POOR PEACE POLICY.

An Oregonian on the Government of the Indians.

QUAKER MANAGEMENT EXPOSED.

A Defence of the Oregon Settlers from Godly Attacks.

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A SERIES OF SENSIBLE SUGGESTIONS.

The Peace Men Called Upon to Cease Reviling the Settlers and to Civilize the Indian.

WASHINGTON, May 30, 1873.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

As a friend and supporter of the present administration I cannot be charged with any act of hostility if I comment upon what I deem to have been erroneous in the management and construction of its Indian policy, a subject now of utmost importance and of complicated features. In common with the people of Oregon, I desire to assist the government in its endeavor to carry out a just and humane treatment of its Indian wards; but I do not wish to assent to a policy which I deem ineffectual, either by its merits or improper enforcement, and shall only make my assertions applicable to the country in which I am specially interested—Oregon and Washington Territory. It has become a custom in the East to call every Indian war or disturbance on the Pacific coast an act caused by the dishonesty of Oregonians for purposes of speculation, and to speak freely of their usual cruelty and inhumanity toward the red man. In the formation of this custom officials at Washington have lent their aid, until now the people of that western coast can be branded as "border ruffians," and as destitute of humane instinct and feeling, by official speakers before Washington audiences, and without any reason therefor other than the complaint of a Digger Indian or the scribblings of an irresponsible correspondent. Twenty years of life in Oregon, and an acquaintance with probably three-fourths of its citizens, enable me to claim them the peers of any in their peaceable and law-abiding character and true humanity. Those years have mostly been spent in official relations, which have brought me into a good knowledge as to how the Indians are treated there.

TREATMENT OF INDIANS IN OREGON.

The Secretary of the Interior, in his explanation of what he terms the "Quaker policy," gives us to infer his opinion of that treatment; for he says now, "Under its influence (Quaker policy) it is hoped that humanity and kindness may take the place of barbarity and cruelty," as though up to the golden era of peace policy "barbarity and cruelty" had alone characterized the Indian policy. Such unlimited and unguarded expressions teach strangers to form improper conclusions. Neither barbarity nor cruelty form an element in the laws of Oregon and Washington Territory; nor do they enter into social ethics there; nor in the twenty years of control of Indians upon reservations there can an instance indicative of either be found. In the main I find no fault with the peace policy; but I find this—its friends claim that it is about to accomplish wonders, when, in fact, those very things have existed in full force and beauty for years in Oregon. In order to explain my meaning I quote from the official explanation of the Quaker policy. The first proposition is "to place the Indians upon reservations, &c., and provide for them as the dictates of humanity and Christian civilization require." Is that anything new? Has it solely accomplished this in Oregon and in Washington Territory? I assert that not one single thing of the kind has been done since its inauguration. The Indians in all that coast west of the Cascade Mountains had been long-time residents upon reservations, and the work of civilizing and instructing the Indians was carried on years ago as fully as now and as successfully.

THE RESERVATION PLAN.

Turning to the Eastern portion of that country, the only effort to put Indians upon reservations under that policy is this lamentable Modoc failure. Now, just as before, the roving bands of the Umatillas continue to live where they please and plunder where they can. Bands of the Yakimas, Simcoes and Warm Springs have never been placed upon their reservations, and they stretch along the Columbia River from Priest's Rapids to the Cascades. The Modocs are deserters of four years' standing. Klamath River bands are but nomads. The great band of Snakes, claiming near a third part of Oregon, conquered and treated with years ago, have no reservation, but are held under military rule; no Quaker policy of improvement for them. Unfriendly bands of Nez Percés control one-third of Union county, not only away from their reservation, but outside of Idaho Territory, their home, and across the Snake River, and to-day they threaten danger and death to the settlers of Wallowa Valley. They have so acted for a long time, and, until the Modoc unpleasantness arose, no peace commission has visited them. The government well knows that these bands take with them their thousands of horses that trespass upon the unprotected lands and crops of settlers, and in the enjoyment of their fishery treaty rights they wrongfully bring from their reservations every horse they own, until, in and about the fishery of Tumwater, five miles from my house, and adjacent points, I have seen at least four thousand horses feeding for months upon the lands claimed by settlers, and upon adjacent lands, consuming that which is the property of the whites. Yet no settler dare to pasture his stock within reservation limits under penalty, because the Indians complain; in other words, an Indian's complaint prevails over white settlers' protests and shapes government policy. These things are fast ripening into collisions and should have been removed long ago. The citizens will lose faith in the efficiency of a policy, which, professing to create an Indian millennium, fails to maintain the first propositions of its policy, and fails to operate more kindly and successfully than the old plan. They universally favor a policy that shall be humane and Christianizing, without losing sight of justice to both the white and red races. The past experience, under the Quaker policy, only suggests and establishes the belief that justice has been laid aside, and moral suasion, or pow-wow policy, substituted. Therefore this latter generally fails, even in civilized cities and church-going communities, and faith always evaporates when founded upon failures.

THE QUAKER POLICY.

