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

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 companies 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.

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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 Rohrers. 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 Boland 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.

Fgs 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 again in the fall to Canton. In 1829 he lived 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 stanchest 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.

Eqs 624-626

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 stanch 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.

The memorable event of 1877 was the Nez Perce Indian war. Although to a certain extent it affected the whole of Eastern Washington, so far as the war *per se*, was concerned, Columbia county had but little connection with it except to furnish a company of stalwart volunteers. June 22d, soon after the massacre in Idaho, a man named Ritchie was killed north of Snake river by a renegade Snake Indian. This originated the report that all northern Indians were on the war path. Exposed settlements were deserted, and in the towns preparations were rapidly made for defense on an extended scale. All kinds of sanguinary stories were afloat on the wings of rumor. Absurd and improbable tales were readily believed. It was soon demonstrated that these reports that had caused great agitation, stagnation of business and obstruction of travel, were false; the people quieted down; settlers returned to their homes and the tumultuous country resumed its normal condition. The war never crossed Snake river; it was confined to Idaho and Montana.

It is undeniable, however, that settlers east of the Tucanon were in great trepidation. Leaving their homes they congregated at Lewiston, Dayton and Walla Walla. It was not so much Chief Joseph's band they feared; it was reasoned that his outbreak might encourage other tribes to rise, slaughter and burn. Volunteers came forward from Dayton, Walla Walla and the Pataha country, and served for several weeks with the troops in Idaho, and in scouting through the exposed sections of Washington. April 20, 1877, a conference with General Howard was held at Walla Walla. The volunteers from this town were commanded by Captain Paige, a little more than 20 strong. The company from Dayton numbered 45 young men; they had elected Colonel Geo. Hunter their captain. Levi Watrous was their lieutenant. In his book Colonel Hunter says:

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Judge Thomas C. Shaw

Judge Shaw was a member of the Oregon Mounted Volunteers, citizens enlisted from the Willamette Valley to punish the perpetrators of the Whitman Massacre.

"In December, 1847—when all the fall and early winter work had been completed and the crops sown, and the people were taking a little rest, the immigration of 1847 having all arrived in the Willamette Valley, except a few who had been compelled to stop at Dr. Whitman's mission on the Walla Walla river in eastern Oregon, and were employed by him in making improvements at the mission—our country was beginning to prosper and it was fast developing into a splendid stock and farming country. There being peace and plenty in the land, it was just the thing to expect that the residents of this beautiful country would be ready to say as one did of old, 'soul take thine ease.' While we were ready to do so and to enter into the full enjoyment of the fruits of the land, not knowing what had happened some 300 miles east of us, to our great surprise a courier arrived, bringing us the startling intelligence that Dr. Whitman, a missionary under the auspices of the Presbyterian church, his wife (who was a refined lady) and some twelve or fourteen American citizens (who were engaged at the mission) were, without any provocation whatever, on the 27th day of November, 1847, ruthlessly murdered in cold blood by the Cayuse Indians, who were then his charge.

"This news threw the country into a great fever and everything you could hear was about the war which was inevitable. The Indians had not only killed the missionaries and those in their employ, but had taken several young women and girls and abused them in a horrible manner. The first thing then to be done was to get these girls and young women from the Indians.

"It was reported to us that the bodies had all been decently interred by those sent to attend to this matter by the Hudson Bay Company, but I was shocked when I went to the place called the grave of those worthy dead, and found that the bodies had been disinterred by the wolves, and pieces of their bodies were strewn around as if they had been of no more value than those of wild beasts. Dr. Whitman's body was almost entirely disinterred, and what shocked the writer most was to see the beautiful golden curls of Mrs. Whitman scattered promiscuously over the ground as if the evil one had done his best to destroy every vestige of what this good and noble woman had done for the last ten years, and had succeeded in scattering her beautiful golden hair as a trophy to the wind and sand of the Walla Walla Valley.

