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WI-NE-MA

(THE WOMAN-CHIEF)

AND

HER PEOPLE.

By HON. A. B. MEACHAM,

EX-SUPERINTENDENT OF INDIAN AFFAIRS; CHAIRMAN OF THE LATE MODOC
PEACE COMMISSION; AND AUTHOR OF THE "WIGWAM AND WAR-
PATH," ETC., ETC.



WI-NE-MA.

HARTFORD, CONN.:
AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY.
1876.

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PREFACE.

THIS book is written in the interest of justice and humanity, with the hope that its perusal may have a salutary effect upon the minds of its readers; and enable them to better understand a subject involving the honor of the American people, by one saved from a horrible death under the scalping knife. It is written with the avowed purpose of doing honor to the heroic Wi-ne-ma, who at the peril of her life sought to save the ill-fated Peace Commission to the Modoc Indians in 1873; the woman to whom the writer is indebted, under God, for his escape from death. It is written as though it were given as evidence before a tribunal to whom the writer was responsible as a witness upon the stand. Its second object is to redeem a promise made to a "chained lion" who was led out to die for the crimes of bad men, that the "other side of the Modoc story" should be told. Its further aim is to secure a more just and humane treatment of the remnants of the original owners of the continent of America. With this distinct and avowed understanding the author respectfully offers it to the public, challenging impeachment as to its authenticity or correctness, declaring his personal responsibility for every line and every page. While it is historic, it is not a tabular statement of dry, dull facts on the Indian question, but rather a narrative of exciting events which have transpired within the past few years, to many of which the writer has been an eye-witness and participant.

A. B. MEACHAM.



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CHAPTER I.

COVENANT AND PROMISE.

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"LET me die like a man and not like a dog." The speaker was a man of thirty years of age, stout, well-proportioned, his face declaring him to be something more than a common man. Every motion of his limbs rang harsh music from the chains upon his legs. "the world says you have spoken for your race. Let extermination be the cry. Now speak once more for your race and let the world hear your side of the story," replied the man addressed. This man was nearing fifty years of age, and as he spoke he held up his mutilated hands and pointed to the great scars upon his face.

This conversation was had near Fort Kalmath, in Oregon. The first speaker was a man whose name is associated with the darkest page of the world's history for the year 1873. He was doomed to die. The

other, had passed so close to the portals that death had left the marks of his icy fingers upon him. When last these men parted it was amid the whizzing of bullets and the tumult of yells and prayers commingled: the last glance the latter had of the other he was pointing a revolver at the head of a general of the United States' Army. The last time until this meeting the first had seen the other, he was prostrate upon the grey rocks of the lava-beds and gasping for breath, with the blood flowing from half a dozen wounds.

Strange meeting after such a parting. And yet it is true to the letter. "You talk for me" continued the first speaker, "you understand my heart. The world won't hear me. I have no books or papers to talk for me, I am doomed to die. I want the world to hear my side of this trouble. You know all about it. You tell about Ben Wright, and about the soldiers stealing my horses and about Gen. Cranby moving his army near me while we were trying to make peace." At the same time laying his hand and fixing his dark penetrating eye upon the listener. These words were spoken in the ancient language of the "La-la-cas." And were translated by a woman whose personal appearance betokened that she was of the race of the speaker. Indeed it was Wi-ne-ma, a cousin to the speaker and knew well his words. Sitting a few moments in silence the listener arose to depart, and held out his hand to the other, who grasped it and repeated his request, "Tell my side of the trouble." Still clinging to the hand of his old friend, "Will you do it? Then I can die if you promise to speak for me and my race."

The white man seemed to hesitate. The red-man

insisted. At length, as the two stood with clasped hands, the white man replied "I will do it if my life is spared." The other turned away to his prison cell reconciled to meet his fate. This was the last meeting and parting of these men. Why it was so and *why* one was doomed to die the death of a felon, and how the other has kept his promise to tell "the other side of the story" will appear as this volume progresses, written by the second person spoken of in this opening sketch. In order to secure recognition and to avoid the accusation of shirking responsibility, it shall be written in the first person and with the assurance to the reader that every fact, stated as such, shall be given in plain unvarnished words, nothing hidden or withheld, nothing added, from desire to extenuate the crimes of the people about whom he writes. I shall do this in the fear of God and with the approbation of my own conscience, knowing full well that this book will call out bitter denunciations from partisan enemies of both the writer and the Indian race; nevertheless it shall be written as though given in evidence before a legal tribunal, with the responsibility of a witness under oath. With this understanding with my reader, and the further declared purpose of doing justice to every party to this strange chapter of American history whose name shall be necessary, but more especially to Wi-ne-ma, to whom I owe my life, for her heroic interference in my behalf in the lava-beds when Gen. Canby and Dr. Thomas were assassinated, the 11th of April 1873, I shall endeavor to keep my promise to Captain Jack.

I know just how the popular heart beats in regard to the question involved in this book. I know that the Indian is regarded as an incorrigible savage by a large portion of the people. I know that he who speaks for him must expect to have his motives doubted, to be derided as a fanatic, and to be assailed from every point. When, oh when, will some great strong soul step out, boldly defying popular whims and caprices, demand for every human being on this continent equal and exact justice before the law, and before the reading world? Those whose hearts are right, who cry aloud, do it in muffled tones, lest they disturb the smooth current of popular sentiment, and their voices are as one man shouting back against the roar of Niagara. Fight on, brave defenders of the right, the time will come when other voices will join yours, and the music will wake the hearts of the American people, and your pleadings will not be lost.

If I had hesitated to make the promise to the Modoc Chief, it was but for a moment. Turning away from him and looking squarely in the face of public sentiment. *I then and there* began to plan for the redemption of my promise.

Springing from an ancestry whose religious convictions as to the crime of slavery, led them to manumit their slaves in the Carolinas, very early in the present century; it may well be supposed that with such an example, and such an inheritance, as soon as my mind opened to the investigation of such subjects, I should give them more than ordinary and casual attention. Born on the frontier of Indiana, surrounded by the refugees from bondage and their

sympathizers, my heart was enlisted in their behalf. Transported with my father's family, in 1842, to the border-line of civilization, in Iowa, my sympathy was to some extent transferred to another race—the Red Man. Since that time I have lived continuously on the advance-wave of emigration, which carried on its crest until checked by the roaring of the Pacific Ocean, and then backward turning, began to cover the great plains which the tidal wave of 1850 had leaped in its hurry to compass the continent.

My opportunities for study and observation have been continuous for over thirty years. I have been on the war-path against the Indian, and on the war-path by his side, against his enemies of hostile tribes. I have been his friend, and sometimes his enemy. Have felt the warmth and devotion of the Indian's heart, and, again, the pain of his treachery, the sting of his arrows, and the smart of his scalping knife. I have suffered more at his hands than any public man of this country now living, and I think that I owe more to the courage, fidelity, and real heroism, of Indian character than any other man. But for the treachery of the Indian I should not write with maimed hands, but for the fidelity and heroism of Wi-ne-ma, the heroine of the lava-beds, I should not write at all. With such credentials, and with a solemn covenant, made with God, when I lay on the grey rocks of the battle-ground of the Modoc War, ever hanging over me, as a reminder, I dare not, if I would, be false to truth.

CHAPTER II.

WIDOW AND VICTIM.

SAVAGES PLAYING CIVILIZED GAMES—A FLOOD OF PENITENTIAL TEARS—RESTING FROM A YEAR OF STORMS—THE QUAKER'S MANAGING—BLOOD-STAINED WARRIORS—WHAT EXTERMINATION HAS ACCOMPLISHED—WHAT IT HAS NOT DONE.

In pursuance of the main object, and feeling, too, that I could touch the popular mind on this great question, I wrote a book of seven hundred pages, octavo, and submitted it to the judgment of some of the most eminent literary men in America, especially those whose lives had been declarations of their fidelity to the cause of humanity. It was favorably criticised, and pronounced worthy of publication. At the suggestion of some of my reviewers, I determined to make an opportunity for the red-men of the West to speak for themselves, believing then, as I now do, that a better understanding between the races would go far to remove the universal prejudice engendered by *ex parte* statements of interested enemies of the red-man. Armed with letters and endorsements, I repaired to Washington City, Nov. 1874, and presented my petition which set forth in preamble, the



CAPTAIN JACK.

objects in view, which were, **FIRST:** to awaken public sentiment on the Indian question; **SECONDLY,** to make an opportunity for the Indian race to be heard in its own behalf; **THIRDLY,** and generally, by speech and book to disseminate reliable information on this question.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Hon. Ed. P. Smith, offered the plan, and entered into hearty coöperation. The Honorable Secretary of the Interior, Delano, dissented. The President was appealed to, but refused assent because permission had been denied to parties who had sought to secure Indians for public exhibition as a financial speculation: when, however, he was made fully to understand the prime motive, his objections were withdrawn, and the letters and permit were granted, with authority re-organize a company, with the distinct understanding that no expense would be incurred by the government. This permit says that, "you will be required to exercise in all respects the care of a guardian over their physical condition, habits, and morals, and especially to keep them from the use of intoxicating liquors, and to this end you will avail yourself, not only of your own well-known habits of temperance, but also secure for your assistants persons who by example as well as precept will enforce the principles of total abstinence."

Cheerfully accepting the letter with its special provision and requirement, I went West for the purpose of completing the organization. Inasmuch as financial success as well as moral results depended on popular patronage, it was deemed advisable to secure

a few of the survivors of Captain Jack's band of Modocs, who had been exiled as a punishment for their crimes. I made my appearance in the Modoc camp, Quaw-Paw Agency, Indian Territory, on the morning of Nov. 15th, 1874, accompanied by friend Tuttle—teacher of Modoc schools. As we approached the agency unheralded, we came upon a scene of civilized sport, with savage players. In front of the Agency building a game of croquet was in progress. The most dashing fellow among the players was *Bogus Charley*, who was dressed *half-quaker* and-half Spanish. His head was covered by a broad-brimmed hat, his feet in high-heeled calf boots, with red lace at the top, and small tassels dangling on his instep, and he wore a red sash round his waist. The next one of note was *Hooker Jim*; this was the fellow who had but a few moments before the slaughter began on the 11th of April 1873, taken my overcoat, and informed me that he would take my hat also very soon.

Another historic character was also taking part in the game, *Shack-Nasty-Jim*; and still another, *Steamboat Frank*, whose name stands in the list of Capt. Jack's betrayers, and who make up the quartet of traitors who first drove the Modoc Chief into crimes, and who were the first to desert him, and go upon his trail, day and night, until they pointed his pursuers to his last hiding-place.*

The neighing of one of our horses arrested the game of croquet, and quickly the quartet came to the carriage to welcome friend Tuttle and his wife. Bogus Charley's keen eye caught sight of my face, and with

* For details see *Wigwam and War-path*.

hurried movements he snatched the babe from Mrs. Tuttle's arms, muttered in Modoc a few words to his companions, and ran into the agent's house. The others, surprised, stood watching our party dismount. Greetings were not as cordial as they were on the morning of the 11th of April, 1874, before these men assailed Gen. Canby and the Peace Commission. Half an hour later the remnants of the Lava-bed band were collected in front of the Agency. Every eye was eager to see the man who had been "killed by Schonchin, and as they believed, brought back to life by *the Great Spirit*." Curious meeting this! the victim of Indian wrath with his scarred hands grasped in the palms of the sad, heart-broken, widows and orphans of the very men who had killed Gen. Canby and Dr. Thomas, and as they thought had killed him also. The Agent and his friends were silent spectators of this strange scene, while they beheld the tears running down the faces of the exiled widows.

The object of my visit was announced, much to the satisfaction of Bogus, Hooker, Steamboat, and Shack-nasty-Jim, for they were suspicious that justice had sent me on an errand. I doubt not, inward conviction and guilt prompted their fears. Immediately after the proposition was made, Queen Mary—sister of Capt. Jack—and her husband volunteered to join my company. No permanent arrangements were completed, the matter being left entirely in the hands of H. W. Jones, the quaker agent. I was gratified to see that these unfortunate Modocs had fallen into good hands, and that a home had been purchased for them, which they gladly accepted. The men generally

entered with good heart into the work of preparation for permanent settlement. The Modoc's children were all in school, and making rapid progress in learning.

The work of "extermination" had left one hundred and thirty-nine souls out of one hundred and sixty-three, who were in the stronghold of the Lava-bed when the watchword of Gen. Sherman, for the extermination of the Modocs, was issued. All this had been accomplished at a cost merely nominal—in treasure, not more than two or three million dollars and less than two hundred valuable lives. "Extermination" worked well, but like a boomerang, it struck back to the hand which sped it forth. These Modocs now found rest. They have no idea of ever going again upon the war-path. "They have learned a terrible lesson." It is not a question whether the Government has learned a lesson. It has at least "taught the savage tribes that it cannot be trifled with." It has vindicated its honor, by demonstrating to savage minds, how easily it can fill its broken ranks. It *has not* convinced them that it is *just* and *impartial*. It has *not* hunted up, and executed, or exiled the white murderers who outraged humanity by killing four unarmed warriors, in Fairchild's wagon, on the 4th of June 1873, after they had surrendered and were prisoners of war. It has not won the confidence of the Indian tribes of America. It has not made war with them less probable, in the future. It has not heard the silent muttering of the Indian for vengeance, on account of its failure to punish offenders who can go to the *ballot box*, with heads covered with innocent

Indian blood and long scalp-locks hanging to their belts. Neither have all the outlay of treasure, the long rows of graves near the Lava-beds, the marble shafts and costly monuments which stand above the dead, given the brave frontiersman more faith in its promises, or made him feel more secure in his cabin which stands upon the outskirts of Christian civilization, exposed to the avenging tomahawk and scalping-knife.

The mercy now shown the survivors of Jack's band of Modocs, cannot call up from the grave the *forty-one braves who were killed by Ben Wright*, under a flag of truce, in sight of the spot where the blood of Canby, Thomas, and the writer of these pages, paid the demand for revenge. When, oh when, will a properly Christian nation redeem the covenants made by the Fathers, a century since? when will it cease to rush to battle before exhausting the alternatives of peace and love to all mankind? when will it learn to "do right because it *is* right?"

CHAPTER III.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF HEROES.

KALMATH LAKE—THE BIRTH-PLACE OF NAN-OOK-TOO-WA—THE
STONE IMAGE—THE FOOTPRINTS OF GOD—OVER THE FALLS—
PADDLING FOR LIFE—NAMED WI-NE-MA—THE LITTLE WOMAN-
CHIEF—HER FIRST INTERVIEW WITH A WHITE MAN—HER RES-
OLUTION TO BECOME CIVILIZED—HER FAILURE TO INSPIRE U-LE-
TA, HER BOY LOVER, WITH THE SAME AMBITION—THE SEPARA-
TION—TRUE TO HER PURPOSE.

ABOUT twenty miles north of the line dividing California and Oregon, lies Kalmath Lake. It is forty miles long and ten miles wide, dotted with small islands. It is four thousand feet above the sea level. Its pure, transparent waters form a beautiful inland sea of enchanting loveliness. The mountains on the west bathe their feet in this fresh-water sea, while on the north and east they fall away several miles, leaving a valley of great beauty. This lake is fed by mountain-streams draining the eastern slope of the southern portion of the far-famed Cascade Mountains. Its principal feeder is Williamson River, which comes in on the north. At the south end of this charming lake, the mountains seem to have shut it up against the mountains on the north and west until the water forced a passage through, cutting and tearing its way,

leaving the sides rough and unshapely, with the rocks just as they were rent at the time of the separation by the mad flood. Through this opening the stream pours in a wide stream known as Link River, which falling about one hundred feet to the mile, finds its level in lower Kalmath Lake, which again, in turn, tears along to the Pacific Ocean through the mountains for nearly one hundred miles.

On the east side of Link River near its upper end, there are streams of hot water bursting from the depths of the earth in continuous flow. These springs are said to possess wonderful healing properties. When the winds blow from the south, the waters of the upper Kalmath Lake are forced back like a great tide, leaving Link River almost dry, save the deep holes and pools left in the channel. In the middle of this channel the water has cut in the stone, curious holes said to resemble the feet of a large man. Near the footprints, is another wondrous work of nature, wrought in the image of a man.

The ragged sides of the cleft mountain; the steam jets and hot springs; the footprints and the great stone image in the middle of the river; the effect of the south winds upon the lake above, all together, have furnished this singular spot of the earth with unusual requisites for Indian sacred lands. Here for untold generations have they come to worship the great Ka-moo-kum-chux (God); to fish, and hold councils; believing, as they do, that the holes in the rock are the footprints of *God*, and the rough-shaped stone in the river, is *His* image. The people who inhabited this place were of a somewhat different character from

other Indians of America. They were formerly known as the *La-la-cas*. They claimed to be the children of God, having among them traditions reaching as far back as any written history of Man. That they were different from other Indians was declared by the Modoc War. Of the several characters developed by that war, none stands out with more claim to an honorable place in history than *Wi-ne-ma*, (the woman-chief) who is the subject of this sketch. She was born on Link River, and very near the sacred lands of the *La-la-cas* (the tribe from whence sprang the Modocs). Her father was a brother of the hero, martyr-chief, Captain Jack. Her mother is said to have belonged to a family of Indians remarkable for one peculiarity, that of having very fine brown or red hair. It does not appear, however, that there was any other evidence of her being more than an ordinary Modoc woman. She died soon after the birth of *Wi-ne-ma*. Polygamy being an established custom among the Modocs, *Wi-ne-ma* was a member of a large family, having, however, only one brother and one sister. In early life she exhibited the rare qualities, which since her growth into womanhood, have made her distinguished. She was at first called "*Nan-ook-to-wa—the strange child,*" on account of her habit of going alone to the sacred springs, and her fearlessness in visiting the rocks where *Ka-moo-kum-chux* had left his footprints. Indian children have a certain kind of reverential fear of things sacred. From her father's lodge she could see the snow-clad mountain peaks of the Cascades, and could hear the roar of the rushing waters. The lodge was near the

outlet of the lake, and it was the favorite pastime of the children to paddle on its bosom. On one occasion when she, with others of her own age, were thus engaged, the canoe was drawn into the current, which was so swift that the stoutest hearted brave would not venture into it. The father saw the danger and shouted to them, but too late, and the slender craft was carried into the dashing flood which roared and plunged through the rocky shoot. The father was wild with the sight, and would have plunged into the stream to save his children, but the canoe was carried so rapidly along that he caught but occasional glimpses of it as it rose like a feather on the huge waves. Undaunted, *Nan-ook-too-wa* stood in the canoe and with quick eye steered right and left past the great boulders, commanding the other children to calmness, as they hurled swiftly past the rocks. On, on, they went, while the frightened father mounted his horse and hurried down the river's bank, fast as speed could fly, seeing his children as they rose upon the waves, and expecting each time would be the last. Away they go, swifter than steed, swift as lightning, still on went the flying canoe, and still on went the flying steed, while the canoe roared with the united voices of rushing waters and frightened people. Still the little *Nan-ook-ta-wa*, stood erect, still she plied the paddle, until the canoe reached the calm surface of the lower lake, when rounding with its precious freight, the child landed in safety to meet her excited father and the friends who had joined in the pursuit, when she was called for the first time *Kaitch-ko-na Wi-ne-ma*, the little woman-chief. From this time *Wi-ne-ma*

was regarded by her people as an extraordinary child, and became the pet of the old warriors of her father's tribe. It was sufficient that she was possessed of great courage and could not be intimidated by danger. The old braves delighted to tell her the stories of her people; of the battles fought; of the traditions of the race regarding the history of their origin; of Ka-moo-kum-chux (God); of I-sees, (the Son of God); of the first white men they had seen, and thus she grew wise before her time. Her father often took her on hunting expeditions, and sometimes to the sacred lakes in Yai-nax Mountain.

He still lives near the place of his birth, enjoying the confidence of all who know him. He delights to tell of the little Wi-ne-ma going with him to hunt the grizzly, in the mountains, and of her daring in times of danger. A white man belonging to a company of emigrants going into Oregon, was lost from his party, and in a state of destitution and starvation, he was carried into the Indian village at Link River. He became the guest of the family to which Wi-ne-ma belonged. He was detained by sickness many weeks; meanwhile he learned to talk with his benefactors. It was through this sick man, that Wi-ne-ma first learned of the great cities and towns of the white man, of his civilization and wonderful achievements. Her heart was fired by her first lessons in the white man's history, and as time passed on she became more and more interested, and finally determined to know for herself, of the higher life of the white man. Meanwhile her boy lover, U-le-ta, had been her constant attendant on her rambles for fruits and flowers. She

endeavored to inspire him with her ambition to learn more about "the new people." He was so thoroughly Indian, however, that she failed to interest him. He sought to dissuade her from her purpose, at the same time growing more in love with her; for Indians do love, notwithstanding that the great civilized world treats them as though they were animals of lower degree. Although U-le-ta was several years older than Wi-ne-ma, he was about as much behind her in general knowledge, as the white boy is behind his sister, five years his junior. When Wi-ne-ma had reached fourteen, she was older than many of her own race and sex of seventeen or eighteen.

CHAPTER IV.

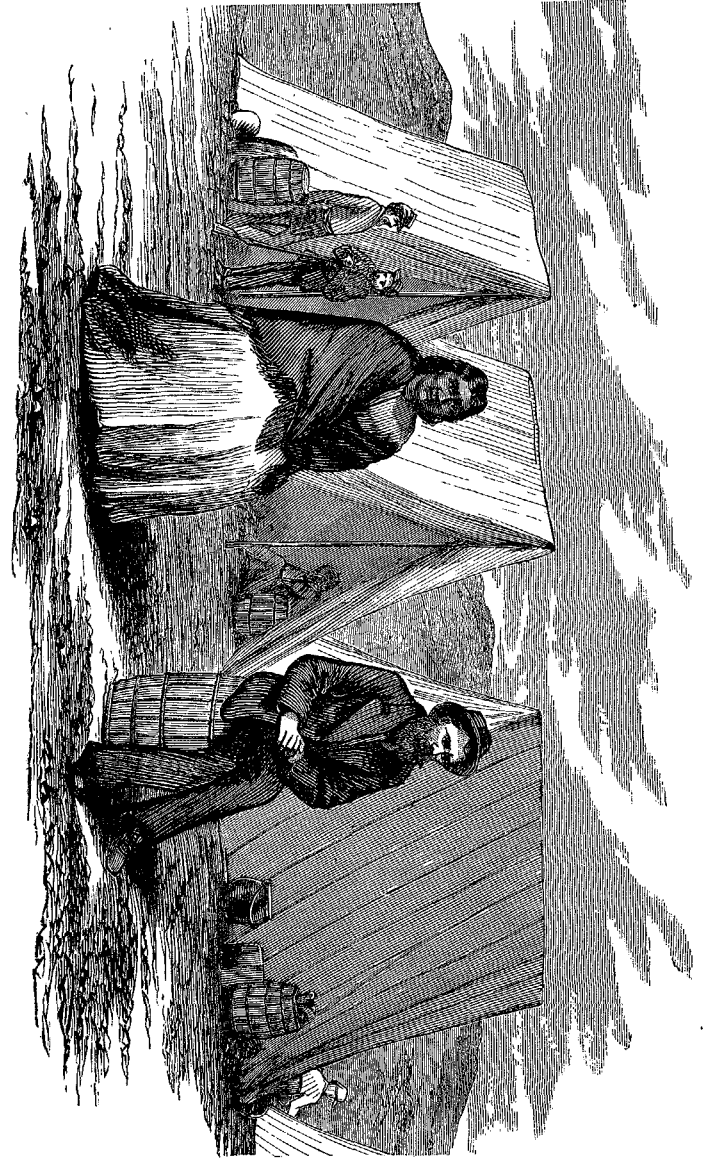
AMBITION AND LOVE.

WI-NE-MA'S FIRST MEETING WITH FRANK RIDDLE—LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT—CUPID'S PREAKS—THE FAIR-HAIRED RIVAL—BLACK EYES AGAINST BLUE—BROKEN IDOLS—THE BETROTHAL—MARRIED UNDER INDIAN LAW—THE MUTUAL FRIEND—CHANGED CABIN—TRANSFORMATION—CIVIL AND SAVAGE IN THE SAME CABIN—WILD LIFE BECOMES TAME—THE FIRST VISIT TO WI-NE-MA'S PEOPLE—U-LE-TA—THE SURPRISE—HIS DEATH—THE RACE WITH A GRIZZLY.

It was not uncommon for the Link River Indians to visit the miners in and around Yreka, California. It was on one of these visits of Wi-ne-ma's father that she first met Mr. Frank Riddle. Frank was a miner, and had in his cabin a talisman which had been his anchor through the stormy scenes of a miner's life. It was the picture of a fair-haired girl whom he had left behind him in "Old Kentuck." He had carried this picture with him through all his wanderings, and it had been to him the reminder of his vows. The fair face was often before him, and always seemed the loveliest on earth to him.

When the old man, Se-cot, Wi-ne-ma's father, camped upon the creek below Frank's cabin, he little dreamed that this fact would rob him of his child. Little thought Frank Riddle that the plump,

WI-NE-MA AND RIDDLE.



round-faced little squaw would dethrone his boyhood's love, and become the empress of his heart. After the day's work was over, he, with his partner, would visit the Indian camp, and "swap stories" with the braves. Several days passed, and Frank began to observe that Wi-ne-ma manifested unusual interest in the talks. Often, too, he caught her dark eyes gazing at him through the long lashes. No words were spoken, but each seemed to know what the other was thinking. Who has not had the same experience? Curious, that the language of love can be understood though never a vocal word be spoken. When Se-cot broke camp and went away, Frank felt, as he termed it, "a goneness in his heart," but he had not thought for a moment of putting from his memory the fair-haired girl. Wi-ne-ma carried with her the image of Frank Riddle photographed on her heart.

It is told of Frank, by his mining partner, that he proposed to knock off work earlier than usual that day, and that he strolled out alone, with a small parcel in his hand, containing the letters of his Kentucky sweetheart; that on his return to the cabin he declared that "the Modoc maiden should not make him forget his girl!" Be careful, Mr. Riddle, you don't know what the morrow may bring for you. At the Indian lodge a young girl of about fifteen was humming a low tune in the Modoc tongue. It is the same voice we heard near the camp of the Te-ni-noes two years since. The morning came, but no Wi-ne-ma was at her father's camp. Supposing that she had gone for the horses, her father felt no alarm, until an

hour later, when it was discovered that her personal effects were missing. Even then he did not suspect the truth, but thinking she had only gone to some of her kindred, she would return.

She had indeed gone to her cousin's house. This cousin had married a white man. Wi-ne-ma told her of her love for the young man in the cabin. The cousin informed her husband, and he, wishing to have congenial neighbors, went to Frank, and informed him of the presence of the maiden at his house, and of her attachment for him. Frank shook his head. He had fortified himself against the charms of the Indian maiden, as he thought, but consented to visit her. Ah! my man, have you not learned that when the first step is taken the next follows easily, and then another?

Frank gave some attention to his dress, putting on the "biled shirt" which had been kept for "extra occasions," saying that he would "go just for the fun of the thing." Ah! my boy, many a man has started in fun, and come out in earnest. The face of the fair-haired girl went with him, reproaching him for his folly, upbraiding him at every step, and he was half inclined to turn back, but his companion encouraged him to go on, saying that if he "didn't like the girl he needn't take her, that's all." When they arrived at his friend's cabin he found Wi-ne-ma dressed in the highest style of the Modoc maidens. He felt ashamed of having come, as the memory of his Kentucky betrothed rose before his mind.

