

1-6-1873

Twenty years ago there were presented to the Legislature of California a series of bills and accounts, professedly contracted for or expended in subduing the blood-thirsty savages, who were represented to the uninitiated as so many Polyphemi, terrible to look upon, dangerous to meet, who had appetites like hungry hyenas, digestive organs like an ostrich, which delighted in turning into chyle and chyme human flesh divine, particularly; and who were a terror to all white people. There was a fine delegation of stalwart men, claiming to be Indian hunters, warriors of the white race, who had spent much time and endured untold exposure in hunting those fearful Indian pests, and they wanted their pay for that same service. It was curious to hear those fierce warriors, as well as to see them. How they boasted of their exploits! But they evidently had greater capacity for running up bills, which they hoped the State would pay, than they had ever displayed in their Indian hunts; since, although the bills were enormous in amount, these modern Daniel Boones could not display one scalp, except that which adorned their own caputs, nor tell you where they had given the Indians sepulture. The whole thing was a grand attempted swindle, and there were those in the Legislature who so understood it, and did not hesitate to so denounce it.

Oregon's Legislature may as well prepare for a similar presentation of rascally bills, for they are as sure to be presented for payment as that there existed no occasion for "the war," so-called, except through the greed and avarice and total disregard of all and every natural right possessed by the Modocs. We are no lover of the Indians. But we cannot quite work our moral consciousness into the belief that all of this pleasant earth belongs of right to the white race without any reference to, or regard for, what the Indians claim as their rights. A selfish greed for the poor little remnant of land now claimed by the Modocs, and a disregard of all obligations due from one man to another, lie at the root of all this present Indian trouble. It is the old story, civilized want of principle, and Indian want of the means of living; the land-stealing propensity and habit of our own race, and the anger and thirst for retaliation on the part of the savage. Why cannot the Federal Government take hold of this particular case and settle it upon a principle at once honorable to our civilization and satisfactory to the Indians? They have been driven from their

lands, their homes where they had lived, they and their ancestors, for centuries, and since the advent of the whites, in peace with them. Is there any good and sufficient reason why they should have been forced from this, to them, happy home, upon a desolate and forbidding Reservation, and then cheated, and starved, and defrauded of the supplies furnished by our Government? Yet this is what was done, and this is the cause of all this "fearful preparation" to slay a few dozen of Indians willing to live in peace.

The plain, unvarnished fact is that those thirteen lives taken by the Indians in their desperation, have been sacrificed to the unprincipled conduct of greedy whites and the utter worthlessness of our Indian policy, as too often exhibited on this coast. There is no need of these wars, no necessity for them, except in our own mistreatment of the Indians. The Indians are not fools. They see and know as well as we that their policy is to remain at peace with the whites, and, if treated with anything like humanity, they will so remain. But they have a right to live, a right to possess the means of living, and they know it. Because we are the white race, we arrogate superiority over all others, and some of us are altogether too fond of displaying our power. It would be well if we were equally ready to display our sense of justice. It may be taken as fact that this whole Modoc trouble has been brought about through Governmental bungling, aided by the rascality of Government agents and the rascality and avarice of white settlers, and that now since it has been inaugurated, the same spirit of unholy greed which initiated it is determined to reap a rich swindling crop by wringing in the Treasury of California, as well as of Oregon, to pay villainous claims for a villainous purpose. We hope that Governor Booth will take care that the emissaries of swindling rascals who would force a conflict for the sake of raking the public treasury and the pockets of the people, shall not get a turn upon him by hypocritical appeals to his sympathies, and so succeed in their contemplated raid upon the treasuries not only of Oregon, but of California and the United States also.

1-11-1873

JUSTICE AND FAIR PLAY.

Before the Modocs are finally exterminated in war and at some proper juncture the Government should order an investigation to ascertain whether these Indians have been fairly treated by the agents who have had them under their charge and by others. There are tolerably well founded reports that they have not received such treatment as was guaranteed by treaty or such as they were entitled to or led to expect from promises held out. If it should be found that injustice has been done in this case, it will not be the first time in the history of the country that the appropriations of Congress have not been devoted to the purpose for which they were asked and granted. It is on record that appropriations have been asked and voted for a tribe of Indians which had no real distinct existence, and the money went into the hands of speculating agents. Last year the amount appropriated for the benefit of what is called an apocryphal tribe, or the Teton Sioux, which have not had a tribal organization since the Minnesota war, or 1863, but have become merged, and lost their identity in other tribes, was nine hundred thousand dollars and this year two hundred thousand dollars is set apart in the Indian appropriation bill for their support. As an exchange says, it will be interesting to know who has pocketed the money and who are the agents that have betrayed the confidence of the administration, which has been laboring so earnestly to reorganize the Indian Department and free it from the thieves and plunderers who have been so long engaged in fleecing the Government and cheating the Indians. An investigation into the particular case mentioned is demanded by parties in the East at the hands of Congress, and it is confidently expected that the subject will be soon taken up at Washington and the iniquity practiced inquired into. While this matter is undergoing ventilation it will do no harm to see whether there is any ground for the complaints of bad treatment which are reported to be made by the Modocs and which have enraged them against the white settlers and got the country into further Indian troubles.

2-17-1873

THE MODOC COMMISSION INSTRUCTIONS.

The policy of the Government toward the Modoc Indians, as published in the *New York Times* of the 6th instant, is to be, as it was intended to be by the present Administration toward all the Indian tribes, humane and just. This is what was anticipated, provided the truth of the Modoc question could reach the ears and intellects and consciences of our Government, without being overwhelmed with reports got up in the interests of unprincipled whites, who care nothing for Indians or justice or treaties, but much for their own greed. We fear the Government has not made the wisest choice in the selection of one or more of its Commissioners. Men personally interested in questions in dispute are not generally the fittest to act as Commissioners for its settlement. Their presence, advice, knowledge are all very well, perhaps indispensable. But they are not fit for judges on the occasion. - However, let us hope that a higher sense of honesty and honor than acquisition of land, or a market for goods, may be exercised in settling this question, which should be held as one of justice, if not of generosity, toward a handful of Indians, by a Government with forty millions of people at its back. That the Modocs have committed outrages, there can be no doubt. That they have been outraged is equally true. But the public hears only the story which their enemies tell.

The Commission is instructed to ascertain the causes which have led to the difficulty and the hostilities; and to devise the most judicious and effective measures for preventing the continuance of the hostilities, and for the restoration of peace. So far, this is well. If the members of the Commission are the right men in the right place, they may probably succeed, although the Modocs have heretofore found the promises of the Government, through the Indian Agents, so shamefully short in their fulfillment of the grand pledges given, that they may not very readily agree to any proposition other than their own. Next, the opinion of the Indian Department is given to the effect that it is advisable to remove the Modocs; but it is rightfully coupled with the

proviso that it shall be with their consent. Whether this can be obtained is a question not at all assured. They claim their old grounds, their old homes; will be, as they have been, satisfied with that, and it is doubtful if any other spot can satisfy them. What white man or woman is there that would very willingly be put off from the farm or house of their forefathers without a strong protest? But we hope for the best. We sympathize with the Indians, because they are the weaker party. If the Commission can harmonize the contending claims and end the trouble, they will deserve well of their country.

There is one feature of the instructions, which we are more than pleased to perceive, is strongly put. It is that the Commission is to in no wise attempt to direct the military authorities in reference to their movements. They may inform the commanding officer of the wish of the Indian Department, that no more force or violence shall be used toward the Indians than is absolutely necessary. The object is to secure peace, and, if possible, to gain the confidence of the Indians. This will never be done through Indian Agents, whose ruling purpose is to obtain wealth by cheating the Indians of the bounty of the General Government. It is a good promise that the improvised Commission is not to be placed above the military in their mission. This has been done sometimes—the hypocrite Colyer being a magnificent example. Had it not been for him and his clique, peace and safety would have blessed Arizona long ago. We do not believe the military would be cruel toward the Modocs. The Peace Commissioners, unless different from most of such, would be cruel and ineffective. Doubtless the military will act in accordance with the wish of the Indian Department and the Government, which is justice and peace.

SACRAMENTO DAILY UNION.

3-25-1873

Report that the Modocs are Going to Leave the Lava Bed and Commence Burning Ranches—Arrival of Peace Commissioner Thomas.

YREKA, March 24th.

There are no arrivals from the front since Friday, and the latest dates are to the 19th. Sixty recruits for the First Cavalry, which left Redding the 18th instant, reached Little Shasta last night. Rev. E. Thomas, who has been appointed on the Modoc Peace Commission, arrived last evening and started for Van Bremer's this morning. From a gentleman who arrived from Scott river this evening we learn that a Modoc squaw had visited Hamburg John and other Klamath river Indians at Hamburg Bar on Klamath river. She brought word from Captain Jack asking these Indians to join the Modocs, saying as soon as grass grows they would leave the lava beds and commence burning ranches. Another Klamath river Indian living near Leggett's ranch had told several whites that he was going to join the Modocs shortly. If this should be true it is feared that there may be trouble with the Indians on the lower Klamath.

SLAUGHTER.

Seventy Men Marched by Daylight into
a Modoc Ambuscade.

19 Men Killed and 23 Wounded

ONLY FOUR SAVAGES FOUND DEAD.

Colonel Wright, Captain Thomas and
Lieut. Howe Killed—Lieut. Crauston
Missing—Lieut. Harris and Sur-
geon Semig Wounded.

News from the Lava Beds, conveying to us the startling intelligence that a detachment of troops, under Capt. Thomas, had been marched under the noon-day sun into an ambuscade of savages, and were overwhelmed with slaughter and defeat, was received here yesterday with general amazement.

No engagement was looked for and none intended until to-day, when an attack was contemplated with the design of crushing out the desperate band of Modocs.

No news of importance was looked for until Thursday or Friday.

This morning Gen. Schofield and officers of his staff, met at Military Headquarters, on Stockton street, feeling serene and satisfied with the situation.

In a few moments afterward a telegram from Gen. Gillem was placed before them, which caused as much astonishment and mortification, as pain.

The Official News

Is given as follows:

LAVA BED, VIA YREKA, April 28th.

To Major-General J. M. Schofield, San Francisco: On the 26th instant Major Green, commanding the camp on the west side of the Lava Bed, ordered Captain Thomas, Fourth Artillery, with batteries A and K of that regiment, company E of the Twelfth Infantry, and a party of Warm Spring Indians—about seventy soldiers and fourteen Indians—to make a reconnaissance, in a southeasterly direction, to a point about four miles from camp.

