

L I F E

OF

ALFRED B. MEACHAM.

BY T. A. BLAND.

TOGETHER WITH HIS LECTURE,

THE

TRAGEDY OF THE LAVA BEDS.

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C. W. F.

A. B. Meacham.

LIFE, CHARACTER AND LABORS

OF

ALFRED B. MEACHAM.

ALFRED B. MEACHAM was born in Orange county, Indiana, April 29, 1826. His ancestors were Quakers on one side and Methodists on the other. His parents removed to Indiana from North Carolina about 1818. One of the chief reasons that caused them to leave their native State was their abhorrence of slavery, and their desire to raise their children under the influence of free institutions. The father of Alfred, Hon. Anderson Meacham, was elected to the legislature of Indiana about 1820, and a few years later to the State senate, and his strong common sense and unflinching integrity, made him a most influential factor in shaping the policy of the young State. He was a farmer by profession, and he also built and managed a combined grain and lumber mill. The terrible financial panic of 1837 crippled his enterprises, and in 1841 he sold his mill, property, farm, &c., and paying his debts to the last dollar, he removed with his young family to Iowa, locating in the vicinity of Iowa City, where he continued to reside until his death, April 16, 1882, two months to a day after the death of his oldest son, the subject of this sketch. The father knew naught of the death of his son Alfred until he also passed to the higher life, his surviving children fearing that in his feeble state the sad news might hasten his own departure from their midst.

At the age of fifteen Alfred, at the request of his mother, signed the pledge of the Washingtonian Temperance Society,

which he kept in letter and spirit to the day of his departure from this world of appetential temptation. In 1845, though but nineteen years old, Alfred assisted in removing the Sac and Fox Indians to the reservation assigned them after the Black Hawk war. This was the time of the beginning of his interest in the Indian, and his admiration for his character. From about this time to 1850 he followed the toilsome business of breaking prairie. He would go with his team of eight to ten stalwart oxen and enormous sod plow from place to place wherever he could secure a contract for work, and many hundreds of acres of virgin soil did he upturn to the fructifying rays of the genial sun. The money thus earned was almost wholly devoted to paying the mortgage on his father's farm, and when the debt was lifted, and his father and family secured in the enjoyment of a productive home, Alfred started with his ox team, accompanied by his brother Harvey, for the land of gold, the far away California. His constitution was sound, his frame well-knit, his habits good, and his hopes high. The brothers reached the mines safely and were fairly successful, and at the end of two years Alfred returned to Iowa for the sweetheart he had left behind him, Miss Orpha Ferree. The wedding festivities over the newly-married pair set out for Oregon, where they built a home and reared the children which were born to them in the years that followed.

In 1850 Alfred visited San Francisco for the first time. The hotels were all rum holes and gambling hells, and the guests a rough set as a rule. It was observed that the youthful stranger did not drink or gamble, and the crowd affected to take offence at this, and insisted that he should do as others did, treat and be treated. He was firm, resolving not to yield, and when they submitted their *ultimatum*, which was drink or fight, he said; "If you will let me tell you a story I will agree that, if after hearing it you still insist on my drinking with you I will do so." They readily agreed to this; and, mounting to the top of a whisky barrel, our hero told in eloquent words and pathetic manner the story of his signing the temperance pledge at the request of his mother, and of his renewal of that pledge as he knelt beside her bed

and received her parting blessing, the hour her pure spirit took leave of earthly friends and winged its way to the realm of the immortals. The story ended, he paused for a moment, and then added: "My friends, *can you, will you*, ask me to break that pledge?" No! no! no! they responded in chorus, while the tears coursed down many a rough cheek, from eyes unused to weep. This was the beginning of a career as a temperance orator which would, alone, have made Colonel Meacham famous, had not his labors in another field, and his tragic career, eclipsed his work in this.

The two brothers, Alfred and Harvey, were inseparable companions, and they were joint partners in all enterprises. Together they located and developed a farm or ranche, in the Blue Mountain region, built a hotel, and, at a cost of over one hundred thousand dollars, opened a toll road between Idaho and Oregon, which for years was the principal thoroughfare for stages, pack trains, and emigrants. Meacham's Station became famous throughout the West, and it still retains the name of its founders. During the Bannock war of 1878, the hostile Indians on coming to this place, in their march of destruction and blood, said to those who lived there: "We no hurt you; we no burn this house; our friend Meacham lived here once; we love him; he good man." What a tribute to the character of Meacham; and what proof of the fidelity of the Indian is presented here.

In 1872 Harvey Meacham was killed by a falling tree and the life of Alfred well-nigh went out in grief at the tragic loss of the twin of his soul, as he was wont to call his brother. Friends came great distances to comfort him, and among them many of his red brethren. The celebrated chief Smoholler, on hearing the sad news sent a delegation of sub-chiefs from his home 300 miles away, in Washington Territory, to offer the consolation of his weird but wonderfully realistic religion. These dusky sons of the forest said: "We heard that the Man-of-the-Glad-Heart is dead and that the Man-of-the-Strong-Heart was grieving for his dead brother; so we come from the great chief Man-on-Four-Mountains (Smoholler) to comfort the Man-of-the-Strong-Heart."

On being assured of a welcome they entered the house.

They said: "Your religion is not good, or you would not grieve for your dead brother. His spirit is here; it cannot go away and be happy while you cry and make his children cry by talking sadly about him."

They then prayed to the Great Spirit to comfort the mourners by making them understand that the Man with the Glad Heart was in a better world than this, and that by and by they should go to him and be happy with him. The writer has often heard Colonel Meacham tell this touching story in Christian pulpits, and say with emphasis that no words spoken to him in that dark hour of his life gave him more comfort or strengthened his faith more than the words of these simple-hearted, unlettered men, whose religion seemed to be so firmly anchored in a child-like, simple and unquestioning faith that "our Heavenly Father doeth all things well."

Colonel Meacham received but a limited education when a boy, but he was a reader of books and a student of human nature, and he had a vigorous mind of comprehensive and quick grasp; hence he was a man of superior intelligence and force in the arena of business, law and politics, and his powers of eloquence were extraordinary. In this respect he had perhaps but one superior in Oregon, Colonel Baker. Descended from anti-slavery stock and raised a Whig, it was but natural that Colonel Meacham should have been an enthusiastic Republican from the birth of the party. He was not a seeker of office, but he was an active and popular speaker, whose services were constantly in demand during campaigns. He was put on the Republican ticket as candidate for elector at large in 1868 and again in 1872, and in each of those campaigns he made a thorough and able canvass of the State. He was successful the second time, and had the honor of representing Oregon in the electoral college in 1872, and casting the vote of that State for President Grant, and he was one of, if not the first, to congratulate him in 1869 on his bold announcement of a policy of peace and justice toward the Indians. Colonel Meacham and General Grant had a long conference on the subject of Indian management, and at the close the President tendered

him the responsible position of Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the State of Oregon. Colonel Meacham had not asked for this, nor for any other office, but he accepted it, and faithfully discharged the duties it involved. He visited and personally inspected every agency in the State and did all in his power to purify the service, and put in force and perfect wise plans for advancing the Indians in the arts of civilized life. Learning that Ki-ent-poos (Captain Jack) had left the Klamath reservation with his entire band of Modocs and returned to his former home on Lost river, Superintendent Meacham visited the chief in his camp at the peril of his life, and after a council which lasted three days, Ki-ent-poos said: "I believe that you are my friend, and I will do as you tell me." The result was that the Modocs returned quietly to the reservation, and war was for the time averted.

In the autumn of 1872, after Meacham had retired from office, and gone into the Presidential campaign as candidate for State elector, Captain Jack left the reservation a second time. Superintendent Odneal did not visit him, but sent him word that unless he returned at once to the reservation, an army of soldiers would be sent to compel his return. The soldiers followed this insulting message before the Modocs had time to duly consider the matter and decide what they should do. War ensued, and although Captain Jack had but fifty-three fighting men, he whipped our army every time he was attacked. In the spring of 1873 the President sent for Colonel Meacham, (he being in Washington, as a member of the electoral college,) and said to him: "I want you to accept the chairmanship of a Peace Commission, and go out and tender the olive branch to Captain Jack."

Colonel Meacham at first declined, but the President pressed him to accept, on the ground that he had the confidence of the Modocs, and could, probably, save hundreds of lives and millions of money; and also save the Modocs from extermination. Then he yielded. But my readers will find a history of the tragic result of this effort of Colonel Meacham's, at peace-making, in his lecture printed with this sketch; hence I need not repeat it here. In April, 1875, I went with

a friend to Cooper Union Hall, to hear the story of the Modoc war from the lips of Colonel Meacham, Scar-Face Charley, and Wi-ne-ma. But our personal acquaintance began in June, of the same year, on Boston Common, where we met in an accidental way, and were introduced by our mutual friend, Dr. Dio Lewis. Within an hour we were fast friends, and a few months later he became an inmate of my home in New York. He had written and published a book of 700 pages, "Wigwam and War-Path," besides delivering many lectures, during the past five months, although still suffering seriously from the effects of the wounds received in the Lava Beds. His nervous system, shattered as it had been, so nearly gave way, that he must have rest and skilful treatment, or he would die. My wife and myself, both being physicians, as well as friends, it was but natural that he should come to our home. For months he lay on the border-line that divides this transient world of visible shadows from that invisible realm of eternal realities. But his work on earth was not completed; he was not then to die. In the spring of 1876 he was invited by the pastor of Hedding M. E. Church, Poughkeepsie, New York, to visit that city and fill his pulpit, in the morning or evening, or both as he should elect, and lecture on the Indians. He earnestly desired to accept, but doubted his ability to stand up long enough to give a lecture, or to speak with sufficient force to do his subject justice. Mrs. Bland and myself, however, gave it as our professional opinion that he could, and that the brief journey and the pleasurable excitement would prove beneficial to his health, and on our saying, "we will go with you," he resolved to go.

It was arranged for him to lecture in the morning, and he did so; but for some minutes after he arose to speak he was compelled to sustain himself by clasping with both hands the desk in front of him. But as he warmed with his theme he forgot his physical weakness, and for almost two hours he poured out a volume of such pathetic eloquence as we had never before heard, while the large audience listened with profound and sympathetic interest. He was pressed to speak again in the evening and did so, with thrilling effect. Invitations coming from other ministers of the city he remained

to lecture on the three following evenings. This was a turning point in his career. Hope of life revived and faith that God had yet a work for him to do, and would sustain him in it, became an active agent in his recovery. The writer, then on a New York paper, arranged for a series of meetings in New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, Worcester, Providence, Boston, &c. Everywhere the churches of all denominations were opened to him, on week evenings and on the Sabbath. The ministers everywhere invited him to fill their pulpits, morning, afternoon and evening, and everywhere the people crowded the sacred temples to hear the gospel of peace from the eloquent lips of this earnest apostle of justice. Instead of breaking down, his health improved, and for almost two years he averaged five lectures a week. At times he found it necessary to return home for a rest, and a course of medical treatment; and at times both my wife and myself made tours with him, not only caring for his health but aiding him in his work.

In the summer of 1877, we made a joint lecturing tour through the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Illinois. On our return to the East, about the first of November, Colonel Meacham resolved to commence the publication of a paper devoted to his great theme, the Indian, his rights and wrongs, and the advocacy of a true Indian policy. In pursuance of this plan he issued on the twentieth of December, 1877, the first number of *The Council Fire*, bearing date January 1, 1878. During the succeeding winter he visited the city of Washington and gave a number of lectures, both in the leading churches and the public halls of the city. His lectures here were largely attended by Members of Congress, Senators, army officers and other public men, as well as citizens, and attracted great attention. He became fully convinced that he ought to reside in Washington, and issue his paper there, as he would thus be able to have vastly more influence on Congress and the Indian Department. Mrs. Bland and myself being much pleased with the capital, resolved also to locate there and make it our permanent home. We were influenced in this matter, also, by our desire to continue to furnish our

friend, Colonel Meacham, a home with us, that we could still look after his health, and assist him in his work. But we were of opinion, also, that Washington would prove a pleasant place of residence, and as good a field as any in which to pursue our professional and literary labors.

The fourth number of *The Council Fire* was issued from Washington, April 1st, 1878, and it has been issued from this place for almost five years. It is but just to his memory that I should say that he had no intention of entering the Indian service as a public officer. He did not, therefore, seek for an appointment. But in July, 1878, Secretary Schurz asked him to visit, as disbursing officer, the Indian Territory. He accepted, and in eight weeks he returned and reported, having performed his labor in that short time, which few men would have completed in half a year, especially as the pay was a liberal *per diem*, which ceased immediately on his return to Washington.

In the summer of 1879, the Secretary again sent him to Indian Territory to pay the Indians the annuities due them. This time he was gone but six weeks. During his absence on these occasions, Mrs. Bland and the writer had charge of his paper. In the spring of 1880, the Ute Commission was organized, and recognizing his eminent fitness for the position, Secretary Schurz, without solicitation, placed Colonel Meacham upon it. Again leaving his paper in the hands of his assistants, he left Washington for the Los Pinos agency, Colorado, the home of the Uncompaghe Utes, the largest division of the Ute nation. On meeting here and holding a preliminary council with the Indians, the commission divided, four members going to the Southern Ute agency, and leaving Commissioner Meacham to manage the Uncompaghres alone. He had about completed the work of enrolling the Indians, and securing the number of signatures to the agreement required by the act of Congress, when the whole country was thrown into a frenzy of excitement by the wanton murder, by a drunken white man, of Johnson, one of the most popular of the young Ute chiefs, and the lynching of the murderer, Jackson, by a party of Indians and white settlers.

