

Biographies and Histories
of
Volunteers and Soldiers
Who Settled in Columbia, Garfield, &
Walla Walla Counties
&
Fought in the Wars Against
The Indians

Researched and Compiled by
Elizabeth Carson

CAYUSE WAR

COLUMBIA COUNTY 1847

join the immigrants congregating on the frontier to cross the plains with him to Oregon. Eight hundred and seventy-five persons, with their wagons, and thirteen hundred head of cattle, guided through the mountains by Dr. Whitman, reached the Columbia river in September of that year, and the question as to which government should possess Oregon was solved. Of that overland journey in 1843, Rev. H. H. Spalding feelingly writes:

"And through that great emigration during that whole summer, the Doctor was their everywhere-present angel of mercy, ministering to the sick, helping the weary, encouraging the wavering, cheering the mothers, mending wagons, setting broken bones, hunting stray oxen, climbing precipices; now in the rear, now at the front; in the rivers, looking out fords through the quicksands; in the deserts, looking for water; in the dark mountains, looking out passes; at noontide or midnight, as though those thousands were his own children, and those wagons and flocks were his own property. Although he asked not, nor expected, a dollar as a reward from any source, he felt himself abundantly rewarded when he saw the desire of his heart accomplished, the great wagon route over the mountains established, and Oregon in a fair way to be occupied with American settlements and American commerce."

PIONEERS OF OREGON IN 1843.

To the pioneer association of Oregon, one of their members delivered an address in 1875 in which he gave his reasons for emigrating in 1843 to this coast. "I was a poor, homeless, youth," he observed, "destitute alike of friends, money and education. Actuated by a reckless spirit of adventure, one place was to me the same as another. No tie of near kindred or possessions bound me to any spot of the earth's surface. Thinking my condition might be bettered, and knowing it could not be worse, I took a leap in the dark." This youth, J. W. Nesmith, whose morning life was shadowed by such sombre clouds, became in after years one of Oregon's most able representatives in the United States Senate, and in the address referred to he gives the names of those men, over sixteen years of age, who crossed the plains to Oregon in 1843. He had taken them 295 in all, at the time and preserved the roll which is given as follows:

IMMIGRATION ROLL OF 1843.

Applegate, Jesse	Bane, Layton	Childers, Moses	Duncan, James
Applegate, Charles	Baker, Andrew	Carey, Miles	Dorin, Jacob
Applegate, Lindsey	Baker, John G.	Cochran, Thomas	Davis, Thomas
Athey, James	Beagle, William	Clymour, L.	Delany, Daniel.
Athey, William	Boyd, Levi	Copenhaver, John	Delany, Daniel, Jr.
Atkinson, John	Baker, William	Caton, J. H.	Delany, William
Arthur, William	Biddle, Nicholas	Chappel, Alfred	Doke, William
Arthur, Robert	Beale, George	Cronin, Daniel	Davis, J. H.
Arthur, David	Braidy, James	Cozine, Samuel	Davis, Burrell
Butler, Amon,	Beadle, George	Costable, Benedict	Dailey, George
Brooke, George	Boardman, —	Childs, Joseph	Doherty, John
Burnett, Peter H.	Baldrige, William	Clark, Ransom	Dawson, —
Bird, David	Cason, F. C.	Campbell, John G.	Eaton, Charles
Brown, Thomas A.	Cason, James	Chapman, —	Eaton, Nathan
Blevins, Alexander	Chapman, William	Chase, James	Etchell, James,
Brooks, John P.	Cox, John	Dodd, Solomon	Emerick, Solomon
Brown, Martin	Champ, Jacob	Dement, William C.	Eaker, John W.
Brown, Oris	Cooper, L. C.	Dougherty, W. P.	Edson, E. G.
Black, J. P.	Cone, James	Day, William	Eyres, Miles

East, John W.	Hill, Almorán	Mays, William	Sheldon, William
Everman, Niniwon	Hewett, Henry	Millican, Elijah	Stewart, P. G.
Ford, Ninevah	Hargrove, William	McDaniel, William	Sutton, Dr. Nathaniel
Ford, Ephram	Hoyt, A.	McKissic, D.	Stimmerman, C.
Ford, Nimrod	Holman, John	Malone, Madison	Sharp, C.
Ford, John	Holman, Daniel	McClane, John B.	Summers, W. C.
Francis, Alexander	Harrigas, B.	Mauzee, William	Sewell, Henry
Frazier, Abner	James, Calvin	McIntire, John	Stout, Henry
Frazier, William	Jackson, John B.	Moore, John	Sterling, George
Fowler, William	Jones, John	Matney, W. J.	Stout, —
Fowler, William J.	Johnson, Overton	Nesmith, J. W.	Stevenson, —
Fowler, Henry	Keyser, Thomas	Newby, W. T.	Story, James
Fairly, Stephen	Keyser, J. B.	Newman, Noah	Swift, —
Fendall, Charles	Keyser, Pleasant	Naylor, Thomas	Shively, John M.
Gantt, John	Kelley, —	Osborn, Neil	Shirley, Samuel
Gray, Chiley B.	Kelsey, —	O'Brien, Hugh D.	Stoughton, Alexander
Garrison, Enoch	Lovejoy, A. L.	O'Brien, Humphrey	Spencer, Chauncey
Garrison, J. W.	Lenox, Edward	Owen, Thomas A.	Strait, Hiram
Garrison, W. J.	Lenox, E.	Owen, Thomas	Summers, George
Gardner, William	Layson, Aaron	Otie, E. W.	Stringer, Cornelius
Gardner, Samuel	Looney, Jesse	Otie, M. B.	Stringer, C. W.
Gilmore, Mat.	Long, John E.	O'Neil, Bennett	Tharp, Lindsey
Goodman, Richard	Lee, H. A. G.	Olinger, A.	Thompson, John
Gilpin, Major	Lugur, F.	Parker, Jesse	Trainor, D.
Gray, —	Linebarger, Lew	Parker, William	Teller, Jeremiah
Haggard, B.	Linebarger, John	Pennington, J. B.	Tarbox, Stephen
Hide, H. H.	Laswell, Isaac	Poe, R. H.	Umnicker, John
Holmes, William	Loughborough, J.	Painter, Samuel	Vance, Samuel
Holmes, Riley A.	Little, Milton	Patterson, J. R.	Vaughn, William
Hobson, John	Luther, —	Pickett, Charles E.	Vernon, George
Hobson, William	Lauderdale, John	Frigg, Frederick	Wilmont, James
Hembre, J. J.	McGee, —	Paine, Clayborn	Wilson, William H.
Hembre, James	Martin, William J.	Reading, P. B.	Wair, J. W.
Hembre, Andrew	Martin, James	Rodgers, S. P.	Winkle, Archibald
Hembre, A. J.	Martin, Julius	Rodgers, G. W.	Williams, Edward
Hall, Samuel B.	McClelland, —	Russell, William	Wheeler, H.
Houk, James	McClelland, F.	Roberts, James	Wagoner, John
Hughes, William P.	Mills, John B.	Rice, G. W.	Williams, Benjamin
Hendrick, Abijah	Mills, Isaac	Richardson, John	Williams, David
Hays, James	Mills, William A.	Richardson, Daniel	Wilson, William
Hensley, Thomas J.	Mills, Owen	Ruby, Philip	Williams, John
Holley, B.	McGarey, G. W.	Ricord, John	Williams, James
Hunt, Henry	Mondon, Gilbert	Reid, Jacob	Williams, Squire
Holderness, S. M.	Matheny, Daniel	Roe, John	Williams, Isaac
Hutchins, Isaac	Matheny, Adam	Roberts, Solomon	Ward, T. B.
Husted, A.	Matheny, J. N.	Roberts, Emseley	White, James
Hess, Joseph	Matheny, Josiah	Rossin, Joseph	Watson, John (Betty)
Hann, Jacob	Matheny, Henry	Rives, Thomas	Waters, James
Howell, John	Mastire, A. J.	Smith, Thomas H.	Winter, William
Howell, William	McHaley, John	Smith, Thomas	Waldo, Daniel
Howell, Wesley	Myers, Jacob	Smith, Isaac W.	Waldo, David
Howell, W. G.	Manning, John	Smith, Anderson	Waldo, William
Howell, Thomas E.	Manning, James	Smith, Ahi	Zachary, Alexander
Hill, Henry	McCarver, M. M.	Smith, Robert	Zachary, John
Hill, William	McCorcle, George	Smith, Eli	

Add to this list the names furnished by the same party, of those who were living in Oregon when these emigrants arrived, and it introduces the reader to nearly all of the actual settlers of this border territory at that time, except those connected with the Hudson's Bay Company, or its former employes.

PREVIOUS IMMIGRATION REMAINING IN 1843.

Armstrong, Pleasant	Ebbetts, Squire	LeBreton, G. W.	Robb, J. R.
Burns, Hugh	Edwards, John	Larrison, Jack	Shortess, Robert
Brown, —	Foster, Philip	Meek, Joseph L.	Smith, Sidney
Brown, William	Force, John	Mathieu, F. X.	Smith, —
Brown, —	Force, James	McClure, John	Smith, Andrew
Black, J. M.	Fletcher, Francis	Moss, S. W.	Smith, Andrew, Jr.
Baldra, —	Gay, George	Moore, Robert	Smith, Darling
Balis, James	Gale, Joseph	McFadden, —	Spence, —
Bailey, Dr. W. J.	Girtman, —	McCarty, William	Sailor, Jack
Brainard, —	Hathawy, Felix	McKay, Charles	Turnham, Joel
Crawford, Medorem	Hatch, Peter H.	McKay, Thomas	Turner, —
Carter, David	Hubbard, Thomas	Morrison, —	Taylor, Hiram
Campbell, Samuel	Hewitt, Adam	Mack, J. W.	Tibbetts, Calvin
Campbell, Jack	Horegon, Jeremiah	Newbanks, —	Trask, —
Craig, William	Holman, Joseph	Newell, Robert	Walker, C. M.
Cook, Amos	Hill, David	O'Neil, James A.	Warner, Jack
Cook, Aaron	Hauxhurst, Weberly	Pettygrove, F. W.	Wilson, A. E.
Conner, —	Hutchinson, —	Pomeroy, Dwight	Winslow, David
Cannon, William	Johnson, William	Pomeroy, Walter	Wilkins, Caleb
Davy, Allen	King, —	Perry, —	Wood, Henry
Doty, William	Kelsey, —	Rimmick, —	Williams, B.
Eakin, Richard	Lewis, Reuben	Russell, Osborn	

CONNECTED WITH PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN 1843.

Dr. Marcus Whitman,	L. H. Judson,	Jason Lee,	Dr. Elijah White,
A. F. Waller,	W. H. Gray,	Gustavus Hines,	Harvey Clark,
David Leslie,	E. Walker,	H. K. W. Perkins,	H. H. Spalding,
Hamilton Campbell,	Cushing Eells,	M. H. B. Brewer,	J. L. Parrish,
George Abernethy,	Alanson Beers,	Dr. J. L. Babcock,	H. W. Raymond.
William H. Willson,			

1844.

There was a Molalla Indian of independent nature and belligerent disposition who was a sub-chief. He had a few braves who partook somewhat of his spirit, and they were generally the prime movers in such hostile acts as the natives of the Willamette indulged in. He was rebellious of restraint, and not friendly to the encroachment of the white settlers. A relative of his having mistreated Rev. Perkins at the Dalles, was sentenced by the Wasco tribe to be punished according to Dr. White's laws. The sub-chief was enraged at the whipping his kinsman had received, and set out to revenge the insult upon the Indian Agent. Reaching the Agent's Willamette home during his absence, he proceeded to break every window pane in the house. He was pursued, but not caught, and became an object of terror to the Doctor. All depredation committed in the country was charged to this sub-chief, and it finally resulted in

CANDIDATES.		DISTRICTS.		
<i>Executive Committee.</i>		Clackamas.	Tualatin.	Champoeg.
W. T. Perry			8	
T. D. Keizer*				67
Daniel Waldo*				75
Robert Newell*				75
W. H. Gray				20
W. J. Bailey				11
F. C. Cason				18
A. Lawrence Lovejoy ¹				

The Legislative Committee elected met at the house of Felix Hathaway, June 18, 1844, and chose M. M. McCarver speaker of the house. A nine days' session followed, when they adjourned till December of the same year. On the sixteenth of December, the Legislative Committee met again, this time at the house of J. E. Long in Oregon City, when a message was submitted to them from the Executive Committee in which an amendment of the organic law was recommended. A seven days' session followed, during which an act was passed calling for a committee to frame a constitution. Several acts were framed requiring submission to a popular vote to render them valid, among which was a change from the triumvirate to gubernatorial executive, and from a legislative committee to a legislature, which was adopted by the people.

IMMIGRATION OF 1844.

From an address before the Oregon Pioneer Association in 1876, by one of their number, Hon. John Minto, it appears that the immigration of 1844 only reached about 800, including children; that of the 235 able to bear arms who crossed the plains, two died on the way, and seventeen turned off to California. The following are the names of all, as near as could be ascertained by Mr. Minto and those assisting him, of the immigrants to the Pacific Coast that year.

THE IMMIGRANT ROLL OF 1844.

†Alderman, —	Bartrough, Joseph	Clemens, William	Ellick, John
Bird, —	Bray, William	Dougherty, —	†Fleming, John
Buzzard, Nathan	Bayard, Nathan	Doty, —	†Ford, Nathaniel
Burch, Charles	Brown, Adam	Davenport, James	†Ford, Mark
Boyd, Robert	Bonnin, Peter	Dagon, Dr.	Fruit, James
Black, William	Crawford, David	Durbin, Daniel	Fruit, "Doc"
Blakely, —	Crawford, Lewis	Dupuis, Edward	Fuller, Jenny
†Bush, George W.	Clark, Daniel	Emery, C.	†Gilbert, I. N.
†Boggs, Thomas	Clark, Dennis	†Edes, Moses	†Goff, David
†Bowman, William, Sr.	Clemens, —	Everman, C.	Goff, Samuel
Bowman, William, Jr.	†Cave, James	Eades, John	Goff, Marion
Bowman, Ira	Crisman, Joel	Eades, Abr.	Grant, David
Bunton, Elijah	Crisman, Gabriel	Eades, Henry	Gilliam, Mitchell
Bunton, Joseph	Crisman, William	Eades, Clark	†Gilliam, Cornelius
Bunton, William	†Chamberlain, Aaron	Eades, Solomon	Gilliam, Smith
Buich, Charles	Conner, Patrick	†Evans, David	Gilliam, William
†Bennett, Capt. C.	Crockett, Samuel B.	†Evans, N. D.	Gilliam, Porter
Bordran, Francis	Case, William M.	Eddy, Robert	Gage, William

¹ Elected from Clackamas district.

* Elected.

† Deceased.

Horace Holden and his wife May arrived in April of this year from the Sandwich Islands.

1845.

The districts, as they had existed prior to 1845, had been sub-divided to make two more, called Clatsop and Yamhill; and during this year the name "district" was changed to "county." The election of 1845, therefore, occurred when sub-divisions were known as districts, while the census that followed was taken by counties. Conventions were held in most of the districts to place legislative candidates before the people, and to send delegates to a general convention at Champoege to nominate a territorial ticket for governor, supreme judge, recorder, etc. At the Champoege convention Dr. W. J. Bailey, Osborn Russell, A. Lawrence Lovejoy and George Abernethy were all urged by their friends as candidates for gubernatorial honors. Mr. Lovejoy was chosen after several ballots, as the standard-bearer; but the friends of the other candidates were dissatisfied, and bolting the nomination, all the aspirants were before the people in the June election. The friends of Messrs. Russell and Abernethy joined hands in favor of the latter and elected him governor by a handsome majority, leaving the regular nominee with the smallest vote cast for either of the gubernatorial candidates.

GENERAL ELECTION, JUNE 3, 1845

CANDIDATES.	DISTRICTS.						
	Governor.	Clackamas.	Tualatin.	Champoege.	Clatsop.	Yamhill.	Total.
George Abernethy*	46	58	51	22	51	238	
Osborn Russell..	22	54	47		7	130	
William J. Bailey.....	2	6	60		7	75	
A. Lawrence Lovejoy.....	44	5	9	1	12	71	
Total vote cast.....	114	123	167	23	77	504	
<i>Secretary.</i>							
John E. Long ¹ *	65	70	117	6	25	283	
Noyes Smith.....	48	47	53	12	35	195	
<i>Treasurer.</i>							
Phil. Foster.....	62	49	47	1	38	197	
Francis Ermatinger ² *	51	50	118	12	20	251	
<i>Judge.</i>							
J. W. Nesmith ³ *	111	115	166	17	64	473	
<i>District-Attorney.</i>							
Marcus Ford ⁴ *	100	78	168	10	53	409	
<i>Assessor.</i>							
S. W. Moss*	53	39	119		5	216	
Jacob Reed.....	52	48	48		56	204	
<i>Sheriff.</i>							
Joseph L. Meek ⁵ *	59	77	111	5	15	267	
A. J. Hembree.....	42	43	54	15	61	215	

* Officers elected.

1. Deceased. Frederick Prigg appointed to fill vacancy June 26, 1846.

2. Resigned. John H. Couch appointed to vacancy March 4, 1846.

3. Succeeded by Alonzo A. Skinner.

4. Resigned Feb. 4, 1846. W. G. T'Vault appointed to vacancy; he resigned March 10, 1846, and was succeeded by A. L. Lovejoy.

5. Resigned and was succeeded by H. M. Knighton.

Gage, Jesse
 Goodwin, W. H.
 Gillespie, —
 †Gerrish, James
 Gerrish, John
 Gillahan, Martin
 Gillahan, William
 Gilmore, Charles
 Hinman, Alanson
 Hedges, A. F.
 Hutton, Jacob
 Hill, Fleming
 †Hawley, J. C.
 Hoover, Jacob
 Holt, T.
 Harper, James
 Holman, Joseph
 Howard, John
 Hunt, James
 †Humphrey, Norris
 Hammer, Jacob
 Higgins, Herman
 Higgins, William
 Hibler, George
 †Inyard, John
 Inyard, Abr.
 Inyard, Peter
 Johnson, William
 †Johnson, James
 Johnson, David
 Johnson, Daniel
 Johnson, James
 †Jackson, John
 Jenkins, David
 Jenkins, William
 Jenkins, Henry
 †Kindred, David
 Kindred, Bart.
 †Kindred, John
 Kinney, Daniel

†Lee, Barton
 Lousenaute, John
 Lewis, Charles
 Morgan, William
 †McGruder, Theophilus
 †McGruder, Ed.
 Minto, John
 McDaniel, Joshua
 McDaniel, Elisha
 †McDaniel, Mrs.
 McMahan, —
 Martin, Nehemiah
 McSwain, Samuel
 †McAllister, James
 Morrison, R. W.
 Moor, Michael
 †Marshall, James
 †Moreland, Lafe
 Mulky, Westley
 Mulkey, Luke
 Murray, —
 Mudgett, —
 Neal, George
 Neal, Attey.
 Neal, Calvin
 Neal, Robert
 Neal, Alex.
 Neal, Peter
 Nelson, George
 Nelson, Cyrus
 Nichols, John
 Nichols, Frank
 †Nichols, Benjamin
 †Owless, Ruel
 Owens, Henry
 Owens, James
 Owens, John
 Owens, John
 †Perkins, Joel, Sr.

†Perkins, Joel, Jr.
 Perkins, John
 †Parker, David
 †Priest, —
 †Parrot, Joseph
 Packwood, S.
 Packwood, T.
 †Payne, R. K.
 †Prather, William
 †Prather, Theodore
 Pettie, Eaben
 Pettie, Amab
 Rowland, J.
 Robinson, E. "Mountain"
 †Robinson, T. G. "Fatty"
 Robinson, Ben
 Rees, Willard H.
 Rice, Parton
 Rice, Mac
 Rice, "Old Man"
 Ramsey, —
 Ramsdell, —
 Sears, Franklin
 Shelton, Jackson
 Sebring, William
 Scott, John
 Scott, Levi
 Simmons, M. T.
 Springer, —
 Smith, J. S.
 Smith, Charles
 †Smith, Peter
 Smith, William
 †Smith, Noyes
 †Smith, Texas
 †Saffron, Henry
 †Sis, Big
 Stewart, James
 Saunders, William

†Shaw, Joshua
 †Shaw, A. C. R. "Sheep"
 Shaw, Wash.
 Shaw, Thomas
 Shaw, B. F.
 Shaw, Capt. William
 Stephens, James
 †Sager, — died on the
 way at Green river
 Saxton, Charles
 Snelling, Vincent
 Snelling, Benjamin
 †Snooks, —
 Teller, Jerry
 Thornton, Sebrin
 Thomas, O. S.
 Thorp, John
 Thorp, Alvin
 Thorp, Theodore
 Thorp, Mortimer
 Thorp, Milton
 Trues, Cooper Y.
 Tucker, Benjamin
 Tucker, Long
 †Vance, Thomas, died on
 the Platte
 †Waunch, George
 Williams, Poe
 Williams, —
 †Wright, Harrison
 Woodcock, Richard
 †Welsh, James
 †Walker, James, Sr.
 Walker, James, Jr.
 Walker, Robert
 Williamson, Henry
 Watt, Joseph
 Warmbough, —
 Werner, Thomas

The following turned off and went to California:

Calvin, —	Hitchcock, —, and son	Montgomery, Allen	Sullivan, John,
Flomboy, John	Jackson, —	Montgomery, James	and brother
Foster, Joseph	Martin, Patrick	Murphy, Martin, and	Townsend, Dr.
Greenwood, John	Martin, Dennis	five sons	Scott, } colored men
Greenwood, G.	Martin, William	Schallenger, Moses	Robbin } with Col. Ford
Greenwood, Britain	Miller, James	Stephens, Captain	

Mrs. W. M. Case furnishes the following list of ladies who came in Major Thorp's company:

Mrs. D. Johnson	Mrs. Herman Higgins	Mrs. Benjamin Tucker	Eliza, a mulatto girl
†Mrs. Joshua Shaw	Mrs. Vincent Snelling	Miss Amanda Thorp	Aunt Hannah, a negress
Mrs. Jacob Hammer	†Mrs. William M. Case	Miss Eliza Snelling	

† Deceased. 1 Discovered gold in California.

1847

“HUMAN RIGHTS”

“HUMAN RIGHTS”

1887

1887

*History
Of
Central Oregon
1905
Western Historical
Pub. Co.*

COLONEL GILLIAM.

"No doubt the name of Colonel Gilliam is a household word with many in this county," says the *Fossil Journal* of February 22, 1889. "If it isn't it ought to be. Aside from the fact that this county is named after him, the late Colonel Gilliam's services in behalf of his fellow men entitle him to an important place in the history of this coast. A few facts regarding his career may be interesting to our readers. He was born while Washington was yet president, in 1798, in the state of North Carolina. His father's family moved westward and settled in Missouri, where during the year 1820, in Ray county, the colonel married Miss Mary Crawford. Ten years later we find him elected sheriff of Clay county. Those days were full of stir and eventful happenings throughout the land. In 1832 the last signer of the Declaration of Independence died. The same year the Indians of the northwest began hostilities. In 1835 trouble began with the Indians in Florida. In 1836 and 1837 were the financial panic and Texan war for independence. It seems that Mr. Gilliam determined to have a share in some of those things and, when during the early part of Van Buren's administration, it was decided to push the Seminole war to a speedy end, he went from Missouri in 1837 as a captain. He served during the winter of 1837-38 in that vigorous campaign which Zachariah Taylor carried on in the everglades of Florida. During the summer of 1838 Captain Gilliam returned to Missouri, having won honest distinction during this brief but arduous service.

"In the fall of this same year, when it had been decided by the state authorities to remove the Mormons, or rather to expel them from their homes in Jackson county, and the militia had been summoned to the field, Captain Gilliam raised a company and was chosen its captain. He was soon promoted and made colonel on account of meritorious conduct. When the Mormons had been helped to emigrate, and his services were no longer needed, he returned to his family and devoted his energies to helping on their interests. Previous to his going to the Mormon war he had removed to Andrew county,

Missouri, where he lived until his emigration to Oregon. Somewhere about 1840 he was sent to represent his county in the legislature. While attending upon this session of the legislature he seems to have become an ardent admirer of Thomas H. Benton. It is probable that his notion of going to Oregon came from Mr. Benton's well known enthusiasm about the west, and his plan for settling the Oregon boundary seems to have found a responsive chord in Colonel Gilliam's breast, and it was not long until he was one of that company which looked toward those continuous woods where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save its own dashings."

"The year 1844 saw the difficulties, the trials and finally the successful ending of Colonel Gilliam's journey across the plains. He first settled in Dallas, in Polk county, but soon sold out and moved a little farther south, settling on Pee Dee creek, somewhat north of King's Valley in Benton county. Not many are aware that Mr. Gilliam was a life long member of the Masonic fraternity, but such is the fact. * * * *

"Following the Whitman massacre Colonel Gilliam led a company up the Columbia to The Dalles, and in the spring and summer of 1848 led a vigorous campaign against the hostiles. His death, as related by William A. Jack, an eye witness, occurred at Wells Springs, north of Heppner. His command was marching from Walla Walla to The Dalles. Colonel Gilliam had put his lariat in a wagon driven by a man named Evans. In the evening the colonel asked for the rope, and while pulling it out, Evans in some manner discharged the rifle of a half-breed, which had the ramrod down upon the bullet. The bullet missed the colonel, but the ramrod struck him in the middle of the forehead, killing him instantly.

"Colonel Gilliam was a religious man in the truest sense of the word. In this connection it may be said that soon after his settlement in what is now Polk county, he organized a Free Will Baptist church in what was known as the Gage neighborhood on the North Luckiamute. The church held its meetings in the house of Joseph (?) Gage, and Colonel Gilliam was their preacher. Some of the members of that old organization yet live, though the organization itself has long been a thing of the past. To those who knew him intimately, it is a great pleasure to cherish their knowledge of his quiet, unobtrusive piety. In the words of a writer who has prepared an interesting biography of the late Colonel Gilliam, 'he was indeed, a good man, whose wise and kind words furnished guidance to some who still live to cherish his memory.'"

LYMAN'S HISTORY
OF
OLD WALLA WALLA COUNTY
INCLUDING
WALLA WALLA, COLUMBIA,
GARFIELD & ASOTIA COUNTIES
VOL II
1918

COLUMBIA COUNTY

**ILLUSTRATED HISTORY
OF
SOUTHEASTERN WASHINGTON
1906**

COLUMBIA COUNTY

**ILLUSTRATED HISTORY
OF
STATE OF WASHINGTON
1894
BY- REV. H.K. HINES D.D.**

COLUMBIA COUNTY

*Personal accounts and adventures
as told by the pioneers of the West*

We'll All Go Home In The Spring

Collected and Compiled by
ROBERT A. BENNETT



Pioneer Press Books

Walla Walla, Washington
U.S.A.
1984

INDIAN WAR
1855-56

COLUMBIA COUNTY

MUSTER ROLL, (Continued)

[illegible]

23rd Feb. 1862. On these. That I have carefully examined the
 Major's Roll, and that I have introduced into the service of the
 Co. of Washington the above named Company of Volunteers.
 Signed at 18th Feb } Thos. W. H. B. P. M.
 Adj. - Genl of Militia
 1862.

[illegible]

country. While at the camp, the governor of Oregon favored us with a few sacks of flour and some sugar and coffee, but some of the boys wanted more than their share."

Miller recounts the theft of a sack of sugar and a sack of flour as the volunteer soldiers strived to stave off hunger that winter. The soldiers turned shipwrights on Mill Creek during January and February, preparatory to launching a campaign across the Snake River to the north.

"In the latter part of February, enough lumber was sawed with whipsaws to build six boats and enough tar run out of the rich pine knots to calk them. On the ninth of March the boats were loaded on two wagons, and the command took up its line of march for Snake River, crossing that stream 30 miles below the mouth of the Palouse River.

"A small band of Indians was camped on the other side who defied our crossing, but the boats were soon in the river with about six men in each boat, and their horses swimming by the side. They were soon landed on the other shore, where they made quick work of that band of Indians, then captured a few cayuse horses, which formed the principal part of our commissary department.

"Our course was up the river to the mouth of the Palouse, thence up the Palouse seven miles, about one mile above Palouse Falls. Here, we pitched our tents, awaiting the arrival of some provisions that were on the way from The Dalles.

"On the 23rd the command resumed its march over the desert from Palouse to the Columbia River, beneath a scorching sun, without water or grass for the horses and without provisions for the men."

Three nights later the troops had reached deep into the area now known as the Hanford Atomic Project, as Miller continues:

"The next night we reached the Columbia River at the place now called White Bluffs, where we lay by a few days to recuperate and fill our larder with horse meat. Nearly half the horses belonging to the command gave out during this memorable march (from Palouse River to White Bluffs). Some would leave their horses lying by the side of the trail, others would shoot them to keep them from falling into the hands of the Indians.

"This march was made prior to Sherman's great march from Atlanta to the sea (in the Civil War), through a country that had no provisions to forage for but the cayuse, and most of them too poor to skin. At one time during this march, we were five days with not a bite to eat but horse meat.

"On the 30th of March we changed our course from the Columbia River toward the Walla Walla Valley, but after foraging a few days in that valley we found only a few sacks of potatoes and some camas. On the 9th of April a detachment of 12 men

started for the Umatilla, about 40 miles distant, to search for provisions.

