

Killing of Modoc Captives.

The San Francisco Chronicle's correspondent at the front is true to his cowardly instincts, and a faithful follower of the thief Bogart, whom he succeeds. After being cornered in every attempt to slander the Oregon Volunteers, by the most overwhelming proof that he was a base and malicious liar, it was to be hoped that his sense of shame would stay his slandering tongue, but his late attack upon the Volunteers shows him to be as destitute of shame as he is of truth.

Stinging under the recent success of the Volunteers in being instrumental in closing the war in spite of his slanders, this mean, contemptible, jealous man, with a new accumulation of pent-up lies, and charges them with murdering the Modoc captives while they were in charge of James Fairchilds, and of designing to kill John Fairchilds and old man Dorris. As to the killing of the captives, we can prove beyond the least shadow of doubt that there was not a Volunteer within ten miles of the place where the Indians were murdered at the time of the horrible affair.

Had the Volunteers been disposed to kill any of the captives, they had abundant opportunity to try their hand while they were capturing the squad of thirteen Modocs. But the facts show that while they might have killed every Indian without any danger to themselves, they preferred to endanger their own lives and capture them alive, if possible, without shedding blood. Further, if the Oregon Volunteers are so bloodthirsty, why did they not kill the Modocs when they had them in charge as captives? The facts show that they kept them as prisoners for several days, and turned them over to the military without offering any violence.

There is no doubt but that the Indians were killed by some one, but as to who the guilty parties are the people of Oregon are as ignorant as the people of California. One thing is certain, however—the Volunteers had no part or hand in it. On the contrary, they unite with the citizens in condemning the affair as uncalled for and cruel and an act highly deserving of censure.

While we deeply deplore the occurrence of this sad tragedy, we will not follow the well practiced precedent of our neighbors by charging it upon citizens of our sister State, though so far as any one, outside of the parties committing the act, have any knowledge the Californians would be as liable to commit the brutal deed as the Oregonians. The people of California are no better than the people of Oregon. The people of both States are far better than the lying correspondent of the Chronicle would have it appear. The citizens of both States have lost dear friends by the hands of these savages, and feel equally outraged and revengeful. But far be it from any Oregonian to become so contemptibly mean as to charge a crime of this kind upon the Californians without first knowing who the guilty parties are. If the guilty parties can be identified, let them be punished, whether they be Oregonians or Californians. We do not wish to screen our citizens from any just censure, but to have them singled out and charged with one of the highest crimes known to the law by the journals of our sister State, upon no other ground than the opinion of the only white eye witness present—the only one who seems to know anything about the affair except the murderers, whoever they may be—is a flagrant outrage upon every principle of justice and friendly feeling, and bespeaks for the hasty accusers a lack of good breeding, to say the least.

Mr. Fairchilds, the only witness present, admits that he did not know the murderers. Why then charge it upon the Volunteers, or any one, or the people of any State in particular? If the people of California have no respect for the feelings of the people of Oregon, and no regard for the customs and manners of civilized society, they should at least manifest some prudence in heaping uncalled for calumny and malicious slander upon individuals of whose guilt or innocence they are entirely ignorant according to their own statements. When they acknowledged that the parties committing the act were disguised and unknown, com-

mon prudence should have dictated to any men of ordinary intelligence to make no charges until they knew more about the facts in the case—not in one breath declare that the parties were disguised and unknown, and in the next declare that they believe they were the Oregon Volunteers, without giving any ground for the belief.

As to the Oregon Volunteers having anything against John Fairchilds, or seeking to injure him in any manner or form, we pronounce it a falsehood throughout, without a shadow of truth. But right to the contrary, the Oregon Volunteers one and all have the most friendly feelings towards John Fairchilds and his brother James, as they treated the Volunteers friendly and gentlemanly in every respect while the boys were in their neighborhood, and they will always remember these two men with pleasant feelings of respect, and we knowingly assert that John Fairchilds and his brother James have no better nor truer friends in the State of California than they have got among the Oregon Volunteers. As for Mr. Dorris, we frankly confess that according to our notion he is not very prepossessing, but we wish him well and would be the last one to intentionally do him wrong.