The party left camp at 7 A. M. At 12 o'clock M. the party reached the designated point, and were resting. No Indians had been seen. Suddenly the party was fired upon by Indians, when a portion of the command seem to have become panic-stricken, and organization seemed in a great measure to have ceased. Stragglers arrived in camp about half-past 1 o'clock P. M.

Major Green at once went to the assistance of Major Thomas. Arriving on the scene he found Thomas' command entirely disorganized and scattered. Upon searching in the lava chasms the bodies of Captain E. Thomas and Lieutenant L. P. Howe, Fourth Artillery, and Lieut. Thomas F. Wright, Twelfth Infantry, were found. First Lieutenant Arthur Crauston, Fourth Artillery, has not been found. He is undoubtedly killed. Lieutenant George M. Harris and Acting Assistant Surgeon B. Semig seriously, though, I hope, not dangerously wounded. Thirteen enlisted men were killed and sixteen wounded.

All the officers and a part of the men remained and fought like heroes, but the Indians secured all the advantages of position being discovered.

The remains of the officers go to Yreka to-morrow.

The bodies of four warriors have been found at or near the scene of the battle. (Signed) A. C. GILLEM,
Colonel First Cavalry, Commanding.

Was it Strategy, or Stupidity?

This news created a great sensation in the city. Criticism on the acts of the officers in charge at the Lava Beds was freely indulged in during the day. There are many who condemn in the severest terms the tactics which have been used, not only on this occasion, but throughout the entire war, and charges of gross mismanagement are frequently heard. However, it is an easy matter to fight Modocs on Montgomery street, or in a club room.

It seems certain, nevertheless, that General Schofield's plan for the campaign has not been followed out in detail as it was forwarded in general instructions. His design was to cautiously surround Capt. Jack and his band, cutting off all chance of escape, and by gradually drawing the lines closer, proceeding all the time with watchful care, to force the savages to yield or be exterminated.

It has been repeatedly said that the Indians occupy natural fortresses of an almost impregnable character, where they can lie unseen while on the watch for the approaching troops.

That they are not only wily and brave, but good and determined fighters, the history of this war is sufficient evidence.

4-30-1873, page 2 of 5

Knowing these facts, it does seem strange that Major Green should have dared to order Captain Thomas to march in broad daylight, with seventy men, into the very teeth of danger, without providing some means for covering their movements by a force of artillery. Had the precaution been taken to shell the rocks in advance of the men, the Indians in ambuscade might have been kept off or forced to show themselves.

From the number of those killed and wounded, it is evident that a large band made the attack, and must have been gathered in ambush, probably from a distance, after the troops had shown themselves on the march. That they could do so without being perceived is another proof of the peculiarly difficult country in which the work of attempted extermination is going on. So far the extermination has been on the side of the savages.

The Number of the Indians

In the Lava Beds must be much greater than has been supposed. This is the expressed opinion of General Schofield. It is probable that allies have been obtained in considerable numbers from the Pitt River country, perhaps also from the Klamath and Fort Harney Reservations. That they are well armed and effective in the use of arms is demonstrated already to our sorrow.

The Indian Death-Policy

Of our Government has again been thrust back in the teeth of its advocates. Such costly experiments under the bright light of our nation's past experience with the Indian character are not encouraging. We have now to record on its blackened pages, the names of nineteen more dead heroes, whose names will never again be answered to the roll-call. We have also now to see this Death-Policy record, stained with the blood from twenty-three more of our gallant boys wounded in the fight.

All this might have been saved by prompt and sensible action at the beginning of the trouble. Who will now talk of Peace Commissioners, if the Stein Mountain, or any other band of Indians go upon the war-path?

The Situation

At the Lava Beds, however, notwithstanding this great disaster, or blunder, has not been materially changed since our former reports. General Davis arrived at the front last evening, if his movements have kept pace with the anticipations of General Schofield. He is reputed to be a good Indian fighter and a brave and skillful soldier. He will at once assume command and direct the movements of the troops. It is not expected that further reinforcements will be needed.

Until further news arrives, which may possibly alter the view of the situation, no change in programme will be contemplated at Headquarters, unless special instructions should come from Washington.

Governor Booth Ready for the Emergency.

As soon as the news was known yesterday morning, Governor Booth called upon General Schofield and consulted him on the subject of the possible necessity of requiring aid from the State to assist the regular troops. General Schofield was of the opinion that the militia would not be required, at least until further news showing some decided change should be received, or a request made by General Davis.

The Character of the Troops

In the field is highly commended by General Schofield. They have all, with the exception of the heavy artillery, been engaged in Indian warfare, and have had late experience in Arizona under General Crook. He thinks that good Indian fighters could be sent from the East from the Regular Army, at less expense and in less time than a corps of volunteers could be organized and equipped here.

He admits that it would be a speedy settlement of the problem if General Crook, whom he believes to be the best Indian fighter in the United States, should be called to take command of the troops at the Lava Beds, but it would be requiring a great deal of one man to take charge of a new campaign immediately after closing one so arduous as has been his in Arizona.

He expresses himself as entirely confident in the ability of General Davis, who, he says, may not be rated much, if any, behind General Crook for this kind of work.

Troops from Arizona

Might be ordered to the Modoc War, and would be, but the time required to transport them so great a distance restrains General Schofield from doing so.

The War Department Awake to the Situation---A Frontier Rifle Corps Proposed.

Our correspondent in Washington telegraphs as follows:

WASHINGTON, April 29th.—The difficulty of operating with regular troops in the country occupied by the Modocs, and particularly the heavy losses sustained in the late attacks, have suggested the necessity of organizing a detachment of riflemen from the crack shots of the frontier, who live by hunting in the mountains. The troops would still answer to invest the strongholds of the savages so as to keep them safely hemmed in.

Danger in Haste.

It is considered that too great haste in this desperate war will only result in useless sacrifice of life. This campaign will be vigorously pushed forward as far as may be compatible with discretion. It is not presumed that the fight will be brought to an end shortly, nor that it can be carried on without loss of life, but it is the intention, as far as practicable, to make every life count.

4-30-1873, page 3 of 5

A General Indian War Feared.

In the neighborhood of Pembina, Minnesota, where the trouble with the Blackfeet Indians occurred a few days since, there are only two companies of troops, and the General of the army is anxiously awaiting further intelligence from that quarter. It is feared that the Blackfeet, Crow and Creek Indians may combine and perpetrate many outrages before a sufficient force can be moved to the protection of the settlers.

The War Department is making every effort to meet an expected outbreak among the Indians on the Northern frontier and in the Northwest.

Captain Evan Thomas,

Who commanded the detachment which suffered the fearful slaughter last Saturday, and who was shot down while bravely fighting to the last the lurking savage, was a son of Brigadier-General Lorenzo Thomas, formerly Adjutant-General of the Army, now on the retired list. He was a gallant officer and received his promotion in the service on account of bravery on the battle field. He was appointed Second Lieutenant of the Fourth Artillery April 9th, 1861, from the District of Columbia; promoted to First Lieutenant May 14th, 1861, and raised to the rank of Captain August 31st, 1864. He was brevetted Captain December 16th, 1862, and Major July 3d, 1863.

He leaves a wife and two children, who are now at the Fremont in this city.

Lieut. Thomas F. Wright,

Or Tom Wright, as he is affectionately and familiarly called by his old friends, who are many, was a son of the late General George Wright, who went down on the ill-fated *Brother Jonathan*. He was esteemed in the Army as a brave and able soldier, and by his host of friends as a genial companion. He served through the war of the Rebellion as a Colonel commanding a California regiment. His career commenced as Second Lieutenant of Volunteers. In 1865, at the time of the reorganization of the Army, he was appointed First Lieutenant. In January, 1870, he was assigned to the Twelfth Infantry at Camp Gaston, California.

His experience as a soldier in Arizona rendered him an efficient officer in the army, and his resolute character promised for him promotion and future distinction.

He leaves to mourn his loss a wife and child at Camp Gaston.

Lieutenant Albion Howe.

Lieutenant Albion Howe, son of Colonel Marshall Saxe Howe, U. S. Dragoons, was distinguished for his bravery during the late war. He received his appointment as Second Lieutenant in 1866, after having served as a Major of Volunteers during the Rebellion, and was promoted First Lieutenant November 18th, 1869. He was, for gallantry in the field, brevetted Captain March 2d, 1867. He was married not long ago to a daughter of Major-General W. S. Barry, Colonel First Artillery, and Commander of the Artillery School at Fortress Monroe.

Lieutenant Arthur Cranston

Was a graduate of West Point, Class of '67. Prior to that time he had served as a Colonel in the volunteer army. He leaves a wife and child in Washington.

Lieutenant Harris,

Who is reported among those seriously wounded, was a graduate of the Military Academy, Class of '68, and was appointed Second Lieutenant of the Tenth Infantry in June, 1868. He was assigned to the Fourth Artillery, May 4th, 1869. He is unmarried.

Assistant Surgeon Semig,

Also reported wounded, has an enviable reputation as a brave man, and with experience as an Indian fighter in Arizona. He is unmarried.

Preparations for the Funeral of General Canby.

Major-General H. A. Cobb has received a communication from General Schofield referring to his prompt efforts in making preparations to honor the remains of General Canby, which will arrive here on the *Ajax*. General Cobb and General Hewston have consulted together on this matter, and a suitable and appropriate method of observing the sad event will be decided upon.

Captain Mendenhall at the Lava Beds.

A despatch, dated on the 27th, notified General Schofield yesterday that Captain Mendenhall was then twenty-five miles from the Lava Beds, and rapidly approaching the scene of the Indian fights. He probably arrived at the front Sunday evening.

Intense Excitement in Washington Caused by the News.

WASHINGTON, April 29th.—General Sherman received an official despatch from General Schofield to-night, confirming the press despatches relative to the fight with the Modocs on Saturday, but giving no additional information. News of the battle causes intense excitement. Major Thomas was from Washington and so was General Lorenzo Thomas. His friends are deeply distressed at his death. Major Thomas leaves a wife and two children, who are now in San Francisco. Lieut. Cranston is also from Washington. He leaves a wife and one child, now in this city. Great excitement is felt to learn further particulars, especially to hear who is to blame for this alleged blunder.

Particulars of the Reconnoissance and Ambuscade.

From the Extra Chronicle.

HEADQUARTERS IN THE LAVA BED,
via Yreka, April 25th, 1873.

