

## The Ben Wright Massacre.

STATEMENT OF AN EYE-WITNESS  
NOW IN KANSAS—THE STRYCH-  
NINE STORY CONFIRMED.

SALINA (Kansas), May 13th.—Last evening your correspondent met two somewhat notable frontier characters, Captain Jeff. Harper of McPherson county, twenty-five miles south of this point, on Sharp's creek, who figured most conspicuously in the last troubles with the Indians in Central Kansas, and Lieutenant Joe Watson, formerly of Missouri, who has been a western ranger-rover and miner for twenty-five years. The latter figured with Captain Benjamin Wright, who fought and slaughtered the Modocs in the famed "Wright massacre," in 1852, and whom, with his companions, the Indians called "Boston men." Lieutenant Watson said that the account of that affair of blood as published in Eastern papers is not correct. He stated to a party who surrounded him at the Pacific House substantially as follows:

The Modocs had been murdering settlers and travelers for months, and in the summer of 1852 the people called upon Captain Wright, who was a private citizen at the time. He raised a company of men like himself—hunters, rancheros, and miners, the majority from Missouri—and started out on the hunt for the troublesome Modocs. After a few days hunt they found a party encamped on a bend in the river, under the command of Scarface. The Indians outnumbered the whites three to one, but Captain Wright's party had the advantage of position by having the Indians hemmed in in the bend. The day following the first meeting Captain Wright invited the Indians to come into his camp the next evening to have a "talk" and eat roast ox. Scarface agreed to come, but said to the whites that all of them must leave the country.

Two volunteers were detailed to kill and prepare the ox. Captain Wright instructed a third man to poison the carcass thoroughly with strychnine, because he suspected the Modocs would attempt treachery and a massacre. At the place of meeting Captain Wright secreted his men in the ravines and broken earth, each man with a rifle and two revolvers, with orders that when the Indians rose to go to the water for drink it should be the signal for every man to shoot his redskin. At the appointed time the Indians came to the council, dressed in their war outfit, painted and armed with bows, arrows and knives. A few of the "Boston men," detailed for the purpose, assisted the Indians to roast the ox. After eating the well salted meat for a short time, a few of the Indians started for the bank of the river to obtain water, which was the appointed signal. Capt. Wright singled out Scarface, snapped his revolver on him, but it flashed in the pan. Scarface instantly pulled an arrow on Capt. Wright, when a Missourian named Rogers shot him dead. The rest of the party, with the advantage they had, shot down the surprised Indians, five only of whom escaped. Capt. Wright captured Capt. Jack, then young, and took him home with him.

In 1854, Governor Lane of Oregon appointed Captain Wright an agent to look after Indian affairs. The Captain started for the interior, accompanied by an assistant and three Modocs, whom he and all supposed, as they had a right to, were friendly and well disposed. Several days subsequent to their departure the Indians returned without Captain Wright and his assistant, and reported them lost. Suspecting them, Gov. Lane charged them with the murder of his two officials, and demanded that their tribe—the Modocs—should give them up. This was done, when they confessed to the murder of Captain Wright and assistant, and took a party of soldiers to the place where they had murdered and hidden them. The three Indians were executed. "The account published," said the Lieutenant, concerning the massacre by the "Boston men," stated very differently. It is said that the were surprised in a canyon or ravine.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—George Faulkner, of Dublin, used to sit a whole night with a solitary strawberry at the bottom of his glass, over which he used generally to pour four bottles of claret, doing it, he would say, "because a doctor recommended it for its cooling qualities."

## FOREIGN NOTES.

The uniform of the Persian Shah is covered with diamonds and other precious stones to the value of 2,000,000 roubles.

The London *Telegraph* says the Queen will find no difficulty in receiving the Shah, but wonders what will be done in the case of his three wives.

Five years ago the rateable value of property assessed to local rates in London was not much more than sixteen millions, and a penny rate produced £87,488. The rateable value now exceeds twenty millions, and the produce of a penny rate reaches £84,532.

The culture of rice is prohibited within one mile of Savannah, the radius being known as the "dry culture limits." Twenty-three squatters were arrested the other day for violating this prohibition, and ordered to destroy the growing crop.

