

The Modoc Stronghold.

A VISIT TO CAPTAIN JACK'S CAMP
IN THE LAVA BED, A FEW
WEEKS AGO.

The distance from Fairchild's to Jack's rocky camp is twenty-five miles, over the roughest road, or rather trail, that I ever saw or dreamed of. The first ten miles is traveled by the regular Lost River wagon road, which is pretty fair, but after that the trail is taken and then comes the hard part of the journey—over bluffs whose steepness makes it a miracle that anything animate can ever descend them; through rocky gorges, that to look at one thinks it impossible for even a mountain sheep to find a foothold; through sagebrush and across lava rock plains, and into narrow ravines and caverns, the narrow path leads and turns and winds till one is lost in the rugged labyrinth. Almost every hour we were obliged to dismount and lead the horses through some yawning rocky chasm or down some steep declivity that no mounted man could descend. The horses, though, were sure-footed and got us through such places safely, though very slowly. Twelve miles of such perilous travel brought us to the summit of the last bluff before descending to the edge of the great bed of scoria, where the Modoc chieftain has so long held thirty-nine millions of American people at bay. We reached this point at 4 o'clock. The snow storm had broken away, and the setting sun, directly behind us, shed a brilliant glare over the valley below. The scene was one of the grandest I ever saw. The point where we stood on the bluff was directly at the southwestern corner of Tule Lake. From our position the lake was immediately to the left, its waters washing the base of the hill beneath us. Beyond, slightly to the left and across the glassy sheet of water, rose a range of high mountains, imbedded in a fleecy snow covering, and reflecting back the golden sunlight into the mirror-like surface at their foot. Immediately in front and due east was the famed lava bed, of which so much has been said and written. As far as the eye could reach in one direction, and back to the rugged volcanic hills to the southward, this remarkable formation extended from our position at least one thousand feet above it. It had merely the appearance of a sage-brush plain as level as a marble floor. Not a single unevenness could be detected, except away off miles away on the lake shore the faintest suspicion of a ridge showed itself, but it was so slight that at first glance it failed to catch the eye. Fairchild pointed out this little break in the almost painful regularity of the surface, and said that this was the scene of Jack's triumph.

This is the place in which he defied the power of all the troops on the Pacific Coast. The party stood looking at the wonderful scene for fifteen minutes, and then again dismounting, prepared to descend the steep slope. A narrow trail led down in a zigzag direction, and over this the horses had to be led slowly, step by step. Down, down we went, groping cautiously, expecting almost every instant that an unlucky slip or a careless step would send some horse and leader whirling down the sharp incline. Fifteen minutes of this perilous work, in which no one dared scarcely cast his eyes off his own or his horse's feet, and we were at the edge of the lava.

But what a change! What from the summit seemed a level plain was now transformed to ridges, mounds and piles of hard, jagged, flinty rocks, reaching as far as the eye could see. To pass over these seemed impossible. To go through and around them appeared like a task that a man would hardly undertake, to say nothing of a horse; but a little trail led off for a hundred yards or so and then was lost behind a ridge of rocks, and into this the Indian, Bogus Charley, boldly led the way. Charley was mounted on a little pony not yet two years old, but the little thing skipped over the hard, flinty "ped-regal" with the agility of an antelope. The trail was narrow, crooked, and so filled with lava rocks that the horses had difficulty in finding places to put their feet; hence the progress was slow and tedious. Once in a while a clear place was found on the edged lake, but only for a few yards, and then the path led off again into the hard,

jagged scoria, and through the thick, tangled sagebrush. Whenever a rise in the surface was reached we could see the ridge where Jack's camp lay, rising higher and bolder, and something of its terrible grandeur became apparent. We had gone a mile or more through this bed, when suddenly coming where the narrow trail turned around a ledge, we came full upon an Indian.

The Indian had seen us from behind a rock long before we had seen him, but discovering Charley at the head of the file of horsemen, he had made no sign until we were well up. Then he came into the trail and advanced to meet us. When Charley rode up he spoke a few words and sent him across the rocks by a cut off, to apprise Jack who it was; for, of course, every Indian in the camp had seen the party before they began to descend the bluff. The Indian bounded off like a deer when he learned that it was Squire Steele, and long before we reached the camp every Indian there knew that we were friends, so nothing further was seen of sentinels or lookouts, though I have no doubt we passed several.