How the people of California can form such an unjust opinion of the Oregon Volunteers is more than we can comprehend. They are well aware that the Oregon Volunteers were the first to come to their relief in time of need. They know that a part of them had deserted their homes and property to the savages. They also know that they dared not return until they heard that the Oregon Volunteers were standing as sentinels over their property, and that their lives would be protected; and when they did return they were pleased to learn that the Volunteers had guarded their property with as much vigilance and care as they could have possibly done themselves had they been there with the power in their own hands.

Has the life or property of a single Oregonian been protected by a California Volunteer? Did not the Oregon Volunteers, by the urgent request of John Fairchilds and Mr. Dorris, guard their lives and property after the battle of the 17th of January? These men know, and the whole community know, that they did, and that too without recompense from these men or the State of California.

Why ask the Oregon Volunteers to guard your lives and protect your property, citizens of California, and when they have faithfully and gratuitously performed the task accuse them of seeking your life? Have they ever betrayed confidence? You know that they have not. Though we understand that you have harbored Bogart and the Chronicle's correspondent, which we would gladly believe to be untrue, to write us down without cause, have we ever retaliated? Have we ever harbored a thief to speak disrespectfully or disparagingly of a single citizen of the State of California? Have we ever armed ourselves and threatened your citizens that they had better meet Captain Jack in the Lava Beds than to meet us? No. But you have made the same threat in regard to us, and yet we had not the least fear and don't believe any of you would have done more than talk about it, though we believe you are reasonably courageous. Have we ever written letters full of threatening vengeance to any of your citizens, giving them ten days to retract, or meet the awful doom that would await them in the event of their non-compliance? Have we ever estimated the duration of the life of your citizens by the condition of the roads and the length of time it would take to travel from Salem to Yreka? Have we ever eaten dirt by putting slanderous words against any of your citizens in the mouth of a digger Indian whose hands-to-day are stained with the noble blood of General Canby? No. But one of your most noted citizens has done it.

If we have no fear of being murdered by your citizens after all these threats, why need you be afraid of being murdered by any of ours, when we have made no threats nor harbor any such brutal and inhuman feelings. We submit to a candid world if you have not acted a little unreasonable in charging us with seeking to ambush two of your citizens whose lives we have heretofore guarded.

Stokes has been granted a new trial by the Supreme Court of New York.

Boston has had another disastrous fire.

Letter From Agent Dyar.

KLAMATH AGENCY, May 31, 1873.

In accordance to my promise in a former communication, I will now give you an account of a trip to Summer Lake and Chewakan to ascertain the facts relative to the killing of the three Snake Indians, and, if possible, to avert any further trouble.

Immediately on receiving the report of the difficulty, Mr. I. D. Applegate and myself, accompanied by five Yainax Modocs, four Klamaths and Chocktoot—the Snake Chief—started for the scene of the difficulty, going via Siakan, or Thompson's Valley, where we expected to find a small party of Chocktoot's people, whither they had gone a short time before to gather roots, etc., it being on the Reservation; but on arriving there we found that they had left, and readily surmised that they had gone on to Summer Lake.