"I must be permitted right here to express my disgust at this, one of the most revolting and blood-curdling scenes of my life. My blood first ran cold then hot, and my rage, and that of my comrades, became almost unbearable at times, and the only satisfaction that we could hope to attain, was the pleasure of seeing in the engagements that followed with our enemies that our unerring rifles had done their work well when we saw some red men of the forest tumble to the ground. And we never saw such an occurence as this without a sweet sensation of revenge. When we were in an engagement we invariably thought of her who had worn that beautiful golden hair, and took a great pride in avenging her wrongs, for we well remembered that she was one of two noble women that left father, mother, brothers and sisters and all else to them that seemed dear, and made the trip across the plains in the year 1836, and all for the purpose of carrying the good news of the gospel to those red men, who had at first received them kindly, but by some unaccountable change in their minds had become the murderers of those that would be their benefactors.

"We found everything around the mission in bad condition. Fences were all down, and almost everything of value had been destroyed and appropriated and there was nothing left to represent the thrift that this mission had in the year 1844 when our immigration came by on its way to the Willamette Valley. As soon as our command arrived we took possession of what was left and immediately commenced to build a fort out of the debris that was left.

"Our officers found it too hard a task to fight and guard the stock that we had taken, and they ordered it all turned out. This I hated, for I saw some of the oxen in this herd that hauled the Sager family from the Missouri river to Whitman station. This Sager family was a family that came across the plains in the year 1844. They lost their father in Green river with the camp fever and their mother near Fort Hall with the same dread disease. My father, Capt. William Shaw, brought the family to Dr. Whitman's, and their father and mother being Presbyterians, Dr. Whitman and wife kindly agreed to take the children and do the best they could for them, and when the massacre took place, John and Frances Sager were murdered, and the Sager girls, five I think in number, were taken prisoners by the Indians. Frances Sager was the only person in the whole number that was murdered that attempted to fight when the Indians set upon Dr. Whitman to murder him. This boy being about thirteen or fourteen years of age, drew a small pistol and would have dispatched an Indian with it but for the interference of some trackers who still had some hopes that they would be spared."

Cgw 38-40

A.B. Roberts

Roberts, a veteran of the 1855-56 Yakima Indian Wars, tells about his experiences as a volunteer soldier.

This story is not intended to be a history of the Indian wars of the Northwest Country, but only a statement of the facts, the causes and the results of the most serious conflicts which had occurred between the races during the settlement of this interesting country by the white men. It is a fact to be noted, that there were more wars and conflicts between the races during the settlement of Oregon than in any other portion of the United States during the settlement of the Far West.

Beginning with this Cayuse war in 1847 we find the two Rogue river wars, the great Yakima war that covered all of Oregon and Washington, the Modock war, the Joseph war (Nez Perce) and the Bannock war.

The greatest of all these wars was the Yakima war of 1855-56.

Previous to this time the Oregon and Washington settlements were confined to the West side of the great range, the Cascades, but in the winter of 1854 the administration took up the idea of opening the Inland Empire or the intermountain country for settlement and accordingly called all the Indians east of the Cascades and north of the Blue Mountains and as far east and to include the Nez Perces to meet in council in Walla Walla in June for the purpose of making treaties for the purchase of their lands. To this council the Government sent commissioners consisting of Governor I.I. Stevens of Washington; General Palmer, Superintendent of Indian Affairs of Oregon, and Colonel Cummins of the army.

The council was fully attended, the meeting place being exactly where the city of Walla Walla now stands. To be more particular, it began on the north side of Mill Creek about where the N.P. depot stands and after a few days was moved to the south side to about the grounds occupied by the Y.M.C.A. building and the Christian church, where the treaties were completed and fully signed, excepting one only of all of the great chiefs. To this one name "hangs a tale" worthy of being told at another time.

Now, to continue this story we must explain the facts that lead up to the ignoring of the great treaties of Walla Walla in June, 1855.