Commissioner Meacham had no connection with the affair, save that at the risk of his life he urged the Utes to let the law take its course, and not execute summary vengeance on Jackson. His efforts were successful with the Indians then present, but another party who had not been in the council took the prisoner from the officers who had him in charge, and killed him by shooting him in the same manner that he had killed chief Johnson. The adventurers who were hanging around the Uncompaghe valley, waiting for an opportunity to get possession of the valuable lands of the Utes, knowing that Colonel Meacham would stand by the legal rights of the Indians, were anxious to get him off the commission. Having little hope of this they now proclaimed throughout that country the incredible and infamously false charge that Colonel Meacham had conspired with Agent Berry, Captain Cline and the Utes, to have Jackson killed. The object of this was to have Colonel Meacham and Agent Berry hung by a mob of ruffians. The mob was organized for this purpose, but although it comprised perhaps 300 armed men, and the officer in command of the military post declined all protection, yet the ruffians failed in the accomplishment of this hellish purpose, for the very good reason that the Utes volunteered to protect their innocent friends, and their vigilance overmatched that of their foes. After enduring four weeks of deadly peril Colonel Meacham and Agent Berry were escorted by Indian guides over a wild and dangerous route, never before trod by white men, to White River agency; from thence they proceeded to Denver. Colonel Meacham came at once to Washington, and held a conference with Secretary Schurz. These Utes were entitled under the agreement to some forty thousand dollars in money, and Colonel Meacham had pledged his word to them that he would return with this money before two moons had passed. He therefore procured an order for the disbursing officer of the commission, Colonel French, to meet him at Rawlins, Wyoming Territory, with a military escort, and at once started back to his post of duty. As he stepped from the train on reaching Denver, an officer arrested him on a warrant sworn to by a ruffian, to whom perjury meant noth-

ing save the price he got for it. The charge was that he had conspired with Agent Berry and others to procure the murder of Jackson. The object of this arrest was to delay, if not prevent, his keeping his promise to the Indians to pay them their money, with the hope of forcing an outbreak which would give the conspirators an excuse and an opportunity to rob the Utes, and also make money through army contracts. The judge before whom he was arraigned disappointed the villains by allowing Colonel Meacham to give bonds for his appearance for trial six months later, instead of sending him to prison; hence he was detained but one day by this arrest. He proceeded at once to Los Pinos, paid the Utes the money due, according to promise, and returned in safety to Washington about Christmas. He reported for trial in April, 1881, but the prosecution was not ready. (The villains who started this prosecution never dared to let the case go to trial, and it was finally dismissed by orders from the Department of Justice, at Washington.)

He then proceeded, under orders from Colonel Manypenny, chairman of the Ute Commission, to White River agency, charged with the difficult and perilous duty of getting those wild and rebellious Indians, who had killed Agent Meeker two years before, and who had no agent since, to sign the Ute agreement, and surrendering their old home, move on to Uinta. He succeeded, but the perils, excitement and privations incident to his year and a half of service as a Ute Commissioner, had so exhausted his already shattered constitution, that he returned to Washington, October 15, 1881, in very feeble health. He was not confined to his room save for a day or two at a time, occasionally, but continued to edit *The Council Fire*, and visit the Indian Office on public business; but despite the most skilful medical treatment, the best nursing, and good social influences, he continued to lose flesh and strength. His physical body was slowly but surely sinking to the grave, and his spirit pluming its pinions for an immortal flight. He had premonitions of the approaching change, but when it came it must have been a surprise to him, as it was to his physicians and other friends. The final summons came at 3 p. m., February 16, 1882, in the form of

a stroke of apoplexy, as he sat beside his editorial table in his chamber. He became unconscious almost immediately, sinking into a deep apoplectic sleep, accompanied by the usual sturteous breathing. A council of physicians was summoned at once, but he was beyond the reach of medical skill, and calmly expired at a quarter-past seven the same day. Just before he ceased to breathe, a marked and impressively beautiful change of expression came over his countenance. His whole face was illuminated as though his vision had caught a glimpse of Heaven's transcendent scenery, and his soul was being ravished by songs angelic. The expression was that of surprise and joy; and as this faded with his expiring breath, it was succeeded by one of perfect peace and calm repose.

The news that Colonel Meacham had passed from earth flashed over the wires that night among the dispatches of the Associated Press, and was read by the people of the entire nation on the day following, bringing sorrow to thousands of hearts. And when the sad tidings reached the far-away home of the dusky sons and daughters of the forest, the mourning was universal. By all Indians Colonel Meacham was held in high esteem as a man and loved as an especial friend. Indian Inspector Haworth, who was at that time in Indian Territory, says, that "never did he witness such deep and universal grief among Indians as everywhere prevailed when he told them that Colonel Meacham was dead."

As a historical biographer my work is done, but the sketch of the life of such a man as my departed friend would be incomplete without some reference to those qualities of character which display themselves in the private relations of life.

Alfred B. Meacham possessed a great, loving nature, a heart which beat responsive to the beautiful sentiments of friendship and love. He was a devoted husband, an affectionate father and a true friend. No one knows better than the writer the heroic self-denial he endured during the later years of his life, through compelled absence from his children, whom he loved with the affectionate tenderness of a mother. Naught but the firm conviction that he was called to a holy work which he could not shirk, and remain guiltless

in the sight of Heaven, could have induced him to endure the separation from his family, which his career as traveling evangelist of the gospel of peace imposed upon him.

On arising from that terrible baptism of blood in the Lava Beds, while yet helpless and almost speechless, he solemnly covenanted with God that if his powers of speech were restored, his life so providentially spared, should be sacredly dedicated to the cause of God's oppressed children, the Indians. He kept his vow, though often the cross seemed heavier than he could bear. The path of his duty led him from home a large part of his time during the remainder of his life, and the small pecuniary support he received made it inexpedient for his family to break up their home in Oregon and come East.

His family consists of his widow, a son, George F., a young man of twenty-five, educated in the Willamette University, who has chosen the law as a profession, and two daughters, Clara M., wife of Dr. J. N. Prather, of San Francisco, and Nellie, the youngest child, widow of the late Captain Throop, of the Oregon Steamship Line, who died in October, 1882, at San Jose, California. Mrs. Meacham, Nellie, and George reside in Portland, Oregon, and Clara in California.

In 1879 the Colonel had his wife come on to Washington, and it was their purpose to have George and Nellie, the latter then unmarried and teaching school, join them at no distant day. But before this was accomplished he was appointed a member of the Ute Commission, and ordered to Colorado, with the prospect of being absent a large part of the time for two or more years. Mrs. Meacham therefore returned to Oregon with the purpose of remaining with her children until her husband should be relieved from duty in the Ute country, when she and George would have rejoined him here, had he lived.

His untimely death was therefore a source of deep disappointment as well as sorrow to his loved ones.

I deem it proper here to quote briefly from a letter of the son, Mr. George F. Meacham, dated March 5, 1882, and addressed to the writer :

“MY DEAR FRIEND: You cannot know how thankful we

all are that though dear father was away from his family, who loved him dearly, that he was with tender and sympathizing friends, who cared for him so kindly and lovingly. This fact is a source of great consolation to us all, and our hearts go out in gratitude to those friends. When the angels call them may kind ministering friends attend their going. May our heavenly Father bless you for your unselfish devotion to my dear father, who is gone so far away that we can never see his dear face on earth again.”

The following brief extract from a letter to Mrs. Bland and myself, about the same time from Clara, is also deemed appropriate here :

“We all feel that you have been the instruments in God's hands for years past in preserving our dear father to us and usefulness, and although you are illy rewarded here for your labor, when you also are called to “come up higher,” the starry crowns that await your coming will be radiant with bright jewels, and brightest among them will shine the many acts of love and kindness shown our noble father.”

It only remains for me to quote a few of the many beautiful tributes to the memory of my departed friend, from the March number of *The Council Fire*. I deem it proper to preface the quotations by an extract from the address to his readers, mailed immediately after the funeral :

“We have laid the toil-worn and battle-scarred form of this hero of humanity, and martyr to the cause of justice and peace, beside the honored dead of the nation, in Congressional cemetery.

“After life's fitful fever he sleeps well

“Yes, his earthly form sleeps, but our faith enables us to believe that this noble, self-sacrificing man has passed to a higher life, where his intellectual and spiritual powers have a field of far larger opportunities and higher activities than this world could offer. He did faithfully and well his work on earth. He has been called to another work, which, with quickened and augmented powers he will, we doubt not, perform with renewed energies, and more than his old-time enthusiasm. This was also his faith, the faith which sustained

him in his arduous and seemingly unappreciated and unrequited labors in behalf of the misunderstood, wronged, and oppressed peoples, who, though they once owned this continent, have been and are denied equal privileges with the race that their fathers welcomed with glad hearts and open-handed hospitality to this goodly land of theirs."

THE FUNERAL SERMON.

The funeral services were held in Metropolitan M. E. Church, of which he was a member, the pastor, Rev. Dr. Bauer, officiating. From his memorial sermon I quote briefly.

After giving a sketch of the Colonel's life, the Doctor said:

"This is the record of the man we come to bury to-day. And yet this sketch is the merest outline; for that life was eventful in the extreme, and crowded with more of the vicissitudes than usually fall to the lot of mortals.

"In the flush and sparkle of earliest manhood we find him amid the exciting scenes and perilous adventures of pioneer life. This was his chosen calling, and in it he spent most of his years. The old adage that 'truth is stranger than fiction' was never more vividly illustrated than in the career of our lamented brother.

"No one could come into the presence of Colonel Meacham without feeling that he stood in the presence of a man.

"The great love seemed to speak in every lineament of his countenance; in the serene eye, full of patient thought and well-controlled passion; in the calm cheerfulness of the brow, and in the strong determination of the mouth.

"His face was the face of a master-spirit among men, and no one looking upon him could believe that this man, passing through the world, could leave it without a record of himself.

"To-day, as we bid him adieu, we feel that in the departure of this manly man, the cause of humanity has lost a friend, and the friendless Indian one of his most chivalrous champions.

"Colonel Meacham was possessed of a keen, discriminating judicial mind. His convictions, mental and moral, were profound. Earnestness, in whatsoever cause he espoused,

was his leading characteristic. He knelt as a worshipper at the shrine of truth and justice, and was peculiarly fitted for the work to which he devoted his life, and to the advocacy of the claims of a peculiar people, who repaid him with unbounded confidence and affection.

"No man will be more missed by this people than our friend who sleeps to-day. When the news of his death reaches the scattered tribes, it is not too much to say and believe, that even the impassive Indian will break away from his stoical indifference and shed tears of sorrow at the sad intelligence.

"Through darkness, and storm, and tempest, he has remained steadfast; with persistent faith and unflinching courage, with a hope that never faded, he has labored for them and suffered for them.

"He did not live to see the fruitage of his labors. He looked for a brighter day, and he only saw, like the prophet of old, with the eye of faith. And yet such men do not live in vain.

"Colonel Meacham was a tireless worker. He must work and work terribly. Dangers could not intimidate him nor difficulties obstruct him. With oneness of aim and singleness of purpose, perhaps in his later years, carrying a shattered body, never free from pain, he consumed his energies too rapidly, until the physical organism refused any longer to do the bidding of a busy brain, and he ceased to work and live at the same time.

"Ah! he was a man possessed of a great, loving, generous, sympathetic heart. A vein of true nobility ran through his nature that made him loved and respected by all who knew him. Eminent for the most admirable virtues that adorn human life, and with as few of the faults that all good men have and are sorry for, his friends were friends indeed, united to him by the nearest and tenderest ties. This temporary separation is and will be grievous. And now it is a matter of profound congratulation that we can come into this church, of which he was a faithful, consistent member, and speak of our friend not only as a man in the fullest, noblest sense of that word—as a friend of humanity, a helper of the helpless, and a champion of the weak—but that we can speak of him as the friend of God and the servant of Jesus Christ."

A MEMORIAL MEETING.

On the evening of February 20, our parlors were filled with friends of Colonel Meacham, and the evening was devoted to tributes to his life, character and memory. Dr. T. A. Bland presided, and opened the meeting by a touching tribute to his departed friend. He was followed by Mrs. Ione G. Daniels, who read the following poetic tribute:

For him now gone, so loved and so lamented,
Let tears of sorrow fall;
Tears from our hearts bedew the blooms, sweet scented,
Which deck his funeral pall.

It is the severance of such sweet relations,
The rupture of such ties,
That hope sinks veiled before her own creations,
Up-soaring to the skies.

Through him, a dusky race of homeless mortals
Were struggling into light;
Trailing his footsteps, they had reached the portals
Of love and justice bright.

Above them shone the blue skies of the morning,
Beneath—the teeming sod;
With flowers of promise fit for the adorning
Of the reclaimed of God.

With all the confidence of trusting childhood,
They leaned upon his life—
His great, brave heart, his lofty, towering manhood—
And sheathed the scalping knife.

In tent and wigwam, in Wi-ne-ma's dwelling,
The awful shadow falls;
Strong hearts are bowed, and trembling lips are telling
Good deeds his death recalls.

Now he has gone to the reward awaiting
All souls true to their trust;

Let us, while to his memory consecrating,
All that affection must,

Remember his last prayer and exhortation,
That rose above the flood
Of Jordan's waves, like a last benediction,
Leaping the shores of God.