On our way to Summer Lake, we joined the families of the Snake Indians, one of Chocktoot's men having gone that way one day in advance of us with the news. Our surmises proved afterward to be correct. We then crossed over the divide to Summer Lake, where we found the houses of the settlers all deserted and most of their property removed, including their stock. Passing on down to Chewakan we found a portion of the settlers fortified up at a Mr. Scotts, some twenty men, with several families, having gone on to Goose Lake for greater safety. These people were in a state of intense excitement, believing that the Indians on this Reservation and also those about Harney had commenced hostilities, and had gathered about Silver Lake to the number of three hundred warriors. They asserted that some of them had seen bands of Indians coming in, and signal smokes, etc., and knew that there were a great many Indians there. Runners had been sent all about the country to tell the people that official word had been received from Gen. Ross and Commissary O. C. Applegate that the Klamath Indians had hidden their women and children, and were leaving the Reservation. Under this state of excitement they decided to arrest as spies three Indians known to be in the vicinity of Silver Lake, two of whom had lived about there for a year or more, and on the 13th inst. ten of their number started out for that purpose. They met the Indians in the road near the house of Mr. Wm. H. Averill, and after talking with them a short time, told them that they must go with them. This the Indians refused to do, and one of them started for the hills, whipping his horse with an arrow. One of the men got ahead of him and told him to stop, but he only tried the harder to get away. The man then shot at him twice, the second time knocking him from his horse, and while on the ground he placed the arrow in the bow as if in the act of shooting and died in that position. They then started with the other two, but after going a short distance another Indian attempted to run and was shot dead. The third they succeeded in getting to their stockade and placed him under guard. After they had kept him a few days he attempted to run away, but they caught him and put him in chains. Some were for shooting him for attempting to get away, but better counsel prevailed. One night, however, he slipped his chains, and while running was shot and killed by the guard. Two of these Indians when captured had guns, but they were unloaded—the other had bow and arrows.

Sometime in April Mr. O. C. Applegate, Commissary in charge at Yainax, learned that these few Indians were about Summer Lake, and he immediately sent a trusty Indian, with a pass for twenty days, to hunt them up and bring them to Yainax; but it appears this man was taken sick at Thompson's Valley, and being unable to go further, gave his pass to another Indian with instructions to perform the service in his place, and that one proving unfaithful, had staid some three or four days over the time given, when the affair happened. Some of the settlers had told him the pass had run out and he must go home, but he said he was not going back any more.

Old Chocktoot assured the settlers that there were no Indians in that country except a few of his people, and that if four of their number would go with us to Silver Lake he would prove it to be true, and accordingly four of them went with us. In passing up through Summer Lake Valley we found the houses unmolested, the chickens, geese, etc., running about, until we came to the head of the valley, near the place where the Indians were captured, when we found a house burned and a hog killed, two other houses close by being unmolested. We then passed on over to Silver Lake, the Indians with us making sig-

nal fires to attract the attention of any Indians that might be in the vicinity, but they got no answer. We had concluded that there were none in that section of country, and that the few we had expected to find had already returned to Yainax, but as we were passing on toward the head of the lake, an Indian upon a high bluff to our left shot off his gun and hallooed to attract our attention. He had seen us and our fires, but as the Indians with us had army overcoats on, he thought we were all soldiers until we came near. He came running down to us, and proved to be one of the party for whom we were searching. He told us that they had been waiting to learn what had become of their missing men, and had just learned a day or two before that they had been killed. He said that the squaw of one of the men killed had found a powder horn and a piece of blanket belonging to her man, at the house that was burned, and supposing that some mischief had befallen him there, she set fire to the house and killed the hog. He then led us to their camp, where we found the wives of the men killed an old man—the father of one of them—and those that had joined them from Thompson's Valley. They were intending to start the next day for Yainax. They assured us that there were no other Indians in that part of the country, nor had there been during the winter or spring, and we are very sure this is the truth; so the "two or three hundred warriors" were really a poor old man and three women. The old man told us that they had been waiting and searching ten days for the missing men; that the women thought they had been killed, but that he had told them that it could not be, for he knew that they had never given the whites any cause to kill them—had never stolen anything or killed any cattle—and that they would come back by-and-by. He said that they went that day to trade some buckskins to the whites; that he could not realize that his boy was dead—killed by those whom he supposed were his friends—but that he should not get foolish about it, but leave it for the proper authorities to settle.