The evening hours glided by, the strangeness wore off, and by the aid of an interpreter the conversation

became interesting. Wi-ne-ma sang love-songs in the Modoc tongue. Frank told stories of civilized life. When the parting came Frank was more than half in love with the little Wi-ne-ma, and she altogether so with him. The visit was repeated, and soon Frank learned enough of the language to understand what Wi-ne-ma meant when she sang "Ka-mis-no-stin-to" (a Modoc love-song). He trembled when he remembered his betrothed. He faltered; he hesitated. What had been only a possibility at the beginning, became a probability. Driven on by his growing love for the Indian maiden, he at length proposed to her, and she accepted, on condition that he would, in conformity with the usages of her people, give her father a present. Among the Modocs it is thought to be a disgrace for a woman to live with a man who does not think enough of her to give presents other people. Frank assented, and in the presence of her cousin and her husband the compact was made, and they were married, after the forms of the Modoc Indians. Wi-ne-ma collected her personal effects, and went home with Frank Riddle, his wife.

The miner's cabin began to change its appearance. Under Frank's tuition, and through the occasional visits to her cousin and the few white women who had come with their husbands to this mountain wild, Wi-ne-ma soon put away her squaw dress and habits. She learned to cook according to the model she had before her, and was not long in attaining to the distinguished title of "a first-rate housekeeper."

When the dry season had come, Frank and Wi-ne-ma visited her people. Se-cot had been dissatisfied

at the marriage, and was not appeased by the half-dozen horses Frank had sent him as a marriage present; but when he found Frank to be a good shot, apt at story-telling, and strictly temperate, he manifested his approbation of the marriage by returning the horses and adding to the band from his own herd.

As the summer months wore away, Frank won not only on the heart of the father of Wi-ne-ma, but of the whole tribe. He went with them on fishing and hunting excursions, and, being a brave man in times of danger, and a splendid shot, with either pistol or rifle, he soon took rank as a brave. It was during this visit that one of those stranger than fiction affairs transpired.

U-le-ta had felt grieved at the loss of Wi-ne-ma, and gave signs of aberration of mind, which disappointed love so often produces in life, for the Indian is human, with all of humanity's attributes and weaknesses. He had not, however, manifested his insanity to such an extent that his people should keep watch of him; he was permitted to go upon the hunting and fishing journeys. He was observed to be alone much of his time, and seemed especially depressed in the presence of Frank and Wi-ne-ma. Nothing passed before the eyes of the tribe to create suspicion that he meditated harm to either Wi-ne-ma or Frank; but Wi-ne-ma for some reason suspected him, and when the band went into the Cascade Mountains on the annual bear-hunt, at huckleberry time, he was of the party, as were Frank and Wi-ne-ma.

They had been in the mountains several days, and U-le-ta had not shown a spirit of dislike, but nevertheless Wi-ne-ma kept her eyes on him, lest he should

injure her husband. She discovered that he would wait in camp until Frank had left for the day's hunt, and then start in an opposite direction. This was to her sufficient reason for following him, which she did on one occasion, and found, as she suspected, that he changed his course to that taken by Frank. As he crept slyly along the trail of the white hunter, Wi-ne-ma followed him, and discovered that he was more intent on striking her husband's trail than to raise the grizzly bear. Late in the day the report of a rifle was heard in the distance. U-le-ta quickened his steps and Wi-ne-ma kept on his trail. Suddenly she stopped, and raising her gun—for she is a good shot—fired apparently at some object. It was not at a deer or bear, nor at her old lover, but simply to give him knowledge of her presence. He turned at the sound of the rifle, and hastened away in another direction. He had been detected in the act of drawing his gun upon Frank Riddle. He left the camp, returning to the village at Link River. Here he wandered about several days, and at last threw himself from a canoe at the outlet of the lake, and was drowned. His body was afterwards found on the shores of Lower Klamath Lake.

Another circumstance occurred during this hunt that demonstrated the courage and sagacity of this remarkable woman. Her husband being ambitious to excel in hunting, was reckless in his encounters with the grizzly. He raised a young cub, and thinking to capture it, dropped his rifle and ran after it. The cub made good his escape by climbing a tree. Frank, unwilling to be outwitted, began throwing stones.

Very soon the cub raised the cry, much to Frank's encouragement. He plied the rocks; the cub cried again. Frank had thrown with good aim, and had evidently wounded the cub, who gave signs of letting go the limb. Just at this moment his fun was interrupted by a sound which put life into his limbs, such as he had not felt since his boyhood. "Wah, wah," came to him from the breaking bushes. He knew well what it meant, and lost no time in putting in his very best Kentucky jumps down the mountain side. He turned his eye to see an old she-bear, as she came tearing after him. Away went Frank, and on came the she-bear. As he now describes the race, "it was nip and tuck 'twixt me and the bear," with the latter closing up the space at a fearful rate, considering the stakes they were running for. Every muscle was doing duty in the man, while Mrs. Bear was paying out muscle in quantity extremely unhealthy to the hunter. Frank shouted with every jump; the bear "wah, wah"ed at every bound. Frank thought his "time had come," and was almost in despair of ever seeing his brown-skinned wife again, when suddenly, as if she had dropped from the clouds, she sprang between the racers, and spreading her skirts, shouted in Modoc so loudly that the mother-bear suddenly halted, and turned about, making way to her cub. The breathless Frank crept cautiously to where he had dropped his gun, covered each step by the little rifle in Wi-ne-ma's hands. When they were in camp again she read him a short chapter from her Modoc vocabulary which he will not soon forget. It is said on good authority that a bear never attacks a woman.

CHAPTER V.

PEACE-MAKING SUCCESSFUL.

WI-NE-MA AMONG THE ENEMIES—TREATY BETWEEN HOSTILE TRIBES—TREATY OF MODOCS WITH THE GOVERNMENT—HER INFLUENCE IN THE COUNCIL—BREACH OF PROMISE OF GOVERNMENT-AGENTS—WI-NE-MA ON THE WAR-PATH—SHE COMMANDS A BATTLE—A CITY DANDY IN WI-NE-MA'S CABIN—KEEPING HOTEL—ARGUING THE CASE WITH A YANKEE.

At the time of Wi-ne-ma's marriage to Mr. Riddle, the several tribes in the southern portion of Oregon were at war. Many bloody battles were fought within the lines of the white settlement; wherever and whenever the members of hostile tribes met a fight ensued. Wi-ne-ma, in the meantime, taking up her residence near Yreka California. This being the only town of importance in that portion of the country, the Indians round about came to trade, and enemies met and fought sometimes in the streets. Wi-ne-ma became the mediator between the several tribes, and also, between her own race and the white man. Through her management the Indians of several of these fighting bands were induced to meet in a treaty council at Yreka. Judge Steele came to the council, representing the white men, and joined Win-e-ma and Frank in their labor of peace-making. The effort was successful

and peace was declared, a peace that has continued, in so far as the Indians were concerned, among and between, themselves to this day. Numerous instances might be related of Wi-ne-ma's timely intervention between the races, whereby bloodshed was averted. Suffice it, that she was universally known as "the woman-chief," who could make peace, and who always calmed the threatening tempest arising from contact of races. None knew her but to respect her. Not a word has ever been uttered against her veracity or good character, save the incredulity of Gen. Canby and Dr. Thomas during the existence of the Modoc Peace Commission in refusing to heed her warning as to the danger of meeting her kinsmen in the Lava-bed. In the Klamath council of 1865, she again demonstrate her power for good by securing the attendance of Captain Jack, who had refused to come at the invitation of the government. In this council it was agreed by all parties, that both Schonchin and Captain Jack should be recognized as chiefs. This compact was broken by the agent of the government, and Captain Jack justified himself in leaving the reservation.

Shortly after the withdrawal of her cousin—Captain Jack—from the reservation, Wi-ne-ma visited him at his home on Lost River. She besought him to return to the reservation, and obtained his consent on certain conditions. Wi-ne-ma was unable to secure the performance of the conditions, and Captain Jack did not go back at that time.

The Pitt River Indians occupy the country south of the Modocs. The two tribes have long been enemies. The Pitt Rivers were not parties to the treaty at Yreka. Raids from either side were common. The

Klamaths and Modocs being at peace joined against the Pitt River. The latter made a successful raid into the Modoc country, driving away a large number of horses belonging to the allied tribes. Wi-ne-ma being on a visit to her people shared the loss. Frank had given her a very fine saddle-horse. This horse was among those stolen by the Pitt Rivers. The pursuit was organized, and with it, went our heroine, determined to save her horse. The captors were overtaken and found to be in strong force: an engagement ensued, and the pursuers were driven back; Wi-ne-ma assumed command. Another fight ensued. The day was doubtful. The woman-chief encouraged her braves. They had not consented for her to take the advance. Enraged at the loss of some of her fighting men, she made a charge at the head of her braves with such audacity and skill, that the Pitt Rivers, accustomed to fight in individual style, each man for himself, were taken by surprise and completely routed, leaving three dead warriors and the stolen horses in the possession of the Modocs. Wi-ne-ma refused to allow the dead Indians to be scalped or mutilated. Satisfied with the recovery of the horses and the victory over her enemies, she saddled her recaptured horse and bade her people follow, led the way to Lost River. Some of the Modoc braves who were of this party declare that the woman-chief can whip any man-chief. Those who have seen her only when in repose cannot form an idea of her wonderful courage and daring spirit. Few men, or women, of any race or tribe, have exhibited such examples of personal courage and sagacity as Wi-ne-ma.

There is a man named Elliott, living at Yreka, who does not hesitate to declare that to Wi-ne-ma he owes his life. He was engaged in combat with a Shasta Indian, when the squaw of the latter came to the assistance of "her man," with a drawn revolver. Wi-ne-ma, taking in the danger, sprang forward, wrenched the pistol from the hands of the infuriated squaw, fired it in the air above her head, then, holding her arms, compelled her to observe neutrality. The fight ended and no great harm was done. Wi-ne-ma brought the parties together, made terms of peace, and the combatants became personal friends.

In the autumn of 1867, Wi-ne-ma and Frank took up a ranch a few miles distant from Yreka. Their home became the stopping place for stock-hunters, Indians, and an occasional wayfarers. Frank being an old-fashioned Kentuckian, always hung the "latch-string outside," and gave welcome to everybody. He was never known to accept pay for meals or horse-feed, except upon one occasion.

One rainy evening in February 1868, just as darkness set in, a voice shouted "hallo!" Frank went to the door and found a pompous-looking man sitting on his horse. The stranger asked for lodging; it was granted, and his horse was put in the barn, a pine-wood fire lighted up the cabin, and Wi-ne-ma prepared supper. The stranger was evidently a merchant "runner" and like nearly all small-minded men made great display by calling for extra sauces, napkins, and such things as he knew were not in use among frontier people.

Wi-ne-ma was vexed, Frank bit his lips, and said but

little. The stranger brought out some fine cigars, and after lighting one for himself, began to talk glibly on the cost, saying such cigars could not be bought in San Francisco short of twenty cents each by the thousand. He acted as though he was about the only man worthy to be heard on that occasion. He descanted loudly on the old times in the South; had much to say about abolitionism, miscegenation, pure blood, and other idle talk, taking pains to say "all good Indians were four foot under ground," talked of the squaw-men, &c. When Wi-ne-ma had prepared a bed for him with snow-white sheets, he threw himself upon it, without undressing, taking pains to exhibit a pistol, which he placed under the pillow.

The breakfast over, the following morning, he ordered his horse, as though he had been a lord, and lighting another fine Havana without offering one to his host, he waited for his horse. With the cigar elevated at an angle, he pompously asked for his bill, and was brought to his senses when Frank quietly informed him that he did not run a hotel generally, but had begun about twelve hours since, and as the stranger was his first patron he would only charge him twelve dollars; saying "I should charge you nothing, but you talk so rich, and smoke such fine cigars you had ought to pay according to your big talk." The stranger began to demur, but before he had succeeded in drawing his little pocket "popgun," Frank had covered him completely with a "navy," and the pompous fellow paid the bill, Frank meantime reading him a short chapter upon miscegenation that was new to him. Before mounting, Frank handed him the twelve

dollars, saying he had hoped that he would refuse to pay the bill, so he could have a good excuse for thrashing him and teaching him common sense and decency.

Soon after Frank met with an accident which disabled him for several months. The farm comprised thirty acres of arable land. The rainy season began; Frank was unable to plow. Wi-ne-ma, being physically robust, plowed the ground, sowed the barley, and with little assistance harvested the crop, hauled it to market, sold it, and saved the money. It was during this time that Wi-ne-ma demonstrated her ability to defend her husband's honor. A Yankee who had not "acclimated" well but had retained his native habit of "arguing" things, came to Riddle's one day, and after some talk about a stray horse, intimated that Mr. Riddle had behaved unmanly in the matter. Wi-ne-ma taking in the situation, pitched into Mr. Yank, and before he knew it, his head was bleeding profusely and a strong hand was grasping his throat. He fought back as best he could, but the poor little Yank was in the hands of an enraged Modoc woman, who was pelting him in the face, saying between her licks, "I'll learn you how you talk about my man." He begged for mercy, and Frank persuaded Wi-ne-ma to desist. Wi-ne-ma brought a basin of water and bathed the battered face of Yank while she preached a short sermon on slandering his neighbors, finally asking him to stay for dinner, which invitation Yank accepted, and the whole matter was amicably adjusted by him receiving the assurance that the story of his whipping should not be told of him. When he met his friends

THE LONE INDIAN SENTINEL.



he claimed to have been dragged by his horse through the sage-brush for half a mile, and his face and clothing supported the lie. That man is now one of the best friends Wi-ne-ma and Frank have on the Pacific Coast.

The regular visits to her father's people continued, and thus Wi-ne-ma became a teacher and missionary to her own race, giving them much valuable information about the civilization of the white man. From one who was present I learned something of her efforts to bring the Indian up to a full realization of the necessity for adopting the white man's laws and customs. Said my informant, "In the evening you would see the women and men gather around Wi-ne-ma while she told them of the wonderful things she had seen among the white people, of their manners and social customs; of the laws and rules of life; of their way of making law; making machinery, its uses, &c. For hours they would listen while she talked, and to her, much of the advancement of the Indians at Klamath and Yai-nax may be attributed."

CHAPTER VI.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

FIRST MEETING OF THE AUTHOR WITH WI-NE-MA—IN CAPTAIN JACK'S CAMP—SHE SPRINGS TO THE FRONT IN THE NICK OF TIME—ALMOST A TRAGEDY—SUCCESS OWING TO HER WISDOM—HER ADVICE TO CAPTAIN JACK.

It was intensely cold, and the wind blew almost a gale, filling the air with dust and snow. Our camp was out on an open plain near the mouth of Lost River. The Modoc Chief had ordered his people to erect a council tent, and supply it with sage-brush fuel. My party numbered eleven persons, three of whom were Klamath Indians. We were there to secure the restoration of Captain Jack's band of Modocs to the Klamath reservation. He had refused to join in council without Wi-ne-ma and her husband. We waited patiently until nearly mid-day. Finally the woman-chief was announced, and looking out from the council tent I saw for the first time this noble-hearted Indian woman.

Those who have read the "Wigwam and War-path," will remember that the Modoc Chief had either eluded, or defied those who sought to return him to the Klamath reservation, upon three several occasions.

He had been encouraged in his refusal to return, by some white men who believed he had been outraged in the treaty of 1865. This council was one of peculiar character. It required a great amount of wisdom to hold the elements in subjection while the discussion was had. Wi-ne-ma calmly took a place beside Captain Jack, and rendered the English into Modoc. After considerable diplomatic skirmishing, the main question was reached. The Modoc Chief thinking he had made his case irresistibly strong, and that the original treaty paper could not be produced, said that if I could show him where he had made his mark at the treaty he would go with me. To his surprise I drew from my coat pocket the *identical* paper. He began to deny the paper, but was assured by one of his friends that it was the same. He then said "All right." provided he could have Modoc Point on the Klamath reservation for his home. I made the promise, and my party feeling that we had won this rebellious chief, began to exhibit signs of rejoicing. Captain Jack really meant to do as he promised, but the demonstration of triumph made by my party was offensive to Modoc pride, especially to the medicine-man, who suddenly arose, saying as he did so, a few words in Modoc, which brought every brave to his feet. Instantly every one of them drew pistols. It need not be said that my party also quickly assumed the attitude which sudden danger suggests. While the air was musical with the click of steel springs, Wi-ne-ma sprang between the two parties, and, with the presence of mind, almost superhuman, she shouted "Wait, wait, until I talk! Don't shoot. Hear me."

Then walking back and forth between the two lines of drawn revolvers, putting her hands on them on either side, she counselled her kinsman not to shoot, begged the white man to be patient, that her cousin's heart was good, that there was a misunderstanding; saying to the Modocs, "If you begin now it is the last of the Modocs," and to my party "You will all be killed." Then with the air of a commander, born to rule, she waved her hand while she talked with an eloquence which only great occasions call out. She held both parties enthralled by her speech. The uplifted pistols slowly went down on both sides, and without either seemingly yielding, the revolvers were replaced in their scabbards, and the entire council was discussing the main question again. The result of which deliberation was, that, the Modoc Chief and all his people finally went back to the Klamath reservation.

It requires no prophetic power to see what would have been the scene on this occasion, but for the presence of this woman, who seems to have been created for such a one, and peculiarly qualified to enact such feats as few can perform. At that time the Modocs numbered about seventy warriors. True, they were then poorly armed with pistols, many of them having bows and arrows, but to a frontiersman, these are the least desirable arms to be in the hands of Indians in times of trouble. My party were all armed with the best navy revolvers, and every man was a man, and it is not probable that the Modocs would have escaped unscathed, nor would we have survived the struggle. The Modoc War would have been anticipated, and probably the name of Captain-

Jack would have been lost in this fight, had not Wi-ne-ma come to the rescue at that opportune moment.

The Modocs were placed upon Klamath under favorable circumstances, and would have remained permanently, had the acting-agent kept the faith of the government, by protecting them from the taunts and threats of the other Indians of the reservation, who constantly badgered Captain Jack and his people. When he left the second time and returned to Lost River, Wi-ne-ma prevented the remainder of the Modoc Tribe from joining him. She sought to reconcile her cousin to the new agent, and did for several months defer the final war. Had her advice been regarded, the Modoc War would not have been.

Early in the year 1870, as Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon, under the authority of the intercourse laws of the United States, I issued a proclamation of emancipation for all Indian slaves, and also notified white men who were living with Indian women, out of legal marriage, of my determination to prosecute all such persons, taking the unpopular position, that any man, of any race, who would live with a woman without marriage, ought to be compelled to make such woman a legal wife, and giving the white men who lived with Indian women the alternative of making them wives, or of being prosecuted for violation of the intercourse law. Wi-ne-ma believing herself to be really married, as indeed she was under the usages of her people, was unceasing in her efforts for the fulfilment of the law, and rested not until the white men holding Indian women in

bondage had married them. To my efforts in this matter may be accredited Wi-ne-ma's friendship for me, and her heroic services in the Lava-beds in my behalf.

When the news reached Wi-ne-ma that Major Jackson had attacked Captain Jack, in an instant she was flying over the hills towards her father's camp, fifty miles distant. She knew that her father's family were not in sympathy with the rebels whom the government was compelling to return to the reservation, and she also knew that if the white men found them off of the reservation no questions would be asked about "passes." She reached the camp a little after daylight the next morning, and hurried her kindred to the agency at Yai-nax. She was none too soon. Already had the scouts been on the trail, and already had Modocs from the rebel camp sought to enlist this band in the war. Had they succeeded it is probable that instead of one thousand men fighting fifty-three for ninety days, that ten thousand white men would have found entertainment in the Lava-beds for a much longer period. Had the Indians at Yai-nax become involved in the war, others would have joined them, and a regular Indian war would have been inaugurated, costing thousands of lives and millions of dollars in money. That they did not join the rebels was owing more to the sagacity of Wi-ne-ma and Capt. O. C. Applegate, than because the Indians did not have—as they thought—sufficient cause of complaint.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

WI-NE-MA AS A PEACE-MAKER—THE FLAG OF TRUCE—ORGANIZATION OF THE PEACE-COMMISSION—WI-NE-MA AT FAIRCHILD'S—HER MISSION TO HER COUSIN—NARROW ESCAPE—SUCCESSFUL IN MAKING THE ARMISTICE—HER UNDERSTANDING OF THE TERMS—THE CAPTURED HORSES—THE PETITION REFUSED—THE BROKEN PLEDGE OF GOVERNMENT—THE AUTHOR AND THE WARRIOR-CHIEF—TRUTH THRUST DEFIANTLY IN THE FACE OF THE PEACE-COMMISSIONER—INDIAN WIT MIXED WITH SARCASM—THE NEW LAW—WHEN WAS IT MADE.

THE government determined to save the further effusion of blood, and sent out a Commission to the refractory Modocs. My personal acquaintance with the Modoc Indians, together with the successful management of the Indians of Oregon as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, pointed me out as the man to adjust the difficulties. After several refusals to accept this office, I was commissioned by letter of instructions, as Chairman of the Commission. I was instructed to co-operate with General Canby, and in no event to interfere with the movement of the troops. A glance at this single proposition tells the whole story of the failure.

Communication was established between the commission and the Modoc camp and an arrangement

made and entered into, by and between the government on the first part, and the Modocs on the second part, to the effect that no hostile movements were to be made by either of the parties to this compact during the existence of the armistice. The army was in two divisions, one at Fairchild's Ranch twenty-five miles north, and the other, being at Louie Land's Ranch, twenty miles south of the Modoc camp in the Lava-beds.

Having personal knowledge of Wi-ne-ma and her husband, and remembering the very efficient services rendered in 1869, I sent for them and employed them as messengers and interpreters on the part of the government. While peace negotiations were going on, and before the time fixed for the surrender, a squad of soldiers under command of Major Biddle, captured the only band of horses belonging to the Modocs. When this breach of the peace was made known, Wi-ne-ma declared that they would keep no compact after that.

The chief of the rebels sent his wife and sister to General Canby, requesting the restoration of the captured horses. Wi-ne-ma joined them, as did the writer, in this petition. General Canby refused, and the Modoc women were driven back to the rocks on foot.

On the morning of the 30th of March, the army was astir very early, and Wi-ne-ma being for the first time informed of the purpose of moving the army nearer the Modoc camp, ventured the prediction that "No peace could be made if this were done." On the first day of April the two divisions came up from



GEN. CANBY.

opposite sides and took positions within two miles of the Modocs.

The day following the location of these armies within gunshot of the Modoc camp, the chief was invited to a council, or peace-talk by General Canby, who had been ordered by the government, to assume control of the peace negotiations. Wi-ne-ma was dispatched to the Modoc camp to make the arrangements for the meeting. She was taunted by her cousin with the several breaches of the compact for peace negotiations.

On the following day General Canby accompanied by General Gillam, Dr. Thomas, L. S. Dyar and the writer, as Chairman of the Commission met the chief. The Modocs came armed and were disposed to be quarrelsome. Wi-ne-ma discovered evil intentions on the part of some of the men present, and satisfied that treachery was contemplated, she sat down between General Canby and Dr. Thomas and refused to leave them. I have not the slightest doubt that but for her presence our party would have been attacked and slain. On their turn to General Canby's tent, Wi-ne-ma informed the General and the Commission of their narrow escape. General Canby did not believe it, saying: "The Modocs dare not do such a thing, and that Wi-ne-ma was only frightened."

A few days after this meeting, Captain Jack sent a messenger, asking an interview with me alone. I accepted the invitation, and with Wi-ne-ma, Frank, and John A. Fairchild, I met the chief and a number of his men at the council tent, midway between the camps, and spent several hours with him discussing

the situation. He recounted the failure of the government to recognize him in 1865, then again the neglect to fulfil promises of protection in 1870, the refusal to allow him to become a citizen on equal terms with other races. The treacherous attack, as he termed, it of Major Jackson on Lost River, the preceding November; his willingness to surrender when assured of fair and impartial trial by a jury of good men, his anxiety to make terms of peace whenever his captured horses were returned, and the army was withdrawn to its original position.

I sought to induce him to surrender to General Canby, under a flag of truce. In reply, he pointed to the scene of Ben Wright's massacre, of forty Modocs under a flag of truce, which occurred within sight of the spot where we sat. When I assured him that General Canby was a different kind of man, he answered me with the query, why did he not return his horses, and why he broke the compact by bringing so many men with canons to make peace. He was willing to trust General Canby, but he could not induce his men to surrender while the army was looking on. During this council, the chief repeatedly asserted his friendship for me, and the faith he had in me personally, but that I could not keep "the words" because my people were all opposed to him, and looked with contempt upon him on account of his color. Long as I have memory, I shall remember his last appeal to me, to give him the Lava-beds for a home, saying that if any other place was given him the white men would want it some time, but the Lava-beds they would never want. There was something so sad in his face while

he turned and swept the rocks with his hand as he made the appeal.

It was more than an imaginary scene, this man driven before a powerful civilization to a wild jumble of rocks, where not one acre of cultivated soil could be found within its limits, asking for a home where only wild birds flew above, and vile reptiles in countless multitudes crept beneath, where neither wood nor grass had footing, where desolation seemed to have gathered like a great avenger to despoil it of every resource for man or beast, save only, the living swarms of fish which peopled the lake beside it.

I could not under the instruction I had received, give him the Lava-beds. The council ended with pleasant words, so far as personal friendship was concerned, and with Wi-ne-ma and Frank, and Mr. Fairchild, I returned to General Canby's camp and reported in full the result of the conference. Wi-ne-ma again asserted, as we returned, that no peace could be made as long as the soldiers were so near. General Canby and Dr. Thomas were much impressed with the report of the council, and it was resolved to make another effort to save Captain Jack. Wi-ne-ma was dispatched with the proposition to the Modoc Chief to come out with such of his people as were willing, under promise of protection by the army, and an amnesty to all who would accept the offer. She went on this mission without hope, because as she asserted "no one dares to leave the Modoc camp." Nevertheless, she went again to her cousin with the offer. He received her kindly but refused to entertain any proposition not made to the whole band.

Wi-ne-ma sorrowfully left the Modoc Camp expecting that she would see her cousin no more, as she had intimations of an attack being made by the army very soon if the offer was refused. She learned as she left the Modoc Camp of the proposed treachery. When she arrived in our camp her eyes were swollen and she was sobbing.

General Canby did not seem to be surprised, simply saying, "They dare not do it." Mr. Dyar gave it credit. Knowing both William and Wi-ne-ma, I believed the warning and gave my opinion accordingly. Dr. Thomas discredited the warning. As he said to me, he thought as General Canby did, that reporters were anxious for sensational news, and perhaps Wi-ne-ma and her husband were influenced in this matter by outside parties, at least, he questioned Bogus Charlie, who came soon after Wi-ne-ma from the Modoc Camp, as to the correctness of the report. Bogus Charlie, in very excited tones, demanded to know who had told it. The Doctor evaded, until Bogus became urgent, and then, either through his frankness or on account of the threatening attitude of Bogus, replied that Wi-ne-ma had told it. Bogus went directly to Wi-ne-ma and demanded her authority. She refused to give it, and Bogus in high temper stole out of camp and went to the stronghold of his chief. When he made known the fact that they had been betrayed a scene ensued. A bitter quarrel arose and high words followed. It was finally decided to send for Wi-me-na. Boston Charlie was dispatched with the demand for her to come forthwith to the "stronghold." Boston came and made the demand. When

Wi-ne-ma learned that her cousin was accused of betraying the Modocs, she said she would go, though she felt she would never return. Dr. Thomas now alive to the mistake he had made was doubtful about her safety. General Canby thought it unsafe, but interposed no objection; having great faith in Wi-ne-ma's discretion and her courage, I gave my assent because she wished to vindicate her integrity. Her husband consented with the added declaration that if she was harmed he would avenge her.