“Promise,” he said, “the work shall be completed,
So nearly at its goal,”
As if he heard from dusky lips repeated
The burden of his soul.

And they who knelt beside marked the rapt vision
That filled his dying eyes;
And caught, as *en rapport*, sweet scenes Elysian
Of opening Paradise!

Reverend Alexander Kent paid an eloquent tribute to his dead friend, from which a few passages are quoted:

“He impressed me from the first as unusually free from that taint of selfishness that mars the lives of so many professional reformers.

“It is rare to find a man who loses sight of himself in his love for his work—who is willing to be lost sight of by others if only the cause he serves may be pushed to the front. Colonel Meacham *seemed* to me such a man. No personal pique, I think, could have dulled his interest. Certainly no ingratitude or injuries could make him a foe.

“His services to the Indians after the experience of the ‘Lava Beds’ placed him in the very front rank of the Christian army—show him to be endowed with the very spirit of his Captain.

* * * * *

“And so Colonel Meacham had come to have a higher place in my thought than I at first accorded him. Instead of ranking him as a well intentioned hobbyist, I had come to regard him as a wise and trustworthy leader.

“But the grandeur of the man's character lay in the supreme self-sacrifice with which he gave himself to the work

of redressing the wrongs of these almost friendless peoples. The apparent hopelessness of the task was enough to keep most men inactive, however warm their sympathies. But difficulties were to his courageous spirit only commands to heroic endeavor.

“What appalled others only stimulated him. He rose to the level of every fresh demand, and surmounted obstacles in whose presence men of weaker spirit would have turned back in despair.”

HON. GEORGE W. MANYPENNY'S TRIBUTE.

“The death of my friend and colleague has filled my heart with profound sorrow. In a conversation with Colonel Meacham the day preceding his death, touching matters connected with the White River Ute Indians, who were under his charge, he directed me to say to the Secretary of the Interior that if the Department desired, he would leave here in time to reach the Uintah reservation, in Utah, by the 15th of March, to carry out such instructions as he might receive. Before the message was delivered my colleague was dead!

“I first met Colonel Meacham in a lecture hall in Columbus, Ohio. This was a short time previous to his commencing the publication of *The Council Fire*. I was drawn thither not only to hear a lecture on the Indian question, but to see the man who fell by the bullets of the Modocs, with Canby and Thomas, in the Lava Beds, and who, though supposed to be killed as they were, was providentially, and through the aid of an Indian woman, resuscitated and brought back to life. He was then an invalid, made so by the wounds inflicted by the Modocs, and was there upon the platform to plead the cause of the race to whom those who injured him belonged. His theme was a plea for justice to the Indians. He was fully in earnest, and handled his subject in an able manner. Having read the story of the tragedy, and known that for several years thereafter that Colonel Meacham was a helpless invalid, and at that time was not free from pain, his appearance on the platform as the champion of the Indian, and pleading for justice in behalf of the race, was a spectacle as rare as it was beautiful, and presented a phase of character that commanded my highest admiration.

“I did not meet him again until March, 1880. I, however, knew him through *The Council Fire*, from the time he commenced the publication of the paper. In June, 1880, we were associated as members of the Ute Commission; that connection existed until his death. A considerable part of the summer of 1880 we dwelt in the same tent in the mountains and valleys of Western Colorado. In this close connection I had opportunities to get thoroughly acquainted with him and became very much attached to him. His experience in pioneer life, his generous nature and kindness of heart made him a most desirable companion. He was a man of strong will and undoubted courage. He stood firmly by his convictions. In his every-day life he was the same man, whether in Washington or in the Rocky Mountains.

“In my close association with Colonel Meacham I found that there was not a day that he did not suffer more or less. The injuries he received in the Lava Beds made him an invalid through life. Under these circumstances his devotion to the cause, and his unceasing and untiring efforts in behalf of the red man were marvellous. Often have I sat in our tent looking my friend and associate in the face and contemplating this trait in his character. There was in it much of the spirit of the martyr.”

HON. JEROME BURNETT SAID :

“When I first met Colonel Meacham I had but recently returned from the mountains of Colorado, where I had spent six months, much of the time among the Indians. I had gone out there with a rancorous prejudice against them, believing them to be in the way of all improvement and development in the West, and fit only for extermination. I came back with my feelings changed, with my sympathies enlisted in their behalf, and I soon had great admiration for the man who, under such extraordinary circumstances, was doing all in his power to change the unjust views of the people, and the unwise policy of the Government.

“Colonel Meacham was, in some essential respects, a great man. With the abilities and the opportunities for making money, which he had fully demonstrated, with a natural de-

sire for the leisure and the comforts of life, he repressed every selfish feeling, if he had any, to give his best efforts, his time, and his means, in furthering the cause he had espoused, the amelioration of the condition of the American Indian. This was the beacon of his hopes, the talisman of his energetic and eventful career.

"Himself a victim of savage violence, he had been, in consequence, a great sufferer many years; but this did not dull his energies nor interrupt his efforts. Though he had to encounter many and disheartening difficulties, and combat deep-seated prejudices; though he met with indifference where there should have been hearty co operation, and saw injustice hold almost undisputed sway, he had sublime faith, and he believed the day was not far distant when the rights of the Indian would be recognized and regarded. To this end he labored with all the ardor of his nature till death suddenly stilled the brain and the hands that were doing so much to secure the result. The brain is now at rest, the hands have lost their cunning, but no power on earth can arrest the progress of the work which he began.

"Colonel Meacham was unselfish, conscientious, courageous. He had a purpose in view, as noble as ever actuated man, and his determination was unswerving, unfailing, to the end.

"No man understood the Indian character better than he. In the various phases of the Indian nomadic life, he had seen him, and been with him as an attentive observer and student. He had analyzed his nature and the conditions in which he was placed, and in and through all he saw the human being, the creature of God. And though in their ignorance they had almost killed him he knew the causes that led to the cruel wrong, and his heart was too great for resentment, and no thought of recrimination or revenge entered his soul.

"In Colonel Meacham heroism, noble sacrifice, God-like purpose, were combined; and in all he did the grandest motives were visible. As the friend and advocate of the Indian, outspoken and earnest, knowing the right and daring to do it, he had to meet opprobrium and condemnation, and struggle with obstacles sufficient to baffle any man of less indomitable will and courage. He might have gained

riches, he might have lived in luxury, he might have acquired political fame, if such had been his ambition, but in the choice of his great soul these were secondary matters, and were not allowed to come between him and the aim of his life. This is not mere posthumous eulogy; it is true. And now that he is gone we believe he will stand in the memories of men with the reformers and martyrs whose names are most conspicuous in the pages of human progress.

"It is a matter of exceeding sorrow to those who knew him personally to see him go down in the battle with victory in view, and hope on the threshold of realization. How great would have been his gratification if he could have lived to see some of the promises fulfilled, to garner some of the fruits of his labors, and of those who were with him in the divine work! Fulfillment he began to see, and it gave him joy; the fruit was beginning to ripen, and he longed to see it safely garnered.

"But the edict has been spoken; others must go in the path the master-spirit marked out, while our deep-felt regrets are assuaged somewhat by knowing that he wrought nobly, accomplished much, and left a name that shall be traced by the recording angel in living characters, the name of a man who was good, true and brave.

"Peace be to his ashes, and hallowed be the cause to which he gave his life"

APPRECIATIVE LETTERS.

Numerous letters bearing testimony to the worth of Colonel Meacham were received, from a few of which quotations are made.

Hon. M. C. George, M. C., of Oregon, writes:

"The time will come when the country will appreciate, as it never has, the life work of him whose loss we now mourn. His life and example afford many striking illustrations of devotion to principle, and his name will be imperishably engraven upon the hearts of the race whose cause he so earnestly espoused."

Hon. John H. Mitchell, ex-Senator from Oregon, said :

"With you I mourn sincerely the death of a much-respected friend. With you I bow my head in sorrow over the premature grave of no ordinary man. His memory will remain forever fadeless in the remembrance of those who knew him best. Stricken down in his prime, in the midst of a work deserving all praise, the light of the influence for good which he exerted will not be lost in paleness in coming years, but will grow brighter and become clearer and more appreciated, and better understood, as the days and the years move on. Hail and farewell, my friend of over twenty years. Peace to his ashes, and life immortal to his generous, noble soul."

Hon. Carl Schurz wrote :

"Did I not fear I would be too late, I should be glad to express in the memorial number of *The Council Fire*, my sincere and high appreciation of Colonel Meacham's character and services as a true and active friend of the Indian. The man who barely escaped losing his life at the hands of Indians and then devoted that life exclusively to the righting of their wrongs and the promotion of their welfare, deserves indeed to be remembered as the most faithful and generous friend they ever had."

The following poem was read by the author, Mrs. Lydia H. Tilton, on the occasion of the memorial meeting :

ALFRED B. MEACHAM.

WOUNDED APRIL 11, 1873, DIED FEBRUARY 16, 1882.

Was it to sacrifice, or honor, that he came,
Who, on the scroll of honest Christian fame,
Inscribed a name, that e'en the savage reads,
In the raised letters of heroic deeds ?

Not for himself, he threw the strength of years
Into a problem, full of unknown fears;
Not for his friends, or kindred, but for foes,
Who only sought his kindness to oppose.

He was the "Indian's friend;" and though they slew,
He trusted still; until at last they knew
His friendship was sincere. His eloquence
Of patient suffering, in their defense;

His gentle kindness, to the most oppressed,
His courage, and his zeal, attest
A Christ-like spirit, that would sacrifice
Life for the truth; and count not dear the price.

He was not blind to ignorance or sin—
He knew success was difficult to win,
Because men had been false; nor claimed he trust
Of those to whom his race proved unjust.

To him a man was manly, if but true
To the best creed and honor that he knew;
And in each form, despite all outward sign,
He saw a soul God's breath had made divine.

Death found him at his work; and God affixed
His seal to "work well done," when eyes long fixed
Lighted again; and from the "heavenly place"
Reflected glory lingered on his face.

With eloquence of life, and voice, and pen,
He moved the nation's heart; and all good men
Are mourners here; so shall he still,
Through other lips proclaim "peace and good will."

Ah! not to sacrifice, but honor, then he came,
Who, on the scroll of noble Christian fame,
Inscribed a name the whole world, henceforth, reads,
In golden letters of heroic deeds!

It seems fitting that the following poem should find a place in this tribute to my arisen friend, hence I reproduce it from the memorial number of *The Council Fire*.

“TAKE UP MY WORK!”

Two days before his death Colonel Meacham said to his friends, Drs. T. A. and M. Cora Bland: “I have premonitions that my work on earth is about closed; and I want you, my dear friends, to promise me that you will take it up and carry it forward by continuing my paper, *The Council Fire and Arbitrator*.” This incident, taken in connection with the sudden death of the Colonel, was deemed by his friend, Mr. Jerome Burnett, most worthy of being embalmed in immortal verse. The following poem is the result:

With that celestial sight that comes to man
 Within the hour that marks his mortal span,
 When there is restful pause in worldly cares,
 And for its wondrous change the soul prepares,
 His spirit sees, as from some mountain height,
 The valley of his days in waning light,
 Well knowing, as he looks with vision new
 Upon the past, it is the soul's review
 Of those familiar scenes of toil and strife
 That make the epoch of his earthly life.
 Then from the vale he turns his longing eyes
 Upon the shining path that forward lies,
 And sees it lead from troubled earth away
 Into a realm of never-ending day.

With this ethereal sight our martyr friend
 Looked out upon his life and saw the end—
 And by the light divine his eyes did see
 The vast beginning of the life to be.

In our restricted sense to us it seems
 'Twas thus he saw the past, and caught the gleams
 Of boundless heaven that opened to his view,
 While joy and deep regret at once he knew;
 For joy it was, in which his soul was blest,

To lay his burden down and be at rest;
 Yet did he grieve that in the noble cause
 That stirred his inmost soul, he now must pause,
 And with the toiling that to him was sweet,
 Relinquish all, his labors incomplete.

No fear for self came with his failing breath,
 No base-born shrinking at the touch of death,
 No censure of the savage, served so well,
 By whose blind cruelty at last he fell;
 No thought of wrongs that made a life of pain,
 Of work unrecognized, of man's disdain,
 But, noble in the past, and noble still,
 A creature bowing to his Maker's will,
 His purpose unfulfilled he did deplore,
 And grieved because he could not labor more.

Then, ere the ebbing of the mortal tide,
 He called his fond co-workers to his side,
 Friends in his faith, and in his love secure,
 Who knew his motive and his purpose pure,
 And, while Death's shadow fell upon his head,
 With earnest voice, “Take up my work,” he said;
 “Take up my work and carry it bravely on
 Till Justice reigns, and victory is won!”
 Take up the work, a nation's work at last,
 And in the present day redeem the past—
 A past of outrage by the stronger hand,
 By Christian people in a Christian land,
 The great example he himself hath set,
 The brunt of battle he himself hath met,
 It is to suffer, and to labor long,
 And falter not till right has banished wrong.
 It is the work of tireless tongue and pen,
 Unceasing effort for the rights of men;
 Relentless battle if it needs must be,
 Till savages from savages are free!

Go search the records of the mighty dead,
 No nobler hero in the right has led;
 Read through the annals that we keep in pride,
 No truer martyr for the right has died;
 Build as you may to venerate a name,
 Yet Meacham's words shall have enduring fame—
 'Tis God through him commands, obey we must,
 And do the work till man to man is just.

