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EXIT JOSEPH.

GENERAL MILES AND HIS BRAVE TROOPS CROWNED WITH VICTORY.

A Five Days' Fight--Our Killed and Wounded--General Howard Comes on the Scene after the Battle.

We give below a synopsis of the New York *Herald's* special report of the fight with and defeat of Chief Joseph and his Nez Perces hostiles. As was stated in THE REPUBLICAN of yesterday, it was a complete victory, resulting in the capture of the Indian camp, containing 350 men, women and children, of which 160 were fighting warriors.

It is alleged that these Indians betrayed none of the brutality usually manifested to wounded prisoners in their hands prior to the surrender, and while fighting stubbornly as long as they could, acted in a surprisingly civilized manner.

MILITARY SKILL OF THE NEZ PERCES.

Joseph, having escaped from Howard and eluded Sturgis, was advancing confidently northward. He had burned at Cowstand, on the Missouri, a great mass of Government and private freight, and, having crossed, was proceeding leisurely toward Fort Belknap, on the Milk river. So skilful are Joseph and his chiefs in the art of warfare against the whites that they had never failed at their halts at eventide to intrench themselves. Their intrenchments included not only a rifle pit for each warrior, in which he was almost as well protected as the Union and Confederate soldiers were at Cold Harbor, but they also dug deep burrows for the squaws and children.

SCENE OF THE BATTLE.

On the night of September 29 the band of Nez Perces had ensconced itself in a ravine extending down to Snake Creek, about fourteen miles from its mouth, which empties into Milk river. This position is among the foot hills of the Bear Paw mountains, a cluster of heights isolated from the main range, but commanding a distant view in all directions and forming an almost impregnable citadel. The region round about the Indian camp is woodless and desolate at all times, and at this season of the year exceedingly dreary. The Bear Paw peaks above it are crowned with snow; the lower ridges are not clothed with a single tree; a few scanty rose bushes decorate the edge of the swarthy gullies and fringe the immediate banks of the creeks and their tributary brooks. Therefore the region, though broken, is open in a military sense, and the hiding places of the Nez Perces were merely artificial. The grass itself had been turned to a chocolate color by the autumn winds, and across the brown slopes and rolling hills the hues of the moccasins and the copper-colored breechclouts of the savages could be distinguished wherever exposed.

GENERAL MILES' ADVANCE.

When General Miles and his command approached the stronghold they traversed for a day the garden of Montana.

THE FIRST DASH.

At dawn two of the numerous scouts which Gen. Miles always keeps in front of him on marches through the Indian country, reported the positions of the Nez Perces and their herd. Orders, General Miles, everything forward. The cavalry, his own infantry mounted on Indian ponies, the pack train and all moved briskly on. His approach lay across the open, looking toward a hill. The herd of Indian horses, guarded by the youngest boys of the tribe, came first in view. A single dash of the 5th cavalry secured seven hundred ponies, almost before the warriors, concealed beyond the herders, knew of the proximity of the troops.

"CHARGE THEM! DAMN THEM!"

Then the General directed the opening charge upon the Indians themselves. Mounted on his horse, which he rode from first to last of the battle, he guided the engagement. He looked the leader that he was—rough, tough and ready. Weighing nearly two hundred pounds, he sat on his charger like a centaur, his brown mustache and side whiskers, slightly mixed with gray, adorned features that are heavy but pleasing, and were shadowed by a broad-brimmed, slouched drab hat. A wide blue ribbon encircled its crown, with blue streamers behind. He wore a red blanket, frontier shirt and a black necktie, its ends floating over his shoulders; outside the shirt a buckskin coat, short at the hip and carelessly buttoned; the tight blue trousers of a private soldier, with black stripes down the seams, and coarse boots complete his attire. This bronzed general of the frontier trotted forward to the head of the 7th cavalry troop at 9 o'clock, and shouted, "Charge them! damn them!" The three companies of the 7th were commanded by Brevet Maj. Hale, one of Custer's trusted lieutenants; by Capt. Godfrey and Capt. Moylan. Hale's first lieutenant was young Biddle; Godfrey's first lieutenant was Eckerson. At the time when Miles gave the order to charge these companies were mounted, and they rushed forward with a glorious shout.

MAJ. HALE'S SOLDIERLY DEATH.