The death of the young hippopotamus in the zoological gardens at Amsterdam leaves "Guy Fawkes," of Regent's Park, London, the only living specimen of this animal born in Europe. He is in excellent health, and it is hoped that he may live to attain maturity.

Miss Amy Sedgwick, the popular actress, who has been living in Brighton, was married on Tuesday morning, May 27, to Mr. Charles Pemberton, a solicitor, of Liverpool. The ceremony was performed at the parish church, Hove. The bride was given away by Sir Cordy Burrows.

On Saturday morning, May 25, the Star Theatre and Music-hall, Princes-street, Derby, was totally destroyed by fire. On the previous Saturday night a drama, entitled "The Poor of New York," was performed, one of the "features" of the entertainment being the spectacle of a house in flames.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says of Mrs. Grote's biography of the historian of Greece:—"The life before us is, in truth, first, a memoir of the couple; secondly, of the lady; thirdly, of the philosopher. There are at least three letters of the lady's to one of the gentleman's."

By a Bill in the House of Commons it is proposed that the expenses incurred by returning officers for hustings, &c., should be defrayed from the country and borough rates, with a proviso that candidates who do not poll one-fifth of the electors who voted be liable to their share of the expenses.

There is a certain pasture in one of the towns in Western Hampshire, Mass., in which so many cattle have been killed by lightning, within the last few years, that cattle owners began to regard it with suspicion, and hesitate about hiring it for purposes of pasturage. Its rocky substratum is supposed to possess some magnetic power.

Charles Sormenbecky, "the old lame milkman" of Saginaw, hung himself. He had three daughters, one son and a dog. His children refused to see the remains, or have any trouble about the burial of the body, while the dog remained all night with the body of his master, and would not leave until forced to do so.

Cincinnati is to have what, so far as we know, is a novelty in American cities, a public forum, to be used for meetings of citizens. A wealthy citizen proposes to build it on a public square in front of the new post-office, at a cost of half a million dollars. The rostra or speaker's stand is to be of marble.—*Ex.*

The London *Morning Post* is the oldest daily newspaper published in that city, having reached its 101st year. Among its contributors have been Charles Lamb, Sir James Mackintosh, Robert Southey, Thomas Moore, William Wordsworth and Arthur Young. The Prince Regent (afterwards George IV.) was once one of its proprietors, but history does not inform us that he ever contributed anything to its columns.

The Geneva branch of the International cannot pay the rent on its rooms, and another Swiss branch has been compelled to sell its costly banner to pay its bills. By a curious freak of fortune it was bought by the Plusverein, the society of Pio Nono, so that the friends of the Pope, who aid his revenue by a modest but regular contribution, now bear before them the flag captured—at a cost of 15 francs—from his enemies.

## Shaw, the Life Guardsman.

Of all the heroes of Waterloo, Shaw, the Life Guardsman, towers above them all. "The line of cavalry," says John Scott, "at the commencement of the engagement, was drawn up a little in the rear of the eminence on which our infantry was arrayed; they could not in this situation see much of the battle, but the shot and shells flew thickly among them, which they were compelled to sustain without moving." Nothing tries a gallant spirit more than this. Shaw was hit and wounded in the breast; his officer desired him to fall out. "Please God," said this fine fellow, "I shan't leave my colors yet." Shortly after orders came down that the cavalry should advance; the whole line moved forward to the top of the hill. Here they saw our artillerymen running from their guns, attacked by heavy masses of French dragoons. "It was agreed among ourselves," said a private to Scott, "that when we began to gallop, we would give three cheers, but ours was not very regular cheering; though we made noise enough." Shaw was fighting seven or eight hours, dealing destruction to all around him; at one time he was attacked by six of the French Imperial Guard, four of whom he killed, but at last fell by the remaining two. A comrade, who was by his side a great part of the day, noticed one particular cut which is worth recording. As he was getting down the rising ground into the hollow road, a cuirassier waited, and gave point at him. Shaw parried the thrust, and before the Frenchman recovered, cut him right through his brass helmet to the chin, and "his face fell off like a bit of apple." A Life Guardsman, whose desperate wounds went quite through his body, told John Scott that he was left upon the ground within the French lines, wounded in a charge; he threw his helmet from him, for his enemies were chiefly exasperated against our heavy dragoons, by whom they had suffered so much.