In all the records of heroic actions, that of Wi-ne-ma going after the betrayal into the camp of the most desperate men in the world, stands alone peerless, as an act of heroism. I did not believe she would be harmed, because I knew that Captain Jack and Scar-Face Charlie were her personal friends. In proof of my faith, I gave her my horse and overcoat. Wi-ne-ma when ready to start, clasped her little boy in her arms and pressed him to her bosom with all the affection of her strong nature. Imprinting a kiss upon his lips she turned to mount her horse. The mother's heart subdued the heroine, and she caught him again, and again to her bosom. Finally rising above the mother she again became the heroine, and with livid face, she mounted her horse and bidding farewell to her husband rode away.

When she reached the camp, the Modocs gathered around her and demanded her authority for the story. She evaded at first, but when a dozen pistols were drawn upon her, she arose to the grand height of the real Modoc, and smiting her breast she confessed she *had* told it, and that Captain Jack did not tell her,

but that one of the members of the band *did* tell her. Then, walking backwards until she stood upon a rock above the angry mob, she clasped her right hand upon her pistol, and the other on her heart she shouted aloud, "I am a Modoc myself. I *did* tell it. But I will *not* tell you who told me. Shoot me if you dare, I'll *never* betray my informant." An Indian appreciates bravery, and despises cowardice. Wi-ne-ma had won the admiration of her people, and instantly a dozen pistols were drawn in her defence. Captain Jack ordered half a dozen of his personal friends to escort Wi-ne-ma out of the rocks, and she arrived in safety at the tent of the Peace Commission, in the camp of General Canby.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FATAL COMPACT.

WARNING REPEATED—STRATEGY FOILED—EVIDENCE OF TREACHERY—NO MEETING EXCEPT ON EVEN TERMS—HOPE OF PEACE GONE—TURNING-POINT—DR. THOMAS'S FAITH IN PRAYER—RELIGIOUS STRATEGY OF THE MODOCS—THE COMPACT ENDING IN BLOOD—THE UNAVAILING PROTEST—GREAT RELIGIOUS FAITH OF DR. THOMAS—GENERAL CANBY UNDER-RATES MODOC COURAGE—WI-NE-MA'S ANXIETY TO AVERT THE BLOODY SCENE—TRYING COURAGE—*en route* TO THE TRYSTING PLACE—THE MODOCS IN COUNCIL—CAPTAIN JACK'S COURAGE—ALLOTMENT OF BLOODY WORK.

UPON Wi-ne-ma's return she confirmed the warning against meeting the Modocs unarmed. On the day following, Boston Charley came to the camp of the Peace Commission, and proposed a meeting to be held at the council tent, declaring that the Modocs were ready for peace, and that Captain Jack with four unarmed men were waiting at the council-tent. As Chairman of the Commission I declined the meeting on the terms proposed, but expressed readiness to meet an even number all armed.

Half-way up the side of the bluff overlooking the rocks, a signal and lookout-station had been established. While Boston was importuning for the meeting, a message was received from that station, saying

that there were five apparently unarmed Modocs at the council, but that behind them in the rocks were twenty men with rifles. The evidence of treachery in this instance was so unmistakable that the entire board was convinced. Boston departed, disappointed.

Foiled in this attempt, the Modocs who were in favor of assassination held a secret council, and laid plans to entrap the Commission, which were successful. The Peace Commissioners were almost in despair, since no meeting could be had on honorable and fair terms.

General Canby expressed himself satisfied that no peace could be made with the Modocs, that was in harmony with justice, and so telegraphed the authorities at Washington, also informing them that he had the "army in position to compel surrender." Half an hour's warning would, at any moment, hurl them on to the stronghold.

General Canby determined to make no attack on the Modocs until the arrival of Donald McKay with his Warm Spring scouts. His reasons were no secret, as he gave them in the councils of the Peace Commission. They were, because he wished to save the white soldiers, and he knew the Warm Springs scouts were experienced warriors.

While waiting for reinforcements for the "thousand men," and we were expecting orders from Washington to withdraw as a Peace Commission, I left my post for the first time since the armistice was agreed upon. A short time after my departure Boston Charley again appeared at the Peace Commission tent with a proposition for a meeting. He was shrewd enough

to take advantage of my absence. Knowing that Dr. Thomas was a "Sunday Doctor" (minister), Boston surprised the good Doctor by informing him that "God had come into the Modoc heart and put a new fire into it;" declaring that they were ashamed for having attempted intrigue; that they were ready to surrender, and only wanted assurance of good faith. Wi-ne-ma and her husband were acting as interpreters, and could not give an adverse opinion in presence of the Modoc messenger, though manifesting their disapprobation as far as possible. The compact was made in conformity with the proposition of Boston Charley.

Upon my return, Dr. Thomas informed me of the unwise compact. He was overflowing with religious enthusiasm, declaring that the prayers of the peace-loving people had been heard, and that "to-morrow will witness the triumph of God." I did not believe the Modocs meant peace, and so stated. The last night of Dr. Thomas in the flesh was partly passed by him in prayer, and the endeavor to reconcile me to the meeting on the morrow. We were discussing the meeting when Boston Charley came in next morning. He came to assure himself that all was right for the hellish purpose.

I went to General Canby's *marquee* and sought to dissuade him from his purpose. To my remonstrance against the meeting he mentioned the blood it would save both races, and while he had not sufficient faith in the warning to satisfy his mind, he evidently had a father's care for the soldiers under his command. He pointed to the two bodies of armed soldiery, and

said, "The Modocs may be very brave and very desperate, but they *dare not* break the peace with a thousand men looking on."

The preparations for keeping the appointment were being made, when Wi-ne-ma and her husband made a last protest against the fulfilment of the unwise compact. Dr. Thomas was unwilling to abandon the effort. Commissioner Dyar agreed with me that the meeting should not take place. General Canby maintained his views, and gave orders for a watch to be kept at the signal-station; then, giving some private instructions to his secretary, he dressed in full uniform, without arms, and called for Dr. Thomas. Together they walked off, side by side, towards the peace tent, one mile away. Having failed to dissuade them from going, I had no honorable alternative but to follow. Writing a hasty note to my family, at Salem, Oregon, I prepared to go, and caught the halter of my horse, intending to mount, when Wi-ne-ma, unable to suppress her fears, snatched the halter, and winding it round her waist, threw herself upon the ground, and cried most earnestly, "Do not go. You will be kill. The Modocs mad now. Meacham, you no go." Her entreaty moved me, and I relaxed my grasp of the halter, and calling to General Canby and Dr. Thomas, went to them, and renewed my protest against going unarmed. They were immovable. I then for the first and only time in my life, made use of my fraternal relations to induce them to assent to a promise on my part, as Chairman of the Commission, to withdraw the army, if we found satisfactory evidences of premeditated treachery. This proposition was emphatically rejected also.

Seeing no alternative, I returned to the Commissioners' tent, handed my valuables to Mr. Fairchilds, and securing a promise from him that if my body should be badly mutilated, it should be buried in the rocks of the Lava-beds, and not sent to my family, I sought again to mount my horse, when Wi-ne-ma caught me by my coat, and endeavored to detain me.

Firmly refusing to remain in camp, I bade Wi-ne-ma and her husband follow, and rode off to the council tent in the Lava-beds, accompanied by Commissioner Dyar. Wi-ne-ma parted with her boy, and with steady nerve mounted her horse and joined Mr. Dyar and myself. Mr. Riddle hastily arranged his business affairs, and also joined us on this danger-fraught ride.

Turn for a moment to the Modoc camp, previous to the murderers leaving for the bloody work. Captain Jack had not yet given his assent to the treacherous deed soon to be enacted. When preparations for leaving camp were being made, he called the blood-thirsty savages around him, and sought to dissuade them from the execution of the murderous purpose.

Hooker Jim (who still lives, a blot on humanity, at Quaw-Paw Agency) assisted by others, pushed the chief down upon the rocks, and placing a woman's hat upon his head, taunted him with cowardice.

In view of Captain Jack's record as a warrior no one will ever say he was a coward, but had he refused to accede to the demands of the cut-throats, and they had then and there enforced the threat of death, it would have been better for himself, better for General Canby, Dr. Thomas, and myself, better for his

race, better for the interests of justice, and to-day his name would be enshrined as a martyr, instead of being used as the watchword against his race. Whether he lacked the courage to meet such a fate as presented itself in the persons around him, or whether he determined to drink one unholy draught from the goblet of revenge, for insults and wrongs, may not be known, but he threw the shawl to the ground which they had put on him to humiliate him, and dashing the hat from his head, sealed the fate of himself and General Canby at least.

The allotment of the bloody work was made, and Old Schonchin was awarded the privilege of "killing Meacham." To Boston Charley was accorded the attack on Dr. Thomas. Black Jim was to have slain Mr. Dyar, while Bancho was to attack Riddle. In the event of General Gillum being at the council, Hooker Jim was to make sure of his death. Other Indians were dispatched with arms to the scene. Such I believe to have been the arrangement, the opinion being formed from investigations subsequently made.

CHAPTER IX.

CARNIVAL OF BLOOD.

THE BETRAYAL DECLARED BY ARMED WARRIORS—CORDIAL GREETING—CAPTAIN JACK'S HESITATION—THE DEMAND FOR THE REMOVAL OF THE SOLDIERS—DR. THOMAS'S LAST SERMON—HESITATION OF THE MODOC CHIEF—KAU-TUX—ALL READY—GENERAL CANBY FALLS—DR. THOMAS TAUNTED—DYAR'S ESCAPE—RIDDLE'S FLIGHT COVERED BY SCAR-FACE CHARLEY—SCHONCHIN'S BATTLE-CRY—MODOC YELL—THE THUNDER-STORM—WI-NE-MA'S HEROISM—LEFT FOR DEAD—ALMOST TOO LATE—BOSTON CHARLEY ATTEMPTS THE DIFFICULT OPERATION OF SCALPING A BALD-HEADED MAN—HIS FAILURE—SUCCESSFUL STRATEGY OF WI-NE-MA.

GENERAL CANBY and Dr. Thomas were the first of our party to arrive. They were greeted by the Indians with extreme cordiality, General Canby giving to each a cigar. Instead of five unarmed men, including Scar-Face Charley, as promised by Boston Charley, in negotiating for the council, we found eight well-armed desperadoes, including the notorious cut-throats, Hooker Jim and Black Jim. Captain Jack seemed anxious and ill at ease, and did not exhibit the friendship the others of his party pretended.

General Canby seemed calm and thoroughly self-possessed. General Thomas did not appear to note any suspicious circumstances, but was endeavoring to impress the Indians with his good intentions. I made

my election to abide by the consequences. I knew that the horse beneath me was one of the fleetest in the Modoc country, and notwithstanding the rocky trail, could carry me out of danger with a few bounds, which he seemed more than willing to make at the slightest invitation. I made up my mind that Canby and Thomas should not be endangered by cowardly flight on my part.

Withdrawing from my overcoat and hanging it upon the horn of the saddle, I dismounted, dropping the rope halter to the ground, leaving my horse free to escape. Mr. Dyar dismounted, leaving his horse free. Mr. Riddle secured Wi-ne-ma's horse, and we all gathered round the council-fire.

Before the council talk began I sat down facing the chief, and began the talk by referring to the proposition made the day before by Boston Charley, and continued by saying that we were ready to complete the arrangement for peace. Captain Jack asked if we were willing to remove the soldiers from the Lava-beds, and give his people a home in the country. I felt that if his demand was met we could escape, and although General Canby had refused to allow me to make this promise, I thought that convinced as he must be of intended treachery, he would feel justified in assenting to the request. Cautiously turning to him, I asked him to talk. After a moment's waiting he rose, and stood erect. Every eye was upon him. All seemed to feel that if he assented to the withdrawal of the army the trouble would be passed over. Whether General Canby realized the situation with all its fearful possibilities, and would not swerve even



DOCTOR THOMAS.

then from his purpose; or if he still thought the Modocs had not the desperate courage to execute the plan, can never be known. If he said the soldiers should be removed, the phantom would pass as a dream. If he said they should *not* be withdrawn, the phantom must soon become a terrible reality. With dignity that was peculiar to that brave soldier, he firmly pronounced his own death sentence, as well as that of Dr. Thomas, by saying that the "*soldiers could not be withdrawn.*"

Again and again the Modoc Chief repeated the demand for the removal of the soldiers. General Canby having once refused was mute. Turning to Dr. Thomas, who was sitting at my left, I asked him if he wished to talk. The Doctor dropped forward on his knees, and made his last proclamation of peace. He assured the Modocs that he was a friend to them; that God had sent us to them as messengers of peace.

The Modoc Chief leaned forward, and touching me on the arm, he once more declared that no peace could be made until the soldiers were taken away. I believe that to this time Captain Jack had hoped it would be granted, and thereby bloodshed avoided. Schonchin sprang to the seat vacated by Captain Jack, and in loud, angry tones repeated the ultimatum. Wi-ne-ma had thrown herself on the ground in front of Dr. Thomas, and was interpreting Schonchin's speech, at the moment when Captain Jack gave the signal, "Kau-Tux" (all ready). Almost at the same instant the Modoc yell broke from the rocks, and two Modocs sprang forward, bearing rifles.

Captain Jack drew a pistol, and shot General

Canby, the ball striking him in the face. "Ellen's man" joined him in the attack. General Canby did *not* fall until he had run forty or fifty yards, when a shot struck him in the back of the head. His assailants came upon him, and shooting him again, stripped him of his clothing, turned his face downward, and then left him.

Dr. Thomas received a shot from the hand of Boston Charley. He sank slowly, catching by his right hand. He was permitted to get upon his feet and stagger away a few rods, his murderers taunting him with not believing Wi-ne-ma, jeering him, and ridiculing his religion and the failure of his prayers. Finally pushing him down, they shot him through the head, stripped him, and turning him also upon his face, gathered up the dripping garments, and joined the other murderers at the council fire.

Mr. Dyar having his horse for a cover, when the attack was begun, made good his escape, although pursued by Hooker Jim. Mr. Riddle escaped by running, covered by Scar-Face Charley's rifle, who declared that it "was unworthy of a Modoc to kill unarmed men." Simultaneously with the attack on General Canby and Dr. Thomas, Schonchin sprang to his feet, and drawing both a knife and a pistol shouted "Chock-e-la" (Blood), pointed at my head, and discharged the pistol, the bullet tearing through the collar of my coat and vest. Before the next shot, Wi-ne-ma was between him and his victim, grasping his arms and pleading for my life. I walked backwards forty yards, while my heroic defender struggled to save me. Shacknasty Jim joined Schonchin in the

attack, and Wi-ne-ma, running from one to the other, continued to turn aside the pistols aimed at me, until I went down. After I fell I raised my head above the rock over which I had fallen, and at the instant Schonchin aimed at me so correctly that this shot struck me between the eyes, and glanced out over the left eye, which was blinded. A shot from Shacknasty Jim struck me on the right side of the head, over the ear, which stunned me, and I became unconscious. From Wi-ne-ma and Scar-Face Charley I learned that Shacknasty Jim robbed me of my clothing in part, notwithstanding Wi-ne-ma's expostulations; that while Jim was unbuttoning my shirt collar, one of the other murderers came up with a gun, and pointing at my head, was just in the act of touching the trigger, when Jim pushed the gun up, and said "Don't shoot any more. Him dead. He no get up, I hit him high up; save the powder." Having taken my coat, pants, and vest, they left me, saying to Wi-ne-ma, "Take care of your white brother." Wi-ne-ma wiped the blood from my face, and straightened my limbs, believing me dead.

Boston Charley drew a knife which, however, was a dull one, and began the difficult task of scalping a bald-headed man, and what added to the difficulty was the strong arms of Wi-ne-ma, grasping him and hurling him as though he was but a boy to the rocks beside me. But Boston had Modoc persistency, and springing to his feet, with his pistol he struck her a blow upon the head, at the same time threatening to shoot her should she again interfere, and resumed the delicate task. Wi-ne-ma, dazed by the blow for a

moment, in half-bewilderment saw the dull blade cutting down to the bone, while Boston, enraged and impatient, set one foot upon the back of my neck, and muttering curses in broken English, succeeded in cutting a circle almost around the upper part of my head, and had already so far lifted the scalp that he had inserted the fingers of his left hand beneath it, preparatory to tearing it off, when Wi-ne-ma, recovering her presence of mind, resorted to strategy, shouting exultingly, "Kap-ko Bostee-na-soldier!" (soldiers coming.) Boston Charley, without waiting for proof of the announcement, giving his victim a parting kick, left him, as he still supposed, a corpse in Wi-ne-ma's care.

CHAPTER X.

THE RESCUE.

WI-NE-MA'S NARROW ESCAPE—TEMPERANCE THE MAIN HOPE—THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE OF THE MODOC WAR—DANGER ON LAND AND WATER—WI-NE-MA DEFENDING THE MOTHERS OF THE FIFTY-THREE MURDERED BY WHITE MEN—THREATENED OUTBREAK QUELLED.

OPENING his eyes with her fingers, she muttered, "Him dead, him dead." She straightened his limbs, once more wiped the blood from the mutilated face at her feet, then standing a moment, her eyes caught sight of the stark body of General Canby; turning half round she saw the blood-stained form of Dr. Thomas; looking south she saw her cousin and his comrades hastening away, bearing with them the uniform of General Canby and the clothing of Dr. Thomas, and Commissioner Meacham; looking north she caught sight of glittering bayonets coming to the rescue. The line of bayonets is coming nearer, and Wi-ne-ma, mounting her horse, leaves behind her the terrible scene, only to meet the threatening column of coming avengers. Half a dozen muskets were pointed at her as the line approached, while coarse imprecations and threats assailed her ears. *Her life* was now

endangered. Placing her hand on her heart, she said, "Shoot me, shoot me if you dare! I am not to blame." Corporal Ross, of Captain Miller's company, sprang to the front and repeated the challenge, saying, "I will avenge her death." She was permitted to pass through the lines on her return to the Commissioners' camp.

The rescuers came too late to save the gallant General or the noble Doctor; already had their limbs grown stiff on the slaty rocks. Schonchin's victim was struggling to get upon his feet, but was so entirely covered with blood from his half-dozen wounds that the soldiers levelled their guns, thinking him an Indian. Colonel Miller commanding the advance shouted in time to prevent a volley from the soldiers completing the work begun by Schonchin and Shacknasty Jim. I was placed upon a stretcher, and carried to the hospital in a half-conscious condition. My wounds were dressed, and pronounced not mortal, but dangerous. Wi-ne-ma was among the first to kneel beside the mattress whereon I lay in the great tent. Day after day she, with her husband, watched over me. Almost by a miracle I was saved in the rocks; not much less by a miracle while in the hospital. The surgeons declared that my temperate habits alone made my recovery possible.

I was sent to my wife, who awaited me at the mouth of River Lost, having come by rail, stage, and ambulance, three hundred miles. She could not reach the hospital on account of danger, but was assured that I should be sent to her alive, if she would come with an escort to the place named. While she watched the

little white-hulled boat which bore me over to her, a sudden "blow" came up, which threatened to engulf me in the waters of the Lake. For an hour the oarsman fought the danger, sometimes almost in despair, but the hidden hand which saved me on the rocks calmed the tempest, and saved me again.

While a three-days' battle was raging, the Pocahontas of the Lava-beds became a Florence Nightingale in the army hospital, among the victims of her cousin's bullets, bathing the burning brows, and administering nourishment prepared by her own hands. The soldiers were assured of her fidelity, and with united voice declared her to be a ministering angel. When the wounded were brought in from the battle-field, Wi-ne-ma was always among the first to reach the side of the stretcher, scanning closely the faces of the wounded. On one occasion a wild cry burst from her lips, for she thought she recognized the face of Corporal Ross among them. Her paroxysms of grief were pitiful to behold, until reassured that it was not her friend Ross.

On the morning of the 24th day of April, Captain Thomas prepared to start out to the "Sand Hill" on a reconnoitering expedition. "Colonel Tom Wright" called at Riddle's tent before joining Captain Thomas. Wi-ne-ma offered him a warning against the dangers that hung around the pathway of the party, telling him that he would be attacked. He laughed at her fears. She grew more earnest, declaring that if they went with a small party, or anything less than the entire army, they would all be killed. Notwithstanding this woman's predictions on several former occasions had been verified, her advice was disregarded

by Colonel Wright, and he left the tent with a careless good-bye, which was his last farewell to this woman, whose judgment had been demonstrated so often, and so often ignored. A few moments later the column was forming for its own funeral march, unbelieving that their beds for the next bivouac were to be the broken rocks of the Lava-bed.

Pat McManus, the sutler, was preparing to accompany this expedition. Mac and his wife were warm friends of the Riddles. Wi-ne-ma besought Mac to remain in camp, but he refused. His mule was awaiting him outside the sutler tent. Wi-ne-ma went quietly to the waiting steed, and slipping the bridle from his head, drove him away. Mac, armed with Henry rifle and Colt navy pistol, emerged from the tent in time to see the bridleless animal scampering away to a band of horses on the hillside. Words would not come to the lips of the enraged sutler. Wi-ne-ma stood with calm face waiting for the storm to break. It came at last in a demand to know who it was that had dared to turn loose his horse. The woman who bearded the lions of the Lava-bed in their stronghold, calmly replied, "I turned that horse loose for sake of your wife."

During the time intervening between the three days' battle and the evacuation of the camp on the 11th of May, the old Modoc women who were captured by the army were placed in charge of Wi-ne-ma and her husband, and by some unaccountable influence of army red-tape, they were allowed to subsist—homeless prisoners unaided by the government. These captured women were often threatened with violence by the soldiers and their allies (the Warm

Spring Indians), and on more than one occasion Wi-ne-ma's presence alone saved their lives. Several efforts were made to induce her to leave her charge, but with that clear, intuitive judgment for which she is noted, she refused, because she knew that the vengeance of heroic white men of low degree would be visited on the poor old Modoc women, whose crime consisted in being the mothers of the fifty-three men who had successfully resisted the army of "a thousand" for so many days.

A tumult is upheaving the hearts of Wi-ne-ma's people at Yai-nax, who had stood aloof through the war. This was caused by the killing of three reservation Indians, by white men, in Se-wa-kin valley, under very peculiar circumstances. They were on a hunting expedition outside of the reservation, at least one hundred miles from the seat of war. Some white men were driving a band of cattle across the country. The cattle took fright at sight of the Indian hunters, and stampeded. The white men came up, and took them prisoners, notwithstanding the Indians declared their good intentions. While driving the prisoners before them, the white men discussed in their hearing the propriety of killing them without trial. The Indians attempted to escape, and two of them were shot down; the other made his way to the reservation and told of the tragedy. This created immense excitement, and war-councils were held. Captain Applegate and Wi-ne-ma threw themselves into the breach, and although they could not justify or defend the acts of the white men, they prevailed upon the reservation Indians to remain quiet.

CHAPTER XI.

BLENDING BRAVE BLOOD.

FRANK RIDDLE THE HUSBAND OF WI-NE-MA—HIS CAREER AS A MINER—EXCITING EXPERIENCES WITH GRIZZLIES—HIS DEVOTION TO THE INDIAN RACE—A SAFE COUNSELLOR—CHARKA, THE HANDSOME BOY, SON OF WI-NE-MA AND FRANK—HIS FACULTY FOR OBSERVATION—TRAVELS IN GREAT CITIES BY INSTINCT—HIS COURAGE IN RESENTING INSULT—THE WAITING ARMS OF HIS INDIAN GRANDFATHER.

FRANK RIDDLE, the husband of Wi-ne-ma, is a native of Kentucky. His parents were slave-holders, and Frank grew to fifteen years of age without receiving much attention from them. Several years before reaching his majority, in western parlance Frank "struck out for himself." Arriving upon the Pacific Coast, in 1851, he first sought employment in Sacramento City, and subsequently drifted to the mines of Northern California. His life has been a counterpart of thousands who sought fortune at the point of the pick and shovel and the "Tail of the Long Tom sluice-box." Many thrilling episodes he had passed before we find him surrendering to the bright eyes of the Modoc maiden. This struggle against his destiny was brief, and as we have shown on a former page, he surrendered to *this* Modoc, and was married under the forms and ceremonies of her people. During his

sojourn upon the Western Coast, he has killed seven hundred and forty-three deer and elk, and one hundred and thirty-two bears of various species.

During the efforts for peace with the Modoc Indians, in 1873, Mr. Riddle was employed as an interpreter. His personal acquaintance with them, and with the difficulties existing between them and the white race, made him *the* man for the occasion. It is unfortunate that Gen. Canby and Dr. Thomas should not have recognized the real character of Mr. Riddle, and appreciate as I did his integrity, and good common sense. It would have saved many lives and hundreds of thousands of dollars.

I have never heard an intimation that Frank Riddle ever "went back" on a friend or his own word, while his generous nature prompting to give, has kept him impoverished all his life. Mr. Riddle appreciating the benefit this extensive travel would be to his wife and boy, consented to join my company on my promise to "do right by him and return him and his family to Yreka." I have found him a reliable man and a true friend even in the darkest hour. He won the confidence and respect of those whom he has met on our tour; always an affable, plain Western man, full of interesting reminiscences of frontier life, he has always been well received and kindly treated by the friends of the Indian elsewhere. He is not ashamed to manifest his pride in his Indian wife and half-breed boy.

"Charka" (the handsome boy) alias Jeff. C. Davis Riddle, son of Frank and Wi-ne-ma, was born in 1862, at Yreka. He is a remarkable boy, early evincing a

fair amalgamation of Kentucky frankness and Modoc courage, while he has been much with white boys of his age in Yreka, he has also spent a larger proportion of his young life in the "latches" (wigwams) of his grandfather at Yai-nax, is expert with the bow and arrow, already a close shot with a rifle, accustomed to the saddle from his infancy, going often with his father and sometimes with his mother's people, upon the big hunts, he has had rather a thrilling experience for one so young. Inheriting enough of his mother's Indian stoicism, he is never surprised, travels over the largest cities on errands, coming home by instinct, never lost, always pleasant and mannerly, but equally ready to resent insult, he has won his way rapidly to the friendship of those who know him. With his Indian habits of observation and faculty of retention, he is storing his mind with much useful information and themes for story when he again springs from his saddle into the outstretched arms of his illustrious old Indian grandfather.

One episode of this boy's life would find a place in the stirring scenes of the Modoc war. Almost without a tear he parted from his mother and father when they were leaving camp on the fatal day on which Gen. Canby was killed, although he was but ten years of age, saying to them "If the Modocs kill you, I will avenge you if it takes a life-time." Taking his father's revolver and field-glass, he climbed partly up the bluff commanding a view of the peace-tent where the ill-starred council was held. When the first puff of smoke rose above the council, Charka shouted to the soldiers below him, "The Modocs are killing the

Commissioners;" then dropping his glass, he started for the scene of blood in advance of the reserve which had been ordered out. Meeting his father, he demanded to know whether his mother had been killed, vowing vengeance meanwhile. It was with some difficulty he was persuaded from going to the scene of slaughter, nor was he appeased until she appeared coming on her horse.