Again, the Secretary says:—"It is the determination of this policy to see that all supplies—food or clothing, purchased for Indians upon reservations—are procured at fair and reasonable prices, without having the funds of government squandered on their purchase." So say we all in one unanimous verdict. This statement infers that, heretofore, the custom has been to cheat the Indian and squander government funds. It is a sad confession. Government must have known of these evils at the time of commission, or very shortly after, for shoddy articles wear out soon and complaint follows from the wearer, and an inspection of commercial price lists would have exposed exorbitant prices. Common sense would declare that the confession is that, with knowledge of frauds, no effort has hitherto been made to interpose some check to such acts, and the assertion now is that the Quaker policy is alone competent to reform abuses. If government has winked at such things the people have not, and will say shame on such failure in duty. Let the departments at Washington proclaim the fraudulent things done and the names of the doers and the reform will follow. What new reasons have been furnished to convince the people that the Quaker policy alone can prevent crime and stop financial leaks? Can it plan out some new Crédit Mobilier? Shall it be placed in Congress alone or in the hands of agents only? Past experience in Mobiliers and embezzlements would say "No." Can the people be assured that, with some new unexplained theory, government can improve upon the shoddy contracts of the late war and compel exact justice in administration of Indian matters alone, when such exhibitions of dishonesty are made in nearly all other places? Why not try the plan of utterly refusing the inferior goods of a contractor, turn them back upon his hands, and compel him and his bondsmen to pay the price at which such perfect goods can be bought in the market? Leave the contractor surrounded by his shoddy, dishonored goods, and take from him full compensation for loss. Do not reward or countenance swindling by touching the frauds of its creation. Peace policy elevates the church member above his fellow men, and declares that he alone can administer right, and is alone honest. I think it is only a bid for hypocrisy—that, with the investiture of power and the seductive influences of money and patronage before him, the church member will weaken at times, and be no more fitted than others for the complicated control of Indian reservations. The past does not proclaim the infallibility of church members, either in high places or low, and the proclamation by government that such are the only persons whom government will trust is received with a thousand scruples of doubt. The government is merely experimenting, when, by careful attention to existing things, all would have been well. Government ignores the existence of integrity of character and business qualification outside of the church. Of course outsiders can be allowed to question such a proposition. Again, the Secretary says:—"Whenever it shall be found that any tribe or bands of Indians persistently refuse to go upon a reservation and determine to continue their nomadic habits, accompanied with depredations, outrages, &c., then it is the policy of the President to treat such band or tribe with all needed severity," &c. The doctrine here announced is that, before the government will use severity, the Indian must not only have time and again refused to go upon his reservation, but to his wanderings must have joined outrage and depredation upon the frontier settler. I distinctly deny the truth or justice of any such doctrine, and I assert that it is totally destructive of the first proposition of peace policy mentioned.

WHY THE QUAKERS FAIL.

When the Indian refuses to go upon his treaty reservation, and the government suffers him to go at large, then the whole Quaker policy fails, for he ceases to be within the reach of the blessings of civilizing influences at the hands of church members alone. Does not this doctrine place the Indian's will and pleasure above the power of government. The Quaker policy proposed to put the Indian upon a reservation, yet if the Indian declines to go, then all power to compel him, under the policy, to do so is at an end, unless the Indian proceeds to commit outrages upon settlers. Government proposes that after the wandering Indian shall have taken the settler's life then he is in just the condition to be moved to the reservation and commence his civilizing process; in other words, it openly permits what it proposes to prevent. If remedy is of any avail, let it be in time. The doctrine is wrong, for I care not now peaceable the nomadic Indian may be, he is not where he belongs, and it will be utterly impossible to prevent conflicts daily with the settlers, and is in strong contrast with the idea of keeping the Indian from "contiguity to settlements." This delay as to "severity" in this Modoc case has painfully proven this error in policy. The Modocs had deserted from the treaty reservation—had been away some four years; had taken up again their nomadic habit; again and again they had flatly refused to return, and were determined to become co-tenants with settlers upon the lands which those Indians had specially sold by treaty and had received compensation therefor. See the result. Government was well posted in all these matters. It knew that in last November, in enforcing a proper order, Major Jackson was made a target for Modoc rifle practice, and that within twenty-four hours the Modocs had wantonly killed near twenty unsuspecting settlers—mature men and beardless boys. Had not everything happened which, under the definition of peace policy, required the exercise of needed severity by the President? Had not the thunder been heard, and had not the flash of lightning and the storm been seen? Far from carrying out the Quaker policy doctrine and inflicting necessary punishment, the military power was stayed and a commission sent 3,000 miles to find out what was the trouble in the Modoc country, and determine what might be the cause of that trouble—a matter then well known to the authorities. From the very first telegram from the Commission, March 4, was not the government informed in these words:—"The Modocs emphatically reject all offers and propositions," "This undoubtedly means treachery," "The Commission is a failure?" Yet the government declines to enforce its policy, and, upon confessed treachery, grants delays; and can the frontier settlers place the responsibility elsewhere than upon the act of government itself? The second and third Commissions are dissolved and the four months of ineffectual palaver, against advice and protest, end in death. Men skilled in Indian character, even members of the Commission, had become disgusted and had abandoned the work, and had notified the government of its expensive blunder. It was

A TRIUMPH OF INDIAN DIPLOMACY.

The Indian gained everything—time, until he would no longer have to depend upon his caches for provisions; time, until the mountain sides could furnish him with road, food and fire; time until the squaw and pappoose could be placed beyond danger; time for the government to commit a fatal blunder; time to have confessed treachery blossom out into perfect success. Those Indians came upon the council field with war paint upon their faces, with the scalps of the murdered settler dangling at their belts and his clothes upon their persons. Government took no notice of the twenty slaughtered, scalped and mutilated Oregonians. Under the Quaker policy that was not sufficient to call for severity, but when, upon Good Friday, a general was murdered, it waked up to the fact that the Modocs were hostile; that they needed a little severity, in the words of the Secretary, "to teach them it were better to go upon the reservation." Punishment, swift and condign, should have fallen upon them long before. And this great nation has been seen parleying in treaty with fifty murderers and begging them to come upon the reservation and get a blanket and food for having been so good. Those settlers were heads of families, and dear to their wives and children—as dear as was General Canby to his—they were our fellow citizens, yet twenty deaths in November last had not the same power to wake a nation to duty as had two deaths in April. What faith can a settler have in such an enforcement of a policy? It is no compensation or relief that government, acting under its conversion of an hour, turns now to the absolute extreme. Now, by high order, the drums beat, the war horse champs the bit, the soldier dons his harness and thirsts for war. The order is absolute extermination of Modoc, buck, squaw and harmless pappoose. In anger the government declares the Modoc an outlaw, whom no one need challenge before he slays. Guns and ammunition are furnished in abundance to the settler, the Oregonian, whom the public and peace policy speakers so lately branded as a "border ruffian" and as one greedy for Indian spoil at all times, and the government throws over him the mantle of the peace policy, and bids him God speed to the carnival of death. If the Oregon settler is such a man as alleged, will he wait to ask any Indian whether he be a Jew or gentile, Modoc or Simcoe, Scythian or Greek, before he does his country's present bidding? The result will, I fear, be a war from California to Idaho, including the hitherto peaceable Cayuse and the uncompromising Modoc. Paulina, a Snake Indian, with eleven braves, kept all Eastern Oregon in fear, while for two years, despite the United States troops, he murdered at will. In the same proportion, how long will sixty Modocs harrass the innocent settler?

INTERFERENCE WITH THE LAWS OF OREGON.