Many others spoke words of just praise on this occasion, but want of space forbids further quotation.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE NATIONAL ARBITRATION LEAGUE,
 ADOPTED AT A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MARCH 3, 1882.

Whereas the sudden death of Colonel A. B. Meacham was no doubt a consequence of the severe injuries he received in the Lava Beds, when the great Modoc tragedy was there enacted in 1873, and he must be considered a martyr falling in the service of his country; with a noble spirit of forgiveness he forgot his personal injuries and devoted himself to the cause of the Indians, advocating just and liberal dealings as the best policy alike for them and the whole country. Recently he had enlarged the scope of his work, looking beyond a single race and its wrongs to the sufferings of all races and all nations in war, and advocating arbitration as the means of promoting universal peace. In the midst of this noble work to which he had earnestly devoted himself, his life has been suddenly cut off. Therefore resolved—

1. That the country has lost one of its best and most useful citizens, whose efforts gave promise of a career of more than ordinary usefulness, and full of good results.
2. That the National Arbitration League has especial reason to mourn his loss as that of a dear friend, a good man and a disinterested worker in the great cause of peace.
3. That the members of this association deeply sympathize with the bereaved family of our deceased friend, and that a copy of these proceedings be sent to his widow.

FRED. P. STANTON, *President.*

ISAAC T. GIBSON, *Secretary.*

Many newspapers containing most flattering tributes to the life and character of Colonel Meacham, were received, but we can find room only for the following brief extracts from two of these."

FROM THE WASHINGTON WORLD.

Colonel Meacham was in many respects a great man. He possessed talent of a high order, courage that never quailed, and enthusiasm that prompted to deeds of heroism in behalf of any cause he espoused. He was a large-hearted, generous and thoroughly honest man. His loss is a national calamity, and an affliction of no ordinary sort to his family and friends. He has filled many important positions, especially in the Indian service, as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Indian Commissioner, etc., etc.

But his fame rests chiefly on his efforts by pen and tongue to educate the American people up to the point of dealing justly and humanely by the Indians of this country.

Here is seen the greatness of the man—that he could rise above prejudices based on personal injury, and do justice by, and demand justice for, a race at whose hands he had suffered as no other man ever did and live. His advocacy of their cause won the hearts of the Indians everywhere, and his death will cause a wail of sorrow to go up from many a wigwam in the far West. So much did the Indians honor him, that during the Bannock war of 1877, Meacham's Station, in the Blue Mountain region, was spared from pillage and destruction because it bore his name—a name sacred to every Indian, whether civilized or savage.

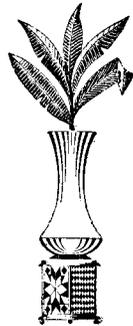
When Colonel Meacham was supposed to have been killed by the Modocs, the *Oregon Statesman* said of him: "He was a man of positive and strong character. He made bitter foes and warm friends." This was true. Good men loved him and bad men hated him.

FROM THE NATIONAL VIEW.

Colonel Meacham was famous throughout the civilized world as the great champion of the rights of the red man of America. His labors as a writer and lecturer and Indian

Commissioner, during the past nine years, have been immense, and the results that have followed are marvellous almost beyond conception. Within that period a revolution in public sentiment on the Indian question has occurred; and Colonel Meacham has been the acknowledged leader of the champions of the right who demanded justice for the despised but proud race from whom a continent was wrested by fraud and violence.

* * * * *



T H E

TRAGEDY OF THE LAVA BEDS:

A LECTURE DELIVERED

BY

ALFRED B. MEACHAM,

IN

Park Street Church, Boston, Massachusetts,

May 24, 1874.

WASHINGTON, D. C.:

1883.



GEN. CANBY.



DOCTOR THOMAS.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE LAVA-BEDS.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, in presenting Mr. Meacham to the audience, said: "Never before have we had just such a witness upon the stand. Covered all over with wounds received at the hands of the Indians; having suffered all that man can suffer and still live—that he should yet lift up his voice in their behalf, affords a marvelous instance of fidelity to principal, against every temptation and injury. Brilliant and graphic in description; exceedingly happy in his choice of topics; his lightest illustrations have always a meaning which cannot be misunderstood, while his appeals stir the heart like a clarion. His familiarity with the Indian tribes, their old and young, their moods, wants, wrongs and ambitions, makes his lecture of peculiar interest, and cannot fail to give the American people a better understanding of a question involving the nation's honor, and do much toward a solution of the '*vexed problem*.' His speeches have placed him in the front rank of American orators. I commend him to the public, and take great pleasure in presenting—Col. A. B. Meacham, of Oregon, Chairman of the Modoc Peace Commission."

Col. Meacham on coming forward said: "I do not forget that I am to address, to night, the descendents of the Pilgrim Fathers. I see the Mayflower ride the billows, I hear the rattle of her anchor chains, while her sails flap approval on her mast and her keel complains

* Delivered in Park St. Church, Boston, Mass. on the 24th of May, 1874, by request of Wendell Phillips, Stacy Baxter, Prof. of Elocution, Harvard University, and other distinguished gentlemen. This lecture has since been delivered one hundred times in various cities of New England and has received universal commendations of the press.

of unaccustomed touch. I see her hatchway lift, and there comes from beneath her deck the *germs* of a great civilization. I see the pilgrims kneeling upon Plymouth Rock, covenanting with God to make this land the home of the free and the brave.

They rise from bended knees and catch the welcoming hands of the wondering natives. Their cabins rise upon the bleak shores, and civilization sweeps inland from ocean wave; but, Oh! my God! leaving its pathway marked by crimson lines of blood and billowed by the bones of two races—the *Inheritor* and the *Invader*. The shadow of the tree of Liberty falls upon my right hand, and I catch sight of the stately granite spire on Bunker's Height to the left. I walk the streets where Warren walked, the same streets whose pavements answered in measured tone the tread of the Hancocks, the Adams, the Websters, the Sumners; and I do not forget the presence here to night of another of the world's great champions whose voice rung out *first* for human rights, until it was lost amid the breaking chains of the sons of bondage and the exulting shouts of freemen. Fight on brave soul, (addressing Mr. Phillips) a few more winters and your whitened locks will fall clammy upon a brow that wears a laurel of glory to night, your arm so long bared in defence of the right will fall by your side, and those who drove you from Tremont Temple twenty years ago, will bow before your bier, and your head will be pillowed beside Massachusetts' great hero statesmen. Then will come from the new born homes of freedom in the south and the far off plains of the west, dusky mourners, whose tears of love and gratitude will cause your name, also, to bloom in immortal verdure.

The scene changes. Before me now stands a man of blood different from my own. He pleads for justice from my government. I see behind him two warriors eager to begin a carnival of blood. The chieftain repeats his demands for *justice*. A great military General holds the words which shall lift doubt and death from every heart, or make the signal for the holocaust to begin. The fatal "No." falls from his lips and a war whoop startles every

latent drop of blood. "Ot-we" (ready) rings the lips which first demanded justice. Gen. Canby falls upon my right and Dr. Thomas on my left, deadly missiles are whizzing around me and the heroine Wi-ne-ma is fighting off the murderers. Next the rescue comes and my body is borne over the rocks to the Army Hospital, while I speechless, sightless, and almost bloodless, covenant with God that if my life is spared I will endeavor to make a better understanding between my own and the Indian race.

Again, I see the Modoc chieftain in chains, on trial for his life, before a jury in whose selection he had no voice; a jury composed of men educated by a christian government to the art of war, the practice of whose profession makes them the natural enemies of the Indian, and whose ambition finds hope of promotion in conflict with them, whose love for the memory of Gen. Canby, together with hatred for the Modoc chief, disqualify them for impartial hearing. Able counsel represent the government while this second act in the awful tragedy of the Lava-beds is being performed. The chieftain like a chained lion sits with lowering brow, scrutinizing each face around the table; he alone, without counsel, without friends; while officers citizens and soldiers gaze upon him in safety and seem to exult over the man, who, with *half a hundred warriors*, had held at bay *one thousand armed men* for *one hundred days*. The trial proceeds. Every possible point is carefully made against the royal blooded chieftain. The prosecution closes.

The chief is informed *now*, that he may introduce his defence. He is silent, all eyes are upon him. He looks down at his chains, asking that they may be removed. This is refused. He stares at the court while his hands rest upon his knees. He peers into every face, meets every eye unflinchingly. Slowly rising, he again looks at the iron fetters.

With measured voice and word he begins his defence in his native tongue, reciting events which had brought about misunderstanding and finally bloodshed, between his people and the white man. On the following morning

he rehearsed these events, at the beginning of his speech. The presiding officer of the court ordered him to "say something new." Embarrassed, the chief again referred to the first troubles. Again he was ordered to "speak more directly to the point."

Astonished at the manner of the officer and seeming to read the feelings of the court as against him, he stood a few moments in silence scanning the court, and then with a despairing look of defiance he declared that he was "*already convicted*," that making a defence would not change his fate, saying: "They wont hear me," he sat down.

I knew what the verdict would be under such circumstances, and, notwithstanding I knew that the chief was guilty of the death of Gen. Canby, I felt sympathy for him and shame for my own race who dared not put upon the record of the court such mitigating circumstances as might, and should have been brought out during the trial.

When the Modoc chief was led to his prison cell, I walked beside him. Every step the rattle of the chains upon his limbs reported his coming doom, and when the iron door swung open to receive him, and I, standing upon its threshold beside him, gave him my hand for the last time, he besought me, in most beseeching tone, "His-wox-us-dit-che sti-noz, Kem-kan-ha nu-tocks." (Chief with a straight tongue, tell my side of the story). There, in that dark hour of that man's life, I promised him with "Ku-moo-kum-choocks" (the Great Spirit) as my witness, that "with malice toward none, and charity for all," "with fear of none but God, I would declare the right as God gave me to see the right."

I stand before you to night to fulfil that compact. My right to tell "the other side" is certified to by Modoc bullets in my maimed hands and mutilated face.

I am not here to justify or excuse the crimes of any man, white or red, nor to call out unjust sentimentality for either, but rather in the interest of both, to show you "the other side of the Modoc story," with the hope that a better understanding between white and red men may be had, and that justice to both may be promoted.

I do not belong to that class of white men who believe that the Indian is always blameless, neither do I believe that he is—as many white men assert—an incorrigible, blood-seeking savage, devoid of manly attributes. I have had abundant opportunity to know him, and I conclude after an actual and uninterrupted contact with him for thirty years, that he is A MAN, and not so much unlike other men; that when treated by *men* as a *man*, he will behave like a man; treated by white savages as a *savage* he is relentless and desperate, but no more so than any other badly treated man.

If the question is asked "How is it that a man who has suffered so much at the hands of the Indian race, can still plead for them?" I answer; that I am not pleading for the Indian alone; I am pleading for the brave frontier man and his family whose cabin stands exposed to Indian fury along the border line. I am pleading for *God* and for Humanity.

He who can be swayed by personal interest, is deficient in manly attributes, and is incompetent as a judge, a jurymen, an advocate, or as a witness. Let no youth of America ever hear from any man's lips the idea advanced that personal interest should have weight in any question of *Right* or *Wrong*.

You will find the home of the Modocs by reference to the map of the country, in the extreme southern portion of Oregon, on the eastern side of the Cascade Mountains, very near the state line between Oregon and California. The birth place of the Modoc chief is at the mouth of Lost River, so named from the fact that it rises, first, in Clear Lake, and after running a few miles through willows and sage brush, runs squarely against a mountain two thousand feet high through which it tunnels for ten miles and comes out a beautiful river on the other side, runs south for twenty miles and empties into Rhatt Lake. On the western shore of this lake and twenty miles from the mouth of Lost River are found "The Lava-Beds," which seem to occupy what had been the bed of the western part of the lake. They are ten miles in length by six in width. To an unscientific

observer the idea occurs that this vast field of rocks had once been poured out in molten state by the crater-like mounds west, and that in cooling off the mass of gray lava had been shattered and rent by subterranean forces in convulsion, leaving it in indescribable confusion of chasms, caves and gorges of hard, metallic ringing rocks, squarely broken into pieces of every conceivable size.

Ki-ent-pooz — (the man of few words) — was a full blooded Modoc Indian, and descended from a long line of royal chieftains. His father was killed in a battle with Warm-Spring Indians, while Ki-ent-pooz was a small boy, hence he lost his place at the head of his tribe on account of his minority.

When he became a man, the love of royalty among his people led them to espouse his cause, thereby making a division among them, as between Ki-ent-pooz, and his rival Schonges (the rock). The Modoc's were invited with other tribes to a treaty council held by the United States Commissioners at Council Grove near Klamath in October 1864. The young chief declined until promised by the Commissioners recognition as a chief of equal power with Schonges; with this understanding he became a party to the treaty, whereby he alienated the land of his fathers, agreeing to accept in lieu thereof a home in common with other Indians upon a reservation.

The Indian is a peculiarly religious man. He believes in the Great Spirit, worships him, prays to him, and lives according to the traditional forms and precepts of his ancestors.

One cardinal virtue of an Indian's life is to abide by his contracts. I do not believe that one well authenticated instance can be found wherein he has been the *first* to violate a compact. I refer to the Indian as a representative of his race. I do not mean the poor, miserable, dissipated victims of civilized vice. T'would be as unfair to measure the Indian race by such beings as it would be to pass judgment upon civilized people by taking examples from the denizens of rum-hells and houses of ill fame; but I speak of the Indian as he *was*



CAPTAIN JACK.

and *is* before the vices of our civilization shall have demoralized him.