"About six miles from the Umatilla River I spied a coyote, and after it I went at full speed, shooting at long range every time an opportunity presented itself. After running about four miles, and shooting nine times, I bagged my game. Loading the animal on my horse, I walked and led him to the Umatilla River, about three miles distant, where the boys were just getting into camp. We were all pleased with the idea of having a bountiful supply of fresh meat for supper, but after boiling that coyote for three hours the boys all declared it to be the toughest job they ever had to chew a piece of the meat."

Relief for the command came with the discovery of an Indian cache of food. In early May the Volunteer army began to break up.

"During the first part of May all that was left of Company H took up their line of march for The Dalles, leaving the Walla Walla Valley without volunteers or Indians.

"On the first of June, 1858, the volunteers were discharged by proclamation, and on the 8th of June I arrived at my place of residence in Linn County."

Miller was married that October to Sarah Elizabeth Ping, daughter of Elisha Ping. Two years later the families settled in Southeastern Washington. Miller and his wife homesteaded on 160 acres on Patit Creek, within a half mile of the present city of Dayton.

In 1864, a postoffice was established there with the name of Touchet and Miller was appointed its postmaster, a job he held at his home for nine years. Dayton had got started though, and soon outstripped anything the town of Touchet might have held. The post office was moved there, Miller says, "with J. N. Day as my successor in office."

Miller held political posts in Columbia and Garfield counties until 1890, when his wife died. He moved to Eugene, where two sons were attending school and in 1891 remarried. Miller died Oct. 25, 1914, at his home in Salem, Ore.

WAIT'S MILL

THE STORY OF THE COMMUNITY OF WAITSBURG, WASHINGTON

**BY
ELLIS & EMIRA ELLEN LAIDMAN**

1970

life, and has not ceased to be a constant reader and inquirer, which have made him one of the best informed men of the country. He was with his parents when they crossed the plains in 1851, and well remembers the troubles that he had with the Indians. On two occasions, however, they were enabled to placate the savages by a peace offering of a cow. In due time they arrived in the Willamette valley, and our subject took a donation claim near Albany, where his father located. For nine years that was his home. During that time, in 1855, there was a general uprising of the Indians in the northwest. Mr. Miller enlisted in Company H, First Oregon Mounted Volunteers to fight the savages. On December 7, 1855, 350 of the soldiers met about 1,500 Indians seven miles below the present site of Walla Walla. The battle raged four days and finally the whites, though only one to five, drove the savages from the field and practically ended the war. After eight months' service in the army Mr. Miller received an honorable discharge and returned to his home. In 1860 he came to Washington and took a homestead where Dayton now stands. Eighteen months later he took the place where he is now located, three miles west from Ping. He has seven hundred acres, which is utilized as a stock ranch. He also has one of the best fruit orchards in the country, his peaches being justly celebrated. Four years since Mr. Miller sold the ranch at Dayton and is now retired from active life.

In October, 1858, Mr. Miller married Miss Sarah E. Ping, who was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, and crossed the plains with her parents, Elisha and Lucretia (Kuykendall) Ping, in 1852, to Lincoln county, Oregon. To our subject and his wife the following named children were born: Chester F., Celesta I., who was the second white child born in Columbia county, Fred L., Jesse G., Ralph A. and Ray R. Chester F. is now judge of the superior court in Garfield, Columbia and Asotin counties. Jesse

G. is an attorney in Dayton, of the firm of Miller & Fouts. Mrs. Miller departed this life on August 26, 1890, and was buried at Dayton, Washington. Her life was an example of womanly grace and virtues, and her influence is felt still in the noble work that she did, especially in moulding the lives of her children for good and uprightness. She was universally beloved. Mr. Miller may justly take pride in the work that he has accomplished, not alone in that he has made a financial success, but also in that, with the faithful and beloved helpmate, he has reared a family who are today taking their places among the leading citizens of southeastern Washington and are not behind their worthy ancestors who did so much in other parts of the United States to build up this great country. Loyal and patriotic, they have a high sense of honor and a due appreciation of their stewardship, and are leaving today, as their ancestors have done in other localities, their impress for wisdom and uprightness in this great state.

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**HISTORIC SKETCHES
OF
WALLA WALLA, WHITMAN,
COLUMBIA, & GARFIELD CO'S
1882
F.T. GILBERT**

A. J. HARRIS: lives eight miles south east of Dayton; is a farmer; address is Dayton. He was born in Martin Co., Indiana, January 12, 1850; came to Idaho Territory in 1869, to this Territory in 1871, and to this county in 1872.

L. E. HARRIS; lives in Dayton; is a liquor dealer; owns some town lots; was born in Fremont, Sandusky Co., Ohio, March 29, 1830; came to San Francisco in 1850, and to this county in 1876.

**ILLUSTRATED HISTORY
OF
SOUTHEASTERN WASHINGTON
1906**

Pages 454-456

A. J. HARRIS, a pioneer of the northwest and an Indian fighter of renown, is now living nine miles southeast from Dayton. He owns and operates a good farm and has been one of the real builders of Columbia county. His birth occurred on January 12, 1850, and his parents, George W. and Cinthy J. (Richards) Harris, were born in Pennsylvania and Kentucky, respectively. Our subject's youth was

spent in Indiana, where he received his education. When still young, he went to Illinois with his parents and from there to Missouri, in which latter place he remained until 1869. In that year he joined a train that was coming west, which consisted of thirty wagons, and drove horses across the plains to Boise City, Idaho. There he remained until 1871, then came to his present location. He secured his land through government right and has given his time to farming almost exclusively for nearly thirty-five years. Being an industrious man, he has accumulated considerable property and is respected and esteemed by all. During the time of the Nez Perce War, he enlisted in the Dayton volunteers and went to the Salmon river. After his term of enlistment had expired, he reenlisted and continued in the struggle until the Indians were entirely subdued. From the Salmon river they went to the Salmon mountains

and there received word that the Indians were on the Camas Prairie. They immediately went after them and for two days and two nights, ninety men held eight hundred Indians at bay, then they were joined by General Howard and continued with him for several months, with the result of entirely dispersing the savages. After the war, Mr. Harris returned to his farm, but has frequently since then, spent considerable time in the mountains.

In Lewiston, on October 28, 1885, Mr. Harris married Miss Martha A. Funk, who was born in Washington, on September 17, 1868, the daughter of William and Ellie (Carter) Funk, born in Ohio on February 25, 1810, and in Kentucky, on March 1, 1832, respectively. To our subject and his wife, one child has been born, Godfrey J., on September 16, 1886.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris are members of the Methodist church and are widely known through the country where they have hosts of friends.

**ILLUSTRATED HISTORY
OF
STATE OF WASHINGTON
1894
BY- REV. H.K. HINES D.D.**

COLUMBIA COUNTY

*Illustrated History
Of the
State of Washington
Rev. H. K. Thies D. D.
1894*



SAMUEL LOVE GILBREATH, a pioneer, prominent citizen, and the first Sheriff of Columbia county, was born near Sinking Creek, Knox county, Tennessee, March 25, 1825, a son of Joseph and Elizabeth (Love) Gilbreath. The father, a native of Augusta county, Virginia, descended from one of the early families of the Old Dominion, and the mother was born in North Carolina. When our subject was an infant the parents removed to McMinn county, Tennessee, where Mr. Gilbreath erected a mill, but died soon afterward. The mother died there about 1850.

Samuel L. Gilbreath, the subject of this sketch, grew to manhood in McMinn county, and while there was engaged in the saw-milling business five years. In 1852 he started with a small party for Oregon, going by railroad and river to St. Joseph, Missouri, and from there, on May 3, followed the main emigrant route, landing in Yam Hill county after a severe trip. Mr. Gilbreath lived near North Yam Hill until 1858, when, while on a trip to California with stock, he learned that the Washington country was open for settlers, and in the following spring he proceeded to the southern part of this State, settling in Columbia county, three miles from Dayton, in August, 1859. He not only has the honor of being the oldest settler in Columbia county, but has resided all that time on one place. He began farming in 1860, and in the following year raised a crop of 600 bushels of white wheat. In order to clean his wheat he erected a scaffold, and "winded" it out. The severe winter of 1861-'62 followed, and he was offered ten cents a pound for his wheat, although he did not accept this profitable offer, but gave it to his neighbors for \$2.50 a bushel, an extremely moderate price for that time. Although Mr. Gilbreath was the first man now residing in Columbia county to raise a crop of wheat within its borders, he does not claim the credit of being the pioneer in that line, giving

it to Mr. Davis, familiarly known as Hog Eye Davis, from the creek near which he lived. The latter crop was harvested in 1860, Mr. Gilbreath assisting in the work, and from Mr. Davis he obtained the seed for his own first planting. He now has 200 acres in his home farm, and also owns 560 acres on Snake river, in Garfield county, personally superintending both farms.

In Linn county, Oregon, March 16, 1859, he was united in marriage with Miss Margaret H. Fanning, who was born near Jacksonville, Morgan county, Illinois. They have ten living children, viz.: Nancy Elizabeth, Mary Eline, Samuel Lee, Joseph William, Susie, Rose, Charles, Grace, James, and Fred. One child, Annie, is deceased. Mr. Gilbreath was reared in the belief of the Whig party, and was a great admirer of the noble Henry Clay, but after the death of the great Whig chieftain he renounced his allegiance to that party and has since been a staunch Democrat. He was at one time a Commissioner of Walla Walla, and after the division was the first Sheriff of Columbia county. To him is due much credit for the development of Columbia county. Always of a progressive spirit, he undertook more than one measure for the advancement of the community, and it was due to no lack on his part that all he desired was not accomplished. Among other movements of that nature with which he was prominently identified may be mentioned the mill which he built, and which stands but a few rods from his residence. He has always remained one of the prominent citizens of Columbia county, and enjoys the respect and esteem of the entire community.

Samuel Gilbreath was leader in early-day county matters

In 1850 the Congress of the United States passed the "Donation Act" as an encouragement to prospective settlers of the Northwest. This act offered to each man and wife who would "settle thereon" one square mile of land. Immigrants took Congress at its word, as they could not foresee the time which soon came when Congress had to repeal its action for the simple reason that there were not enough square miles of land to go 'round.

All eyes were turned westward, and most of the early settlers found at least enough land for a pre-emption or homestead or both in the new country.

On May 3, 1852, a wagon train left St. Joseph, Missouri for the fabled West. The train's Tennessee delegation included Samuel L. Gilbreath and his young wife, Nancy Cobb Gilbreath, and his brother Joseph. Samuel was 27 years old at the time.

In the Illinois delegation was the family Rev. Levi Fanning, his wife Nancy, eldest son Elias and two daughters Charity and Margaret, the later eight years of age.

The year 1852 would be remembered as the "Great Cholera Year. Hundreds of Indians had fallen victim of the plague from contact with previous trains, and now scrupulously avoided the trains.

On July 24, 1852 while the train was proceeding up the Platte River in western Nebraska Nancy Cobb Gilbreath gave birth to a son, who was named John Cobb Gilbreath. A few days later the mother died and was buried by the side of the trail. When the train reached the Snake River, Margaret Fanning's mother died of cholera. Once again a trail-side grave was filled with stones to prevent wolves from disturbing the remains, but no surface indications of the grave were left, to be identified by friend or foe.

The Gilbreath family located on a farm near Albany, Oregon. Here Samuel farmed, and built a grist mill, powered by water from the Calapooya River, which empties into the Willamette River.

The Fanning family settled near the present town of Lebanon, Oregon. Margaret and Charity attended school in Albany.

Leaving his young son John and his brother on the farm, Samuel enlisted in the Oregon Mounted Volunteers, and took active part in the Indian campaigns of southeastern Washington, against the united tribes who were led by Chief Kahmiakin of the Yakimas.

Early in 1856 Samuel was promoted to wagon master in charge of all wagons, boats and supplies for the expedition. The Oregon Mounted Volunteers were mustered out in the late fall of 1856, and Samuel prepared to move his operation to the Touchet Valley "where hills of bunch grass looked like huge hay-stacks." He purchased cattle from northern California, and sold his Oregon farm, in preparation for the re-opening of the territory for settlement, in late 1858.

On March 17, 1859, Samuel married Margaret Fanning in Albany, Oregon. The bride was fifteen years old.

Accompanied by his wife, his son John, three herders, a wagon and team and 300 head of cattle, Samuel started for eastern Washington. At the Cascades, their group was joined by two single men, with team and cattle. Heavy snowdrifts and fallen trees blocked their traverse through the mountains.

From Walla Walla, they followed the regular Indian trail through Coppei to Whiskey Creek, and came down the narrow Sudderth gulch, which had to be leveled with shovels to keep the wagons upright. They came to the old "Booth"

place, just east of the Dumas orchard, then proceeded up the valley until they reached the present site of Dayton, which was then known as "The Crossing." It was August 27, 1859.

The day after their arrival, the men began to build corrals for their cattle, but found so many nests of rattlesnakes that they decided to move back down the river to a spring they had noticed on their way. Here, about three miles below Dayton, the Gilbreaths homesteaded.

On March 18, 1860 the Gilbreath's first child, Sarah Jane, was born. She was the five white child born in Walla Walla County, which at that time included everything south of the Snake River in Washington, northern Idaho and western Montana.

In 1861 the first crop of wheat was raised in Columbia County on the farm of Israel Davis on Whiskey Creek. After planting the grain, Davis departed for the Willamette Valley to buy sheep, arranging for Gilbreath to harvest the grain when it ripened. This he did, by cradling and thrashing it out by horses tramping on it, then winnowing it from a scaffold into a canvas on the ground. He cleaned more than 1000 bushels in this manner.

The winter of 1861-62 was a terrible ordeal in the valley. Snow fell to a depth of four feet on the level, and drifted heavily. Many cattle were frozen standing up. The cold was so intense that faces or hands exposed to frost particles in the air were frozen almost immediately. Veils and scarfs were worn over the face for protection. During the winter, the Gilbreaths lost their entire herd of cattle except two cows and a calf, which they kept housed and fed.

That spring (1862) the county's first school, privately funded as no public funds were available, was established in the Gilbreath cabin with an attendance of six children. An Englishman, Mr. Harlin served as teacher.

On June 5, 1862, Sarah Jane, the first white child born in the county died and was buried in Walla Walla. The remains were later removed to the present Pioneer Cemetery, near Dayton. In 1861 a Mr. Newland bought the claims of the Forrest brothers, single men whose sister was the wife of Jesse N. Day, founder of Dayton. Mr. Newland established the first cemetery in the county on a slight knoll with a sweeping view of the entire valley. It was long known as the Newland Cemetery. By legislative act these seven acres were set aside to be known as the Pioneer Cemetery, and many early settlers and their children are buried here, including Jesse N. Day, Samuel L. and Margaret H. Gilbreath, the John Long, Joe Rose and Dent Hunt families and many others.

On November 11, 1875 the Territorial legislature established Columbia County by division from Walla Walla County. Dayton was made the county seat. In the election of December 21, 1875 S. L. Gilbreath was elected sheriff for the new county. After his term as sheriff, Gilbreath bought 480 acres of school land near Mayview, on

the south side of the Snake river across from Pullman and Colfax, to this he added an 80 acre timber claim.

He died on June 24, 1906 in Dayton. His wife, Margaret (Fanning) Gilbreath died in Walla Walla on September 26, 1922. They had borne 13 children, several who died early in life.

GEORGE TOMPKINS POLLARD, a farmer of Columbia county, was born in Shelby county, Kentucky, June 15, 1835, a son of Roger Baxter and Sarah Caldwell (Smith) Pollard. The paternal ancestors are of English origin and founders of the family in this country, having located in Virginia, and the father of our subject was born in Richmond, that State. The mother was born in Rockingham county, Virginia, and her parents were of German ancestry. Roger B. Pollard, a carpenter by trade, moved from Virginia to Shelby county, Kentucky, was there married, and in 1841 located on the Platte purchase, at St. Joseph, Buchanan county, Missouri. At that time St. Joseph contained but

one house. Both Mr. and Mrs. Pollard died at that city, the father in 1870, and the mother in 1874.

George T., the subject of this sketch, was reared at St. Joseph from the age of six to sixteen years. In 1852 he crossed the plains to California with a company that started from what is now Fillmore, in Andrew county, Missouri, and among whom were the Rollers. A man named Ellis was in command during the latter portion of the trip, their first captain having died at Ash Hollow, on the plains, after which his family returned to the States. Their route was by Forts Kearney and Laramie, Ash Hollow (where they buried several of their party who had died from cholera), Fort Bridger, Salt Lake City, Ogden, Carson, and turning from the main road arrived at Volcano, Amador county, in the latter part of August. Mr. Pollard began mining at that place, but was only moderately successful, as the winter was severe and provisions high, flour having been 75 cents per pound, beef 50 cents, etc. During the following summer and winter he mined at Michigan bar, on the Cosumnes river; on July 3, 1855, proceeded to Portland, Oregon, thence to Salem, and next went to visit his brother, Richard H., in Linn county. While there the Indian outbreak occurred, in which Indian Agent Bolland was killed on the Yakima reservation. The soldiers were defeated and returned to the Dalles, and when the Oregon volunteers were called for Mr. Pollard joined Company F, under Captain Bennett, at Salem. They fought the Indians at the Yakima reservation, where Captain Bennett was also killed. That officer had promised Mr. Pollard that he should be given his discharge in time to return and hold his claim in California, but the Captain's death prevented the carrying out of this agreement, and he therefore lost his mining claim in the Golden State. In the following spring, when Colonels Wright and Steptoe took control, Mr. Pollard was employed by them to carry supplies from the Dalles to the soldiers and Indians in

the Yakima country, and afterward freighted from Walla Walla. In 1858 he went to Oregon and bought stock, but later took up 160 acres where he now resides, near Huntsville, Columbia county, Washington. He now has 520 acres of land in the home place, also a stock ranch of 320 acres in Lower Union Flat, in Whitman county, half way between Pampa and Endicott, and two and a half miles from La

Crosse. He keeps about 100 head of Shorthorn and Holstein cattle, and about thirty head of Percheron horses. His stock ranch is now leased to the Fudge Brothers. On the home ranch he raises wheat, rye, barley and corn, and usually summer-fallows about 200 acres each year.

Mr. Pollard was married in Walla Walla county, August 12, 1860, to Miss Harriet L. Wiseman, a native of Indiana and a daughter of John W. and Catherine (Smith) Wiseman, the former a native of Kentucky. The mother died when she was a mere child. She came from Linn county, Oregon, to Walla Walla. Mr. and Mrs. Pollard have ten children, namely: Melissa Ann, wife of W. R. Bowyer; Mary Caldwell, wife of John Davis, of Elberton, Whitman county; Oliver W., who resides at Huntsville; Etta, wife of Joseph Franklin Brown, also of Elberton; Ella, wife of Samuel L. Gilbreath, a farmer at the home place; Cordelia, Minnie, George Franklin, Robert Maston and Roy Emerson. Mr. and Mrs. Pollard are members of the Huntsville Methodist Episcopal Church. The former also affiliates with the Democratic party; has been many times a delegate to county conventions; has served as School Director about thirty years, and has done much toward giving the school of his district its present rank as one of the best in Washington. Mr. Pollard also has the honor of having been appointed one of the commissioners to organize Columbia county.

Page 758-759

ARCHIMEDES HANAN.—Perhaps the most noteworthy character in Columbia county, Washington, from the standpoint of history, is he whose name heads this article, and a brief outline of his career is essential in this connection.

He was born in Harrison county, Kentucky, about three miles west of Cynthiana, November 9, 1810, his parents being James Marshel and Margaret (McFall) Hanan. His father was born in Wales, and his mother probably in Kentucky. The father was a patriot soldier during the Revolutionary war, and was wounded at the battle of White Plains. During the same struggle the mother of our subject and her parents were captured by the British and Indians, and were taken to Montreal, but were subsequently returned. Two of our subject's brothers, John and James Hanan, were in the war of 1812, and the latter was at Fort Erie when it was blown up. His mother's father located a large tract of land in Kentucky, and gave all his children considerable property, but all sold out and left there except Mrs. Hanan, who resided on the place given to her until her death, about 1822. Our subject resided on that homestead until one year after his mother's death, and then for a portion of one year lived with his eldest brother, John Hanan. After this he went to Missouri, in company with his youngest brother, Thomas, who was killed by the Indians in California in 1849. They located on what was known as Looking-glass prairie, and the house in which they lived occupied the highest inhabited spot on the Missouri side of the Mississippi river, eighteen miles below the mouth of the Des Moines. In this pioneer region, where far more Indians were to be seen than whites, he soon attained a fair command of the Indian dialect, and although then a mere lad became acquainted with Black Hawk and many other Indians whose names subsequently became well known in the history of that region.

In the spring of 1827 he accompanied his brother to the scene of the lead discoveries in Illinois, but his brother soon returned to Missouri, though he himself remained and was at Galena when that name was given to the little mining town which sprang up as if by magic. In the fall of the year he went back to Missouri, and there found his eldest brother and his third brother, who had come out from Kentucky. The latter and the youngest brother went back to the Blue Grass State, and our subject, with the other brother, went to Fulton county, Illinois, and located at Canton, which then consisted of four or five log cabins. In the following spring he went back to the mines at Galena, remained through the summer in that vicinity and in and around Mineral Point, and saw some of the effects of the war between the whites and the Winnebagoes. He sold out his interest in a lead mine at Mineral Point for \$300 (on credit) to a man who a short time later sold out at an advance and left, and young Hanan never realized a cent from his property. He spent that winter at Canton, and in the spring again went back to the mines, returning

near Canton, in the family of a sister, and in the same home lived a Presbyterian minister who gave him a Bible, which Mr. Hanan still retains. In 1830 he went back to the mines, and drove an ox team that season. He alternated between the mines and Canton until the Black Hawk war broke out, when he was at Mineral Point with a team, and joined Dodge's scouting party, consisting of twenty-seven, all told. He afterward joined the company commanded by John Hood. When the war closed he was at White Oak Springs fort. During his service in this sanguinary struggle, Mr. Hanan was on many occasions given special duty to perform, which in several incidences was of very hazardous nature.

After the Black Hawk war was over, he went to the Iowa side of the river and mined there during the fall. This was against the Government orders, but he and his party remained there until spring, when the ice in the river broke up and a company of soldiers came to drive intruders away. He went to the Little Maquoketa and mined about Peru that summer. He went back to Canton that winter, and the next summer got an ox team and hauled mineral from Menominee diggings to the furnace. He wintered where Moline now stands, and hauled logs across the Mississippi on the ice with oxen, split rails, fenced thirty-five acres on the Iowa side, and in the spring planted corn in the inclosure. He boarded with a man named Earl, who lived on the place of Emerson, who owned Dred Scott, of historic fame. He left there in the fall and afterward improved a farm on the Des Moines river, in Van Buren county, and lived there two years. He made a farm in Illinois and broke sixty-five acres of soil there. After this he went again to Rock Island county, but, selling out there, went to Henry county and took up another farm. He finally sold this place for \$5 an acre. It consisted of 600 acres, all of which, except forty acres, was under fence. He also sold 1,000 sheep, for which he received \$1 a head. Having disposed of all his interests there, he started for Texas. He got as far as Fayetteville, Arkansas, when he received many adverse reports of Texas from men who had been there, and eventually he was coaxed by his brother-in-law to return to Illinois. He went down to St. Louis, bought \$4,500 worth of goods, and that winter carried on a merchandise business in Black Hawk's town, near Rock Island.

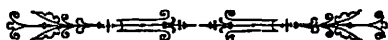
In 1852 Mr. Hanan crossed the plains to Oregon and took up a donation claim of nearly a half section, near Albany, which he afterward sold out to a brother of General Gary. In 1864 he removed to Albany, where he had property, and became interested in a company formed to build a mill, which cost, before they got through with it, \$26,000. He sold his interest in the enterprise with a loss of \$5,000. He continued his residence at Albany until 1871, when he came to Columbia county, Washington, and bought 480 acres of land on Whisky creek. He sold this property in 1877, to the Winnett family, for \$10 an acre. He then bought, for \$2,800, four and three-quarters acres in the vicinity of his present residence in Dayton, and resided there until 1880, when his wife died. That year he sold this property for \$3,000, to George W. Young, who laid it out in lots, and Mr. Hanan bought back the block where he now lives, for \$2,500.

Mr. Hanan was married in Canton, Illinois, in 1837, to Miss Ann Maria Van Winkle. They had no children of their own, but reared from infancy Julia Ann Terry, who afterward became Mrs. Lewis G. Ketchum, Mr. Ketchum being now a resident of Everett, Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Ketchum's first-born, Archimedes Ketchum, was reared by Mr. and Mrs. Hanan, remaining with them until his marriage to Miss Nettie Keoch. Mrs. Hanan departed this life April 28, 1880, after a happy married life of over forty years.

Mr. Hanan now lives in retirement at Dayton. He is a remarkably well-informed man, his mind retaining a wonderful grasp on the affairs of this country for the greater part of the century, and his recital of events of national importance and the causes which led up to them, as well as his acquaintance with the men who were leading figures in connection therewith, show him to have been a close student of his country's history, and a man capable of profiting by its lessons. In this northwestern portion of the country he was for many years recognized by the leading men of affairs (with most of whom he was personally acquainted) as a sturdy and able character, and his was a well-known figure in many Territorial and State conventions in Oregon. In the days of the old Whig party he was one of its staunchest advocates, and three times he cast his vote for the great hero of that party, Henry Clay. His voice was always for the freedom of the slaves, and

when the Republican party was organized he at once fell into line with its principles, and has ever since adhered to them. In the Indian troubles of 1855 he was in Company H, commanded by Captain Leighton, and although opposed to serving in any official capacity, he was unanimously elected First Lieutenant. He served, among other places, in the same portion of Washington with which he afterward became identified as a resident, and after the battle at the mouth of Mill creek, in which he participated, was for quite a while the only commissioned officer who was able for duty. During most of his service, however, he was on special duty in various places, often being some distance from his command. His reminiscences of the details of the movements of the volunteers in this war are as clear as they could have been immediately after the occurrences, and he is regarded as an authority upon the events of those times.

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SAMUEL T. HANAN, of Columbia county, Washington, was born in Fulton county, Illinois, October 15, 1831, his parents being Samuel and Patsy (Price) Hanan. His father was born in Harrison county, Kentucky, and his mother, also a native of Kentucky, was born in Logan county. Both were members of prominent old Kentucky families. They were married in Kentucky, whence they removed to Fulton county, Illinois, at an early day, and in 1837 went to Iowa, locating in Van Buren county, where they were also among the pioneers. Both died in Iowa, the father in 1852, the mother in 1853.

S. T. Hanan was reared in Iowa, and in 1854 went from there to Kansas, being among the early settlers of what is now Douglas county. About two years later he removed to Wyandotte county, and four years after that took up his abode in Putnam county, Missouri. His next move, two or three years later, was to Clark county, same State, and from there he went to Scotland county, where he resided until 1873. In 1873 he removed to Oregon. He remained about six months in Linn county, near Albany, and in the spring of 1874 went to Clackamas county. From there he came to Washington in 1875, and took up a homestead of 160 acres about a mile and a half from his present residence. After he had lived there something over four years he sold out, and on the same day bought the 230 acres of land where he now resides. Of this he cultivates about 165 acres, raising wheat as the principal crop, and follows the system of summer-fallowing half of this acreage yearly. He also raises cattle and horses incidental to general farming. He followed the carpenter trade until recently.

Mr. Hanan has been thrice married, each time in Scotland county, Missouri. His first wife was Jane Burrs, who died in Van Buren county, Iowa. By this marriage there are two living children: Mary E. and Samuel R. His second wife was Hulda Lewis. She died in Putnam county, Missouri, leaving two children, who are still living: Martha Jane and Hulda. His present wife was formerly Martha I. Allphin, a native of Schuyler county, Illinois, and a daughter of G. W. and Diana (Smith) Allphin, the former a native of Kentucky, the latter of Indiana. Her parents went to Schuyler county, Illinois, when they were young, and were there reared and married, afterward removing to Missouri, where her father lived thirty years, and died March 18, 1886. Her mother is now a resident of Kansas. Mr. and Mrs. Hanan have children as follows: Dixon White, Thomas William, Guy Virgil, Henry Harvey, Roy Albert and Francis Ralph.

Mr. Hanan is a veteran of the Civil war, having enlisted at Fort Leavenworth, January 25, 1863, in Company H, Sixteenth Kansas Cavalry. He served principally in Kansas and on the frontier, fighting Indians, among his campaigns being the movement after Price on the occasion of his last raid, and the Powder river Indian expedition. When mustered out, at Fort Leavenworth, in 1866, he was Duty Sergeant.

Mr. Hanan is a member of Alfred Sully Post, G. A. R., Dayton. Politically, he is a staunch Republican. He has never been an office-seeker, but has taken an active interest in school matters, and has been a Director of district No. 17.

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**LYMAN'S HISTORY
OF
OLD WALLA WALLA COUNTY**

**INCLUDING
WALLA WALLA, COLUMBIA,
GARFIELD & ASOTIA COUNTIES**

VOL I

1918

COLUMBIA COUNTY

**LYMAN'S HISTORY
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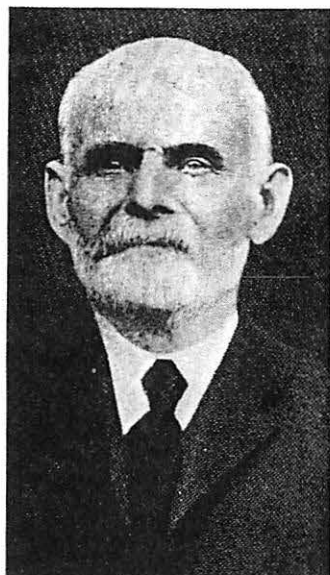
SAMUEL LOVE GILBREATH.