As we passed along Fairchild called our attention to many points of interest; the place where he and Dorris had their first interview with Jack in December last—the one attended with so much peril; also where the troops were formed for the last fight, and the positions occupied by the several companies; the bluffs they carried and those they didn't carry; where he and his men passed around the edge of the lake and formed their junction with Bernard, and many other things calculated to give one a complete understanding of that lamentable failure to drive Jack from his stronghold. Finally the big ledge was reached; and turning up from the lake into a deep rocky ravine, where the trail was so narrow that our stirrups scraped the flinty boulders and the horses were obliged to creep along, Charley announced that we were within 300 yards of the Indian stronghold. Riding along slowly and with almost bated breath—for the party now began to realize their position—some of the horses gave a snort, and pricking up their ears stopped. The *Chronicle* correspondent's horse, which was immediately behind Charley's pony, seemed particularly averse to going ahead; and as his rider could see nothing to frighten him, he said, "Charley, what's the matter? What does this horse see?" "Oh nothing. I guess he smells dead soldier there in rocks. We pile up rocks there over two or three and that scare him. Come along." After another hundred yards were passed, the trail widened a little, and we began to see signs of the proximity of Jack's camp. Rounding a turn in the ravine we saw on a high ledge ahead the Indian battle-flag pole planted. The flag that floated from it was the tail of a wolf, and as it dangled back and forth in the wind it seemed the most significant war banner I had ever seen. A few minutes more and the party made a sharp turn in the rocks, which brought them suddenly on the Indian camp.

The whole force was out waiting for us in front of their little houses, which were huddled together like beehives. For the next five minutes the scene was lively. Men, women and naked children came rushing up to see us dismount, and then began such a hand-shaking as is only seen at a Presidential levee. The warriors were all there: Scar-faced Charley, Shack Nasty Jim, Heoka Jim, the Doctor, old Schonchin, Black Jim, Long Jim, and dozens of others more or less noted. Captain Jack was ill in his cave, and could not come, but he had sent word to the "Boston men" that he wanted to see them as soon as they had had their supper, and his message was delivered by Scar-Face. As soon as Steele dismounted, all the Indians were delighted to see him, and huddled around him like children. They were all armed with revolvers, but their guns had been put away, Bogus Charley having sent them word by the scouts, that the whites were unarmed. They were probably too proud to make a display of their strength, when they knew we trusted them completely.

After much hand-shaking and a great display of curiosity on all sides, the Indians gave way and some of them showed us where to put the horses for the night. Heoka Jim led the pack-horse and the rest followed. The place selected was a little farther up the

ravine, where a smooth, level place was found, and here they were fed and tethered for the night. The party were then shown to a tent occupied by a squaw known as "Wild Gal." A fire was built, the provisions got out—hard biscuits, coffee and bacon—and supper was cooked by Mrs. Riddle. Having no kitchen furniture she was obliged to use Wild Gal's. The coffee was green and had to be roasted and ground, but this didn't take long. Wild Gal ground it between two flat stones. Mrs. Riddle fried the bacon in an old frying-pan stolen from Louis Land's ranch at the time of the massacre. Having no other vessel to use for the broken hardbread, Wild Gal kindly lent us her hat, and it answered an excellent purpose, barring certain unpleasant reflections that would crowd themselves into even our hungry imaginations. While Mrs. Riddle was fixing the supper the *Chronicle* man went outside the tent, ostensibly to look after his horse, but really to get a look at the Indian stronghold before night set in. To the untrained eye of the correspondent the place seemed absolutely impregnable. The principal portion of the camp is situated in a huge opening or widening of the ravine, of perhaps an acre in area. On all sides of the opening which seems more like a huge washbowl than anything else, the natural wall rises a hundred feet or more; but it is easily scaled, for the inner side is inclined and the rocks are sharp and jut out all over it. Once in this basin and there is but one open way out, and that is by the trail we entered. There are other ways out, but they are by tunnels leading to the many caves or sink holes in another part of the lava bed. On the outside of this basin there is a succession of ridges as high as that which incloses it, but these do not extend all the way around. To the west of the basin is a flat, table like surface of lava, extending from the very summit of its rim clear back for more than a mile. In this level place are the sink-holes or caves, formed thousands of years ago, perhaps in the cooling of this immense body of molten earth. The opening of the holes are very small; indeed, one does not see them until he has almost fallen in. But they widen as they go down, and their sides being sloping, one can pick his way to the bottom without difficulty. Most of these caves are connected with each other and with the large basin by subterranean passages, so that one can go for half a mile in the bed without coming to the surface at all. This is of incalculable benefit in defending the stronghold, for one man can keep a hundred at bay almost anywhere in it without fear of being smoked out or having his retreat cut off.