Soon after treaties were signed settlers began to locate in the fine valleys and the Indians began to realize that the greatest portion of their domain was now in the hands of the white man.

Years ago the West side from California to British Columbia had been relinquished and now the intermountain country was gone.

The first payment was to be made in cash the following September, and for 20 years other annuities were to be paid in cash. At once steps were taken by the Indians to ignore those treaties, but the other party—the white man—was not called to their councils. But the Chiefs of all the tribes of the Coast country and all the East side were finally assembled on the Umatilla in the early part of September and at that grand council representing all of that country in which settlement had begun it was agreed that once more a united effort would be made to drive out the white settlers and a refusal of the payments and the ignoring of all treaties would be made. Only the great War Chief Lawyer and his sub-Chief Lapi of the Nez Perces and Winumsnoots and Timothy of the Umatillas held out, and through their great influence over their people prevented those two tribes from joining in the greatest of hostilities known as the Yakima war of 1855. It is awful to think, that if those two, the most powerful of the Inland tribes had joined with the great combine of hostile Indians, what the result might have been.

How did I come into possession of these "state secrets"? I chanced to spend many years of my life in the most intimate and friendly terms with the two leading Chiefs referred to, both of them being Christian gentlemen, educated by the lamented Dr. Whitman, and it may be here remarked that the works of that martyr subsequently saved not only Oregon to the United States, but saved the unprotected settlements of that period from total annihilation by the combined tribes.

But to take up the ignoring of the treaties of 1855.

The intentions and results of that council of Chiefs on the Umatilla were not published and the first that our people or Uncle Sam knew of them was when the Government agent, Mr. A. J. Bolan, who was sent in September to the Yakima country to pay to Kamiakin and his sub-chiefs of that tribe their cash annuity which was due at that time as per treaty stipulation, when he was foully murdered and his money taken, and about the same time Colonel Nathan Olney, agent for the Cayuses, Walla Wallas and others, went to those tribes for the same purpose and he was told in plain language that the treaties were ignored and that they would not kill him but to take back the money and immediately remove all of those settlers who had taken claims in the Walla Walla Valley, which he did at once.

Now the commanding officer of the U.S. troops at Fort Columbia (The Dalles) sent Major Haller with the majority of the troops under his command over to the Yakima country to bring in the murderers of Agent Bolan and he was met by Kamiakin, and his troops completely routed and their horses and outfits captured and on foot and destitute they reached The Dalles and the Indians at their heels firing across the Columbia into the villages, when the Oregon volunteers came to their relief.

Yes, the ball was opened and the greatest Indian war of the Pacific Coast had its first battle and the enemy was victorious.

Now the Governor of Oregon Territory was called upon for volunteers and at once within twenty-four hours after the call was posted in Portland 95 young men left their homes and employment and were at The Dalles to drive back old Kamiakin and his victorious warriors.

An account of the battle of Walla Walla on the 8th of December, 1855, the day succeeding the killing of Peu-peu-mox-mox, is thus given by Colonel Kelly in his official report :

Early on the morning of the 8th, the Indians appeared with increased forces, amounting to fully six hundred warriors. They wei-e posted as usual in the thick brush by the river — among the sage bushes and sand knolls, and on the surrounding hills. This day Lieutenant Pillow, with Company A, and Lieutenant Hannon, with Company H, were ordered to take and hold the brush skirting the river and the sage bushes on the plain. Lieutenant Fellows, with Company F, was directed to take and keep possession of the point at the foot of the the hill. Lieutenant Jeffries, with Company B, Lieutenant Hand, with Company I, and Captain Cornoyer with Company K, were posted on three several points on the hills, with orders to maintain them and to assail the enemy on other points of the same hills. As usual, the Indians were driven from their position, although they fought with skill and bravery.