Samuel Love Gilbreath, an honored pioneer of Columbia county, Washington, became a resident of Old Walla Walla county when there were few white settlers within its limits, and took up a homestead three miles from the city of Dayton, although it was a number of years later that the town was laid out. He was a successful farmer, loyal friend and a public-spirited citizen, and his demise was the occasion of sincere regret. He was born in McMinn county, Tennessee, March 25, 1825, and was of Scotch descent. He was a representative of one of the old families of the south, being a grandson of Archibald Rowan, the third governor of Tennessee. His education was that afforded by the common schools and he remained in his native state until he became of age. He then determined to try his fortune in the far west and, crossing the plains, settled in Yamhill county, Oregon. For a number of years he farmed there and then went into the cattle business, which occupied his attention until 1855, when the Cayuse Indian war broke out. He enlisted for six months' service in the First Oregon Mounted Cavalry Regiment, which did good work in putting down the uprising both in Oregon and Washington. He was later for six months assistant wagon master and one of his duties was the gruesome task of hauling the bodies of the dead back to The Dalles, from which point they were shipped to relatives in the Willamette valley.

Following his marriage in 1859 Mr. Gilbreath drove a herd of cattle to Old Walla Walla county, Washington. At that time the city of Walla Walla comprised but a very few buildings and the settlers in the county were few and far between. He took up a homestead three miles southwest of the present city of Dayton and built a log cabin with puncheon floors, which remained the family home for a number of years. There were many hardships to be endured in those early days but the lot of the pioneer was lightened by the spirit of hospitality and cooperation which prevailed. Travelers were welcomed at every log cabin and the service of each settler was at the disposal of the others. Mr. Gilbreath worked hard and gave careful attention to his business affairs and as time passed his resources increased. The first crude buildings upon his farm were at length replaced by substantial and commodious structures and the place was brought to a high state of development. At the time of his death he owned two hundred acres of fine orchard and alfalfa land, of which his widow has since sold one hundred and twenty acres, still owning eighty acres, which is valued at a high price per acre.

Mr. Gilbreath was married in 1859, in Oregon, to Miss Margaret H. Fanning, of Albany, and they became the parents of thirteen children, ten of whom survive, namely: Nancy E., a teacher; Mary, the wife of J. O. Mattoon; Lee, a resident of Columbia county; Joseph, a resident of Seattle; Susie, the wife of E. E. Martin; Rose, who is teaching in Seattle; Charles, a resident of Walla Walla; Grace, the wife of T. O. Morrison; James, an instructor in the University of Washington; and Fred, a graduate of West Point and a captain in the United States army, now with the American embassy in London.

Mr. Gilbreath was a prominent factor in public affairs in the early days and was chosen the first county commissioner of Old Walla Walla county and the first sheriff of Columbia county. He was a firm believer in the value of higher education and sent several of his children to college. In many ways his influence was felt in the advancement of his community, and personally he was held in the highest esteem because of his unswerving integrity and his great capacity for friendship. His wife had the distinction of being the first white woman to take up her residence in the four counties comprised within Old Walla Walla county, and she, too, proved her courage and perseverance in performing cheerfully and efficiently the many and arduous duties that fell to the lot of the pioneer wife and mother.



WAITSBURG

"ONE OF A KIND"

1976

GEORGE & HARRIET POLLARD. George T. Pollard was born in Missouri in 1835. In 1852 he crossed the plains with an ox team to California. He made his way northward to Oregon in 1855 and enlisted in the service to fight the Indians. He participated in the fight near Whitman Station and the fight at Steptoe. He filed on a homestead in 1859 near the Touchet River 2½ miles above the present site of Waitsburg. In 1860 he married Harriet Wiseman of Walla Walla County who also crossed the plains with her father in 1852, settling in Oregon.

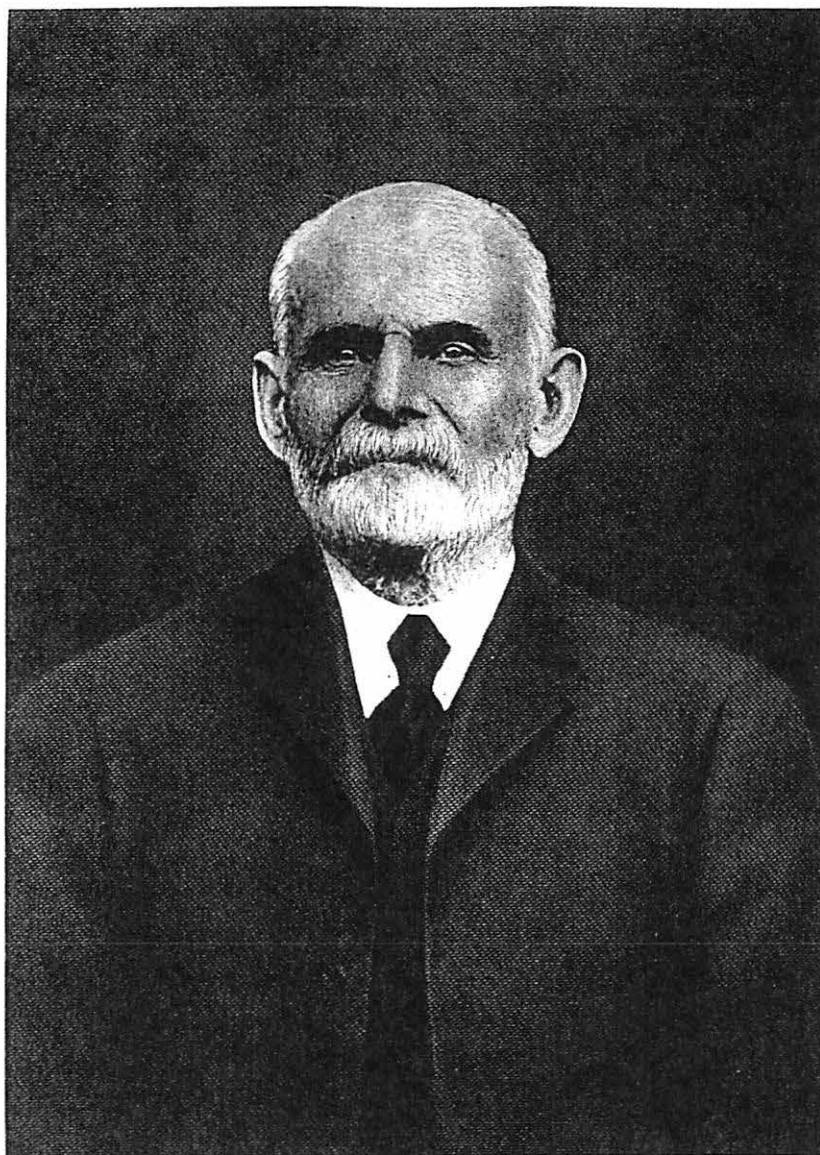
George T. Pollard Cabin



The historical cabin built at Huntsville in the early 1860's by George Tompkins Pollard is still standing on the original building site. This location is now being cleared by Kenneth Bickelhaupt for the Touchet Valley airport, making it necessary to remove the cabin. In an attempt to preserve as much as possible of the early history of this valley, several organizations in Waitsburg have agreed to combine their efforts to have the cabin moved across the highway to the Lewis & Clark Trail State Park, where it will be preserved as a historical landmark.

George Pollard came west from Missouri by ox team in the spring of 1852. He engaged in mining in California and then moved north to Oregon where he enlisted in the service to fight Indians. For three years he was engaged in packing supplies for Colonel Rice and Colonel Steptoe. Mr. Pollard was in Wallula and participated in the Indian fight near Whitman Station.

He established a homestead in 1859 and resided there for over 60 years. His son, Robert E. Pollard, is now caretaker of the Lewis & Clark Trail State Park which is near the original homestead.



G. T. Pollard

GEORGE TOMPKINS POLLARD.

George Tompkins Pollard is a resident farmer of Columbia county, living on section 6, township 9 north, range 38 east. He is the oldest settler in that district and has been identified with the Inland Empire, its pioneer development and its later progress, since 1855. He was born in Linn county, Missouri, June 15, 1835, a son of Roger B. and Sarah C. (Smith) Pollard. The father was a native of Richmond, Virginia, while the mother's birth occurred in Rockingham county, Virginia. They were married in Shelby county, Kentucky, to which district they had removed in young manhood and womanhood. They began their domestic life in Shelby county, where they remained for a number of years, and about 1820 they established their home in Linn county, Missouri, where they lived for two decades. They afterward moved to the Platte Purchase, settling near St. Joseph, Missouri, where both passed away.

George T. Pollard acquired a district school education in his native state and at sixteen years of age left the parental roof to start out in life on his own account. In the spring of 1852 he crossed the plains with an ox team to California and for three years was engaged in mining on the Cosmos river in what is now Amador county. In July, 1855, he made his way northward into Oregon to visit

a brother and while on that visit enlisted in the service to fight the Indians. He took part in the Yakima Indian war and later for three years was engaged in packing supplies for Colonel Rice and Colonel Steptoe and was in the latter's employ when he was defeated by the Indians. Mr. Pollard was in Wallula on the 20th of December, 1855, and on the 22d or 23d participated in the fight with the Indians near Whitman Station. He is the oldest settler now living in this part of the state and there is no one more familiar with every phase of pioneer life and experience than he. His military service made him acquainted with every phase of Indian warfare and later he met all of the hardships and privations incident to the task of developing a new farm. On the 6th of August, 1859, he filed on the homestead where he now lives and upon that place has resided continuously since, covering a period of fifty-eight years. As his financial resources increased he purchased more land from time to time and now owns four hundred and ninety-five acres.

In 1860 Mr. Pollard was united in marriage to Miss Harriet L. Wiseman, of Walla Walla county, who crossed the plains with her father, John Wiseman, in 1852, settling in Linn county, Oregon. Mr. and Mrs. Pollard became the parents of the following children, namely: Melissa; Ann; John B., who is deceased; Mary; Oliver; Etta; Bettie; Ella and Cordelia, who have passed away; Frank; Robert; and Roy.

In politics Mr. Pollard is independent, never caring to bind himself by party ties. He was appointed a member of the first board of county commissioners after the organization of Columbia county and was a member of the school board for more than thirty years. At different times he has been urged by his friends to accept nomination for various important political offices but has always refused, preferring to do his public duty as private citizen. He and his wife are members of the Methodist church and their well spent lives have been guided by its teachings. When the state of Washington was yet cut off from the advantages and comforts of the east by the long stretches of sand and the high mountains, he made his way across the plains, braving all the trials and hardships of pioneer life in order to make a home in the Inland Empire, rich in its resources yet unclaimed from the dominion of the red man. As the years have come and gone he has borne his part in the work of general progress and improvement and has been a prominent factor in promoting agricultural development. The days of chivalry and knighthood in Europe cannot furnish more interesting or romantic tales than our own western history.

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*Terrestrial History
Old Walla Walla County*

*J. S. Clarke Pub. Co.
1918*

Vol. II

HARVEY B. BATEMAN.

Among the honored early settlers of Old Walla Walla county was Harvey B. Bateman, who took an active part in the development of this region, especially along agricultural lines. He was born in Illinois on the 10th of November, 1833, and in early manhood crossed the plains, enduring all the hardships and dangers of such a journey. On reaching Washington he bought a farm near Waitsburg and continued to reside thereon up to the time of his death, his time and attention being devoted to farming.

In 1876 Mr. Bateman was united in marriage to Miss Susan Thomas, a native of Missouri and a daughter of T. T. and Nancy (Curl) Thomas, who in 1851 left their home in the Mississippi valley and after crossing mountains and desert finally reached Linn county, Oregon, where the father took up a donation claim. He built thereon a log cabin with a clapboard roof and stick chimney and in this frontier home the family lived in true pioneer style. He became one of the prominent and influential citizens of his community and was called upon to represent his district in the state legislature for two terms. Later he went to Alaska, where his death occurred. His wife died in Washington. In their family were ten children, of whom five are still living.

To Mr. and Mrs. Bateman were born twelve children, but Mida, the wife of

J. O. Windust, and four others are deceased. Those living are: Mary, the wife of Andrew Gregg of Oakesdale, Washington; Nancy, the wife of Wesley Star; John M.; James S.; Dollie, the wife of Fred Porter; Katherine, the wife of W. F. Hawks; and Wilber, who is now operating the homestead farm, comprising three hundred acres. The place is well improved with good and substantial buildings and still belongs to Mrs. Bateman.

Mr. Bateman was a faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal church, to which his widow also belongs, and his earnest Christian life won for him the confidence and high regard of all with whom he came in contact either in business or social life. He passed away in 1904 and was laid to rest in the Waitsburg cemetery. Mrs. Bateman has not only reared her own family but has also cared for five grandchildren, which she has educated as well. Her life has been a busy and useful one and she well merits the high esteem in which she is uniformly held.

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*Personal accounts and adventures
as told by the pioneers of the West*

We'll All Go Home In The Spring

Collected and Compiled by
ROBERT A. BENNETT



Pioneer Press Books

Walla Walla, Washington
U.S.A.
1984

George Washington Miller

*Mr. Miller relates his story
of the largest battle of the 1855-56
Yakima Indian War which took place in
the Walla Walla Valley in December of 1855.*

I, G.W. Miller, was born in Crawfordsville, Ind., on the 6th day of April, 1830. At the age of 6 years I moved with my parents to Mercer county, Illinois, where I lived at home until I was 21, and learned the trade to plow and hoe corn.

On the 9th of April, 1851, being 20 years of age, I started across the plains with my parents and landed in Linn county, Oregon, twelve miles south of Albany, on the 1st day of September, the same year, being four months and twenty-three days on the road.

In the spring of 1852 I went to the Jacksonville mines and worked that summer, getting home that fall with just about as much as I started with. In the fall of 1852 I located and settled on a donation claim two miles west of where Shedd's station (10 miles south of Albany, Oregon) now stands, and commenced improving and cultivating the same. On the 8th day of October, 1855, I enlisted (as a private) in a company of volunteers, organized at Albany, who elected their officers as follows: Davis Layton, captain; A. Hanan, first lieutenant; John Burrows, second lieutenant; W.G. Haley, orderly sergeant. On the 13th of October we took up our line of march, and were mustered into service in Portland on the 17th day of October, 1855, as Company H, (Linn County, 1st Reg.) Oregon mounted volunteers, second battalion, under command of Major Mark A. Chinn. On our way from Portland to The Dalles we marched by land to the Columbia River, at the mouth of Sandy. There we went aboard the hull of an old steamer, drawn by two tugs, to be taken to the Lower Cascades, but, on account of a dense fog and the inability of the tugs to make much headway, we were landed on an island quite a distance below the Cascades. The part of the river on the Washington side was said to be fordable, but some of the boys in attempting to ford the stream got into swimming water and lost their guns and equipments, but swam to the other shore and secured a small boat to cross the balance of the command and aid in swimming the horses.

From there we marched by land to The Dalles, pitching our tent on Three Mile creek, where we lay awaiting reinforcements.

On the 12th of November, Companies B, H and I, under the command of Major Chinn, took up their line of march for Fort Walla Walla. Pushing forward they reached Wells' Springs (14 miles south of Boardman, Oregon) on the 17th. That night Johnny McBean came into camp as a courier from Narcisse Raymond with a report that Peu-Peu-Mox-Mox had sent a large force

of his warriors to watch the movements of the volunteers, and that Fort Walla Walla was already in possession of the Indians, about 1000 strong, and that all the adjacent positions around the fort were in their possession. This information determined Major Chinn to abandon the attempt of reaching that place until reinforcements could be obtained from The Dalles, for which he sent a courier. Next day he pushed forward to the Umatilla river and fortified, picketing in with large split timbers, a stockade 100 feet square, and erected two bastions of round logs on two of the angles, and from rails found there built two corrals for the horses and cattle. This place he named Fort Henrietta, in honor of Major Haller's wife. On the 21st of November, from this point, Major Chinn sent another courier to The Dalles asking for two more companies and artillery to assist him in moving upon Fort Walla Walla.

On the 27th of November Captain Cornoyer, with Company K, arrived at Fort Henrietta to reinforce Major Chinn. On the 29th of November Captains Wilson and Bennett, with Companies A and F, arrived at Fort Henrietta (north side of Umatilla River, across from Echo, Ore.) with Lieutenant Colonel James K. Kelly who took command of the forces at the front. Colonel Kelly, soon after arrival, learned that the Indians were in possession of Fort Walla Walla and its immediate vicinity, with all their available forces. He at once commenced active operation, and on the evening of December 2nd his command moved out from Fort Henrietta, hoping to surprise the enemy at daybreak next morning, but incidental delays of the night's march, caused by a heavy rain until late next morning, prevented their reaching Fort Walla Walla until late in the forenoon, finding the fort pillaged, defaced, deserted and everything of value carried off. The forces remained there to reconnoiter and forage until next morning, when Colonel Kelly, with 200 men, without baggage or rations, marched to the Touchet river, thence up the Touchet to the canyon, to find out, if possible, the location of the Indians. Major Chinn, with the balance of the forces, about 150 men and the baggage, were ordered to the mouth of the Touchet river, there to await orders from the main army.

Colonel Kelly, after reaching the foot of the canyon, sent scouts in advance to look out for prowling bands of Indians. After reaching a point where the hills on either side of a deep canyon shut out the surrounding view the advance guard in approaching the summit espied a party of six Indians in their immediate front, advancing toward them. In an instant they were covered by the guns of the guard and ordered to halt, and one of the party, carrying a flag of truce, proved to be Peu Peu Mox Mox (Yellow Bird). A parley ensued, but it was soon discovered that a large body of Indians were coming from the direction from which the chief had come. A signal was given and the advancing party halted, every one of whom dismounted and stood by his horse.

Then the old chief asked if Nathan Olney, the Indian agent, was with them. Being told he was, he expressed a desire to see him. A messenger was

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sent back to report what had transpired at the front. The volunteers were halted on the hillside in plain view of the flag of truce, while Colonel Kelly and Agent Olney, with John McBain (John McBean) interpreter, went forward to meet the great Walla Walla chief. When they met, Peu Peu Mox Mox, in an insolent manner, demanded why an armed force had come to invade his country.

Colonel Kelly, answering, said he had come to chastise him and his people for wrongs they had committed. The chief talked about peace negotiations, saying he had committed no wrongs, and that he desired to live in peace with the whites. But Colonel Kelly told him of the pillaging and destroying Fort Walla Walla, the seizing of government property there, the carrying away of the Hudson Bay Company's goods, the burning of the storehouse of Brooks, Noble & Bunford, and appropriating the goods to their own use.

When confronted with these criminal acts he denied having done any of these things, but finally admitted they were the acts of his young men whom he could not restrain. When informed that Howlis Wampum, a Cayuse chief, had testified to seeing him distribute the goods to his people with his own hands, and lay out a great pile of blankets, as an inducement for the Cayuses to join with him in war against the whites, he made no reply, but finally offered to make his people restore the goods as far as they were able, and make payment for the balance.

Colonel Kelly explained to him that this would not be sufficient remuneration, but that his men must come in and give up their arms and ammunition. To this the old chief gave his assent, promising to come in the next day and deliver up their arms and ammunition.

But Colonel Kelly believed from his deportment, that he only desired time in which to make ready for battle, therefore he instructed his interpreter to explain to him distinctly that he could take his flag of truce, and go back to his village and get ready for battle, but by so doing an attack would be made on his village immediately, while, on the other hand, if he and his associates chose to remain with the army until the terms of his proposed treaty were fulfilled, his people would not be molested.

Thus hard pressed the haughty old chief consented to remain as a hostage for the fulfillment of his words, assuring Colonel Kelly that none of his people would remove from their camp during the night, and that he would have his people cook plenty of food for the soldiers to eat next morning.

Colonel Kelly, after marching his force a short distance with Peu Peu Mox Mox, saw he was being led into the canyon. Calling a halt, and holding a short consultation with his officers, he moved back a short distance and camped for the night, without wood, without water and without food, for the reason that he thought it necessary to be cautious when all the surrounding circumstances went to show there was a probability of his having all his forces stationed at different positions in the canyon to cut off retreat.

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That evening the old chief asked permission to send one of his men that was taken prisoner with him, to his village to apprise his people of the terms of the proposed treaty, and instruct them to fulfill it. Colonel Kelly granted the request, little thinking he would ever come back, and sure enough he did not. The young Nez Perce that was taken prisoner with him understood their language pretty well, and afterwards related that when that wily old serpent instructed his messenger he told him to tell his women to pack up in haste and go to the mountains.

That night the elements spread their fleecy mantle of white over the thin blankets of the volunteers. During the night the Indians kept shouting messages from the hill tops to the prisoners in camp in a language but little used at that time, and not understood by the interpreter. Next morning another Indian was captured which took the place of the messenger who failed to return the evening before, and the son of Peu Peu Mox Mox was permitted to come into camp and talk with his father. When the two met, the old chief said he wanted his people to come in and make a treaty of peace, but his son said they were waiting for Five Crows to come back before deciding what to do. This proves another fact related by the young Nez Perce prisoner in his narrative to Colonel Kelly after the battle, when he said Peu Peu Mox Mox had sent all his available force of warriors, under command of Five Crows, 60 miles distant to accomplish a feat of prowess over Major Chinn's command at Fort Henrietta. No doubt but the most absorbing thoughts of his mind were that Five Crows would obliterate the little band of volunteers and the soil of Umatilla drink up their blood as it would a shower of rain.

When the volunteers were ready to start to the Indian camp, his whole purpose was delay, he knew that every moment he could delay Colonel Kelly's movements, brought Five Crows that much nearer his relief. He was anxious to delay, saying his people needed time to prepare and cook food for so many soldiers, and he wanted it ready for them to eat, on their arrival at his village. Thus he delayed our movements until nearly noon, when the volunteers made a forward march toward the Indian camp, with a vague hope of having a sumptuous feast on their arrival there; but note their consternation at finding the camp deserted, and only a few Indians to be seen on the surrounding hills, to watch the movements of the volunteers.

This was an exact violation of the treaty of peace, concluded between him and Colonel Kelly on the preceding day, and you will note that every act of his from the time he signed the treaty with Isaac I. Stevens, governor of the Territory of Washington, until the day he fell by the hands of his vigilant guard, showed treachery on his part, and had he been dealt with according to the laws of nations his life would have paid the forfeit.

The command being overcome with hunger, and knowing they could not get a bite to eat until they reached Major Chinn's camp at the mouth of the Touchet River, were soon on the march to that place, arriving there soon after the dusky hues of night had settled down around them. That night one

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of the prisoners, a large Indian by the name of Wolf Skin, who was very talkative, tried to make his escape by running, but his guard at that time being the fleetest runner in the command, overhauled his prisoner in 100 yards distance and brought him back to camp. After this the prisoners were all tied until morning.

Early dawn revealed the fact that half of Five Crow's army was on the hills surrounding camp, which substantiates without a doubt the narrative related by the young Nez Perce prisoner.

On the morning of the 7th of December, 1855, commenced the battle of Walla Walla. Companies B and H crossed the Touchet and formed in line on the plain; companies I and K soon fell into line, companies A and F being ordered to take charge of the baggage train and prisoners. The Indians had been gathering in considerable numbers on our left and front, and before any movements were made the report of a gun was heard on our left. This seemed to be the signal to charge, as the companies formed in line and dashed forth, opening a heavy fire on the enemy as they ran. A running fight ensued across the hills eastward to the Walla Walla river, the volunteers pursuing the Indians at the top of their speed, shooting whenever an opportunity presented itself. Those having the fastest horses sped away, leaving others behind, until they became widely scattered. The horse I rode was a small, heavy-set cayuse, which seemed, when jumping over the sagebrush, to be going up one side and down the other. The consequences were, I didn't get along as fast as some, but I soon found I was nearing the front from the sound of musketry and the deafening yells of the Indians. The forces of the enemy kept increasing in numbers from the time the skirmish commenced until we reached the La Roche (LaRoque) cabin, on the Walla Walla river, while the forces of the volunteers were growing less. Here the enemy became more stubborn and slow to move along. This gave the volunteers who had been left behind an opportunity to come to the front. The Indians were driven almost at the point of the bayonet only a short distance above the La Roche cabin, two miles below Whitman's station, and eight miles from the place where the fight commenced.

By this time their whole force became engaged in the battle, and estimates were made by different ones, ranging from 600 up to 2000. My own estimate, put down in my diary at the time, was 1000. Colonel Kelly, in his official report, estimated the number of warriors engaged in the fight at 600.

From Governor Stevens' report (1000 to 1200 warriors) my estimate is low; but, be this as it may, their numbers became so overwhelmingly in excess of ours that our forces were checked. The hills were on our left and the Walla Walla river on our right. Here they formed a line across the plain, from the foothills to the river, it being partially covered with brush, while the hills were covered with mounted hostiles, who played an active part, commanded by leaders of matchless skill and daring. Their purpose was to leave no foes to rise behind them; their policy was the policy of extermination; their flags were the scalps of our people, murdered in cold blood,

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whose gray locks floated from poles raised on every prominent point on the hills to our left, with a squad of those bloody fiends dancing the war dance around them. From the brush on the plain and the timber on the river they poured a murderous fire on the volunteers, who were compelled to fall back. This was the hottest place anywhere during the engagement. Here Henry Crow and S.S. Van Hagerman fell mortally wounded and several others were wounded. At this critical moment Lieutenant J.M. Burrows with a small detachment was ordered to cross the fence that surrounded the La Roche field and charge upon the Indians in the brush, the writer being one of the number who crossed, and when only a few steps beyond the fence the brave Burrows fell dead and Captain Munson and several others were wounded. A dispatch having been sent to Captain Wilson of Company A to come forward, he and his company came at full speed, dismounted, and with fixed bayonets pushed their way through the brush, driving the enemy before them. In a short time Captain Bennett with Company F was on hand, and with these reinforcements the Indians were driven about one mile farther up the Walla Walla river, where they took possession of a house with a close built fence around it. In attempting to dislodge them Captain Bennett of Company F, and Private Kelso of Company A, were killed.

Soon after this a howitzer, found at Fort Walla Walla, was brought to bear upon them by Captain Wilson, but having nothing but a sandhill to lay the piece on, when firing the fourth round it burst, wounding Captain Wilson, but dispersing the enemy from their stronghold. This was immediately followed up by the volunteers, and the bodies of Bennett and Kelso were recovered. The baggage train and flag of truce prisoners had already arrived at the La Roche cabin, which was used as a hospital. Peu Peu Mox Mox, with his stentorian voice, began to cheer up his warriors and encourage them to be brave, receiving responses from them at short intervals. Colonel Kelly had just rode from the front back to the hospital, when Frank Crabtree came in with his shoulder shattered and his arm dangling by his side, and reported Captain Layton wounded, and surrounded with five or six others on the hills at the front. Just at this critical moment the question was asked, "What shall be done with the prisoners?" Colonel Kelly took in the situation at once and said, "My men are all needed at the front. Tie or kill them, I don't care a d--n which," and rode back to the front. Ropes were procured to tie the prisoners, but they refused, except one, a young Nez Perce, who crossed his hands and said he wanted to be tied. One very large Indian, known by the name of Wolf-Skin, who was very talkative and who tried to escape from the guard the night before, drew a large knife concealed in his legging, uttering a demon-like yell, and began to cut his way through the guard, wounding Sergeant-Major Isaac Miller severely in the arm. The others, except the Nez Perce, who had been tied, were trying to make their way through the guards and escape to the hills, but their efforts were futile. It was only the work of a moment, brought on by their own remorseless

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hands, when they fell to the ground weltering in their gore. If the body of Peu Peu Mox Mox was mutilated, the act was brought on by a relentless foe, whose mode of warfare always was insensible to the feelings of others. At this time and place those brave volunteers had their feelings wrought up to the highest pitch, and their excitement ran wild as they saw the scalp, perhaps of a brother, a sister, or some relative, flapping from the top of some pole planted on a prominent point on the hills to our left. A fair and candid mind could hardly look on the scene before him without exonerating the boys in all that was done.

The contest lasted till after sundown, when the Indians withdrew and the volunteers returned to the La Roche cabin tired and hungry, having had nothing to eat since early morning. Camp fires were built, and camp kettles and coffee pots were hung over the blaze to prepare a scanty meal for the boys who had fought so nobly for us during the day. A guard of twenty, the writer being one, were on their way up the hillside to be stationed on duty. When about 300 yards from camp a ball from the enemy's gun came whizzing by; the wind from it was forcibly felt. Over went the camp kettles and coffee pots to extinguish the fires, and all hands were on guard till morning, the enemy firing a few shots into camp during the night.

Early on the morning of the 8th a hasty meal was prepared and partly eaten when the Indians came with increased forces, retaking all the positions they were driven from the day before. Lieutenant Pillow with Company A, and Lieutenant Hanan with Company H, were ordered to charge upon and drive them from the brush on the plain and the timber skirting the river, and hold these positions if possible. Lieutenant Fellows with Company F, Lieutenant Jeffreys with Company B, Lieutenant Hand with Company I, and Captain Cornoyer with Company K, were ordered to take possession of the most available points on the hills, and assail the enemy at other places if practicable. The Indians fought for their positions with all the skill and bravery of the previous day, especially in the brush, where they fought like demons. Three of Company H and one of Company A were wounded, but they were driven from their stronghold, where they shot with the skill and precision of a marksman. I saw Lieutenant Hanan while in a low place pull off his coat, hang it on the end of a pole, then place his hat on top and raise it above the brush; in an instant the brush was mowed around the object by bullets from the enemies' guns. But few shots were exchanged after darkness came on, and the warwhoop ceased as the Indians withdrew from the field. That night a courier was sent with a dispatch to Fort Henrietta for companies D and E to come in haste to the battlefield. On the morning of the 9th they were at their work again, but not so early as on the preceding morning. The volunteers being fatigued and nearly worn out, Colonel Kelly chose to act on the defensive and hold the position, the same as before, until Companies D and E from Fort Henrietta came to reinforce us. During the day attacks were made on Companies A and H in the brush, and B on the hills, which resulted in great loss to the enemy. The other com-

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panies on the hills did good service in repelling the attacks made on them during the day.