After supper, which, by the way, was shared with a keen relish by about a dozen naked Indian babies, Bogus Charley came and said he would conduct us to Captain Jack. So the whole party gathered up their blankets and followed. Charley led the way right up one side of the basin, through a little trail, not easy of ascent by unpracticed feet, and across the level place about fifty yards, when we came suddenly to the mouth of a pit-hole at least forty feet deep. The hole inclined as it led downward, and at the bottom widened and formed a perfect cave, extending under the rock at least fifty feet. At the mouth of the cave proper, but yet thirty or forty feet below the surface, a piece of canvas was stretched. This was Captain Jack's front door, and the cave behind it was his abiding place—the palace of the Modoc King. Behind the canvas we could see a bright fire burning and nearly the whole tribe encircled around it ready for the talk which they knew was to come. The descent into the cave was somewhat perilous, but by a vigorous clinging to the rocks and careful stepping we managed to reach the canvas. Then throwing that back, we stood in the presence of Captain Jack.

It was easily seen that he was sick. His eye was dull, cheeks emaciated, and he was so weak he could not stand, but remained reclining on a huge pile of bear skins, with his two wives by his side. Mr. Steele went up to him and shook hands warmly, as did the rest of the party. Then passing completely around the circle, all shook hands with the entire tribe. This ceremony lasted several minutes, and, when finished, we were furnished seats in the circle near

Captain Jack. The only wood in the Lava Bed is sagebrush, but this was piled on the fire with an unsparing hand, and the flames shot upward and illuminated the cave brilliantly. Then each member of our party lighted his pipe, and, after taking a whiff or two, passed it around to the right, beginning with Captain Jack, who took a whiff and passed it on to the next, and so on.

—Correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle.

ADDRESS

By Mr. O. H. Riggs, before the Territorial Teachers' Association, Convened in Salt Lake City, April 5, 1873.

The faculties of knowledge, reason, judgment, and voluntary determination distinguish us from the beasts, and constitute the true dignity of our nature. "God has made us to know more than the beasts of the field, or to be wiser than the fowls of heaven." But faculties and powers are of little value till they are brought into exercise, and directed to their proper objects. They are like the seed of vegetables cast upon the wayside, which, though it contains the rudiments of the future plant, and possesses the faculty or power of vegetation, exists without end and without use, and must be cast into the earth, moistened by the "fatness of the clouds," invigorated by the rays of the sun, and tended by the assiduous care of the husbandman, before it can bring forth fruit, yield its increase, and answer its designed purpose in the creation of God. So it is with man. Instruction is to him what culture is to the plant; and when he is deprived of its aid, his powers either remain wholly latent, or their exercise, like the produce of the uncultivated plant, is wild and worthless. Life is spent in a vacant stupidity, or distracted by the ebullitions of a heated and irregular imagination; judgment is perverted by prejudices, and reason subjected to vicious affections. The conduct, which ought to have been the result of judgment and prudence is impelled by sense and appetite, and he whose powers, had they been rightly improved, would have allied him to angels, and stamped upon his nature the image of God, is reduced to a situation little superior to the irrational part of creation,—the subject of instinct, and the slave of passion.