Information has just been received at headquarters of the fatal termination of a reconnoissance, composed of Batteries K and A, Fourth Artillery, and C and E, Twelfth Infantry, which left camp at 7:30 this morning, and proceeded in the direction known to lead to the present Modoc stronghold. Captain E. Thomas, Fourth Artillery, being in command.

A dozen or so of Warm Spring Indians were expected to cooperate on Captain Thomas' left. The troops having formed a line of skirmishers, advanced without molestation until they arrived at the foot of the bluff south of the lava beds, having meanwhile signaled to the camp that no Indians could be found.

THE INDIANS OPEN FIRE.

On reaching the bluff the Modocs opened a severe fire, causing the troops to seek for such shelter as they could find in the crevices and chasms. As usual, the fog was unseen. The first position becoming untenable, owing to the fact that the Indians obtained both a cross and enfilading fire, it was deemed expedient to retire to a better cover.

In the first fire, and that received during the retreat, many fell killed or wounded. So severe was the fire, and so exposed the position, that up to the present writing (7 P. M.) only one of the wounded could be got into camp; and as some of the wounded, including Lieutenant Wright, of the Twelfth Infantry, had sought shelter in a crevice which was partly open to the Modoc fire, grave doubts exist as to their ultimate safety.

REINFORCEMENTS SENT.

As soon as information was received at headquarters relative to the peril of the troops, aid was at once pushed forward to their rescue, four companies being ordered out (two cavalry) from this camp, and two from Colonel Mason's. Stretchers for the conveyance of the wounded were also forwarded; these latter are returning now without having achieved the object for which they were intended. Poor fellows! A bitter cold night at least is before them yet. Their comrades show plainly by their demeanor the heartfelt sorrow they feel for them, but are powerless in the matter.

Object of the Reconnoissance.

CAMP, HEADQUARTERS MODOC EXPEDITION.
LAVA BEDS, APRIL 27th.

General Gilliam has just received a despatch from Col. Green, First Cavalry, who went out with the reinforcements, which shows the surprise to have been much more complete and more terribly fatal than was at first supposed. The despatch states that Capt. Thomas and Lieut. A. R. Howe, Fourth Artillery, are killed, and Lieut. Harris, of the same regiment, badly, perhaps mortally wounded. Lieut. Cranston, Fourth Artillery, is missing.

The reconnoitering party had orders to proceed through the first black lava bluff about four miles from camp, to find a practicable road, if possible, by which to take out the force, in the event of attacking the Modocs in their present stronghold. If attacked, they were ordered to fall back, and not bring on a general engagement. We watched them through glasses till past the lava bluff, and circling around a large sandhill, some mile and a half beyond, they had met no Indians. The command seemed to be on the crest of a small sandhill, about 300 yards this side of the large hill, where there was no cover, except low, stunted sage brush. Then began

SHELLING THE CAMP.

As the soldiers say, to tell us that they had been attacked, when the fire became so heavy they were compelled to stop, for the fire from the right was very heavy, with a single shot from the front. There were a few rocks on the top of the small sand hill, and Lieutenant Harris, Battery K, and one or two others, got behind these rocks and replied to the fire from the right, holding them in check. Suddenly a fierce fire was opened from the left, drawing their attention that way, but it was only a feint, as afterward proved, for in a few minutes

THEIR RIGHT WAS HEAVILY ATTACKED.

They were surrounded on three sides. Battery A was ordered from the left to support the right, and then it appears the command became demoralized, and it was every man for himself. From the station we saw the movement, but as the wind was blowing a gale, we could hear but few guns, and scarcely a puff of smoke appeared. The troops had found a few Modoc pickets, and we supposed they were falling back in good order, and little was thought of it in camp for awhile. But, alas! such was not the case, as we learned about 3 P. M. from some stragglers who came in, frightened too much to tell an intelligible story. From them we learned that the command was entirely surrounded, and were or would be all slain; that all the way from fifty to one hundred Indians were pouring in fire on the unfortunate band.

RELIEF SENT FORWARD.

Colonel Mason was at once signaled on the Lava Bed to send troops to the assistance of our beleaguered men, and Colonel Green, with Troops K, N and H, First Cavalry, and Majors Cressen and Trimble, at once started for the scene from Mason's camp. A battalion of Colonel Miller's, comprising Major Throckmorton's Battery M, Fourth Artillery; Miller's Battery E, Fourth Artillery; and Troops G and B, First Cavalry, Captains Bernard and Jackson, arrived in the course of an hour and a half, and deploying as skirmishers to the left of our camp, swept up to the Lava Bed in the direction of where it was supposed the men were—for now all was still. We could not hear even a gun.

THE CAVALRY.

Under Cressen and Trimble, took the right, under the high bluff, and soon both lines were lost to sight. Darkness gathered around us, and all was still. Sadly we waited the long night through, waiting intelligence of the fate of the party, but none came until about daylight when Corporal Noble, of Battery A, came in and reported to Sergeant M. Boyle that he had been ordered by his officers to try and get through with word of their situation, and taking two wounded men with him, he started, and after floundering around in the darkness, finally came on Col. Green's lines. Noble was shot in the neck by a minute ball; but, fortunately, it was well spent and inflicted only a severe wound. I dare not yet write the account he brings. It is too horrid, but will wait until the troops come in with the dead and wounded. But it is evident they were

TAKEN UNAWARES.

Ambushed, and at once the troops were thrown into confusion, became demoralized, in fact, and consequently offered but a feeble resistance. They were in fact wild, and in the effort to restore confidence and prevent a total rout and an indiscriminate massacre, the officers exposed themselves too much, and in the vain effort it is probable that most have lost their lives. We know that Major Thomas, commanding the party, Colonel Wright, Lieutenants Howe and Harris, Sergeant Romer of Battery A, the First Sergeant of Company E, are all wounded, and report says all killed. One man who escaped says that he left Colonel Wright with eighty others in a little hole or hollow, where they had been gathered to avoid the bullets, and the Indians were

FIRING DOWN ON THEM

From all sides, and he jumped out and ran. How he escaped he knows not. Saunders, Private of battery A, who came in with Noble, says they were driven into a little hollow, from the rim of which the Indians fired down on them, and even tried to kill them with stones, so close were they. A stone thrown by a Modoc hit his hand, disabling the fingers for some time. Private McMillan, of Battery A, had a shot put through the right hand from side to side. He was trying to prevent them flanking his troops. The shot carried away a piece of gun-stock and disabled his hand. He fell back a mile with the battery, the men being in good order but separated from the others. As he could be of no use he came into camp, supposing the company would arrive all right, but it seems that they afterward became entangled and were forced to fight in the situation described by Saunders. Being too weak to cope with the foe, it was a total rout of the force, probably the highest number of Indians engaged was not over forty.

Those who have come in and are not demoralized, place the number at from twenty-five to thirty. It was to say the least a horrible affair, and I do not feel like criticising the move which has consigned so many brave fellows to death, but one thing I will say here, that the march of a body of men five miles in open daylight toward an Indian stronghold would at least give them every chance to ambush the advancing line, and to choose their own ground. I will not criticize the officers in command of the party, for the brave fellows are beyond the reach of criticism, but from all I gather it was a bad move, though an imperative one, and should have been made in the night.

Narrative of the Survivors.

5:30 A. M.—Poor brave Colonel Wright, as brave and gallant a man as ever drew a sword, is dead. From privates Francis Bella and William McCoy, of Battery K, who have just come in, I learn the sad end of the gallant soldiers. They had been forced back and fourteen of them were occupying a semi-circular hole, fronted by a bluff, behind open ground, and no cover. Colonel Wright had, through the fight, shown himself the bravest of the brave, exposing himself to keep his men in good heart, and, wounded in the hip, had with others sought this place of shelter.

A FEW RAN AWAY

As the balls flew around, but the rest remained. He was soon after shot in the groin, and then, as he was trying to fire his revolver, in the right wrist, and then through the breast or bowels, (he had buried his watch, previously remarking: "They 'han't got this,") when he died.

The soldiers still stayed, protecting the wounded and dead. There were Bella, McCoy of Battery K, and Benham of Company G, here. But a minute before the First Sergeant, Company E, tried to bring Captain Wright a drink of water and got a ball through his thigh, and was left in this place with four Indians shooting at them. From noon they remained until dark.

7 P. M.—At dusk Bella, McCoy and Benham, who was shot through both arms, made their way to camp, crawling most of the way, Bella carrying McCoy. Bella was shot through the right thigh and left calf and right arm, all both wounds. McCoy was shot in the groin and head. They reached here safely, leaving Benham. From

their account I gather that the attack at first was but a feint by a few. The firing commenced on three sides, just to keep the soldiers busy until the trap was set. The fourteen Indians seen endeavoring to flank the troops had another object, for when the troops fell back to the bluffs behind them for a place of safety, they found them

OCCUPIED BY THE MODOCS,

who poured in on them a murderous fire in that little, unsheltered glade. There is no question but some of the men behaved very badly, escaping as best they could, leaving their comrades to protect the wounded and dead, while they cared only for themselves. At the first fire John Lynch fell wounded, and was left to the enemy, so sudden was the onslaught. I will write no more until the arrival of the survivors, that I may get full and correct particulars.

In the fight Company K, Twelfth Infantry, Colonel Wright had the skirmish line, which accounts in a measure for his being thus separated. The line was in the shape of a V, point ahead, with flankers at each end, the reserve being close behind. I learn that when attacked they were

ALL SITTING DOWN CHATTING.

Where were the Warm Spring scouts, ten of whom were to go with this command? They were not in front certainly. If they were, they are poor scouts. But as I said, I will not criticise, as I want further information.

The whole force that left camp yesterday amounted to 59 men and 5 officers; Major Thomas, Battery A, Fourth Artillery; Lieutenants Howe and Harris, Sergeant R. S. Romer and 17 men of Battery K, Fourth Artillery; Lieutenant Harris, Sergeant Reese and 18 men of Company E, Twelfth Infantry; Colonel Wright and 23 men—64 in all.

9 P. M.—Cold and rainy. We are waiting for the train which brings in the dead and wounded. I saw a big fire in the Modoc camp to-day, and it is burning now. I fear Lieutenant Cranston, wounded and helpless, is lying there. If so, God pity him, for these fiends incarnate have none. Still we wait sadly for the last and most accurate news amid this cold and pitiless rain, almost alone, and with our dead—not ours yet, for we have not got them from the bloody field, though we expect them every minute. Ours is a sad camp to-night, and every man's hand grows strong as he thinks only of vengeance.