Unfortunately the representatives of our government both as civil and military officers, have always underrated the manhood of the Indian, and the importance of keeping faith with him. Under the terms of the treaty the young chief of the Modocs,—Ki-ent-pooz—or as he had been named "*Captain Jack*," settled upon the new made Reservation, on the north side of Upper Klamath Lake, and within two days ride of the Modoc country.

It was the old thing over again. The Indians had signed the treaty papers and acting upon the established usage, that when once *they are* bound, that *we are masters* who cannot be held responsible to our *inferiors* because of their helpless condition, the promise made to the young chief was disregarded, and official business between the Government and the Tribe was transacted with Schonges, entirely ignoring Captain Jack, at which he became offended, and religiously believing himself absolved from treaty obligations, he left the Reservation and returned to his old home.

He either eluded or defied every effort to return him to Klamath until the latter part of 1869, when as Superintendent of Indian Affairs of Oregon, I visited the Modoc Chief. I found him surrounded by his people and prepared for resistance. He was then thirty years of age, a man of square mould, five feet ten inches in height. His smooth skin, fine hair, and well pointed limbs, his mild manner, and soft voice, all bespoke him a royal blooded man of more than common heritage. The reception he gave me was cold, dignified, defiant.

At the end of a two days' council, he consented to return to Klamath, upon the condition that he should have a home set apart from all other Indians. The promise was made and the evening of December 28th, 1869, found Captain Jack and his entire band in their new home.

He came to it not as a wild Indian, but rather in the habits of civilized men, in dress and manner, having learned many of the common arts of civil life, from his

white neighbors. The land for his home was set apart, accepted by him, acknowledged by all parties, and when the goods and implements of various kinds had been issued to him and his band, they began work in good earnest, making rails and building cabins. This prospect was, however, soon destroyed by other Indians of the Reservation taunting his men by claiming the rails and cabins. Captain Jack appealed to the local agent, Captain Knapp, U. S. A., for protection. In response to this appeal he was advised to "*try another place*." To this Captain Jack assented, and leaving the rails and cabins he made another beginning; but the taunts were repeated. Again he applied for protection; again he met the indifferent proposition to "*try still another place*." This he sought unsuccessfully, and finally appealed a *third time* to the Government Agent. To this appeal he was answered with the threat of imprisonment if he came again. Maddened by the threat; insulted by the contempt; and disgusted with the neglect of Government officials, he left the Reservation with the full resolve to return no more. Who can blame him? It has been asserted that he was starved by agent Knapp. This, Captain Jack himself denied, but put his case entirely upon the broken promises of protection.

After leaving the Reservation in February, 1870, he sought counsel of his friends among the white men. I find an almost universal prejudice against border men, by eastern people, who speak of them as a class devoid of character. True, there are bad men along the border line. They are rough, uncouth, outlaws many of them, who make no pretensions to respectability. But, I assert, that nowhere, under any condition of civilization, can be found braver, nobler, or more honorable men and women, than those who stake out the lines of civilization upon the unbroken prairies, who carve their homes out of the wilderness, and plant the corner-stones of Empire in the Great West, and with open cabin doors welcome the strangers who bring a better civilization. More worthy men cannot be found in any land, than those to whom Captain Jack applied for advice:—John

A. Fairchild, Press Dovor, Judge A. M. Roseborough, and Elijah Steele of Yreka, California.

Acting under the direction of these friends, Captain Jack had the names of his people enrolled, and collected a tax upon every article of property, which he proposed to pay to the Government, in order to meet that clause in the Constitution of the United States which prohibits "*Indians not taxed*" from becoming citizens. Messrs. Steele and Roseborough sought to prepare this man for citizenship with the purest motives.

Knowing how earnestly the Modocs had endeavored to comply with the Treaty; and understanding the cause of failure to live peacefully upon Klamath Reservation; in my official report as Superintendent of Indian Affairs for 1870, I earnestly warned the Department at Washington of the danger of forcing them to return, advising a home for them at the mouth of Lost River. This warning and suggestion, as also the recommendations of Steele and Roseborough, were disregarded. Two years pass, and my successor was instructed to remove Captain Jack and his band to Klamath, "*peaceably if you can, forcibly if you must.*" The peaceable plan failed, probably for want of proper care in making known to Captain Jack the order referred to.

Next, the *forcible* experiment was attempted. Late in Nov. 1872, a detachment of soldiers under command of Maj. Jackson U. S. A., of Ft. Klamath, surrounded the Modoc camp. The Indians taken by surprise sprang to their feet with their arms in hand. A parly ensued, during which the Major stated his unwillingness to apply force unless compelled. It is certain that Captain Jack advised his men to lay down their arms, and all of them had done so, except Scar-Face-Charlie. This man hesitatingly clasped his hand upon his revolver. It has been said that Scar-Face-Charlie had witnessed the death of his father at the hands of a mob of white men, twenty years previous, while the old man was going upon a friendly mission to other white men, intending to warn them of threatening danger from a hostile band of Pitt-River Indians. Possible Scar-Face was harboring the

hope of revenge. Maj. Jackson commanded Lieut. Boutelle to disarm Charlie. Boutelle with blasphemous oaths and insulting epithet ordered him to throw down his arms. Scar-Face, insulted at the manner of the order, put one hand upon his heart while the other clasped his revolver, saying: "Me no dog, you tell me like a man, me mind you." The Lieutenant enraged at the Indian for presuming to "talk back," drew his "navy," and swearing that he would teach "the d—d red skin son of ——— a lesson" advanced. Scar-Face drew his revolver also, and the two pistols were discharged simultaneously, making but one report; and now we have on hand "another *Indian war.*" This statement is substantiated by white men and Indians.

Who began this war? There's the statement! answer it for yourselves. Had this officer who had been educated at the expense of a christian nation been what he should have been, a God-fearing moral man, with proper regard for the rights of others, do you believe we would have had the Modoc war on our hands? Throw off your prejudice and stand out under the wings of the Angel of Justice, and then as an honest man give your answer. Young men remember this lesson, that the hasty temper and profane tongue of one man cost our government *three millions of dollars* and nearly *two hundred lives*, outside of the crime of a great government slaying one quarter of a hundred innocent women and children of a race who were too proud and too brave to brook insult.

Sixty minutes passed. The Modoc warriors carried away their one dead comrade. In one of the lat-che's (houses) was left a poor old ki-shap, (mother) too sick and infirm to be carried away. Her sons placed beside her a kettle of water and a basket of roots, trusting that she might escape the casualties of battle.

The battle lulled, the Modocs were hidden in the sage brush, and Major Jackson gathered his dead and wounded (thirteen) and "*left the field, lest the Modocs should be reinforced and resume the fight.*" As the Major drew off his demoralized army, a soldier applied the torch to the

sto-nash, wherein the old mother was lying. The smoke rose over her, then the flame, while she shouted, "Ka-lo-lux, Ka-i lo-lux," (don't burn, don't burn). The soldier snatched the matting from another sto-nash, and piled it upon the burning mass. The Modocs saw the flames and heard the cries of the burning woman, and rushed upon the scene to find only the speechless, distorted form of the aged mother, writhing and floundering in the embers of her home. Standing over her they sent by her departing spirit a solemn oath to the Great "Ka-moo-kum-chax" (The Great Spirit) to avenge this inhuman atrocity. Who can blame them? who, that dared to do, would have done otherwise?

While the battle was being fought on the west bank of Lost River, a number of white men collected on the opposite side, where a fight was precipitated by a white man firing upon the Modocs who sought to cross over to the help of the chief. The result of this affair was the death of one white man and two Indian women, one of whom held in her arms her infant that had been pierced by a rifle ball. Again the Modocs vowed vengeance against the race "*who burn alive, and murder innocent women and children.*"

Major Jackson's soldiers in retreating captured a Modoc man and his wife who were coming to the camp, unaware that a battle had been fought. The man was placed under guard while the soldiers outraged his wife before his eyes. This I state upon Modoc authority, and while I believe it to be true, I am positive it was not under sanction of Major Jackson, who is a worthy and exemplary officer, neither do I believe the woman was burned alive by his order, or approval, or even by his knowledge.

A few hours after this horrible outrage occurred, the sons of the old woman who was burned alive; the husbands of the two murdered women; the father of the dead babe; and the husband of the ravished wife (who had been released meantime), went upon the war-path. Before the sun went down on that terrible day, thirteen unarmed citizens in the Modoc country were slain; the

avengers, however, throwing an almost ghastly glimmer of chivalry upon the name of Modoc, by informing the new made widows of their victims, that they had killed their husbands, but boasting: "*Modocs never outrage, kill, and burn women alive; white men do that.*" The heart sickens at the thought of such scenes of blood, and no justification can be offered for their enactment; but I ask my audience *who* were the *real* murderers of the citizens? True, Modoc hands held the pistols; Modoc fingers touched the springs which sped the bullets on their awful mission; but whose action opened this awful tragedy, is a question worthy of an honest, candid answer before God.

The authorities of Jackson County, Oregon, found bills of indictment against sixteen of the Modoc tribe, on account of these murders. It is due to Captain Jack, Schonchin and Scar-Face-Charlie, to say that they were not of the avenging party, and that they did not counsel or advise the unholy slaughter, neither were they indicted. Warrants were issued for the "murderers" as they were called, but the entire band under Captain Jack fled to the Lava-beds and the warrants could not be executed. The United States authorities were called upon to assist the State authorities.

When Captain Jack arrived in the Lava-beds, his available fighting force numbered *thirty-nine* men, but before the next engagement, it had been augmented to *fifty-three* by the accession of fourteen Modoc men and their families, who had not been in any way connected with the first battle. These men had applied to Mr. Fairchild to escort them to Klamath Reservation, intending to remain neutral. Mr. Fairchild with his charge were intercepted by a company of citizens, and through misapprehension the Indians were stampeded and escaped to the "stronghold" of the Modoc chief.

The 16th of Jan., 1873, found the Modocs in the Lava-beds, numbering one hundred and sixty-nine souls. Who shall be able to paint the anxiety, the fears, the hopes, the long councils, the great "Ka-okés," (medicine dances) which were in reality religious meetings, in

which every phase of the situation was discussed by these despised people. Who indeed cares to follow them! It was enough for the public to know, that white men had been killed by Modoc Indians. They *must* be punished. No one dared ask for cause. It would have been unsafe for any man to have raised the question of right or wrong in this matter.

The army of the United States had been repulsed by one third its own numbers. State and Federal pride required that these defiant "red skinned men should be made to bow the knee." The two great powers combine. The Government had, at three times the expense of all the Indians in Oregon, kept up Ft. Klamath for eight years, without ever being any advantage to white men or Indians, except, to the former who lived upon fat contracts, and the latter who occasionally *obtained the rewards for arresting deserters from the Fort*. It is folly and waste of public funds to sustain military posts anywhere among the Indians on the Pacific coast, under the present regime; that is, to keep an army to compel Indians to *submit* to every violation of sacred rights, while the white denizens are never arrested by the U. S. soldiers, for crimes against the Indian.

Jan. 16th, 1873, found Gen. Wheaton with two hundred men encamped on the high bluff, overlooking the Lava-beds from the north, four miles distant from the Modoc camp. The remainder numbering two hundred men, under command of Col. Barnard, U. S. A., including a small company of Klamath Indians under Capt. O. C. Applegate, encamped about equal distance south of the Modocs. A messenger was despatched to Captain Jack by Gen. Wheaton, with a demand for the surrender of his band, with the assurance that if declined an attack would be made.

The Chief submitted the demand for surrender, to his people, advising them to accept. "The Curly-Haired Doctor," (Indian Medicine Man) opposed him on the ground, "that the murder indictments would be executed by the law, and they would go into the spirit world with ropes around their necks, and could never see

the face of the great 'Ka-moo-kum-choox' on account of the disgrace." The vote was ordered. *Thirteen* men voted for Peace on the terms offered; *forty* voted "to die fighting." Gen. Wheaton's messenger returned with the answer, and rejoicings were heard in his camp, coming from the volunteers. *They* were anxious for blood. Mr. Fairchilds who was present says: "The volunteers and regulars prepared for battle by working up to a fighting point, by taking 'medicine' from blue barrels and long-necked bottles, called in frontier parlance, 'Fighting Whiskey;' 'Tarantula Juice' 'Tangle-Leg,' and other pet names." Perhaps my dear hearer, you did not know that wherever our proud flag floats over our free bayonets, it covers "King Alcohol," and protects him against interference with his hellish work. Shame it is, and yet shame 'tis true.

Let us see for a moment how the Modocs prepare for the conflict. They know to a man the force of the enemy, yet there is no fighting whiskey, no liquid fire to madden their blood. They hear the Medicine Man's herald shouting, "Mux-Iux, Kap-ka Kot-pum-bla Ka-okcs," (Come to the Medicine Making). See, now they gather around their Medicine Man, just as you would do around your minister, under similar circumstances. Our minister would say, "Our Father who art in Heaven." Their's says exactly *the same thing*, to the same Great Being, in different words: "Ne-si-ka pa-pa klak-sta mit-lite ko-pa sagh-a-lie," and every voice would repeat the prayer over and over, as the Medicine Man framed each new sentence. Hear him with all the earnestness of his intense nature, saying: "Pot-latch hi-u smo-ke ip-soot ne-si-ka ic-ta pros-tee-na sol-dus." (Send a cloud to hide us from our enemies). Every warrior repeats the prayer while he dances around the Medicine Pole. This my hearers, is a regular *war-dance*, just the kind of a dance, where-from every Indian brave goes to battle.