After some time he raised his head. Two French lancers saw the movement, and, galloping up to him, dropped both their weapons into his side; they left him for dead, but he still retained life, and shortly a plundering party came down from the enemy's position. They stripped the poor fellow, and several of them, who had been in England as prisoners of war, took this favorable opportunity of reading him a lecture on facts and principles, such as the right of the French nation to choose its own sovereign, and the perfidy and rapacity of England, whose inexhaustible gold was ever at work producing wars, and the various miseries of dissension. After the poor Life Guardsman was stripped, they sent him to the rear, but being too weak to walk, he was dragged with his feet trailing along the ground, for fourteen miles, being occasionally struck by those about him, to force him to move his legs. He saw several of his fellow prisoners murdered, but the French being in full retreat as the night came on, and closely pursued by the Prussians, they at last allowed the miserable man to sink down on the dunghill of an inn in one of the small towns through which they were at the time passing. Here he lay, with blood running about him; he was awakened from a kind of doze, by some one creeping down by his side. He turned his head and saw his comrade, the famous Shaw, who could scarcely crawl to the heap being almost cut to pieces. "Ah, my dear fellow, I'm done for!" faintly whispered the latter. But few words passed between them, and they soon dropped asleep. In the morning poor Shaw was lying dead, with his face leaning on his hand. Shaw, says Scott, carried death to every one he rode against; he is said to have killed a number of the cuirassiers sufficient to make a show against the slain furnished for any of Homer's heroes. His death was occasioned rather by the loss of blood from many cuts, than from the magnitude of any one; he had been riding about fighting the whole of the day with his body streaming, and at night he died, as we have seen.—*All the Year Round.*

—One of the bluest of Bostonians, on being requested by a rich and vulgar young fellow for permission to marry "one of his girls," gave this rather crushing reply, "Certainly; which would you prefer, the waitress or the cook?"

## City Government.

How to govern great cities is still an unsolved problem. De Tocqueville's eulogy on the New England system of town government is not strained a whit. It is the most perfect system of government ever devised for a town; but it breaks utterly down when it is applied to large municipalities. Athens was a model democracy while it was young and small, but her fate showed the impossibility of ruling a nation by the same methods and mechanism that availed for a neighborhood. The wheel-barrow answers for the garden, but will not do the work of the farm. The ox-team will not take the place of steam on the road or in the manufactory. New York was a well-governed city sixty years ago. There were no leaks in her treasury in 1850. Every dollar was accounted for. There were no unnecessary expenses. Extravagance was an exotic that would not grow in a soil so severely virtuous and rigidly prudent. An office-holder was ashamed to grow rich while in office. But what was natural and easy in a community of seventy-five thousand people, most of whom knew each other, and most of whose interests were subsequently one, has been found impossible in a city of a million of people of different interests, races and nationalities. New York was a neighborhood; it is now a miniature world. Its enterprise covers the globe. All the States and nations are represented in its population. Its people are strangers to each other. There is nothing homogeneous in its life. The cost of its government has necessarily risen from a few thousand dollars a year to millions. Most of its officers are necessarily strangers to the great bulk of the people, who are too much absorbed in their private business to pay much attention to municipal affairs. And the methods of government which worked so admirably in a town have disastrously failed in the metropolis. The watering pot is indispensable in horticulture, but will not irrigate a province. The garden engine is a pretty plaything, but useless in a conflagration.