Charka has made rapid progress in learning, and although he has been but one month at school, he has in that time learned to read sufficiently well to understand ordinary news in the morning papers, and to write well enough to make himself understood in his letters. This boy Charka will be heard from some time in the future, in behalf of his mother's people. If we succeed in securing funds for his education, he will be an honor to a despised race.

CHAPTER XII.

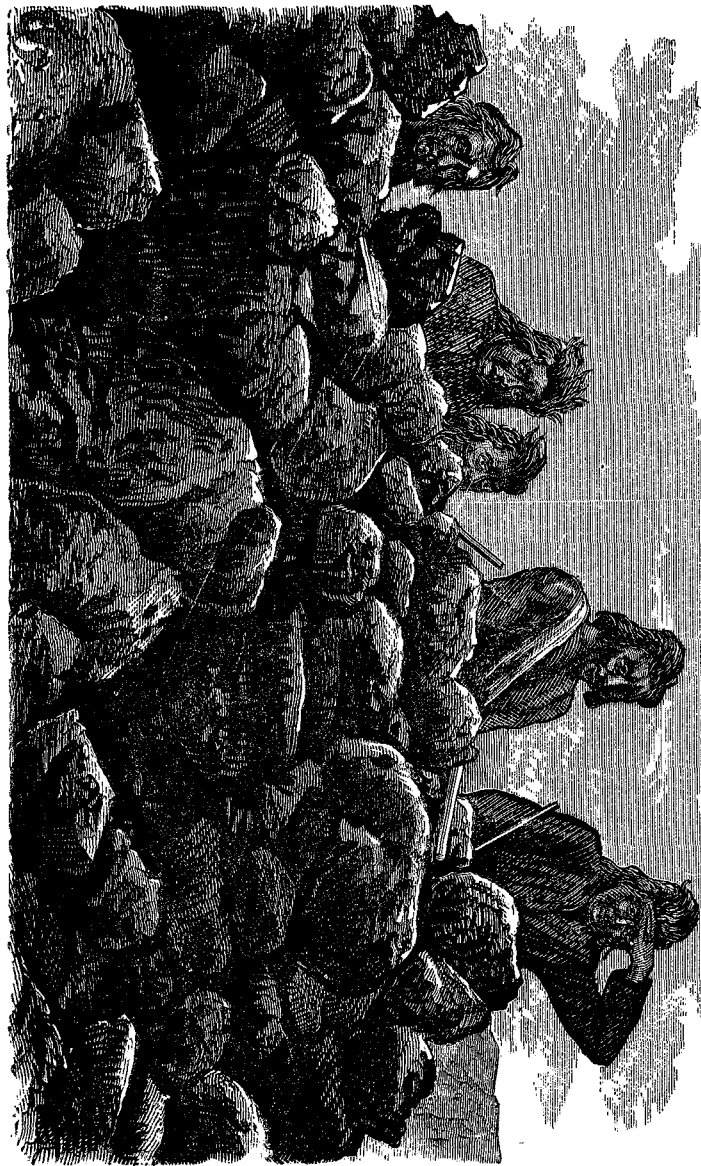
GOD'S NOBLEMEN PLANTING AN EMPIRE.

AN EXPERIMENT—CAPTAIN APPLIGATE A NATIVE OF OREGON—HIS ORATORICAL POWERS—WAL-AIKS-SKI-DAT—HIS CHARACTER—YUM-IS-POE-TIS—“DAVID AND JONATHAN”—SILETZ RESERVATION—OL-HATH-E—WOOL-WY-HE—“NO RESERVATION POLICY.”

WHILE I had no fear that I could control the several elements of Indian character which my company should comprise, nor doubting my ability to present them to the public, I, nevertheless preferred to be supported in my lecture enterprise, by some white man whose life was a guarantee of his character, and his knowledge of the subjects to be discussed.

The opinion among eastern people has obtained, that frontier men are, as a rule, ignorant, uneducated men, whose chief pastime is to hunt, and fish, fight Indians and drink whisky, play cards, gamble, and steal squaws, hack each other to pieces, and waylay the traveller. Feeling the injustice done a brave and worthy class of American citizens, I sought a man who was born outside of the lines of white civilization, in the wilds of Oregon. Among the first emigrants who cut the way to the Pacific coast, was Lindsey Applegate, of Indiana. He took with him his wife,

WARM-SPRING INDIAN PICKETS.



a woman of unusual force of character, as well as personal womanhood. It was one of this truly Oregon family, I invited to assist me in presenting my lecture company to the public. He was twenty-eight years of age, unmarried, and had never up to the time of starting, been outside of the lines of his native State, Oregon. He is six feet, three inches in height, well-proportioned, with personal presence which secures respect on sight; possessed of self-respect, brought up in the strictest school of morals by his parents; trained to self-command by a life embellished with dangerous adventure; an orator by nature, and strongly influenced by his association with the children of the plain and forest; brave by inheritance, and fearless because of his long participation in stirring scenes; carrying with him in every action the imprint of his noble mother's precepts; neither swearing, drinking, nor even using tobacco. Such was Captain Applegate. He had long been personally associated with the Indian Department of the government, and at the battle of the 17th of January, 1873, in the Lava-beds, had led a company of Klamath Indians against the Modocs. To his efficiency principally may be accredited the safe retreat of the demoralized army on that occasion.

Of all the hundreds of officers whom I have known connected with the civil service in the Indian department, not one of sober, temperate, habits, that has not, and does not espouse the cause of the Indian. Captain Applegate has acquired familiarity with several Indian languages. Two of the north-western tribes have conferred honorary titles upon him.

Captain Applegate selected from the Klamath agency two Indian chiefs. One of them was Wal-aiks-ski-dat, (the left-handed chief who lives between two rivers.) Wal-aiks-ski-dat had early in life evinced great talent as an orator, and had accepted the offer of a better civilization than his own, had embraced "The new religion" and united with many others of his people with the Methodist Church, under the ministrations of the Christian agent, L. S. Dyar. Under the new life he had taken, as many Indians do, an American name. He was known as David Hill.

When David Hill was informed of his election to this great office (that of speaking for his people) he doubted his own fitness, and would have declined, if left to choice, but when the older chiefs insisted that inasmuch as he had the royal blood of the ancient chiefs of his people in his heart and was a growing man, upon whom much of their influence depended, he consented, upon the condition that his bosom friend, Yum-nis Poe-tis, (the chief without beauty,) who was a hereditary medicine-chief should be invited. Captain Applegate having known these two young men, for eight years, intimately, accepted the terms. Yum-nis Poe-tis although he had been "Tow-ed" (conscripted by the medicine spirits of departed Klammates), as a medicine-man, had also become a convert to Christianity, taking the name of Tecumpsha. These two young men were known among the Indians as "Ka-o Stin-tos" "The Inseparables," by Captain Applegate as "*Damon and Pythias*." This singular fact should be noted, since there were some almost tragic events during our tour in which the singular

friendship of these men may be worthy of further consideration.

Neither David Hill nor Yum-nis Poe-tis, belonged to the Klamath band who drove the Modoc Chief from the reservation, in 1870.

David Hill and Yum-nis Poe-tis, having the assurance of Agent Dyar and of the council of chiefs, that their families should be cared for in their absence, after great religious ceremonies, consecrating themselves, and being loaded with advice from the old chiefs, bade a heartfelt, though ceremonious farewell to the long lines of red-skinned people who assembled to see them start on this, to them, wonderful journey. They had no promise of pecuniary reward, no hope of returning loaded with presents. They had only my promise to take care of them, and to give them an opportunity to see, and hear, and talk for their race. This was the inducement, *this alone*, and *this was sufficient*.

Midway between the mouth of the Columbia River and the southern boundary of Oregon, a passage has been made through the iron rim of the coast-line, to make egress for the water of Siletz and Ya-qui-na Rivers. To this favored spot, in 1856, were taken in chains and under guard, two thousand eight hundred souls, representing fourteen tribes of Indians. They were the survivors of bloody wars, and many of them were scarred, maimed *veterans* of a dying race. They had been driven to arms at the sight of the bones of their ancestors upturned by the pick of the miner, in others by the sight of maidens despoiled of virtue by contact with a "*superior civilization*." Others again,

by the dictation of a religious conscience which bade them resist encroachments upon their rights.

Among the Indians who have fought with most successful desperation, were those of the valley of Rogue River, Southern Oregon. So desperate had been the battles of the "Rogue River War" that but a single scion of the royal house remained. This was a nine-year old boy, son of "Old John," named Ol-hath-e.

Knowing George Harney's history, his general character, and having more than ordinary interest in him, I invited him to join my company. Rev. J. H. Fairchild, an agent at Siletz, consented, and Harney accepted, bringing with him his wife, Wool-wy-he, (Maggie Harney) and their infant son, five months old. Maggie was by birth a "Shasta." She had been carried off by the Rogue Riverers, and was found with them when they were finally captured. Her tribe had never been confined upon a reservation. They numbered about one thousand souls at the first advent among them of the white man. They have not, as a tribe, been on the war-path against the invaders of their country, but they have illustrated the "*No reservation*" policy; being permitted to mix and mingle at will with white men, they have become diseased, demoralized, degraded, and almost extinct as a tribe, numbering now (1876) thirty-eight souls, a majority of the survivors being half-breed prostitutes, and not one them maintaining the original claim of their fathers to virtue and honor. Such has been the result of leaving Indians to roam without protectors in their native haunts among white men.

This short history of the Shasta Tribe is not alone; but it proves conclusively that the Indian cannot hold his own against the white man without some arm stronger than his own to shield him from the power of a "superior civilization." Wool-wy-he was fortunate in being carried into captivity, otherwise she would doubtless have long since been buried in the "potters' field" near Yreka, California. Knowing she is the lawful Christian wife of the last of the Rogue River chiefs, she has learned the art of house-keeping, dressmaking and often entertains company in a manner creditable alike to her good sense and to the efficiency of those who have administered the affairs of Siletz agency.

The following is the mention made of Ol-hath-e in the bill advertising my company. "He came without hope or promise of pecuniary reward"

OL-HATH-E,

(or George Harney), Chief of the confederated tribes of Indians of Siletz Reservation, Oregon, lineal descendant of a long line of Rogue River Chiefs, was captured when a small boy at the Rogue River war, between the United States' forces and the Rogue River tribes of Southern Oregon, and carried to the Siletz Reservation, where he has lived ever since. He is a fine speaker and has acted many years as an interpreter. This office has brought him into close and constant contact with American civilization, he long ago abandoned his aboriginal habits and religion and adopted the customs and faith of the whites. He has been complimented by the judges everywhere for his integrity and intelligence, and both by his loyalty and education is a living proof of the folly and wickedness of the theory that the Indian can neither be civilized nor be made the friend of the white race.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OTHER SIDE.

STRANGE LAND AND STRANGE PEOPLE—CAPTAIN JACK—HIS FIRST BATTLE—
 SCAR-FACE CHARLEY, BEGINS THE WAR—TWO DEAD INFANTS IN THE ARMS
 OF THEIR MOTHERS—THE BURNING SQUAW—VOWS OF VENGEANCE—THE
 QUAKER ESCAPES—SCAR-FACE WARNING HIS FRIENDS—PROTECTS WI-NE-
 MA—VOTES FOR PEACE—ATTACKS EIGHTY-EIGHT MEN WITH TWENTY-FOUR
 —ONLY TWENTY-THREE ESCAPE.

In a land of great lakes, high mountains, and long shadowy mornings and evenings, may be found the "Sacred Lands" of Modoc tradition, where it is claimed can be seen the identical sacred stone ("I-sees Jo-kol-e-kas") whereon the Son of God gave his red children His last advice. In this strange land, and among its strange people, I sought out three or four of the members of my lecture company. Each of the three names has found a place in the history of 1873, connecting the bloody chapters of the Lava-beds with the volumes of sanguinary chronicles of conquering rule.

Ki-ent-poos ("the man of strong words and great deeds") or as he will be known "Captain Jack," will doubtless be ever recognized as the Modoc champion. This singular and ill-fated man was born near the "Sacred Lands" about 1840, of Indian parents. His father being a chief of long lineage in royal line.

The other prominent character is "Chic-chix-us"—Scar-face-Charley—(so named on account of a scar extending from his forehead to his chin made by a wagon wheel within which he fell) to whose history I ask particular attention. Scar-Face Charley was born on Battle Creek, 1850, of Modoc parents. His early life was saddened by the death of his father, at the hands of white men. It has been said that the boy was a witness to this outrage.

Scar-Face Charley was an adherent of Captain Jack, and though *he fired the first shot* on the Modoc side in the late war, he was known to have been opposed to fighting. When Major Jackson ordered the little band of Modocs under Captain Jack to surrender, on the morning of the 30th of Nov. 1872, this man hesitated because of the manner and tone of the order. It was repeated, accompanied by a drawn revolver; Scar-Face drew his revolver also, and the two pistols made but a single report, so nearly simultaneously were they discharged. This was the beginning of what ended in four dangling bodies on a gibbet, and about two hundred graves of the two races.

It is recorded in "the Wigwam and War-path," that a body of citizens had assembled on the east bank of Lost River, to witness the execution of the *forcible* part of the order for removal. While Major Jackson was engaging Captain Jack, on the west bank, these citizens went with him, partly because they desired to witness a fight, partly because they desired to protect the settlers on the east bank of the river, but certainly without intention of taking part in the struggle they believed would ensue. But frontier men,

whether good or bad, are fond of excitement, and though many of them were on friendly terms with the Modocs, indeed were personal, even intimate friends; when from the short distance of two hundred yards, they beheld the forty men under Major Jackson being badly whipped by the little band of fourteen warriors under Captain Jack, they came down to the bank of the river. The few Modoc warriors on the east bank who were mixed up with them, were also spectators, and hearing the call of their chief for help, made an attempt to cross over to the west bank. Up to this time not one harsh word had passed between the settlers and the Modocs.

Had the settlers been content to let the Indians and soldiers fight uninterrupted, no settler would have been harmed. This is declared by persons who were on the ground. But when they sought to prevent them crossing, the Indians protested against the interference, and the indiscreet action of one man, (George Fioucke,) firing a double-barrelled shot-gun, precipitated the fight between settler and Indian. The result of this shot was the death of an infant in its mother's arms. Immediately the fight became general. In the time intervening between the effort to remove the Modocs peaceably, and the disastrous forcible attempt, Scar-Face Charley, Hooker Jim, and Miller's Charley, visited every settler in the vicinity and Lost River, and informed them of the possibility of a fight with the soldiers, saying substantially, "You stay at home, you won't be hurt, we can whip the soldiers." If this friendly warning had been accredited and respected, and no settler had been present, or being present had

observed neutrality, not one settler would have been injured, no butchery would have followed, no indictments would have been found against the Modocs, thereby making peace impossible; but when the Modocs saw two murdered infants clasped in the arms of their frantic mothers, the dead girl, the mutilated woman; and when added to all this horror, they saw *the soldiers pile the mattings of one of their latches over another sick Indian mother, who had been left in the latche under the belief that no white man or soldier would disturb a sick woman, and then apply the torch to the mattings, could even hear the screams of the burning victim,** and when the soldiers withdrew they beheld the *distorted crisp corpse of this woman, among the ashes of the latche,* what wonder that half-savage men should shout for vengeance.

These outrages drove the Modocs to madness, and against the advice of Captain Jack and Scar-Face Charley, they went upon the war-path, seeking revenge. But though they certainly drank it from a flowing cup, it is proof that while outraging humanity, they shed one ray of chivalrous lustre upon the very name of Indian, by abstaining from murder or other outrage upon defenceless white women. One other circumstance should find a place in history, and should be printed in burning letters in front of every desk in the capitol of the nation. It is this: among other settlers, was an old-fashioned Quaker, who had located in the Lost River country, with a band of sheep. He was a genuine Quaker of the name of Tripp. This

* This is confirmed by soldiers who were present.

Quaker accepted the warning and kept faith with the Indians. When they went on the wings of wrath against the white race, they passed him by, only sending a man to tell him he need not fear, that he should not be disturbed.

Notwithstanding the provocations just recited, it is to the credit of Scar-Face Charley, that he took a decided stand against killing unarmed men, declaring that it "was unworthy the heart of a Modoc."

Failing to dissuade his people from illegitimate warfare, he, together with Bogus Charley, guarded the roads leading into the Modoc Camp, and performed some actions entitling them to credit. The object was to prevent innocent persons falling into ambush.

On seeing some white men coming, as these men knew, into danger, they walked squarely into the trail and warned them of their peril. Press Dorris, A. W. Watson, John Ballaout, and one or two other men, were arrested and turned back. In two instances Scar-Face Charley, caught the bridles, and forcibly turned the horses about and shouted to the riders to "flee for life."

Scar-Face, as he is generally called, advised the Modocs against resistance, and positively refused to participate in any illegitimate warfare, always counseling for peace. At every meeting among his people, he voted against shedding blood. When Wi-ne-ma went to the Modoc Camp with propositions of peace, he stood by her, and when her life was threatened because she had forewarned the Peace Commissioners against meeting the Modocs unarmed, he boldly declared



SCAR-FACE CHARLEY.

his determination to protect her. Ed. Fox, of the New York *Herald*, challenged death by venturing into the "stronghold," that he might furnish the great public benefactor with real actual news, fresh from the Modocs. In March 1873, he performed an act of undisputed courage, which entitles him to a place among the dauntless heroes of any age; but to Scar-Face Charley he is largely indebted for his success, both in obtaining information and also in what was of more importance to his young wife and daughter, as well as himself and the champion newspaper men of the age, that of escaping with his life and blonde locks, intact from the cold steel of Schonchin and Hooker Jim.

Judge Steele of Yreka, at the peril of his life accepted an invitation from the Modocs to visit them in the Lava-beds, Bil-dad of the Sacramento *Recorder* going with him. Both were brave men, Steele spoke his mind squarely, Schonchin insultingly ordered him to "stop talking." Steele boldly informed the old cut-throat that he *would* talk; Schonchin vowed to take his life. Captain Jack, Scar-Face Charley, and Queen Mary, stood guard over Steele, and Bil-dad, through the long dark night. Bil-dad in his report says: "every time through that wakeful night I opened my eyes, I could see Scar-Face Charley sitting erect at the mouth of the cave, watching over us."

When the vote was had in the Modoc council upon "the assassination," Scar-Face Charley refused to sanction it, and when it was carried over his head, he gave warning that he would avenge the death of Wine-ma or her husband, should they be slain. True to

his word, he took position near the council-fire with his rifle, and prepared to make good his word. To him doubtless they owed their escape. Dr. Thomas, but a day before his death, declared that "Scar-Face Charley was the Leonidas of the Lava-beds."

Major Thomas led a small command of eighty-eight men, upon a reconnoitering expedition after the "three days' battle," of which mention has been made on a former page. They were attacked, and all but twenty-three were slain. The attacking force numbered twenty-four Modocs under command of Scar-Face Charley. The result of that memorable engagement has been elsewhere given in detail, but it will be remembered that it was here that Capt. E. Thomas, of 4th Artillery, Col. Tom Wright, of 12th Infantry, Lieuts. Cranston, Howe, Harris, and Surgeon B. Semig of the 4th Artillery, were killed. But twenty-three of the entire command escaped. The reason why they were not killed, would scarcely be accredited if stated upon Modoc authority alone, but when supported by the testimony of the surviving soldiers, it stands alone, as Mount Shasta stands above the other peaks of the Sierras.

Scar-Face Charley being in command, demonstrated his wonderful military genius, by successfully attacking three times his own force, on ground where the chances were equal for protection from the rocks. Remember, he made the attack. When the fight had raged for three hours, Scar-Face Charley at sight of the rocks flecked with blue uniforms, and sprinkled with blood, shouted in English, "all you fellers that ain't dead, better go home, we dont want to kill all

you fellers same day." Then calling his own men away, he permitted the survivors to return to the soldier's camp. This speech of Scar-Face was heard by several of the survivors, who repeated it upon their return.

Another battle was fought a few days later, in which it has been claimed the Modocs were whipped. This was probably correct, as they lost one man, while the army lost but two Warm Springs scouts. The loss of one Modoc in this battle, was the cause of the breaking up of Captain Jack's army. Fourteen warriors (friends of the dead Indian,) withdrew, because they believed that some unfairness had been manifested in placing the braves for this battle.

Scar-Face Charley followed the chief to his last stand, and surrendered at the same time. He was not ironed or imprisoned, but refused to see his chief executed.

camp, that war had broken out, he with thirteen other men and their families applied to Mr. Fairchilds for protection. Under his advice they sought to make their way to the reservation. The settlers were aroused and being hungry for vengeance were armed and patrolling the country. Fairchilds made *three* attempts to get the Indians to the Agency, but was met each time by friends warning him of the dangers ahead. This indiscreet, but very natural action, on the part of the settlers, resulted in driving this band of *fourteen* warriors, into the Modoc camp. Frank was the last to join Jack's band, and did so with reluctance; but when once numbered among the "fighting" Modocs no complaint was ever made that he was wanting in courage. It is to his credit, that he persistently refused to participate in any illegitimate acting, steadily voting with his chief and Scar-Face Charley for peace. When the assassination was discussed he took a decided stand against it.

The only stain upon Frank's character, as an Indian and a man, is, that he with others deserted his chief and turned upon his trail, leading his pursuers to his hiding-place. He may be entitled to the credit which he claims, that he only wished to save Captain Jack by overtaking him, and inducing him to surrender.

Steamboat Frank was with the band exiled to Quaw-Paw Agency. He accepted the situation and found in his Quaker agent a *real friend*, who taught him what he had long desired to know—about the Christian religion. Frank joined my company on the same terms that others had.

Ski-et-tete-ko (left-handed man)—Shacknasty Jim—was born on Hot Creek, California. His father was

CHAPTER XIV.

FEATS OF INDIAN ARCHERY.

THE ORPHAN FRANK MARRYING HIS ADOPTED MOTHER—FRANK'S EFFORT TO AVERT WAR—VOTING FOR PEACE—SAVAGES READING THE BIBLE—QUAKER JONES AND THE MODOCS—SHACKNASTY JIM IN NEW YORK—HIS WONDERFUL FEAT OF ARCHERY.

CHUM-MUNT, the widower, (Steamboat Frank) was born on Butte Creek, Siskiyou County, Cal., in 1852, of Modoc parents who died soon after his birth, leaving him an orphan without relatives, a waif blown about from one camp to another, until he was adopted by an Indian maiden of seventeen. This maiden was gifted with an extraordinary voice of great compass. From this fact she was called by her people "Steamboat. She was a woman of considerable ability, and seems to have taken great pains with the little orphan. She named him "Frank." Hence he has always been known as "Steamboat Frank."

When Frank had attained to *fifteen* years of age, "Steamboat" *adopted him* as her husband under the usual ceremonies of the tribe. Frank very early espoused the cause of Captain Jack, and was ambitious to become a white man. He was not in the first fight on Lost River. When the news reached Steamboat's

half Shasta and half Modoc. If ever there was an instance, where the saying "blood will tell" was verified, it is in the case of Shacknasty Jim. His father was shot in a fight with white men, in 1858, obliquely from behind, through the temporal bone on the right side of his face, the shot destroying the eyeball, and a part of his nose. Turning to another warrior, he snatched his handkerchief, then scraping the eye-socket with his finger, bound up the wound, rushed again into the fight. From that time he was known as "Patch Eye." He was slain by the Shasta Indians in 1862. Such was the father of Shacknasty Jim. His mother, inherited all the fighting blood of the royal house of Mo-a-do-eus. Her father was a celebrated warrior. He possessed the mysterious power of Ka-ok-es-a—witchcraft. The boy Jim early espoused the cause of Captain Jack, but he was not in the battle of Lost River, November 30th, 1872. They attempted to reach the Agency, were driven back, became enraged, joined Captain Jack, and were among the most desperate warriors of the Lava-beds. On the occasion of the first battle in the rocks "*Madam Shacknasty*" commanded an important position and held it against the assaults of a company of volunteers throughout the day. The attacking party heard her repeatedly cheering her men, and on one occasion saw her pass, under fire, from one cliff of rocks to another. Such was the *mother* of Shacknasty Jim.

Jim was for war, and voted against every peace proposition. He *voted for assassination*, and volunteered to assist in the terrible work, was present, and acquitted himself as a bloodthirsty savage. He also distinguished himself as a man of great shrewdness

during the war. While it is true that he was a savage, he was, nevertheless, a man. He had been subjugated but not conquered. While he exhibited some traits of character that were commendable, he had stained his record as a brave man, by deserting his chief and turning upon his trail. I do not offer him as a specimen of the Fennimore Cooper Indian, but as a fair representative of the savage class of Indians. He joined my company, and generally behaved with propriety. During our entertainments, I sometimes told in the presence of this man, of the part which he performed, in the tragedy of the Lava-beds; which was no more, or less, than firing three successive shots at me, one of which had cut through the index finger of my left hand, and the further savage act of stripping me of my clothing while I lay insensible. On one occasion, when we were running behind, and were "papering the house," as the custom is, with lecture people, under discouraging circumstances, Shacknasty inquired as to the receipts, and was vexed to learn that they were small, notwithstanding we had a full house. When the next entertainment was to be given, he came to me and said he would not shoot his bow for the amusement of people who charged me for everything and paid for nothing. One of the attractive features of our entertainment, was the archery of the Indians. Expostulation seemed to have no effect on him. He sullenly remained in his room, and we were compelled to go without him. We opened the entertainment and had proceeded half an hour; realizing how great would be the disappointment of the audience, I went to Scar-Face Charley and asked his advice as to some plan to secure Jim's

presence. Charley said "It's no use, he won't come, suppose you shoot him, it's all the same." Looking up into the gallery I saw Jim acting spectator. All the other Indians were in a rage, even the imperturbable Captain Applegate lost his patience and proposed extreme measures. Walking to the front of the platform, I began an apology, for my inability to present the archery practice with prospects of success, because "one of my best archers was in the gallery." At the same time pointing directly at Shacknasty who was leaning over the railing above.

The audience began to clap their hands and stamp their feet. Jim was an Indian, but he was *a man* and as susceptible to flattery as the average white man. Feeling that the applause was a compliment to his skill as an archer, he arose and came down on to the platform. When the archery practice began, Jim took up his bow and arrows, while the target was being arranged. It had been the custom to hold the target at one side of the platform, and the archers to stand at the other side, thus making shots at very short range. To the surprise of every one, Jim proposed that the target, which was a pine-board about six inches wide, should be held by Captain Applegate, in his hand at the front of the stage, and that the Indians should shoot from the middle aisle among the audience.

This proposal was received with intense applause. Each man with his bow and arrows went down the aisle half way. Shacknasty still standing on the stage motioned to them and shouted "Back, back, *I am no boy.*" Every eye was upon the target, when the first arrow was sent. It struck a little *above* the mark.