The night is passing away, when suddenly, above Wheaton's camp a rocket shoots. That rocket says to Col. Barnard: "Move up for battle." Soon Barnard

answers with a rocket: "I am coming." The sharp eyes of the red men have caught the signals and the meaning too. The warriors strip themselves like gladiators for battle. The women and children are ordered to the caverns. The parting words are few. They go singing battle songs. No coward blood is there. The Medicine Man plants in the rocky crevices, little sticks of sage-brush mounted by feathers plucked from wings of sacred birds, designating the bounds of battle, beyond which, no warrior must go; inside of which, "Hal-u-i-ma Pil-Pil," (stranger's blood shall not live.) The men are assigned positions in the chasms. Every Modoc is a hero now. He believes that *he* is the child of the Great Spirit. Silently they take their places.

See now, rocket answers rocket, as the christian army moves to the conflict in the breaking dawn of that memorable morning. Silence sits supreme over the besieged warriors of a despised race. They are waiting—waiting—to hear the roar of battle begin; waiting—confidently—believing that the Great Spirit is watching over his children. A huge mass of clouds rests on Van Bremen's Mountain. The four hundred soldiers are moving carefully forward in skirmish line, expecting each step to see the Modoc blaze burst from the rocks. Wheaton scans the front for sign of Modocs. No smoke, no sentinel before him flies. Occasionally in the first light of the morning sun, he catches sight of Barnard's bayonet's filing cautiously over ledge and cliff. The two divisions are nearing each other.

Ah, look now at Van Bremen's side. The massive clouds are in commotion, as though some mighty arm was detaching a battalion from their midst. What means this strange manœuvring of these misty forces? Can it be possible that the prayer of the Modoc Medicine Man has aught to do with the wild phenomenon? See, now the fog bank waits as though for final orders to be given. The breath of a Mighty Spirit upholds that strange messenger until voiceless command bids it fly. Now, swiftly moving, see it coming to the rescue. Nearer and nearer it comes. Wheaton's eye has caught the flying

phalanx, but knows not if it be benison for friend or foe. The Modoc eyes have caught it too, and they see in it answer to their prayer. The doubt removed, the red warrior waits with conscious proof that "Ka-moo-kum-Choox" is with him. But see, the lowering cloud settles down and clings with noiseless anchor to the rugged rocks.

Wheaton's men are impatient. The stern voice of Green is heard: "Steady men, steady on the right." Hear now Wheaton's bugler sounding the signal to begin the battle. "Fire!" "Fire!" rings out human voice, repeating silver bugle's call, and a belt of living flame answers the command, with round upon round, until the ragged cliffs tremble in tune with the awful music; while the caverns answer only echo to the deadly challenge. By round upon round, volley upon volley, and shout upon shout mingling with bursting shells, is thrown the gage of battle. No groan, no shout, nor shot, comes yet from Modoc lips or gun. No sign of pain, or presence even, accepts the carnival of blood. The bending cloud grows black with the sulphur breath of musketry and cannon, maddening still more the blood of soldier and savage.

Hear now the boast run round the circling line. "*No Modoc's there, they dare not fight,*" while volunteers curse their broken hope of "black eyed booty" and bloody scalp. "CHARGE" rings out from Wheaton's bugle, and the angry men leap with a wild HURRAH to waiting death. The seeming victors onward rush, until they near the "Medicine Line" when suddenly above the din is heard the Modoc lion's roar of, "Ot-we," (ready now) and cliffs, cavern, chasm, all respond as if with devils charged, and Modoc yell gives back the lie, "they dare not fight," while groaning soldier and falling saber tell the awful truth that "the strangers blood" shall not live inside the line marked out by Medicine Hand. Back the christian soldiers, go leaving the rocks flecked with uniforms of blue. All day long the conflict lasts, all day long the cloud hung to the ledge, until the bugle calls "retreat," and then the panic stricken braggarts fly to

neighboring bluff for life, and leave *behind* their comrades dead and dying, to bear alone the exultant shout of *fifty-three* red-skinned heroes, and their Spartan dams. The cloud rolls back to Van-Bremen's hill—its duty done—and joins again the waiting mass, while the Medicine Man points out the proof that his prayers were answered. Do I mean that this battle was fought by fifty-three men on one side without loss, against four hundred men on the other, at a loss of half a hundred soldiers. Yes I mean just that, and can make the declaration good. Suppose fifty-three white men under such circumstances resisted four hundred savages, where is the man who would not believe that God's arm cut off the cloud and sent it over them in answer to your minister's petitions.

Do you dare to preach that "God is no respecter of person," and deny that he heard the wild cry of the Modoc Medicine Man. Are you brave enough to be honest with yourselves and yet clamor for the blood of those who pray to God, who trust him. Do not delude yourselves my dear countrymen, with the idea that you hold letters patent to the Most High. In this battle read the denial of your right. Reflect upon it, pray over it, before you join in the unholy, cowardly, shout of "extermination," against a race who dare resist your bayonets, when by injustice you drive them to madness.

It was after this defeat that the President of the United States determined that the Modoc's should have a hearing. The laurels crowning the Chief Magistrate of this nation are not all dyed in human blood. President Grant's declaration in his first Inaugural Address "that he was in favor of a more humane policy in the management of our Indian tribes" was the first open, fearless, announcement by the head of the nation upon this subject worthy of a President, and if he had done nothing more to win imperishable honor, this noble resolve entitles his name to shine forever as "the champion of a dying race."

At the time the Peace Commission was determined upon, I was representing my adopted state (Oregon) in the Electoral College—1873. Having served as Superintendent of Indian affairs, and being personally known to

the Modoc Indians, and officially informed upon the various phrases of the "troubles," I was urgently solicited to accept the chairmanship of the proposed Commission. I reluctantly yielded my choice in this matter and received my letter of instructions authorizing me to establish an armistice, and negotiate for peace.

Upon my arrival in the Modoc country I found Hon. Jesse Applegate and Samuel Case, U. S. Indian agents, who were my associates on the mission. I found also Brig. Gen. E. R. S. Canby U. S. A. Commander of the Department of the Columbia, and General Commander of the U. S. Army of the Modoc war, at Fairchild's ranch *twenty-five miles* north of the Modoc camp, with five hundred men, and I learned that a force of about equal number was located at Louie Land's Ranch twenty miles south of the Lava-beds. Orders had been issued from Head-quarters for a suspension of hostile movements pending peace negotiations.

By the cooperation of Gen. Canby and with a distinct understanding of the terms agreed upon by all parties, which were simply a compact for mutual cessation of all army or hostile action during negotiations, an armistice was established. This was done through messengers, and the compact was ratified on the part of the Modoc chief, he sending his sister Mary to the Commissioners Head-quarters authorizing her to say, "My brother will not be the first to break the new law," (meaning the armistice). The Modocs, however, were unwilling to meet the commissioners outside the rocks, and the commissioners as a body were unwilling to go into the Lava-beds, and a majority were unwilling for its Chairman to go alone.

Several days passed while the time and place of meeting were being discussed. Before this was accomplished a breach of "the new law" was made by Maj. Biddle U. S. A. who in crossing from Louie Land's to Fairchild's Ranch came upon a band of Modoc ponies under guard of women and children. So careful had the chief been, lest he might be accused of breaking the "new law" that he did not allow his men to leave the rocks. Maj.



SCAR-FACE CHARLEY.

Biddle having the almost universal contempt of the army officers for the manhood and the rights of Indians, drove the horses to the army corral at Van Bremen's Ranch. The women and children in charge fled to the Modoc camp and reported the capture. When this outrage became known, the young men of Captain Jack's band were clamorous for blood. The chief restrained them saying, "maybe the man who drove off the horses did not know about the new law!" "Kau-tux Kau-tux" (wait, wait) The young warriors immediately left the camp, and as Maj. Biddle was compelled to make considerable detour en-route to Van Bremens, they intercepted him, or rather they crept so close to his route that they could have picked off every man of his escort, had not *Scar-Face-Charlie* forbade them firing.

On the following day Captain Jack sent his wife—Lizzie, his sister Mary, and his trusted friend Scar-face-Charlie, to demand the restoration of the captured ponies. This demand was firmly refused by Gen. Canby who meantime had moved his headquarters from Fairchild's to Van Bremens. The women begged the privilege of going into the corral, and were finally allowed to do so under a guard of soldiers. You are accustomed to think of the Indians as unfeeling brutes. In this you are mistaken. Under no other color or condition can be found more tender sensibilities, deeper emotions, more intense love, and, true enough, deeper hatred, than in Indian hearts. Next to her child the Indian woman loves her horse. The scene which ensued when Mary and Lizzie sprang into the corral and called the names of their horses was one calculated to move the hardest heart. The ponies with uplifted heads came running to meet them, and gave proof of attachment by rubbing against the women who carressed them. The reunion was rudely broken by the soldiers placing their bayonets against the backs of the women and pushing the tearful creatures outside the corral, where they beheld the finest horses of the band under blankets, already appropriated by army officers, who openly declared their intentions of taking them to their homes. The heavens seemed

unwilling to witness this outrage, and sent a great cloud to hide the scene, while the disappointed, heart broken, women and Scar-Face-Charlie crept out of the U. S. A. camp, on over the dark cañon leading to the Lava-beds.

Here was the beginning of the awful ending of the Peace Commission.

Had Gen. Canby restored the captured horses, the mission would not have failed to secure peace. As chairman I besought the Gen. to undo the wrong. He answered: "We will keep the horses in the corral and have them in good condition for the Indians when peace shall be secured. Keeping the horses will shorten their subsistence and make them willing to accept terms." "But General, they will construe this thing as a breach to the compact," I replied. "No, I think not when they learn that we are keeping the horses for them, and will turn them over after peace is made, as I have promised Mary I would do."

Wi-ne-ma and her husband, who were acting as interpreters and messengers for the peace commission, declared: "You cannot depend upon the Modocs keeping any compact after this; they will not trust you. They will justify themselves in any thing to get even on you." "His-wox-us Meacham, remember what I tell you now; Gen. Canby will pay dearly for keeping the horses. I know my people and they don't forget," continued Wi-ne-ma. I had done my duty by *protesting* against the detention; I could do no more.

Upon the return of Mary, Lizzie and Scar-Face-Charlie to the Modoc stronghold a wild scene ensued. *Hooker Jim* proposed at that time to entrap and kill Gen. Canby at every hazard, urging that they could not depend upon any new promises. The proposition was hailed with Modoc sign of approval, "Aha Aha," by every one of the men under indictment.

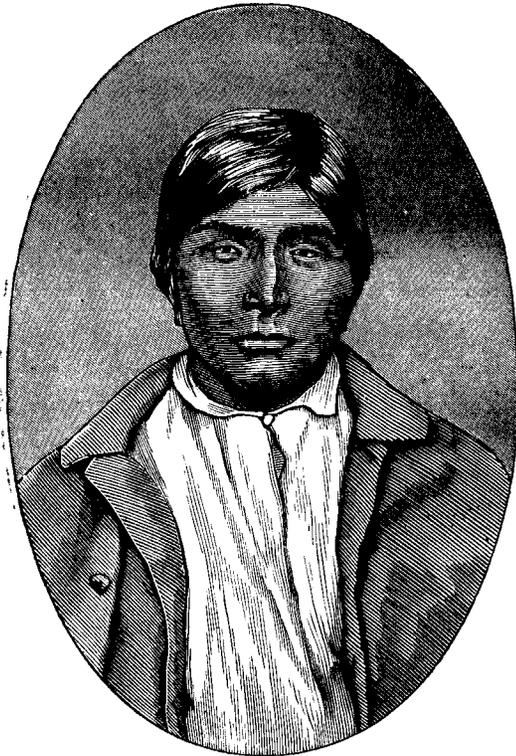
Captain Jack and Scar-Face with many others opposed the motion. It is certain that the plan did not have a majority in its favor at that time. It probably never would have carried, had not another mistake been made by Gen. Canby in moving his forces under cover

of the armistice up to within two miles of "the stronghold" of the Modoc chief. This movement was made in *violation of the compact*. There stands the outrage upon our country's record, and whitewash as we may it still remains and will not out.

The Peace Commission, now consisting of the Rev. Dr. E. Thomas, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church of California, Hon. Leroy L. Dyer, Indian agent at Klamath,—(Applegate and Case having been relieved at their own request)—and myself, followed the army down to the Lava-beds.

The day following our arrival we met the Modocs midway between "the stronghold" and the army camp, accompanied by Gen. Canby and Gen. Gillium. Wi-ne-ma and her husband acting as interpreters. Capt. Jack came to this meeting supported by twenty or more men of his tribe. This meeting was abruptly terminated by a sudden storm, but an agreement was made for the erection of a "Peace Council Tent" near where this meeting was held. It is positively certain that the Modocs came prepared to attack our party at this time provided certain demands should be refused, although the chief had not assented to the awful crime. The sudden storm and the sagacity of Wi-ne-ma and Captain Jack defeated the plans.