Another matter demands notice. In response to the protest of the Governor of Oregon, I understand that the Secretary of the Interior telegraphed to the Commission to pay no attention to such protest, and directed the officer in command in no event, in case of treaty, to surrender to the State authorities any of the Modocs who stood indicted for murder and crime in the State Courts. If this be true, then I here enter what I know will be the unanimous protest of the people of Oregon against any such course. It deserves strong condemnation. The laws of Oregon are merciful and just. They declare that every one who unlawfully kills another, upon proper trial and conviction, shall suffer the penalty. The Modoc, on soil to which his right had been extinguished, and where he unlawfully was, which the United States admits by forcing him elsewhere, commits murder, yea, twenty murders, and thus amenable to Oregon law escapes punishment by the interference of the armed military power of the United States. The Commissioners' first proposition to the Modocs was "universal amnesty upon surrender." Thus the government agrees that the Modoc shall not suffer for crime either by the general government or by the State of Oregon. The courts of Oregon have always been strong and just enough to control the Indian upon reservations, and make him understand the relation between crime and consequent penalty. Now, by direct order and practice the Indian may do anything, and the more treacherous his character—the more horrid his crime—the stronger becomes his claim for the protective interposition of the United States to save him from punishment. For proof, see the terms proposed by the Commission. It seems as though government was willing to pat the Modoc murderer on the back and say to him, "The little matter of twenty murders is so trivial that we hardly think you did wrong." No wonder that the Oregon authorities protested, both publicly and to the Department, against this unrighteous proposition, which allowed the commission of crime and insured immunity from punishment. Let me say, in all candor, if such is to be the peace policy and such the defiance of our laws it were better that the United States should speedily withdraw their wards from the State of Oregon, and avoid certain danger. In Indian treaties, and, probably, in the Modoc one, provisions are made for the surrendering of murderers, &c., on demand. If so, why did the Secretary do violence to its provisions, as well as to law and good faith? Were it not better to do away with such impolitic shams as are treaties, and govern the Indian by rules flowing directly from experience and use of common judgment? No one desires the treatment of the Indian to be other than humane and beneficent, and so far all would support the present policy; but by its special operation it is fast losing caste, because its directors lose sight of its true application, in an idea of Indian character which is both abnormal, untrue and unjust. The Indian Commissioners and the Indian Department seem anxious to elevate the Indian at the expense of the white race. They have ever ready a eulogy for the red man, an excuse for his brutal acts, by averring that he is injured and wronged by the whites, but never a word of admission that Western people are kind to him or extend to him a word or act of sympathy.

THE SETTLERS DEFENDED.

On the other hand, they both presume and say that the Indian unprovoked would do no wrong, and boast themselves to be henceforth the valiant and sole protectors of the Indian against the very abundant "desperadoes, thieves and landsharks and the border ruffian." An unprejudiced reader would declare the report of the Indian Commission, at their late session in New York, to be an indictment against all citizens living in the region of Indians and Indian reservations, and a declaration that "no degree of exaggeration or falsehood is too gross to be unhesitatingly accepted by the public mind against the Indian," a deplorable condition of debauchery. This statement might be pardoned in a political partisan, but comes ungraciously from a board of councillors selected for their gravity, dignity and vast worldly wisdom. It is not true so far as the Pacific coast is concerned. The report is but an attempt to canonize the Indian, to dishonor the frontier settler, and extol, without reason, a pet policy. It asserts that their policy is alone competent to civilize the Indian and reform abuses, and utterly ignores any good element in the previous administration of Indian affairs. "It is now going to appoint honest agents and to protect peaceable tribes from the outrages of desperadoes, thieves and land sharks." "Its method of procuring honest agents is to take their nominations out of politics and put the munder the control of religious societies, the political agents formerly appointed having been generally dishonest and reckless of the wellbeing of the Indians." How very easy to frame a theory, brilliant in generalized imaginings, yet wholly barren of good result or even of partial accomplishment! If the Commissioners could bring present humanity to perfection or people the world only by the sons of God their plan might succeed, and in no other event. Their onslaught upon former agents is alike insidious and unjust. The names of some forty agents whom I have personally known warrant me in so saying, and the Western people will scout all such utterances as the feeblest attempt to cover over inefficiency and failure—to whitewash the sepulchre of powwow policy, and expect a discriminating public to think there is life within. The report claims that "in four years this policy has saved millions of dollars to the government and Indians, by the breaking up of rings, the discovery and prevention of frauds, the unearthing and dismissal of dishonest agents," &c. If this be true, I would suggest the giving of satisfactory reasons for so large

AN INCREASE IN THE INDIAN APPROPRIATIONS

this year. Former squanderings of money never exceeded the appropriations, and why should a larger sum be needed for the honest dealings of this policy than sufficed for former annuities, salaries and stealings combined? The fact is, the Indians are rapidly decreasing in numbers and increasing in expensiveness. Neither has anything been saved in that time by the cessation of Indian wars, for I am quite sure the army has never been busier in fighting Indians than during the last two years, and never has there been such general inquietude and tendency to outrage among the Indians as during this auspicious *régime* of the peace policy. In 1870 the Piegan war came to an end, not peaceably, but *vi et armis*. Early in 1871 the Apache war began, and is, I hope, just ended, not by Vincent Collyer and O. O. Howard, but by a soldier; and now the Modoc war bids fair to be perpetual. And interspersed all along these times there has been a constant burial of slaughtered emigrants, surveyors and settlers; and where is the boasted protection of life and property upon the frontier arising from the peace policy? The report avers that "the President's peace policy would have prevented the Modoc war and its attendant deplorable sacrifice of innocent blood." Why did it not do it? There was a fine field and plenty of time. For three years the Department knew of the growing trouble. Superintendents and agents had officially notified the authorities that the Modocs had "left their reservation without cause or provocation," "were violating their treaty," and their "maraudings" were inexcusable. Yet nothing was done, and now the Commission absolutely claim that "neither the Board nor its officers, nor, as we believe, the President of the United States nor the Secretary of the Interior, had the slightest reason to suppose any other mode of settlement (than the making of a new reservation) was contemplated until startled by the telegraphic announcement of the first collision between the troops and the Indians." How can this thing be?

A REVIEW OF THE MODOC DIFFICULTY.