The despotism of ignorance is of the most imperious nature. Its possession of the human mind at the age of maturity, is firm and resisting, and it is only by a kind of force that knowledge gains admission. The mind of the child has been compared to wax. "Like wax, an impression is easily made upon it, but unlike wax not so easily removed." The individual who has the faculties and powers of the young mind, placed under his care to be brought into exercise, and directed to their proper objects must possess special qualities. The influence and importance of the office of an instructor of youth, cannot be easily over-estimated; and he who attempts to fill it should well consider the immense responsibility which rests upon him. He should clearly comprehend the nature and magnitude of the duties he assumes, that he may correctly judge of his own fitness rightly to discharge these duties. This is a part of true wisdom. Many can keep school, but few can teach. Who would attempt the construction of a piece of machinery without a knowledge of the nature of the work to be performed? What sane man would assume the command of a regiment of soldiers without a knowledge of military tactics? What wise man would undertake to train a young and spirited horse without some knowledge of the task to be performed, and of the nature of the animal whose discipline he undertakes? A wrong course might render a beast worse than useless, which by proper training would be of great service. If, then, care, prudence, judgment and wisdom are so essential to the successful prosecution of a work whose nature is so ephemeral, how can we attach too much weight to high, special qualifications and skill in him who is to train and educate the imperishable minds of the young? If the work of him who is engaged in polishing and adorning jewels is considered important, how much more should the polishing and ennobling of the deathless minds of

the young be considered important, who are trusted in the care of the teacher?

Lord John Russell, in a speech before the British and Foreign Society, thus spoke of the duties of the teacher—"Every step we take, every year that passes over our heads, only tends to show that, to teach well, to elevate the minds of the children, implant in them religious and moral principles, to send them from school in a fit state to take their part in the community, whatever portion of the business of life may be intrusted to them, is one of the most important and difficult tasks which any man can undertake."

The influence of a teacher for weal or for woe, upon those confided to his care, is almost inconceivable. He does not teach by precept only, but by example. From his every act, word, and even look, they will receive impressions, good or ill, which will remain as long as the susceptibility of the mind to retain impressions shall endure. Pupils are prone to look to their teacher as an example, and pattern, and they feel safe in imitating him. If we except parents, there is no individual whose influence on the minds of the young is so strong as that of the instructor. Acting as he does, in *loco parentis*, he is often regarded with an affection akin to that felt for the parents themselves. We have known children to really despise their parents, because from them they seldom, if ever, received a pleasant word, smile, or even look. How much sooner would they learn to despise a teacher for acts and words of unkindness? Kind words do not cost much—they do not blister the tongue nor lips, and we never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it burn fiercely. Kind words shame a person out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. Gentleness of spirit and expression has a most happy influence. Let us not forget the language of Solomon, that a soft answer turneth away wrath, and that he who ruleth his spirit is more mighty than he who taketh a city.

Notwithstanding all this kindness and gentleness, the good teacher is firm and rigid and must well understand human nature. The teacher should be entirely free from habits, the formation of which, in the young, would be deprecated by every good and virtuous citizen. Precept, when opposed by example, is often worse than powerless. If a teacher would effectually discountenance profanity, he must do so by word and deed. If he would encourage frankness and love for truth and honesty, his every action must be free from guile and duplicity. If he would cultivate habits of civility and courtesy his example must precede and succeed his counsel. He should have the ability to inspire his pupils with a love of virtue and every adorning excellence, and his own life must be a model worthy of their imitation. No effort should be spared to lead the pupils to govern themselves. The teacher should make this a cardinal point in school discipline and everything short of this should be regarded as defective and unsatisfactory. Even arbitrary government by the teacher, when necessary, should tend to self government on the part of the pupil, as an ultimate object. The authority of the teacher, in school, must be complete and unquestioned; but he should never forget that a love of freedom, independence and power is implanted in the natures of children for wise and important ends, and they are committed to the teacher to be controlled and regulated, not to be crushed out. In fine, the entire conduct of the teacher, and his conversation and appearance must bespeak and conform to the precepts he would inculcate.

An example was made yesterday for the consideration of the horse car thieves by Recorder Hackett, in the general sessions, on the person of Michael Mahoney, which, it is to be hoped, will have some effect. Mahoney, as was sworn to, seized a gentleman on the front platform of a Third Avenue car and with violence robbed him of his pocketbook containing \$50. Mahoney was particularly unfortunate, inasmuch as a policeman was near and arrested him. Finale—Twenty years at Sing Sing.—*New York Herald*, 15th.