The Peace Tent was erected the following day. It stood out all alone upon the rocky plain, suggestive of pioneers. The day after its erection a messenger came from Captain Jack asking for an interview with "O-le His-wox-us Meacham-us ko-pa stick la-lang klax-ta wawu si-pah" (The old chief with a stick in his tongue who talks straight—the man who talks truth). This is one of the highest compliments I have ever received from any source. The messenger added, "Captain Jack 'don't want to see the soldier Ty-ee,—Gen. Canby—because of his military dress, 'nor the Sunday lum Ty-ee—(Spirit Chief) Dr. Thomas, because he fears his, 'lum,' (spirit) or psycho logic power. This fear of Medicine Men or Preachers is universal with Indians.



BOSTON CHARLEY.

I accepted the invitation, but took with me a citizen—John A. Fairchild—as a precaution, not against the Indians, but against the jealousy of my own race, who were liable to misconstrue the results of the meeting; and with Wi-ne-ma and her husband, Frank Riddle, I met the Modoc Chief at the “Peace Tent.” He was again supported by a large part of his people, both men and women. During the interview, lasting seven hours, the Chieftain reviewed the causes of trouble between the races in a masterly manner. After the usual greetings, smoking, etc., Captain Jack remarked that he had not felt safe in the presence of “The Bostecna Medicine Man”—Dr. Thomas—for fear that he might “tow-e” him. This fear of the mesmeric power of Medicine Men, is the outgrowing of a religious tradition regarding “the Great Peace Maker, or Son of God” who, it is said, could do wondrous things by simply willing them to be, and the belief that all Medicine Men are gifted with the same power, directly from Him; “but,” continued the speaker, “now I can talk, I am not afraid to show my heart to my friend.” He did talk.

Knowing the Indian style of argument and especially this man’s ability as a diplomatist and an orator, I began to take notes preparatory to making a defence for the Government. I knew there was “another side” to the Modoc troubles, but I was not prepared for the speech which followed. I would that I had the dramatic power to present it to my hearers with all its accompaniments, feeling and gesture.

The Chief began by breaking from the sage-brush beside him a twig, and laying it in his left hand proceeded to say: “This represents the first cause of complaint against your race,” referring to the killing of a squaw by emigrants many years previous, accusing them of dragging her by the feet behind a wagon. Breaking another twig, he referred to the “Ben Wright Massacre.” Next he made a twig to represent the broken promise of the Government in refusing to organize his Chieftainship, saying: “I don’t care for myself, but my people care for this.” Then twig after twig was placed in his

palm, until he held a handful, each one representing a cause of complaint on account of unfilled pledges. He made me to see his people betrayed and oft insulted, while recounting his wrongs. When he had completed the indictment, he threw these simple tokens of my country's injustice at my feet, with a gesture so thoroughly Indian that I cannot imitate it. By action, and then by word he demanded an answer. I looked first at the broken emblems and then at the dark eyes which gazed unflinchingly in my own. "Pot-latch wa-wa o-le man His-wox-us," (What has the man with the straight tongue to say,)—he continued. I *knew* that many of the charges were true, and I felt that all of them were well founded. I could not as an honest man, representing a professedly honest race, deny these charges. I could only say that "many of these things were done years since; we have a better Government now than we then had."

With his finger pointing towards the army camp, he demanded to know: "How long has your Government been better? Was it since your army stole my horses and refused to give them up? Is it a better Government than it was four days ago, when your army was moved near me under a white flag, bringing guns which shoot bullets as big as my head?" I was silent. "Pot-latch wa-wa," (Answer if you can) insisted the royal blooded Chief.

Overwhelmed in shame for my race, I hung my head. I could not meet the eye of that man, until I had fired my heart against him by recalling "Bloody Point," where so many emigrants had been slain by Modoc Indians. Arising with clenched hand, I said: "You have no right to insult me. I did not come to dig up old things; I came to make peace. If you wish to settle every thing up, bring out all your people and let your young men be tried by the law."

"I want no more blood; my people are tired of war. If you want my young men before your law, give me your men who burned the women and killed the children

on Lost River, and let them stand before Indian law," suggested this red-skinned lawyer.

"No, I cannot give you white men to be tried by Indian law. Indian law is dead," I replied.

"Will you try your men by your law?"

Again I was confronted by a demand based on justice, which I dared not promise, and I was silent.

"Aha, Aha, shu-na-me noo sle-ah," (Yes, yes, now I see it)—then with a stick he drew a crooked mark on the rocks. "There is your law," pointing at it in supreme, savage contempt; "At-tux-sle-tah," (Look at it.)

"It is not my law," I answered angrily. "My law is straight."

He demanded of me the name of any white man who had ever been punished by our law for crimes committed against the Indian, or for the name of an Indian who had ever been arrested by the law and not punished by the law. While trying to recall some instance with which to meet this challenge, the Chief added to my shame by saying: "Pot-latch wa-wa; Pot-latch wa-wa." (Name them; name them.)

Silently I sat, trying to recollect some one instance where justice had been meted out to a white offender.

"Guess you cannot," quietly remarked the Chief, while a chorus of taunting laughter greeted me from all sides.

"You don't read the papers or you might know who they were," I answered.

"I ham-kan-ka pa-pu sheo-van," (You can read; give the name.)

I could only listen; I could not answer. I could not call to mind at that moment, one instance to disprove his charge. I have since bethought me of one, wherein my old friend Ben Simpson had successfully prosecuted a white man for murdering one of his Indians. That man was sentenced to *two* years in the Oregon Penitentiary; but he was pardoned out at the end of *one* year.

I then said:—"I see but one way out of the trouble. Bring all your people and place them under a flag of truce."

The Chieftain pointed to the scene of the "Ben Wright Tragedy." I motioned in answer to "Bloody Point"—for both were in sight of the spot where we were standing. He quickly answered:—

"We were then in open war; we never complain about the people you kill in fair battle. Ben Wright betrayed the white flag; Modocs have never done that."

I had heard a white man boast in a hotel in Yreka, that he was with Ben Wright, and I remembered too, that the government of the United States had *rewarded* Ben Wright for the outrage by appointing him to an office. The Chief pointed to the tents of the army within two miles of this camp, and tauntingly remarked that they were there in violation of a compact for an armistice. The sight of the army camps seemed to arouse him and he declared that no terms could be made while they remained. "Take away your soldiers and give me a home on Lost River, and bury everything of the past and then we can make peace."

I replied that: "The Lost River ground is covered with blood. You could never live in peace upon that ground. Gen. Canby brought the soldiers here to prevent white men from killing your people, and he will not take them away until the troubles are all settled."

The Chief replied: "I see how it is; I give up my country." Then swinging his arm over the Lava-Beds: "Give me these rocks for a home. I can live here. I can take care of my people here."

"You could not live here. The white man would commit crimes and your people would be accused. There can be no peace until you come out of these rocks." There was something touching in this man's appeal for a home in these wild rocks, and my sympathies were aroused for him. I continued:—"No, Ki-ent-Poos, you could not live here. Gen. Canby will not remove the soldiers until you surrender. I am sorry for you; but I see no other way but for you

to surrender and acknowledge the authority of the Government."

With his hands behind him he walked back and forth a few moments and then assuming a defiant attitude, he burst forth in a tempest of outcry such as I had seldom if ever witnessed:—"No, no, my friend, I cannot give up my young men to die. They have done wrong; but I cannot give them up to your law. If you will not take away your soldiers, or give me a home in this country, and wash out all blood of both sides, then tell your soldier chief to come on. I offered to give up everything. I offered to pay taxes and live under your law the same as other men, and you would not let me do it. Your soldiers drove me to these rocks. I am here now. If you want my men, come on—we are no cowards. You deny me what you grant other men. I was born free as the birds in the air; I never will be a slave! I am not afraid to die. I expect to die. I know you are my friend. You need not feel bad about me. I will not fall upon the rocks; my enemies will be under me when you find me dead. Tell your soldier chief he can find me there; (pointing to his camp) he need not look elsewhere; I am *there!* and I am a *Modoc!* I will show him how a *Modoc* can die fighting for the home God gave him!"

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 a high temper stole out of the 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-ne-ma. Boston Charlie was dispatched with a request 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



WI-NE-MA.

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 record 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, 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, but 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.

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 the 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. We 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."

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 Spring 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 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; five men on each side, all unarmed.

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 walk 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 the 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 synonym of treachery 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." I have since learned that Schonchin protested against the duty assigned him, but was overpowered as the chief had been. Had I known this before the execution, Schonchin should not have died for his attempt upon my life. 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.

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 was calm and thoroughly self-possessed. Dr. 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.

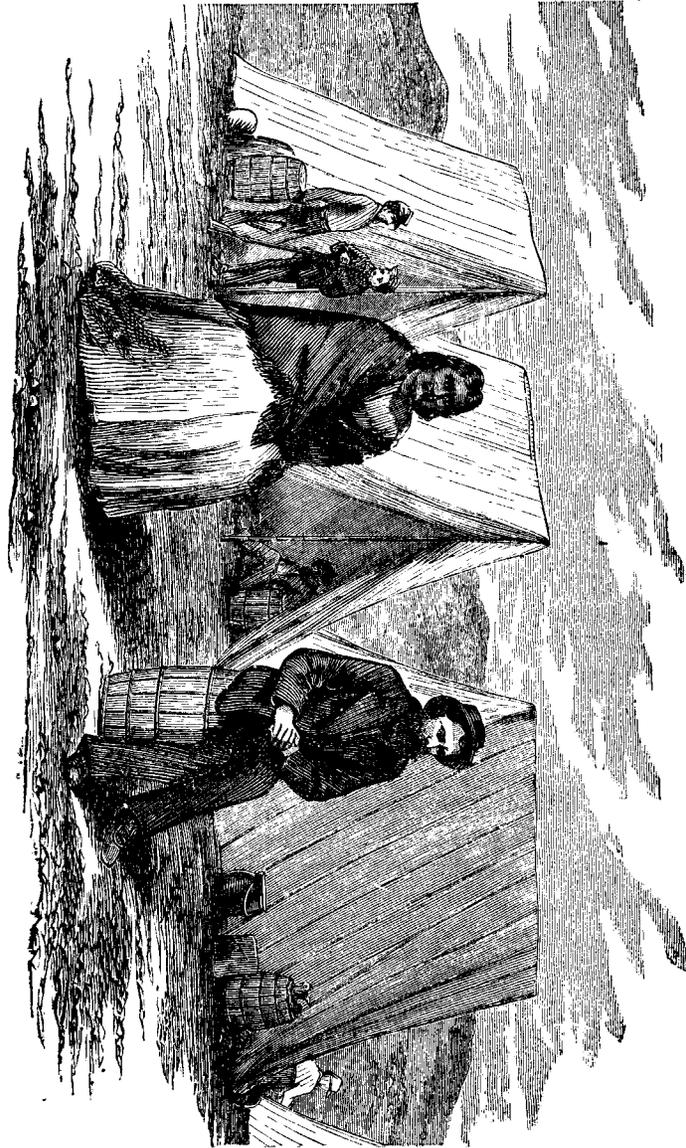
Withdrawing my overcoat and hanging it upon the horn of the saddle, I dismounted, dropping the rope halter to the ground, leaving my horse free to escape. Mr. Dyar dismounted, leaving his horse free. Mr. Riddle secured Wi-ne-ma's horse, and we all gathered round the council-fire.

Before the talk began I sat down facing the chief, and opened the council 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 then from his purpose; or if he still thought the Modocs had not the desperate courage to execute this plan, can never be known. If he said the soldiers can 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 the 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 touched me on the arm, he once more declared that no peace could be made until the soldiers were taken away as he rose and turned his back to General Canby. 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 instance the Modoc yell broke from the rocks, and two braves sprang forward, bearing rifles.



WI-NE-MA AND RIDDLE.

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, while 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,) and Boston left his work unfinished.*

* For a full and unabridged history of subsequent events of the Modoc war, and of the closing scenes attending the arrest, trial, and execution of Captain Jack and his companions, the reader is respectfully referred to my book, 'The Wigwam and War-path.' See last page of cover of this book.

How long I remained unconscious I do not know. If you should ask the surviving Modocs, they would tell you that as soon as I was *nearly dead* and my spirit was hanging over my body—all Indians believe the spirit remains near the body until it is destroyed—that the "Great Spirit came and touched the body and commanded the soul to come again into its former home, saying: 'now the man with a straight tongue can talk for the Modoc. Get up His-wox and tell the truth about my people.'"

My recollection of the first sounds are those of the coming rescuers. The voice of Col. Miller steadying his men, expecting to find the Modocs in force and ready for battle. By some unaccountable delay the soldiers did not reach the scene of the massacre for nearly an hour, although but one mile away, and with a signal station commanding a view of the council tent. Before leaving the camp Gen. Canby had ordered a watch to be kept, and in the event of treachery on the part of the Indians, that the troops should be sent immediately to the front. Why one hour should have elapsed before they arrived has puzzled the minds of every one cognizant of the fact. When they came upon the scene, they found the body of Gen. Canby stark and cold a few rods from the council tent, and Dr Thomas also, stilled in death, with his lips pressing the cold Lava rocks. As the line approached, I could hear the men's feet upon the rocks, and, also the command of Col. Miller, "Don't fire that's Meacham." Then men were gathering around, and the Surgeon was calling for the stretcher to "take Meacham, he is not dead." The Doctor tells, and the soldiers prove it, that I insisted that I was dead. By strong arms I was borne to the Hospital. My wounds were dressed, and the surgeons gave the opinion that since I was a *strictly temperance man* I "*might survive.*" At the end of fourteen days I was carried by boat and ambulance to Linkville, Oregon. My wife joined me, after repeated disappointments and much anxiety.