The next morning the four men who had come thus far with us returned to Chewakan, feeling satisfied that the settlers had their "big scare" all for nothing, and that there was no danger from Indians in that section.

These Indians belonged to Chocktoot's band, and he assures us that he will make no trouble about it, but expects that the whites will see that justice is done.

This whole excitement and trouble has grown out of false reports, of which the country has been rife, and had no prompt action been taken, very serious consequences might have followed. No fear whatever of trouble from the Reservation Indians need be entertained, for they are fully as anxious to keep out of difficulty as are the whites. I am satisfied that nearly if not quite all of the excitement regarding Indian outbreaks in Eastern Oregon originate from false reports and are without foundation.

L. S. DYAR, U. S. Ind. Ag't.

Letter From Capt. O. C. Applegate.

CAMP YAINAX, Oregon, June 5, 1873.

The outlook in this direction now seems quite favorable, and I think the United States may begin to feel that she has at last about cleaned out this determined band of renegades. I have seen a dispatch dated Yreka, May 31st, in regard to the Ocheo band of Putes, which is so conspicuously false that it reminds me of the sensational dispatches of that champion falsifier, R. D. Bogart. This dispatch says "Ocheo's band of Putes are at Warner, being fed by the Government. Ocheo says he will not go back to Yainax; that the whites have told him nothing but lies since he made treaty; that Warner Valley is his country, where he can support himself by hunting and fishing. There are 168 of this band at Camp Warner, but there are 300 in all; the rest are somewhere else, no one knows where."

Ocheo's band talk very saucy and insolent, make all sorts of sport of the little force of soldiers stationed at Camp Warner, and seem inclined to be hostile. The settlers in Warner Valley have also been feeding these Putes ever since the commencement of the Modoc difficulties, in order to keep them peaceable, as they are masters of the situation, should they determine to start on the war path.

This band, when first brought to Yainax, in the fall of 1869, numbered 156 souls, and if there are now 168 at Warner, they are all there, together with the "natural increase." They never have been permanently located, and are parties to no treaty, except Gen. Crook's admonition to "bury the hatchet." They should be permanently located, either at Malheur or Warner, this fall, and the Government should make liberal appropriations for their support, so as to prevent as much as possible their staggling all over South-eastern Oregon. They have only been at Warner a month, consequently the

statement that citizens in Warner Valley "have also been feeding these Putes ever since the commencement of the Modoc difficulties" is as false as the other that "there are 300 in all; the rest are somewhere else, no one knows where."

After eating the principal part of over 200 head of cattle at Yainax, Ocheo was allowed to go to Warner to spend the summer, it being thought that he could more easily keep his people from scattering if in their native valley. He said on leaving Yainax that he hoped to return in the fall, that he considered Yainax his home, and that Malheur was a bleak, cold place, and too far away from his old country. As soon as the wandering season came the force of life-long habit was irresistible, and a few straggled away from Yainax towards Warner, without either Ocheo or the Commissary in charge knowing it. Then on Ocheo's saying he thought he could keep his people all together in Warner Valley until the Modoc trouble should end, they were allowed to go. Gen. Wheaton sanctioned the arrangement, and promised to assist in keeping the band together and aid them in making a living.

If properly treated, there is no danger to be apprehended from these people. They are thoroughly subjugated and would dislike very much to see the musket and scalping knife resurrected. The great danger lies in the ill-advised and impulsive action of excited whites. The affair at Summer Lake was a dangerous experiment, and might have put on the war-path 500 well skilled warriors. It is to be hoped that the affair will be a salutary lesson to both whites and Indians. Of course it is hard for whites to make any distinction these war times between hostile and friendly Indians if not on a Reservation, and it is equally difficult for the shallow-pated Putes to understand that their safety does not depend on their peaceable conduct.