Early on the morning of the 10th it was discovered that the enemy had possession of every available position that was held by us the previous days. As soon as breakfast had been eaten Lieutenant McAuliff, with Company B charged on the Indians who had taken possession of the breastworks thrown up by them the day before, on the point of a hill, to protect them from the flying bullets from our guns. They had not taken such a deep hold in the brush as usual, on account of the severe loss they sustained the day before. Companies A and H soon recovered the brush, and drove them from the pits on the sand knoll. The companies from the hills made preparations for a charge, and as many as had horses suitable for the occasion were mounted, and gallantly charged the enemy in the face of a heavy fire, scattering them in all directions, to return to the battlefield no more.

Thus ended the long contested struggle between contending foes. Colonel Kelly in his official report says: "I cannot say too much in praise of the conduct of the officers of the several companies, and the soldiers under their command. They did their duty bravely and well during those four days of trying battle."

The loss Company H sustained, killed and wounded during the engagement, nearly equaled that of all the other companies, as will be seen from the list of killed and wounded: Captain Charles Bennett, Company F, killed; Lieutenant J.M. Burrows, Company H, killed; privates Andrew Kelso, Company A, killed; S.S. VanHagerman, Company I, killed; Jasper Flemming, Company A, mortally wounded; Joseph Sturdevant, Company B, mortally wounded; Henry Crow, Company H, mortally wounded; Sergeant Major Isaac Miller, Company H, wounded; Captain A.V. Wilson, Company A, wounded; Captain L.B. Munson, Company I, wounded; Captain Davis Layton, Company H, wounded; privates Casper Snook, Company H, wounded; T.J. Payne, Company H, wounded; Frank Crabtree, Company H, wounded; Nathan Fry, Company H, wounded; John Smith, Company H, wounded; A.M. Addington, Company H, wounded; Isaac Miller, Company H, wounded; Frank Duval, Company A, wounded; G.W. Smith, Company B, wounded; J.B. Gervais, Company K, wounded.

It's a difficult matter to get the exact number of Indians killed in time of battle. The bodies of 39 were counted on the battle field after it was all over, and it is estimated that at least 30 were carried off in time of battle and that many more were dragged away at night by putting ropes around their necks and pulling them with a horse. It was plain to see the trails where they were dragged away. At that time no one put their loss in the field at less than 100. The ratio of wounded to the number killed is generally estimated at two and a half to one. At this ration the killed and wounded during the battle would be 350. This would be at a close estimate one-third of all their warriors engaged in battle.

On the 1st of June 1858, the volunteers were discharged by proclamation, and on the 8th of June I arrived at my place of residence in Linn County. Bq 118

THE PERCE WAR-1877
COLUMBIA COUNTY

Catherine Sager Pringle

*Massacre survivor tells about
her 1847 Christmas dinner,
held captive in a Cayuse Indian village.*

"The Christmas of 1847," said Mrs. Pringle, "was celebrated in the midst of an Indian village, where the American families who kept the day were hostages, whose lives were in constant danger. There is something tragically humorous about that Christmas, and I laugh when I think of some of the things that I cried over on that day.

"When the survivors moved to the Indian village, a set of guards was placed over us, and those guards were vagabond savages, in whose charge nobody was safe. Many times we thought our final hour had come. They ordered us around like slaves, and kept us busy cooking for them. Whenever we made a dish, they compelled us to eat of it first for fear there was poison in it. They kept up a din of noise that deprived us of peace by day and sleep by night. Some days before Christmas we complained to the chief of the village, who was supposed to be a little generous in our regard, and he gave us a guard of good Indians, under command of one whom we knew as 'Beardy.' The latter had been friendly to Dr. Whitman; he had taken no part in the massacre, and it was claimed to be through his intercession that our lives were spared.

"We hailed the coming of 'Beardy' as a providential thing, and so, when the holiday dawned, the elder folks resolved to make the children as happy as the means at hand would allow.

"Mrs. Sanders had brought across the plains with her some white flour and some dried peaches, and these had been brought to our abode in William Grey's mission. White flour was a luxury and so were dried peaches then. Mrs. Sanders made white bread on Christmas morning and then she made peach pie. 'Beardy' had been so kind to us that we had to invite him to our Christmas dinner. We had ever so many pies, it seems, and 'Beardy' thought he had tasted nothing so good in all his life. He sat in one corner of the kitchen and crammed piece after piece of that dried peach pie into his mouth. We were determined that he should have all the pie he wanted, even if some of us went hungry, because 'Beardy' was a friend upon whose fidelity our lives probably depended.

"And so we had our Christmas festival, and we sang songs and thanked Heaven that we were still alive. After dinner, and about an hour after 'Beardy' went away, we were thrown into an alarm by a series of mad yells, and we heard Indian cries of 'kill them!' 'Tomahawk them!' A band of savages started to attack the Grey residence and we saw them from the windows.

and not knowing of the pains that lie in wait after intemperate indulgence even in pie, he rushed to the conclusion that the pie had been poisoned.

"It required a long time for the messengers to convince 'Beardy' that the women were innocent of any intention to cause him pain, but that he was simply suffering from the effects of inordinate indulgence in an indigestible luxury.

"The messengers talked 'Beardy' into a reasonable frame of mind; he called off his horde of savages, and peace once more spread her wings over the William Grey Mission.

"We were all happy that night—happy that Mrs. Sander's pie had not been the means of a wholesale slaughter of white families on Christmas Day.

"The messengers I speak of brought good news from the fort. Succor was at hand, and on December 29 we were removed to the fort, and started down the river to The Dalles, January 3, 1848. The Christmas of the year 1847, as it was celebrated in this territory, offers somewhat of a contrast to the Yuletide merriment in all the churches and homes today."

Our time had come and some of us had begun to pray. The day that opened with fair promises was about to close in despair.

"To our amazement and horror, the Indian band was led by 'Beardy' himself, the Indian we counted upon to protect us in just such emergencies. He was clamoring for the death of all the white women.

"Fortune favored us at the critical juncture, for just as the Indians were entering the house, messengers arrived from Fort Walla Walla. The messengers knew 'Beardy' well and they advanced on him and inquired the reason of his wild language.

" 'Me poisoned!' cried 'Beardy;' 'me killed. White squaw poisoned me. Me always white man's friend; now me enemy. White squaw must die.'

"That would be a liberal translation of the Indian's words. Then followed a colloquy between 'Beardy' and the messengers, and from the language used we gleaned that 'Beardy' had suffered from an overdose of American pie,



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ACROSS THE PLAINS IN 1844 BY CATHERINE SAGER PRINGLE

Chapter I ON THE PLAINS IN 1844

My father was one of the restless ones who are not content to remain in one place long at a time. Late in the fall of 1838 we emigrated from Ohio to Missouri. Our first halting place was on Green River, but the next year we took a farm in Platte County. He engaged in farming and blacksmithing, and had a wide reputation for ingenuity. Anything they needed, made or mended, sought his shop. In 1843, Dr. Whitman came to Missouri. The healthful climate induced my mother to favor moving to Oregon. Immigration was the theme all winter, and we decided to start for Oregon. Late in 1843 father sold his property and moved near St. Joseph, and in April, 1844, we started across the plains. The first encampments were a great pleasure to us children. We were five girls and two boys, ranging from the girl baby to be born on the way to the oldest boy, hardly old enough to be any help.

STARTING ON THE PLAINS We waited several days at the Missouri River. Many friends came that far to see the emigrants start on their long journey, and there was much sadness at the parting, and a sorrowful company crossed the Missouri that bright spring morning. The motion of the wagon made us all sick, and it was weeks before we got used to the seasick motion. Rain came down and required us to tie down the wagon covers, and so increased our sickness by confining the air we breathed.

Our cattle recrossed in the night and went back to their winter quarters. This caused delay in recovering them and a weary, forced march to rejoin the train. This was divided into companies, and we were in that commanded by William Shaw. Soon after starting Indians raided our camp one night and drove off a number of cattle. They were pursued, but never recovered.

Soon everything went smooth and our train made steady headway. The weather was fine and we enjoyed the journey pleasantly. There were several musical instruments among the emigrants, and these sounded clearly on the evening air when camp was made and merry talk and laughter resounded from almost every camp-fire.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL We had one wagon, two steady yoke of old cattle, and several of young and not well-broken ones. Father was no ox driver, and had trouble with these until one day he called on Captain Shaw for assistance. It was furnished by the good captain pelting the refractory steers with stones until they were glad to come to terms.

Reaching the buffalo country, our father would get some one to drive his team and start on the hunt, for he was enthusiastic in his love of such sport. He not only killed the great bison, but often brought home on his shoulder the timid antelope that had fallen at his unerring aim, and that are not often shot by ordinary marksmen. Soon after crossing South Platte the unwieldy oxen ran on a bank and overturned the wagon, greatly injuring our mother. She lay long insensible in the tent put up for the occasion.

August 1st we nooned in a beautiful grove on the north side of the Platte. We had by this time got used to climbing in and out of the wagon when in motion. When performing this feat that afternoon my dress caught on an axle helve and I was thrown under the wagon wheel, which passed over and

badly crushed my limb before father could stop the team. He picked me up and saw the extent of the injury when the injured limb hung dangling in the air.

THE FATHER DYING ON THE PLAINS In a broken voice he exclaimed: "My dear child, your leg is broken all to pieces!" The news soon spread along the train and a halt was called. A surgeon was found and the limb set; then we pushed on the same night to Laramie, where we arrived soon after dark. This accident confined me to the wagon the remainder of the long journey.

After Laramie we entered the great American desert, which was hard on the teams. Sickness became common. Father and the boys were all sick, and we were dependent for a driver on the Dutch doctor who set my leg. He offered his services and was employed, but though an excellent surgeon, he knew little about driving oxen. Some of them often had to rise from their sick beds to wade streams and get the oxen safely across. One day four buffalo ran between our wagon and the one behind. Though feeble, father seized his gun and gave chase to them. This imprudent act prostrated him again, and it soon became apparent that his days were numbered. He was fully conscious of the fact, but could not be reconciled to the thought of leaving his large and helpless family in such precarious circumstances. The evening before his death we crossed Green River and camped on the bank. Looking where I lay helpless, he said: "Poor child! What will become of you?" Captain Shaw found him weeping bitterly. He said his last hour had come, and his heart was filled with anguish for his family. His wife was ill, the children small, and one likely to be a cripple. They had no relatives near, and a long journey lay before them. In piteous tones he begged the Captain to take charge of them and see them through. This he stoutly promised. Father was buried the next day on the banks of Green River. His coffin was made of two troughs dug out of the body of a tree, but next year emigrants found his bleaching bones, as the Indians had disinterred the remains.

We hired a young man to drive, as mother was afraid to trust the doctor, but the kindhearted German would not leave her, and declared his intention to see her safe in the Willamette. At Fort Bridger the stream was full of fish, and we made nets of wagon sheets to catch them. That evening the new driver told mother he would hunt for game if she would let him use the gun. He took it, and we never saw him again. He made for the train in advance, where he had a sweetheart. We found the gun waiting our arrival at Whitman's. Then we got along as best we could with the doctor's help.

Mother planned to get to Whitman's and winter there, but she was rapidly failing under her sorrows. The nights and mornings were very cold, and she took cold from the exposure unavoidably. With camp fever and a sore mouth, she fought bravely against fate for the sake of her children, but she was taken delirious soon after reaching Fort Bridger, and was bed-fast. Travelling in this condition over a road clouded with dust, she suffered intensely. She talked of her husband, addressing him as though present, beseeching him in piteous tones to relieve her sufferings, until at last she became unconscious. Her babe was cared for by the women of the train. Those kind-hearted women would also come in at night and wash the dust from the mother's face and otherwise make her comfortable. We travelled a rough road the day she died, and she moaned fearfully all the time. At night one of the women came in as usual, but she made no reply to questions, so she thought her asleep, and washed her face, then took her hand and discovered the pulse was nearly gone. She lived but a few moments, and her last words were, "Oh, Henry! If you only knew how we have suffered." The tent was set up, the corpse laid out, and next morning we took the last look at our mother's face. The grave was near the road; willow brush was laid in the bottom and covered the body, the earth filled in -- then the train moved on.

Her name was cut on a headboard, and that was all that could be done. So in twenty-six days we became orphans. Seven children of us, the oldest fourteen and the youngest a babe. A few days before her death, finding herself in possession of her faculties and fully aware of the coming end, she had taken an affectionate farewell of her children and charged the doctor to take care of us. She made the same request of Captain Shaw. The baby was taken by a woman in the train, and all were literally adopted by the company. No one there but was ready to do us any possible favor. This was especially true of Captain Shaw and his wife. Their kindness will ever be cherished in grateful remembrance by us all. Our parents could not have

been more solicitous or careful. When our flour gave out they gave us bread as long as they had any, actually dividing their last loaf. To this day Uncle Billy and Aunt Sally, as we call them, regard us with the affection of parents. Blessings on his hoary head!

At Snake River they lay by to make our wagon into a cart, as our team was wearing out. Into this was loaded what was necessary. Some things were sold and some left on the plains. The last of September we arrived at Grande Ronde, where one of my sister's clothes caught fire, and she would have burned to death only that the German doctor, at the cost of burning his hands, saved her. One night the captain heard a child crying, and found my little sister had got out of the wagon and was perishing in the freezing air, for the nights were very cold. We had been out of flour and living on meat alone, so a few were sent in advance to get supplies from Dr. Whitman and return to us. Having so light a load we could travel faster than the other teams, and went on with Daptain Shaw and the advance. Through the Blue Mountains cattle were giving out and left lying in the road. We made but a few miles a day. We were in the country of "Dr. Whitman's Indians," as they called themselves. They were returning from buffalo hunting and frequented our camps. They were loud in praise of the missionaries and anxious to assist us. Often they would drive up some beast that had been left behind as given out and return it to its owner.

One day when we were making a fire of wet wood Francis thought to help the matter by holding his powder-horn over a small blaze. Of course the powder-horn exploded, and the wonder was he was left alive. He ran to a creek near by and bathed his hands and face, and came back destitute of winkers and eyebrows, and his face was blackened beyond recognition. Such were the incidents and dangerous and humorous features of the journey.

We reached Umatilla October 15th, and lay by while Captain Shaw went on to Whitman's station to see if the doctor would take care of us, if only until he could become located in the Willamette. We purchased of the Indians the first potatoes we had eaten since we started on our long and sad journey. October 17th we started for our destination, leaving the baby very sick, with doubts of its recovery. Mrs. Shaw took an affectionate leave of us all, and stood looking after us as long as we were in sight. Speaking of it in later years, she said she never saw a more pitiful sight than that cartful of orphans going to find a home among strangers.

We reached the station in the forenoon. For weeks this place had been a subject for our talk by day and formed our dreams at night. We expected to see log houses, occupied by Indians and such people as we had seen about the forts. Instead we saw a large white house surrounded with palisades. A short distance from the doctor's dwelling was another large adobe house, built by Mr. Gray, but now used by immigrants in the winter, and for a granary in the summer. It was situated near the mill pond, and the grist mill was not far from it.

Between the two houses were the blacksmith shop and the corral, enclosed with slabs set up endways. The garden lay between the mill and the house, and a large field was on the opposite side. A good-sized ditch passed in front of the house, connecting with the mill pond, intersecting other ditches all around the farm, for the purpose of irrigating the land.

We drove up and halted near this ditch. Captain Shaw was in the house conversing with Mrs. Whitman. Glancing through the window, he saw us, and turning to her said: "Your children have come; will you go out and see them?" He then came out and told the boys to "Help the girls out and get their bonnets." Alas! it was easy to talk of bonnets, but not to find them! But one or two were finally discovered by the time Mrs. Whitman had come out. Here was a scene for an artist to describe! Foremost stood the little cart, with the tired oxen that had been unyoked lying near it. Sitting in the front end of the cart was John, weeping bitterly; on the opposite side stood Francis, his arms on the wheel and his head resting on his arms, sobbing aloud; on the near side the little girls were huddled together, bareheaded and barefooted, looking at the boys and then at the house, dreading vwe knew not what. By the oxen stood the good German doctor, with his whip in his hand, regarding the scene with suppressed emotion.

Thus Mrs. Whitman found us. She was a large, well-formed woman, fair complexioned, with beautiful auburn hair, nose rather large, and large gray eyes. She had on a dark calico dress and gingham sunbonnet. We thought as we shyly looked at her that she was the prettiest woman we had ever seen. She spoke kindly to us as she came up, but like frightened things we ran behind the cart, peeping shyly around at her. She then addressed the boys, asking why they wept, adding: "Poor boys. no wonder you weep!" She then began to arrange things as we threw them out, at the same time conversing with an Indian woman sitting on the ground near by.

A little girl about seven years old soon came and stood regarding us with a timid look. This was little Helen Mar Meed, and though a half-breed, she looked very pretty to us in her green dress and white apron and neat sunbonnet.

Having arranged everything in compact form Mrs. Whitman directed the doctor and the boys where to carry them, and told Helen to show the little girls the way to the house. Seeing my lameness, she kindly took me by the hand and my little sister by the other hand, and thus led us in. As we reached the steps, Captain Shaw asked if she had children of her own. Pointing to a grave at the foot of the hill not far off, she said: "All the child I ever had sleeps yonder." She added that it was a great pleasure to her that she could see the grave from the door. The doctor and boys having deposited the things as directed, went over to the mansion. As we entered the house we saw a girl about nine years old washing dishes. Mrs. Whitman spoke cheerfully to her and said: "Well, Mary Ann, how do you think you will like all these sisters?" Seated in her arm-chair, she placed the youngest on her lap, and calling us round her, asked our names, about our parents, and the baby, often exclaiming as we told our artless story, "Poor children!"

Dr. Whitman came in from the mill and stood in the door, looking as though surprised at the large addition so suddenly made to the family. We were a sight calculated to excite surprise, dirty and sunburned until we looked more like Indians than white children. Added to this, John had cropped our hair so that it hung in uneven locks and added to our uncouth appearance. Seeing her husband standing there, Mrs. Whitman said, with a laugh: "Come in, doctor, and see your children." He sat down and tried to take little Louisa in his arms, but she ran screaming to me, much to the discomfiture of the doctor and amusement of his wife. She then related to him what we had told her in reference to the baby, and expressed her fears lest it should die, saying it was the baby she wanted most of all.

Our mother had asked that we might not be separated, so Captain Shaw now urged the doctor to take charge of us all. He feared the Board might object, as he was sent a missionary to the Indians. The captain argued that a missionary's duty was to do good, and we certainly were objects worthy of missionary charity. He was finally persuaded to keep us all until spring. His wife did not readily consent, but he told her he wanted boys as well as she girls. Finding the boys willing to stay, he made a written agreement with Captain Shaw that he would take charge of them. Before Captain Shaw reached the valley, Dr. Whitman overtook him and told him he was pleased with the children and he need give himself no further care concerning them. The baby was brought over in few days. It was very sick, but under Mrs. Whitman's judicious care was soon restored to health.

Our faithful friend, the German doctor, left us at last, safe in the motherly care of Mrs. Whitman. Well had he kept his promise to our dying mother.

For a week or two the house at Wailatpu was full of company. Having no help, Mrs. Whitman was too much engaged in household affairs to pay any attention to us. Very lonely did that large house seem to me during that time. Being a cripple, I was not able to join the other children in their pastimes, and they were too busy enjoying themselves to attend to me. Seated by the cradle, I plied my needle at simple sewing. I saw my brothers only at meal-time. Mrs. Whitman came occasionally to bring the baby her milk. I thought I could never be happy where everything was so strange, and shed many tears in solitude. I became so timid as to cry if addressed by the doctor or any one.

School commenced soon after our arrival, and most of the children attended.

In course of time the company left the home; help was hired to do the housework, and Mrs. Whitman, having more time to herself, paid more to us. Gathering us around her in the evening, she amused us with anecdotes, distributing pieces of calico and showing us how to make patchwork and rag dolls, conversing with us in a kind and familiar way. On one of these occasions she gave each of us a string of beads to wear, with the understanding that any one who had to be reproved for doing wrong must return the beads to her. We had been long without restraint, so that we had become quite unruly and difficult to manage. They were strict disciplinarians, and held the reins with steady hands. Any deviation from the rules met with instant and severe chastisement. Every effort to merit their approval was rewarded with smiles. While we were held under strict subjection, every effort was made to render us comfortable and happy and to win our love and confidence. Mrs. Whitman was particularly adapted to raising children, having the art of uniting instruction and pleasure. She was a fine singer. I have never known any one who excelled her in this respect. She soon commenced teaching us vocal music. Refined and accomplished herself, she exercised over our rude natures that influence that refines and beautifies a home. We soon formed a warm attachment for her, and fell into the practice of calling her and Dr. Whitman mother and father, as the other children did, and continued it while they lived. They were careful to have us remember our parents, and would speak of them with affection and respect. When necessary to administer punishment, she would set our fault before us and her own responsibility, and show that all was done for our own good, and would ask what we thought our parents would wish her to do.

Dr. Whitman's family, before we came, consisted of himself and wife, Perrin P. Whitman, his nephew, who came out with him in 1843, when fourteen years old; Mary Ann Bridger, nine years old; Helen Mar Meek, seven years old, who had been raised from infancy by Mrs. Whitman, and David M. Cortez, seven years old. This boy's father was a Spaniard, his mother a Walla Walla Indian. Becoming tired of the infant, she cast it into a hole to perish. His grandmother rescued him and took him to Mrs. Whitman, naked, except a small piece of skin tied over his shoulders. We were in the schoolroom from Monday morning until Saturday noon. The afternoon was a holiday. If the weather was pleasant, the preparations for the Sabbath being completed, Mrs. Whitman took us out for a ramble over the hills. In inclement weather we were provided amusement in the house; the doctor believed in young folks having plenty of exercise. The Sabbath was always strictly observed, yet made so pleasant that we hailed its dawn with delight. Every preparation was made the day before, and perfect stillness pervaded the house Sabbath morning. In the winter season a Bible class met on Saturday night. All the family attended, and no effort was spared to make it interesting. A subject was given us to prove from the Bible, and Mrs. Whitman saw that each child had a proof to bring in. They were commented on, a chapter was read, each one reading a verse and giving their thoughts on it. These exercises closed by singing some Bible hymn. Sabbath morning we were reminded of the day and all kept still. Each sat with a book, and those too small to read were handed pictures. After breakfast we prepared for Sunday school, that met at 11 o'clock, while the doctor held his service with the natives. Each got seven verses, one being learned every morning during the week. This was an interesting hour spent together, especially when the doctor could spend some moments with us. At 3 P.M. we met for the regular afternoon service, when Dr. Whitman read a sermon. He was not a preacher, but a physician. We had to find the text after the service was over and repeat it to him. The evening was spent in reading, reciting the commandments, etc.

One evening in the week Mrs. Whitman would collect the young around her, holding a prayer meeting with them and conversing on religious subjects. The first Monday night in each month a meeting was held in behalf of missions, and Monday after New Year's was observed as a fast day. The housework was hired done in winter, so the children could follow their studies without hindrance; Mrs. Whitman and the girls did the work in the summer. Each of us had her allotted task and was expected to promptly do her duty. At 11 we bathed in the river; dinner was served at 12. When the work was done we all sat in a large room at our sewing, save one of us, who read aloud to the rest. Supper was at 5 o'clock, and after that was over time until retiring for the night was devoted to recreation. In the spring the evenings were spent in the garden putting in seeds; otherwise we did as we pleased. Sometimes the boys would bring horses for us to ride; at times we would go with the doctor to visit the lodges, where Indians were sick. Mrs. Whitman was always with us in all these occupations, adding to our enjoyment. She was very fond of flowers, and we assisted in taking care of her flower garden

each season. Our time flowed on in one uninterrupted stream of pleasure; we were kept constantly gaining knowledge, and from morning until night our adopted parents labored to promote our happiness. The family was larger in the winter. From twenty to twenty-five, including children, sat around the table at meals. Besides the adopted children, there were others who came to attend the mission school. Summers the doctor was gone most of the time, so there was only Mrs. Whitman and the children. Mr. Spaulding's daughter attended school with us. She came on horseback, in charge of an Indian woman, 120 miles.

The manner of living was simple. In winter we had beef, and in summer mutton and fish. Pork seldom came on the table. Dr. Whitman ignored fine flour, and wheat flour and corn meal were used unbolted. Tea and coffee came to the table only on rare occasions. This was a matter of economy as delicacies were not easy to get in the country at that time. There was an abundance of wild fruit to be purchased of the natives; a good garden supplied plenty of vegetables. Cake and pastry only were seen on holidays. Milk, butter and cheese were in full supply, and thus you have our mode of living at Wailatpu.

Some may ask how the washing for so large a family was managed. As early as 4 o'clock all hands were mustered for work in the kitchen, Mrs. Whitman at the head. Tubs and barrels were put in use, and all the implements needed were at hand. The boys, with long aprons tied around them, brought the water and did the pounding, while the women rubbed the clothes. Jokes were current and all were in good humor. By school time (9 o'clock) the clothes were on the line. It fell to the lot of myself and brother to get breakfast on wash days.

Owing to the location and the evaporation in the spring of alkali ponds near by, Wailatpu was not healthy. The mill pond was near by, and we were more or less troubled with chills and fever in warm weather. I was very subject to it, and suffered every summer of my stay there, being often unable to labor. As the eldest daughter, I had supervision of the other girls, and from being confined to the house so much I became the constant companion of Mrs. Whitman. An attachment near to that of mother and daughter existed between us from this constant association. To me she told all her plans for the pleasure or improvement of the children, as well as her fears and troubles concerning them. When the doctor was long absent I sat with her and read or conversed, and was her bedfellow. She said often she could not get along without me.

The spring after we arrived brother Francis resolved to run away to the lower country with those who had wintered there. His reason was he disliked the strict discipline maintained. The doctor was away, and when Francis started to go Mrs. Whitman urged him pleasantly to stay, but he went on the run, mounted his horse, and was off before the wagons moved which he was to accompany. She had not succeeded in winning the boy's confidence and affection, and Francis was stubborn.

Efforts were made to overtake him and get him to come back, but they were unavailing. He went to the Willamette and remained there.

On his return Dr. Whitman talked with John and found he was willing to remain. He then made a proposal to aid the boys to get a start in cattle and horses, so that they would be acquiring property. This was made known to Francis by a letter, and a horse sent for him, so that in the fall we had the pleasure of again becoming a united family.

In the spring of 1845 the Cayuses were embroiled in war with the Snakes. A Cayuse family named Prince was going to the buffalo country to hunt, and on the way camped on a small stream in the Snake region, opposite a camp of Snake Indians. One morning Prince with his servant rode over to see the other camp. His horse stood all day tied at the Snake lodge, but the mother did not go to learn about him, because her daughter said it would be foolish. Toward night the horse disappeared, and during the night the Snake camp also disappeared. Going over there, the mother and daughter found the dead bodies of servant and master. War resulted, in which many Cayuses lost their lives, including some of their chiefs. We saw them come home from their war raids, and heard and saw them singing war songs, dancing their war dances,

and then they would change to a funeral dirge for their dead warriors. After a successful raid they would spend days in celebrating their victory and reciting the prowess of their own warriors. The beating of drums and their war-whoops and songs filled the air with savage sounds. The monotonous tones of the Indian flute mellowed the horrors of the din a little.

One Sunday morning in the autumn of 1845 two men arrived at the station. One of them, Andrew Rodgers, was a young man of about twenty-five, tall and slender, sandy hair and sallow look that betokened ill-health. He sang hymns and played the violin, so the "Seceders," to which church he belonged, turned him out. His gentlemanly appearance and intelligence won the admiration of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman. He came to procure room and care for a friend who was ill with consumption. He succeeded in this and was also engaged to teach school the ensuing winter. Going to Umatilla, he soon returned with his friend, Joseph Finly, who took board with the family of Mr. Osborne, his relative. He had made the journey to Oregon hoping for improved health. For awhile he improved and seemed stronger. Dr. and Mrs. Whitman became much attached to him. He was one day taken worse when at their house and never left it. They made him comfortable and attended to him as if he were a son or brother. He died very happy, bidding all good-by and thanking his friends for all their care of him. All gathered round the death-bed, and the scene was very impressive as he gave his last farewell to all around him.