Gen. A. C. Gillum, U. S. A., commanding the army

of the Modoc war, waited from Friday 11th of April until the following Tuesday before an attack was made upon the Modocs. True he had one thousand men, but he did not care to risk a battle until the arrival of the Warm Springs Indian scouts, who had been ordered to the front by Gen. Canby.

The news and the terrible massacre, horrified the people of the whole civilized world. No one dared ask *then* for "the other side of the story." Gen. Sherman on hearing of Canby's death, is reported as having telegraphed Gen. Gillum, "Captain Jack has spoken for his race, now let extermination be the word. Let no Modoc live to boast that his ancestors had aught to do with the death of Gen. Canby."

The Warm Spring scouts having arrived, the work of "extermination" began. It may interest you to know how it succeeded. *One thousand white* soldiers and *seventy-two* Indian allies opened the battle upon *fifty-three* Modocs. Less than seven hours thereafter, the Hospital at the army camp was full of wounded soldiers. The surgeons were busy, dressing wounds, sawing off arms and limbs. The picks and shovels were driven into the decomposed lava to hollow out resting places for the soldier boys. The sun went behind Van Bremen's Mountain, while comrades fired salutes in honor of the dead. The battle went on, the wounded were carried off the field, the dead were buried, but still the Modoc answered defiantly with shot and yell. The exterminators held their ground, and filled their broken ranks. *At last a Modoc warrior was killed.* Then a woman was struck by a random shot. The Medicine Man continued his prayers.

The fanatical idea that the Great Spirit was leaving them, caused quarrels among the Modoc braves, under cover of night, and by the blaze of "exterminating" guns, the little band of despised Modocs drew off the field. The morning came, and a triumphant army charged the empty caverns, finding one wounded man. *One hundred christian bullets* bade his spirit "go." The soldiers scalped his entire head, even his eye brows and ears were taken as trophies, his locks cut into bits,

furnished a score of "scalps" for civilized soldiers. While they out Herod the Indians in bloody deeds, they are content with Indian hair, while an Indian would scorn such trophy unless it contained a *crown*.

Nearly one hundred men were ordered to reconnoitre the new position of the Modocs *Twenty-three*, without an officer returned at nightfall to tell the awful tale that the remainder had been slain. The shattered forces collected, marched over the trail followed by the captors of the Modoc ponies, three weeks before. The chief attacked this party, and lost *another man*, and the army were jubilant, for they had a proof positive that *another Modoc* had been killed. The Warm Spring scouts captured his body and gave it to the soldiers, who scalped his head and skinned his body, dividing scalp and skin among the victors. Shame! shame! on a white man who will carry such trophies, and boast of them to his fellows. The death of this brave precipitated the angry dissensions during which the very men who had driven their chief into the perpetration of the first great crime of his life (the attack upon the Peace Commission) deserted him and finally betrayed him into the hands of the U. S. army.

The beginning of the end had arrived. *Captain Jack, Schonchin, Black Jim, and Boston Charley* were condemned by a military court, upon an ex-parte trial, wherein no advocate represented them. They were executed upon the gallows at Fort Klamath, Oct. 3d, 1873. The murderers and traitors, *Hooker Jim, Shack-nasty Jim, and Bogus Charley*, were not even put upon trial, they having led the conquering army to the last hiding place of their betrayed Chieftain.

Much speculation has been had as to the disposition of the body of the Modoc Chieftain. It is positively certain that his family and kinsmen were refused the privilege of disposing of it in accordance with the usage of the Tribe; indeed, were denied even the custody of it for *an hour*. Shame on a christian people who will not regard the most sacred wishes of a brave enemy. It is also certain that a box or coffin *said to* contain the dead Chieftain was carried from the Guard

House at Fort Klamath, on the afternoon of the execution, and buried together with three other coffins containing "dead Modocs," immediately in front of the Guard House, thus placing Modocs "*where our soldiers could trample upon them in safety.*"

A newspaper published at Roxbury, Oregon, the nearest Railroad Station to Fort Klamath, mentioned the arrival of a cask from Fort Klamath, about the 10th of Oct., 1873, and intimated that said cask contained the body of Captain Jack, and that it was shipped via rail to Washington. No denial has ever been made of this allegation, hence the presumption that Captain Jack represents his race at the Capitol of the Nation. A gentleman recently approached me with a request that I would procure for him "a small piece of the skin of the Royal Chief," saying that "a lady acquaintance had received from an officer in the army a small piece of Captain Jack's skin, which she valued very highly." I questioned this statement, but was assured that there "*was no mistake about it.*" Strange fancy; strange lady; and strange civilization.

The authorities at Washington ordered the survivors of Captain Jack's band into exile. Accordingly, they were removed to the extreme north-east corner of Indian Territory,—Quaw-Paw Agency. A home has been purchased for them and they, placed under the immediate supervision of a Quaker Agent, are making permanent improvements. The Modoc children are in school and are making rapid progress in learning. The teachers in charge do not hesitate to say that: "The Modoc children are the most tractable and intellectual of any Indian children in the school." The agent, represents the Modocs as being spirited, proud, ambitious people, who evince more than common industry and intelligence.

The work of "extermination," left of the one hundred and sixty-nine souls who were in the Lava-beds when this watchword flashed over the wire to Gillum, one hundred and thirty-nine. Fifteen warriors had been killed. Killed? How killed? Killed by bullets in fair battle, *five*; killed by an old shell, *two*; killed

by white men *after they had surrendered and given up their arms, four*; executed upon the scaffold, *four*; making fifteen men, with fifteen women and children, non-combatants, killed in battle; a total of thirty Modocs. There is the record of this christian nation's success in avenging the death of Gen. Canby and Dr. Thomas. The cost in blood and treasure ought to teach us a lesson: *over one hundred lives, and two millions of dollars.*

I submit that, had Captain Jack and his band been protected while upon Klamath Reservation in 1869, or, had his plea for manhood's rights been regarded, or, had patience been exercised in enforcing the order for his removal to Klamath, in Nov. 1872, *no war would have occurred. Again, I submit that had no Modoc horses been captured by our army during the armistice; or, had they been returned when demanded, and no further breach of the compact been made by the movement of our troops under the flag of truce, no assassination would have been committed, and peace would have been secured on amicable terms.*

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 fulfill its mission—never as a humane civilizing power.

THE MOKI SNAKE DANCE.

A Weird Ceremonial Described by Dr. J. Walter Fewkes.

At the meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History last evening Dr. J. Walter Fewkes gave an account of a ceremonial he witnessed last summer at the Moki Pueblos in northeastern Arizona. This ceremonial is part of the complex religion of these Indians and is ordinarily called the "Snake Dance." The music sung by the participants was reproduced on the phonograph from cylinders into which the priest had sung the songs.

The lecturer pointed out that the study of comparative religion need not be limited to the highest development among the more advanced races of Europe and Asia. The germs of religious ceremonial must be searched for among savage people and primitive stages of civilization everywhere, and it is just as absurd to suppose that correct ideas of the evolution of religion and religious ceremonial can be obtained by an investigation of the more developed forms as to try to solve the question of the development of animals by confining our attention to the anatomy of the highest organized genus. The study of organic evolution can be approached in a scientific manner only by taking into account the lowest as well as the highest. So stages of culture of all grades must be interrogated to trace the evolution of the highest forms of religion and religious ceremonials. The interest of the study of these ceremonials of the American Indians comes from the supposition that they are survivals of ancient forms.

He stated that among the Moki Indians of Arizona a series of primitive religious rites are performed, at least one occurring in every month. As each of these religious ceremonials occupied nine days it could readily be seen how much time during each year was taken up by such observances. It is impossible to understand the meaning of these ceremonies until more is known of the details of them all. He said that the ceremony which attracted most attention was a religious observance called the snake dance, celebrated biennially in two of the pueblos. This ceremonial was not, however, the most important, although from its weird character it was most widely known. The snake dance was performed at Wal-pi in August by two priestly bands called the Antelopes and the Snakes. It took place in two subterranean chambers called kib-va, used only for sacred performances. The snake dance of 1891 took place at the end of August and lasted nine days, of which the first seven were occupied with secret rites, many of which no white man had been allowed to see up to last year. The last two days' ceremonies were public in part.

The announcement of the time of the snake dance was made sixteen days before the public ceremony, and at that time a line of sacred meal was laid on the trail leading to the town. The ceremonial was controlled by the antelope priesthood. On the first day the antelope priests collected in the kib-va and the chief made out of colored sand upon the floor a picture presenting rain clouds and male and female lightning snakes. Around this were placed rows of crooks representing ancestors of the antelope priests, the badge of office of the chiefs of the two priesthoods, and several fetiches. On the afternoon of the same day the chiefs of the antelopes gathered about this altar and sang sixteen songs, during which offerings were made to the gods of the six cardinal points, and other complicated rites were performed. In the course of the singing the great rain cloud pipe was smoked upon the sand picture, after which one of the chiefs was sent out with offerings for the gods to deposit in springs at the four quarters of the world. On the second day similar songs were sung and similar offerings made. The person who bore the offerings, however, made a circuit around the town of much less radius than on the former day.

On the third day the snake priests gathered in their kib-va and prepared themselves for the first snake hunt. The chief of the snakes early in the day went to the kib-va where the antelopes were assembled, and, after simple ceremonials, was given feather offerings by the antelope chief to deposit in the snake house on the north side of the mesa. Having received these, he returned to his companions, who immediately set out to hunt the snakes on the north side of the mesa. They returned at evening, bringing a number of reptiles in small bags in their hands, and placed the serpents in a jar in their kib-va. On the fourth day the same ceremony was performed, and the snake chief, after having placed an offering in the west snake house with his companions, hunted the reptiles on that side of the mesa in the plains. On the next two days they hunted to the south and east. During their hunts they wore nothing but a simple cloth around their loins, their bodies being stained with red oxide of iron mixed with spittle. A red feather was tied to their scalp lock, and they carried for use in the capture of the animals a whip made of the tail feathers of the eagle.

Having collected in the kib-va all the snakes captured in the four days, the chief made a sand picture of the mountain lion upon the floor near the west end. There were about sixty snakes collected, of which nearly two-thirds were venomous rattlesnakes, whose fangs had not been extracted. These were ordinarily kept in four jars at the east end of the kib-va, but were sometimes allowed to crawl about. During the four days in which the snakes were being collected the antelope priesthood performed in their kib-va their altar ceremonials, similar to those mentioned the first day. On the last days, however, there were introduced perizations called the snake boys, and a dramatization of an interesting legend connected with the early history of the tribe was given. On the seventh day the snake priests prepared a pellet of clay which they wore as a charm to ward off evil influences during the following days. They gathered around a large bowl in which the medicine was mixed and after most complicated ceremonies in preparing the medicine each one drank some of it, and made a small clay pellet about the size of a marble which he tied in buckskin and wore around his neck.

Other ceremonies which were performed on this and following days were also described. On the ninth day, at noon, occurred the most weird of all the secret observances—the ceremony of washing the snakes. All the snake priesthood gathered around a bowl containing liquid which had been prepared ceremoniously, and four of the priests, taking the rattlesnakes two at a time by the neck, held them over the bowl. The assembled priests, forty in number, sang the traditional songs of their order, and as they burst into a war cry, these snakes were plunged by pairs into the liquid. They were then lifted out and thrown on the sand altar or picture of the mountain lion at the west end of the chamber.

On the morning of the ninth day the traditional race up the mesa side takes place and at about five o'clock in the afternoon the culminating public exhibition of this ceremony was performed. All the snakes were brought out of the kib-va in a bag and placed in a small conical structure made of cotton-wood branches which had been built in the main plaza. The antelope priests late in the afternoon filed out and arranged themselves in a row on each side of this house. They sang traditional songs, and as they did so the snake priests, led by their chief, rushed out in line, made a circuit of the plaza four times and arranged themselves facing the line of the antelopes. After various ceremonious, songs and bodily movements which were described—the snake priests divided into three, and forming in lines went to the house where the snakes were. One member of each trio took out a rattlesnake from the bag and placed it in his mouth holding it by the neck by his teeth. A second of the trio put his arm around the carrier's neck and held his right hand up with the whip to attract the attention of the snake. The two priests followed by the third then danced around the plaza in a

circle, the carrier, with eyes closed, holding the snake in his mouth. After all the snakes had been carried around, during which some of the priests carried two or three at a time in their mouths, the reptiles were passed to the antelope priests, who meanwhile stood in line singing, and at a word all the reptiles were thrown in a heap in the middle of the plaza within a circle made of sacred meal. They were then sprinkled by girls with similarsacred meal. At a signal all the priests ran to the circle, grasped as many snakes as they could carry and running off down the mesa side, freed them in the plain. They then returned to their village and repaired to the kib-va, where a great feast followed. After having given a detailed account of the events which followed, the lecturer spoke of the meaning of this ceremony. He first recollections from the legend of the snake hero, which is dramatized in the secret performances and explained the reasons for the events. He considered that the whole observance was a ceremonial for rain and the snakes were not worshipped but simply made messengers to bear the prayers to the higher powers which are worshipped. He instanced, also, a curious ceremony called the flute dance. He said in closing that he had given a most superficial account of the ceremony, having omitted many important details which will be treated of in an article which is preparing. The various events in the ceremony, and the actors and paraphernalia associated with stereopticon views. He stated that he had made his studies of the snake ceremonies while connected with the Hemenway Archaeological Expedition.