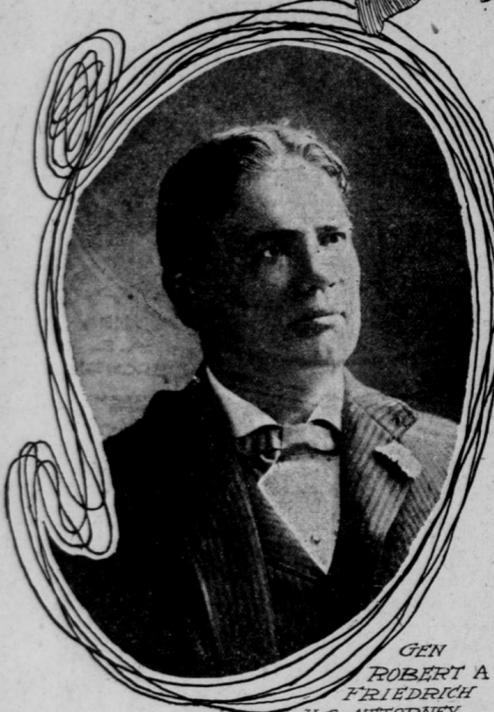


# ALASKA'S MOST REMARKABLE

BURT AND FLORENCE HORTON FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT SEAGUAY THREE WEEKS BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE ON THEIR ILL-FATED JOURNEY.



GEN ROBERT A. FRIEDRICH U.S. ATTORNEY FOR ALASKA



FOR something over two years General Robert A. Friedrich was United States Attorney for Alaska, and during that time convicted more criminals than all his predecessors combined since the Territory came under the sway of civil government in 1884. The result of his labors is that life and property in Alaska to-day are said to be safer than in any State or Territory west of the Mississippi River.

General Friedrich writes this account of the Horton murder, and as he was the prosecuting attorney at that trial he may justly be considered as one in authority to know whereof he speaks and not the man to be other than an impartial judge. In this respect his story is witness for itself.

That murder of Horton and his young wife on an island in the wild Alaskan waters is certainly one of the most fiendish and remarkable in the history of crime. None the less interesting is the character of Hanson. His evolution from a red-handed savage to a God-fearing man is made consistent through the virile pen of General Friedrich.

TO millions of readers Alaska, with its 500,000 square miles of territory, with a population of only eleven human beings to a hundred square miles, is a veritable land of mystery, unknown and unknowable.

Within this imperial domain are countless thousands of acres, consisting of mountains and valleys, upon which the foot of a human being has never trod and over which eternal and everlasting silence has held unchallenged sway since that earliest morning of time when the choral symphonies of the stars first rang out through celestial space.

The coast lines of Southeastern Alaska are broken at intervals of from one hundred to five hundred miles apart with villages and hamlets, whose inhabitants daily look on mountains which no one of them has ever scaled or explored nor has the remotest idea of ever attempting to do so. Even to those who have dwelt for years along its waterways or have prospected the streams and foothills for gold its great interior is a terra incognita.

The authentic history of Alaska has never been written. We are as yet uncertain as to its boundary lines. We paid \$7,200,000 for it and received as evidence of our title an instrument which, if the transaction had been between individuals, would have been denominated a "quit-claim deed."

The Emperor of all the Russias—so the instrument reads—through his Privy Council and Envoy Extraordinary, Edward de Stoecki, on the 30th day of March, 1867, affixed his signature to a paper which in the parlance of diplomatic conveyancing is called a "Treaty of Cession," whereby his Majesty the Emperor conveyed to the United States of America "all of Russia's rights, franchises and privileges in the said territory or dominion and appurtenances thereto." The territory conveyed is described as follows:

"Commencing at a point in the parallel of 54 degrees 40 minutes north latitude, and between the 131st and 132d degree of west longitude (meridian of Greenwich), the said line shall ascend to the north along the channel called Portland Channel

as far as the point of the continent where it strikes the 56th degree of north latitude; from the last mentioned point this line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast so far as the intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude (of the same meridian), and finally from the said point of intersection the said meridian line of the 141st degree in its prolongation as far as the frozen ocean."

And this is mostly all we know of Alaska. It is no wonder, then, that fertile and elastic imaginations, when their owners attempt to write anything Alaskan, revel wildly and madly when turned loose in these practically limitless realms.