Their volley was met by a fierce return. Maj. Hale's voice then sounded, "Charge, boys!" The Major at the same instant received his first wound but like the others he leaped over the edge of the embankment down among the tepees. As he alighted on his feet a bullet pierced him mortally in the throat. He stopped, staggered and, raising his right hand to his head, again shouted feebly, "Charge them!" He fell forward upon his face, dead.

BIDDLE FALLS.

His lieutenant, Biddle, mortally hurt at almost the same moment, reeled backward and fell across his body. Thus these two heroes perished in the midst of wild musketry fire, while their comrades were firing into and sacking the Nez Perces' lodges. Meantime the bullets were singing, and Captain Godfrey and Captain Moylan, affectionately known as "Mickey" Moylan, were wounded. The firing from the Indians on their first recovery after the retreat is described as terrific. General Miles speaks of it as "the most desperate discharge of magazine guns he had ever heard.

SUFFERINGS OF THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

The night of the 30th came on without any result being reached. It was intensely cold, was hard for the soldiers to bear, and must have been bitter to some of the Indians who stayed in their holes without blankets.

The heroism of the soldiers and the magnanimity of savages were never more conspicuously displayed than during that terrible night of sleet and snow. There had been a great disparity of casualties, the troops suffering most. Many of the wounded soldiers lay out during the whole night in the bottom of the creek. There were men who were shot through the legs and wounded in the body. One man, pierced through both hips and having a leg broken, endured his pain for an hour or two in silence, then calling out through the frosty night he said, "If some of you fellows don't take the blankets off them dead horses I'll be damned if I won't freeze to death."

UNEXPECTED MAGNANIMITY OF THE NEZ PERCES.

When the Indians arose from their burrows and approached them in the darkness a sergeant who was shot through the thigh drew from his holster a revolver. The Indian who bent over him called out, "Me no kill you. You can't kill us. Me no want to kill a man who can't shoot. Plenty man can shoot. No use you try shoot at me." The sergeant, like the other wounded men that night, had to endure nothing worse than robbery. The Nez Perces rifled his pocket of money, took his watch, his pistol and his belt, with cartridges, and left him where he lay.

It appears that the Nez Perces during the whole of the conflict behaved in a manner which entitles them to the dignity of warriors, far more courageous and forbearing than those of any other tribe who have ever fought American soldiers.

JOSEPH IN GEN. MILES' TENT.

On the second day of the battle Joseph, the chief, came voluntarily into Gen. Miles' camp, and, with an Indian's simplicity—frontiersmen here called it a snake's cunning—proposed to close the engagement by surrendering the arms he had taken from the dead soldiers. Gen. Miles was struck by the strange and savage humor of this proposition. He invited Joseph into his tent, and there interviewed him efficiently. Joseph, although a great chief, was not the surliest warrior among his people. He developed a civilized trait in this—he desired safety for his squaws and offspring. Gen. Miles said to Joseph, "Sit here a while." This was a signal to Joseph of his captivity. Retaining Joseph, Miles sent into the Indian camp one of his favorite officers, Lieut. Jerome. He was instructed to review and report upon the Indian position and every detail of the Indian fortifications. He was received by the Nez Perces and permitted to walk about their encampment. During the temporary truce a white flag floated over the Nez Perces stronghold. The flag stayed during the whole of the second day, and was visible on the morning of the third. It consisted of a white sheet of stolen bunting.

LIEUTENANT JEROME'S EXPERIENCE IN THE INDIAN CAMP.

General Miles having detained Joseph, the Indian chief White Bird sent word to Miles that if Joseph should be held as a prisoner or punished he (White Bird) would kill Lieutenant Jerome. The latter was treated in the interval with the utmost kindness the Indians are capable of. He was provided with a deep pit for shelter, which protected him from the bullets of his friends, which hummed into the Indian camp night and day. White Bird sent him blankets and the squaws coddled him. He had during the day and night he was held prisoner the best accommodations that could be afforded him in his singular plight.

THE FIGHTING RENEWED.

Joseph's proposal to surrender was rejected by White Bird and by the principal chiefs and warriors who survived the death of Looking Glass. Indeed, most of the Nez Perce warriors scoffed at the notion of surrender. Snow fell on the second day, but the half-clad Indians who lay in their holes were just as little anxious to end the fight as were the worried soldiers who began it. Colloquies similar to those along the fortifications during the late civil war frequently were exchanged. When at last a charge was ordered and General Miles called out, "Charge them to hell!" one of the Nez Perces responded, "Charge hell, you ain't fighting Sioux."