It may be thought that New York is an exceptional city, and that the methods which have failed in this heterogeneous and concentrated population may succeed perfectly elsewhere. There are exceptional circumstances in this city. One-fourth of the real estate is owned by a dozen individuals and corporations. One-half of our mechanics and business men live out of town, and feel no special interest in our municipal affairs. But these circumstances have less effect upon the municipal administration than many people imagine. Philadelphia is a city of homes. Her houses are mostly occupied by owners, and have fewer occupants than those of any other city on this continent. Her business is diffused. Most of her business men live within the city lines. One would suppose that in that quiet and orderly city the old mechanism of municipal administration would work without friction, and produce the most admirable results. But, on the other hand, it has been found that her treasury has been systematically robbed for years, of immense sums, for which she has nothing whatever to show, and she has been saddled with a debt even longer than our own. The difficulty is not in a few exceptional circumstances, but in a defective system of municipal government. The boy's garments do not fit the full-grown man. Here is Brooklyn, a city of residences, with no great business interests to provide for—a city for elegant retirement from the bustle and dust of business streets and commercial complications, which merely needs to be kept in order and adorned. And yet this quiet city—which, it would seem, should almost need no government at all—has been shamelessly pillaged in all sorts of ways, until every department of its government is covered with corruption, and its treasury is bankrupt, and its taxes are so high that very few people can afford to own property there. Recent reports show that Boston is in the incipient stages of a similar municipal demoralization. Chicago, Cincinnati, and, in fact, three quarters of our cities with a population of over a hundred thousand, are in the same category.

The facts are patent and their teaching conclusive. A large, heterogeneous, concentrated population, absorbed in private pursuits,

cannot and will not give the requisite attention to the details of municipal government to keep it wise, efficient, and honest. The old system assumed that everybody could and would be interested in municipal politics. But experience proves that the inhabitants of these vast and busy modern cities are not interested in municipal politics, and cannot afford the time and patience requisite to follow out their details. Merchants like Stewart and Claflin and Lowe would sooner pay all the bills of the city for six months than take the time to investigate the affairs of the various departments and to look up the records of the various candidates for office. Allow that there has been too much indifference and neglect hitherto. Still, it is impossible to see how any amount of interest and time the people of this city can be expected to give to municipal politics will prevent extravagance and corruption. The fault is not in the citizens, but in a system that admirably answered the purposes for which it was devised, but which is unsuited to the circumstances of our time, and has completely failed whenever applied to the government of large and concentrated populations. The city of the future must be governed by different methods, and with a totally different apparatus than any we have to-day.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

## Mothers, Speak Gently.

Children are mirrors that quickly reflect our every tone and word. If you would have them polite and gentle in their manners, it is absolutely necessary that you be so in your treatment of them. If you speak in harsh, impatient tones to them, very soon they will learn to answer you in like manner; and in their play with each other many a cross, unpleasant word will be heard. Not only for the sake of your children, but for your own good, learn to speak gently and low, it will be a great help to you to try to be patient and cheerful. Anger makes you unhappy and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart any good, but much evil. What though you are tired by the mischievous or wilful acts of your little ones, be patient. Firm, gentle tones insure obedience quicker than harsh or angry words. Do not turn them away impatiently when they come to you with their little cares and troubles, but sympathize with and comfort them, thus winning their entire confidence. What if they do hinder you in your work with their countless wants and ceaseless questionings? Is it not of far more importance that their hungry minds be fed, and their little hearts be made happy, than that every household duty should be finished at the appointed hour? If you knew the little restless hands and feet would be cold to-morrow, would you chide so impatiently when little finger marks appear on the newly washed windows, or muddy footprints on the clean kitchen floor? Do you know that they will not?

Instead of spending hours in embroidery and ruffling on their little dresses, spend time in talking and reading to your little ones; play with them, and try in every way to make their home so pleasant that, as they grow to be young men and women, they need not seek for pleasure elsewhere; so pleasant that in after years as men and women they are battling with the cares of life, its memory may be a sweet resting place for their tired hearts.—*Ex.*

—And now they say that Father Hyacinthe is no father—the announcement was premature.

—A young girl in Brooklyn supposed she was dying of love, but the doctors pronounced it dyspepsia.

—It is a sad comment on humanity, but soft soap in some shape pleases most folks, and generally the more 'lye' you put in the better.

—John C. Calhoun, nephew of the great statesman, is Superintendent of Public Schools in New Orleans.

—A number of newly elected police captains and lieutenants sign their names with an X. The *Gazette* says of them: The appearance of some of the candidates was inviting, and of others the less said the better—for them."