The next man planted his arrow *within* the spot. Then another still closer. At each twang of the bowstring the audience shouted. The most intense watcher, however, was Shacknasty. Scar-Face Charley stuck his arrow within *half an inch of the centre*, and a storm of applause greeted him as he strode back to the stage. Each Indian had planted an arrow in the target, and their feathered ends stood bristling towards the audience. Every eye was now on Shacknasty Jim, who seemed fully alive to the occasion, going close to the target and scanning the arrows closely, he made a small white spot in the *exact centre*, amid a silence that was so intense that every heart almost ceased beating. No man ever strode with prouder step or firmer nerve than did Shacknasty Jim walk down that aisle. He did not stop where the others had done, but continued *back, back*, until he was within a few feet of the remotest part of the long hall, then drawing his arrow and placing it on the string of his bow, he whirled, and almost before it he had stopped, he sped it forth with wicked twang and there in the little white spot in the very centre of the target stood Shacknasty Jim's arrow, still vibrating.

Shacknasty Jim, in this matter demonstrated that Indian nature does not differ much from human nature in general. But his archery differed so much from ordinary shooting, that he was an exception even to Indians. Remember that this shot was made at a small white spot in the centre of the mark on the target, and so quickly executed that those who were watching him, scarce saw it done.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MISSION.

FIRST ENTERTAINMENT—NEWSPAPER COMMENTS—CROSSING THE CONTINENT
—FINAL ORGANIZATION—ROUTE—INDIAN FRAUDS—COMMENDATIONS—
LAST APPEARANCE, AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE—THE LOST CHIEF—DE-
TECTIVES AND MEDIUMS—ALMOST FOUND—THE EFFECTS OF NEWS ON THE
LOST CHIEF'S PEOPLE.

HAVING completed the arrangements for the organization of my lecture company, I left my home in Salem, Oregon, followed by the prayers of my family, who made great sacrifice of feelings that I might do something for a despised race, at whose hands I had received so many proofs of devotion, notwithstanding I had been almost murdered by them, because of their ill-treatment by my own race.

We gave the first entertainment in Sacramento City, Cal., Feb. 2d. Our reception was all that we could have desired, in every way.

The following is the account given by the *Record*.

"MR MEACHAM AND THE MODOCs.—Hon. A. B. Meacham was greeted at the Metropolitan Theatre last night by a large and highly intelligent audience. He was introduced by Hon. T. B. McFarland with an appropriate and complimentary preface. Mr. Meacham in turn introduced to the audience George Harney, a Christianized Rogue River chief. George is a fine-looking man. He held in his arms a diminutive repetition of himself, and beside him stood

Maggie, his wife, a Shasta Indian woman of decidedly prepossessing appearance. Next came two Klamaths, David Hill, Wal-aiks-ski-dat, the coming man of his tribe, and Tecumseh, a medicine-man, both now civilized and Christianized. Next came Frank Riddle, his wife Wi-ne-ma, and their son, Charka. Mr. Meacham paid a glowing tribute to the devotion, truth, and sagacity of Wi-ne-ma, and declared her a heroine of the highest order, reciting her deeds briefly, the audience applauding warmly. Next came Captain O. C. Applegate, a tall, fine-looking young man, a scout, speaking six Indian tongues. Subsequently, when he addressed the audience, he proved to be clear-voiced, easy, graceful, and very intelligent. Mr. Meacham then began his lecture. It was a review of historical facts, clearly recited, logically coupled, and conclusively drawn to a conclusion which placed the whole Modoc war in a new light. His picture of Captain Jack and the tale of his wrongs awoke unbounded applause, but he was no apologist for his savage deeds and brutal actions. His apostrophe to Wi-ne-ma, as she took her life in her hands and three several times tore herself from husband and son, to serve the pale-faces, was on a scale grandly eloquent. His sketch of the Lava-beds, the position of troops, and the scene of the assassination of Canby and Thomas was graphic, and stood out in such bold relief, that every auditor was thrilled, and saw the whole terrible event re-enacted. Mr. Meacham is a natural orator. His words are rapid, and seem to crowd to his lips from a heart full to overflowing with his subject, and more than earnest in the advocacy of humanity in the treatment of the Indian tribes. There is nothing sickly, however, about his humanitarian views. He is eminently practical, but exactly just. The lecture was a complete success, and not an auditor moved to leave during its fervid delivery, while constant applause attested the public satisfaction. After the lecture he called attention to the power of the medicine-man in the tribe, the strength of the superstition clinging about his office, and showed how that stands in the way, more than any thing else, of the civilization of the red-man."

Our journey across the plains by rail was highly interesting to my Indian friends. The first day, but little was heard from them; but on the second day they relaxed their stoicism, and gave expression to

sentiments complimentary to the enterprise of the white men.

Our first appearance on "this side" was at St. Joseph, Mo., Feb. 13th. At this point we were met by Scar-Face Charley, Steamboat Frank, and Shack-nasty Jim. Mr. James Redpath, of the Boston Lyceum Bureau, also met us here, and assumed the advance management of the company, placing us successively at Jeffersonville, St. Louis, Terre Haute, Louisville, Lexington, Washington City, Philadelphia, Reading, Norristown, Camden, Elizabeth, Trenton, Newark, and finally in New York City, on the 1st of April, 1875. Throughout the entire tour not one single line of hurtful criticism had been uttered by any newspaper. Unfortunately for our company, and for the Indian race, we had been preceded by "Indian shows," which were mere speculations, many of them painted white frauds; hence we were unable to secure recognition, generally, by the sober, thinking friends of the Indian.

We would not, and did not, cater for the entertainment of the mob. The expenses exceeded the receipts, and I found myself on the 10th of April several hundreds of dollars in debt, and unable to continue the lectures, notwithstanding I had the following endorsement of distinguished gentlemen:

New York, April 9, 1875.

We commend to public confidence Colonel Meacham and the Indians with him. They are what they represent themselves to be—participants in the thrilling scenes of the Modoc war.

The meetings which Colonel Meacham has held, and the addresses of himself and the Indians, we have reason to believe have been deeply interesting, and the object Colonel Meacham has in view—to benefit the Indians in the Far West, and to arouse the attention

of the American public to the claims of these neglected people—is worthy of the warmest approbation and support.

CLINTON B. FISK, Prest. U. S. Board of Peace Comm'rs.
PETER COOPER.

JOHN M. FERRIS, Cor. Sec. Bd. of For. Miss. of Ref. Ch.
GEO. WHIPPLE, } Corresponding Secretaries of the Amer-
M. E. STRIEBY, } ican Miss. Association.

J. C. HANCKEY, President N. Y. Universal Peace Union.

We had about decided to abandon the lecture field, and send the Indians to their homes, when Peter Cooper generously tendered the use of "Cooper Institute" for an entertainment. A. C. Squires, of Brooklyn, kindly undertook the *pro tempore* management. The 28th of April was named. Professor I. Jay Watson, and his accomplished niece, Miss Anna A. Watson, volunteered to furnish music for the occasion. We made preparations for a grand affair, hoping to realize sufficient profit to purchase "tickets for home," but advertising, ushers' fees, and incidental expenses absorbed the receipts.

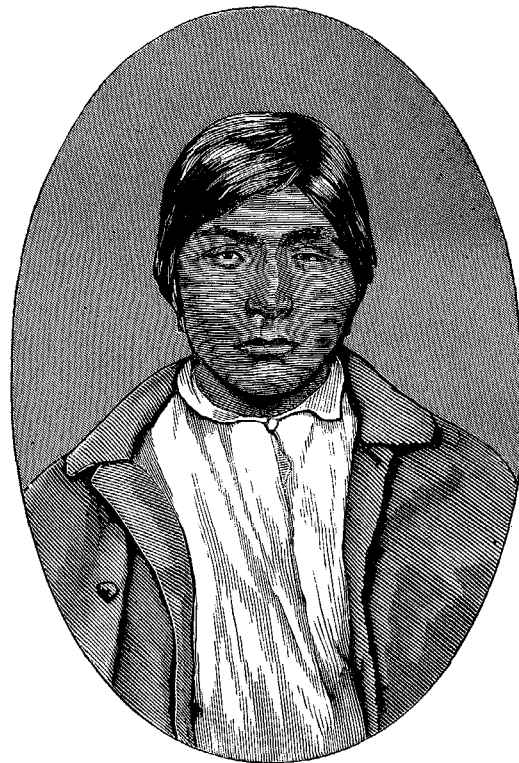
The company were under a cloud, on account of the sudden disappearance of Wal-aiks-ski-dat on the same day. The friendship existing between him and Yumnis-poe-tis; the character and habits of the man; all together precluded the probability of his absconding. The police were applied to, orders were sent to all the stations, with a description of the lost chief. Day after day passed; no tidings were received. Detectives Titus and Thompson were detailed to work up the case. Every nook and corner of the city was searched in vain.

Some friends suggested that the lost chief might be found through the spirit "mediums." Willing to

employ any honorable means to find him, we promised to give the mediums the credit should they be successful. Several professionals were consulted, but neither detectives nor mediums could discover his whereabouts. We received intimation that certain parties might find the lost man, "provided the matter was kept out of the papers.

To this we assented. With extreme care Detective Titus followed the scent, and finally reached a point where a reward was necessary. The offer of \$1,000 was made in writing. Several meetings with the parties were had. Details were talked of, promises were demanded and given, and we began to believe that we should once more see the "Red-skinned Patrick Henry" in the flesh. A meeting was appointed at which the final details for the delivery of our chief were to be made. The terms were for me to go alone to a certain house at midnight, taking with me the ransom to be paid, but the party of the second part failed to put in an appearance, and he had covered his tracks so carefully that Detective Titus, with all his acknowledged shrewdness, failed to interview him again.

Police, special detectives, spirit mediums, rewards, all failed to give us tidings of Wal-aiks-ski-dat, until we were in despair. We knew that his loss would fall upon his people like a dark shadow. Had the chief died a natural death, or fallen at the hands of an enemy, his people would have mourned for him after the usual ceremonies of the tribe. They would have girded their bodies with the weeping willow, blackened their faces, put away their usual costumes,



BOSTON CHARLEY.

and, making pilgrimages to the sacred lakes, would have bathed and fasted, while they prayed and sung their weird, wild songs to the great Ka-moo-kum-chux, until the land where Wal-aiks-ski-dat was born would have become vocal with the sad music. His wife would have gone, with bowed head, and blackened face, singing to her children of his deeds and virtues, until he had, by some omen, given proof of his happiness in the Spirit Land.

But when the tidings reached the shores of Klamath Lake, that Wal-aiks-ski-dat had been lost, then there would be swift steeds, and signal-fires, and loud lamentations, proclaiming the sad story throughout the land; and a great dark shadow would settle down upon the people, like a cloud, seen in every face. The usual business of life would be suspended. Little groups would gather in the groves, and talk over and over the strange affair. Superstition would bloom in fixed theories. The old men would sit and smoke in gloomy silence; the young men forget their sports; the maidens fail to paint, and the feather lie hidden in lat-ches; the deer stroll undisturbed in the valleys, grass grow in the beaten trails, and the medicine-men would offer prayers, seeking wisdom and consolation from the spirits of the wiser dead.

In despair of finding the lost chief, we prepared to send the Indians home, having through the large-heartedness of some friends at Washington City secured tickets by railroad. Meantime our hotel bill ran up to \$300. I informed the junior proprietor of the hotel of our situation, and of my intention to remain. He seemed reconciled to the necessities of

the case. I prepared the Indians to start at 5 P.M., under charge of Captain Applegate. They had assembled in the hall with their baggage, and were taking leave of Wi-ne-ma and her husband, when I was summoned to the hotel office. The senior proprietor (who was a French gentleman) saluted me in earnest tones, with "Ko-lo-nel Meezhum, you no takes away ze Injuns until you paze me ze three hunerd dol-lar, zar." Petition, remonstrance, defiance, resignation, were all in vain. I offered him my gold watch, my note, anything—anything possible, but he only repeated his speech.

It required about as much nerve to inform Shacknasty Jim and Steamboat Frank of the situation, as it had done to meet them under a flag of truce two years previous. Shacknasty Jim was on the war-path in a moment, and proposed to scalp "Mister Frenchman." After some time spent in talking, the Indians returned to their rooms.

For the *fourth* time, a "business man" put in an appearance, and offered me "one hundred dollars per night for four weeks, with the probability of a longer time for the use of my company in a variety-theatre."

Here was a way out of the most embarrassing financial affair of my life. I had failed to reach the hearts of the better class, except in the few instances named in the certificate of recommendation, and a few other persons. Professor I. Jay Watson, upon one occasion, introduced himself, leaving in my hand a ten-dollar greenback. He also sent me \$50 on the following day. In like manner, the Rev. G. D. Pike, of the American Missionary Society, introduced

himself. Benjamin Tatham sent his check for \$25; Peace Society for \$17. I mention these circumstances and use names in a historical way, and trust the persons alluded to will not feel aggrieved.

My reply to the man who said he "meant business" was, that "before I would permit these people to go upon a platform where my own children could not go, I would roll our blankets, and foot it through to Oregon. I came here on a *mission*, and not on a *speculation*, and God will open the way for our return honorably. No, sir! \$500 a night would be no temptation to me, even now in this dilemma."

The business man left abruptly, muttering something about "fanatics." Almost in despair I wandered along Broadway, downcast and despondent. At the corner of Reade Street I met a white-haired man who, in a friendly manner, introduced himself, and inquired the cause of my downcast looks. I gave him the story in brief; how I was sorely pushed for \$150. That man's quiet smile was photographed on my memory when he remarked, "Come round to the missionary rooms, 56 Reade Street." I went, at the time appointed, met my friend, who, with the same quiet smile, drew from a package *one hundred and fifty dollars*, and handed them to me. Thank Heaven for such men—they make us love our kind.

The joy of the French landlord was greater, if possible, than my own. He accepted the \$150, giving me credit therefor, and my Indian friends were dispatched for home, leaving only Wi-ne-ma, her husband, and son behind.

On the 10th of the following August, Wal-aiks-ski-dat

arrived at home, on Klamath reservation. Captain Applegate was informed of the great event, and mounting his horse, hurried to learn from the lost chief the history of his mysterious disappearance in New York. His story was as follows:

DAVE HILL'S STORY.

We were to leave New York on the 30th day of April, and I had become so tired of living in the city that I hardly knew how to put in the time until our departure. On the evening of the 28th we were to have a meeting at Cooper Institute, and after dinner, while standing at a little fruit-stand on the corner of Broadway and Bleecker Street, I saw two men crossing the street, eying me very closely. There was a policeman with them when I first saw them. Approaching, they questioned me until they found I was Dave Hill, when they said they were good friends of mine, and that I was the very man they wished to see. If I would go with them, they would like to tell me something for my good, and would take me carriage-riding out into the city. Not thinking that they were trying to get away with me for any bad purpose, I followed them across Broadway; then they continued moving along down, keeping some distance away from me, motioning to me and saying, "come on." I now hesitated and said, "I must get my friend Tecumseh." "No," said one, "we have no time to wait for Tecumseh. It is late—not long till sundown. We have to tell you some things you must know, or *your sun may go down forever.*"

They led me off a few blocks from Broadway, and finding a rather secluded place on the street, they produced a long paper written on one side with a pencil. Then they went on to read from the paper a long list of charges against "Dave Hill," Uncle of Captain Jack, Captain of Klamath Scouts in the Lava-beds," asserting that through my treachery the Modocs were furnished with ammunition, and that during the fight, on Jan. 17th, I killed a soldier; that on the evidence of the Modocs I had been found guilty of both murder and treason, and that all the arrangements were already made for my execution. "Why," they said, "your sister Tobey Riddle is now one of the principal witnesses against you. and your old-time friend, Captain Applegate, is assisting in the preparations for your death." They read from the paper the names of Link River Jack,

Tobey Kelcey, One Eye, Link River John, and of other Klamath scouts who belonged to my company in the Lava-beds, accusing them of furnishing ammunition to the Modocs, on the evidence of Modocs, taken at the trial at Fort Klamath.

The paper also stated that Tecumseh would be taken across the water for exhibition, and that Allan David and all the Klamath Indians would be removed to the Indian Territory in about five months. This all seemed so strange to me that I felt like one dreaming. I could hardly think that the best friends I had in the world had turned against me on account of lies told by the Modocs. I said to the two men: "The paper is not straight; I am not Captain Jack's Uncle, nor am I Tobey (Wi-ne-ma) Riddle's brother. The first was a bad man, and I helped to hang him. The other may be a good friend to the whites, and knows that I have always been, too. I was a captain of scouts in the Modoc war, and did my duty as a friend of the whites. In the Snake war I also helped the whites." They said, "the Modocs are jealous of you because you have always been a true man. They did not like your helping to hang Captain Jack, and they have finally got the authorities to believe the lies they have told about you. Colonel Meacham is determined to have you hanged. We know you are not guilty, and have for a long time been watching about the hotel to get you away and save your life."

By this time we were in a livery stable, and were soon driving through the city in a carriage with the blinds closely drawn. Finally we came near a railroad station, and the men lifted the curtain and told me to look. Only a short distance away, but not all in sight, on account of fencing or some other obstruction, was what they said was my scaffold, on which I was to be hanged at two o'clock the next day. Through the dim light of the evening I could see the upper part quite plainly, and that it looked very much like that on which Captain Jack was hung at Fort Klamath. My heart was now so full that I could not speak, and I rode along with them silently, thinking very hard and wondering if it could all be a dream, as they drove back at night through the city. Finally the carriage was halted in a still and quiet part of the city, and I was taken down into a dark cellar, where I was kept closely guarded by one of the men for about a week and a half.

He then related how he was taken to a railroad

depôt, carried into the country, kept for five days, and then returned to the cellar in the city, kept a night and a day, and then taken to the depôt again, and conveyed to Cincinnati. His story concludes as follows:

Here my keeper left me, giving me forty dollars in money. He had previously given me ten—fifty in all. Before bidding me “good-bye,” he talked a long while with me about his friendship for me, spoke about his personal danger in saving my life, and warned me about trusting the treacherous white people.

Having to purchase some clothing, my money was so much reduced that I only had enough to bring me a little way this side of Chicago. There I was compelled to travel on foot until I could find work. Sometimes I had employment in the hay-field, or at chopping wood, and in this way would work until I had a few dollars ahead, and then ride a few hours on the cars. So I worked my way along until I reached Fremont on the Pacific Railroad. There I found that the conductors allowed the Indians of the country to ride free of charge on the platforms and tops of the cars.

So I painted myself a little, and being ragged enough anyway, soon looked very little like a “Boston” man. Taking my place on the top of a car, I found it went very well being a Sioux—only the dust and sunshine were not very comfortable, and hunger would come now and then, and I would have to get down, wash off the paint, and work awhile for muck-a-muck. But in this way I managed to get along very well, being first a Sioux, then a Shoshone, then a Piute, and finally a California Digger, when I arrived at Reading. At last I am at home among my own people, after a tiresome journey of nearly three months. I am glad to find that my friends of the long ago are still my friends, but it makes my heart sick to think how many times in the last few months I thought I never should see my people again.

CHAPTER XVI.

SAGES AND SAVAGES.

WAL-AIKS-SKI-DAT AT INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA—YUMNIS-POE-TIS’ MEDICINE SPEECH—AUTHOR’S REFLECTIONS IN WRITTEN WORDS.

DURING our tour as a lecture company, on various occasions the Indians delivered speeches, many of them were worthy of preservation. Perhaps the most valuable one of which I have record, was that of Wal-aiks-ski-dat, at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on the occasion of our visit, on the 24th of March, by invitation of his honor, Mayor Stokely. My people were deeply impressed with the surroundings, when informed of the history of this hall. Speeches were made by white men and Indians. Wal-aiks-ski-dat said:

“I feel like a very small man in this place. Among my own people I am not a small man. This seems like a sacred place where men ought to think, and not talk. My heart is wandering away to the Great Spirit, and I am asking Him why my people did not hear about the new law that was made here. They were very poor, and had not many horses, perhaps that was the reason why he did not tell them.

My people have lately heard that there was a new law, and they sent me to see about it. If it is a good law, my people want a part of it. I think it must be good, because I see with my own eyes what the white man can do with this law. I am glad in my heart that I have seen the place where this new law started. Maybe I can take some of it back to my people. When I look at the great men who made the new law, they seem to be a long way off from me, and I think I cannot catch up with them.

The white man lives upon the top of a high mountain. He can see many things which I cannot. When I look inside of myself, I wonder what makes the difference. I know that my skin is red, but my heart is just like the white man's heart. When I think these things over, I feel like as if I was lost in a dark mountain, and did not know the way out. There are some things I do not understand. I know that the Negro was a slave, and that the white men had a big war about it. I know that he is all the same as a white man now. I see some men that are not like the white men. They were born on some other land. They are Irishmen, Englishmen, Spaniards, Portuguese, and some Chinamen too; all these men are just the same as the white men. They go where they wish to, and nobody says "No." They vote and build houses. Why is all this? An Indian cannot go anywhere without his agent gives him a paper. He is just the same as a slave. He is not free. He seems to be a stranger everywhere. Men look at me as though I was a mountain lion. They seem to think that I am a wild man. I am not wild. *I*

am a man. Why do you treat my people as if they were all crazy, and had no sense? My people are no fools. You know more than we do about these things, and some things you do not. I hear your spirit-man pray. He does not say anything about the Indian to the Great Spirit. I was in the great law house at Washington, (referring to the Capitol.) I saw Negroes there. I saw every kind of people there, but Indians.

I think the laws that are made are not straight, they are crooked. They leave the Indian out. He has no one to talk for him. Do you think this is what the men up there meant? Did they intend that everybody should have a chance to talk except the Indian? They look like good men (pointing to the faces of the signers of the Declaration on the wall.) Perhaps they see me now. I am not ashamed to look them in the eye. Some men say they are our friends. If they are our friends, why do they not ask us about what we want? They send men to the reservations and do not ask us if we want them. I went to see the President. He looks just like any other man. I was not afraid of him. I intended to tell him what my people wanted, but his ear was too small, he could not hear me. I brought all the things in my heart away.

Then I went to see the Commissioner. He had large ears. He *seemed* to listen to what I had to tell him, but I looked him in the eye. He did not put the things I told him in his heart. My heart got sick, because I had come a long way with Colonel Meacham to see these men, but they would not take the words I gave them. I saw a colored man talking to the

Commissioner, and he listened to all the colored man said. I have got my heart full of the things I have seen. Some things make me feel *sick*. When I came here I thought I had a part in all I saw. Now I do not think so. Some things have been told me that are true, and some are not true. It is not true that an Indian can be a white man. Yes he can be like a white man, but the *white man won't let him. He stands on the Indian's head.* He will not let him *get up*. When the Indian tries to stand by the side of the white man, he pushes him away. He does not push the Negro away, nor the Spaniard.

I ask Colonel Meacham why is this? He told me it was because the Indian could not vote. I can vote if the white man will let me. Some white men say an Indian is wild and don't know how to vote. I would not vote for whisky. I would not vote for a gambler. I know a good man when I see his eyes and hear him talk. I want the white man to get off my head. I want an even start, and if I cannot keep up with him, I must go behind him. But some of the Indians can keep up. I hear about your 'big Sunday' that is coming next summer, (referring to the centennial celebration). I know about that too. When that 'big Sunday' comes, I want to hear your great chiefs talk. I want them to change the law so that an Indian can have a chance to travel on the same road with the white man and the Negro. I want my children to have a part in this country. They are in school now, and they can read books. I hope you men who have talked so straight to us will have the law changed, so that all may have an even chance to

own houses, and build great bridges, and make laws. All I have said comes from my heart, and the Great Spirit has heard me talk. He knows that my heart is good, and my tongue is straight. I want your spirit-men (meaning ministers of the church,) to talk to the Great Spirit for my people. I want all good white men to stand by me when *I try to be a man. I want the soldiers taken away from my country, and the whisky men kept away, and then if we have good agents, we will get along well enough.* Maybe some time my people will sing with your people, and we shall all be like one people. You have heard my people speak, when I have talked. You have seen their hearts. I have spoken."

This speech was received with great applause. Would that it could have been heard by the great masses who compose this government. I do not think it was fully up to this man's ability as an orator; but it certainly covers all the ground. Here was a man talking who was born in a wild Indian camp, amid the mountains of the Far West. He was pleading for his race in the house where American liberty had its birth, within the very walls where Patrick Henry thrilled his hearers and sent words of patriotism out into the listening ears of the world, which will be repeated as long as the language in which he spoke shall survive, long as human nature shall cry for justice. He spoke not for his people alone, but for mankind. This man coming to the sacred spot, fresh from the scenes of debauchery, and still later from the side of the chief magistrate of the nation, with his heart grieved at the indifference of the great chief,

overawed by the wonderful attainments of the white man, by his power, understanding too the white man's boast of honesty and universal brotherhood; feeling and realizing how much of it was false; was pleading for his people after the heroes who stood up against the world for freedom and justice to all mankind, had all been laid to rest.

It was a scene which moved every heart with deepest emotion, it was one which ought to be repeated every day of the forthcoming celebration, and until this great nation should arise as one man, and demand justice for the Indian. I cannot forego the reflection that in the glory of the coming centennial anniversary, every tongue and every nation on the face of the globe can take a part in the chorus which will ring out over the continent until its last echo shall be lost on the bosom of the Pacific Ocean, save the Indian alone. To the intelligent Indian it will be a day of deep sorrow, not so much because of the change of civilization, but because his race has been so nearly exterminated, for having manifested the virtues which will be the spirit of every orator's theme—that of rebellion against injustice. The millions will shout and shake the world with their exultations, and the whole nation will shed tears of joy and thanksgiving, but the red-man must wait, *wait all alone*, for God to speak once more before the declaration of independence shall be made good by guaranteeing to every human being equal and exact justice before the law. The great patriotic heart of the American means to be just and to do justice, but the Indian's voice is lost in the presence of aggregated millions, and accumulated

power. Be patient Wal-aiks-ski-dat, the God who smiled one hundred years ago upon the brave men standing where you now stand, still lives, and he will yet hear the cry of every despised race upon the face of the globe.

Yum-nis-poe-tis (the chief without beads,) was the medicine-man of my company. On every occasion he explained the manner of curing sickness, giving the authority under which he acted, reciting the old traditions of his people, about the origin of medicine-men. He represented that as far back as the race existed, from the first they knew of the Great Spirit. I had especial reasons for having an Indian to present this phase of Indian life. I knew that very few men understood the inside life of the Indian, and I knew that his religion controlled him more than do the religious pretensions of any other people. I believed and still believe that want of a better understanding of Indian religion was and is the greatest drawback to his adoption of our civilization. That is, if the white men understood him better, and exercised more charity in their treatment of the Indian, regarding his religion as sacred to him, granting him credit for honesty in actions which are controlled by his religion, many difficulties which arise might be avoided. Who ever heard of a white man standing up in the face of the world and declaring that the Indian had any right to his religious practices and beliefs. We have fearless advocates for every other race, and every other creed and form; but the Indian being uneducated, having no written forms or creeds; making no proselytes; having no recognition as a

citizen; no rights before the law; regarded as an alien even on the soil which gave him birth; denied participation in the franchise of the citizen; regarded as an equal only when trading for his lands; denied even a voice in selecting his own guardians; considered fair spoil for the sharp practice of the white man; his estates confiscated for pretended violations of treaty stipulations; cowed by the exhibition of power which he is made to feel when he pleads for his rights; intimidated by the display of a civilization which projects among his people the vilest practice of morals; beguiled by the soft speech of pretended friends; betrayed by those who are set over him without his consent; having no appeal to the powers that be; witnessing the partiality shown to every other form of man in preference to his own; compelled to see rising on his hunting-grounds the empire of the white race whose intrigue has taken advantage of his ignorance of common law; while trusting to the honor of his conqueror to stand over the *débris* of his wigwam, and gaze sadly at the remains of his family, among the smoking ruins; to see the uptorn graves of his fathers, with their whitened bones carried by the howling wolf in triumph to his hiding-place; sees his race melting before a new civilization singing, "peace on earth and good will," while destroying the weaker from its own greed of gain. Does my reader wonder that the Indian strikes back, and in fury with hopeless despair, throws himself upon the advancing bayonets of a professedly God-fearing nation?