About this time the station had a visit from a band of Delaware Indians, under the leadership of Tom Hill, who was very intelligent and could speak English as well as Cayuse. Dr. Whitman made a feast for them and invited the leading Cayuses and others. The indispensable item of an Indian feast was corn mush. A large kettle was suspended over a fire in the yard and the mush was made by putting in tallow and stirring in meal or flour. When cooked the kettle was taken indoors and placed on the floor. The doctor was master of ceremonies and the rest came in order of rank. The doctor and the chiefs dipped their spoons in the big kettle, but common people had dishes served and ate out of them. Some acted as waiters. They had tea, sweetened. We children were looking on, and it amused us to see what a quantity of sugar they used — all that the tea could hold. It was evening and the family occupied a bench on one side of the big room, which was crowded. It was well lighted with candles, and they ate in silence, except the sipping noise peculiar to Indians eating. Their performances at the trencher were so amusing to us that occasionally Mrs. Whitman had to send us outdoors to have our laugh out. When the feast was over the room was cleared and put in order for the speech. Tom Hill delivered an address that lasted two hours and was quite eloquent. We could understand the Cayuse talk, but the Indians did not know it. We were not allowed to learn it, and kept as much as possible away from the Indians, but constantly hearing the language spoken, we could not help but learn the meaning of it, though we could not speak it well. After the massacre they soon found out that we understood their talk. Mrs. Whitman always treated them politely and kindly, thanking them for every little favor they did her.

The next spring Mr. Rogers was away much of the time at the Spokane mission, conducted by Messrs. Walker and Eells. Dr. Whitman was absent at the saw mill or breaking up land for the Indians and plotting in their crops. Mrs. Whitman and the girls spent the time at home and found enough to employ them to prevent feeling lonesome. We studied botany with her and rambled over the country in search of flowers and plants.

A bad man was named Tam-a-has, meaning murderer, as he had once killed a man. One day the doctor was at work in his field when this man rode up and ordered him, peremptorily, to go and grind a grist for him. When the doctor objected to his talking and acting so, he said he could grind it for himself, and started for the mill. The doctor could walk across sooner and did so. Tam-a-has came at him there with a club, but saw an iron bar in his hand. They had a serious time of it, both with words and blows, but the iron bar was a full match for the club, and Tam-a-has finally agreed to behave himself and have his grist ground. Exhausted in body and mind, the doctor came to the house and threw himself down, saying that if they would only say so he would gladly leave, for he was tired almost beyond endurance.

It is hardly possible to conceive of a greater change than Dr. Whitman had worked in the life of the Cayuses. Then had now growing fields, could have

good homes, a mill to grind their meal, and they were taught things of the greatest use, yet some of them could not realize that he was unselfish in all this.

The following winter was very cold, the coldest ever known in the country and the Indians charged the whites with bringing the cold weather upon them. Old Jimmy, a Catholic Indian, claimed the power of working miracles, and said he brought the cold upon them to punish them for their unbelief and wickedness. They paid him liberally to bring about a change, and finally a thaw did come and he claimed all the merit of it.

The doctor made his fall visit to the valley, bringing back something for each one of us. He always remembered the children when he went to the valley, and brought us all some token of his love. He piloted the emigrants by a nearer and better route to The Dalles, and learned with apprehension that the last of the train were afflicted with measles and whooping cough. He knew they would spread through the native camps and feared the consequences. None of his own family had had the measles and but few of the others.

This fall brother John had his horse saddled to return to The Dalles to reside, but at Mr. Whitman's earnest request he consented to remain. Had he gone there he might now be living! Laying aside his gun, he now devoted himself to his studies. He rose early, at 4 o'clock, and wrote, but I never knew what he wrote about, as the papers were all destroyed after the massacre.

The measles were among the natives, and in the doctor's absence Mrs. Whitman was their physician. All arrangements were made for the winter, teachers were employed, and all things were in order. The emigration had brought a Canadian half-breed named Jo Lewis, who was so disagreeable that they refused to let him travel farther in their company. Dr. Whitman reluctantly gave him some work. He tried to send him below with a company, but in a few days he was back again, so the doctor reluctantly engaged him for the winter. He was destitute of clothes and was supplied. We all disliked him, but he was well used and kindly treated. Yet this wretch laid the careful plans and told the terrible lies that led to the massacre, and took an active part in murder and robbery.

Chapter II WAILATPU MASSACRE, 1847

In the fall of 1847 the emigration over the mountains brought the measles. It spread among the Indians, and owing to their manner of living it proved very fatal. It was customary for emigrant families who arrived late, to winter at the station, and some seven or eight families had put up there to spend the winter of 1847. Among the arrivals was a half-breed named Jo Lewis, who had joined the emigration at Fort Hall. Much against his will the doctor admitted this person into his family for the winter. We none of us liked him; he seemed surly and morose. There was also a Frenchman named Joseph Stanfield who had been in the doctor's employ since the year 1845. Up to the year 1847 the Protestant missions had been the only religious influence among the Indians. In the fall of this year the Catholic Church established missions among them, and the teachings of the two clashed. The Indian mind is so constructed that he cannot reconcile the differentisms, consequently they became much worked up on the subject. Many long talks occurred between them and Dr. Whitman in reference to the two religious systems. Owing to the sickness and these other causes, the natives began to show an insolent and hostile feeling. It was now late in the season and the weather was very inclement. Whitman's large family were all sick, and the disease was raging fearfully among the Indians, who were rapidly dying. I saw from five to six buried daily. The field was open for creating mischief, and the two Joes improved it. Jo Lewis was the chief agent; his cupidity had been awakened, and he and his associate expected to reap a large spoil. A few days previous to the massacre, Mr. Spaulding arrived at the station accompanied by his daughter, ten years old. She was the second child born of white parents west of the Rocky Mountains, Dr. Whitman's child being the first. She had lived her ten years of life among the natives, and spoke the language fluently. Saturday, after his arrival, Mr. Spaulding accompanied Dr. Whitman to the Umatilla to visit the Indians there, and hold a meeting for worship with them upon the Sabbath. They rode nearly all night in a heavy rain. Dr. Whitman spent the next day visiting the sick, and returned to the lodge where Mr. Spaulding was staying, late in the afternoon, nearly worn out with fatigue. The condition of his family made it imperative that he

should return home, so arrangements were made for Mr. Spaulding to remain a few days on the Umatilla to visit among and preach to the Indians.

As Dr. Whitman was mounting his horse to leave, Stickas, a friendly Christian Indian, who was the owner of the lodge, came out and told him that "Jo Lewis is making trouble: that he was telling his (Stickas's) people that the doctor and Mr. Spaulding were poisoning the Indians so as to give their country to his own people." He said: "I do not believe him, but some do, and I fear they will do you harm; you had better go away for awhile until my people have better hearts."

Doctor Whitman arrived at home about 10 o'clock that night, having ridden twenty-five miles after sundown. He sent my two brothers, who were sitting up with the sick, to bed, saying that he would watch the remainder of the night. After they had retired he examined the patients one after the other. (I also was lying sick at the time.) Coming to Helen, he spoke and told his wife, who was lying on the bed, that Helen was dying. He sat and watched her for some time, when she rallied and seemed better. I had noticed that he seemed to be troubled when he first came home, but concluded that it was anxiety in reference to the sick children.

Taking a chair, he sat down by the stove and requested his wife to arise, as he wished to talk with her. She complied, and he related to her what Stickas had told him that day; also that he had learned that the Indians were holding councils every night. After conversing for some time his wife retired to another room, and the doctor kept his lonely watch. Observing that I was restless, he surmised that I had overheard the conversation. By kind and soothing words he allayed my fears and I went to sleep. I can see it all now and remember just how he looked.

The fatal 29th of November dawned a cold, foggy morning. It would seem as though the sun was afraid to look upon the bloody deed the day was to bring forth, and that nature was weeping over the wickedness of man. Father's (Dr. Whitman) brow was serene, with no trace of the storm that had raged in his breast during the night. He was somewhat more serious than usual. Most of the children were better, only three being dangerous; two of these afterwards died. We saw nothing of mother (Mrs. Whitman). One of the girls put some breakfast on a plate and carried it to her. She was sitting with her face buried in her handkerchief, sobbing bitterly. Taking the food, she motioned the child to leave. The food was there, untouched, next morning.

An Indian child had died during the night, and was to be brought to the station for burial. While awaiting the coming of the corpse, Dr. Whitman sat reading and conversing with his assistant, Mr. Rogers, upon the difficulties that seemed to surround him, the discontent of the Indians, the Catholics forcing themselves upon him, and the insinuations of Jo Lewis. He made plans for conciliating the natives and for improving their condition. He said that the Bishop was coming to see him in a few days and he thought that then he could get the Indians to give him leave to go away in the spring, adding:

"If things do not clear up by that time I will move my family below."

Being informed of the arrival of the corpse, he arose, and after calling his wife and giving her directions in regard to the sick children, he wended his way to the graveyard.

A beef had to be killed for the use of the station, and my brother Francis, accompanied by Jo Stanfield, had gone early to the range and driven it in, and three or four men were dressing it near the grist mill, which was running, grinding grists for the Indians.

Upon the return from the funeral, the doctor remarked that none but the relatives were at the burying, although large numbers were assembled near by; but it might be owing to the beef being killed, as it was their custom to gather at such times. His wife requested him to go upstairs and see Miss Bewley, who was quite sick. He complied, returning shortly with a troubled look on his countenance. He crossed the room to a sash door that fronted the mill, and stood for some moments drumming upon the glass with his fingers.

Turning around, he said:

"Poor Lorinda is in trouble and does not know the cause. I found her weeping, and she said there was a preseniment of evil on her mind that she could not overcome. I will get her some medicine, and, wife, you take it up to her, and try and comfort her a little, for I have failed in the attempt."

As he said this he walked to the medicine case and was making a selection. His wife had gone to the pantry for milk for one of the children; the kitchen was full of Indians, and their boisterous manner alarmed her. She fled to the sitting room, bolting the door in the face of the savages who tried to pass in. She had not taken her hand from the lock when the Indians rapped and asked for the doctor.

Dr. Whitman told his wife to bolt the door after him; she did so. Listening for a moment, she seemed to be reassured, crossed the room and took up the youngest child. She sat down with this child in her arms. Just then Mrs. Osborn came in from an adjoining room and sat down. This was the first time this lady had been out of her room for weeks, having been very ill.

She had scarcely sat down when we were all startled by an explosion that seemed to shake the house. The two women sprang to their feet and stood with white faces and distended eyes. The children rushed out doors, some of them without clothes, as we were taking a bath. Placing the child on the bed, Mrs. Whitman called us back and started for the kitchen, but changing her mind, she fastened the door and told Mrs. Osborn to go to her room and lock the door, at the same time telling us to put on our clothes. All this happened much quicker than I can write it. Mrs. Whitman then began to walk the floor, wringing her hands, saying, "Oh, the Indians! the Indians! they have killed my husband, and I am a widow!" She repeated this many times. At this moment Mary Ann, who was in the kitchen, rushed around the house and came in at a door that was not locked; her face was deathly white; we gathered around her and inquired if father was dead. She replied, "Yes." Just then a man from the beef came in at the same door, with his arm broken. He said, "Mrs. Whitman, the Indians are killing us all." This roused her to action. The wounded man was lying upon the floor calling for water. She brought him a pitcherful from another room, locked all the doors, then unlocking that door, she went into the kitchen. As she did so several emigrant women with their small children rushed in. Mrs. Whitman was trying to drag her husband in; one of the women went to her aid, and they brought him in. He was fatally wounded, but conscious. The blood was streaming from a gunshot wound in the throat. Kneeling over him she implored him to speak to her. To all her questions he whispered "yes" or "no," as the case might be. Mrs. Whitman would often step to the sash door and look out through the window to see what was going on out of doors, as the roar of guns showed us that the bloodthirsty fiends were not yet satisfied. At such times she would exclaim: "Oh, that Jo Lewis is doing it all!" Several times this wretch came to the door and tried to get into the room where we were. When Mrs. Whitman would ask, "What do you want, Jo?" he would run away. Looking out we saw Mr. Rogers running toward the house, hotly pursued by Indians. He sprang against the door, breaking out two panes of glass. Mrs. Whitman opened the door, and let him in, and closed it in the face of his pursuers, who, with a yell, turned to seek other victims. Mr. Rogers was shot through the wrist and tomahawked on the head; seeing the doctor lying upon the floor, he asked if he was dead, to which the doctor replied, "No."

The school teacher, hearing the report of the guns in the kitchen, ran down to see what had happened; finding the door fastened, he stood for a moment, when Mrs. Whitman saw him and motioned for him to go back. He did so, and had reached the stairs leading to the schoolroom, when he was seized by a savage who had a large butcher knife. Mr. Sanders struggled and was about to get away when another burly savage came to the aid of the first. Standing by Mrs. Whitman's side, I watched the horrid strife until, sickened, I turned away. Just then a bullet came through the window, piercing Mrs. Whitman's shoulder. Clasping her hands to the wound, she shrieked with pain, and then fell to the floor. I ran to her and tried to raise her up. She said, "Child, you cannot help me, save yourself." We all crowded around her and began to weep. She commenced praying for us, "Lord, save these little ones." She repeated this over many times. She also prayed for her parents, saying: "This will kill my poor mother."

The women now began to go upstairs, and Mr. Rogers pushed us to the stairway. I was filled with agony at the idea of leaving the sick children and refused to go. Mr. Rogers was too excited to speak, so taking up one of the children, he handed her to me, and motioned for me to take her up. I passed her to some one else, turned and took another, and then the third and ran up myself. Mr. Rogers then helped mother to her feet, and brought her upstairs and laid her on the bed. He then knelt in prayer, and while thus engaged, the crashing of doors informed us that the work of death was accomplished out of doors, and our time had come. The wounded man, whose name was Kimball, said that if we had a gun to hold over the banisters it might keep them away. There happened to be an old broken gun in the room, and this was placed over the railing. By this time they were smashing the door leading to the stairway. Having accomplished this they retired. All was quiet for awhile, then we heard footsteps in the room below, and a voice at the bottom of the stairway called Mr. Rogers. It was an Indian, who represented that he had just come; he would save them if they would come down. After a good deal of parleying he came up. I told mother that I had seen him killing the teacher, but she thought I was mistaken. He said that they were going to burn the house, and that we must leave it. I wrapped my little sister up and handed her to him with the request that he would carry her. He said that they would take Mrs. Whitman away and then come back for us. Then all left save the children and Mr. Kimball. When they reached the room below mother was laid upon a settee and carried out into the yard by Mr. Rogers and Jo Lewis. Having reached the yard, Jo dropped his end of the settee, and a volley of bullets laid Mr. Rogers, mother and brother Francis, bleeding and dying, on the ground. While the Indians were holding a council to decide how to get Mrs. W. and Mr. Rogers into their hands, Jo Lewis had been sent to the schoolroom to get the school children. They had hid in the attic, but were ferreted out and brought to the kitchen, where they were placed in a row to be shot. But the chief relented, and said they should not be hurt; but my brother Francis was killed soon after. My oldest brother was shot at the same time the doctor was.

Night had now come, and the chief made a speech in favor of sparing the women and children, which was done, and they all became prisoners. Ten ghastly, bleeding corpses lay in and around the house. Mr. Osborn's family had secreted themselves under the floor, and escaped during the night, and after great hardships reached Fort Walla Walla. One other man escaped to this fort, but was never heard of again. Another fled to Mr. Spaulding's station; Mr. Kimball was killed the next day; Mr. Spaulding remained at Umatilla until Wednesday, and was within a few miles of the doctor's station when he learned the dreadful news. He fled, and after great suffering, reached his station, which had been saved by the presence of mind and shrewdness of his wife. Mr. Canfield was wounded, but concealing himself until night, he fled to Mr. Spaulding's station.

The manner of the attack on Dr. Whitman I learned afterward from the Indians. Upon entering the kitchen, he took his usual seat upon a settee which was between the wall and the cook stove; an Indian began to talk to him in reference to a patient the doctor was attending. While thus engaged an Indian struck him from behind on the head with a tomahawk; at the same moment two guns were discharged, one at the doctor, and the other at brother John, who was engaged in winding twine for the purpose of making brooms. The men at the beef were set upon; Mr. Kimball had his arm broken by a bullet, and fled to the doctor's house. Mr. Hoffman fought bravely with an axe; he split the foot of the savage who first struck the doctor, but was overpowered. Mr. Canfield was shot, the bullet entering his side, but he made hiescape. The miller fell at his post. Mr. Hall was laying the upper floor in a building; leaping to the ground, he wrested a gun from an Indian, and fled to the fort. He was never seen or heard of afterwards, and it is surmised that he was murdered there. The tailor was sitting upon his table sewing, an Indian stepped in, shot him with a pistol, and then went out; he died at midnight after great suffering. Night came and put an end to the carnival of blood.

The November moon looked down, bright and cold, upon the scene, nor heeded the groans of the dying who gave forth their plaints to the chill night air. Mr. Osborn's family were concealed where they could hear Mr. Rogers's words as he prayed to that Saviour whom he had loved and served for many years. His last words were: "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" The clock tolled the midnight hour ere death came to the relief of these victims of savage brutality. The dead bodies lay where they fell from Monday night until

Wednesday, when the Christian Indians, among whom the doctor and his wife had labored for eleven years, and from whom the natives had received nothing but kindness, gave consent to have them buried, but not one of them would help in the task. Jo Stanfield was set at the work. A grave three feet deep and wide enough to receive the eleven victims was dug, and the bodies placed in it. Wolves excavated the grave and devoured the remains. The volunteers who went up to fight the Indians gathered up the bones, placed them in a wagon box, and again buried them, and this is all the burial these martyrs of Americanism in Oregon have ever received.

Chapter III IN CAPTIVITY

The night of November 29, 1847, found me, a girl of thirteen years sitting in company with two sisters and two half-breed girls upon a bed in the chamber of a large adobe house. On the floor lay a white man with his arm broken. A fearful scene had been enacted during the day; savage fury had swept over Whitman's station, and we thought that we only of all who awoke to busy life in the morning remained alive. When the woman who had supplied the place of mother to us for several years had been induced, by what proved to be false promises, to leave for a place of safety, we expected soon to join her and accompany her to the fort, but the roar of musketry that soon shook the house left us in utter despair. We were convinced of the treachery of the savages, and hope, which a moment before had lifted our hearts to almost buoyancy, now fled entirely. The wounded man exclaimed, "Treachery! Treachery! Children, prepare for the worst."

With hearts filled with fright, we awaited the coming of the murderers, and cold chills seized me as I thought of the dreadful knives I had seen them using upon their victims. During the day we were too much palsied with terror to even cry, but stood listening with pale cheeks and distended eyes to every move below. Soon we heard the savages splitting kindling; then one called for fire. We now thought our doom was to die by fire and that our home would be our funeral pile; but, strange to say, I experienced a feeling of relief at the thought — anything rather than meet again those fierce savages with their knives.

We listened in vain for the roar of the flames; we heard instead some one addressing the Indians. The speech continued for some time, and then all was still. They had evidently left the premises. Three of the children were very sick; their clothing was wet with blood from lying on the bed with Mrs. Whitman after she was wounded. We had no fire or light, and we did not even think to get warmth by wrapping bedding around us. I tried to soothe the children to sleep, reasoning to myself that if we could lose consciousness in slumber that the roof of the burning house would fall upon us and we would not know it. We still thought that they would fire the building. The sick children were suffering for water, and begged for it continually. I remembered taking up a cupful the day previous for a young lady who was lying ill. I directed my sister where to find it, but in searching for it in the dark she knocked it down and spilt it. The disappointment seemed to add to their thirst, and their pleadings for a drink were heartrending. I begged of the wounded man to let them have some from a pitcher he had brought up with him, but he said it was bloody and not fit to drink. The hours dragged slowly along, and from exhaustion the children fell asleep one after the other, until the man and I were the only ones awake. I sat upon the side of the bed, watching hour after hour, while the horrors of the day passed and repassed before my mind. I had always been very much afraid of the dark, but now I felt that the darkness was a protection to us and I prayed that it might always remain so. I dreaded the coming of the daylight; again I would think, with a shudder, of the dead lying in the room below. I heard the cats racing about and squalling, with a feeling that seemed to freeze the blood in my veins. I remember yet how terrible the striking of the clock sounded. Occasionally Mr. Kimball would ask if I were asleep.

Hours were passed in this manner, when sleep came and locked my senses in its friendly embrace. About 3 o'clock I awoke with a start. As I moved my hand I felt a shaggy head and shrieked with alarm. Kimball spoke and told me not to be alarmed, that it was he. He had become cold and tired lying on the floor, and was sitting up to rest, but had to lean against the bed because he was so faint. We conversed for some time, our voices awakening the children, who renewed their calls for water. Day began to break, and Mr. K. told me to take a sheet off the bed and bind up his arm, and he would try

and get them some. I arose, stiff with cold, and with a dazed, uncertain feeling. He repeated his request. I said, "Mother would not like to have the sheets torn up." Looking at me, he said: "Child, don't you know your mother is dead, and will never have any use for the sheets?" I seemed to be dreaming, and he had to urge me to comply with his request. I took a sheet from the bed and tore off some strips, which, by his directions, I wound around his arm. He then told me to put a blanket around him, as he might faint on the way and not be able to get up, and would suffer with the cold. Taking a pair of blankets from the bed, I put them around him, tying them around the waist with a strip off the sheets. I then placed his hat on his head and he went downstairs. We waited long for him, but he came not, and we never saw him again alive.

It was now fully light, and we heard the Indians arriving. They were calling Mr. Osborn, and we heard utensils jingling, and concluded that Mr. Osborn's family had been spared and were getting breakfast. Soon we heard approaching footsteps and some one ascending the stairs. We huddled together and almost held our breath, not knowing what would happen to us. It was Jo Lewis and several Indians. He told us that we would not be hurt; that he was going to take us to the fort as soon as he could get up a team. Saying this he left. The Indians remained; they were mostly young men; they asked me what made the children cry. I replied, They are hungry, and want water. One of them went for water and one for food. They soon returned, one bearing a bowl of water and the other a plate of cold victuals. They directed me to gather up our clothes in readiness to go to the fort. Bringing a large basket for me to put them in, they also brought a loaf of bread for me to put in, saying we would get hungry. We had none of us yet ventured downstairs. The water was consumed and the children were begging for more. I tried to get some of the natives to go for more, but they seemed to think they had done enough and refused. I could not bear to hear the piteous calls for water, so taking the bowl I went down. I found my shoes where I had left them the day before; putting them on I went to the river after water. Having obtained it I was returning. Some Indians were sitting upon the fence; one of them pointed his gun at me. I was terribly frightened, but walked on. One sitting near him knocked the gun up and it went off in the air. I went to the children with the water. There were no Indians in the house, and we ventured down to take a look at things. The Indians had spread quilts over the corpses. Mary Ann, my sister, lifted the quilt from Dr. Whitman's face, and said: "Oh, girls, come and see father." We did so, and saw a sight we will never forget. Passing into the kitchen we found the mangled body of brother John. We were crying bitterly when Joe Stanfield stepped out of the pantry and ordered us to hush; that "the Indians would be mad and kill us if they saw us taking on so." The savages were now crowding in, and we again retreated upstairs. Jo Stanfield had told us to go over to the other house, as the other women and children were there, but we were afraid to leave our own retreat. As we passed through the sitting-room many native women were in it; they wept over us, and loaded us down with clothing which they were collecting. The Indians came up and urged us to leave, so mustering courage I took one child and my sister one. As Mary Ann was not strong enough to carry the other one, and would not stay with her, we were under the necessity of leaving her, promising to return as soon as we could. Upon reaching the room below we found the kitchen to be full of savages, and were afraid to pass through, so we went out through the Indian room. At the outer door we passed the corpse of Francis. We were met about half way by the girls; for several moments we all wept, and then some of them relieved us of our loads. On reaching the house I fainted. As soon as consciousness returned I informed them that Helen was still at the house, and I would have to return for her. Several volunteered to go with me. We found her screaming with fright and calling for me.

We were now captives of a horde of savages. The house we were held captive in was a large, square adobe building, containing five rooms, one being a bedroom and the others large living rooms. Each of these rooms had two families living in it. The Indians supplied us with plenty of food. Every morning early they would come from their village, a mile or two away, and stay until late at night. We had to prepare food for them, of which they would make us eat first, for fear that we had put poison in it. The women seldom came around. When night came and the beds were made down, the Indians would take possession of them, and we would frequently have to sit up until midnight before they would leave the house.

On the 5th of December my little sister, six years old, died; three days

afterwards Helen died. There were two young men at the station who were sick with a fever at the time of the massacre. These men were not killed at that time. One of them spent the night of the 29th of November alone in his room, not knowing that any one else was alive aside from himself. They had both been removed to the house where we were staying. One evening we were startled by the savages attacking these men as they lay in their bed. We all rushed outside, supposing that we were all to be killed. An Indian told us to come back, that only the two were to be killed. Late that evening there was a knock at the door, and a voice in English called the name of one of the young women named Mary Smith. It proved to be her father, who with his family and another family had arrived from the saw mill, where they were employed. They had been brought down to be murdered, but word had come from the fort that no more Americans were to be slaughtered. It came too late to save the two young men, who had been dead several hours. These men were set at running the grist mill.

One evening an Indian came to the house and seemed to be looking for some one. We learned that it was Miss Bewley. She was sick with the ague, and was lying in bed. He went to the bed and began to fondle over her. She sprang up and sat down behind the stove. He sat down by her and tried to prevail upon her to be his wife. She told him that he had a wife, and that she would not have him. Finding that persuasion nor threats availed, he seized her and dragged her out of the house, and tried to place her upon his horse; he failed in this also. She told him that she would tell the chief of his conduct the next day. He said he would not let her do so. She replied that she would call loud enough for him to hear her and come to see what was the matter. He tried to stop her screams by placing his hand over her mouth. The contest lasted for some time, when, becoming enraged, he threw her with violence upon the ground. After perpetrating his hellish designs upon her, he ordered her to go to the house. The poor, heartbroken girl came in, shaking with agitation. One of the women sent Eliza and I to get some medicine for her. It was in another room; the fiend was in there, and wanted to know what we wanted of the medicine. We told him it was for a sick child. We carried it in, well pleased with our ruse. A few days after this a chief of the Umatillas sent for and carried Miss B. there and held her as his wife. The evening after she left the other came with a wagon and a team. He had ropes and men to assist him to carry her to his lodge.

Previous to this the Indians had held a council to decide what to do with their prisoners. Many speeches were made; the savage mentioned above said he could see no use in bothering with them; the easiest and quickest way to get rid of them was to kill them. He sat down, and a Nez Perce arose and gave him such a scathing rebuke that he cowed down and had no more to say. They decided to keep us during the winter, and then send us below in the spring. We were informed of this, with the assurance that we would all be killed if our countrymen attempted our rescue. A few evenings after this another council was held, at which we were required to be present. This council was for the purpose of setting before the young women the policy of taking chiefs for their husbands to protect them from violence. The poor girls had to submit to the decrees of their captors. The remembrance of these things takes all admiration for the noble red man from those who had the experience. Our captors kept us busy making them shirts out of the goods taken at the station — we knew that the Indians were planning an expedition to The Dalles. It was no unusual thing for one to come and demand a shirt made against a set time, as he was going to The Dalles. We would make the shirt, he would come and get it, bid us good-bye, and leave, but in a day or so be back with another shirt to make. We learned that this was a ruse adopted to have their sewing done first. Sometimes it was done to see if we would sew upon the Sabbath. One Sabbath evening a fellow came and wanted us to make him a shirt that evening. We refused, telling him it was the Sabbath. He became very abusive, so we commenced the shirt, and seeing this he left. We then laid it aside, and next day complained to the chief, and he forbid them bringing us work to do upon the Sabbath.

The Indians generally stayed around until near midnight. After they would leave some of the vagabonds would come in and harass us and manage to frighten us thoroughly for their own amusement. To prevent this we adopted the plan of hiring some of the influential men to stay with us until 1 or 2 o'clock. The one who oftenest performed this service was Beady. He had remained in the lodge upon the day of the massacre till late in the day, when he came upon the scene and made a touching appeal for the lives of the women and children. He was a professor of religion and was regarded as a

good Indian. The ladies were in the habit of setting him a lunch before he left. One of them had baked some pies made of dried peaches, and which were kept hid from the other natives. These particularly suited old Beardy's taste, and notwithstanding he had eaten several hearty meals during the day, he partook freely of them. After reaching home his stomach rebelled and rejected the load. Seeing the fruit thrown from his stomach, he mistook it for blood and concluded that we had poisoned him, and vowed that our lives should pay the forfeit. He was sick three days; on the fourth he came armed with a band of savages to wreak vengeance upon our defenceless heads. During the night an Indian woman had arrived from Fort Hall. Her husband was a white man, and she spoke the English language well. As soon as she heard of the massacre she started for the station, and her arrival was very opportune. She pleaded our cause with Beardy and convinced him that he alone was to blame — that he had only overeaten himself. He was very much ashamed of the affair, and used to laugh over it. It came near being a serious joke to us.

It was our custom to gather in some one of the rooms to spend the evenings; we felt better when thus together. One evening I was sitting by the fire in a room some distance from the one I occupied, when a stalwart savage came in, seized me by the arm and dragged me shrieking through the house to our room, which was empty at the time, excepting the sleeping children. Placing a chair, he told me to sit down; he then began to court me for his friend. The friend soon came in and I was compelled to listen to their love speeches. A half-breed present came in and told them not to try to carry me away. They said they did not intend to; they only wanted to amuse themselves. I could not see the fun, but sat shivering with fright and cold. I begged them to let me go to the fire; they refused and wrapped a blanket around me. They made my life a torment to me, and so afraid was I of being carried off by them that I was tempted to end my troubles by jumping into the mill pond. My fellow-prisoners sympathized with me, and laid many plans for eluding them. Jo Stanfield proposed that I should go to the straw stack and sleep, but this the women would not allow, as they were suspicious of him. Some proposed that I go to Jo Finlay's lodge in company with one of Mr. Young's sons. This was also abandoned. Mr. Young and his wife then laid a plan by which they thought I could elude them. During the day their extra beds were thrown upon the bedstead. In the evening the old gentleman was in the habit of lying on the front of the bedstead. The girls were to watch their chance, when the Indians would be out of the room, and take me in. I was then to get over behind the pile of bedding and lie down. A few evenings afterwards they came and the plan was carried out with complete success. I lay quiet, and although they searched the house, they failed to find me, and left, giving vent to their chagrin in loud whoops. Soon after one of them came again. I went to bed and was asleep, as was every one else. I felt some one pulling me by the arm; starting up, I confronted my enemy; he wanted me to sit by the fire with him; I refused. He tried coaxing and threats, but in my desperation I lost all fear of him, and fought with teeth and nails. He said if I would sit and talk with him he would go away, but I would not. The contest lasted for some time, then he raised his whip and said he would whip me, but I cared not, and still fought him, calling upon other Indians who were sleeping near to help me. They paid no heed, but the white men, getting tired of the row, jumped up, when he left and never came back. The Indians called me a brave girl, that would thus fight a man.