To some of the men we owe all this trouble, who, instead of holding their ground and covering the bluffs behind them as ordered, they broke and fled like frightened sheep, leaving their brave commanders to die almost alone. This threw the rest into disorder, and then, it seems, a panic seized them all. I cannot tell any more. Let the list of the dead and wounded tell the rest about that terrible slaughter.

Battery A. Look at her record: What is there left of her gallant men? They staid and died in a vain endeavor to save a total rout. When the command fell back to the bluffs, they expected to find them held by the men who had fled, but they found only Modocs there, who poured in on them a merciless fire.

I do not lay this blame to all the men, but to the false-hearted of those commands who fled at the first fire. It does not attach to those who staid through all that dreadful scene. The guide, Mr. Ticknor, escaped and fell in with Warm Spring Indians.

FIRING ON THE WARM SPRING INDIANS.

They expected to meet our troops at the Long Cave, but missing them, they followed on, arriving just in time to take part in the closing scene. But such was the demoralization of our troops, that though the Warm Spring Indians had a bugler with them and tried to make an advance to help our men, they were supposed to be Modocs and were fired upon by our men. Finally, they had to give up in despair, and wait for night to close in to give them a chance to render assistance. Well, that is all I can say of the day, and now for the result.

A long, cold night has passed, during which a blinding snow storm filled the air. A fire was kept burning on Signal Rock to guide our troops in with the dead and wounded, but they did not get in until about six A. M.

All night the storm raged, and through the darkness the soldiers toiled over the rocks, getting in the living and burying the dead. Part of the soldiers were buried on the battle-ground, having been horribly mutilated.

The Killed and Wounded.

The following list shows the slaughter of killed and wounded and missing:

Battery A, Fourth Artillery, went in with nineteen enlisted men and three officers, and came out with—

Killed—Major Thomas, Lieutenant Howe, First Sergeant R. S. Romer, Artificer John Parker, Bugler John Moran, private John Collins.

Wounded—Sergeant A. Beck, shot twice; Corporal James Noble, private James Broderick, private James McMillan.

Missing—Captain Arthur Cranston, Sergeant H. Selig, Corporal Lawrence Mooney, private J. E. Albin, private L. Bloom. **Killed**, 6; **missing**, 5; **wounded** four. **Total**, 15.

Battery K went in with nineteen men and one officer, and came out with the following result:

Killed—Privates Rose, J. W. Ward, J. Lynch, and M. Wallace.

Wounded—Lieutenant G. M. Harris, and privates J. M. Gifford, J. Riggins, W. McCoy, J. J. McLaughlin, F. Rolla. **Killed**, 4; **wounded**, 6. **Total**, 10.

Company E, Twelfth Infantry—**Killed**: Colonel Wright, Corporal St. Clair, privates P. Boyle, F. Gette, Thomas Howard, B. Nusham, M. Flynn—the two latter are missing. **Wounded**: First Sergeant Clinton, Sergeant Kennedy, privates Cuff, Butler, Henham, Murphy, Vandewater. **Killed** and **missing**, 7; **wounded** 7. **Total**, 14.

A citizen named Lewis Webber, who was in charge of the stretchers, was also killed, making in all, out of the party of sixty-four, seventeen killed, seventeen wounded, and five missing, which are the same as dead; or a total of twenty-two killed and seventeen wounded, not including Assistant Surgeon B. Seelig, who is wounded in two places. The battle-field presented a horrible sight. In one hole thirteen dead and wounded were found; seven in another, where they had huddled together like sheep and were slain or wounded. It was a total rout, caused by the defection of a few men on the start. The panic threw everything into disorder.

LATEST.

Twenty killed now, six missing and seventeen wounded—thirty men out of sixty-four.

A General Indian War Imminent.

A despatch has been received by General Schofield from Portland, announcing that the Indian tribes in Northern Oregon and Washington Territory have left their Reservations and are now on the war path. They number several thousand and are well armed.

Sacramento Daily Union

5-24-1873

The Dawn of Peace—Surrender of a Portion of the Modoc Army—43 Men, Women and Children, including 12 Warriors, Come Into Camp and Lay Down their Arms—General Davis Promises Protection and Places them Under Guard—Captain Jack and 20 Warriors Go to Pit River Mountain.

FAIRCHILD'S RANCH, May 22d—3 P. M.

At 1 o'clock this afternoon One-Eyed Dixie returned to General Davis' headquarters at a slashing pace, her horse being completely blown, made an obeisance, and at once let her tongue loose. She reported that the Indians were close at hand and ready to enter camp under escort. All they asked was that Fairchild come out and meet them. No soldiers need come. The presence of Fairchild would be considered a guarantee of good faith. "Where is Artna," asked General Davis. "Tired out," said Dixie; "long ride, no water, no good." The absence of Artna gave rise to suspicions of foul play that were only dispelled by her sudden and unexpected advent. She too reined in her foaming cayuse before General Davis, and said the Indians were hovering about the hills near here and yearned to surrender to the Tybee. Fairchild, Blair and two or three employes of the former with whom the Indians were acquainted, mounted swift steeds, by request of General Davis, and started with Dixie after the erring red men. An hour has elapsed since the departure of the party, and nothing has yet been heard of its operations.

FAIRCHILD'S RANCH, May 22d—4 P. M.

Another hour has passed away, and no Modocs have appeared. General Davis, General Wheaton and Colonel Sumner are sitting in front of the headquarters tent canvassing the Indian question. The opinion prevails that unless a stampede occurs the Modocs will surely come into camp.

5 P. M.—The news of the intended surrender of the Indians has spread through the camp like wildfire, and the soldiers and Warm Spring scouts are alike elated at the prospect of a peaceful victory. Dixie told General Davis before she started that the Modocs feared the soldiers would kill them the instant they entered the camp, and it required a deal of diplomacy on his part to convince her that the soldiers dare not disobey his commands. Donald McKay, Captain of the Warm Springs, also had to pledge his word that the scouts would not interfere ere Dixie would leave, but Dixie had very little choice in the matter, all things considered. She was told that the Government did not intend to trifle any longer. She might go to the Modocs and act according to her own wishes, but she must leave camp as the great Tyee wanted no squaws about here. She saw the point of the argument and no longer hesitated. That is why she changed her mind this morning after she had decided not to carry any more messages to the Modocs.

FAIRCHILD'S RANCH, May 22d—6 P. M.

"Here they come! Here they come!" was the cry that startled the camp a few moments since and brought every person, citizen and soldier, old and young, to his feet and from the tent to the open air. Hurrying forward to the crest of the hill west of the camp I secured an excellent view of the mesa beyond and the procession that was slowly creeping along in this direction. First came Blair, manager of the Fairchilds' ranch, mounted on a sturdy colt and looking sharply at every movement among the strolling soldiers. Fifty yards behind him was Fairchild, and still further on were twelve Modoc bucks and a choice select

tion of squaws and papooses. Never did a procession move more slowly. The few ponies ridden by the Modocs were gaunt and weak, and seemed scarcely able to bear the women and children, who were literally piled upon them. The bucks embraced Bogus Charley, Steamboat Frank, the Curly-headed Doctor and others of lesser note. They were dressed in motley garb; nearly all of them wore portions of the regular uniforms of the United States army. Every buck carried a Springfield rifle. The women were dressed in clothes that had evidently been used by the fair sex within the confines of civilization, and were all the worse for wear and tear in the lava bed. As a rule the warriors and the squaws had daubed pitch across their faces, which gave to them a hideous aspect that beggars description. As they came into camp at a tuncral pace the noise and bustle among the soldiers was hushed and few words were spoken. The Modocs said nothing, no one approached them until General Davis came forward. He met the procession fifty paces from the house and was formally introduced to Bogus Charley. Charles is a slender, athletic, intelligent warrior of twenty years, a man who speaks and thoroughly understands English. The scamp smiled sweetly on the General and shook his hand, then all the leading warriors present came forward and greeted him cordially. Next every buck laid his gun beside him and awaited orders. General Davis said, "Give up your pistols and all your other arms." Each buck said he had no arms. "Now, then," said the General, "I shall give you a camp where you may remain to-night. If you try to run or to escape you will be shot dead." This order was explained to all and obedience promised. The procession then moved across the Cottonwood Creek to a clump of trees. At this point came the tailings of the crowd—and such a sight. There were half-naked children, aged squaws, who could scarcely hobble; the blind, the lame and the halt—the very scum of the tribe. There were sixty-three persons, men, women and children—twelve bucks, twenty squaws and the rest children.

Fairchild says there are twenty bucks missing from this, the Cottonwood branch of the tribe. Bogus Charley says that Boston Charley has been killed, which the same is thought to be an Indian romance. He says Hooka Jim is looking for Charley's body. The disaffection heretofore reported is corroborated by the captive Modocs, who parted company with Jack eight days ago. Strange as it may seem, the young captives are as stout and hearty as if they had been living in peace and on the fat of the land. The captives are now drawing rations and preparing for a feast.

Captain E. M. Camp arrived from Van Bremer's with companies E and G, Twelfth Infantry, and will remain here as headquarters guard. Captain Kingsbury commands Company E. General Wheaton and Captain Winters reached here this morning. The cavalry has been divided into squadrons and the Warm Springs also, for the purpose of following Captain Jack's fraction of the Modoc tribe. The respective tribes will start out in a day or two.

Military operations cannot take a decided shape until the surrendering business is settled.

S. A. Clark, the New York Times correspondent, and parties from Ball's ranch report having seen Indian signs on the road. Probably the Modocs were in that vicinity. Indeed it is now well known that the Modocs have been within reach of the road from Ball's to the lava bed for a week or more, and could have done an extensive business in the butchery line had they been so disposed.

A. B. Meacham, ex-Peace Commissioner, arrived this morning from Salem, Oregon. The object of his visit has not yet transpired.

LATER—7 P. M.—Another Indian has just entered camp and surrendered. It is Hooka Jim, a Lost river murderer.

My courier starts now.

SACRAMENTO DAILY UNION.

5-24-1873

THE MODOC WAR POSSIBLY ENDED.

