United States Senator S. O. Pomerooy to the agent in charge of the Pottawatomie Indians, is now in his possession, has been seen by many persons, and is of undoubted genuineness:



# Daily Alta California.

SAN FRANCISCO: FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 27, 1872.

## THE MODOC WAR.

### A Supply Train Attacked—Two Soldiers Killed and Scalped.

By Telegraph.

YREKA, December 26th.—From John Harrison, just arrived from Hot Creek, we learn the following: Last Saturday, the 21st, a wagon with supplies, en route from Camp Bidwell to Capt. Bernard's Camp on Lost River, was attacked by fifty-six Indians. Two soldiers were killed and scalped and four wounded—five mules were killed. No Indians are known to have been killed.

P. A. Dorris is expected here at 3 o'clock, and his object is to telegraph to Gov. Booth for authority to raise a Company of 100 volunteers, with the sanction of the military and Oregon volunteers.

#### Further Particulars of the Attack.

YREKA, December 26th.—From Alexander McKay and P. A. Dorris, who have just arrived from Hot Creek, we get the following: The wagon and guard that were attacked Saturday were in sight of Captain Bernard's camp. The Indians were lying in ambush. The Captain hurried to their assistance, but before he reached them the Indians escaped to the rocks and got away without robbing the wagon.

#### The Modocs Being Reinforced.

The Modocs are gradually being reinforced by stragglers from the Reservations, and it is believed that some of the Pitt River Indians have joined them.

#### Small Force in the Field to Meet Them.

The time of the Oregon volunteers has almost expired, and they will soon be mustered out of service. There are 280 soldiers in the field. Taking those required for guard and escort duty, it leaves only 75 for fighting, which is less than the Indians now number, and there are only 14 soldiers at Fort Klamath to guard 2,500 Indians on the Reservation there. Should the fight last long, there is danger of their breaking out and joining the Modocs.

It seems to be a difficult undertaking to get at the Modocs in their rocky retreat in the lava bed.

We learn that 300 bombs and ordnance have been sent for, which will be something new for the red rascals.

#### Citizens' Meeting at Yreka—A Volunteer Company Asked for the Protection of the Settlements.

A meeting of citizens of this place was held to-night to consider the propriety of asking from the State authorities a company of volunteers to protect the frontier settlements. Letters were read from General Ross and others in the Indian country urging this action. P. A. Dorris was deputized on behalf of the citizens of this county to proceed to Sacramento and confer with Governor Booth, and will start to-morrow.

A special to the *Chronicle* says:

YREKA, December 25th.—The citizens of Yreka had a large mass meeting this evening to consider the matter of obtaining assistance from the Governor for the suppression of Indian hostilities in this county. The meeting was organized by the election of William Stine Chairman, and Robert Nixon Secretary.

P. A. Dorris stated that owing to the necessity of guarding and escort duty, a very small force was left to do the fighting, and that if the Indians were attacked in large force they would make a raid on the settlers, either toward Hot Spring Valley or in the Tule Lake Valley, in Dorris', Fairchild's and Van Bremer's vicinity, within twenty miles of the Modoc camp.

A letter from General Ross of the Oregon volunteers was read, in which he says he has duly considered the propriety of calling for volunteers in California. From his knowledge of the exposed settlements within reach of the Modocs, they can, in one night, make a raid and murder all the families from the north side of Klamath Lake to Willow Creek and vicinity, south of Tule Lake, and be in but little danger of harm themselves. His command of Oregon militia was called out for thirty days, and he does not know whether he can hold his men when their time is out. They have a high snow mountain between them and their supplies. Lieutenant-Colonel Wheaton, commander of the Lake section, has been urging him to assist him. Ross is acting under the orders of Major Green in crossing the line into this State.

General Ross says the Regulars are insufficient in force to move upon the Indians and at the same time protect the settlements.

Remarks were made by Judge Shearer, Wm. Irwin, Dr. Ream, R. O. Dewitt, Alex. McKay, John Harris and others, when, on motion, P. A. Dorris was deputized to proceed to Sacramento and lay the whole subject before Governor Booth, with an urgent request, on behalf of the citizens of Yreka, to provide protection for the exposed settlers of this county in the Modoc neighborhood.

Some of the soldiers, immediately after the attack on the wagon and escort, went to Miller's Island and took a view of the Indian camp, where they saw more Indians than usual, which convinced them that the Modocs have been receiving reinforcements from some quarter.