Are we sure we have a better civilization than the

man who believes in a God, who through his medicine-men tells him to defend himself when his pretended friends betray him and rob him without justification? Is it just the thing for the descendants of the revolutionary sires, to exultingly defy every principle of right in the exercise of power won by our shrewdness over a weaker race? These reflections have crowded themselves into this chapter because the subject of the medicine man of the Indian suggests them. Could Yum-nis-poe-tis have made his speech and his plea for justice to the people of the United States, as he made it to those who attended our lectures, he would have wrought a change for the better in public sentiment towards his race.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BIBLE AND TRADITION.

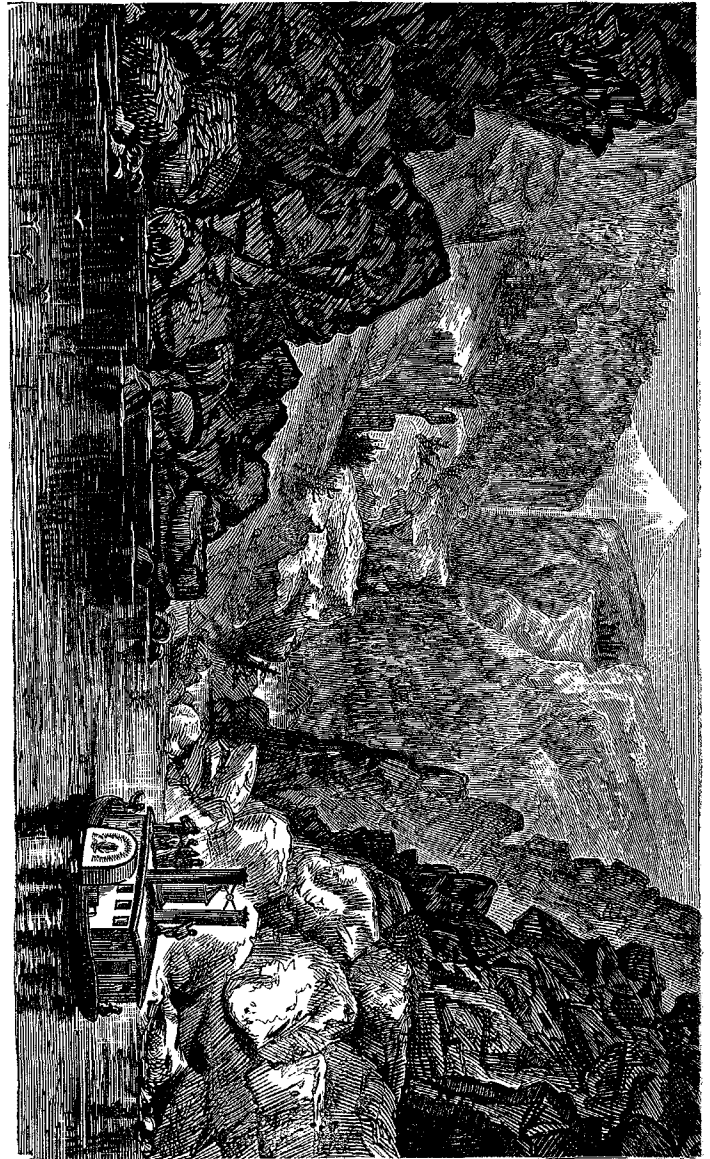
FIRST PAIR—THE FORBIDDEN TREE—THE DELUGE—THE GREAT PEACE-MAKER—HIS MIRACLES—HIS PREACHING—KEY TO INDIAN RESISTANCE—AUTHENTICITY OF TRADITION.

THE Indian guards his religious traditions, with so much reverential care, that only after long years of patient research, have I been able to obtain satisfactory data on this subject.

To Wi-ne-ma, I am indebted for the following. From her character, and the supporting evidence obtained from old men in other days, I am satisfied that she gave me the history as it has come down for many generations, by tradition, to her people.

Ka-moo-kum-chux (God), or the Great Spirit, after He made the world, all the animals felt lonely. He then made a man out of very fine earth and placed him before a great fire to dry. He went away and left him until the next morning. On his return, God saw the man walking on four feet like a bear. He lifted him up and told him to raise his eyes. The man did so, and God told him he need not walk on all his feet any more, but might walk on *two*, as *He did*, and that if he would do as He bid him, he would make his

THE BIRTHPLACE OF INDIAN LEGENDS.



front feet grow slender and long so he could handle the bow. Then God took him into a beautiful valley surrounded by mountains, and told him he might live there as long as he obeyed him. He showed him the trees which bore fruit. Those which did not bear fruit were for bows and arrows. The fruit-trees were all of them *stoned* fruit, *like the wild plum*. God told the man that one tree was for his own use, and that he must not touch that tree on any account. The man promised to obey. God then left him for several days.

When He returned, the man was crying and said he wanted somebody for company. God said He was sorry for him, that if he would lie down and sleep very sound, He would bring him a friend. The man obeyed. While he slept, God took a bone from each upper arm, and one bone from each thigh and made a woman. When God had finished the woman He set the body before the fire to dry. Sometimes He smoothed with his hand to make it more beautiful than the first. When it was well dried, He blew his breath between his hands *at it*, and immediately it began to talk *very fast*. God hid himself to see the man wake up. The man ran and put his arms around the woman, and kissed her. When God saw this, He laughed aloud, and the man was ashamed. God told the man that "*he must never kiss her again in His presence.*" It is a fact that a pure Indian never kisses his wife in the presence of other people. The pair were very happy until the woman went alone for fruit. She met what appeared to be a man, but was not a man, yet could talk like a man. This creature,

which the Indians insist was "*spooks*" (the devil) told the woman that he could show her better fruits than she had found, and led her to the tree which was for God's own use. The woman had been told by her husband, not to touch that tree, but "*spooks*" told her it was a mistake, this *was not* God's tree; so the woman plucked and ate the fruit, and carried some to her husband.

As soon as she tasted the plums, she felt like as if she were a god herself, and made two aprons to cover her round the waist, nearly to her knee, because God always wore such aprons. When she came to the man, he woke with a cold feeling, and began to scold. He told her that she had stolen from God, and God would punish them. He refused to eat the fruit, and would not arise until the woman put her aprons over him and went to find more leaves to make her new ones. God came again and was angry. He asked what all this meant. The man excused himself, and God forgave *him*, but told the woman that *He* had made her man's equal, but since she had been eating *stolen fruit* she was not worthy, so she must be man's servant all the days of her life. Then man assumed control over her and has had it ever since, and ought to have. She has always been his servant and has done his bidding.

After the human family had become numerous, they began to kill each other off. They say that God came in person to the red people then for a long time, but would not see those who had become black-skinned people.

The Modoc tradition, recites the history of the

Deluge, that it was sent to destroy the human family, except, one pair; that before the Deluge the people were very much larger than the present race. They are represented in this tradition to have been twelve to fifteen feet in height, and of proportionate weight, hence were very destructive. God had warned them against killing each other, threatening to destroy them, but this warning was disregarded. Selecting the *smallest man* and the *smallest woman* of all the people, he bade them go to the top of a very high mountain, taking with them a pair of crows, a pair of hawks, a pair of white rabbits and one pair of white deer; and they obeyed the command.

The waters rose up round the mountain, covering all the land about it, and destroying every living thing, save the small man and woman, and the birds and animals which they had taken to the mountain-top. When the waters began to reach them, the man and woman were frightened and began to make a canoe. God came and talked to them, and said if they would trust in Him *He* would not permit them to be drowned. He caused a wall of spirits to form round the mountain-top, which held back the waters, although it rose high above them. Such is the tradition regarding the Deluge.

When the waters subsided the small pair were started out on a peace plan, but as they multiplied, contentions arose, and wars followed. God talked often with them in person, endeavoring to make them live in peace. He promised to send his own Son to them as a *peace-maker*, telling them that if they received him and kept the words he gave them,

he would no more cover the earth with water. He bade each man to marry as many women as he could take care of, and that all women might raise children without shame, that none should be widows.

At the appointed time there was one woman who came, and no one knew where from. She had no mother, no father, she was not like other women although she was red-skinned. She said she was the daughter of Ka-moo-kum-chux," that her father often met her and talked with her. Ka-moo-kum-chux told her to rub her body with ashes and that she would be like other women. She did as he commanded. He then scraped some fine powder from a shell of many colors and gave it to her to drink in water. God willed that she should bear a son. She told the people that she was very happy now because God had promised that she should bear a child. He bade her not to look in the face of any man. When her time of sickness had come, He commanded her to go away from other women all alone. She did as she was told, and her babe was born in a wigwam. She laid it in a canoe made of cottonwood bark and covered it with a deer-skin robe. She then sat down beside the canoe, and waited for Ka-moo-kum-chux. When he came, she did not look up, but he went to the canoe and lifting the deer-skin he smiled and put his hands upon the child's forehead, and pressed it back, saying, this is my child, and this shall be a sign of my children. Mar-cha—the mother—went among the people, and told them it was God's Son, and named him I sees—(Peace-Maker). When I-sees was about ten years old, as he was playing with other children, the spirit

of God came upon him, he took fresh earth between his hands and it turned to a white powder like flour. The old chiefs and wise men came to see him. He took water and pouring it from one cup to another turned it to blood. Other boys became jealous of his power and sought to kill him. His mother took him to the mountains, and hid him, until he was grown, when some pretended friend betrayed him, and his enemies took him to the shore of a lake. A great many people came from a long way off to hear him talk, the people were hungry and could get nothing to eat. They asked I-sees where to catch fish. He pointed to a canoe on the shore of the lake, and told them to go and get all they wanted. The people did not believe until he commanded the fish to come into the canoe, and soon it was full. The people began to cook, and eat. As fast as they could take fish from the canoe, other fish would leap in. So the canoe was all the time full to its brim. This continued as long as the people remained on the shore of the lake.

One day Jesus—for this is undoubtedly *their* history of Jesus—made a horse sick, and the horse died. Jesus commanded the horse to rise, and he arose sweating and foaming. While the people were wondering how he had cured the horse, and while a great many eyes were upon him, he turned the same horse into a rabbit. They brought to him people who had been blind from birth, and begged him to cure them.

Jesus made a mark with white chalk round the eyes of the blind, then dipping his hand in ashes and

pressing them together, He rubbed out the chalk-marks by placing his hands upon the blind eyes and throwing them *outward*. This was repeated many times. Meanwhile he was asking God to help him. Holding a thin cloth over the patient, he filled his mouth with water, which he *blew* upon the cloth and thus sprinkled the face of the blind. He bade the blind to rise, and immediately they were shouting with joy. The deformed were brought to him and were made straight, the lame were cured, and the sick were healed.

According to this tradition the "Son of God" came to the red-men of this continent. They claim that he came to the ancestors of the Modocs and taught them many things; that he went away with his mother, and that his enemies killed him by shooting him with arrows; that, although he was killed a long way from them, they knew when it was done, and were angry. While they were preparing to go upon the war-path to avenge, his death his mother's spirit, although she was still alive, came to them and told them, that he was not really dead, that when his enemies shot him with arrows, she took his body and buried it under a heap of broken stones. That after two days she left him, and on her return she found his body was gone. She thought some one had stolen it and went about crying, when Jesus appeared and talked to her.

He came again to the Modocs, and showed them where the arrows had pierced him. He called all the red-men together, and taking a stand on a low hill where broken stones were abundant he motioned to

the stones and commanded them to become a wall like a house; soon a great wall arose round the people. It is asserted with much earnestness that this stone wall is still in existence. According to this tradition it is located in the *sacred lands*, east of Yai-nax, in the southern part of Oregon. I have long known something of the "sacred lands" of the Modocs and Klamaths.

He also performed other miracles, such as making water to flow from dry ground; soon it became a *burning* steam. Then Jesus blew his breath upon it, and it was made *cold water*. He instructed the people how to make the tu-le grass into houses and into wearing-apparel. He told them that he was going away, but would come again and bring peace on earth; that whenever they saw a great light in the north they might know that he was appearing to some of the people.

"It is claimed that the "*Great Peace-Maker*" promised to point out the medicine-men for the people, and that he would always help them if they were faithful. *He further taught them to retaliate on their enemies as a means of protection and in vindication of their rights.* That as they saw him go away, so might all his children go; that he would not leave his body on earth, that they should not leave theirs, that the spirit would not leave the earth until the body was burned to ashes.

HIS ASCENSION.

While he yet spake to them, the rock whereon he stood began to smoke, and soon it became a flame of

fire, which hid him from the people. The flame slowly lifted from the rocks, and rose upward, growing larger and brighter, until it made the world light as sunshine. The flame of fire continued to rise until it turned to a star and went out of sight, away in the *north*.

Let us consider how much of the tradition is supported by other evidence than Indian story. The consideration of the subject may give us more respect for Indian character. It is an incontrovertible fact, that everywhere the Indian is found in covering for both male, and female, which agrees with the traditional aprons made of fig-leaves. It is a singular fact that the bones of the upper arm and also the thigh-bones are single. He accounts for the hands instead of four feet. He shows his authority for making woman his slave or servant. He accounts well for the deception which the devil practiced upon our Mother Eve. His tradition as to the mother of Jesus is no more wonderful than the conception of the Virgin Mary as found in the Bible. The birth of the Saviour is told with as much clearness as that of Mary, the Virgin wife of Joseph, being compelled to sleep in a stable. In proof that this tradition had its origin in the birth of Jesus, it is a habit well known to every person of experience and observation of Indian life, that the women universally go alone and remain alone when a child is born. The traveller in the Indian country, asks what the little house apart from other lodges means, but he seldom gets information, unless he is known to be friendly.

The mark said to have been placed upon the infant

Peace-maker by flattening the forehead, is honored to this day by many of the western tribes, who place a board upon the forehead of the new-born babe, which is continued until the head is in shape known as "Flat-Head." Three of my Indians composing "The Meacham Lecture Company" of 1875, were Flat-Heads. The first miracles of the Saviour, turning water to blood, feeding the multitudes upon the shore of a lake, by commanding the fish to leap into the canoe, is as acceptable to the Christian devotee, as the other. Making the horse sick and raising him from the dead at the same hour, does not tax the Christian believer's faith more than the raising of Lazarus after decomposition had begun. The manner of his death is rational and probable—since "*no bones were broken*"—as the death upon the cross. His burial by his mother beneath the broken stones, is not inconsistent with the fact of his resurrection; no more so than the removal of the great stone at the door of the sepulchre. It is in evidence that the Indians believed this tradition, and honored it by piling stones upon the grave of their dead. All over America these stone piles may be found. The traveller asks what these piles mean, but he seldom gets an answer from the Indian, because the Indian believes, in fact he knows, that in nearly every instance he would be laughed at by the scoffing white man.

That Jesus appeared after his death, with arrows, and pointed to the scars made by them, does not call for more faith than the proof required by doubting Thomas. Commanding the broken stones to take places in a wall, is no more trying to Christian faith,

than the rending of the great veil in the temple. Making the water to flow from the ground, is as possible as Moses making it flow from a rock.

Setting it on fire, is not inconsistent with "The burning bush," or Elijah's fire trials with Ahab. His mother appearing to them before he had risen from the pile is as reasonable as the arrest of Paul on the way to Damascus. His ascension, was as tangible and as consistent with his power, when according to Indian tradition they saw him rise before their eyes and in a cloud of fire pass beyond mortal sight; as the Bible history. Their belief that he went thus, so that all the world could witness the ascension, is a beautiful thought. That he comes somewhere when the red lights appear in the north, is one of the grandest thoughts that could be conceived by mortal.

The origin of this tradition may be a question in which historians might take especial interest. I shall not enter into a discussion of this subject, further than to say that I have failed to find any tradition or other evidence of white men having been among the Modoc Indians prior to 1844. It is enough for the purpose I have in view—that of securing respect for the Indian Race—to know, that for uncounted generations *they have lived under the laws of God, as given them by this tradition.*

"Live in peace with all people. Feed the hungry. Clothe the naked. Divide what you have with your neighbor. Do as you agree to, and compel others to do the same," is very nearly the Indian's understanding God's law, as proclaimed by the "*Great Peace-Maker.*"

The Indian believes that the penalty for disobedience, begins in this life, and follows into the next.

They believe that those who obey the laws will live forever in a beautiful spirit-world, where God and His Son come often, and their light shines in one perpetual day. Those who disobey God, will be consigned in a far-off, cold, dark land until they have themselves atoned for all their crimes, and then be permitted to come into God's presence. "The Son of God is regarded as a *Law-Giver* and *Peace-Maker*, not as an atonement.

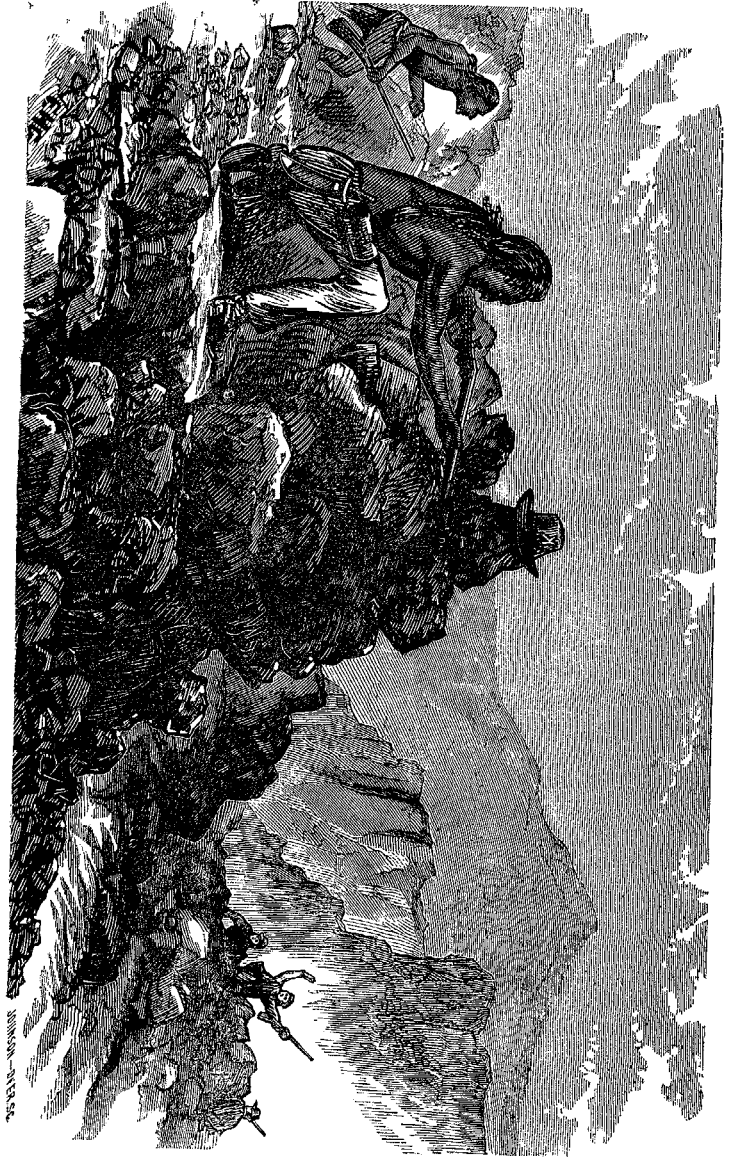
CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW HEROES ARE MADE.

THE MODOC'S PHYSICAL MANHOOD—EARLY TRAINING—HINTS USEFUL TO CIVILIZED PEOPLE—INCIDENTAL APPEAL FOR JUSTICE—HOW HEROES ARE MADE—MEDICINE-MEN—HOW SELECTED—BRINGING OUT UT-TI-NA—HIS FAILURE.

If the civilized world was astonished at the wonderful courage and success of the Modoc Indians in the Lava-beds, it was in part because so little was known of them previous to the war of 1872 and '73. They were not larger men physically, in fact they were rather below the average size of the Indian tribes of America. The average height would not have exceeded five feet nine inches, and weight about one hundred and sixty pounds. They were rather darker in color, had large dark eyes, straight black hair of unusual fineness, small hands and feet, straight limbed. Not one of them was a half-breed, as has been asserted by newspapers. That they were universally different from other Indians, there is no doubt, but not on account of mixing with white blood. *They were pure Indians.* The following article furnished the Boston "*Beacon*" Dec. 1765, will give a correct idea of the manner in which these strange people trained their children.

• MODOCS ON THE WARRATH.



Two years have passed since the bugle-call led the soldier from the banquet of blood in the Lava-beds of Oregon.

A marble shaft stands above the lamented Canby, and the monument which marks the final resting-place of Dr. Thomas sets calmly upon the summit of Lone Mountain, San Francisco. The tall rye-grass bends above the sleeping soldier at the foot of the bluff near the stronghold of the Modocs. The widows of the slain still shade their sorrows beneath sable mourning. The orphans wear saddened faces at mention of Modoc's name. The remnant band of savage heroes shout back their anguish to the bleak winds of their prairie home in a land of exile. The maimed victims of both races hobble on, seeking to forget the past. The Modoc Chief lives only in the ignominious roll of outlaws. The government of the United States continues to treat the red-man as a child of some foreign creator; refuses to recognize his manhood, save as a contracting power whom to outwit is justice; forgets the terrible lessons of the past; refuses to concede to him the rights and courtesies extended to every other race upon the globe; ignoring his religious convictions and ceremonies; demanding of him attendance upon councils nominated without consultation with his representatives; expecting him to accede to propositions made to him unsolicited on his part; and seeking to intimidate him with the presence and display of glittering bayonets.

The present outlook at the relations between the government and the Indian race recalls the Modoc war and the possibility of another tragedy. Commissioners are sent to the Black Hill country, to treat with the owners of the soil from whence they sprang. Days and weeks have passed, and yet no treaty is made. Unwilling to grant what they demand—confidence—because they are conscious of good intentions on their part, the commissioners remember the treachery of the Modocs, but forget the treachery of their own race which went unwhipped of justice and were rewarded for similiar crimes. The result cannot be foretold. We can only await events. Meantime we remember the causes which led to the Modoc war and tremble for the issue. Now it is not probable, should war ensue that it would result in giving to the world such an example of heroism as did the Modoc war. That war has no counterpart in written history, or living tradition. When reviewed, at this date, we see how the civilized world looked on and wondered at the success of the little band of braves numbering but half a hundred,

while it wept over the victims of their courage and their treachery. The question still comes up, "Was it true that a half-savage man with so few followers did resist successfully the efforts of such an army? What was the secret of his success?" The query could not be answered by any one gathering his store of facts from the enemies of the Modocs.

That they did successfully withstand the repeated assaults of an army of twenty times their own number, is declared by the upheaving graves above a hundred soldiers and half the number of slain citizens. The answer of the second question is, that they were fighting for manhood's privileges, which had been denied them, on equal terms with other races. They had stored away in their hearts a long train of wrongs which had suffered. They had made three several attempts to live in peace upon Klamath Reservation, and had failed. They had been pushed into a war against their wishes and had committed unparalleled crimes for which they were under indictment. They had witnessed the partiality with which the laws of the white man were administered. They had known of no single instance in which the common prejudice against their race had not prevented justice from having untrammelled action when they or their race were before the courts.

They were in hopeless despair when they retired to the Lava-beds. They had no faith in the assurance offered by the peace commissioners of a fair trial before a jury of their peers, so long as the public sentiment of the American race, as declared by the press, was in favor of extermination. They had no assurance that those who had committed crimes against them would be dealt with justly. They were sustained by their medicine-men, who promised them protection and exemption from danger by the bullets of the soldier. They were entrenched in a great natural fortress and in desperation they awaited the attack. Still with all this to sustain them, it does not tell, why, and how, they endured so much, and accomplished so much. Certainly the rocks of the Lava-beds did not protect them in the first battle on Lost River, when they were attacked by three times their own number, nor at Dry Lake, when they attacked a much larger force. The truth is that they were superior fighting men. They had been educated to war. They were of rebel stock originally. The founder of the tribe was a descendant from a long line of chiefs, and being a man of great wisdom and sagacity he had set apart certain lakes as sacred, whose waters would cleanse

from all disease; springs which give strength; mountains in whose fastnesses "the Great Spirit," and the spirits of successful warriors, held councils; and where the living warrior could have audience and learn wisdom. He ordained certain wild animals, as sacred, and not to be slain, such as the white rabbit, the white deer, and the sage-hen, during certain seasons of the year. He commanded his followers, at certain times, to abstain from the flesh of unresisting animals; some kinds of birds were also proscribed; the meadow-lark, was never eaten, and pains were taken to kill them and destroy the nests. They were believed to be traitors, and bearers of news to enemies.

The women were required to perform such labors as best developed physical strength. They fasted, and bathed in the sacred lakes; they abstained from the use of all kinds of meats for five days in each moon. The married women went upon the hunt, and the war-path with their husbands; they stripped the pelt from the deer, the antelope, and the grizzly bear; nursed the warrior, dressed his wounds, and in the event of his death, they prepared his body for "the burning" and assisted in the ceremonies with apparent stoicism; even the mothers of unborn babes, would look and act with seeming indifference on such occasions, showing no grief, except when the customary seasons of mourning were acknowledged by the tribe. The infants were lashed to boards, and taught patience and endurance of pain, care being taken with them to make them straight in limb and feature. If a babe had a small nose, the mother spent hours of patient labor in pulling and shaping it; if too large it was put back by constant pressing, and when fancy or fashion required, the style was changed by the manipulations of the mother's hand. Hence the appearance of "Scar-Face Charley" who was declared by white men to belong to some other race, because of his "Roman nose" while the fact is he is a full-blooded Modoc, whose mother had, in his infancy, by patient pinching and pulling, succeeded in raising it up until he had almost lost the appearance of an Indian, except in color. If a child had crooked limbs, they were straightened by the occasional pressing of the mother's hand; if the eyes were too round, they were lengthened by the mother with her finger and thumb, placed upon the eye, and then spread apart until the eyelid assumed the desired shape. Hence it is that Modocs almost universally have a sleepy appearance, with long, languid eyelids, this giving that peculiar

expression of eyes to the Modoc women which have made them celebrated for their beauty. If the ears of a child did not suit the whim of the mother, they were stretched out, or bound down, to meet her wishes; and so with the hands and feet.

On leaving the board the child was taught to ignore crying, or other manifestations of pain. It was inured to startling scenes, and thrilling adventures. Horned toads, and bugs with fangs, were placed upon its arms, or neck, until it could bear such tests unmoved. When not able to walk alone, it was lashed upon a horse, and the animal turned with the caravan on journeys, the child riding for hours without a word from any one, with the horse sometimes running at full gallop.—As soon as the boy could hold the weight of a bow and arrow, they were put into his hands, and he began training for life. As they advanced in age, and size, the training advanced also. Images, representing enemies, were placed before him, upon which he practiced his archery. By the time he was half-grown the constant example around him had inspired him with ambition to be a brave, and to fit himself for the honors he went alone to hunt, or to the sacred springs, and lakes, where he fasted, bathed, and prayed. If, perchance, he was fortunate in slaying the cougar, or bear, he was at once admitted to the councils as a man; failing in this, if he succeeded in killing the spotted rattlesnake, and had eaten its heart uncooked, he could then join the braves on the war-path. He courted only the young woman who exhibited courage and self-control. He cared for no girl who was timid, or who could not witness without a scream the most tragic scenes. To make a proper counterpoise for all this severity in training, feasts and dances were common, when the natural exuberance of youthful spirits found opportunity for exercise. Even so with the emotions of sadness and grief. Seasons of fasting and mourning were recognized, when the long pent-up sorrows found vent.