On the ninth they did not make their appearance until about ten o'clock in the morning and then in somewhat diminished numbers. As I had sent to Fort Henrietta for Companies D and E, and expected them on the 10th, I thought it best to act on the defensive and hold our positions, which were the same as on the 8th, until we could get an accession to our forces sufficient to enable us to assail th'eir rear and cut off their retreat. An attack was made during the day on Companies A and H, in the brushwood, and upon B on the hill, both of which were repulsed with great gallantry by those companies with considerable loss to the enemy. Companies F, I and K also did

great honor to themselves in repelling all approaches to their positions, although in doing so one man in Company F and one in Company I were severely wounded. Darkness, as usual, closed the combat, by the enemy withdrawing from the field. Owing to the inclemency of the night the com-

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panies on the hill were withdrawn from their several positions, Company B abandoning its rifle pits which were made by the men of that company for its protection. At early dawn of the next day the Indians were observed from our camp to be in possession of all points held by us on the preceding day. Upon seeing them, Lieutenant McAuliff, of Company B, gallantly observed that his company had dug those holes, and after breakfast they would have them again; and well was his declaration fulfilled, for in less than an hour the enemy was driven from the pits and fled to an adjoining hill which they had occupied the day before. This position was at once assailed. Captain Cornoyer, with Company K and a portion of Company I, being mounted, gallantly charged the enemy on his right flank, while Lieutenant McAuliff with Company B dismounted, rushed up the hill in face of a heavy fire and scattered them in all directions. They at once fled to return to this battlefield no more, and thus ended our long contested fight.

In making my report I can not say too much in praise of the conduct of the officers of the several companies and most of the soldiers under their command. They did their duty bravely and well during those four trying days of battle. To Second Major Chinn, who took charge of the companies in the bush by the river, credit is due for bravery and skill; also to Assistant Adjutant Monroe Atkinson, for his efficiency and zeal as well in the field as in the camp. And here, while giving to the officers and men of the regiment the praise that is justly due, I can not omit the name of Hon. Nathan Olney, although he is not one of the volunteers. Having accompanied me in the capacity of Indian agent, I requested him to act as my aid on account of his admitted skill in Indian warfare; and to his wisdom in council and daring courage on the battle field, I am much indebted and I shall ever appreciate his worth.

Companies D and E having arrived from Fort Henrietta on the evening of the 10th, the next morning I followed with all the available troops along the Nez Perce's trail in pursuit of the Indians. On Mill Creek, about twelve miles from here, we passed through their village, numbering one hundred and ninety-six fires, which had been deserted the night before. Much of their provisions were scattered by the wayside, indicating that they had fled in great haste to the north. We pursued them until it was too dark to follow the track of their horses, when we camped on

Coppei creek. On the 12th we continued the pursuit until we passed some distance beyond the stations of Brooke, Noble and Bumford on the Touchet, when we found the chase was in vain, as many of the horses were broken down completely and the men on foot. We therefore returned and arrived in camp on yesterday evening with about one hundred head of cattle which the Indians left scattered along the trail in their flight. On the 11th, while in pursuit of the enemy, I received a letter from Narcisse Raymond by the hand of Tintinmetzy, a friendly chief which I enclose, asking our protection of the French and friendly Indians under his charge.

On the morning of the 12th I dispatched Captain Cornoyer with his command to their relief. Mr. Olney, who accompanied them, returned to camp this evening, and reports that Captain Cornoyer will return tomorrow with Mr. Raymond and his people, who now feel greatly relieved from their critical situation. Mr. Olney learned from these friendly Indians what before we strongly believed, that the Palouses, Walla Wallas, Umatillas, Cayuses and Stock Whitley's band of Des Chutes Indians were all engaged in the battle on the Walla Walla. These Indians also informed Mr. Olney that after the battles the Palouses, Walla Wallas and Umatillas have gone partly to the Grande Ronde and partly to the country of the Nez Perces; and Stock Whitley, disgusted with the manner in which the Cayuses fought in the battle, has abandoned them and gone to the Yakima country to join his forces with those of Kamiakin. We have now the undisputed possession of the country south of Snake river, and I would suggest the propriety of retaining such possession until such time as it can be occupied by the regular troops. The Indians have left much of their stock behind, which will doubtless be lost to us if we go away. The troops here will not be in a situation for some time to go to the Palouse country, as our horses at present are too much jaded to endure the journey, and we have no boats to cross Snake river, no timber to make therfl nearer than this place; but I would suggest the propriety of following up the Indians with all possible speed, now that their hopes are blighted and their spirits broken. Unless this is done they will perhaps rally again.