Knowing how treacherous the nature of the savages was, we lived in constant fear of their murdering us. We watched for their coming in the morning and only felt safe when they departed at night. It was my custom to take my sister, who was three years old and was prostrated by a long and severe illness, in my arms and sit down behind the stove every morning and thus await their coming, resolved to die with her in my arms should they murder us. Occasionally I would go over to my desolated home. What a scene was presented there! Mutilated furniture, feathers, ashes, straw and blood, all commingled in one indiscriminate mass; desolation reigned where once had been peace and harmony. Amid all the anguish and turmoil of those dark days there would sometimes things occur that were ludicrous enough to make us for a moment forget sorrow and indulge in a hearty laugh. One day an Indian brave came riding to the house with a large map of the world thrown over his horse for a blanket. At another time the voices of the children would be heard singing hymns, accompanied by the natives. Oh, blessed childhood, that can thus throw off sorrow and gloom!

On the 26th of December word came that three boats had arrived at the fort.

This news caused great excitement, both to captors and captives, and a messenger was dispatched to learn the particulars. In a few hours he returned with the information that the great chief of the Hudson's Bay Company had come and wanted the Indians to meet him in council next day. The greatest excitement prevailed among the captors and their captives. While the hope of rescue was feebly entertained, it was overshadowed by the thought of another terrible massacre, in which we would be the victims. Our captors left for their village, but in the course of a few hours returned in their hideous war paint and armed to the teeth. They remained a short time to finish their preparations, and then departed for the fort. It was just nightfall when they left.

Oh, what anxious days those were; how slowly the hours seemed to drag along! On the evening of the second day we were overjoyed at receiving Miss Bewley again. She gave us a graphic account of her life during her absence. We slept but little that night, and as soon as daylight appeared we started for the fort. All of us wept as we drove away from that scene of suffering; wept for joy at our escape and for sorrow for those who had been slain and could not go with us. As we left an Indian woman came from a lodge near by and told us to hasten for our lives, that her people had repented and were coming to kill us. We made all speed we could, and as darkness came on the welcome walls of the fort loomed dimly before us and we were soon inside, but did not feel safe until a week afterwards, we reached the settlements. Thus ended our captivity among the Indians.

Nancy Osborn (Kees) Jacobs

*Early days in Eastern Oregon and Washington
and first hand telling of the Whitman Massacre by
Nancy Osborn (Kees) Jacobs.*

When asked to write of the scenes and memories of the early days of our beautiful Eastern Oregon and Washington, I shrank from the task, for I felt incompetent and I feared the criticisms that one gets when writing of the past, especially when telling of the days of their childhood. Yet I realize that, at best, but a few years more can elapse until those who know at first hand of these stirring events will have passed on to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns, and then only hearsay evidence of those times will be available, unless those who do know shall leave a written record.

I am not ashamed of the name Pioneer, neither am I ashamed of the part that fell to me as one of their number. But who is able to tell of the heroes and heroines who came to this coast. Shakespeare said "The World is a stage and we are all actors", and well did many a man, and woman too, act their part.

And now you will pardon me if I use in my story the names of Josiah Osborn, who was my father, and Margaret Findley Osborn, my mother. Father was born in Connecticut May 1, 1809. His mother was Annie Lyon, a cousin of the General Lyon who was killed at the battle of Springfield, Missouri, during the late Civil War. Mother was born January 30, 1817, in Clark County, Indiana, and emigrated to Illinois when fourteen years of age. They were married June 6, 1834. Both now rest in the McHargue Cemetery, near Brownsville, Oregon. It was more than interesting to me, when a child, to hear father tell of hearing the roar of the cannons when Commodore Perry fought his famous battle on Lake Erie, and also to hear my mother relate the brave deeds and hardships of the Revolutionary War, as told to her by her grandsires, both of whom were soldiers during that war.

It seems a part of God's great plan that some people are born to go out ahead to blaze the trails and fight the battles of life so that the flag of freedom may be planted in new places.

During the autumn of '44 and the spring of 1845 some letters were

published in the newspapers telling of the Oregon Country, its fine climate, plenty of fish and game, wild berries in abundance and everything nice. No place like the West,--and you know the sequel.

The doctor advised father to take the trip because of a tendency to tuberculosis, so on the 12th day of April, 1845, we bade adieu to our home and friends in Henderson County, Illinois, and started Westward to the setting sun. How vivid to me yet are some of those scenes; the silent clasping of hands, the falling tear. Once do I remember the voice of father's brother as he said, "God bless you on your journey". 'Twas thus we started on our way, not with the puffing of the stately engine or scream of the whistle, as when an emigrant train starts west today, but it was "Come Boys! Gee Dick! Haw Tom! the pop of the whip, and we were off for Oregon. Oh how much it meant to each of us who were in that wagon then.

At Oquawaka, over four miles from our old home, we crossed the Mississippi River on a small steamboat. We took dinner that day with Grandmother Findley and stayed all night with John P. Courtney, who, with his family, joined our party the next day.

In our prairie schooner we carried all of our provisions for the six months trip, father's chest of tools, a box of books, mostly histories of Greece and Rome, etc., Bibles and a few miscellaneous ones, and all of our clothes, bedding and household equipment. The wagon box was arranged so that the upper part projected over the wheels. We had a corded bedstead arranged so that mother could lie down and rest any time that she wished. This she frequently did as the rough jolting of the dead ox wagon was very tiresome. We had two yoke of oxen and one cow. Together, with a small amount of money realized from the sale of things which we could not bring with us, this equipment constituted our material wealth as we began our long and tiresome journey on the great trail to the West. But if aught were lacking in equipment, it was abundantly replaced by courage and faith that God would care for us, no matter where we wandered.

As I remember, the emigrants that year were mostly from Illinois and Iowa. On May 24, 1845, we crossed the Missouri River on a ferry. I well remember how frightened was I when, as we were about mid-stream, a yoke of grandfather's cattle became unmanageable and jumped overboard and swam to the shore. We crossed the river at St. Joe, then an Indian Agency and the western limit of civilization. Here was the rendezvous for forming trains for the long westward hike and we met a number of other emigrants and formed a train. Mr. Abner Hackleman was elected captain of the train, and we remained under his charge until a few days after crossing Snake River near the end of our journey. The Indian Agent at St. Joe, a Mr. Rubydeau, told the emigrants that the Indians were all ready for their summer buffalo hunt except for the corn which he was to grind. He promised to put off the grinding as long as possible. His plan was to detain the Indians as he feared trouble for the emigrants if the Indians overtook them. The Indians did overtake us later, while we were camped on the Big Blue River.

They stampeded our stock during a severe hail storm and killed one of Grandfather's cows. She had 14 arrows in her. Some of the horses were lost but most of the stock was recovered.

With neither roads, bridges nor ferries, our train began its journey toward the land of promise in the New Oregon, and we forded every stream from the Mississippi to the Columbia. As soon as we had crossed the Missouri River we were in Indian Territory and had to stand guard each night to prevent our stock being stampeded and stolen. To the right of the trail just after crossing the Green River was the open grave of Mr. Sager who had been buried there the year before. The Indians had opened it and I remember the small poles with which the body had been covered, as they were standing upright in the grave. The train stopped a few minutes while we looked at the gruesome reminder that we knew not when we would have to leave some of our loved ones to this same fate. Another time I recall was when a stampeded buffalo herd threatened our train. The wagons were quickly halted and every man grabbed his gun. The great fear was of stampeding our oxen as well as danger of being trampled by the hordes of buffalo. The leader of the herd was shot just before reaching the head wagons of the train and the herd was thus divided and scattered. Guarding against such attacks as these, as well as Indians, selecting camping places, feed, water, etc., were some of the various duties of the captain.

There was no settlement until we reached the Willamette Valley. There were some Hudson Bay forts or trading posts at Laramie, Hall, and Fort Boise, and those who occupied them were not in favor of Americans coming to this coast to spoil their trade with the Indians. There were two mission stations, one at Waiilatpu, the home of Dr. Marcus Whitman and his noble wife, and one at the Dalles, then occupied by Father Waller and Rev. Brewer of the Methodist Episcopal church. There was no place on that long journey over mountains and plains and deserts to get provisions except at Waiilatpu, and that near the end of our journey, and in a limited amount.

There were a number of accidents and many incidents during our trip. Some of the latter I shall mention. On the morning of the 5th of August, the water at our camp ran east. When we camped at night the water ran west. We had crossed the divide of the Rocky Mountains. A young man by the name of Andrew Rogers, of whom more will be said later, was helping drive the loose cattle that day. He left the cattle and assisted father, who had dropped out of the train during the day because of mother, to get our wagon into camp that evening. That night a young chap came to our camp and he came to stay. He weighed about twelve pounds, and later persisted in calling me sister. I called him Alexander Roger Osborn. There was one wedding in our train—a Mr. Scott and Rebecca Cornelius were married as we descended the western slope of the Rockies. I remember how, as they stood in front of their tent by a small fire, my father came up with an armful of sage brush and threw it on the fire. Instantly the whole scene was lighted so that the entire camp could witness the ceremony which was being per-

formed by Mr. Evans, a Baptist Minister.

Soon after reaching Snake River the emigrants felt safe from the dangers of the plains and the train split up into small divisions on account of the greater ease of procuring food and water for the stock. With father was Grandfather Courtney with two wagons, and Elisha Griffith. While along the North bank of the Snake River we met Dr. White who told us of Dr. Whitman at Waiilatpu where we could get some provisions. When we reached the Grande Ronde Valley, John B. Courtney and his son John were sent ahead with a little gray mare to secure provisions from Dr. Whitman. On their return to our party they told us of the need of a mill-wright at Waiilatpu as the Indians had burned the mill which Dr. Whitman had erected there. They had told the Doctor of my father as a man who would suit his need, and so we parted from our friends at the foot of the Blue Mts. near the old Cayuse station and wended our way to Waiilatpu, our first camp being near where Athena now is. That was about the middle of October, 1845. Later Isaac Cornelius and Tom Summers came with their families to the mission and stopped for the winter. Summers as a blacksmith and worked for the Doctor. Jacob Rynearson taught the Indian School and Andrew Rogers, a young man from Illinois taught the mission school for the white children that winter. The latter school was small, but a number of the pupils are living yet. I am one of them. You will find the name of Andrew Rogers on the marble slab with Whitman's. They also had a Sunday-school for the Mission children. This was my first Sunday School and Mrs. Whitman was my teacher. The twenty-third psalm was my first lesson. How I love to think of that school.

March of '46 found us again on the road to the Willamette Valley. We drove overland to the Dalles where we stopped and whipsawed lumber enough to make a flat boat and shipped the wagons and outfit. The four wagons in the party belonged to Messrs. Rynearson, Cornelius, Summers and Osborn. It required several days to saw the boards and build the boat. My father had his tools along and was chief builder of this craft. We drove the stock along the trails and swam the fork cattle across the river just above the Cascade falls. There we unloaded the boats and made a five mile portage. So far, father had steered the boat and Cornelius and Summers had done the rowing but they did not fancy the undertaking of shooting the Cascade Falls in that unwieldy vessel so hired some Indians to take it out and turn it loose in mid stream above the falls. Other Indians caught it when it came to the eddy below the rapids. Here we reloaded and resumed our journey to Oregon City, which was then the headquarters of the American settlers. There we spent the summer and made the acquaintance of Geo. Abernathy, the first Governor of Oregon, Dr. McLoughlin of historic fame, Wm. McKinley, also of the Hudson Bay Company and Dr. McKay. In the fall of '46 we moved to Salem, now the capitol of Oregon, where stood the old Institute, the pride of the Methodist Missionaries. Judson and McLain were two of the leading men there at that time.

Dr. Whitman came to Salem in the fall of 1847 and purchased the Dalles Mission for the Presbyterian Board of Missions and put it in charge of his nephew, Perrin B. Whitman and Mr. Hinman. Father met the Doctor while he was at Salem and contracted with him to go back to Waillatpu and take charge of the work at the mission for two years, this giving him more time to devote to his work with the Indians. Father was to receive three hundred dollars per year, either in stock or money, besides living for himself and family. We children were to be in the Mission School.

We left our cattle and chickens and most of our belongings with grandmother Courtney and taking only father's tools and a few household necessities we made the trip up the Columbia River in a batteau with an Indian crew. At Vancouver, Mr. Ogden sold us tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco and other supplies for the trip, all of the order of Dr. Whitman. We left our boat at the mouth of the Walla Walla River and sent word to Doctor that we were there. We waited three days and were camped near some Indians who had the measles. I well remember the death of a little papoose and the mourning of its parents, particularly, the father.

Early on the morning of the third day, Crockett Beaula, (Bewley) who was massacred with Whitman, came to our camp with a large wagon and provisions from Waillatpu. As soon as we could cook a meal we started on our way to the Mission and arrived there the following day in time for dinner. As we were crossing the Touchet River the oxen, which were quite wild, started up the stream and got into deep water. Mr. Beaula stopped them by jumping out and wading ahead of them. Father carried us children from the back end of the wagon to land and then assisted in getting the wagon and cattle out of the river. We had been at Waillatpu just five weeks when the fatal 29th of November came. A number of emigrant families had stopped for the winter, expecting to go on in the spring to the Willamette Valley. They brought the measles with them. That year the Indians had been more troublesome than usual. Many of them had the measles and their mode of treatment was nearly always fatal to the patient. They would take a sweat bath and then jump into the cold water. Of course, death was the result. We also had the measles. My mother came near dying and we buried her babe on the 14th of November. My sister, in her sixth year, died on the 24th. Her memory brings to my mind a scene which I cannot forget. An Indian came into the room where the form of my sister lay. Mrs. Whitman asked leave to show him the dead child. She wanted the Indians to know that the measles were killing the white people as well as the Indians and thus hoped to allay the growing distrust of the red men. The Indian looked long at my sister, then how cruelly he laughed, to see the pale face dead. The good Doctor and his noble wife were kept busy night and day to care for the sick and dying.

At last came the fatal 29th. The school, which was taught by Mr. Saunders a lawyer from Wisconsin, and which had been closed on account of sickness, was reopened that day. Three men, Messrs. Kimball, Hoffman

and Canfield, were dressing a beef. Father, who had been out to get a bucket of water, remarked that there were more Indians about than usual but thought it was because they had killed a beef. Mother had gone in to Mrs. Whitman's room to see Hanna Sager and Helen Meek who were sick with the measles. Both girls died a few days later. It was the first time that Mother had walked across the room for three weeks. The Doctor who was sitting by the stove reading, was called into the kitchen to give a sick Indian some medicine. The sudden and continuous firing of guns was the first alarm. Mrs. Whitman began to cry and the children to scream. Mother said, "Mrs. Whitman, what is the matter?" She replied, "The Indians are going to kill us all." Mother came back into our room and told us what was being done. Mrs. Whitman called out to fasten the doors and father took a flat iron from the fireplace and drove a nail above the latch on the outside door of our room. Then he seated himself on a box by the foot of the bed on which lay my brother, John, sick with the measles. Mother sat near the head of the bed and I was between them. Mrs. Whitman came in soon after for water. Mr. Kimball had been wounded and had fainted. She came back a second time, asked for my father and said, "My husband is dead and I am left a widow." She returned to her room wringing her hands and saying, "That Joe! That Joe! He had done it all." This Joe Lewis was a half breed Indian of ill repute who had crossed the plains that year from the Red River Country. He it was, instead of Mr. Rogers, who told the Indians that the Doctor was poisoning them. Some late writers claim that Mr. Rogers made this statement to save his life at the time of the massacre. They base their claims, as also in other instances, upon unreliable Indian testimony and the statement of a priest who did not even claim to be a witness of the events narrated. None of the whites present at the time the statement was claimed to have been made have ever made such an assertion. Joe Lewis and an Indian named Cup-ups came around the house and broke our window with the butts of their guns. Mrs. Whitman and those in her room had gone up stairs. I had spoken twice to father and said, "Let's go under the floor." He did not answer me but when the Indians began breaking in the doors of the adjoining room he opened the floor, which was made of loose boards, and we were concealed beneath. In a few moments our room was full of Indians, talking and laughing as if it were a holiday. The only noise we made was by my brother Alex, two years old. When the Indians came into our room and were directly over our heads he said, "Mother, the Indians are taking all of our things." Hastily she clapped her hand over his mouth and whispered that he must be still. I have often been asked how I felt when under the floor. I cannot tell but I do remember how hard my heart beat, and how large the ventilation holes in the adobe walls looked to me. They were probably only three or four inches wide and a foot long, but they seemed very large to me when I could see the Indians close on the other side. The Indians tried to follow those who had gone up stairs but were kept back by a broken gun being pointed at them. They then persuaded them to come down, say-

ing that they were going to burn the house. Mrs. Whitman fainted when she came down and saw the Doctor dying. She was placed on a settee and carried by Mr. Rogers and an Indian. At the door Mr. Rogers saw the circle of Indians with their guns ready to shoot and dropping his end of the settee exclaimed, "My God we are betrayed." A volley from the waiting savages was his answer and both he and Mrs. Whitman were mortally wounded. The Indians then told Joe Lewis that if he was on their side he must kill Francis Sager to prove it. Francis was my school mate and about fourteen years old. We heard him cry to Lewis, "O Joe, don't shoot me," then the crack of the gun as Lewis proved his loyalty to the red men.

As soon as it became dark the Indians left for their lodges of which a number were near. Everything became still. It was the stillness of death. All we could hear was the dying groans of Mr. Rogers who lay within six feet of us. We heard him say, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly." Afterward he said faintly, "Sweet Jesus." Then fainter and fainter came the moans until they ceased all together. Thus dies my first teacher.

We lay beneath the floor until about ten o'clock that night, then came out and tried to find some wraps and something to eat. We could find but little and did not linger long. Hanging by the window was a small bag with my childish keepsakes in it. When we came from under the floor I started to get this and stumbled over a small tin cup. I asked mother if I could take this and having her consent placed it in my little reticule. Later father split a stick and fastened to this cup so that mother was able to get water from the river while he was gone up to the fort for aid. It was cold in death. There was only star light to guide us and as we came out of the house we turned west, went down through fields and crossed the Walla Walla River near the mouth of Mill Creek. Father made three trips to carry us across, first taking my two brothers, then myself, and lastly mother. We then secreted ourselves the best we could in the bushes. When daylight came we found that we were near a trail and we could hear the Indians pass and repass, laughing and talking as they carried the plunder from the Doctor's house. Our thought was to go to Fort Walla Walla on the Columbia River near what is now known as Wallula, which was about thirty miles distant.

Tuesday night we were able to get but a short distance before mother gave out. When she could no longer stand, she tried to persuade father to leave us and go to the fort to try to get help. At first he would not. He said, "I cannot leave you, but I can die with you." Mother waited until he became more calm and then pleaded duty. How often that word has helped a faint and faltering heart. When darkness came again and each had lifted their hearts to God in prayer, for they were praying people, he made ready to go. They knew that he could take but one of us with him. Which should it be? Finally he took my little brother John, who was sick and weak, hoping to leave him at the fort to be sent to our friends in case the rest of us should be lost. Such a parting as that was. I hope I shall never witness the like again. How we listened to his footsteps as he slipped away in the darkness. Just

think of that lone man carrying a sick child nearly four years old, and he had never been over the way but once. He was nearly drowned while attempting to cross the Walla Walla River, but managed to get out on the same side he went in and continuing on, finally crossed near Wallula and arrived at the fort just at day break. He was put into a room where there was nothing but a fire and given a cup of tea and a few scraps to eat. He asked for help to get us in and was told that his wife would surely be dead and that he had better not try to get us children. He replied to McBain that he would save us or die in the attempt. Fortunately for us, an American artist by the name of Stanley, who was out painting and sketching for some company in New York and had been out in the Colville country where Rev. Eells and Walker had their mission station, came to the fort the same day father got there. He offered his horses and what little provisions he had left and made the sick child as comfortable as he could, for they would not keep him at the fort. A Walla Walla Indian was secured as a guide and they came back to us. He had left us in the dark and was not familiar with the locality so of course it was difficult for him to locate us when he returned. Finally he called my mother and when she answered the Indian jumped from his horse and came to us. He had his hand in his blanket and we thought he would kill us but he raised his hand and said "Hia Klatawa," meaning "Hurry and go." Then we knew that he was of the Walla Walla tribe and not a Cayuse Indian for they did not use the jargon. Father said, "My God, Margaret, are you still alive?" and fell across us. Such a meeting as that was. But here is where I must draw the curtain.

It was now getting light and we were soon on our way. McBain had ordered father to go to Chief Five Crows on the Umatilla River, as he was still friendly to the whites. We started and soon came to what is now known as Mud Creek. The banks were steep and we had to unsaddle the horses to get them across. The Indian bent willows down to form a bridge over the creek and carried all of the things and us children across on it. While he was saddling the horses we saw a Cayuse Indian about a half a mile away on a little knoll. Soon he came to us with his hand on his gun and told our guide, who was unarmed, to be still while he killed that white man. The Walla Walla Indian shamed him out of this by telling him that it would not be a brave act to kill a sick man who had his sick family with him. The Cayuse replied that he had never killed a white man and was not anxious to do so and would let him go for the rest of the Cayuses would soon get him anyway. Father had heard that if an Indian accepts tobacco from anyone he would not injure him, so he offered this warrior a piece of his tobacco. With a laugh, the Savage accepted it and placed it in his bosom, and turning, rode off toward Waiilatpu.

We kept on to the Hudson Bay Farm where a Frenchman with his Indian wife was in charge. There we secured a change of horses as the ones we had were worn out. I found out later that these horses belonged to Rev. Eells and had been loaned by him to Mr. Stanley. A friendly Indian secured them

and returned them to Mr. Eells later. The Frenchman told father that he would never live to get to the Umatilla as the Indians were hunting him like bees to kill him, and advised us to go to Fort Walla Walla and demand admittance as American citizens, and if they refused protection to go to the mercy of the friendly Yakima Indians on the North side of the Columbia River.

Father asked the Frenchman to conceal us there but he refused and told us to hurry away. We started again and reached the top of what is now called the "Oregon Hills." Here mother asked where we were going and upon father's replying, "To Umatilla", she slipped from her place behind him and said that she would go no further, adding, "If I have to see you murdered, it will be here." Father told her that McBain had told him not to come back and he did not know what to do. She pleaded with him to follow the Frenchman's advice so father called to the Indian that we would turn and go to the fort. His only comment was "close", meaning "Good". After a short rest we changed and I rode with father and mother was placed behind the Indian and tied to him as she was too weak to stay on the horse. He also fixed rope stirrups to hold her feet and make it easier riding for her.

Our guide then took us over into what is now called Vancycle Canyon. We then traveled down toward the Fort and after some very narrow escapes reached it in the night. McBain's first words to us were, "Why have you not done as I bid you and gone to the Umatillas?" He was told that my mother would not go there and we were then taken into the Fort, but they wanted father to leave that night. He told McBain that he would not go until he could take his family with him. He said, "I demand protection as an American citizen. If you turn me out I will die by the walls of your fort." He was then told that he should be protected. We remained at the Fort until Mr. Ogden, one of the men of the Hudson Bay Co., at Vancouver, came up and bought us and the prisoners who were yet among the Indians. Paying for all in trade, 50 blankets, 50 shirts, 10 guns, 10 fathoms of tobacco, 10 handkerchiefs, 100 balls of powder. For Spaulding and family he gave 12 blankets, 12 shirts, 12 handkerchiefs, 200 balls and powder, 5 fathoms of tobacco, and some knives.

The night after the Indians received their pay they took a war dance in the Fort, and I do not think that any one who has ever heard the savage yell when he is hungry for blood will ever be mistaken when he hears the genuine chorus as we heard it that night. On the 3rd of January, 1848, we left the Fort in batteaus to go down the Columbia. The ground was frozen and it was snowing some when we left. We had not been gone an hour when the Cayuses, hearing that the Volunteers were on their way up, came to re-take us. The boats had to be unloaded at night and drawn ashore to keep them from freezing fast in the ice. You can imagine something of the trip. When we arrived at the Dalles, we met some of the Volunteers for there were no soldiers on this coast then. We met more at the Cascades. They helped us make a five mile portage. The boats had to be carried on men's shoulders.

Every child that could walk and carry a bundle had to do so. (I carried a bag.) Not much of a pleasure trip you will say. But there was gladness in our hearts when we had made that portage. We were out of reach of the hostile foe. And now remember, we were prisoners of war and had to be kept together until we were given over to the Governor of Oregon. When we arrived where Portland now stands, for there were but few cabins there then, Gov. George Abernathy with 25 Volunteers stood on the sloping bank where the street dock now is, to greet us. They stood with arms presented until our three boats came under their guns, their flag floating over them. They fired over us, took off their caps and gave three cheers. I wish that I could picture to you as I saw it when Mr. Ogden stepped ashore and he and the Governor of Oregon clasped hands. He took out his papers, handed them to the Governor, and turning to us said, "Now you are a free people. You can go where you please.

Oscar Canfield

William Canfield's son, Oscar, was a lad of 10 at the time of the Whitman massacre and retained many vivid memories of the horrors of that terrible day. Here in an interview in 1909 he gives some interesting facts in connection with the massacre and the experiences of his family.

William Canfield, who was born in Vermont, moved West and settled at Oskaloosa, Iowa. Receiving a letter from a friend who came with one of the early immigrations to Oregon, that the place had a mild climate, fertile soil and abounded in game and fish, Mr. Canfield, dissatisfied with the cold climate of Iowa, decided on the receipt of this letter to sell out and move to Oregon. An interesting fact about this letter in this time of lightning expresses, is that it was ten months coming from Portland to Mr. Canfield. It went on a sailing vessel around Cape Horn to New York, thence across the continent westward, the last part of its journey was made by the pony express.

In the Spring of 1847 a train of 100 wagons and 1,500 loose horses and cattle started for Oregon and Mr. Canfield and family were members of it. Mr. Canfield often remarked that he did not know what was before him or he never would have undertaken the journey. Yet he never regretted the move and ever thanked the Providence that brought him to the Pacific Coast. He was bound for the Willamette Valley, but Dr. Whitman, wanting a blacksmith and a teacher, went to, or near the present sight of Pendleton, met the wagon train and induced Mr. Canfield and a Mr. Sanders to come to the Mission, where they arrived just two weeks before the massacre. They had not yet unloaded their wagons. Mr. Canfield stood in front of the blacksmith shop, November 29, 1847, at half past 1 o'clock. The signal gun of the massacre was fired by one of a group of six Indians who were sitting on a rail pile watching Mr. Canfield and two others, dress a beef. One of Mr. Canfield's helpers was killed and the other wounded. He ran to the wagon and picked up his youngest that was playing around it, while Oscar came out of the blacksmith shop and took another. Both ran for the Mission house where the family was domiciled in one room. Oscar avers that at least 20 shots were fired at his father, only one striking him.

He saw one Indian near him drop down on his knee and take deliberate aim at his father. He is firmly of the opinion that it was mostly due to poor guns and ammunition that any of the white men escaped.

Once in the building which was an adobe Mr. Canfield and son went up into the loft and seem to have been forgotten by the Indians, as that part of the house was not searched. That night he came down and he and his wife had a long conference in which she urged him to try to make his way to Lapwai, the home of Rev. Spaulding, and save his life for his children's

sake. The Indians had quieted down and there seemed no immediate danger to the women and children, as no women but Mrs. Whitman had been killed and no children but the Sager boys who were wards of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman. He yielded to the earnest entreaties of his wife and children and stole out in the darkness to a spot of underbrush on Mill Creek northeast of the mission houses and not far from the present site of the grave in which are buried Dr. Whitman and Mrs. Whitman and the others who were killed. At daylight of the following morning he returned to the hill near the mission and stood about where the monument now stands, to see if the Indians were making any kind of hostile demonstrations. His last words to his family the night before were, "If I see anything in the morning to make me think the Indians intend to kill the women and children, I shall return and defend you as long as my life is spared," but all was quiet. The savage appetite for blood seemed satisfied and he started on the Nez Perce trails for Lapwai.

A few days before, he had made some cinch rings for a Nez Perce Indian, and from him had learned the route to the Lapwai. He followed the trails cautiously by night and hid in the daytime until he reached an Indian camp on the Tukanon. He had traveled about 5 miles and had had nothing to eat but a few biscuits and the Indian food which is not appetizing under many circumstances, was relished and gave him strength.

These Indians had not heard of the massacre, and had no suspicion concerning their guest when he told them, he was one of St. George's men. He offered the chief a buffalo robe if he would take him on a horse to the crossing of Snake River. The offer was gladly accepted. At the river he gave his vest to Chief Timothy for taking him across the river in a canoe. Soon after he reached Lapwai and was the first to break the news of the massacre to Mrs. Spaulding.

