

upon the ground. The Indians were drying their bows by the fire and straightening their arrows, a slight rain during the night having damaged them. He was satisfied from this and the scowls upon their faces that the warning he had received was true. They seemed to be in an ill-humor at being temporarily foiled in their design by the interposition of the elements. Old Mary came into the camp and sat down upon the ground beside Wright, a short distance from the fire.

Calling his attention to a young brave whose sister had been given him as a wife a few days before, she said, "That is your brother-in-law."

"I'll make a brother-in-law of him," exclaimed he, as he shot the young warrior dead with his pistol, and fell prone upon the ground to escape the volley of bullets that was poured into the Indians about the fire.

The onslaught was so sudden that the survivors of that rain of death stood for a moment as though stunned, and then fled in terror. As they sought to escape across the river they were turned back by a deadly volley from the six men in ambush on the other side. Seeing all avenues of escape were closed, and that half of their number already lay dead upon the ground, the Modocs turned at bay and fought desperately for their lives. They charged up the bank to grapple with their assailants, and a most sanguinary hand-to-hand struggle followed. Their arrows and knives were no match for the revolvers of the whites, and the contest was soon ended by the death of the last Modoc who made that desperate charge.

Of the forty-nine braves who stood about the camp-fire that November morning but two escaped to relate the treachery which had sealed the lips of the flower of their tribe. Those two were John Schonchin\* and Curley-Headed Doctor, who twenty years later took a terrible revenge in the murder of the Peace Commissioners.

A few squaws were hit by the flying bullets and went the way of all good Indians. Three of the attacking party were wounded; two of them so badly that their companions had to make litters upon which to convey them to Yreka.

The names of the men who made such sad havoc among the Modocs were: Ben Wright (killed by Indians in 1856), J. G. Hallick (now living in Yreka), William T. Kershaw, David Helm (Old Tex), Isaac Sandbanch (Buckskin), George Rodgers, Morris Rodgers, John C. Burgess (now living in Yreka), Jacob Rhodes, E. P. Jenner (now living in Scott Valley), — Coffin, William Chance, William White, a man called "Rabbit," William Brown, — Poland, Nigger Bill, and two Oregon Indians named Benice and Bob.

Notice of the coming of the party had been received, and every man in town [there were but few women and less children there at that time] was on the street to

welcome them home. It was a grand triumphal march. Escorted by a company that had gone out to meet them, they rode through the streets, dirty, shaggy and brown from their long campaign. Indian scalps dangled from their rifles, hats and bridles, and were thus flaunted to show to the admiring crowd the work they had accomplished in the field. Cheers and shouts rent the air as they slowly rode along, and at last they were fairly lifted from their horses and borne in triumph to the saloons, where a grand scene of revelry commenced.

For a week the carousal was maintained by a majority of the company and a host of their admirers, chiefly the riff-raff and scum of the town. They carried things with a high hand; everything had to give way to them. The warriors exhibited their hirsute trophies, flourished their weapons and recounted their deeds of valor. As their revolvers were generally kept in hand ready to convince any one who doubted, the number of open skeptics was small.\* Finally the better class of citizens began to exert their influence, and the noisy ones subsided into nothingness when they realized that their outrageous conduct would no longer be endured.

HARRY L. WELLS.

#### SOMETHING ABOUT CANALS.

THE Imperial Canal of China is over 1,000 miles long. In the year 1681 was completed the greatest undertaking of the kind in Europe—the Canal of Languedoc, or the Canal du Midi, to connect the Atlantic with the Mediterranean. Its length is 148 miles; it has more than 100 locks and about 50 aqueducts, and in its highest part it is no less than 600 feet above the sea. It is navigable for vessels of upward of 100 tons. The largest ship canal in Europe is the great North Holland Canal, completed in 1825. It is 124 feet wide at the water surface, 31 feet wide at the bottom, and has a depth of 20 feet. It extends from Amsterdam to the Helder, 51 miles. The Caledonian Canal, in Scotland, has a total length of 60 miles, including 3 lakes. The Suez Canal is 80 miles long, of which 66 miles are actual canal. The Erie Canal is 350½ miles long; the Ohio Canal, Cleveland to Portsmouth, 332; the Miami and Erie, Cincinnati to Toledo, 291; the Wabash and Erie, Evansville to the Ohio line, 374. The Suez Canal is 26 feet 4 inches deep, 72 feet 5 inches wide at bottom, and 329 feet wide at water surface; length a little short of 100 miles. The Panama Canal, when completed, is to be 45½ miles in length.

\* Mr. Hallick and Mr. Burgess both say that John Schonchin was not present; but that Indian himself, during the negotiations in 1873, claimed to have been one of the two survivors of that bloody massacre, and on that based his inflexible determination to be revenged.

\* One instance of the way they managed things is as follows: The kitchen of the American Hotel at that time was presided over by a negro, who had the temerity to speak in a slighting manner of them and their valor. One evening there was an outcry at the door of Joe Goodwin's saloon, and upon the crowd rushing to the door to ascertain the cause they found one of the exterminators, who accused this negro of having knocked him down. This offense, whether it had been committed or not, was more than they could endure. The next morning they made a raid upon the hotel kitchen and captured the offender. He was taken to a vacant lot, stretched over a pine log, and severely whipped on his bare back with a raw hide. Having thus vindicated their honor and demonstrated their valor, they gave the negro notice to leave town on pain of death. Nearly fainting from the terrible scourging he had endured, their victim turned his bleeding back upon the town where such things could be done forever. To the credit of Hallick, Burgess and a few others, he it said, they severed their connection with their late companions when they became too violent.