Religious ceremonies were conducted with great decorum, but nearly always accompanied with dancing, on which occasions all parties indulged the taste for paints and feathers, the richer or more fortunate wearing the feathers of the "sacred eagle" the poorer ones, the feathers of the hawk and birds of lesser note. Another and perhaps the most potential influence was the power of the medicine-man.

The medicine-man of the Indian, is not selected in the same manner as are the medicine-men of the white race. He does not choose the profession as an easy way to make a living; he knows too well the fearful responsibility of his position. He has seen the medicine-man too often slain on account of his failure to cure. Hence, the position is one not sought, but as they believe is forced upon them by the Great Spirit. The indications of the selection appear at various ages; sometimes in childhood, sometimes in middle life, and again in old age. The first intimation of being tow-ed is by bleeding at the mouth, or by becoming crazed, with jerkings and twitchings of the muscles. When these manifestations appear, the tribe, or band, is notified and a council is called, on which occasions the older doctors officiate. It is one of great importance to all the people, inasmuch as the medicine-man has so much power. The candidate is very solicitous, because of the fearful responsibility involved in assuming the office. He dare not resist the spirit, as doing so, would imperil his life forever, present and future. Hence he comes to the examining council with trepidation, something like the man in civil life called of God to preach the gospel comes—when he hears those words which have driven thousands of men into the ministry, "Wo is me if I preach not the gospel." Such a conviction has the Indian medicine-man, and though he may not hear those same ominous words, he *feels* them with as much reality, and obeys with as much faith, as ever candidate for ministerial orders went before a board of deacons and elders.

When the council is convened the preparations are completed by the older doctors making prayers, and offering sacrifices, killing white-haired dogs and hanging the skin upon a pole, which is raised above the council. On the top of the pole are placed the tail-feathers of the great Medicine Hawk, which is called the "king hawk," because of his mastery over all other birds.

The skins of the white weasel, the otter, the mink, and black-fox, all of which are said to be "sacred," are also hung upon the pole. These sacred skins are supplied by the older doctors, or the friends of the candidate, and they are his after the ceremony is over, if he shall be found to be a doctor of the right kind; for with these people, some of them are called of the good spirit and some of the bad spirit. The authority under which they act, is a matter of great concern to all parties and more especially to the candidate; himself; for should he prove to be called of the evil spirit, his ministry is of short duration, ending his life as soon as the authority is clearly recognized, unless he escapes. It may be easily understood why "The bringing out" of a medicine-man is a great event. That my reader may better understand the ceremony, I herewith present a full report of the "bringing out" of young Ut-ti-na, a half Modoc and half Pitt River Indian, who had found himself among the former, when he was called to the ministry, as related by an eye witness.

The candidate was not more than eighteen years of age. He was, however, a full-grown, well-developed man, of more than ordinary stature and physical

strength. This fact made his "coming out" a matter of vast importance. For several days young Ut-ti-na had been bleeding at the mouth and nose, and otherwise showing by unmistakable signs that he was "tow-ed," by some great spirit; that is to say, he was "marked for a medicine-man." When this fact became known, the chief, Captain Jack, called the medicine-council. The medicine-pole of the tribe was brought out. The "watchmen" of the band appeared with the usual insignia of office—a cap made of fawn-skin. The chief, gave the order, and the pole, surmounted by the feathers, skins, and the flag of the flag of the tribe was raised. The Modocs have long had a national flag. It consisted of two colors—red, and white, in separate parts. In peace, both colors are on the pole, when at war the *red alone*. The pole was raised, stakes were driven into the ground at short intervals, and a rope stretched round, forming a circle twenty feet in diameter. The men now formed round the rope, facing the pole; next, the women behind the men, (all standing). When all was in readiness the "curley-haired doctor" of Lava-bed fame, led the candidate into the circle. He was closely wrapped in a blanket, nothing but his face being visible. He was placed in position facing to the pole.

The Doctor now retired to midway between the centre and the rope, and stood a few moments in silence, suddenly raising his hands and covering his face one of the watchmen fired a signal gun. The Doctor saying "we are here to test the power of the young Ut-ti-na who has been called to serve a Great

Spirit." The orator of the tribe, rehearsed this speech in a loud voice. The response of "aye, aye," from the men forming the circle signified approval. The Doctor made choice of nine men to assist him in the services, the remainder sat upon the ground. The Doctor now called upon the Great Spirit to assist him in the work to be performed. Each sentence was repeated by the orator. Stopping suddenly he broke out in a medicine-song, in which the whole assembly joined. Clapping his hands the song was stopped as abruptly as it was begun. Another prayer was made and repeated, calling upon the Great Spirit. Then another song and another prayer. The Doctor went round the circle in a slow dance, mumbling in a low voice. When he had made the circuit three times, the candidate dropped the blanket and started round behind him, joining in the songs and prayers. The dance and song went on for half an hour, when the Doctor again clapped his hands, signifying that a spirit had come to him. It was the part of his assistants to guess the spirit. The first said, "a dove;" the Doctor who was standing with his face upturned and covered with his hands gave no response. "A fawn," said another; no motion came from the Doctor; so on through the line of assistants, all eyes watching the Doctor's hands. Had any one of them guessed the spirit seen by the Doctor, he would have clapped his hands as a signal that they were right. If they guessed any one of the sacred birds, or animals, such as are harmless and non-resisting, and it had been the spirit seen by the Doctor, it would have been to them proof that the candidate was called of good spirits,

and he would have been put to other proofs. If of the vicious birds or animals, it would have indicated that he was called of bad spirits and was a dangerous man.

No one having named the right spirit, the dance and prayer and songs were renewed, and continued until the Doctor clapped his hands. Then each assistant guessed again, some one named the "wood-rat," the Doctor clapped his hands. Another song and prayer was begun, asking that some other spirit appear. Again the Doctor clapped his hands and an assistant said, a wolf," the Doctor gave the signal of assent. Thus the ceremony went on until ten dances had been performed, each with the same exactness and propriety; the candidate meanwhile dancing and praying with great fervor. He knew that his life was at the mercy of the Doctor, and dependent entirely upon his integrity. In this instance the candidate had been a favorite with the people and was in reality a nephew of the officiating Doctor, but he knew the Doctor would not swerve from what he believed to be the truth; indeed he dared not show the least partiality to his kinsman, for he would be held responsible for the young Ut-ti-na's success in the practice of medicine. When the ten dances had been celebrated, and the decision based upon the spirits as seen by the Doctor had declared that Ut-ti-na was called of "bad spirits" he was crestfallen, and hurried away. There was another who felt the disappointment with even greater force than Ut-ti-na. This, was the now celebrated "Queen Mary," sister of the chief. She was then in young womanhood

and unmarried, and betrothed to Ut-ti-na. Intense as are the Modocs in their passions and affections, no word of complaint was heard from the lips of the disappointed young Modoc belle. She knew that Ut-ti-na's fate was sealed, and with the stoicism of an Indian maiden, she bade him flee. The council was dissolved, and the people were again in their lodges, when Ut-ti-na gave a signal so low that none but *her* ears caught the sound. The last meeting with Ut-ti-na was related by her afterwards.

Ut-ti-na besought her to await him, that he would go to some strange people, and seek to hide from the spirits who had beguiled him, failing in this, he would go to the sacred lakes and by fasting, bathing, and praying, he would endeavor to secure the help of the good spirits, and when once more among his people he would claim her for his wife. No tears were shed, no cries were heard, but thus the condemned young Ut-ti-na and the Modoc princess parted to meet no more, not even in the hereafter, unless indeed the princess should fall short of getting to the "happy lands." The Modocs believe there are several planes of spiritual life.

Ut-ti-na went to another tribe, but the spirits, as he believed, followed and constantly called him to officiate. At last he obeyed, and the result of his practice being several deaths he was killed by the stranger band as an evil doctor. I am not writing romance, neither stories to amuse, but to preserve from oblivion the characteristics of a strange people. Had the officiating Doctor who conducted the ceremonies when young Ut-ti-na was on trial seen, or

professed to have seen, "good spirits," it might have changed the destiny of this people. Ut-ti-na was a man of great promise, and had he succeeded to the medicine office it is more than probable that he would have been the adviser of the Modocs in the late troubles with the government.

Whether the Doctor was honest and actually did see spirits of any kind, is not the question now. I leave that for those whose scientific investigations of spiritual phenomena enable them to lose themselves and their readers in mysteries, that, so far, have baffled the wisest heads. It is sufficient to state that these people had as much faith in these manifestations as their more enlightened brethren have in the calling to the sacred office of those who furnish spiritual nourishment to the millions who worship God in palaces. It was their religion. The temptation to be dishonest was great, no doubt, and whether the uncle of young Ut-ti-na sacrificed him to his own jealousy, is a question of doubt to enlightened minds, but to the Modoc there was no doubt as to his sincerity.

Under favorable report the ceremonies would have been continued for five days and nights with short intermissions. At the end of that time the young doctor would have gone alone to the Sacred Mountains, where with praying, fasting, and bathing he would have sought wisdom from the great spirits who had called him to this high office, and after remaining seven days, performing numerous feats of physical strength, piling up rocks and logs while constantly murmuring prayers he would have returned to his

tribe and assumed the official insignia of his office, beneath the medicine-pole which he would have brought with him from the mountains.

This pole would have been of mountain fir, as no other would have answered the purpose. It would have been carefully stripped of twigs and bark, polished very smoothly, and painted in several colors, white, red, blue, and sometimes black, with curious figures to suit his own fancy. Then, ornamenting it with the skins and feathers which were used upon his trial, the feathers of the sacred hawk being above the others, the pole would have been raised beside his own lodge. He would then have begun the month of probation, during which time he would have eaten no meat of any kind, dancing several hours each day round his own medicine-pole, sometimes supported by the women and the orator. At the end of that time the people would come again together, and with great circumstance he would have been admitted to the profession as a regular medicine-man.

This ceremony would have been conducted under the direction of the doctor who sat in judgment upon his election in the first place. The people would have made it the occasion for feasting and dancing, and the whole affair would have concluded by Ut-ti-na taking the princess for his wife.

CHAPTER XIX.

SAVAGE PRAYERS AND CHRISTIAN BULLETS.

FIFTY-THREE RED SKINNED SPARTANS—TWO HUNDRED CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS—THE COMMAND TO SURRENDER—REFUSAL—SAVAGES PRAYING TO THE GOD OF THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS—THE SOLEMN COVENANT—MEDICINE-MAN OF THE MODOCS—ANSWERED PRAYERS.

THE battle of the seventeenth of January 1873, was fought, and the two hundred soldiers and volunteers who made the attack on the Modoc stronghold were driven back, leaving a number of dead and wounded among the rocks. Telegraphic messages reported "Two hundred warriors in the Lava-beds—Impregnable fortress—Several warriors known to have been killed—A drawn battle—More troops needed."

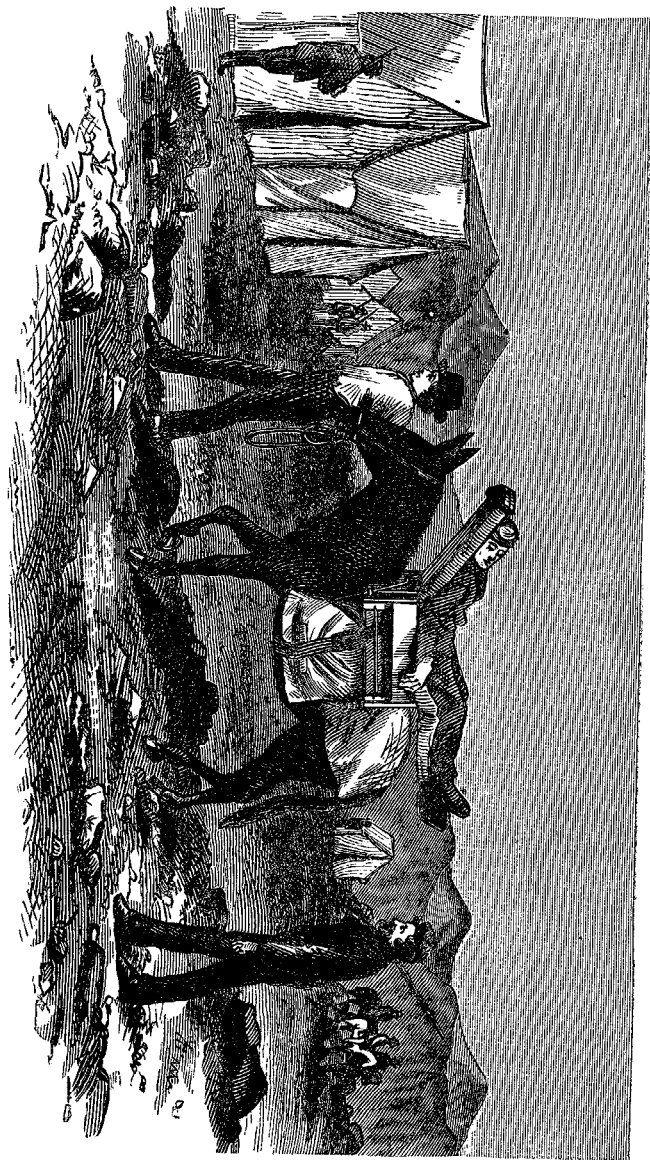
Let us for a few moments contemplate this battle. Here were fifty-three Indians, men and boys, sixteen of whom were under indictment for having sought to avenge the wrongs which had (as they believed) been inflicted upon them. They had fled from the settlements and taken refuge in this wild pedegral. They brought with them their families, many of whom were decrepit old men and women. They realized the situation fully. They were not wild, uncivilized men. They had associated much with white people,

and had adopted many of the customs of the white race; they had for years been driven from pillar to post, while seeking recognition of their manhood. There was not one drunkard among them. There was not one whose credit among white men would not have obtained for him any reasonable amount of goods. Not one of them had ever been arrested for crime.

They had vices, it is true, and they were half-savage still, but the other half of many of them was made up of the vices they had acquired by contact with white men. They were high-blooded fellows, some of them gamblers, and were in one sense desperadoes, who shrank from no encounter with those of their own or other races; but the majority of them were ambitious young men, many of them under twenty years of age. They were all of them religious in their way—that is, they believed in the religion taught them by their fathers. They had faith in their medicine-men. The women of this little band were really more advanced in civil life than the men. They dressed as white women dress on the frontier—perhaps a little behind the latest styles.

Such was Captain Jack's band of Modocs in the Lava-beds, when General Wheaton in command of four hundred men surrounded the stronghold, on the 16th of January, 1875. He sent in his messenger (a Klamath Indian) with the order and advice to the Modocs to surrender, thus to save themselves from extermination; the messenger being instructed to inform them of the presence within a few miles of the army, of its number and armament, and its ability to annihilate the entire band.

BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED.



Doubtless General Wheaton would have been startled had he heard Captain Jack's reply, informing the messenger that he had counted every man, that he knew many of the volunteers personally, and knew just where every company had encamped for the night. General Wheaton, as many of my readers will do, would have laughed at the declaration, especially when informed, as they might, and would have been, had the chief condescended to do so, that his medicine-man had counted the army while in a trance, and under the influence of Ka-okés (medicine-making). That Ka-moo-kum-chux had placed at his command a band of Indian skokes (spirits), and that he—the medicine-man—had sent these skokes in detail to ascertain the strength of the approaching army and the whereabouts of every company.

Since the outbreak, in November preceding, the medicine-men of the band had been in almost constant Ka-okés, and, as they assert and believe, the spirits had kept them informed of every event in connection with the efforts of the government to compel submission. When General Wheaton's command was made known, it did not create demoralization or surprise. Captain Jack was not absolute in power, but rather a representative chief. He submitted the proposition of General Wheaton to the council, and wisely urged acceptance. The medicine-men were among those under indictment. They believed they could not have a fair trial; that they would be convicted. Hence they were desperate, and took decided stand against surrendering.

It seems almost incredible, considering all the

circumstances, that this band of fifty-three men should have refused, by a large majority, to surrender, because the medicine-man proposed to make Ka-okés (prayers) which would call the spirits about them sufficiently powerful to protect them against the bullets of the soldiers. Yet incredible as it may seem, his speech settled the fate of this band of Modocs, and one hundred and fifty other lives. At midnight of the 16th of January, General Wheaton was informed of the refusal to comply with his demand. He completed the plans for the attack—indeed, they had been previously arranged—which were, that Colonel Barnard should “move up” before daylight of the following morning, with half the investing army, from the south, while General Wheaton, with the other half, was to “move down” from the north side, and by pre-arranged signals the two divisions were to form a junction, encircling the stronghold.

After Wheaton's messenger left the Modoc Camp, the medicine-men called the people to the Ka-okés. We have great reverence and sympathy for a band of Christians gathering round an ordained minister of God under such circumstances, but mankind generally do not feel either sympathy with, or reverence for a band of savages—so-called—crowding round their medicine-man while he calls on God for help; and yet who shall say that the Modocs in the Lava-beds may not find audience with God, as well as those who go to Him in more costly raiment of words and forms. The red-man bows his head, clasps his hands, and pours out his heart with as much earnestness, honesty, and faith as any devotee bends before sacred altars in palaces or burnished temples.

The medicine-man in the Lava-beds proclaims that he is going to offer prayers. His herald repeats it in a loud voice, and then we see by the glare of the sagebrush fire the dusky forms of men, women, and children, creeping from their caverns. What a meeting to contemplate. The gray-haired men and women, the stalwart braves and younger women, the children too, of a doomed race, come now to their rude altar, and join in the prayers and petitions to the same great spirit that the civilized man worships. Is there anything in human life akin to this scene, outside of a savage camp, where all hearts are in the same mould, and where every worshipper has faith in minister and prayers? No dissenting voices; no doubting words; no jealous fears; no differences in religious belief. True, they were in part abject images of God, and many of them were reeking with what the civilized world calls crime, and what was crime, measuring human actions by written law; but they were of one accord; had one aim, one faith, and one voice.

The Christian would have felt shocked, to hear this savage shouting, “Kap-ka, Ka-moo-kum-chux (Come, Great Spirit), and the herald repeating it, and then from the one hundred and fifty-nine red mouths, the prayer repeated, until the very caverns answered back the echo, “Come, Great Spirit.” To hear the medicine-man cry aloud, “Kap-ka, I-sees” (Come, Son of God), and the one hundred and fifty voices repeat it over and over, while they keep time in a solemn dance round the kneeling medicine-man, who, with head bowed, and hands clasped, was framing the next prayer, “Kap-ka, Ditchee Skokés” (Come, good

spirits), "Kap-ka, Nan-ook ko-la-ka-ho sti-nos" (Come all, into our hearts). "Come into our heads, and help us to think; into our eyes, and help us to see; into our ears, and help us to hear; into our arms, to make us strong; help us to hide from the sight of our enemies; send strong spirits to stand by us and turn away the soldier's bullets; send bad spirits to blind the soldier's eyes—to make him shoot crooked; make him weak, make him cowardly. Give us strong spirits to tell us how to fight."

The medicine-man makes a signal, and silence reigns. He rises to his feet, and makes a short speech, saying that "Ka-moo-kum-chux is here. I-sees is here. Dit-chee skokes are here. Our prayers have reached their ears; they have come. If all the people will join their hearts, now strong with the presence of good spirits, we will pray for a cloud to come down and hide us from the soldiers." A loud shout of approval bursts from every lip. Again the medicine-man drops upon his knees and bows his head, as he in frenzy rubs his hands, and draws his breath through his teeth, while he frames the prayer, "Ka-moo-kum-chux, sne-kotch-na Lo-was-Yan-na nan-nook-ux wal-chot-ka" (Great Spirit, send a dark cloud over these rocks). The herald repeats in a loud, earnest voice, and the people take up the prayer, and with vehement dance and gesture, sing it over and over, growing more earnest each time the medicine-man shouts, until the most intense enthusiasm pervades the entire assembly.

Suddenly the medicine-man springs to his feet, claps his hands, and all is still. Every eye peers into

his face through the flickering light of the medicine-fire. He speaks, and says he has proof that the prayers have been heard—"the spirits are here, God is here, his Son is here. The great war-chief will be directed how to fight. Every man must obey him."

Each warrior is assigned a position. The ammunition is divided among them. The medicine-man retires to a cavern, calling the old men and women and the children to join him in making medicine, while the younger women are detailed as water-carriers, with the assurance of the medicine-man that skokes will shield them.

The medicine-man, selecting eight poles, which had been consecrated, or according to Modoc belief, "Ka-oked" (imbued with divine power), planted them round the stronghold, forming a circle about one hundred yards in diameter, the "line of death." The warriors were stationed inside this "line of death," and were ordered in no case to go beyond it. Not a shot was to be fired until the signal should be given by the chief.

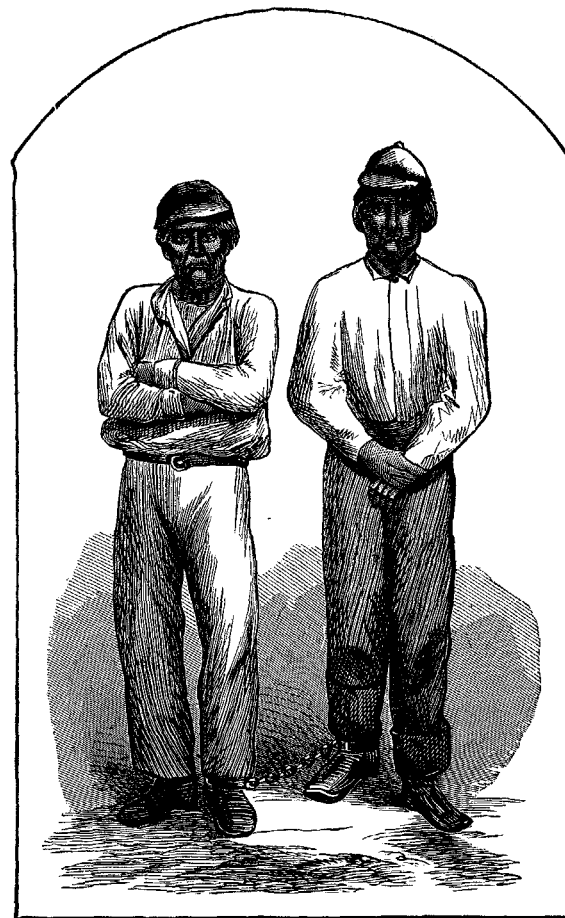
Let us look now in the two camps of the American Christians' army. While the Modocs were making medicine, the soldiers were impatiently wearing away the night in story-telling, or boastful promises of an easy victory on the morrow. No sound of prayer is heard. Had any man been brave enough to pray aloud in that camp, he might have been placed under guard as a maniac. True enough, several little knots of soldiers and volunteers were preparing for the morrow by taking internally spirits modestly called by some pet name, such as "lightning-bug," or

“tangle-leg,” and it is doubtless true, also, that among both officers and men there were prayers offered, but they were very quietly said, perhaps mumbled beneath the blankets of the devotee.

The sentinels walk the rounds, and answer each other's challenge. General Wheaton's orderly taps him on the shoulder, and the brave soldier springs to his feet. It is three, A. M., the memorable 17th of January, 1873. The signal-rocket is sent into the heavens, notifying Colonel Barnard to move up from the south. The long roll sounds, and the men “fall in line.” “Forward!” commands Wheaton, and the hopeful line starts for the Modoc stronghold, four miles away. Barnard answers from the south, by rocket, that he is in motion. Every signal tells the Modoc Chief of the army movement. The sun begins to throw tall spears into the eastern sky. The hollow caverns are echoing to the prayers of the curly-haired doctor. Fifty-three yellow-skinned men, with limbs divested of unnecessary garments and tightly bandaged, are lying flat among the rocks, waiting the attack. Signal answers signal, and the two civilized armies are surrounding the “Modoc lion,” who waits and watches each signal, when suddenly, from the mountains, west, a heavy fog creeps in between the armies, and covers the brave band.

[My dear reader, do not throw down this book in disgust, until you have read the current literature of January, '73, together with the official report of General Wheaton, of the battle.]

The signals cannot now be seen. The army officers are confused. The guides are not certain as to the locality of the Modocs. The howitzers are taken



SCHONCHIN AND JACK IN CHAINS.

from the backs of the mules, and prepared for action. The order to fire is given, and the report mingles with the prayer of the medicine-man. Barnard answers now with the howitzer. "Forward!" shout human voice and silver bugle. The four hundred men answer with a belt of living fire, pointing to the centre. Not a shot from the Modocs. The investing line centres amid the dense fog, firing and shouting derision. They near the "line of death." No answer yet. "Charge," shouts Wheaton, and the steady step is broken with a wild hurrah. Suddenly, above the battle tempest is heard the "dusky lion's" roar, "Ot-we!" (Fire!) and then from cavern and crevice bursts a stream of leaden hail, mingled with defiant yells. The circling line of bristling bayonets breaks, and moaning soldiers lie now where boasting brag-garts stood. Back—back—they fly, leaving the rocks flecked with writhing uniforms of blue; now advance and then recede. The wavering line contracts and then expands, the moans of the dying giving emphatic power to each new command. The prayers of the exultant medicine-man mingle with the dying soldier's piteous cry. The fog still hangs above the rocks while the battle rages. The sun, weary of the sad sight, hides behind the western mountains, and in pity closes the day, that the survivors may escape the avenging bullets of exultant braves. Hark! what means the bugle now? Ah! 'tis "Retreat!" the silver notes are mingling with the musketry. The fog lifts slowly up. The roar subsides, and fifty-three warriors leap to the crested rocks, and shout derision at their retreating foes.

The history of man furnishes few, if any instances, where proportionate numbers have fought with such results. Viewed from a religious standpoint, it stands alone. That the medicine-man made the proposition to protect the Modocs, and to cause a "cloud or fog" to come over the Lava-beds, there is no doubt. General Wheaton's report of the battle mentions the "fog which settled over the Modoc Camp, hiding the Indians, while it afforded no protection to our forces."

Does the reader wonder at the faith of the Indian in his medicine-man? Here is a bit of religious history worthy the attention of all good men, and without doing more than announce my readiness and ability to make good, in the smallest detail, this wonderful story of Indian religious faith, I respectfully ask Christians to give it a few moment's thought before placing in power any man who shouts "extermination to the Indian races."

CHAPTER XX.

WAITING SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.

DEATH OF CHE-LA-KA—CEREMONY OF CREMATION—THE WAITING SPIRIT
WAVING FAREWELL—RESPONSIBILITY OF MEDICINE-MEN—INDIAN SYM-
PATHY IN A DARK HOUR—PICTURE OF BORDER LIFE—SUMMONING THE
WITNESS.

AMONG the Modocs, cremation has been practiced for untold generations. They claim that it is one of the commands of God, that the body shall be destroyed, otherwise the spirit of the dead will linger around and hover over it. Not only the body must be burned, but also the wearing-apparel and other personal property, even the lodge of the deceased must be destroyed.