The collision was on November 29, 1872. Early in the Spring of that year Superintendent Odeneal informed the Indian Department that the Modocs "by maraudings had forfeited all claim to consideration," and on the 12th of April, 1872, Commissioner Walker replied, "You are instructed to have the Modoc Indians removed, if practicable, to the reservation set apart for them under the treaty." Upon the suggestion of Mr. Odeneal, that the Fall of the year was the best time to effect that object, Commissioner Walker, on the 6th day of July, 1872, wrote him, "Your recommendations, so far as the Modoc Indians are concerned, are approved, and you are directed to remove them to the Klamath reservation peaceably, if you possibly can, but forcibly if you must," &c. Under that order Mr. Odeneal acted. This was all well known upon the Pacific coast, and during the first week in November Major Jackson, United States Army, informed me he expected to have that business to do. With such a record how can this Commission say such things and evade the admission of culpable negligence in duty? The only seeming excuse is that the intoxication arising from the honors of their office had lulled them into a protracted slumber, and now, on awaking, they seek to shift the responsibility upon Superintendent Odeneal, and charge that "he seems to have supposed it to be his duty to remove the Modocs to the Klamath reservation." His superior ordered him to do so in any event, forcibly if he must. Mr. Odeneal is an energetic, able and honest officer, shrinks from no duty, and this attempt to dishonor him as an officer is but on a par with many other improper things in that report, and is in perfect keeping with the Eastern habit of traducing the dwellers upon the Pacific coast. I cannot silently suffer that insult and injury shall be done to a worthy man, and that men, faring sumptuously at Fifth avenue hotels, may recklessly speak of the conduct of an officer enduring all manner of privations and danger in literally obeying orders they should have supervised. Again, this report charges that "Indians are shot in cold blood to excite war for the sake of its attendant expenditure of money," and that "it is an indisputable fact of history that, previous to the incoming of the present administration of the government, nearly every Indian war on record owed its immediate as well as its remote origin to acts of injustice, oppression or crime on the part of white men." If the Commission rely upon true history for proof, then their cruel assertion stands unproven. If it be injustice, oppression and crime for a man to settle upon United States lands and industriously earn his living and competence on the frontier, braving danger in an Indian country, then it will stand as proven. Why do not the Commission cite instances, so that the American people, as a jury, may form their own verdict? Every frontier settler will know the assertion is unwarranted in fact. Let me give

OREGON TESTIMONY.

In 1848 (the Cayuse war), when Indians unprovokedly murdered the missionary Whitman and twenty-six companions—the very persons who had devoted their lives to civilizing these very savages. In 1852 a company of United States dragoons and Ben Wright's company of volunteers went out to protect emigrants and punish their murderers. After burying thirty-two murdered emigrants in Modoc ground Wright slew the murderers in open fight. He had been born and bred a Quaker, and adopted the true policy. In 1853 the war in Southern Oregon begun by the brutal murder of an unsuspecting drover and of John R. Hardin and others by the Indians. In 1855 and 1856 the Rogue River and Yakima war by almost simultaneous Indian murders, committed 400 miles apart—the third murder in the north being that of Indian Agent Bolon, within twenty miles of my home. In 1858 and 1859 by the horrible murder and revolting mutilation of emigrants by the Snake Indians, far away east of all white settlements. In 1865 by murders by the Snakes along a distance of 200 miles in Oregon, and of the most of which I am personally cognizant. That war closed in 1868, and now comes the Modoc war, which the Commission seek to hide under a broad assertion that "attempts are being made in more than one quarter of the West to excite war with peaceable tribes of Indians," and prove this by a doubtful dream of a demoralized military officer at a frontier post, who writes, "I am afraid every day that some of these ruffians will kill an Indian to bring on war." This kind of proof, while perfectly incompetent, is exceedingly feeble as supporting the formal judgment of an august tribunal. The truth is the Indian needs no suggestion by the wrongs of others to impel him to his cherished work of death and plunder. His superstition is held sacred from birth that their dead braves will arise to life, and the united ghostly and living Indian will yet trample on the graves of their enemies, and they shall all become kings and conquerors. His claims to the happy hunting grounds rest upon the number of scalps he may have taken. In very few instances can the real Indian be so changed in nature and practice as to become less dangerous than the forest beast.

QUESTIONS REQUIRING ANSWERS.

Why, I ask, shall the Indian Commission spend its time in fulsome adulation and adoration of the Indian as he exists in romance, and in its denunciations of this wicked, untoward generation of whites? There is a great legitimate work for it, and it seems to me a plain way in which to perform it. Let it throw aside its exclusive pretensions to isolated honesty and perfection, and commend itself to public opinion by active, real work. Why not lay hold upon those outside, material things which, once accomplished, lead so directly to the civilization of the Indian, and seek to change first his every day life. Compel him to recognize his squaw wife as his equal, and cease to make her a beast of burden only. Let his first lessons in the direction of mercy and justice be toward his family. Instances are innumerable where I have seen the squaw, on foot, bowing down under loads equivalent to two sacks of flour and the pappoose stagger for miles beside her master and lord, seated on his war horse, decked in bright paint and totally regardless of her suffering. The universal custom is that the squaw must provide and labor, the buck to plan his leisure and his indolence. He counts his squaw but a beast, and sells her for a blanket or pony. Then forbid the plurality of wives; teach the Indian, by law, that he must appear in proper costume, and not assemble in solemn council, as I have seen them, with no covering but a handkerchief and red paint; forbid him the use of paint; insist upon him to exchange his troops of horses for cattle and other less movable property. The Indian, without a horse, becomes harmless—he is no longer a warrior, no longer thinks of murder. If he is owner of cattle he will soon learn not to make war, since it would involve the loss of all his property. This alone would, I affirm, entirely revolutionize Indian matters, and would be the only thing to make him cease being a wanderer. Let no Indian leave his reservation without a written permit from his agent. Let him learn by actual experience that food comes not without labor. We are all weary of this constant treaty with Indians in the Fall of the year; and having clothed and fed them during the Winter, find them decamping in the Spring from their reservation; and having spent the Summer in outrage and depredation, they come again with the yearly snow for another treaty and for more food. The white settler is tired of this public Winter clothing and feeding, to which he must contribute, and in addition must toil for his own family provision. The Indian thinks work beneath him, and fit only for silly whites and squaws.

I have thus given the views which Oregonians have as to the designs and operations of the peace policy. Its true merit we appreciate, but deplore the manner of application.