When the news of the massacre was received at Vancouver, Chief Factor Ogden of the Hudson Bay company lost no time in coming to Wallula, to rescue the captive women and children and in about two weeks he had ransomed all the captives for blankets, handkerchiefs, rounds of ammunition, guns, shirts and tobacco. The tobacco was braided into ropes then and was sold by the fathom, a length of six feet. All amounting in value to about \$500.

Agents were sent to the Mission. The oxen were yoked to the wagons and what few belongings the robber bands of the Indians had spared, were hastily thrown in and the helpless band of women and children that had lived in hourly terror of the savage's tomahawk for two weeks, started on their way to freedom. The distance was over 20 miles and the drivers were boys, none of whom were over 10 years of age. The train might be attacked any time, for it was a well known fact that some of the Indians were fiendishly angry because the women and children were not to be killed and they could scarcely be restrained from indulging their savage desire. The boys, frightened as they were, goaded the oxen on to their greatest speed and the journey was probably accomplished in the shortest time of any ever made with oxen. Wallula reached and they were turned over to Mr. Ogden, thus becoming hostages of Great Britain.

The Indians seemed to be greatly rejoiced over their wealth acquired by the ransom. The squaws began bringing up drift wood and piled it high within the walls of the fort. At dark it was lighted and all the Indians gathered around, and began singing. As the flames rose skyward the singing grew louder and soon the warriors began to dance. The dance merged into the war dance. Mr. Ogden was quick to see that these demonstrations meant danger to the occupants of the fort, and gave orders to let no Indian inside the fort building on any pretense whatever and armed every one that could use a gun and told them if an attack was made to sell their lives as dearly as possible. There was little sleep at the Fort that night and the Indians were the first to enjoy the rest of slumber as they sank exhausted from their orgies.

Mr. Ogden had sent Nez Perce escorts to bring the refugees to Lapwai. Rev. and Mrs. Spaulding and family, Mr. Canfield, Rev. Gray and others.

New Year's Day, 1848, the ransomed and few others in all nearly a hundred, embarked in batteaux, belonging to the Hudson Bay Company and rowed out into the Columbia, leaving the Indians and danger behind and this time fate befriended them, for no sooner had they reached the middle of the river than the Indians hearing that Colonel Cornelius Gilliam with volunteer troops was on his way from the Willamette Valley to punish them, rode in great numbers to the bank and demanded that they return, but the redmen were too late, the prey had eluded their grasp and was gone forever. No, not forever, for Mr. Canfield returned later to help the volunteers chastise his enemies.

The journey to Vancouver in an open boat in winter, was attended with much suffering and many hardships. The portages at The Dalles and Cascades were made, by the men carrying the boats on their shoulders and

the women and children walked. In the latter case the distance is six miles. The endurance of those people is almost incomprehensible. Soon after reaching Oregon City, Mrs. Canfield gave birth to a child, but it lived but a few days.

Notwithstanding all the hardships endured by this couple, they both lived to a good old age in their California home in Sonoma County and strange as it may seem, Mr. Canfield carried the bullet in his back that he received at the massacre, all his life and it was not the cause of his death.

Many years later Oscar Canfield returned here and went to see Chief Timothy.

"Do you remember, long time ago, taking a man across Snake River, who had no money and gave you his vest?" he asked him.

"Dr. Whitman man?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Timothy remembers."

"Well that man was my father, and you saved his life. If you will tell me how much you charged for taking a man across the river at that time, I will pay it and interest up to today."

"Halo," the chief replied.

"Me, close tum tum," he said placing his hand on his heart.

"Do you know that you would get a whole lot of money?" Mr. Canfield asked.

"Hi-you! yes," he said. "But Dr. Whitman my close friend. Me close tum tum. Man my friend." And no amount of urging could induce the Indian to take pay for his service.

"Well then," said Mr. Canfield, "I would like to make you a present," and offered him a gold piece.

"My friends give me present yes, but pay halo."

The amount seemed insignificant to Mr. Canfield and he offered him some tobacco and as long as Timothy lived he always received a present of tobacco once a year or oftener.

WAIT'S MILL

THE STORY OF THE COMMUNITY OF WAITSBURG, WASHINGTON

**BY
ELLIS & ELVIRA ELLEN LAIDMAN**

1970

**HISTORIC SKETCHES
OF
WALLA WALLA, WHITMAN,
COLUMBIA, GARFIELD CO'S
1882**

FRANK T. GILBERT

COLUMBIA COUNTY

CHAPTER XV.

THE CAYUSE WAR OF 1848.—OREGON ORGANIZED AS A TERRITORY.

Let us look back into the year 1847, and take up the military organization as it was left in the previous chapter, with the Oregon Rifles at the Dalles. On the ninth of December the Legislature authorized the raising and equipping of a regiment not to exceed 500 men for the field. Two days later that body chose for the regiment its

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

Colonel, Cornelius Gilliam, accidentally killed.	Assistant Surgeons, F. Snider and H. Saffians.
Lieutenant-Colonel, James Waters, promoted to Colonel.	Commissary, Joel Palmer.
Major, H. A. G. Lee.	Quartermaster, B. Jennings.
Adjutant, B. F. Burch.	Paymaster, L. B. Knox.
Surgeon, W. M. Carpenter.	Judge Advocate, Jacob S. Rinearson.

COMPANY OFFICERS.

Company A—Captain, Lawrence Hall.....	First Lieutenant, H. D. O'Bryant.....	Second Lieutenant, John Engent.....	55 men
Company B—Captain, John W. Owens.....	First Lieutenant, A. F. Rogers.....	Second Lieutenant, T. C. Shaw.....	43 men
Company C—Captain, H. J. G. Maxon.....	First Lieutenant, I. N. Gilbert.....	Second Lieutenant, Wm. P. Pugh.....	84 men
Company D—Captain, Thomas McKay.....	First Lieutenant, Charles McKay.....	Second Lieutenant, Alex. McKay.....	36 men
Company D—Captain, Phil. F. Thompson.....	First Lieutenant, James Brown I.....	Second Lieutenant, J. M. Garrison.....	52 men
3 Company E—Captain, Levi N. English.....	First Lieutenant, William Shaw.....	Second Lieutenant, F. M. Munkers.....	44 men
Company E—Captain, William Martin.....	First Lieutenant, A. E. Garrison.....	Second Lieutenant, David Waters.....	36 men
Company E—Captain, W. P. Pugh.....	First Lieutenant, N. R. Doty.....	Second Lieutenant, M. Ramsely.....	63 men
Company G—Captain, James W. Nesmith.....	First Lieutenant, J. S. Snook.....	Second Lieutenant, M. Gilliam.....	66 men
Company H—Captain, George W. Bennett.....	First Lieutenant, J. R. Bevin.....	Second Lieutenant, J. R. Payne.....	49 men
2 Company I—Captain, William Shaw.....	First Lieutenant, D. Crawford.....	Second Lieutenant, B. Dario.....	36 men
3 Company No. 7—Captain, J. M. Garrison.....	First Lieutenant, A. E. Garrison.....	Second Lieutenant, John Hersen.....	27 men
F. S. Waters' Guard—Captain, William Mart n.....	First Lieutenant, D. Weston.....	Second Lieutenant, B. Taylor.....	57 men
Reorganized Company—Captain, John E. Rees.....	First Lieutenant, D. P. Barnes.....	Second Lieutenant, W. W. Porter.....	

Two other companies at a later date went out to the field.

February 23, 1848, Colonel Gilliam reached the Dalles with fifty men. The main body of his regiment arriving at that place, he moved to the Des Chutes river on the twenty-seventh with 130 men, crossed to the east bank, and sent Major Lee up the stream about twenty miles on a reconnaissance, where he found the enemy, engaged them, killed one, lost some of his horses and returned to report progress. On the twenty-ninth Colonel Gilliam moved up the Des Chutes to Meek's crossing at the mouth of the cañon in which Major Lee had met the Indians. The next morning on entering the cañon a skirmish followed, in which were captured from the hostiles, 40 horses, 4 head of cattle and \$300 worth of personal property, all of which was sold by the quartermaster for \$1,400. The loss in killed and wounded of the Indians was not known. There was one white man wounded and the result was a treaty of peace with

1 Died at Vancouver February 30, 1848.

2 Organized at Walla Walla, June 7, 1848; mustered out September 28, 1848.

3 Companies E and No. 7 were consolidated as Company K, April 17, 1848.

the Des Chutes Indians. The command pushed immediately forward to the Walla Walla country and reached the mission prior to March 4. On the way to that place a battle occurred at Sand Hollows on the emigrant road eight miles east of the Well Springs. It commenced on the plain where washes in the sand make natural hiding places for a foe, and lasted until towards night. The volunteer force was arranged with the train in the road protected by Captain Hall's company. The companies of Captains Thompson and Maxon forming the left flank were on the north side of the road, and those of Captains English and McKay as the right flank were on the south or right of the command. Upon McKay's company at the extreme right the first demonstration was made. *Five Crows*, the head chief of the Cayuses, made some pretensions to the possession of wizard powers and declared to his people that no ball from a white man's gun could kill him. Another chief of that tribe, named *War Eagle* or *Swallow Ball*, made similar professions and stated that he could swallow all the bullets from the guns of the invading army if they were fired at him. The two chiefs promised their people that Gilliam's command should never reach the Umatilla river, and to demonstrate their invulnerability and power as medicine chiefs, they dashed out from concealment, rode down close to the volunteers and shot a little dog that came out to bark at them. Captain McKay, although the order was not to fire, could hold back no longer, and bringing his rifle to bear took deliberate aim and shot *War Eagle* through the head killing him instantly. Lieutenant Charles McKay brought his shot down to the hollow of his arm, and firing without sighting it, so severely wounded *Five Crows* that he gave up the command of his warriors. This was a serious, chilling opening for the Indians, two chiefs gone at the first onset and their powers of incantation proved worthless; but, they continued the battle in a skirmishing way, making dashing attacks and masterly retreats until late in the afternoon. At one time during the engagement, Captain Maxon's company followed the enemy so far that it was surrounded, and a sharp encounter followed in which a number of volunteers were disabled. In fact, eight of the eleven soldiers wounded that day were of Maxon's company. Two Indians were known to have been killed, but the enemy's loss could not be known as they removed all of their wounded and dead, except two.

That night the regiment camped on the battlefield without water, and the Indians built large and numerous fires along the bluffs or high lands some two miles in advance. The next day Colonel Gilliam moved on, and without incident worthy of note, reached Whitman's mission the third day after the battle. The main body of Indians fell back towards Snake river, and a fruitless attempt followed to induce them to give up the parties who had committed the murders at Wailatpu. Colonel Gilliam at last determined upon making a raid into the Snake river country, and in carrying out this programme, surprised a camp of Cayuses near that stream, among whom were some of the murderers. The captured camp professed friendship, however, and pointed out the horses of Indians on the hills that they said belonged to the parties whom the Colonel was anxious to kill or capture, stating that their owners were on the north side of Snake river and beyond reach. So well was their part acted that our officers believed their statements, proceeded to drive off the stock indicated, and started on their return. They soon found that a grievous error had been committed in releasing the village, whose male population were soon mounted upon war horses, and

assailed the volunteers on all sides, forcing them to fight their way as they fell back to the Touchet river. Through the whole day and until evening, yes, into the night after their arrival at the latter stream, the contest was maintained, a constant harassing skirmish. The soldiers would drive the Indians back again and again, but so soon as the retreat was resumed, the red skins were upon them once more. Finally, after going into camp on the Touchet, Colonel Gilliam ordered the captured stock turned loose, and when the Indians got possession of it, they returned to Snake river without molesting the command any farther. In the struggle on the Touchet, when the retreating soldiers first reached that stream, William Taylor was mortally wounded by an Indian who sprang up in the bushes by the stream and fired with but a few yards between them. Nathan Olney, afterwards Indian agent, seeing the act, rushed upon the savage, snatched from his hand a war club in which was fastened a piece of iron, and dealt him a blow on the head with it with such force as to cause the iron to split the club, and yet failed to kill him. He then closed with his antagonist in a hand to hand struggle and soon ended the contest with a knife. The writer has not been able to learn of any other known casualties in that affair, which ended without having accomplished anything to further the purposes of the campaign.

Colonel Gilliam started from the mission on the twentieth of March, with a small force destined to return from the Dalles with supplies, while he was to continue to the Willamette and report to the Governor. While camped at Well Springs he was killed by an accidental discharge of a gun, and his remains were taken to his friends west of the Cascades by Major Lee. This officer soon returned to his regiment with a commission as colonel, but finding Lt. Col. Waters had been elected by the regiment to that position in his absence, he resigned and filled a subordinate office for the remainder of his term of enlistment. The attempt by commissioners, who had been sent with the volunteers, as requested by the Indians in their memorial to the Americans, to negotiate a peaceful solution of the difficult problem, failed. They wanted the Indians to deliver up for execution all those who had imbrued their hands in the blood of our countrymen at Wailatpu, and it included several chiefs; they wished the Cayuses to pay all damages to emigrants caused by their being robbed or attacked while passing through the Cayuse country. The Indians wished nothing of the kind. They wanted peace, and to be let alone; for the Americans to call the account balanced and drop the matter. The failure to agree had resulted in two or three skirmishes, one of them at least a severe test of strength, in which the Indians had received the worst of it, and in the other the volunteers had accomplished nothing that could be counted a success. The Cayuses finding that no compromise could be effected, abandoned their country, and most of them passed east of the Rocky mountains to hunt for buffalo. Nothing was left for the volunteers but to leave the country also, which they did, and the Cayuse war had practically ended. Finally, the Indians wished to return to their homes, but war stared them in the face, and what could they do. They were not anxious for a farther test of strength with the volunteers, but were given to understand that peace could never exist between them and the Americans until the murderers were delivered up for punishment. Thinking to negotiate some compromise of existing difficulties, five chiefs finally, in the early part of 1850, came in to have a talk with Governor Lane. Being brought to Oregon City, they were thrown into prison,

tried, condemned, and hung at that place on the third of June, 1850. A great many people in Oregon doubted the guilt of these five chiefs, who it was claimed had delivered themselves up as the ones to be punished for the massacre, and the acting Governor would have granted them a reprieve if he had been certain of possessing the power to do so. It was not known at the time whether Governor Lane was in Oregon or California, which left the question of who was executive in doubt. The five died declaring their innocence, and now there is a small remnant of that tribe who still believe in the religious faith taught them by Whitman, who venerate his memory; but they say the parties hanged were not the ones who participated in that bloody drama.

The following is the declaration signed by the chiefs executed:

DECLARATION OF INNOCENCE BY THE CHIEFS EXECUTED JUNE 3, 1850.

The declarations were made, a portion on the second, and finally on the third of June, the day of execution.

KILOKITE—"I am innocent of the crime of which I am charged. Those who committed it are dead, some killed, some died; there were ten, two were my sons; they were killed by the Cayuses. *Tumsucky*, before the massacre, came to my lodge; he told me they were going to hold a council to kill Dr. Whitman. I told him not to do so, that it was bad. One night seven Indians died near the house of Dr. Whitman, to whom he had given medicines. *Tumsucky's* family were sick; he gave them roots and leaves; they got well. Other Indians died. *Tumsucky* came often. I talked to him, but his ears were shut; he would not hear; he and others went away. After a while some children came into my lodge and told me what was going on. I had told *Tumsucky* over and over to let them alone; my talk was nothing; I shut my mouth. When I left my people, the young chief told me to come down and talk with the big white chief, and tell him who it was, that did kill Dr. Whitman and others. My heart was big; 'tis small now. The priest tells me I must die to-morrow. I know not for what. They tell me that I have made a confession to the marshal, that I struck Dr. Whitman. 'Tis false! You ask me if the priests did not encourage us to kill Dr. Whitman? I answer no, no."

Monday, 11:30 o'clock—"I am innocent, but my heart is weak since I have been in chains, but since I must die, I forgive them all. Those who brought me here and take care of me, I take them all in my arms, my heart is opened."

QUIAHMARSUM (skin or panther's coat)—"I was up the river at the time of the massacre, and did not arrive until the next day. I was riding on horseback; a white woman came running from the house. She held out her hand and told me not to kill her. I put my hand upon her head and told her not to be afraid. There were plenty of Indians all about. She, with the other women and children, went to Walla Walla, to Mr. Ogden's. I was not present at the murder, nor was I any way concerned in it. I am innocent. It hurts me to talk about dying for nothing. Our chief told us to come down and tell all about it. Those who committed the murder are killed and dead. The priest says I must die to-morrow. If they kill me, I am innocent."

Monday, 11:30 A. M.—"I was sent here by my chief to declare who the guilty persons were; the white chief would then shake hands with me; the young chief would

come after me; we would have a good heart. My young chief told me I was to come here to tell what I know concerning the murderers. I did not come as one of the murderers, for I am innocent. I never made any declarations to any one that I was guilty. This is the last time that I may speak."

KLOAKAMUS—"I was there at the time; I lived there, but I had no hand in the murder. I saw them when they were killed, but did not touch or strike any one. I looked on. There were plenty of Indians. My heart was sorry. Our chief told us to come down and tell who the murderers were. There were ten; they are killed. They say I am guilty, but it is not so; I am innocent. The people do not understand me. I can't talk to them. They tell me I must die by being hung by the neck. If they do kill me, I am innocent, and God will give me a big heart."

Monday, 11:30 A. M.—"I have no reason to die for things I did not do. My time is short. I tell the truth. I know that I am close to the grave; but my heart is open and I tell the truth. I love every one in this world. I know that God will give me a big heart. I never confessed to the marshal that I was guilty, or to any other person; I am innocent. The priests did not tell us to do what the Indians have done. This is my last talk."

SHASALUCHUS (or wet wolf)—I say the same as the others; the murderers are killed; some by the whites, some by the Cayuses, and some by others. They were ten in number."

Monday, 11:30 A. M.—"I have nothing more to say; I think of God. I forgive all men; I love them. The priest did not tell us to do this."

THOMAHAS—"I did not know that I came here to die. Our chief told us to come and see the white chief and tell him all about it. The white chief would then tell us all, what was right and what was wrong. Learn us [how] to live when we returned home. Why should I have a bad heart—after I am showed and taught how to live? My eyes were shut when I came here. I did not see, but now they are opened. I have been taught; I have been showed what was good and what was bad. I do not want to die; I know now that we are all brothers. They tell me the same Spirit made us all."

Monday, 11:30 A. M.—"*Thomahas* joined with *Tilokite*. My heart cries my brother was guilty, but he is dead. I am innocent. I know I am going to die for things I am not guilty of, but I forgive them. I love all men now. My hope, the priest tells me, is in Christ. My heart shall be big with good."

(Signed)

HENRY H. CRAWFORD,
Sergeant, Co. D., R. M. R.
ROBERT D. MAHON,
Corporal, Co. A., R. M. R.

TERRITORIAL ORGANIZATION IN 1849.

In the summer of 1847, J. Quinn Thornton was appointed by Governor Abernethy to visit Washington as Territorial Delegate, and represent Oregon's interests at the capital. His passage money was secured by a subscription, which included a flour donation that was taken on the vessel in which he sailed to San Francisco where it was sold. When news of the Whitman massacre reached Willamette, the Legislature

**LYMAN'S HISTORY
OF
OLD WALLA WALLA COUNTY
INCLUDING
WALLA WALLA, COLUMBIA,
GARFIELD & ASOTIN COUNTIES
VOL 1
1918**

COLUMBIA COUNTY

YAKIMA WAR

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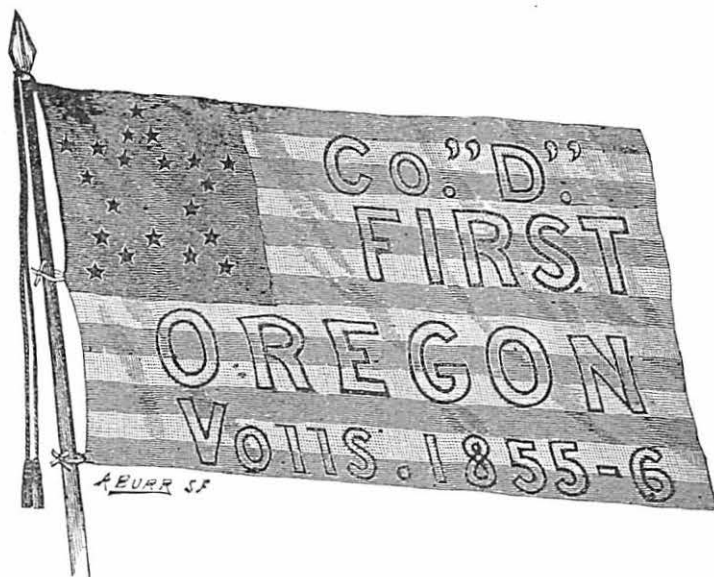
**HISTORIC SKETCHES
OF
WALLA WALLA, WHITMAN,
COLUMBIA, GARFIELD CO'S
1882**

FRANK T. GILBERT

WALLA WALLA COUNTY

WILLIAM C. PAINTER was born in St. Genevieve Co., Missouri, April 18, 1830. His parents, Philip and Jean, lived on a farm, and the early years of William's life were passed in that home. In 1850 his father started for Oregon with his family of wife and seven children, and died of cholera on the Little Blue river. Two of his sons had been buried as they camped by that stream two days before, and only the mother, with her two daughters, Margaret A., and Sarah J., and three sons, William C., Joseph C., and Robert M., were left to continue their sorrowful journey to the Pacific coast. Upon the family's arrival in the Willamette, they took up several donation land claims in Washington Co., and the one taken by William was retained by him, until his removal to Washington Territory, in 1863. When the Indian war of 1855 broke out he was one of those who enlisted for that campaign, as a member of Company D, 1st Reg., Oregon Mounted Vols., continuing to follow the fortunes of his company until it was mustered out of service late in 1856. It was the opportune arrival of this command upon the scene of action that caused the Indians, at the battle of Walla Walla, in December, 1855, to give up the struggle, and retreat into the Palouse country. He participated with credit to himself in all the battles and skirmishes of that war east of the Cascades, prior to the disbandment of his company.

The flag—of which this is a fac-simile, was made by young ladies attending the Forest Grove Academy (now Pacific University) in 1855, and was presented by Mrs. Tabitha Brown, one of the founders of that institution, to Company D, 1st Reg., Or. Mounted Vols., as that command was leaving Willamette to participate in a campaign against the hostile Indians. Mr. Painter was chosen by his comrades as its bearer, and still retains the colors, after having borne them through the Indian war of 1855-6 and that of 1878.



In 1878, when the hostile Bannock and Pah Ute Indians were being pursued into Washington Territory by Gen. O. O. Howard, a company of men enlisted in Walla Walla under W. C. Painter for active service, and their brief campaign on the Columbia river received the following mention by Capt. John A. Kress, which was made a part of General Howard's official report of that war: "Small bands of Indians with large number of horses passed to north side Columbia simultaneously, at daylight this morning, at point near North Willow Creek, at Cayote Station, at head of Long Island, and just above Umatilla. I caught one band in the act at Long Island, as reported this morning. Have attacked and dispersed these bands at different points during the day. Had possession of over two hundred horses at one time, but was not able to keep them. Captured and destroyed packs, canoes, and other property: captured thirty horses and packs of one band. Had two very lively skirmishes, landing after firing from steamer, and charging Indians successfully up steep hills; no casualties known except wounding one Indian and killing five horses in attack on one of the bands. Captain Charles Painter and the forty-two volunteers from Walla Walla deserve praise for good conduct and bravery, not excepting my Vancouver regulars and Captain Gray with officers and crew of Steamer Spokane, who stood firmly at their posts under fire." A week after the close of service on the river he was made Aid de Camp on the staff of Gov. E. P. Ferry, with rank of Lieut. Colonel, and immediately took charge of fifty-two men, who crossed over to assist the people of Eastern Oregon in defending that region against the onslaught of the hostile savages, recently defeated by General Howard. He passed south of the retreating bands to Camas prairie with his little force, to intercept their retreat, but the hostiles, learning of his position, avoided a collision by a circuitous route, and the Colonel returned to Walla Walla with captured horses as his only visible trophy of that campaign. These horses were sold at auction, and money enough was received by this means to pay the entire expense of his command. Although no battle was fought in this last expedition, it was considered so hazardous that ten dollars per day was offered for guides without its inducing any one to undertake the duty. But let us return to the more ordinary pursuits of his life, and pick up again the thread in Oregon. In 1861 and 1862, he left the farm in the Willamette valley and became a miner in the mountains east of Snake river, and in 1863, came to Wallula, and clerked for Flanders and Felton for four years. When the senior member of the firm was elected to Congress in 1867, Mr. Painter took charge of their business, and became Post-master and agent for Wells Fargo & Co. at that place. While there he was appointed Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue for Eastern Washington Territory. On receiving this last appointment he removed to Walla Walla City, and has lived in this place since. He resigned as Deputy in November, 1870, but the resignation was not accepted until the following May. He then made an unfortunate investment in some mill property that proved his financial Waterloo, and was forced to commence at the foot of the ladder for a business climb. He then went to work for wages and continued this until 1876, when the wheel of fortune turned in his favor again, and he received the appointment of a Receiver in the U. S. Land Office. This position was held by him until in September, 1878, and he was then elected Auditor of Walla Walla Co., in November of that year, and reelected in November 1880.

In 1864, January 7, he was married to Carrie Mitchell, the daughter of Israel and Mary Mitchell, of Washington Co., Oregon, and their children's names and ages are as follows:—Philip M., April 15, 1866; died November 1, 1869; Joseph E., March 13, 1868; Charles F. S., December 15, 1869; Mary Maud, October 23, 1871; Harry M., July 23, 1873; B. Jean, June 4, 1875; Daisy M., June 15, 1877; Roy R., April 29, 1879; Rex, August 30, 1880; Carry M., February 8, 1882. Of Mr. Painter it may be said truthfully, that in his active life no private or public transaction of his has left a shadow or taint of dishonorable motive or dishonest act, and those who know him best esteem him most.

JAMES W. FOSTER is a native of Argyle, Penobscot county, Maine, and was born on the twenty-second of May, 1829. The death of his mother, before he was old enough to remember her, left him to the care of his grand parents, and the father emigrated to Oregon, in about 1840, leaving him with them. His youth and early manhood were passed among the pine clad hills of his native state, where few advantages were afforded other than surrounded most of the pioneer lumbermen and husbandmen of the Northern New England States. Philip Foster, the father, who had cast his lot with the destinies of the Pacific Coast, was anxious to see his child of earlier years, and wrote to him to come to Oregon. These letters, from his only living parent of whom he knew little, created an intense desire to visit this far away country, and answering to those promptings he sailed for the Pacific Coast in 1852. Arriving in the the Willamette, he took up a farm and spent the ensuing seven years in Oregon; where he was married, January 28, 1867, to Miss Louisa M. Rockhill. In 1855, he enlisted under Cap. William Strong, and participated in the Indian war that swept the regions east of the Cascade Range. In the fall of 1856 he came to Walla Walla Valley, stopped for a few days, and then went back to Oregon. In 1859, he came again and took up the ranch now owned by him, and represented in this work. For eight years he tried the cool comforts of a bachelor's life and then, going to Oregon, married as before stated. Since becoming a resident of the Walla Walla Valley, besides farming, his attention has been directed mainly to the raising of horses mostly of the Belfountain stock, until recently, when he has diverted in the direction of fruit culture. He has at present twenty acres of orchard and vineyard combined, and contemplates in the near future an expansion in this branch of industry. In this connection, we would mention that in the fall of 1859 he went to the Willamette Valley, and procuring some fruit trees, packed them over the Cascade Range on a mule, and thus obtained his first start in this line. Of his farm, there can nothing be said that will convey a better idea of its merit than the simple fact of his having, when he selected it, the whole country to pick from; for this region was then, practically, an unoccupied country. It is all under cultivation and all fenced.