I recently read a story in the June number of a well known publication, which goes far to strengthen this theory, and which largely influenced me to give to the readers of The Sunday Call the true history of what under the circumstances and conditions was the most remarkable case in the criminal history of the Northern Pacific Coast, namely the murder of Florence and Burt Horton by Alaska Indians in 1898, and their subsequent trial, conviction and sentence.

For the benefit of those who have read, or may read, the story referred to, I will explain that it is entitled "The True Story of Kibeth, the Aleut."

As United States Attorney for the District of Alaska it devolved upon me to prosecute Jim Hanson—the "Kibeth" of the aforesaid story, and his companions in crime, for the cruel murder of that unfortunate young couple.

Burt and Florence Horton were natives of the little town of Eugene, in the State of Oregon, and at the time of their death had been married less than one year. A few weeks after their marriage they migrated to Skaguay. He was 27 years of age, and a member of high standing of the orders of Elks and Knights of a devout member of the Episcopal church. From Skaguay they went to White Pass, a camp at the head of the terrible trail of that name, over which thousands toiled, and many died, in the early rush to

the Klondike country. At White Pass, during the summer months of 1898, the Hortons kept a little restaurant, and many a worn and discouraged miner went on his way more encouraged and with a lighter heart after he had broken his fast at the little eating house near the summit, where Florence Horton, with her handsome girlish face and winsome manners, administered to his wants. In the fall of 1898 they returned to Skaguay and took up their residence with Mr. and Mrs. Sessions, whom they had known years before. About the first of October Mrs. Hor-

ton being in delicate health, her husband concluded to take an outing and spend a few weeks hunting and fishing at the head of Sullivan Island, on Lynn Canal. He accordingly purchased a small boat and such necessary articles, including a tent, as would make camp life comparatively comfortable. Mrs. Sessions had assisted the girl wife in the preparation of a humble wardrobe suitable for an outdoor life, and as near as can be ascertained they pitched their camp on the mainland opposite the head of Sullivan Island, about October 10. Horton had two guns,

yards from the tent of the Hortons. These Indians reported that they had gone up to Horton's camp and made inquiries regarding their missing friends; that there was a white man and woman there, and that when they asked the man if he had seen a canoe in that vicinity he hung his head and looked scared and finally admitted that he had seen a canoe with an Indian man and woman and little boy passing along the channel some hundred yards from the shore a few days previous. The finding of this piece of canoe near

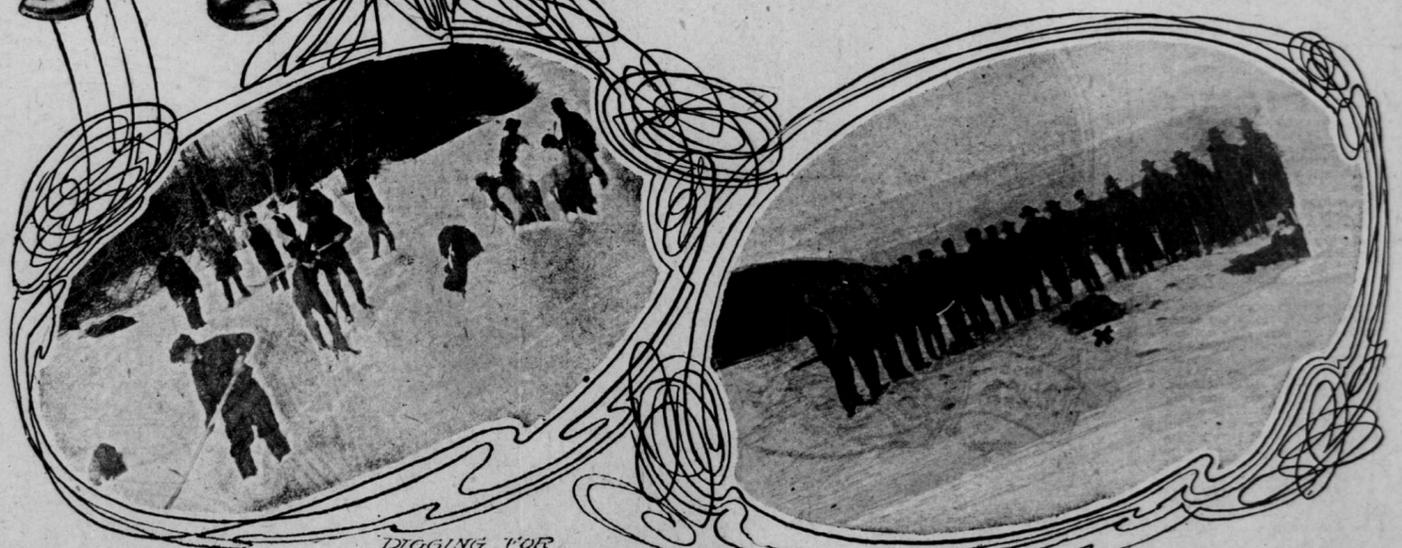
the white man's camp and his manner when being interrogated were proof positive to the Indians that in some way these white people were responsible for the loss of the three missing people. They held a council and decided that the white man and woman must die. Immediately they embarked and paddled across the channel, landing some quarter of a mile from Horton's camp. Hanson undoubtedly was the leader. Although young, he was a man of magnificent physique and marvelous courage. He was known as a "bear fighter" and had killed with his knife (which I now have) in hand to hand encounters, it was claimed, over 100 of these formidable animals. His hunting fields were along the Chilkat River, its tributaries and the interior of that portion of the country bounded by the mountain range bordering on Lynn Canal.