Today (December 14, 1855), I received a letter from Governor Stevens, dated yesterday, which I enclose. You will see that he is in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war.

I must earnestly ask that supplies be sent forward to us without delay. For the last three days none of the volunteers, except the two companies from Fort Henrietta, have had any flour. None is here and but little at that post. We are now living on beef and potatoes, which are found en cache, and the men are becoming much dis-

contented with this mode of living. Clothing for the men is much needed as the winter approaches. Tomorrow we will remove to a more suitable point, where grass can be obtained in abundance for our worn out horses. A place has been selected about two miles above Whitman's station, on the same (north) side of the Walla Walla, consequently I will abandon this fort, named in honor of Captain Bennett of Company F, who now sleeps beneath its stockade, and whose career of usefulness and bravery was here so sadly but nobly closed.
Very respectfully your obedient servant,
JAMES K. KELLY,
Lieutenant Colonel Commanding Left Column,

W. H. FARRAR,
Adjutant of Regiment, O. M. V.

One of the coldest and most trying winters ever known in this country was that following the battle of the Walla Walla. Among the volunteers the veterans have left on record accounts of their sufferings; they are strong testimony that war in an Indian country is by no means a summer day's picnic. W. C. Painter has graphically described the experience of sleeping, or trying to sleep, with scarcely any covering, and the mercury at twenty degrees below zero.

As already noted Governor Stevens had negotiated a treaty with the Indians at Walla Walla in June. 1855. Thence he had passed on to the Blackfoot country, and into the lands of other tribes, where he was eminently successful in closing treaties with a number of bands of erstwhile hostile savages. That portion of Governor Stevens report as it bore on the situation in the Walla Walla valley, is as

follows :

The country between the Blue mountains and the Columbia was overrun with Indians, numbering one thousand to twelve hundred warriors, including the forces at Priest Rapids under Kamaiakin, who had sworn to cut me off; it was completely blocked up. One effect of the campaign of the regulars and volunteers in the Yakima country under Major Rains, was to drive Kamaiakin and his people on our side of the Columbia river, and thus endanger our movement from the Spokane to the Nez Perce country. Thus we had been hemmed in by a body of hostile Indians through whom we could only have forced our way with

extreme difficulty and at great loss of life. We might all have been sacrificed in the attempt. To the opening of the way to my party, I am solely indebted to the Oregon volunteers. Peu-peu-mox-mox, the celebrated chief of the Walla Wallas, entertained an extreme hostility toward myself and party, owing to imaginary wrongs he supposed to have been inflicted upon him in the treaty concluded with the Cayuses and Walla Wallas last June, and had been known repeatedly to threaten that I should never reach The Dalles. He was the first to commence hostilities by plundering Fort Walla Walla and destroying a large amount of property belonging to the United States Indian department. * * *

At Walla Walla I found some twenty-five settlers — the remainder having fled to The Dalles for protection. With these were one hundred friendly Indians. Special Indian Agent B. F. Shaw, colonel in the Washington Territory militia, was on the ground, and I at once organized the district, placed him in command and directed him, if necessary, to fortify, at all events to maintain his ground should the Oregon troops be disbanded before another force could take the field. The Nez Perce auxiliaries were disbanded and returned home.