Mr. Riddle relates the circumstances of the death and burning of a member of the royal house of Modocs. Tit-che-kaitch-ko-na Che-la-ka Nis-ko-ka (pretty girl with cross eyes,) was a daughter of Lock-e Snow-itch-us O-pi, sister of Ki-ent-poos. She was twelve years of age, very intelligent, and being a niece of the chief was regarded as the future queen of her tribe. When Che-la-ka became sick, a medicine-man belonging to the tribe was called upon to heal her. He refused. Another was called, who accepted the invitation, with a full knowledge of the refusal of the first.

If he had succeeded in restoring the child to health, it would have been a triumph for him and placed him above his rival. When he failed and the child died, then it was believed that the first had "tow-ed" her; hence his refusal. Immediately upon the death of Che-la-ka, the lodge was destroyed. Men were despatched to the royal chi-pi-no, (burning place,) to prepare the funeral pyre. Pine-logs were brought for this purpose from the mountain three miles distant. Meanwhile the entire band formed on horseback around the burning lodge. Ki-ent-poos bearing the body in front of him led the way, others taking place in the line in single file in the order of their rank and relationship. Special heralds were sent in advance to announce the coming procession, and to remove obstructions should any occur. In this order, the sad mourners rode a distance of twenty miles in silence. Arriving at the chi-pa-no the body was placed upon a blanket near the pyre. The mother threw herself upon the ground at the head of the corpse. The personal effects of Che-la-ka were placed upon the blanket. The presents of friends, which were chiefly strings of beads, were wound round the limbs and body. The face was covered with gold and silver coins, then the blanket was wrapped closely round the body and bound with cords.

When all was ready, the mother arose, and taking her child in her arms, pressed it tightly to her bosom for a moment, and then gently laid it upon the pyre. The entire company were seated upon the ground in a circle round the chi-pa-no. Two men on either side awaiting the signal to apply the torch. The

solemn silence of the few following moments was broken by a wild cry of grief from the mourners. The chief rose slowly and pronounced the signal "ot-we" (all ready). The four torches were applied to the dry pine-logs. All was still save the crackling fire under the burning discolored body of the dead. Again every voice joined in a chorus of grief. The medicine-man sprung to his feet, and amid the wail of the mourners, offered prayers and invocation to the Great Spirit, asking him to send good angels to guide Che-la-ka to the spirit-world. He exhorted the mourners to be faithful to the laws of God, and promised them reunion with the dead in the spirit-land.

The mourners believed that the spirit of the deceased lingered over the pyre until the body was consumed, and looking steadily into the air above, they believed they beheld her smiling approval, that the law had been fulfilled. The mother gathered the *débris* of the pyre, and buried them with her own hands; then motioning toward the spirit said: "Chow-ot-kan Che-la-ka." (Farewell Che-la-ka).

There is something beautiful in thus parting with friends in definite time and special form, as though they were starting upon a pleasant journey. It brings their grief to a fixed period. While I would not endorse all the beliefs, customs, and ceremonies of the Modocs, yet I cannot but appreciate the consolation it must be to realize by faith, that the souls of our departed hover around us while we pay the last honor to the casket which it once occupied, and then at a definite time by living and dead acknowledged

to leave us in a way made tangible by religious culture to seek its everlasting abode in company of other dead ones who have been deputed to convey it hence. It is also the belief that the soul of the departed cannot leave us while we weep and lament, that every mention of the name calls it back; but that if we bring all our grief, and pour it out before the waiting spirit, and then forever hide sorrow in our hearts, our friends will leave us and find the new home, have duty assigned them, perhaps may be appointed by the Great Spirit to watch over us in this life.

In May of 1872, a brother whom I loved as the twin of my soul, was killed by a falling tree. I carried him to our home in my arms, and held him to my heart until his own ceased to beat. The blackness of despair settled over me. Friends came and offered sympathy, among them an Indian chief wrapped in blankets. He had known my brother and loved him. The chief threw his great brown arms around me, and pointing up, he bade me look and see the man of the glad heart, (the name the Indian gave my brother). "He is waiting for you to cease weeping. He cannot go away so long as you call his name. He sees you. He is unhappy because you are so sad. His mother is waiting to show him to the spirit-land. Let the man of the glad heart go now, and he will come again and help you watch over his little children."

Tell me not that God has given to any race all the tenderness of heart and nobility of soul. Tell me not that the Indian is an incorrigible, blood-seeking savage, devoid of God-like attributes, or that the white man with a Christian civilization holds a patent

right to all the grandness and goodness of which humanity is capable. Were I an outcast broken in health, wounded in spirit, bankrupt in earthly goods, friendless, helpless, hopeless, and alone in the world, I would as soon, oh! sooner, expect to find a welcome in the humble lat-che of the red-man, in the wilds of the West, than in the palaces of plenty, where pride tramples upon the heart-broken and poverty-stricken. I should expect to find sympathy and soothing words for my wounded spirit, friendship so disinterested that it did not boast of its sacrifice.

I should expect to have moccasins put upon my feet, my wants supplied, to be nursed and cared for in a way so simple and unpretentious, that it would not chill my bones because of the giving and doing. Religious consolation I might find, coming from God, upon the supplication of the Indian medicine-man, not perhaps made in rounded phrase and well-polished elocution, but offered in simple earnest prayer which none but God would hear.

If I then betrayed my benefactor's confidence; if I robbed him of his goods or brought dishonor upon his household, I should expect that he would execute the law upon me. Then over my justly mangled body, my country and my race would vow revenge, and to make good the vow, an army of men would overrun the lands of my benefactor, lay his home in ashes, murder the very women who had made the moccasins for my feet, and carrying their long hair in triumph upon the points of their bayonets, would make him who was a confiding, peace-loving God-fearing man, a very demon, a more than savage, a

human ghoul, until even his name would become synonym for merciless slaughter; until the world should shrink at its mention, and exult over his death and the extermination of his race.

There, my dear countrymen, is a photograph, true to the life of many a scene along the border-line. Are you proud of the picture? If you impeach its fidelity to ten thousand negatives taken by the recording angels of God, then summon from the plains and mountains every credible witness. Let them testify. Summon from beneath your busy feet the bones of the dead, and call back the spirits which once warmed the very soil from whence you reap your bread, and let them testify. If you are doubtful still, call upon God to open the heavens that you may read the record there.

CHAPTER XXI.

EXPENSIVE EXPERIMENTS.

THE HUMANE POLICY ON TRIAL—THE TRANSFORMATION—THE CLOUD ROLLED BACK—THE THREE APPEALS—RESULT OF CARELESS WORDS—WHO IS TO BLAME FOR THE MODOC WAR?

WHEN General Grant became President of the United States, the friends of humanity watched with anxiety for his proclamation in regard to the wards of the government. He lifted the cloud by declaring in favor of a "*more humane policy*; one looking towards the civilization and Christianization of the Indians." From the hour of his first inauguration to the present, he has been beset with schemes and plans. In his anxiety to do justice to the Indian, he has listened to various petitions. First, it was claimed that the military department was best qualified for the work, because the American army-officer is supposed to be a peace-maker. A large army was in organization. Hundreds of officers were worthy of continued support. Provision must be made for these gallant leaders. Giving the military department the control of the Indians would make provision for a few hundred of them.

The gratitude of the nation was in active exercise,

and yet it was alive to the necessity for economy. A reduction of the army was inevitable. The proposition to place army-officers in charge of Indian agencies was urged.

President Grant's declaration of a "humane policy" had caught the eyes and warmed the hearts of the followers of Penn. Coming to the capitol under broad-brim and straight coat, they asked for the care of the Indian. They urged the success of "the Friends" with them. Their suggestions were in harmony with the "humane policy." To an outsider it would appear as though, to satisfy the demands of the war people, and also recognize the peace policy, the President determined to give each a trial. The wards of the nation were to be the material upon which an experiment was to be made with the two policies, one of them represented by the heroes of battle, the other by the friends of peace. One went to the work fresh from fields of carnage, covered with glory won at the cannon's mouth. The other from the meeting-houses of the Friends, singing beneath the shadows of their broad hats, "Peace on earth and good will to men."

Generalities are for demagogues, where no responsibility can be secured. The convincing evidence before a jury is that which comes directly to the point, and cannot be impeached. It would be easy labor to gather up from written statements and reports statistics on this subject, sufficient to fill volumes. Such is not my purpose, but rather to deal in plain facts that can be substantiated. "The military policy" and the "Quaker policy" were put on trial in May

of 1869. Let them be adjudged by the record each has made.

Klamath Indian agency (Oregon) was at that time under the management of Lindsey Applegate, an old pioneer, who had been on the frontier for thirty years. He thoroughly understood Indian character, habits, customs, and peculiarities. He was in every way qualified for the position, being strictly temperate in his personal habits and moral in his character. He had assumed the control of this agency soon after the treaty was made under which it had been established, in 1864. The Indians were then long-haired, wild men and women. They were pure in their lives, in a moral point of view. Applegate devoted his time to his charge, calling his own sons, three in number, to his assistance. These young men were worthy sons of good parentage. The wilderness was broken. Long lines of rail fence rose by brown-skinned hands, at the command of white men's brains. The eammas flowers gave way to waving maize and blooming barley. The wild race-course became the highway to church and school. The deer-skin robes dropped from warrior forms, and citizen costumes kept away the chilling cold. Houses sprang upon the ruins of falling lath-ers. Paints and feathers were thrown away, and brighter faces grew beside the cabin windows. The old council-fires went down, and on the embers civil law in majesty arose. The darkness rolled back from Klamath land, and the native came seeking light of his guardian. Hereditary right to rule yielded to the will of the people's heart in fair election shown. The old trails were turned into roadways by rolling

wheels and civil commerce. A new day dawned, and with long-drawn breath the sachems gave up the old laws for new, and began afresh the race of life. Such is but a fair picture of Klamath reservation when the two policies were "put on trial."

Previous to 1869, Fort Klamath had been under command of army-officers, who were indifferent to the agent's protestations against interference with his people. Already there were evidences of shameful civilization through soldiers' agency, among the Klamath children. Some of the mothers, with unblushing pride, claiming that their half-breeds were entitled to fatherly protection by the officers of the fort.

The United States' army is sometimes disgraced by bad men in high office. These cases are exceptions, and Fort Klamath was unfortunate in being sometimes under command of officers who dishonored the uniform they wore, by associating with Indian women of ill-fame. The policies were put on trial just at a time when Agent Applegate was rejoicing that the accomplished Christian soldier, Captain A. C. Goodale, had been placed in command at Fort Klamath, because he was assured that in him he would find a co-laborer in his efforts to protect the Indians from outrage.

A young man who had won honorable promotion in the Rebellion, and wore a Captain's shoulder-straps, presented an order for Klamath Agency. Applegate had no appeal. His people had none. They protested against the change, but the protest was unheeded.

The old pioneer parted with the Indians as a father

would with his children. The Indians were depressed; they felt the "dark cloud coming over them again." The soldier tyee (agent) assumed mechanical command. He had no heart for the Indian. He was liable to be ordered away in a week or a month. He sought to acquit himself only as an automaton in the hands of the military engineer at head-quarters. Why should he do more? The position came to him unsought. He knew nothing of Indian character; he did not care to know. That he performed his duty honestly in the financial management of the agency, has not been questioned. That he felt the contempt for the Indian so nearly universal among officers of the army, is certainly true.

The Modoc Chief, Captain Jack, belonged by treaty, to this reservation. In 1865 he left it, because of the refusal of Superintendent Huntington to recognize him as a chief, in accordance with the terms of the treaty. Late in December, 1869, he was restored to Klamath Reservation, and a home allotted him. This was done by the consent of all parties interested. He accepted it under the promise of protection against the stronger bands. He was formally placed in charge of the "soldier-agent" in January, 1870, and immediately began making substantial improvements, looking to permanent settlement. A band of Link River Indians living also upon the reservation became envious of his success, and taunted his men into madness. Captain Jack appealed to the soldier-agent for protection. He was sent away with a proposition to "try another place." This he accepted for the sake of peace, at the sacrifice of his improvements. Again

he went to work. Again he was annoyed, by the Klamaths claiming the land.

He appealed a second time to the agent, and was offered "another place." It is almost incredible, in view of his subsequent record, that Captain Jack entertained this proposition to try "still another place," but it is in evidence that he spent two days seeking for some unclaimed spot, and finding none, *he appealed for the third time* to the soldier-agent. This time he was met with a command forbidding him to come into the presence of "the agent," and insultingly informed that if he "came again, he would be put where he would not cost the government any more trouble."

With this threat ringing in his ears, he returned to his camp, collected his people, recounted the treatment he had received at the hands of the agent and Indians, and submitted a proposition to his band to leave the reservation. The proposition was thoroughly discussed. Even the coming future, full of probabilities of blood, was held up before the council. They did not act hastily; they were deliberate. They looked the future full in the face. They were anxious for peace. They could not feel secure in their labors without the protecting care of the agent. This had been denied them. In full appreciation of the responsibility, they assumed it, with pledges to stand by their chief to the end, and the entire band left Klamath reservation forever.

Let justice be done to every man according to his own deserts. Hence it is right to say that the impositions and taunts of the Klamath Indians upon the

Modocs were not countenanced by their chiefs. But they were in transit from the old to the new order of things. While the old law gave almost absolute power to the chiefs, the new law made them only executors of the popular will. Under the old law, the Klamath Chief could and would have prevented any interference with the Modocs. Under the new law, he was in that chaotic state incident to forming civilized men out of crude material. Hence, unsupported by his agent he was powerless.

CHAPTER XXII.

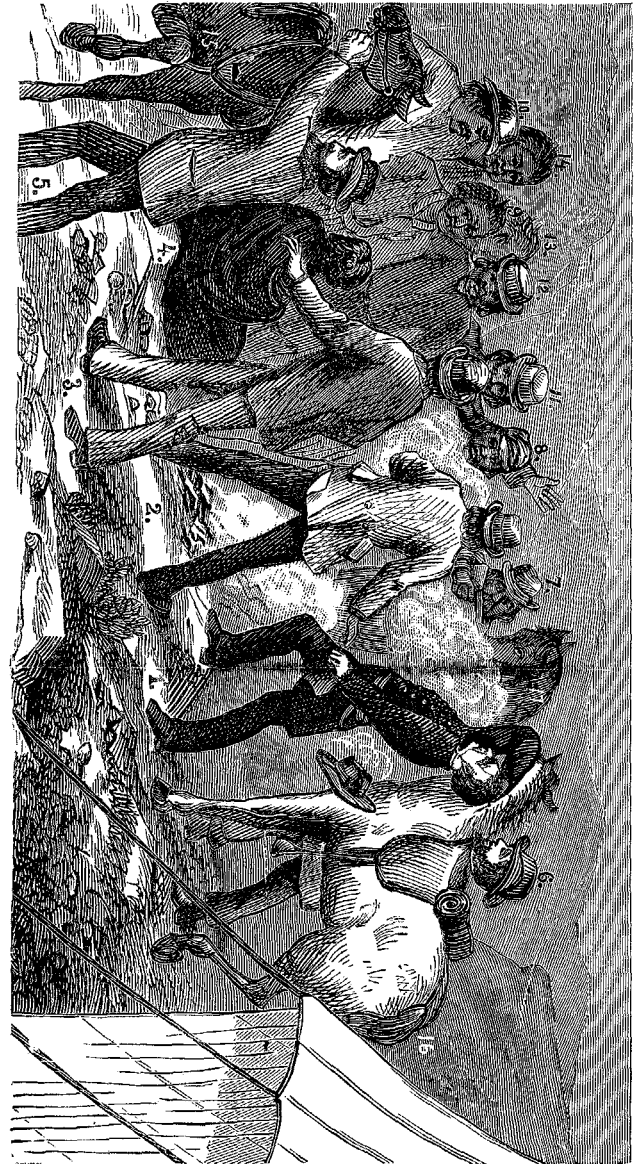
CHURCH, STATE, AND ARMY.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE—BUILDING FALSE HOPES—RESULTS OF ONE CHANGE—WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR IT—THE PROPOSITION TO TRANSFER THE INDIANS TO THE MILITARY DEPARTMENT—SOLICITUDE OF AGENTS AND INDIANS.

For the purposes of this chapter it is sufficient to say that the Modoc Chief refused to return to Klamath upon the demand made by Superintendent Odeneal, in November, 1872.* The military at Fort Klamath, who had been waiting for eight years, at an enormous expense, for "something to do," were called out, and the result was the battle of Lost River, November 30th, 1872.

Now, I submit that had Agent Applegate remained in charge of Klamath Agency, or had he been relieved by a man wearing a "broad-brim," or any other representative of the peace policy, Captain Jack would have been protected, instead of insulted, and would have remained, and no war would ever have occurred between him and the government. This is the opinion of every well-informed man in the Modoc country.

* For a full and unabridged history of subsequent events culminating in the Modoc war, the reader is respectfully referred to "The Wigwam and War-path."



THE ASSASSINATION SCENE.

1. General Canby.
2. Colonel Meacham.
3. Doctor Thomas.
4. Tobery Riddle, reclining.
5. Frank Riddle.

6. Mr. Dyer.
7. Captain Jack.
8. Schornhin.
9. Boston Charley.

10. Shacknasty Jim.
11. Hooker Jim.
12. Elliott's Man.
13. Bogus Charley.

14. Black Jim.
15. Horse held by Riddle.
16. Horse held by Dyer.
17. Horse.

Another declaration is made with emphasis, i. e., "That had no soldiers been employed to forcibly return him in 1872, no war would have ensued."

Again, had not the soldiers of the army captured horses belonging to the Modocs, in violation of the armistice established by the Peace Commissioners, in March, 1873, the mission would have been successful; and, again, had the captured horses been returned upon the demand of Captain Jack, and the army remained as stationed at the beginning of the peace negotiation, or had it been withdrawn, as it should have been, no treachery would have been copied from the white man, and no assassination would have shocked the moral sense of mankind.

The case is plain: it needs no comment. There stand the stubborn facts. They will not down at the bidding of national or personal pride, nor to save the feelings of any man, or set of men. The sad sequel to the removal of a peace man to make a place for an army-officer, marks one of the darkest pages of our history as a nation.

I do not believe that the Quaker is the only worthy representative of peace. Neither did President Grant think so. The Congress of 1870 passed a law prohibiting officers of the United States' Army from holding civil positions. The President tendered to other church organizations the privilege of nominating officers for the several agencies not already given to the Friends. The army-officers were withdrawn, and in their stead were sent men selected by the churches. A new order of things began on every Indian agency. No soldier with musket walked the rounds with

salutations, presenting polished instruments of death, continually reminding the Indian of his captivity, and forbidding his approach to his pretended protector. No more blasphemous mule-drivers herding free-born captives, teaching them the vices of the soldier. No more the midnight bacchanalian song mingled with the wild devotion of the medicine-man. No more did the army-wagon carry to the Indian Agencies, the mysterious barrel of "fire-water." No more were the fairest Indian maidens installed as mistresses in the agent's quarters. This picture is not intended to convey the idea that *all* army-officers were such as it represents; but that it does portray more than one Indian Agency even in Oregon, is the meaning. There were officers who reflected credit on the army and the nation. Major Boyle, U. S. A., Captain W. W. Mitchel, U. S. A., at Umatilla and Warm Springs Agencies, entered upon their work with Christian zeal, and performed their duty faithfully, as I believe; but within my own knowledge they were rather exceptions to the rule. That there were others who did well and honorably, I doubt not, hence I qualify my remarks by making such exception because it is right to do so. I speak of army-officers coming under my own observation. When the *war men* were recalled and the *peace men* filled the vacancies, the change began by establishing "a day of rest," religious truths, Sunday-schools, and day-schools. The whisky-drinking mule-drivers gave way to sober, moral teamsters, the uniformed farmer to the plain husbandman, who came to the work from conviction of duty.

The angry mechanics no longer shove the inquiring native from the workshop lest he should spoil the implements bought with his own money. The songs of praise rose now where drunken revelry once reigned. The Indian chief became the agent's guest, and in religious devotion his brother too, The sad, anxious faces of the old men began to brighten, the lone warriors, wrapped in a blanket, sitting in gloomy, sullen, silence, counting once the stately steps of officers, became a willing learner, his heart opened and seeds of hope and comfort dropped into the warming soul, the musket was allowed to rust, the bow forgot its bend, the arrows, lay in broken fragments, wild sports were supplanted by the primer and chart, new aspirations everywhere gave token that a new ambition filled every heart, maidens forgot to paint and learned from the agent's wife the curious art of living with higher aims than to be mere beasts of burden.

Christian sympathy bound the white and red in harmony complete. The warrior, man and maiden, taught by example, moved to newer tunes, with steady step, towards the opening hour, when they might boast of better homes. Where distrust alone had been, confidence became a living thing. The cloud rolled off, and sunburst followed angry storm. Kindly smiles drew response from every face, and God was pleased at the wonders wrought by human heart and hand in name of Peace and *Love*.

Such *was the* picture under the "humane policy" until misguided statesmen in Congress sought to break the charm and roll back again the pall of death.

"How long, oh Lord, how long," shall these red children of the forest and plain, be driven alternately from hope to despair? How long shall they be the sport of thoughtless statesmen and debauched representatives of a nation's power.

How changed the scene in one short, half year. Where hope was springing, with tendrils creeping up to the white man's plane, doubt and distrust revives in the half-whitened heart. The embers of the old council-fires are fanned into a flame, and dusky forms gather round them, filled with alarm.

Shall the few peaceful years, under kind treatment become a dream. Every day the chiefs come to the agent's office to inquire if honor and good faith are real things in the white man's life; or has the Indian been permitted glimpses of better law, only that his misery shall be doubled when the soldiers come again.

The agents watch the wires, to know themselves if God has permitted statesmen to snatch the red-man's destiny from his friends, by placing him again under the military department of the government, as proposed in the House Bill of the "Centennial Congress," to know whether they shall be compelled at the command of church and state, to part with those who have become as confiding children, and in sorrow leave them to new teachers schooled in the art of war.

Arguments were found against the "humane plan" of treating our Indian tribes. The argument may be well sustained in point of facts in rare cases. Corruption and fraud may be sometimes found beneath

lips which do reverence to God. The churches have doubtless made mistakes. Unworthy men, superannuated old imbeciles, and even incompetent honest men, may have been appointed to agencies, supplanting worthy efficient men, who were not members of any church, or who were not in fellowship with any particular religious organization. Great hardship has been put upon both agents and Indians in such cases. There are undeniable facts, but did not the same and even more mistakes occur under the civil service plan, when agents were appointed as a reward for political services in electing men to power. Are the professional politicians *more* honest than the men selected by religious organization? Is it evidence of venality for a man to belong to such societies? Again, has the record of the army been entirely clear of fraud? What assurance has the Indian or his friends, that they will be more honestly dealt with? Has the army-officer when held to the same accountability as the citizen by investigating committees, been found above reproach? Is it true that the only way to insure honest, upright men, is to educate them at government expense? To teach them the art of destruction, only that they may perform duty as messengers of peace and love to a people whom some of our greatest generals proclaim unworthy of respect, and whom to murder by wholesale, entitles the slayers to higher rank and better pay; for instance, the Piegan, the Chivington, or Camp Grant massacres.

There are reliable, efficient, noble, God-like men in every department of life. These virtues are not confined to church, or state, or army; they belong to

the human family without regard to race, color, sex, or condition of civilization. Let it not be said of this nation at the close of its first century, that honest men can be found only in warriors' ranks, that civilian and churchman must yield the labors of peace, love, justice, and humanity, to those educated to carry fire and sword into the wilderness, for the destruction and extermination of a race whose crimes have been following the example of our fathers, in resenting the arbitrary abuse of exultant power.

The solution of the Indian problem will be found whenever a policy founded upon justice shall be inaugurated, entrusted to a separate department of the government, free from political or army interference, executed by men selected on account of fitness, who shall be exempt from the accursed political dogma "that to the victor belongs the spoils," held to strictest accountability, and subject to removal only by impeachment. When this is done so that it cannot be undone, and the officers of the department are clothed with power to protect the Indian under the civil law of the land, and the barriers to the citizenship of the Indian are removed, and he stands upon the same plane with every other man, alike responsible to law, and equally entitled to its protection, then, and not until then, may we hope for peace with our native tribes. When the army of the United States shall become what it ought ever to be, the executive servant of the people, called into requisition only when humane measures have failed, then it may fulfil its mission—never as a humane civilizing power.

APPENDIX.

A Member of Congress on being questioned by one of the friends of the Indian about his vote upon the passage of the bill transferring the Indians to the military department, replied, "I was out when the bill came upon its final passage, and did not vote, but would have voted for it had I been present, because I could not see the use of supporting the agents out there, and keeping a standing army to protect them. That's just the reason why that bill passed." Those who demand that justice be done the Indian, and are jealous of the honor of their country, are respectfully referred to the reports of commissions and committees for the last few years for information. They are worthy of perusal. The following extract is from the report of J. W. Daniels, United States' Indian Agent to the Sioux:

"I would respectfully state that a system of police was organized by my request. Twenty-five men were selected by the chief and his counsellors, who were appointed by my approval. They were to perform the duties of police among the whites, besides they were not to allow any liquor, by Indian or white, to come upon the Reservation; and whenever found on their land, to destroy or bring it to the Agency to be condemned. I found these men willing under all circumstances to perform any duties required, and in my opinion fully as efficient as twice their number of United States' soldiers.

"Until this police force was organized, hostile parties from the Missouri used to be raiding on the frontier, and running off horses under the guns of the fort; while since then they have not been seen or heard of. The duties these men perform do not interfere with their farming. They take a pride in it, as the system is a part of one that existed in their tribal state, when the chief had braves; only now they are used to keep peace, and advance civilization, instead of going on war-parties and taking scalps.

"I had this police-force for two years, and during that time no drunkenness was seen on the Reservation. There was no disturbance or trouble of any kind; and when liquor was taken from white or Indian, it was immediately brought to the Agency and destroyed. They were kind, firm, and decided.

Yours, etc., J. W. DANIELS, U. S. Indian Agent."

*Extract from the Annual Report of the Commissioner
of Indian Affairs, for the year 1868.*

* * * * *

3d. Our true policy towards the Indian tribes is peace, and the proposed transfer is tantamount, in my judgment, to perpetual war.

4th. Military management of Indian affairs has been tried for seventeen years and has proved a failure, and must, in my judgment, in the very nature of things, always prove a failure.

5th. It is inhuman and un-Christian, in my opinion, leaving the question of economy out of view, to destroy a whole race by such demoralization and disease, as military government is sure to entail upon our tribes.

6th. The conduct of Indian affairs is, in my judgment, incompatible with the nature and objects of the Military Department.

7th. The transfer to the War-Office will be offensive to the Indians, and in the same proportion injurious to the whites.

8th. In the report of the 7th of January last, the Peace Commission, after full examination of the whole question, unanimously recommended that Indian affairs should be placed, not in the War Office, but upon the footing of an independent department or bureau.

9th. The methods of military management are utterly irreconcilable with the relation of guardian and ward.

10th. The transfer, in my opinion, will entail upon the Treasury a large increase of annual expenditure.

11th. The presence in peaceful times of a large military establishment in a republic always endangers the supremacy of civil authority, and the liberties of the people.

OUGHT NOT THE BUREAU TO BE ERECTED INTO AN INDEPENDENT DEPARTMENT?