J. G. WILSON, Oregon.

THE PUBLIC BATHS.

Opening of the Summer Luxury to the People Yesterday—Incidents—Another Practical Joke.

The public baths were opened yesterday at the foot of Charles street and North River, and also at the foot of Fifth street and East River. From early dawn till noon the unwashed plunged into the refreshing water and came out cleaner and better men. Spurred on by the truism that "cleanliness is next to godliness," thousands wended their way to the poor man's heaven and the season was duly inaugurated. The weather was quite cool in the morning, and hence there was a more general reluctance to a bath than there might have been under other and more favorable circumstances. There is not much to say about the scene in the water and the talk around the bath structures. All the men were human and no extraordinary zoological specimens presented themselves for ablution. A column might be written on the bone and sinew, the broad shoulders, the manly chests, &c., but the reader is spared. The reporter did not attempt to interview any of the bathers while they were in the water, as they were busy enough wiping out old scores; but if the report can be believed, Mr. E. A. Sothern, the gentlemanly actor, had a somewhat ludicrous experience. It is said that he arrived at the bath at six A. M., and jumped with the agility of a gazelle into the water at once. Upon his identity becoming known, it is said that the crowd gathered around him, shouting "Puritani" and "Dundreary," and that the great artist was required to impersonate Dundreary in the water, his beautiful sentences being terminated by a series of graceful bubbles. He finally escaped unhurt. Diligent inquiry failed to confirm this story up to a late hour last night, though there is no reason why Mr. Sothern should not bathe, like other men. There is no doubt that Mr. Sothern has suffered a great deal by inhuman "practical" jokes, magnified by mirthful reporters; hence it has been deemed fair to state this rumor in the most cautious and diplomatic language. The idea that a gentleman cannot bathe at leisure on the free waters of liberty loving America, undisturbed by the menaces of a republican mob, is not only an atrocious wrong, but the breast of every glorious American citizen will throb with patriotic indignation until the last echoes of time shall resound through the caverns of eternity.

The gentlemen charged with the bathing business should immediately inaugurate several reforms at these two establishments. Towelling should be free and soap should be made plentiful; and new bathing houses are necessary. There should be twenty instead of two. Let the authorities contemplate the coming Summer and estimate the poor people who have not enough money to keep themselves clean.

DETECTED DISHONESTY.

Sylvester Morris, of Brooklyn, was brought to the Tombs yesterday by Detectives Tully and Dilks. He was arrested on Saturday night at the instance of his employers, Samuel Corn & Brother, 160 and 162 South Fifth avenue, by whom the prisoner was employed as bookkeeper. They charge him with embezzling some six hundred dollars, and complain that they have lost several thousands within the last year through the dishonesty of their clerks. Judge Hogan remanded Morris to Police Headquarters till further evidence could be procured.

JEFFERSON MARKET POLICE COURT.

Burglary.

At the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday, before Justice Ledwith, Joseph Dalton was charged with burglary in breaking into the premises of Paul C. Grohmann, 42 Carmine street, on the night of Saturday last, and stealing a quantity of clothing and other property valued at $170. Two confederates made their escape. He was committed to answer.

Frank Schletenberg, of 140 Wooster street, was brought before Justice Ledwith, by Officer Mullen, of the Eighth precinct, as a professional thief. He was remanded to the station house for a further hearing.

REAL ESTATE MATTERS.

The following are the announcements of sales to be held this week at Exchange Salesrooms:—

New York Property.

MONDAY, JUNE 2.

By Muller, Wilkins & Co.—Prospect place, e. s., 50.5 ft. s. of East 43d st., 3 story b. s. h. and l., 16.8x40x58. Madison av. and 67th st., s. e. corner, 2 four story and basement b. s. houses and lots, each 20x75.

By order of Court of Common Pleas, East 33d st., n. s., No. 19, bet. Madison and Fifth avs., three story and basement b. s. h. and l., 30x98.9.

By E. H. Ludlow & Co. (by order of Supreme Court).—Broadway, or Kingsbridge road, e. s., 105 ft. s. of 183d st., 25x99.11.

By William Kennelly (by order of M. T. Brennan, Sheriff).—East 85th st., n. s., 38.1 ft. e. of Lexington av., 3 houses and p., 49.8x82.

By Matthew T. Brennan, Sheriff, at City Hall.—12th st., s. s., 173.6 ft. n. of 2d av., 22x103.6.

TUESDAY, JUNE 3.

By Muller, Wilkins & Co., by order of the Supreme Court, in partition.—A portion of the bulkhead on the North River, between Harrison and Franklin sts., 75 ft. Also a portion of the bulkhead on the North River, beginning on the n. s. of the pier foot of North Moore st.

By A. J. Bleecker, Son & Co., Supreme Court sale, L. A. Lockwood, referee:—H. and l., No. 6 Beekman place, w. s., 38 ft. n. of Mitchell place, size 19x80. Also, on the premises, 54 acres in villa plots at Pompton, N. J., on the Midland Railroad, fronting the lake.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4.

By James M. Miller, by order of the Supreme Court:—Elizabeth st., 15, w. s., between Bayard and Canal sts., h. and l., 25x94.; 46th st., n. s., 200 ft. e. 1st av.; lease of building and lot; 47th st., s. s., 418, 420 and 422, 200 ft. e. of 1st av.; lease of two houses and plot.

By E. H. Ludlow & Co., in partition.—East 121st st., n. s., 277 ft. e. of 4th av., 4 lots, each 20x100.11.

By order of the Court of Common Pleas.—86th st., s. s., between 3d and 4th avs., 2 houses and lots, each 25.6¼x100.

THURSDAY, JUNE 5.

By Muller, Wilkins & Co., by order of Supreme Court.—26th st., s. s., 257.1 5-7 w. 6th av., 21.5 1-7x98.9, h. and l.

FRIDAY, JUNE 6.

By Joseph McGuire, by order of Supreme Court.—Delancey st., s. s., 25 ft. w. of Pitt st., 25x75, h. and l.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7.

By Matthew T. Brennan, Sheriff, at City Hall.—37th st., n. s., 375 ft. w. of 9th av., 25x98.9.

Brooklyn Property.

TUESDAY.