The intelligence contained in to-day's dispatches from the lava bed indicate that the Modoc war is possibly ended. The report received a day or two ago that the Modocs had disagreed among themselves proves true. The Hot Spring portion of the tribe were unwilling to fight longer, and Captain Jack and his adherents had left them and made their escape. On the 22d instant, after the interchange of several messages conveyed back and forth by two Indian women, the remaining Indians came into camp and surrendered unconditionally to General Davis. They numbered sixty-three in all, of whom twelve or fifteen were warriors. Bogus Charley and several other noted warriors are among the captives. The Indians were afraid they would be slaughtered by the soldiers, but General Davis promised them protection and placed them under guard. Captain Jack and about twenty warriors left the ground several days ago, and it is supposed they have gone to Pit River Mountains. If this surmise proves true there would seem to be but little more for the army to do at the lava bed. Fears will of course be entertained that Captain Jack may incite the Pit River Indians and other tribes to a general outbreak, but it seems more probable that his aim will be to seek the recesses of the mountains, and evade the pursuit of the military. Vigorous measures on the part of the military may result in his capture or surrender, but it is not likely that he will give battle again with his reduced band if he can avoid doing so. Renewed vigilance should be exercised by both the authorities and citizens of the northern part of the State to guard against the possibility of new difficulties with other tribes.

SACRAMENTO DAILY UNION.

5-27-1873

INDIANS OF THE TULE RESERVATION.

EDS. UNION: There is said to be some difficulty in effecting the quiet removal of the Indians of the Tule River Reservation to the new location recently selected for them within the gorge of the south fork of the Tule river, and it is believed that parties interested in having the Government occupy the new selection are now actively manipulating an effort to obtain troops; and since there may be two sides to this question I have concluded to give you a few of the impressions of those friendly to the cause of humanity and even-handed justice. I know of no civilization anywhere sufficiently advanced to justify a hundred men—possessed of families and fortitude—in making the attempt to eke out a subsistence within the limits of the territory described in this reservation by devoting themselves to either agriculture or the chase. If these Indians can do it they are possessed of an energy superior to that of their white brethren and one worthy of a better fate. The most of the Indians of this valley are devoted almost exclusively to agriculture. To withdraw them would be in many cases to stop the plow in the furrow, to have the wool unshorn upon the sheep's back, to have the wheat unthrashed in the sheaf or standing in the field. They perform a very large portion of the manual labor of the valley, yet the time has never been since the settlement of the country that there was not an element both at Tule river and Visalia which desired the presence of a company of troops, and I know that a former editor of the *Delta* was threatened with the necessity of chronicling the promiscuous and wholesale slaughter of all the Indians at the reservation if that journal did not advocate a permanent military station there. It is an undoubted fact that these poor creatures are more sinned against than sinning. It would be outraging truth and decency to say that they now have or ever have had any shadow of protection from the law. I will venture to say that there is no instance in

the history of jurisprudence in this county when an Indian has ever received redress in the courts for an outrage perpetrated against him or his race. I doubt whether the State at large can present any better showing. I do not believe that there is a grown person amongst any of these tribes that has not seen their mother or sisters fettered and ravished or their brethren killed for daring to have a pretty squaw for a wife. I think that you will only have to turn to the files of the *Union* or to the report of General John E. Wool, while commanding in this department, to establish the proposition that "Indian hunts" were, a few years since, as common with sporting men in our northern coast counties as was or is the chase of the fox or the hare. Many of the infants caught in these "hunts" were sold and brought here, and are to be met with to-day—some of them still held and required to do the bidding of their purchasers. The world will fail to believe and history will fail to record the assertion that the treachery of the Modoc chief was anything else than retaliation. There are those who would almost assume that the Creator, God of all things, should be rebuked for a blunder in placing these creatures on the earth. There are others who, in the interest of what they call religion, affect to see the frown of the Almighty, the curse of Canaan, in the color of their skin. It is high time that the youth of the country was withheld from this school for the education of assassins, and that these people were placed in their true position before the public by the unearthing of the festering corruption which lies cooped beneath our Indian policy.

ROCKAWAY.

Visalia, May 24th, 1873.

Daily Alta California.

5-29-1873

FAIRCHILD'S RANCH.

NEWS FROM THE MODOC PEN.

More Preparations for the Pursuit of Captain Jack.

The Oregonian Volunteers Fretting for the War-Path—The Klamaths Outraged by the Whites.

No new excitement has been produced by the news from the Modoc War since the report of the surrender of the Cottonwood band. The despatches received at headquarters and elsewhere contain few important particulars of recent movements, though some interest is manifested, in even a recapitulation of the past and further details of the present condition of things. A special despatch from Fairchild, dated the 27th to the *Bulletin*, contains matter of some interest.

Movements to Intercept Captain Jack.

F and H troops of the First Cavalry, under command of Colonel Perry, will leave to-morrow morning for the Pitt River country to intercept Captain Jack should he escape from Clear Lake, and also to find out the state of the Indians in that region. There are about twenty Warm Spring Indians attached to Colonel Perry's command.

More Captives.

One warrior, one squaw and four children have just come in and given themselves up to General Wheaton. These prisoners were brought in by Tom and Kitty, children of "Old Sleepy," from Dorris Ranch, where they arrived last night. Sleepy Tom and Kitty are Modocs who have remained at Dorris Ranch since the Modoc trouble commenced.

Oregon Volunteers Thirsty for Blood.

General Ross and Staff of the Oregon Volunteers, and Captain Rodgers, with a detachment of their respective commands, are now in camp looking after the Indians now under guard. The probability is that they would like very much to have them under their care, but the end and time is not yet. There are three companies of Oregon Volunteers in the field now, and one is being organized in the Klamath Basin. Captain Holland's Company "D," is stationed in Goose Lake Valley, while the others will be stationed along the State line, on the alert for straggling parties from the Lava Beds, and woe be unto the unfortunate Indian who fall into their clutches! The estimated number of Oregon Volunteers now in the field is about 150, rank and file.

Settlers Stirring Up Trouble with the Klamaths.

We hear from Klamath that the Indians have been much excited about the killing of two Indians at Silver Lake, north of Goose Lake Valley, by the settlers. Agent Dyer, from the Reservation, accompanied by O. C. Applegate and twenty Reservation Indians, are now there investigating the affair; hence, there is another dark cloud rising, but it may blow over.

Daily Alta California.

6-3-1873

CAPTAIN JACK SURRENDERS

END OF THE MODOC WAR.

All Captured at Last — A Brilliant Scout.

CAPTAIN JACK IS EVERY INCH AN INDIAN.

**Query — What shall be Done with the
Elephant ?**

The news of the surrender of the larger portion of Captain Jack's band, succeeded so promptly by the report of the capture of Captain Jack and the little remnant of his band produced a most agreeable impression yesterday everywhere, not only here, but also in all parts to which the lightning wires carried the news.

In addition to the facts set forth in the report of W. M. Bunker, published yesterday morning, he sends the following to the *Bulletin* :

LANGRELL'S VALLEY, LOST RIVER, OR., GREEN'S CAMP, May 31st—Evening—After a thorough examination of the Modoc captives, gathered in during the present scout under Col. Green, it is ascertained that the last hunt netted us thirty-four men, women and children, thirteen of them being able-bodied warriors. We also obtained sixteen rifles of various patterns, one hundred and thirteen cartridges, and several lean and hungry ponies.

6-3-1873

CAPTAIN JACK'S GENEALOGY.

The Son of an Old Kentucky Fillbuster.

[From the Frankfort (Ky.) Yeoman.]

It is at this time currently reported in this community, and by many believed, that Captain Jack, the celebrated Modoc chief, is the son of Captain Jack Chambers, a native and formerly well-known citizen of the western part of this county. In support of this belief, the following facts are given: About the year 1845-6 a party of emigrants, made up of citizens of Franklin county and other parts of Kentucky, went to California on a fortune-seeking expedition. With this party went Captain Jack Chambers, a bold, daring man, who, though a full-blooded white man, possessed many of the characteristics, physical as well as mental and moral, of the Indian brave. On reaching California the party gradually broke up and scattered, but it is as well known, and so reported by those who subsequently returned to Kentucky, that Captain Jack Chambers fell in with the Modoc Indians, married the daughter of their head chief, at whose death he (Captain Chambers) succeeded to the chieftainship by election, and so continued to the day of his death, only a few years ago. It is also said that, after living with the Modocs some years, he became so much like the rest of the warriors of that tribe, both in speech and general physique, that the closest observer never suspected that he was other than a full-blooded Indian. Besides, the captain himself favored the delusion, and hence it is that we see it stated in all the sketches of "Captain Jack," the present Modoc chief, that he is the son of a full-blooded chief of the tribe. At the time of his joining the Modocs Captain Jack Chambers was between thirty-five and forty years of age. Previous to his emigration to California, however, he had volunteered in the war for the independence of Texas, where he distinguished himself as a brave soldier and capital officer. It is an interesting and remarkable fact in his personal history that he was one of a family of twenty-four children—twenty-one sons and three daughters—all of whom grew to maturity, most of whom are still living, and nearly all of whom were remarkable for physical qualities closely resembling those of the higher types of the American Indians.

MASSACRE OF MODOC PRISONERS.