THE FIGHTING CONTINUES UNTIL THE 5TH INSTANT, WHEN JOSEPH SURRENDERS.

Chief Joseph and his warriors surrendered on the 5th instant. White Bird and the minor chiefs where by this time nowhere. Their followers were as willing to surrender as Joseph was, and the secret of the capitulation must be sought in a total error on the part of the savages, as well as the gallantry of Gen. Miles' troops. The Indians did not dream at first that they were fighting any other than Gen. Howard's troops, which they had before encountered. Joseph had not yet learned that he had fought with Gen. Gibbon at Big Hole. In fact, the Indians all of them had so insufficient a knowledge of the location of the United States Government that they were so surprised when they found a new General in front of them that they took him for a guerilla. They did not identify him with the nation. Overwhelmed, defeated and starving, they at length succumbed.

THE SURRENDER.

Gen. Miles had so carefully placed his troops that not a man of his command was killed after the assault on the first day, but the savages, notwithstanding all their arts, continually suffered. On the 5th, the day when they surrendered, there remained about three hundred and fifty men, squaws and children in the Indian pits. Of these about one hundred and sixty were warriors. At half-past two in the afternoon of that day Joseph came into General Miles' camp and shook hands and proposed a surrender, which was instantly granted. When the scouts left General Miles was receiving personally the arms and ammunition from each of the Indians. Each warrior as he passed said "How," and tendered his trophies. One added the words, "Bad medicine; better next time."

Gen. Miles intends to start to-day (October 10) for the Tongue river with the wounded of his command and of Joseph's tribe and prisoners. This ends the most remarkable Indian fight on record. I am forced to omit several more particulars, owing to the necessity of dispatching the courier.

Gen. Sturgis did not arrive in time to take a hand in the fight, and the glory of the splendid attack and victory belongs alone to Gen. Nelson A. Miles, colonel of the 5th United States infantry.

Only a few hours after the surrender Gen. O. O. Howard came on the ground, accompanied by a small escort. He assumed no command or control over the disposition of affairs.

THE SITTING BULL COMMISSION.

The Sitting Bull commission, which has been detained at Fort Benton for want of an escort, the companies designated for that purpose having gone to the assistance of Gen. Miles, will start for Fort Walsh on their return here, now hourly expected.

ARMY OFFICERS COMPLIMENTED.

CHICAGO, Oct. 11.—General Sheridan having received from Adjutant General Townsend dispatches congratulating himself, Gen. Terry and Colonel Miles on the result of the Indian war, telegraphed the same to the officers in command, adding first he considers the capture of Joseph exceedingly important, especially in its influence on Oregon Indians. He also adds his own commendations for the conduct of officers and men.

AMUSEMENTS.

The National.

It is always satisfactory to the pride of any one to have their predictions verified. We are not a prophet nor the son of a prophet, yet it is with satisfaction that we can announce this morning the success of the renowned tragedy, "Messalena."

The public of Washington have been patiently awaiting the presentation of this great and grand play. With the very brief time that the company had to rehearse "Messalena" they showed wonderful power in the rendition last night.

Miss Von Stamwitz, in her *role* of *Valeria Messalina*, the Queen consort of Claudius, the Emperor, has all the opportunity to show her powers. It is no fulsomeness to say that in her impersonation of this character last night, she proved to the enthralled audience that she was not only the Queen of Rome in miniature but that she was one of the queens of the stage. If there is a man or woman that relishes a good performance who fails to see her in *Messalena* on Saturday night, they should be debarred from all pleasures for the rest of the season. Her beauty in the fifth act is alone worth the price of admission.

Then all Washington should go and see Miss Annie Story in the character of *Anna*, wife of *Fabius*. This young lady made her great hit last night. To the great satisfaction of her friends and to the wonder of her critics, she proved her histrionic powers. The character is a good one, and Miss Story, although with short rehearsal, was well up in her lines. Courage, we say, courage! Miss Story, you gave the first great proofs last night of your powers and ability, and when Miss Von Stamwitz herself so flatteringly complimented you in course