On Tuesday next, that portion of the estates of the late William B. Cooper and the late Mary Johnson, belonging to the estate of the late Henry W. Cooper, comprising 93 lots located on 5th and 6th avs., and Carroll, Macomb and 1st sts., 3 blocks w. of Prospect Park and the Grand Plazza, and 64 lots on Washington and Classon avs., President, Carroll, Crown and Montgomery sts., beginning near the point of junction of the Sackett st. Boulevard, or Park Way, leading to the Grand Plaza.

THURSDAY.

By Wyckoff & James, by order of assignee—15 lots of land situate on Washington and DeKalb avs. and Hamilton st.

By J. Cole—Gerard Stevens, referee—at Commercial Exchange, Brooklyn.—The residence of the late John H. Williams, comprising 24 lots and water fronts, at Ravenswood, on the banks of the East River, will be sold by order of the executor, for the benefit of the heirs, by J. Cole, at the Commercial Exchange, Brooklyn.

Jersey City Property.

By J. M. Gibson, on Monday, June 2, at 3 o'clock P. M., on the premises, 10 lots (including two corners), fronting 92 ft. on Nelson (formerly Grand av., and now the proposed line of the Westerly Boulevard), 197.4 ft. on Zabriskie st. (formerly Bella Vista av.), and 137.21 ft. on Columbia av.

Tuesday, June 3, at 2 o'clock P. M. sharp, at the Real Estate Exchange salesroom, 31 Montgomery st., corner Greene, Jersey City, peremptory sale of 100 building lots, on Washington (now Pacific), Bramhall and Carteret avs., Halliday and Van Horn sts., Lafayette, Fifteenth ward, Jersey City.

Thursday, June 5, at 3 o'clock P. M., on the premises, the 2 story attic brick basement dwelling 246 Wayne st.; house is 22x28; lot 25x100. The two corner lots on n. e. corner of Wayne and Colgate sts., 25x80; on s. e. corner of Railroad av. and Colgate st., 25x96, more or less. The lot, 25x80, 308 Wayne st. The premises 327 Wayne st.; the property consisting of a 3 story brick house, 25x26, on rear of lot, also a 2 story shop, 25x30, on front.

Suburban Property.

MONDAY.

By O. H. Pierson, on the grounds at Newark, N. J., 100 lots situate near East Ferry st. R. R. station.

TUESDAY.

By Jere. Johnson, Jr., on the grounds, by order of James Blackwell, 250 lots, situate at Bayside, L. I., the same being the balance of the Mickle estate, left over from the sale of last year, when 1,000 lots were sold.

By O. H. Pierson, on the grounds at Wyoming, N. J., 120 lots, situate 3 minutes' walk from the R. R. station at that place.

WEDNESDAY.

By O. H. Pierson, on the grounds, at Newark, N. J., 51 lots fronting on Polk and Clover sts.

THURSDAY.

By Muller, Wilkins & Co., at Exchange Salesroom, peremptory sale in partition of 399 lots of land and two cottages, situate at Whitestone, L. I., by order of Whitestone Land Association, under the direction of George W. Van Siclen, attorney.

By A. D. Mellick, Jr. & Brothers, on the grounds, the Cherry Valley, N. J., property, adjoining the South street railroad station of that place. The streets through the property are all paved and graded, and but forty minutes distant from New York by the New Jersey Railroad.

By O. H. Pierson, on the grounds, 41 lots, situate on Chestnut street, Newark, N. J.

By Jere. Johnson, Jr., on the grounds, 1,200 superb villa sites, situate on the Ocean View Manor, S. I. The property belongs to Samuel Barton, and it is ordered to be peremptorily sold for the benefit of his creditors.

THE MODOC MISERY.

The Blame for the Massacre of the First Expedition.

SQUAWS VS. SHOULDER STRAPS.

Sickening Sight at the Discovery of the Dead.

THE SAD, LONELY BURIAL.

Our First Victory and the Flight of the Modocs.

THE SURRENDER OF THE SQUALID BAND.

The Bucks Laying Down Their Arms with Tears.

CAPTAIN JACK'S WHEREABOUTS.

NEW YORK HERALD HEADQUARTERS, MODOC EXPEDITION, May 22, 1873.

A short account of what has transpired lately here may not prove uninteresting to the many readers of the HERALD; therefore I will give you, in as few words as possible, the main features of the operations of the last few days, beginning about the 1st of the month, or rather, I might say on the 26th of April, the date of the Thomas massacre. You were informed by my telegram that several dead and missing were left on the battle field, the troops being unable to find the first or remove the second, and consequently great anxiety was felt regarding the fate of the missing, for one was an officer—gallant Lieutenant Cranston—a better or braver man we rarely see. It was expected that an effort would be made to find his body, at least; for it is well known that if the troops would not be ordered out to search for the body of an officer the bodies of the privates stood but little chance of being recovered. But for once officer and private fared alike and were left where they fell until the time I am about to relate. On the arrival of General Davis it became apparent that matters were to be pressed a little, and that the American soldier would be called upon to attempt in all seriousness the task of subduing the gentle Modoc. As a first step it was determined to recover the bodies and give them Christian burial if possible. To my unmilitary mind the effort should have been made sooner, if the morale of the troops could be trusted. But we must not criticise the acts of those in power, for we are not supposed to understand the working of some of the mighty minds, whose chief ornaments are shoulder straps, and an education won at the expense of the government. As yet I hardly like to write of this sad affair, but prefer to wait until some of the fawning sycophancy, which has characterized some accounts of this sad affair, shall have worn away and men be able and willing to get the shoulder straps out of their eyes and place

THE BLAME OF THIS WHOLESALE MURDER

where it rightfully belongs without fear of mortally offending some of the embryo veterans, whose only knowledge of Indian warfare before this campaign consisted in sundry encounters they have had with tobacconists' signs in some of their nightly revels. I do not refer to all or any officer who belongs to this expedition, for we have some gallant gentlemen here. But this is merely written for the benefit of future young warriors, who think their uniforms hide their want of brains or lack of civility.