The Reservation Indians are at home and tranquil. We are rather expecting the remnants of Jack's band to make a break for the Reservation and are always on the alert for stragglers. The Yainax Indians are near the Agency, on the north side of Sprague River, so as to be out of the way both of straggling Modocs and pursuing troops.

Very Truly Yours, O. C. APPLAGATE.

Geology.

B. F. Dowell is collecting specimens to send to Rev. Thos. Condon, State Geologist of Oregon. He would be glad to get articles from all parts of the Pacific Coast. Among many others, he has the following useful and curious articles. He would be glad to get duplicates for Mr. Condon:

- No. 115. Plumbago ore found in Sam's Valley, Jackson Co., Oregon, presented to B. F. Dowell by D. B. Rea.
No. 116. Native Copper, found on Smith's river, Del Norte Co., Cal., presented to B. F. Dowell by D. B. Rea.
No. 117. Rich gold bearing quartz, from the Hager gold mine, Chatham Co., North Carolina. This is the oldest mine in North Carolina, and probably the oldest in the United States. This quartz was presented to B. F. Dowell by D. B. Rea June 4th, 1873.
No. 118. Natural Lime, from the Desert, Rogue River Valley, Oregon, collected by B. F. Dowell. This was used for building in 1852, before any other was discovered in Oregon, and the chimneys are still good.
No. 119. Natural Lime, from the road near Stewart's Creek, Jackson Co., Oregon.
No. 120. Petrified Sea Snails, Cohogs, and various other sea shells, in sandstone, from Hon. Thomas Smith's Quarry, collected by B. F. Dowell May 29th, 1873. This quarry is upwards of 2,500 feet above the level of the sea; but it contains unmistakable evidence that the sea once covered Rogue River Valley.
No. 121. Natural Lime, from Coleman's Creek, Jackson Co., Oregon.
No. 122. Eocene tertiary leaf formations, in dark sandstone, from Hon. Thomas Smith's quarry, Jackson Co., Oregon.
No. 123. Eocene tertiary leaf formations in light sandstone, from near John Taylor's farm, Jackson Co., Oregon, collected by Hon. John Walker and B. F. Dowell May 29th, 1873.
No. 124. Petrified Cohogs, presented by Hon. Thomas Smith to B. F. Dowell May 30th, 1873.
No. 125. Chrome, presented to B. F. Dowell by Hon. J. Wesley Barch June 3, 1873.
No. 126. Chrome, collected in Douglas Co., Oregon, by B. F. Dowell, 1871.
No. 127. Coal from north side of Rogue river, presented to B. F. Dowell by J. Wesley Barch June 3, 1873.
No. 128. Eocene tertiary leaf impressions in yellow sandstone, from Emigrant creek, Jackson county, Oregon, collected by B. F. Dowell May 29th, 1873.
No. 129. Petrified Madrone, a species of American laurel, with the impressions of a mountain and beautiful trees, collected by B. F. Dowell May 29th, 1873. This is a beautiful variegated sandstone, nearly the color of the kalmia, and makes an excellent whetstone or hone.
No. 130. Eocene Sedimentary Soda