On the morning of the 7th instant the two Fairchild brothers, acting under orders from the United States military authority, were conveying seventeen Modoc prisoners from Fairchild's ranch, on Cottonwood Creek, to Camp Boyle. Some ten or twelve other citizens accompanied the party. On the road John Fairchild and the other citizens, with a number of warriors—all being armed—drew out ahead of James Fairchild, who was left with a wagon-load of unarmed Modoc men, innocent of any murder, and a number of Indian women and children. At Lost river the wagon party encountered some Oregon volunteers under command of Captain Hiser, then in camp, but on the way home. After being closely questioned by Hiser as to the Indians in the wagon, who they were, etc., and the reply from James Fairchild that they were not of the worst Modocs, and that there were no charges against them, the wagon party went on. Just before they separated from the Oregon volunteers Captain Hiser asked Fairchild: "Where will you camp?" and was told "at Dennis Crawley's." Driving onward for half an hour after this colloquy Fairchild was met by a citizen on horseback, who inquired of him if "any men had passed along ahead of him?" Fairchild replied "yes." This man kept in company with Fairchild for about a mile and then turned off to the right at a point ten miles from Crawley's house, where Fairchild had told Captain Hiser that he intended to camp. Soon after this Fairchild observed two men riding in haste toward a rocky point, two hundred yards ahead, as if they intended to intercept the wagon. He was correct in his suspicion of foul play. The two men gained the point of interception, dismounted, disguised themselves partially, and when the wagon drew near one of them stepped to the rear, the other to the front of it, presenting cocked needle guns at Fairchild's head, accompanying the act with a brutal demand that Fairchild should get down. When the old man asked, "By what authority?" the reply was, "By mine; I'm going to kill the Indians and you, too!" The mules were then caught by one of these two men and the work of murder begun, a needle gun being held by one of them close to Fairchild's ear, the other doing the killing of the unarmed Modocs in the wagon. All the men in the wagon were killed and one woman was badly wounded in a very short time. Before the children and Fairchild could be butchered, dust was seen in the rear, in the direction of Crawley's, and the murderers

Sacramento Daily Union
6-10-1873

hastily decamped. The party soon came up, and proved to be a United States sergeant, ten soldiers and a teamster. Fairchild with the wounded Modoc woman and her children were taken to General Davis' camp. But, it is added, that no pursuit of the murderers was ordered. And our account throws suspicion upon the Oregon volunteers under Captain Hiser, to whom the two men are supposed to have belonged. This suspicion, after a close reading of the dispatch, we believe to be a forced one and too hastily delivered. We hope it may prove unfounded. If it is indeed true that these two men were allowed to leave Hiser's command of volunteers to murder unarmed prisoners in this dastardly manner, the candid world will have to admit that the volunteers and the Modocs are upon a par in barbarism, treachery and a disregard of the rules of civilized warfare. The act was quite as vile as the killing of General Canby and Commissioner Thomas, with the added infamy that it was done by white men pretending to civilization. If Captain Jack and Schonchin merit death, surely these two white assassins merit nothing less. And if they belong to the army, equal justice demands that they should be tried and punished by a military court. They will probably escape, because if they are part of Hiser's command of Oregon volunteers, their comrades will be more apt to screen than to expose them, while if they were citizens avenging some real or imagined wrong it will be difficult to trace them, and impracticable to convict them in the civil courts, where they would have to be tried; for these murdered prisoners were not at the time in charge of the army authorities, and appear to have been on the way to Camp Boyle to be turned over to some officer there. The case is one, apart from the infamy it reflects on the white assassins, that will call for another learned opinion from Attorney-General Williams, and which in the end may exercise an influence at Washington favorable to Captain Jack and his guilty confederate assassins. If it is once explained that the murder of unarmed prisoners is a part of the recognized military code of the border whites, now, as it was in the days of Ben Wright, justice and sympathy for the weaker side will both conspire to mollify the offenses of the Modocs, and plead most forcibly for their lives.

6-12-1873

THE MODOCS AND THEIR FRIENDS.

Late Washington dispatches sketch the plan which the Indian Peace Commissioners intend to pursue in regard to the Modoc captives. They will allow them to be put on trial before a military commission; but if they are convicted, the Peace Commissioners will set up that the court was wanting in jurisdiction; and if this plea is not admitted by the President and War Department, they will then apply to the Supreme Court of the United States to intervene on habeas corpus, to show cause why Captain Jack and his confederates shall not be tried by the civil authority of the United States. This statement may not be true in all its details, but there is reason to believe that the Peace Commissioners will not be silent spectators of the trial, judgment and execution of the Modocs as proposed by military commission. We hope it may be so. These savages ought to have access to every legal means in defense or extenuation of the crimes charged against them to which any white man may be entitled. That they are weak, ignorant, friendless and poor, are additional reasons why the Peace Commissioners and philanthropists generally should come forward and assist them.

But an acquittance of the Modoc chiefs upon technicalities is not what the country wants, nor should it satisfy the Peace Commissioners and the friends of fair play for the Indian. What is needed above all things, both to meet the demands of justice and make up a historical record upon which future ages may form a correct judgment as to the matters at issue between the whites and the reds, is such a thorough investigation of the causes which led to this war and provoked the assassinations reciprocally complained of as will expose the first guilty parties and lay bare the wrongs now but vaguely charged against the management of the affairs of some of the Northern tribes. It is charged that a white man twenty years ago committed an unparalleled act of perfidy and slaughter against this Modoc tribe. It is said that he was shortly afterwards employed by the Government as an Indian agent near the place where he committed the alleged outrage. It was asserted in 1867 by Nesmith, then a Senator from Oregon, that the Indian agents of that State systematically cheated the tribes. "I have examined invoices of purchases," said he, "made by the Interior Department in Eastern cities, where the prices charged were from 50 to 100 per cent above the market value of good articles; and upon examination of the goods I found them worthless and deficient in quantity." He specifies as follows:

"Among the articles were 'steel spades,' made of sheet-iron; chopping axes, made of cast-iron; 'best brogan shoes,' with paper soles; blankets, made of shoddy and glue, and forty dozen of useless elastics, where there was not a single pair of socks or stockings for the women." If these allegations are true, is it any wonder that the Indians abandon their reservations in disgust and despair, and turn with arms upon the thieves employed by the Government to protect them? Let us have an investigation of the charges, and let it be thorough. If the agents were most to blame for the war, then it is a manifest injustice to let the punishment fall with exclusive and terrible severity upon the wronged savages. White savages ought not to be allowed the disposition of this case. That is not the way to put an end to border wars, but the surest means of inciting them. It is in place to quote here some remedies proposed by Bishop Whipple of Minnesota. He puts nearly all our Indian wars either to the account of treaties deliberately violated by the Government in a spirit of meanness and neglect or to aggressive border whites, and concludes as follows:

The remedy is simple: In every treaty the just value of the Indian's possessory right ought to be paid; the Government should hold this as a sacred trust for its wards. The sum will in every case be ample to care for him until able to care for himself. The Indian must be placed under law; these laws must be plain and, at whatever cost, must be enforced. A judicial officer—a stipendiary magistrate—ought to reside on every reservation and with such constabulary force as is necessary to execute the law. In most cases the Indians could be appointed as such constables. But at whatever cost we must have law and enforce it. The friends of the Indians have always pleaded for this, and they ask swift punishment on those who commit crimes. The present agents plead for this. For six months one of the best agents in the country has warned us that an Indian war was imminent because of the inefficiency of our system, and that the lawless and turbulent were allowed to roam at will and commit crimes without fear of punishment. The Indian question will not be silent. Thoughtful men are beginning to feel that we must meet it in the fear of God. If you place ten white men and women in a row with an Indian and tell the American people we must kill the Indian, but we shall have to kill the ten of our own race first, and it will cost us one hundred thousand dollars, we shall hesitate as to the wisdom of the act. It is exactly what we have done for a score of years. We cannot go on. In Canada they have never had an Indian war; we have seldom passed a year without one. The secret is in "law." The good are protected, the bad are punished. We should aim at three things:

1. We must break up their wandering, savage habits by paying them a just price for their rights and placing them on reservations which shall be guaranteed to them and to their children forever.
2. We must give them individual rights of property, and protection to person, property and life.
3. We must add to this God's best gift—the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which has changed our own brutal Saxon fathers into manly Christian men.

With these reforms we shall have a peace policy worthy of a Christian people, and the efforts of the President, for which he deserves our gratitude, will not be in vain.

7-10-1873

**Trial of Captain Jack and Other Modocs—
Charges Made and Witnesses Examined—Lost
River Murderers to be Surrendered to the
Oregon Authorities.**

FORT KLAMATH, July 5th. }
Via ASHLAND, July 9th. }

The Military Commission met this morning at 10 o'clock, pursuant to adjournment from the 1st instant. Present—All the members and the Judge Advocate. It proceeded to the trial of Captain Jack, Schonchin, Boston Charley, Black Jim, Slotuck and Barcho, Indians, who were present at the time of and implicated in the Canby massacre. After the usual mode of opening and swearing in the court, the prisoners were brought in and arraigned upon the following charges and specifications:

Charge First—Murder in violation of the laws of war. Specification 1st—In this, that they (Indians), called and commonly known as Captain Jack, Schonchin, Boston Charley, Black Jim, Barcho and Slotuck, members of a certain band of Indians, known as the Modoc band of Indians, which band, including the Indians above named, was, at the time and place hereinafter alleged, engaged in open and flagrant war with the United States, under the command of Captain Jack, and did, as representatives of said Modoc band, meet, under a flag of truce and suspension of hostilities, Brigadier-General E. R. S. Canby, U. S. A., commanding the Military Department of the Columbia, and certain Peace Commissioners on the part of the United States, namely: E. Thomas, A. B. Meacham and L. S. Dyar, citizens of the United States, all representing the Government of the United States, for the agreed purpose of discussing and arranging the terms upon which the hostilities existing between the United States and said band of Indians might cease; and did therefore, in wanton violation of the sacred character of said flag of truce and suspension of hostilities, and treacherously disregarding the obligations imposed by said truce under the laws of war, wilfully, feloniously and of malice aforethought kill and murder said Brigadier-General Canby, United States Army—all this at or near the lava beds, so called, situated near Tule Lake, in the State of California, within the territories of the United States, on or about the 11th day of April, A. D. 1873.

The second specification is very near a verbatim copy of the above, except that the name of Dr. Thomas is substituted.

Charge Second—Assault with intent to kill A. B. Meacham and L. S. Dyar. Specifications about the same as the foregoing.

Thus far three witnesses have been examined, namely: T. F. Riddle, his Indian woman Toby and L. S. Dyar. Toby swears positively that Captain Jack shot General Canby; that Schonchin shot Meacham; Boston Charley shot Dr. Thomas, and that Hooka Jim tried to kill L. S. Dyar; also, that Barcho knocked her down with a gun and tried to take her horse.

The testimony of T. F. Riddle corroborates his wife's in the main. The testimony of Dyar amounts to nothing. He could swear to nothing positively, except that he was present when the firing commenced, and that he was chased by Hooka Jim.

The Indian scouts Bogus Charley, Shacknasty Jim, Steamboat Frank and Hooka Jim will be examined to-morrow.

A. B. Meacham is at Ferree's ranch, 25 miles from here, and is expected to be present at the trial to-morrow, 7th instant.

A dispatch has just been received from Washington, addressed to Major Curtis, directing him not to bring the Lost River murderers before him for trial. It is supposed these murderers will be turned over to the courts of Jackson county, Oregon. The trial of the Peace Commission murderers will probably be concluded on or before the 9th instant.

10-3-1873, page 1 of 2

THE MODOCS.

Lecture on the Modoc Troubles by Hon. A. B. Meacham.