Before I proceed farther, I will relate the attack on the wagon train, which took place on the Peninsula the 7th of April, I think. It had or has little significance, only to show the troops that the Modocs were on the offensive, and had not left the lava beds. It was then determined to ascertain whether this was supposition or a fixed fact. Therefore Captain John A. Fairchild, by and with consent of the military, sent out One-Eyed Dixie and Artena Chocas (long legs), half civilized Modoc squaws, to spy out the land and report thereon. He went with them to within about three miles of the stronghold, camped all night and sent them in in the morning with instructions if the Modocs were there to light a fire if they could; if not, report to him at his ranch at night. The squaws hardly could be persuaded to go for fear of the Warm Spring Indians and soldiers. But still they went, returned at night, and reported

MODOCS GONE,

and gone for good, as there was no water left, the natural cistern having been exhausted. They also reported that they had found the body of Lieutenant Cranston and those of the missing men. This intelligence was given the General in the afternoon, and that evening Captain Donald McKay and his Warm Spring Indians were ordered out to verify the report. When darkness had enveloped the lava beds Donald and his men proceeded to the dreaded place, and in the morning their fires told us that again the squaws had been true to their task, and that the dreaded Modocs had really left their strong hold, and it was decided that the day following a detachment should be sent out to gather and bury the dead. The soldiers, or many of them at least, would not believe the Modocs had fled, and said the whole thing was a ruse to get them out to build another graveyard (to be slaughtered). Well, the expedition, consisting of the infantry and artillery, under Captain Fields, Battery A, Fourth artillery, started on the 9th of May, just thirteen days after the first ill stared expedition left camp for the same place, but with altogether a different object. The formation of this detachment gave another evidence that reason had not altogether deserted our camp, for as much care was displayed in this as though they expected to meet the enemy. Had the same prudence been observed in the case of the first expedition the sad result I telegraphed you might have been avoided. The troops formed three sides of a hollow square, with pack train in the centre, and flanked out thirty yards on either wing. The ground was reached, the bodies passed and the troops took up high ground, commanding the position, while a part proceeded

TO GATHER THE DEAD.

Cranston and four men were found side by side, probably laid in that position by the Modocs, in a position where they could rake any party who came for them. The other body was but a little way off. Cranston was scalped hair and whiskers, and two of the other bodies mutilated badly. It was found impossible to remove them, decomposition having rendered them almost putrid masses, and they were buried there, with headboards to mark their lonely resting place. The bodies of the eight soldiers left there were reinterred, the Modocs having burned off the sage brush with which they were covered, leaving most of them but charred remains. Having accomplished this sad duty the party returned unmolested to camp. I will now return to the attack on the wagon train on the peninsula, which was of little moment, save to help convince the military mind that it was sometimes unsafe to send out small parties as escorts, and also that at times the Modocs would whip the soldiers even handed—the former always having the choice of ground, of course. This little affair occurred on the 7th, I believe, and was about like this:—A train of five wagons, one six-horse the others four animals each, left Boyle's supply camp to go down the peninsula to his old camp, for some lumber left them. They had an escort of fifteen or twenty men under Sergeant Murphy. At a point, where the neck is very narrow, they were attacked by about twenty Modocs who had fortified themselves across this narrow place, where they could not be flanked.

THE FIRST FIRE

wounded three soldiers, who fell back, and a running fight of a few minutes resulted, ending in the capture of four wagons and seventeen animals, the six-horse team being behind and thus escaping. As soon as the firing was heard, Lieutenant Boutelle, with reinforcements, started for the scene; but, although his command rode hard, they did not come up in time to save the train, which was yet burning, and the Modocs, having taken to the rocks, could not be followed. On the following day they returned and finished burning the wagons. It now becoming evident that the Modocs were really out and hunting the soldiers, it was resolved to start a scout after them, and to this end a force under command of Captain Hasbrouck, consisting of the mounted men of Colonel Mason's camp, light Battery B, Captain Hasbrouck, and Captain Jackson's and Lieutenant Kyle's troops of cavalry, with the Warm Springs, under McKay, started on the 9th for a scout around the head of Sorass lake, where it was rightly supposed the enemy had fled. The cavalry camped the first night on the head of Sorass lake, while the light battery tethered their horses and camped in a juniper grove some three miles distant. The troops dug for water, but found none, the lake being little else now but a dry marsh, as it is every dry season. About two hours after the cavalry had encamped McKay and his Indians came up and camped with them, apparently unknown to the Modocs, who were in the rocks a few miles away. It was rather an open country where the cavalry were encamped—one in which horses could be used to some advantage. In the gray of the following morning the Modocs came down from their rocky fastness stripped for the fight, and, with their terrible war whoop, opened

FIRE ON THE SLEEPING SOLDIERS.

The first fire killed one outright and wounded eight others, two of whom have since died. The most of the horses were stampeded, but were afterwards recovered by those who kept their stock. The Warm Springs sprung to their ponies, and in a few seconds were on the flanks of the Modocs, who evidently did not expect them. With the aid of the dismounted cavalry they drove them about five miles, when, reaching that portion of the lava bed which is almost impossible to move in, the troops returned to their camp about ten A. M., where they remained until night, when they returned to Scorpion Point, bringing their dead and wounded with them. The Warm Springs lost one warrior killed, two wounded, one of whom has since died, and the other probably will not recover. The fruits of this victory was one Modoc killed, four ponies, one mule and about one hundred rounds of ammunition captured. Still it was a victory, and though an insignificant one, it possessed great advantages in one point of view, for it taught the soldiers that if they stand their ground they could whip the Modocs, when they could not do it by running. Reinforcements were sent out the next morning, hoping to surround the Modocs from this side, and two or three days were spent in "feeling" their position, when it was discovered that

THE MODOCS HAD FLED,

and were making for the timbered range, leading around to the head of Butte Valley, which lies between them and Goose Nest Mountain, from which they could easily reach Bogus Creek. The cavalry and Warm Springs were soon after them, going as far west as Boyce's ranch, near by Beall's. They struck the trail on Sunday last, and finding it was leading back to Fairchild's ranch they spurred on for about eight miles, when they caught sight of the Modocs on foot in a sage brush plain which skirts Sheep Mountain on the east, and immediately gave chase. Their horses being jaded they did not get very close to the Modocs before they gained the hills about three miles south of Fairchild's ranch, where the horses could not follow them. In this running fight the Modocs lost one man and two squaws killed and ten or a dozen women and children captured, while we had no killed or wounded to report. On Monday evening Captain Fairchild went to the Warm Spring camp, and, by the aid of Dixie and Actena, interviewed the captive squaws. From them he learned that the band was on its way to Fairchild with a view of surrendering themselves when attacked. This he communicated to Captain Hasbrouck, who took the responsibility of delaying the chase for two or three days, in order to give them

TIME TO SURRENDER.