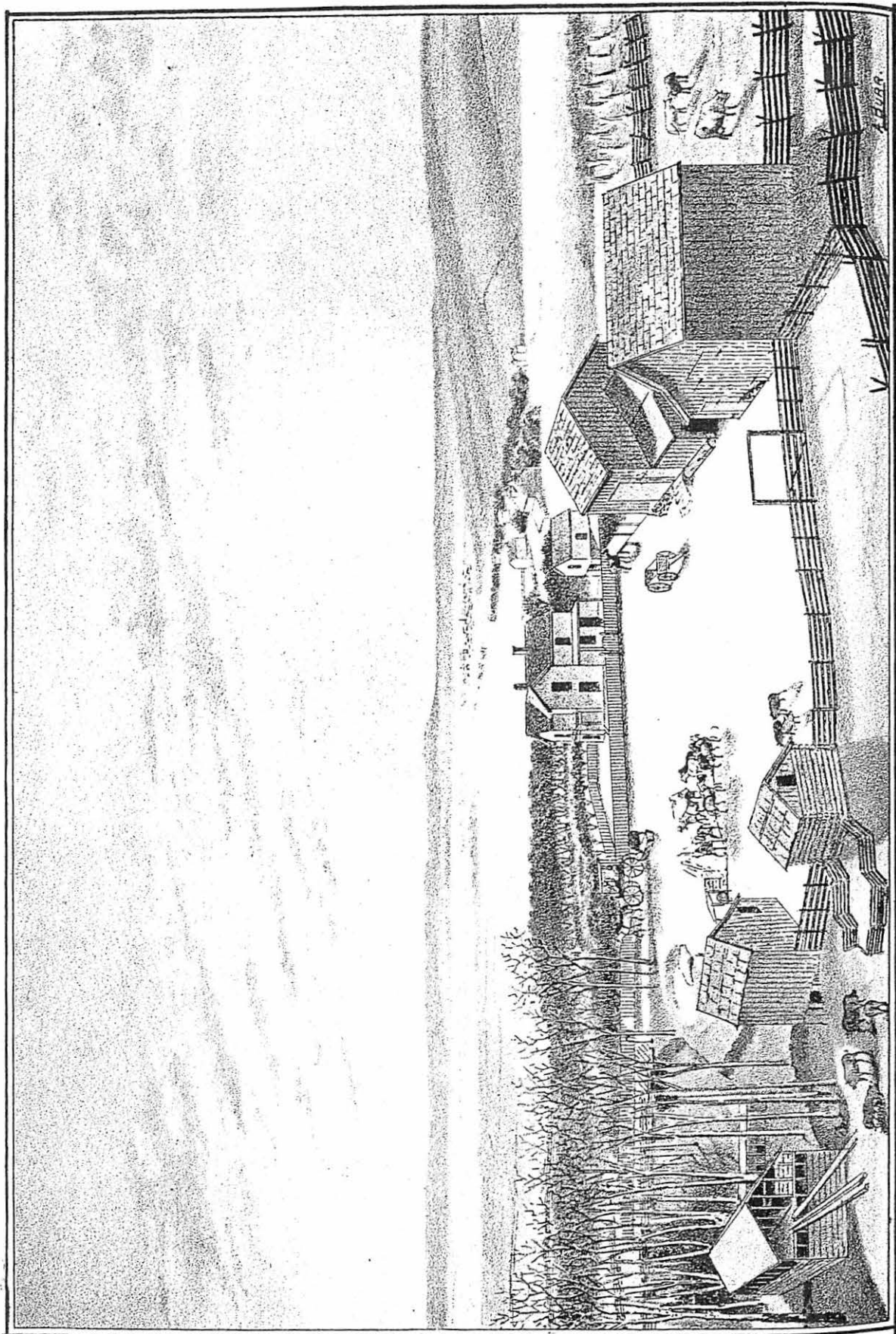
The family of Mr. and Mrs. Foster consists of the following named children: James W., born December 2, 1867; Fannie R., October 15, 1869; Chester U., December 30, 1871; Jessie M., March 15, 1875; Cecil N., December 11, 1877; Louisa M., February 20, 1880. The last named died February 26, 1880.

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ORLEY HULL was born in Freetown, Cortland County, New York, June 18, 1821, where he lived with his parents, who moved to Huron County, Ohio, in 1832. At sixteen years of age he left home, and started the battle of life, going to Indiana with a brother. For the ensuing eight years he passed through and worked in, first, Illinois, then Missouri, and then Iowa in the city of that name. For two years he remained in Iowa City, and then went into the country and bought a farm claim. In 1842, September 11, he was married to Miss Mary Clark, whose parents lived in Johnson Co., nine miles from Iowa City. In 1850, they crossed the plains with a team to Oregon, wintering at the Dalles. In February of 1851, with his family he passed down the Columbia river in an open boat, and located for a time in the Willamette valley, and then moved to Yreka, California, where he spent two years mining. This proved an unsuccessful venture, and he returned to the Umpqua Valley and settled 12 miles west of Roseburg, on Ten-mile prairie. This was in 1853, and for the next five years that place became his home. While in this locality he participated in the Rogue River War, of 1856. He moved to the Coquille river, in Coose Co., intending to make stock grazing his business and this point his future home. "But the best laid plans o' mice and men, gang aft a'glee," says Bobby Burns, and Mr. Hull found that in his own case this line had become a prophesy; for in December, 1861, there came a flood from the mountains, through the Coquille river, that carried away his house and buildings, leaving him afloat in a ferry boat. He thought that, as this was not quite equal to the drowning of the world, in Noah's time, he might find dry land in some other part of it, and accordingly abandoned this locality and moved to Walla Walla, in August 1862. In January of 1863, he purchased 120 acres of the place where he now lives, of E. Davidson, for \$2,500.00. Mr. Hull came to the Walla Walla valley with 260 head of stock, \$500, and a reputation for honest dealing with his fellows as a capital to start with. For three years stock was the branch of industry that occupied his attention; but, as the years passed and the country became settled up, he concluded to make a home of it, and turned his attention to agriculture. From year to year he has added to that original 120 acres, until he now has 960 all told, 400 of which constitute the home farm, (see view in this book.) Horses and hogs are the principal stock now raised by him; of which he has at the present time 21 head of the former, and over 100 of the Magee *Poland China* species of hogs, that from personal inspection, we found to be very fine.

The home farm is situated seven miles east of Walla Walla City, and at the base of the Blue mountains, Russell creek running through his door yard. The land is like the other foot hill farms; it is all inclosed and under cultivation. He has 41 stand of bees, something rare in Washington Territory; an orchard of various kinds of fruit trees, including a number of varieties of excellent apples. Taken all together, it is a home worthy the effort to make it such, combining merit in production, with beauty in location, from where the Blue mountains loom up in the south east, and the beautiful Walla Walla valley lies like a dream of Canaan, stretching away towards the Columbia below and to the west.

Mr. and Mrs. Hull have three children: Viola, wife of T. J. Anders, who lives in Walla Walla City; Hila, wife of Smith Swezea, who lives in Garfield Co., W. T.; and Eva, who lives with her parents. In conclusion we would say of these two, Mr. and Mrs. Hull, that the fortune, which, in the autumn of life, surrounds them, has been gathered by worthy hands and properly rewards the life labors of two pioneers of this country. It is not unfrequent, that those who struggle less and are favored according to their efforts, are envious of those who succeed; but we can only say, success is generally the result, as in this case, of intelligent and honorable endeavor to succeed. In the wandering to seek a favored spot for a life home, there have woven into their history some strange adventures and hair-breadth escapes, where want of food and the Indian scalping knife have lurked close upon their trail, but to detail these would require more space than is admissible in this work.



FARM RESIDENCE OF ORLEY HULL, WALLA WALLA CITY, & VALLEY, W.T.

A. WALLER, 11TH, PORTLAND, OREGON

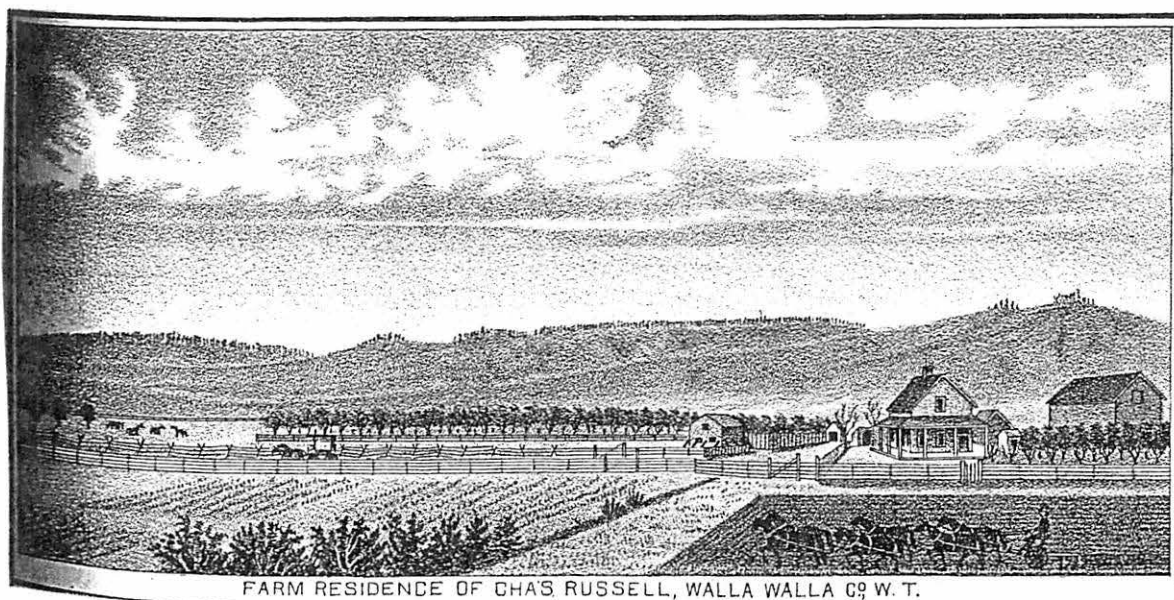
GEN. JAMES McAULIFF, the present Mayor of Walla Walla, who has been eleven times elected to that position, was born in Malta, May 25, 1828. His father was an officer in the British army, and both parents were natives of Ireland. In 1836 they emigrated to Canada, and six years later crossed into the United States. In 1845 the subject of this sketch enlisted at Buffalo, New York, into the 2d. U. S. Inf., and during the Mexican War, acquitted himself in a manner that secured promotion, "For his gallant services on the field." In 1848, he was transferred with others, to the 4th U. S. Inf. that was ordered to Fort Gratiot, Michigan. In 1852, he came with this regiment to California as Sergeant in Major Alvord's company. The since world-famed General Grant was at the time Lieutenant of his company, and Acting Regimental Quartermaster. On being discharged from service in 1855, at Vancouver, he entered immediately upon an active business life, starting as a merchant at the Dalles, and while there was twice elected Treasurer of Wasco Co., Oregon. In 1859 he removed to Walla Walla, where he was elected County Treasurer in 1862, which position he held until 1867, and became a member of the Territorial Legislature in 1864. In 1869 he was elected Sheriff of the county. His service as mayor of Walla Walla has been noted, to which we would add that the Governor twice commissioned him Commissary General of this Territory. The principal events of his military record as Captain of company B, Oregon Mounted Volunteers, during the Indian war of 1855 and 6, will be found in the history of that war contained in this work. The General's public life, though an active one, has not prevented his gaining some temporal benefits while the county that has become his home was advancing in wealth, and we find among his possessions two farms containing 400 acres, a steam saw mill in the Blue mountains, seven acres and seven lots, besides his residence and lumber yard, in Walla Walla City.

In 1851, March 19th, he was married to Miss. Isabel Kincaid in Port Huron, Michigan, and their living children's names and dates of birth are as follows:—Anna P., wife of Dr. W. B. Clowe, March 24, 1854; Thomas, September 17, 1855; William, January 8, 1859; Frank, September 8, 1864. Of General McAuliff's character, reputation, or standing in the county, comment would be out of place, where his record given so forcibly portrays it. Few men like him have been so constantly in public service and retained that degree of confidence which prevents a candidate from opposing his continued re-election.

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LEWIS McMORRIS, of Walla Walla, was born in Coshocton county, near Zanesville, Ohio, August 12, 1831. About eight years after this his parents moved to Shelby county, Illinois, where his father now lives. In March, 1852, Lewis left the home of his parents and crossed the plains to Oregon. The first year and a half on the Coast were spent in the mines of Southern Oregon, and the residue of time until 1855 at Yreka, California. In the latter part of 1855, B. F. Dowell was passing from Yreka with a pack train on his way to Colville with a stock of goods to sell miners in the newly discovered gold regions. When they reached Oregon City the war with Indians had broken out and the Oregon volunteer quartermaster hired Dowell's animals and McMorris as an assistant in the quartermaster department. He served in that capacity until the Indians captured the train that he was employed with on Wild Horse creek, in February, 1856. He concluded to try it again, and accordingly made a successful application for a position in the quartermaster department at the Dalles, and after going with Colonel Wright through the Yakima campaign in 1856, he went to Walla Walla with Colonel Steptoe the same year. He remained in the employ of the quartermaster at Walla Walla until 1857, in October, when he went to the Willamette and purchased a team and agricultural implements with the purpose of farming for the Government in Walla Walla, and returned to that place that fall. The Indians objected to the appropriation of any more of their land for agricultural purposes, and McMorris was shut out. He had brought from the Dalles, on his return for agricultural purposes, one ton of merchandise to Walla Walla for Captain J. Freedman and Neil McGlinchey, for which they paid him \$100, and finding himself without a definite plan for action, took charge of the goods for that firm and conducted their business for a time and then the freighting for something over a year. Freights from Wallula to Walla Walla, thirty miles by road, were \$20 per ton, ship measurement (or 42 square feet), a ton often not weighing over 800 pounds. In the fall of 1858 he pre-empted the land claim that is now occupied by Thomas Page; and commenced farming and stock raising. Since then he has continued in that business, Government contracting and staging.

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FARM RESIDENCE OF CHAS. RUSSELL, WALLA WALLA CO. W. T.

CHARLES RUSSELL was one of the first settlers in the Walla Walla valley. The missionaries were here before him, so were the Hudson's Bay Company's servants, Canadians, and prior to the war of 1855-6, the Americans had attempted a settlement here and had been driven away by the Indians. When the soldiers came to chastise those Indians, Mr. Russell came with them as Wagon Master, and has been here continuously since. He is a native of Boston, Mass., where he was born September 18, 1828. His father was a doctor; but the boy saw no luring light in the future of a professional life, and longed for the free open sea and to look upon the scenes of other lands and countries, where his youthful imagination pictured castles of hope and a life of excitement and adventure. At ten years of age he left home and went to sea, and in 1846 enlisted in the Marine Service and sailed on the sloop of war *Dale* for the Pacific Coast. He participated in the war that gave California to the United States, and finally was discharged from service in New York in 1850. He then came again to California, by the Isthmus route, where he soon entered into the U. S. Quartermaster department, and was connected therewith most of the time up to 1855, with General Allen. In 1855 Lieutenant Robert Williamson in command, accompanied by Lieutenants George Crook, Horatio Gibson, Phil. Sheridan, and Abbott, visited Oregon for the purpose of finding a railroad route through the Cascade range of mountains, and Mr. Russell accompanied them in charge of the pack train. In November of that year the party disorganized at the Dalles, and Mr. Russell took charge of transportation in the Yakima expedition under Major Raines, after the Indians; and later came in charge of transportation to Walla Walla, under Colonel Steptoe, where he arrived in August, 1856. From that time until 1859 he was in charge of transportation for the Government, under the Quartermaster, in this section of country, having from 50 to 120 citizens in his employ most of the time. Under his supervision all the war parties were fitted out, including the ill-fated Steptoe reconnoissance, and the famed raid of Colonel Wright. Farming was introduced into the country by him, while acting for the Government; as is more particularly noted under the head of "Agriculture." In making this statement we do not forget that Dr. Whitman had tilled the bottom land around his mission years before, and that the Canadians had raised little patches of grain and herbs. He has been an active man, and his operations have become a part of Walla Walla's history, and will be found woven into various places in this book. To avoid repetition they are not recorded in this connection.

The farm where he now lives consists of 720 acres, lying along the creek bearing his name, and there is no finer locality between the two great ranges of mountains. It is all fenced and mostly cultivated, and has sufficient orchard for all except market purposes. It is situated three miles in an air line east of Walla Walla city. The soil is black bottom land and very productive. In 1881 Mr. Russell raised 9,500 bushels of oats, 5,000 bushels of wheat, 1,000 bushels of barley, and 500 tons of hay upon his farm. In 1860, November 21, he was married to Miss Annie Sheets, daughter of John Sheets, of Walla Walla, and their children's names and ages are as follows: Charles, born September 12, 1861; Mary, born January 2, 1863, died March 12, 1863; William, born May 20, 1864; Harry, June 8, 1866; Davinia, August 26, 1868; Nellie, December 31, 1872.

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MAJOR GENERAL JOHN T. STEVENS. PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY

George Washington Miller

*Mr. Miller relates his story
of the largest battle of the 1855-56
Yakima Indian War which took place in
the Walla Walla Valley in December of 1855.*

I, G.W. Miller, was born in Crawfordsville, Ind., on the 6th day of April, 1830. At the age of 6 years I moved with my parents to Mercer county, Illinois, where I lived at home until I was 21, and learned the trade to plow and hoe corn.

On the 9th of April, 1851, being 20 years of age, I started across the plains with my parents and landed in Linn county, Oregon, twelve miles south of Albany, on the 1st day of September, the same year, being four months and twenty-three days on the road.

In the spring of 1852 I went to the Jacksonville mines and worked that summer, getting home that fall with just about as much as I started with. In the fall of 1852 I located and settled on a donation claim two miles west of where Shedd's station (10 miles south of Albany, Oregon) now stands, and commenced improving and cultivating the same. On the 8th day of October, 1855, I enlisted (as a private) in a company of volunteers, organized at Albany, who elected their officers as follows: Davis Layton, captain; A. Hanan, first lieutenant; John Burrows, second lieutenant; W.G. Haley, orderly sergeant. On the 13th of October we took up our line of march, and were mustered into service in Portland on the 17th day of October, 1855, as Company H, (Linn County, 1st Reg.) Oregon mounted volunteers, second battalion, under command of Major Mark A. Chinn. On our way from Portland to The Dalles we marched by land to the Columbia River, at the mouth of Sandy. There we went aboard the hull of an old steamer, drawn by two tugs, to be taken to the Lower Cascades, but, on account of a dense fog and the inability of the tugs to make much headway, we were landed on an island quite a distance below the Cascades. The part of the river on the Washington side was said to be fordable, but some of the boys in attempting to ford the stream got into swimming water and lost their guns and equipments, but swam to the other shore and secured a small boat to cross the balance of the command and aid in swimming the horses.

From there we marched by land to The Dalles, pitching our tent on Three Mile creek, where we lay awaiting reinforcements.

On the 12th of November, Companies B, H and I, under the command of Major Chinn, took up their line of march for Fort Walla Walla. Pushing forward they reached Wells' Springs (14 miles south of Boardman, Oregon) on the 17th. That night Johnny McBean came into camp as a courier from Narcisse Raymond with a report that Peu-Peu-Mox-Mox had sent a large force

of his warriors to watch the movements of the volunteers, and that Fort Walla Walla was already in possession of the Indians, about 1000 strong, and that all the adjacent positions around the fort were in their possession. This information determined Major Chinn to abandon the attempt of reaching that place until reinforcements could be obtained from The Dalles, for which he sent a courier. Next day he pushed forward to the Umatilla river and fortified, picketing in with large split timbers, a stockade 100 feet square, and erected two bastions of round logs on two of the angles, and from rails found there built two corrals for the horses and cattle. This place he named Fort Henrietta, in honor of Major Haller's wife. On the 21st of November, from this point, Major Chinn sent another courier to The Dalles asking for two more companies and artillery to assist him in moving upon Fort Walla Walla.

On the 27th of November Captain Cornoyer, with Company K, arrived at Fort Henrietta to reinforce Major Chinn. On the 29th of November Captains Wilson and Bennett, with Companies A and F, arrived at Fort Henrietta (north side of Umatilla River, across from Echo, Ore.) with Lieutenant Colonel James K. Kelly who took command of the forces at the front. Colonel Kelly, soon after arrival, learned that the Indians were in possession of Fort Walla Walla and its immediate vicinity, with all their available forces. He at once commenced active operation, and on the evening of December 2nd his command moved out from Fort Henrietta, hoping to surprise the enemy at daybreak next morning, but incidental delays of the night's march, caused by a heavy rain until late next morning, prevented their reaching Fort Walla Walla until late in the forenoon, finding the fort pillaged, defaced, deserted and everything of value carried off. The forces remained there to reconnoiter and forage until next morning, when Colonel Kelly, with 200 men, without baggage or rations, marched to the Touchet river, thence up the Touchet to the canyon, to find out, if possible, the location of the Indians. Major Chinn, with the balance of the forces, about 150 men and the baggage, were ordered to the mouth of the Touchet river, there to await orders from the main army.

Colonel Kelly, after reaching the foot of the canyon, sent scouts in advance to look out for prowling bands of Indians. After reaching a point where the hills on either side of a deep canyon shut out the surrounding view the advance guard in approaching the summit espied a party of six Indians in their immediate front, advancing toward them. In an instant they were covered by the guns of the guard and ordered to halt, and one of the party, carrying a flag of truce, proved to be Peu Peu Mox Mox (Yellow Bird). A parley ensued, but it was soon discovered that a large body of Indians were coming from the direction from which the chief had come. A signal was given and the advancing party halted, every one of whom dismounted and stood by his horse.

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Colonel Kelly, answering, said he had come to chastise him and his people for wrongs they had committed. The chief talked about peace negotiations, saying he had committed no wrongs, and that he desired to live in peace with the whites. But Colonel Kelly told him of the pillaging and destroying Fort Walla Walla, the seizing of government property there, the carrying away of the Hudson Bay Company's goods, the burning of the storehouse of Brooks, Noble & Bunford, and appropriating the goods to their own use.

When confronted with these criminal acts he denied having done any of these things, but finally admitted they were the acts of his young men whom he could not restrain. When informed that Howlis Wampum, a Cayuse chief, had testified to seeing him distribute the goods to his people with his own hands, and lay out a great pile of blankets, as an inducement for the Cayuses to join with him in war against the whites, he made no reply, but finally offered to make his people restore the goods as far as they were able, and make payment for the balance.

Colonel Kelly explained to him that this would not be sufficient remuneration, but that his men must come in and give up their arms and ammunition. To this the old chief gave his assent, promising to come in the next day and deliver up their arms and ammunition.

But Colonel Kelly believed from his deportment, that he only desired time in which to make ready for battle, therefore he instructed his interpreter to explain to him distinctly that he could take his flag of truce, and go back to his village and get ready for battle, but by so doing an attack would be made on his village immediately, while, on the other hand, if he and his associates chose to remain with the army until the terms of his proposed treaty were fulfilled, his people would not be molested.

Thus hard pressed the haughty old chief consented to remain as a hostage for the fulfillment of his words, assuring Colonel Kelly that none of his people would remove from their camp during the night, and that he would have his people cook plenty of food for the soldiers to eat next morning.

Colonel Kelly, after marching his force a short distance with Peu Peu Mox Mox, saw he was being led into the canyon. Calling a halt, and holding a short consultation with his officers, he moved back a short distance and camped for the night, without wood, without water and without food, for the reason that he thought it necessary to be cautious when all the surrounding circumstances went to show there was a probability of his having all his forces stationed at different positions in the canyon to cut off retreat.

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That evening the old chief asked permission to send one of his men that was taken prisoner with him, to his village to apprise his people of the terms of the proposed treaty, and instruct them to fulfill it. Colonel Kelly granted the request, little thinking he would ever come back, and sure enough he did not. The young Nez Perce that was taken prisoner with him understood their language pretty well, and afterwards related that when that wily old serpent instructed his messenger he told him to tell his women to pack up in haste and go to the mountains.

That night the elements spread their fleecy mantle of white over the thin blankets of the volunteers. During the night the Indians kept shouting messages from the hill tops to the prisoners in camp in a language but little used at that time, and not understood by the interpreter. Next morning another Indian was captured which took the place of the messenger who failed to return the evening before, and the son of Peu Peu Mox Mox was permitted to come into camp and talk with his father. When the two met, the old chief said he wanted his people to come in and make a treaty of peace, but his son said they were waiting for Five Crows to come back before deciding what to do. This proves another fact related by the young Nez Perce prisoner in his narrative to Colonel Kelly after the battle, when he said Peu Peu Mox Mox had sent all his available force of warriors, under command of Five Crows, 60 miles distant to accomplish a feat of prowess over Major Chinn's command at Fort Henrietta. No doubt but the most absorbing thoughts of his mind were that Five Crows would obliterate the little band of volunteers and the soil of Umatilla drink up their blood as it would a shower of rain.

When the volunteers were ready to start to the Indian camp, his whole purpose was delay, he knew that every moment he could delay Colonel Kelly's movements, brought Five Crows that much nearer his relief. He was anxious to delay, saying his people needed time to prepare and cook food for so many soldiers, and he wanted it ready for them to eat, on their arrival at his village. Thus he delayed our movements until nearly noon, when the volunteers made a forward march toward the Indian camp, with a vague hope of having a sumptuous feast on their arrival there; but note their consternation at finding the camp deserted, and only a few Indians to be seen on the surrounding hills, to watch the movements of the volunteers.

This was an exact violation of the treaty of peace, concluded between him and Colonel Kelly on the preceding day, and you will note that every act of his from the time he signed the treaty with Isaac I. Stevens, governor of the Territory of Washington, until the day he fell by the hands of his vigilant guard, showed treachery on his part, and had he been dealt with according to the laws of nations his life would have paid the forfeit.

The command being overcome with hunger, and knowing they could not get a bite to eat until they reached Major Chinn's camp at the mouth of the Touchet River, were soon on the march to that place, arriving there soon after the dusky hues of night had settled down around them. That night one

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of the prisoners, a large Indian by the name of Wolf Skin, who was very talkative, tried to make his escape by running, but his guard at that time being the fleetest runner in the command, overhauled his prisoner in 100 yards distance and brought him back to camp. After this the prisoners were all tied until morning.

Early dawn revealed the fact that half of Five Crow's army was on the hills surrounding camp, which substantiates without a doubt the narrative related by the young Nez Perce prisoner.

On the morning of the 7th of December, 1855, commenced the battle of Walla Walla. Companies B and H crossed the Touchet and formed in line on the plain; companies I and K soon fell into line, companies A and F being ordered to take charge of the baggage train and prisoners. The Indians had been gathering in considerable numbers on our left and front, and before any movements were made the report of a gun was heard on our left. This seemed to be the signal to charge, as the companies formed in line and dashed forth, opening a heavy fire on the enemy as they ran. A running fight ensued across the hills eastward to the Walla Walla river, the volunteers pursuing the Indians at the top of their speed, shooting whenever an opportunity presented itself. Those having the fastest horses sped away, leaving others behind, until they became widely scattered. The horse I rode was a small, heavy-set cayuse, which seemed, when jumping over the sagebrush, to be going up one side and down the other. The consequences were, I didn't get along as fast as some, but I soon found I was nearing the front from the sound of musketry and the deafening yells of the Indians. The forces of the enemy kept increasing in numbers from the time the skirmish commenced until we reached the La Roche (LaRoque) cabin, on the Walla Walla river, while the forces of the volunteers were growing less. Here the enemy became more stubborn and slow to move along. This gave the volunteers who had been left behind an opportunity to come to the front. The Indians were driven almost at the point of the bayonet only a short distance above the La Roche cabin, two miles below Whitman's station, and eight miles from the place where the fight commenced.

By this time their whole force became engaged in the battle, and estimates were made by different ones, ranging from 600 up to 2000. My own estimate, put down in my diary at the time, was 1000. Colonel Kelly, in his official report, estimated the number of warriors engaged in the fight at 600.

From Governor Stevens' report (1000 to 1200 warriors) my estimate is low; but, be this as it may, their numbers became so overwhelmingly in excess of ours that our forces were checked. The hills were on our left and the Walla Walla river on our right. Here they formed a line across the plain, from the foothills to the river, it being partially covered with brush, while the hills were covered with mounted hostiles, who played an active part, commanded by leaders of matchless skill and daring. Their purpose was to leave no foes to rise behind them; their policy was the policy of extermination; their flags were the scalps of our people, murdered in cold blood,

whose gray locks floated from poles raised on every prominent point on the hills to our left, with a squad of those bloody fiends dancing the war dance around them. From the brush on the plain and the timber on the river they poured a murderous fire on the volunteers, who were compelled to fall back. This was the hottest place anywhere during the engagement. Here Henry Crow and S.S. Van Hagerman fell mortally wounded and several others were wounded. At this critical moment Lieutenant J.M. Burrows with a small detachment was ordered to cross the fence that surrounded the La Roche field and charge upon the Indians in the brush, the writer being one of the number who crossed, and when only a few steps beyond the fence the brave Burrows fell dead and Captain Munson and several others were wounded. A dispatch having been sent to Captain Wilson of Company A to come forward, he and his company came at full speed, dismounted, and with fixed bayonets pushed their way through the brush, driving the enemy before them. In a short time Captain Bennett with Company F was on hand, and with these reinforcements the Indians were driven about one mile farther up the Walla Walla river, where they took possession of a house with a close built fence around it. In attempting to dislodge them Captain Bennett of Company F, and Private Kelso of Company A, were killed.

Soon after this a howitzer, found at Fort Walla Walla, was brought to bear upon them by Captain Wilson, but having nothing but a sandhill to lay the piece on, when firing the fourth round it burst, wounding Captain Wilson, but dispersing the enemy from their stronghold. This was immediately followed up by the volunteers, and the bodies of Bennett and Kelso were recovered. The baggage train and flag of truce prisoners had already arrived at the La Roche cabin, which was used as a hospital. Peu Peu Mox Mox, with his stentorian voice, began to cheer up his warriors and encourage them to be brave, receiving responses from them at short intervals. Colonel Kelly had just rode from the front back to the hospital, when Frank Crabtree came in with his shoulder shattered and his arm dangling by his side, and reported Captain Layton wounded, and surrounded with five or six others on the hills at the front. Just at this critical moment the question was asked, "What shall be done with the prisoners?" Colonel Kelly took in the situation at once and said, "My men are all needed at the front. Tie or kill them, I don't care a d--n which," and rode back to the front. Ropes were procured to tie the prisoners, but they refused, except one, a young Nez Perce, who crossed his hands and said he wanted to be tied. One very large Indian, known by the name of Wolf-Skin, who was very talkative and who tried to escape from the guard the night before, drew a large knife concealed in his legging, uttering a demon-like yell, and began to cut his way through the guard, wounding Sergeant-Major Isaac Miller severely in the arm. The others, except the Nez Perce, who had been tied, were trying to make their way through the guards and escape to the hills, but their efforts were futile. It was only the work of a moment, brought on by their own remorseless