- and Shell Formations, from Soda Springs, Jackson county, collected by B. F. Dowell May 29th, 1873.
No. 131. Petrified Oak, from Soda Springs, Jackson county, Oregon, collected by B. F. Dowell May 29th, 1873.
No. 132. Petrified Shells in dark sandstone, presented to B. F. Dowell by Freeman Yandell, Esq., May 28th, 1873.
No. 133. Indian Mortar, presented to B. F. Dowell by Freeman Yandell, Esq., May 29th, 1873.
No. 134. Indian Mortar, presented to B. F. Dowell by Mrs. J. C. Tolman May 29th, 1873.
No. 135. Indian Mortar and Pestle, presented to B. F. Dowell by Miss Hattie Tolman May 29th, 1873.
No. 136. Petrified Yew, from Dead Indian, Jackson county, Oregon, presented to B. F. Dowell by Freeman Yandell.
No. 137. White Pipe Clay, fire proof stone, from Lost River Valley, Jackson county, Oregon, presented to B. F. Dowell by Hon. J. C. Tolman May 29th, 1873.
No. 138. Chrome, presented to B. F. Dowell by Judge J. C. Tolman May 29th, 1873.
No. 139. Iron Ore, from Crawford county, Missouri, presented to B. F. Dowell by Mrs. Thomas Smith May 29th, 1873.
No. 140. Chrome from Douglas county, Oregon, collected by B. F. Dowell, 1871.
No. 141. Marble Bible, presented to B. F. Dowell by James Sutton, local editor of the Portland (Oregon) Bulletin.
No. 142. Wood Coal, presented to B. F. Dowell by Samuel Rath, of Poor-man's creek, Jackson county, Oregon.
No. 143. Petrified Shell, from Hon. W. C. Myer's sandstone quarry, Jackson county, Oregon, collected by B. F. Dowell May, 1873.
No. 144. Petrified Pine, from School-house creek, a branch of Little Butte, Rogue River Valley, Oregon, presented to B. F. Dowell by Hon. James Miller. Mr. Miller cut down this tree in 1854. It is now solid rock.
No. 145. Shells from Little Butte, Jackson county, Oregon, presented to Fannie Dowell by Miss Melona Miller.
No. 146. Beautiful Silax, from Little Butte, Jackson Co., Or., presented to Anna Dowell by Miss Caroline Miller.
No. 147. Petrified Madrone, a species of American laurel, with track of an elk, from the Desert south of Rogue river, presented to B. F. Dowell by Mr. E. Jones.

Modoc Items.

Charges have been preferred against General Gillem for incapacity while in command at the Lava Beds. Dr. DeWitt, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., specifically charges Gillem with neglect for leaving the wounded on the field for thirty-six hours before orders were given to bring them in for treatment, and that Lieutenant Harris died in consequence of this neglect. The feeling among army officers is very intense against Gillem. They say that he is notoriously incapable, and demand his trial by court martial.

Attorney General Williams has decided that the murderers of Gen. Canby and Commissioner Thomas should be tried by court martial. The murderers will be taken to Fort Klamath and tried by court martial.

A most unfortunate affair occurred last Saturday, the 7th inst., when four Modoc prisoners, Little John, Teechee Jack, Poney and Moch, were killed, and Little John's squaw wounded. It seems that the prisoners were in charge of James Fairchilds, and were being conveyed from Fairchilds' ranch, on Cottonwood creek, to General Davis' headquarters. When near Dennis Crawley's house, two men in disguise intercepted the party and murdered the Indians, the squaw being shot accidentally. This is all that is known about the matter. Some Californians at the front, however, would like very well to saddle the affair on the Oregon Volunteers, and are very free with their opinions. Fairchilds thinks the parties were the Oregon Volunteers, although the men were disguised and he had no means of knowing who they were. Undoubtedly the "wish is father to the thought."

The Warm Springs are jubilating. Mrs. Boddy and Mrs. Schira, while at the front for the purpose of identifying Modocs who had murdered settlers, attacked Hooka Jim and Steamboat Frank, the murderers of their husbands, and would have killed them had it not been for the interference of General Davis, who had his hand cut in wrestling a knife from one of the women.

NEW TO-DAY.

AUCTION.

D. S. F. CHAPIN will sell at Public Auction a large lot of Fine and New Household Furniture, Carpets, etc., on next week, Saturday, June 21st, at 10 o'clock a. m. This will be offered the best opportunity to buy the furniture ever presented at Jacksonville. S. F. CHAPIN. Jacksonville, June 14, 1873. id

Special Notice.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO THE UNDERSIGNED are hereby notified to call upon me and settle their accounts immediately. This must be done during the next week. S. F. CHAPIN. Jacksonville, June 14, 1873. id