Dixie and Actena were sent out with one of the captured squaws to find the party and tell them to come in. They left on Tuesday, returned on Wednesday, reporting that they were anxious to surrender if they had some one they knew and had confidence in to come and bring them in. They were sent back this morning, assured by Fairchild that he would meet them when they neared camp and talk with them. The squaws found them over by Indian Springs, an almost impregnable position, some fifteen mile northwest of this place, and about seven miles west of the Hole in the Ground. They found there Bogus Charley, just returned from Bogus Creek, and by his aid and that of Steamboat Scout and Shack Nasty Jim, the party consented to return and meet Fairchild, which they did, about four miles from his house. A long talk ensued, when finally they agreed to come in and surrender unconditionally, and at six o'clock P. M. the poor, misguided fellows came in and laid down their arms to General Davis. It was a sorry sight this

SQUALID, WEARY, HALF-STARVED BAND,

comprising about seventy souls, all told, sixteen of whom were able to bear arms, though several were only boys of twelve and fourteen years, who seemed hardly able to bear the Springfield muskets with which they were armed. The names of some of the most famous among them are Curly-headed Doctor, the main cause of the war; Steamboat Frank, a daring warrior, one of the best of Captain Jack's men; Hawker Jim, who shot at Dyar, Peace Commissioner at the time of the massacre; Shack Nasty Jim, Bogus Charley and William, the two last it is said, being the ones who stood guard at the mouth of the cave the night Steele and Atwell were there, and when, but for Scar-faced Charley and Captain Jack, assisted by these two, they would undoubtedly have been murdered. This is a sad blow to Captain Jack, for it takes away the best half of his fighting men, leaving him an easy prey when he is found. This band of Hot Creek Modocs have ever been considered the bravest and most cunning warriors of the tribe, and their defection will be sorely felt. They are now under guard and what will be done with them I cannot yet determine, but certain it is that Bogus Charley, Hawker Jim and the Curly-headed Doctor will be tried for their lives. Bogus Charley, it will be remembered, was with Boston Charley when the Peace Commission was treacherously attacked. Bogus Charley says that their party and Captain Jack's had a quarrel when they learned their intention of surrendering, and that Captain Jack and William had a fight because the former wished to disarm the band. He says they have been wandering around trying to get in. When they laid down their guns the stoutest could hardly withhold their tears. I never saw

INDIANS EXHIBIT SO MUCH EMOTION

befor. This got the better of the stoicism of most of them, and they seemed keenly to feel their situation. Great credit is due Captain Fairchild for the success of this undertaking, by which half the band has become prisoners. We get fifteen guns and about one hundred rounds of ammunition. Bogus Charley says Boston Charley must be dead, as he has been missing since the fight of Sunday. He asked General Davis to-day that one of his men might go out with some soldiers to-morrow to hunt for his body. He says Captain Jack has gone to Pitt River or Goose Lake, and that before he left he robbed them of all their best guns and their horses, and left them with only the arms they now have. I am inclined to believe the robbery, just to please the Modocs, though I think that they have their guns cached near by, and that Captain Jack is lurking around in this neighborhood, waiting to see how those who have surrendered will be treated. He may be at this moment on Bogus Creek or some other equally strong place, for I do not think he will leave this section of the country. He is politic and wants to live, and could he be assured his life would be spared I believe he would surrender in less than a week.

GENERAL D. H. HILL'S COMMENTS ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL CANBY.

The following is the full text of the comments of the Confederate General D. H. Hill on the death of General Canby, which excited the wrath of and provoked a reply from the preacher-Senator, Brownlow, of Tennessee, which was published in yesterday's HERALD. It is copied from the Charlotte (N. C.) *Home*:—

At the outbreak of the war in 1861 he deserted his own section and cast his lot in with their enemies. He seems to have won rank and reputation in the federal service, and was one of the six brigadiers appointed in the regular army on the peace establishment. He was given command of the Department of the Carolinas, and carried out ruthlessly all the cruel measures of a remorseless Congress. The war against his own land and people seemed to have destroyed all his nobler qualities, and to have transformed him into the usual style of the renegade. A citizen of Charlotte was present in Richmond when General Canby personally superintended the hanging of a white man up by the thumbs for kicking an insolent negro out of his saloon.

Jim Lane cut his own throat. Stanton most likely committed suicide. King drowned himself. One by one the oppressors of the South come to an untimely end. Some of the most atrocious are now covered with infamy worse than death. Is it accident or is it retribution?

The history of renegades is getting to be instructive. Mr. Lincoln destroyed his own people, violated his conscience and stultified his oft-expressed opinions. He was foully and atrociously murdered in the hour of his triumph. General Thomas pledged himself in Lynchburg at the outbreak of the war to stand by his neighbors and kindred. Seduced by office he fought against them. At the close of his brilliant military career a popinjay was put over him and he dropped dead in San Francisco. Old Brownlow was the strongest pro-slavery man in the South, but he cast his lot with the abolitionists and persecuted his own people. He is now a paralytic and almost a drivelling idiot. Professor Mahan was an ardent Southerner and could hardly find language wherewith to express his abhorrence of the disunion abolition party during the war and became very bitter against his own section. He was superseded when his work was done, threw himself in the Hudson in the madness of his despair. Who would not rather be a crippled Confederate soldier, munching a crust of bread, than poor Longstreet, the pet of Grant and the idol of Louisiana thieves?

MRS. CONFIDENTIAL WATSON.

Arrest of a Celebrated Female Hotel Swindler.

Mrs. Hortense B. Watson, who has figured in the police courts a number of times on different charges of swindling, and who has been concerned in a number of confidence operations, was arrested on Saturday night by Detective Heidelberg, of the Central Office, and brought before Judge Hogan, at the Tombs Police Court, yesterday morning. Mrs. Watson was charged by Mr. John P. Richards, manager of the Anthony House, No. 834 Broadway, with obtaining board, &c., under false representations. She had been living at the above mentioned hotel for a long period, at a most extravagant rate, giving elegant dinners and suppers to numbers of friends of both sexes; but always failing to settle her bills when called upon. The proprietors of several other hotels have signified their intention of appearing against her for similar alleged offences. Judge Hogan held the lady to answer.