When the canoe grounded Hanson, with his Winchester in hand, was the first to leap ashore. As he did so he exclaimed: "Kahk-won-ton, make your hearts strong!" He was followed by seven of the Indians. Una-hootch, Martha Hanson and Goos remained with the canoe.

The story of the Indians materially differs on minor points as to what occurred immediately upon coming upon the white people, but Jim Hanson's story, which I believe to be true, was substantially as follows: When they arrived in sight of the tent the white man with a gun in his hands was standing near the entrance and motioned them to keep off. The woman was not in sight. As undoubtedly had been prearranged Mark Klanat spoke to the white man for the purpose of attracting his attention. The moment he looked toward him Hanson, quick as a flash and with unerring aim, shot him through the heart and he fell without a moan. At this moment Mrs. Horton ran from the rear of the tent screaming and calling to her husband, who lay some twenty feet away. Kichtoo fired two shots at her, both taking effect, one through the face, the other in the upper part of her body. She fell and as Kesh, the Indian boy, testified, "squealed." The Indians gathered around her and Jim Williams, who claimed at the trial that Hanson pointed his gun at him and at the same time handling him a knife,

responsible party. After the murder the Indians put the two bodies in blankets, carried them down near high water mark, dug a hole in the sand among the boulders, placed the bodies therein, covered them over with the tent, weighting it down with stones, and over all they piled branches from trees. Previous to doing this, they took from the body of Horton a watch and some \$5 in money. One hundred and twenty dollars in gold was found on the body when afterward exhumed. From Mrs. Horton they took several rings, among others her wedding ring. This property was divided among the Indians. Hanson took the rifle and the money was divided among the other Indians. The watch and rings, including Mrs. Horton's wedding ring, was found by the Deputy Marshal in Kichtoo's cabin. The shotgun had letters on it, which one of the Indians, Mark Klanat, who could read and speak English, decided to be the initials of the man they had murdered and that its retention would be dangerous, so it was broken over a log and secreted with the woman's clothing in a little tin trunk, all of which were afterward found and produced at the trial.

Thus far I have attempted to describe what, up to the killing of Horton and his wife and distribution of their effects, was simply a savage murder and robbery, the result of a conspiracy which had for its inception the belief that in some way either those or some other white person or persons were responsible for the loss of the Indian canoe and its occupants. It was shown in evidence that as they pushed off from Sullivan Island they all gave vent to a weird cry, which as given in court sounded like the angry growl of a wolf—"oo-ah-oo, oo-ah-oo." An old white woman, who had been with the Indians twenty years, testified that it



DIGGING FOR THE BODIES.