The Modocs have already filled their space in the world—nine days have passed since their capture, and the public evidently care very little about them now, for Mercantile Library Hall was but poorly filled last night with the audience who came to listen to a lecture by Hon. A. B. Meacham, formerly Superintendent of Indian Affairs at Oregon, and one of the Peace Commissioners who was doomed by the savages to die with General Canby and his colleagues when they made their treacherous attack. Poor Rip Van Winkle said "Are we so soon forgotten when we die?" The fate of the Peace Commissioners is almost forgotten.

The lecturer was well received, but his poor delivery of his very interesting subject failed to give general satisfaction, as but few in the audience were able to hear him, and toward the close a request was made that he speak louder.

THE INDIANS.

Mr. Meacham commented by saying that the Indians who die to-day deserve it, though he did not deny that he had sympathy for them. His connection with the Indian service for four years, and a long life on the frontier, gave him an opportunity to learn and study the Indian character. It was strange that so little was known and understood about the Indians and that no solution of the Indian problem had been arrived at. The Modoc War was but a repetition of former Indian Wars.

We had built our towns on their homes and grounds, and the general idea prevailed, the sooner the few remaining were gone the better. This was a common feeling among the frontier people who had suffered from them, but it was not the true idea that should fill the American heart. We can afford to be magnanimous, and it is our duty to be just. We have opened our gates to the oppressed and spend millions for the education of the heathen, but on the Indians we make war and regard them as enemies. We are not slow to punish them for crimes they commit, but are not so prompt to punish those who sin against them, and do not consider their interests and wishes. The Government agents failed to keep faith with them; the Indian service had been abused for rich harvests by speculators. The question is not asked, Is he competent? but often agents were appointed for political services.

THE MODOC NATION.

The speaker then referred to the establishment of the Modoc nation, and came to the year 1864, when seventy-five emigrants were waylaid on the Oregon borders, where many were killed. Two women were taken prisoners and were subsequently killed by the squaws, who were jealous of them, and children were held up by the arms and chopped to pieces. Then it was that Ben. White was elected Captain of an independent company in Yreka, and proceeded to the Modoc quarters to avenge wrongs—first by poison, which failed, and then there was a peace talk. The Indians came forty-five strong, they laid down their bows, and on an agreed signal being given, with a treachery equalling Captain Jack's band, forty Indians were killed. Strels next made a treaty, which was unauthorized. In the same year Huntington made another treaty, which provided that the Modocs, with Schonchin and Captain Jack, should take their residence on the Reservation. After being on the Reservation a short time they felt that living on the Reservation was a life not free from restraint, and they left and returned to their old quarters, and enlisted the sympathy of white people.

In 1869 Mr. Meacham was appointed Superintendent, and on taking his office he sent a messenger to Captain Jack to meet him half way, and received an insulting reply. A few days subsequently he went with a sub-agent and a number of employes of the Government to Captain Jack's camp, where he was coldly received. Jack stared at him as only an Indian can, and after the usual introductions and smoking of pipes, Scar-faced Charley made the opening speech, saying Jack was a big Chief and Meacham was a little Chief. Whereupon Meacham replied that he had been sent by the President and was a Chief over them all. A meeting was arranged for the next day. At this meeting a treaty signed by Jack in 1864, to go on the Klamath Reservation, was shown him. He said he was willing to go to Modoc Point. This was conceded, and the Agent thought he had achieved a victory, when one of the braves sprang up and said no, and that incident went very near to bringing on the Modoc war four years earlier than it occurred. Jack finally consented to go on the 13th of December, 1869, on condition that he would not be insulted by the Klamaths, and was promised that he would be protected. They were taunted, and appealed to the Agent left in charge, who failed to protect them. If they could have been protected at that time, no war would have ensued; Canby, Thomas, Wright and a hundred soldiers would not have lost their lives, and Congress would not be called upon to settle for a million of debts; they would, to-day, have the Indians ready for citizenship instead of for the gallows.

O'Neal was next appointed Agent, and he sent messages to his subordinates to place the Modocs on the Reservation peacefully if they could, forcibly if they must. Captain Jack refused to go, and thirty-five men, on the 30th of November 1871, came into the Indian camp by surprise. One of them was armed and refused to surrender, and was disarmed by Lieutenant Bantall. A fight ensued; the news spread to the settlers, who organized themselves. Thirteen settlers, two Indian women and one child were killed. If no citizens had engaged in the war at that time, there would have been no assassinations. The news was next spread to Fairchild's Ranch that the Indians had increased from 37 to 51, among them being Shacknasty Jim, Ellen's Man and Bogus Charley. Captain Jack was always willing to make peace, but the majority of his braves opposed him. They heard of the bitter feeling against them, and determined to die in the last ditch.

Four hundred soldiers were sent up there, volunteers organized, and after the first battle, the troops retired under a cloud of fire, which gave confidence to the Indians. Among them was a brave called the "Dreamer," who said the earth would become dry, the whites would be swallowed up, and the Indian dead come to life again, and this first victory encouraged them in that belief.

THE PEACE COMMISSION

Was next organized, and approved by the press of this coast, though in his opinion it was a short-sighted policy, as at that time only forty or fifty whites had been killed, while it required one hundred and fifty lives to accomplish the desired end.

The speaker then gave the various movements, from the organization of the Commission on the 20th of February, 1873, at Fairchild's Ranch, to the day of the massacre. The first proposition came from Mary, Captain Jack's sister, to meet them half way with wagons, which was agreed to, but the Indians failed to come. Reconnoitering parties were organized to hunt the trails of the lava-beds, and a few days afterward a conference was obtained with Captain Jack, who stated his grievances and desired to go to Lost River, but it was explained to him that he could not go, when he refused to go anywhere else. The assassination had been determined on at that meeting, but it not carried out. The next day Meacham was sent for to come alone to Captain Jack, and went contrary to the wishes of General Canby and Dr. Thomas. Captain Jack at that interview said he was born free; God gave him the country, and he would ask no man where he could go to. He would not beg or steal; he wanted nothing from them. "Take away the soldiers and the war will stop." He wanted to stay in the Lava Beds, and we told him we would find a better home for him. Mr. Meacham then asked that his brother be given up, who had committed the bloody deed on Lost River. "Who will try them," he asked, "whites or Indians?" "The whites," was the reply. "Will you give up the whites who killed the Indians?" was Capt. Jack's next question. The Agent replied "No," and was then told that the law was all on one side.

A few days elapsed, and interpreters were sent out to seek further interviews, and the last meeting was fixed for April 16th, the Commissioners to come unarmed, and five Modocs to come unarmed. The day previous, Toby Riddle came to them and warned them of treachery, but General Canby and Dr. Thomas paid no attention to it, and were determined to keep their appointment. On their arrival at the council tent the Indians were at hand. General Canby had sent word to the various commands to be on the lookout. Before dismounting, the speaker said, he was aware the Indians were armed. They acted strangely, and a few minutes after he had dismounted Hooks Jim began to remove his coat from the saddle. When they met in the tent, the Indians by skill and tact placed themselves in good positions so that the bullets would not strike. Jack, Schonchin, Bogus Charley, Hooks Jim and Shacknasty Jim all had their places, and each had been assigned a man to kill.

General Canby did not seem to appreciate the situation, Dr. Thomas had no idea of it, while Dyer, with a forethought to which he owes his life, kept walking about. Riddle changed his position frequently, and Toby reclined on her arm near the council-fire. Short speeches were made by General Canby and Dr. Thomas. The latter had hardly concluded when Jack changed his position slightly, the signal was given and the firing commenced on Canby and Thomas by Captain Jack and Schonchin. On the second shot Canby fell, and before life had expired his clothes were stripped. The speaker gave a graphic account of the exciting tragedy, the positions of each party, how Dyer and Riddle fled, and how he himself was pursued, the first shot from Schonchin's pistol at him the powder almost burning his face and the bullet bruising his left shoulder. Next he was attacked with pistol and knife, and drew his own derringer, pointing it at the heart of his assailant, but failing to fire. Three more Indians came at him. The bullets whizzed by him until he fell on some rocks. His clothes were stripped from him hurriedly; a scalp wound was inflicted, when Toby Riddle, womanlike, came to his rescue, and, falling in all else, clapped her hands and cried out "Soldiers!" "I heard the voice of the commanding officer give the order to form line of battle, then 'Steady on the right. Forward! Guide centre!'—and I was saved!" With this the lecturer bowed to indicate that his story was told, and the audience rose to retire. Some of his personal friends went up to the platform and congratulated him on the earnestness of his narrative and for the information that it contained, and others lingered wistfully looking at the man who had been pulled as it were out of the jaws of death.

TO BE EXECUTED

The six principal Modocs in the cold-blooded massacre have been captured, tried, convicted and today will suffer the penalty awarded them—death by the gallows at Fort Klamath.

10-3-1873

THE MODOC PRISONERS.

Two of them Pardoned by the President.

**The Pardoned Modocs were only Instruments in
the Hands of the Planners of
the Schema.**

WASHINGTON, October 2d.—It is well understood that the President has issued pardons for two of the Modoc Indians who are sentenced to be hanged to-morrow. The pardon is granted because these two were merely instruments of Captain Jack in the Peace Commission assassination, and as the trials were under military law, it is now deemed best to treat them as private soldiers not responsible for the acts they commit under orders from superior officers. The two who are mentioned are young men who only obeyed Captain Jack's orders, but had no voice in planning the murder of the Commissioners.

BUTTE RECORD.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCT. 4.

Weekly Butte Record
10-4-1873

INDIAN MURDERED.—A reservation Indian known as Sam was murdered on Wednesday night of Fair Week, as is supposed, by two of the Indians belonging to the Chico farm, known as Hawley and Boots. Gen. Bidwell had first observed the three Indians near the fool house. Later his suspicion was aroused by one of the Indians procuring a horse and attempting to ride through the garden home, instead of going the usual way by the road. The evidence seemed to show that the Indian had been killed in the orchard or garden, within a short distance of General Bidwell's office, and that the Indian had procured the horse for the purpose of disposing of the body, by dragging it away. A picket had been torn from the fence and apparently used as a weapon. The body of the murdered Indian was found buried in Sandy Gulch. His head was terribly bruised, the jaw being broken in several places, and the body showing other bruises. The two Indians fled, one of them going to Durham's place, and the other to the Sacramento river. Officer Roberson despatched a man to the Durham place to arrest the one who had taken refuge there, and pursued and captured the other. A preliminary examination before Justice Hallett resulted in their being committed to the county jail to await the further inquiry of the grand jury into the matter.

EXECUTION OF THE MODOCS.