MARSHALL TANNER AND POSSE WITH BODY ON SLED PREPARATORY TO GOING ABOARD THE ALBERT.

said: "You are the Raven's son," took the knife from Hanson's hand and cut the woman's throat, almost severing her head from her body. I am satisfied that this statement of Williams was false. The testimony developed beyond question that he had been agreed that if any one should ever tell of this murder and it got to the white people they would all combine and swear that he alone was the guilty and

meant, "Some one is about to die." As time went on the friends of the Hortons began to wonder at their long stay, which gradually became fear for their safety. After some six weeks a search was made along Lynn Canal, but no evidence was found that threw light on their disappearance. By some it was thought they had been drowned, others that they had caught a passing steamer and gone to

VISITORS of the British Museum, inspecting the antiquities in the Egyptian rooms, are much interested in the array of cat mummies in one of the wall cases. Wonder is often expressed why cats and crocodiles should have been embalmed and why the gods of Egypt should have various animal heads, such as the lion, the jackal, the ibis and the hawk. It seems so incredibly stupid, as well as so superstitious, considering how advanced the Egyptians were in civilization and culture. They could build temples, erect massive obelisks and carry out great engineering works. There are sculptured figures in the museum which date from 3500 B. C. There are manufactured articles and specimens of writing probably a thousand years older than that. The ancient people possessed an ingenious form of hieroglyphic writing in which a feather was the letter A and a lion the letter L. But a feather was also

the emblem of truth and all the letters had been emblems or symbols of things and qualities. Does it not occur to us that perhaps the animal heads were symbolic also and the cats and crocodiles were embalmed because of their sacred significance? The Egyptians were not fools and we must not laugh at their worship of the cat without seeking to understand it. Trees, serpents and other things had a place in the religious symbolism of the Egyptians. The persea tree seems to mark the place of sun rising on midsummer day, and, curiously, there was a "great cat" connected with this tree. In the seventeenth chapter of the "Book of the Dead" the cat is explained to be Ra himself, the chief god. A serpent was often carried in long mystical procession and in some of the pictures a cat is represented in the act of cutting off its head. Along with the ass the cat is called a

## Many Queer Deities Worshipped by the People of Olden Times.

a lunar cycle of twenty-five years, which must terminate punctually. When he was taken through the city in annual procession people would ask and tell how old he was, and he would thus be a walking almanac. If he did not die naturally he was drowned at the age of 25, because the new cycle had to begin, and a new divine Apis must be found. But he was honored by being embalmed and buried in a granite sarcophagus in the neighborhood of the pyramids. The burial place of the sacred bulls was

discovered by Mariette in 1851, and every visitor to Egypt goes to see these tombs. Each of the stone coffins had its memorial inscription. For example: "In the twentieth year, under the reign of King Psametik I, the majesty of the living Apis departed to heaven. This god was carried in peace (to his burial) to the beautiful land of the blest." Now there was a burial place for sacred cats, as well as sacred bulls, and the reason was no doubt the same—namely, that they had a place in the symbolic

worship. A cemetery of cats existed near Bubastis, which is the modern Tel Basta, not far from Zag-a-zig Junction, on the railway. Buried in the mound M. Naville some years ago found the ruined temple of Bast or Pasht, the cat goddess, who gave her name to the city. The foundation of Bubastis carries us back to the beginning of the historical times of Egypt and is contemporary with the pyramids, the oldest monuments. Herodotus says: "The temple stands in the middle of the city and is visible on all sides as one walks around it; for, as the city has been raised up by an embankment while the temple has been left untouched in its original condition, you look down upon it wherever you are. A low wall runs around the inclosure, having figures engraved upon it, and inside there is a grove of beautiful tall trees growing around the shrine which contains the image of the goddess." And concerning the goddess herself he says: "The Bubastis of the Egyptians is the same as the Ar-

temis of the Greeks." To this we may add that the Artemis of the Greeks is generally said to be the same as the Diana of the Romans, a goddess of light representing the moon. Thus we see that Bast or Pasht was connected with the cat on the one hand and the moon on the other. So it is quite feasible that puss when she figures as a symbol in the Egyptian worship represents something in the domain of astronomy and the calendar. Ovid calls the cat the sister of the moon, and says that Pasht took the form of a cat to avoid Typhon. According to Plutarch a cat placed in a lustrum denoted the moon. It is a night animal and its eyes glitten in the dark. Hyde Clarke remarks that there are phenomena of periodicity in the cat which are supposed to have given rise to its relationship to the moon. What I think I have discovered, or at least made clearer than it was before, is that the cat was an intercalary month, added in the one hundred and twentieth year to rectify the calendar.—Gentleman's Magazine.

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