FOUR OF THE MURDERERS HUNG.

Black Jim, Boston Charley, Sconchin, and Captain Jack Ex-
plate their Crimes.

AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

Speeches of Captain Jack and Sconchin
the Day Before the
Execution.

All the Indians Invited to be Spectators.

THE STOLIDITY OF THE SAV-
AGES MAINTAINED TO
THE LAST.

The Indian Women Frantic
with Grief.

FORT KLAMATH, via Redding, October 3d.—The Modocs were executed to-day in accordance with the mandate of the Military Court. Two of the prisoners, Siolux and Barcho, had been pardoned several days before. I give you such particulars as I have time to write, which will reach you by way of Redding, if my means of communication do not fail.

Capt. Jack's Explanation.

Captain Jack made this speech to Gen. Wheaton the day before the execution:

"I have heard the sentence and know what it is; but I feel that I am more innocent than Bogus Charley, Hooka Jim, Steamboat Frank and Shacknasty Jim. These instigated the crime of which I am accused. When I look in my heart I see no crime. These young men started these murders. It is hard to rid them of their savage habits. I was always in favor of peace. Bogus Charley was the first to propose the murder of General Canby and the Peace Commissioners. The young men of the tribe were with him. I said no; but they had the power and carried me with them. We came near having personal difficulties, and my life was in danger. When Bogus Charley proposed killing Canby, Boston Charley was the first to sanction it. Bogus said: If you fail to help me, I will do it myself. I feel that while these four men are free, they have triumphed over me and the Government. I should feel better satisfied if they were brought to trial. Bogus was a traitor to both sides. He told lies to the Modocs, and he lied to General Canby. I should like to see him brought in here. I know that Shacknasty killed Canby and shot Mescham, and Boston killed Thomas. After the massacre, Bogus told me he knew the blood was on his hands and that I would not be held accountable. Bogus wanted to kill Canby and Gillem."

Sconchin's Statement.

The Chief Sconchin did not wish to die. He made the following statement:

You all here know me. I was always a good man. There never was a time that I did not want a white man's heart and asked advice from white men. I sent my boy to Yainox Reservation, and he chose a piece of land for his home. Boston Charley told the truth when he called me a woman. I was like a woman, and my voice was against war. I was always a peace man; but there were some young men that were rash and anxious to distinguish themselves. Hooka Jim and some other boys made all the trouble, and when I look at the irons on my legs I feel that they should wear them. I have always given the young men advice shook hands with the whites, and here I am now, condemned, with irons on my feet. I heard what the Great Spirit man had to say, and I think it good. I should not die for what others have done; but I will not find fault with the decision, but will go and meet my father in the spirit land. My own father lived and died long ago, when I was a boy. I often thought I should like to and meet him in the brighter world, with the Great Spirit. If the law kills me and I go up to the Spirit land, perhaps the Great Spirit will say to me:

10-4-1873, page 2 of 3

"Schonchin, my law has taken your life, and I accept of you as one of my people. It was not in my heart to do wrong, but I was led away by the wishes of the young men, who were anxious for war. You know whether I am good or not, because you tried the law on me. Hooka Jim always thought he was a strong, good shot, and did these things contrary to my wish. I spoke against the murder of the Commissioners. When the big Chief in Washington read the evidence all over, he must have been led to believe that Schonchin was a wicked, savage Indian, and did not know that Schonchin had used all his influence with the young men to keep them from doing these rash acts. The great Chief has to depend on the evidence he gets from his subordinates, and perhaps thinks Schonchin a bad, wicked man, while Schonchin has been a good, quiet Indian all the time. The Great Spirit, who looks from above, will see Schonchin in chains, but He knows that his heart is good, and says: "You die; you become one of my people."

"I will now try to believe that the President is doing according to the will of the Great Spirit in conceding me to die. You may all look at me and see that I am firm and resolute. I am trying to think that it is just that I should die, and that the Great Spirit approves of it and says it is law. I am to die. I leave my son. I hope he will be allowed to remain in this country. I hope he will grow up like a good man. I want to turn him over to the old Chief Schonchin at Yainox, who will make a good man of him. I have always looked on the younger men of our tribe as my special charge, and have reasoned with them, and now I am to die as the result of their bad conduct. I leave four children, and I wish them turned over to my brother at Yainox. It is doing a great wrong to take my life. I was an old man and took no active part. I would like to see those executed for whom I am wearing chains.

"In the boys who murdered the Commissioners I have an interest as though they were my own children. If the law does not kill them, they may grow and become good men.

"I look back to the history of the Modoc war, and I can see Odeneal at the bottom of all the trouble. He came down to Linkville with Ivan Applegate; sent Ivan to see and talk with Captain Jack, who talked no good. If Odeneal came by himself, all the Modocs would go to Yainox. I think that Odeneal is responsible for the murder of Ganby for the blood in the Lava Beds, and the chains on my feet. I have heard of reports that have been sent to Yreka, Ashland and Jacksonville, that the Modocs were on the war path, and such bad talk brought Major Jackson and the soldiers down.

"I do not want to say my sentence is not right; but after our retreat from Lost River I thought I would come in, surrender and be secured. I felt that these murders had been committed by the boys, and that I had been carried along with the current. If I had blood on my hands like Boston Charley, I could say, like him, 'I killed General Canby—I killed Thomas.' But I have nothing to say about the decision, and I would never ask it to be crossed. You are the law-giving parties. You say I must die. I am satisfied, if the law is correct.

"I have made a straight speech. I would like to see the Big Chief face to face and talk with him, but he is a long distance off—like at the top of a high hill with me at the bottom, and I cannot go to him; but he has made his decision—made his law—and I say let me die. I do not talk to cross the decision. My heart tells me I should not die—that you do me a great wrong in taking my life. War is a terrible thing. All must suffer—the best horses, the best cattle and the best men. I can now only say, let Schonchin die."

The Night Before the Execution.

The expiring light of day gilded the minarets of snow encompassing this post as the Modoc Captain Jack, Schonchin, Boston Charley and Black Jim were led from the impromptu prison in the rear of the barracks to the spacious stockade, for the purpose of bidding the last farewell to kith and kin. Slowly and painfully the quartette of doomed savages accomplished the short walk involved in this visit. For they were weak and weary from confinement, and were chained together. The scene at the stockade was one to be remembered forever. The savages in the shadow of death were the cynosure of all eyes. They stood erect and as calm as if just about to depart on a happy hunt. Not a countenance of the four betokened fear or anguish. Every emotion was held in check with the characteristic skill of the Indian. Among the relatives and friends there was no attempt to conceal the sadness that pervaded the people. The bitterest woe was apparent on every side. The faces of the squaws wore a hue of sombre black, in token of acute grief, and they rocked to and fro while seated on prostrate butts of trees and wailed a dismal chorus. The chieftain shook hands with one and all, and his companions followed suit, and then they were taken back to prison. The last sounds borne upon the air as the chieftain entered his cell were the mingled shrieks of his sister, the Princess Mary, and the cries of his little daughter, whose grief was as demonstrative as ever is witnessed in civilized life, and seemed to know no bounds.

The Dawning of Death.

Jack and his comrades passed an easy night, and were awake at early morn to-day. Sergeant Fitzgibbons, of Company B, Twelfth Infantry, said to me, as he concluded his report to an officer, soon after midnight, that the Modocs never conversed in audible tones after returning from the stockade. The whole camp was quiet. Save when the officer of the day made his rounds there was no noise outside of the tents, and then only the usual exchange of salutations: "Turn out the guard for the officer of the day" and "Never mind the guard." At reveille the correspondents visited the prison and gazed upon the Modocs, and took copious notes. They (the Indians, of course) did not look like men who feared to meet death in any shape. Jack was in better spirits than on the previous day from the effects of the soothing draughts administered by Dr. Cabiness on account of pain in the chieftain's hip, caused by a fracture of the bone years ago. The almost silent interview was of short duration. The only information obtained was the fact that the Modocs had no fear of death. Jack said he preferred death to confinement in a house.

10-4-1873, page 3 of 3

The two young men who were pardoned by the President, Sioux and Barnebo, were permitted to remain in the prison.

The Congregation of Spectators.

The bustle at the post began at about 8 o'clock, and continued all day. Settlers living for hundreds of miles around, poured into the post by every conceivable means of locomotion—in buggies, coaches, sulkeys, buck-boards, heavy wagons and on horse-back, and the Klamath Indians came, to the number of many hundreds, on their ponies, for the invitation to witness the closing act in the Modoc drama had been extended to every person who desired to be present. The Indians were asked here that they might realize the punishment of perjury. Among those present were several people from the East, who came across the continent to see these unfortunate wretches landed into eternity, or sent to the "happy hunting grounds of their forefathers."

At Ten O'clock A. M.

The condemned were escorted to the massive scaffold in the open field to the north of the stockade, by a detachment from one of the Companies of the Twelfth Infantry, and were encircled in a hollow square by the troops of the post, consisting of Troop B, First Cavalry, Companies E and G, Twelfth Infantry, Companies E and D, Twenty-first Infantry, and Light Battery Three of the Fourth Artillery—in all 300 men. The Light Battery and the cavalry were mounted, and were ready for any emergency that could arise out of the disaffection of the assembled Klamaths. The prisoners mounted the scaffold with unflinching step, and never a word spoke. The spectacle was terribly impressive. The huge scaffold towered grimly above its surroundings. The arms of the soldiers and the trappings of the steeds flashed in the sunlight, the troops stood still in firm and regular lines, the citizens in the rough costumes of the frontier, were packed in a dense, awaying crowd, and seated, both on their horses and scattered around the field, were dusty warriors and women to the number of a thousand.

Reading the Death Warrant.

The rigid and necessary formalities of the occasion presented a striking contrast to similar events in civilized life. The time consumed in reading and interpreting the death warrant to the Modocs was uneventful but painfully interesting. During this preceding the stolidity of the doomed Indians was the same as usual. The cleverest physiognomist could not have divined their thoughts by studying their faces.

And Death!

At last the reading was concluded, and all the details for the consummation of the deed were arranged. The four savages were placed in a row, their eyes were bandaged, and at a silent signal the rude traps were sprung, and the murder of the treacherous butchery of at least two heroic men was avenged according to the law of the land. The execution was skillfully accomplished. Only a few spasmodic contortions were noticed after the Modocs fell, and Captain Jack, Sconchin, Boston Charley and Black Jim were in the other world, which has the same mysterious terror for the white man and the Indian alike.