Thus we had reached a place of safety unaided, excepting by the fortunate movements of the Oregon troops. Not a single man had been pushed forward to meet us, although it was well known we should cross the mountains about a certain time, and arrive at Walla Walla about the time we did. Why was this? Arrangements had been made with Major Rains by Acting Governor Mason, to push forward a force under Colonel Shaw to meet me at Spokane about the time of my arrival there. A company had been enlisted, organized and

marched to Fort Vancouver to obtain equipments, rations and transportation, which Major Rains had promised both Governor Mason and Colonel Shaw should be promptly furnished them. Some little delay ensued, and in the meantime Major General Wool arrived who immediately declined equipping the company, as promised by Major Rains, and stated that he could not in any manner recognize volunteers or furnish them equipments or transportation, and declined to supply their place with regular troops, of whom, at Vancouver, alone, were some three hundred and fifty men. * * *

Mr. Secretary — Major-General Wool, commanding the Pacific Division, neglected and refused to send a force to the relief of myself and party, when known to be in imminent danger, and believed by those who were less capable of judging, to be coming on to certain death, and this when he had at his command an efficient force of regular troops. He refused to sanction the agreement made between Governor Mason and Major Rains for troops to be sent to my assistance, and ordered them to

disband. It was reserved for the Oregon troops to rescue us.

The only demonstration made by Major Rains resulted in showing his utter incapacity to command in the field. As has heretofore been said, his expedition against the Yakimas effected nothing but driving the Indians into the very country through which I must pass to reach the settlements.

I therefore prefer charges aginst General Wool. I accuse him of utter and signal incapacity, of •criminal neglect of my safety. I ask for an investigation into the matter, and for his removal from ■command.

As a summary, having allowed Governor Stevens to tell his own story, vitriolic as it is, we may say that in the final struggle the Indians obtained something the best of it. They secured what they wanted and the great Walla Walla war of 1855-6 must go down in history

as an Indian victory — a victory obtained in the main through the crass incapacity of Major General Wool. By Wool's order Steptoe issued a proclamation that no whites should return to Walla Walla, except Hudson's Bay people and missionaries. October 19th Wool issued a general order expressing the hope that Wright, "warned by what has occurred, will he on his guard against the whites and prevent further trouble by keeping the whites out of the Indian country." With his eyes partly •opened by the sensational events of the season Steptoe ventured to suggest that a good, industrious colony be _ permitted to settle in the Walla Walla valley On this suggestion Wool promptly stepped. "The Cascade range," he said, "formed, if not an impassable barrier, an excellent line of defense; a most excellent line of separation between two races always at war when in contact. To permit settlers to pass The Dalles and occupy the natural reserve is to give up this advantage, throw down the wall, and advance the frontier hundreds of miles to the east, and add to the protective labors of the army."

This much did General Wool against the best interests of Walla Walla valley. And at the same time he was inveighing against wars

in the eastern portion of the Territory, between Indians and whites, the savages west of the Cascades were preparing for a bloody series of uprisings, as if in mockery of the bombastic vaporings of a general who knew less about Indians and Indian fighting than the most humble private in the ranks of the Oregon volunteers. Thus, at the close of 1856 the Walla Walla valley was, by military order, remanded to barbarism. In 1857 the present Fort Walla Walla was established and a force in charge of Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe lay inactive at the fort.

When, in 1855, Governor Stevens and party met in the Walla Walla valley to treat with the Indians, the governor at once requested the military authorities to establish a fort in the valley. Says Hazard Stevens in his "Life of Isaac I. Stevens :"

"The second day after reaching the valley Governor Stevens, hearing that Governor Wool had just arrived at Vancouver, wrote him a letter urging the importance of supplying the

Walla Walla valley with a strong military force, preferably of cavalry, pointing out the central location of the point, and its strategic advantages for protecting the emigrant road, the trails to the Missouri on the east, the Puget Sound on the west, and for controlling the disaffected Indians, particularly the Cayuses and Snakes. This, like other sound and, indeed, necessary measures recommended by the governor, was ignored by the self-sufficient Wool and his officers, until they were obliged to adopt them from necessity."

At the council with the Walla Wallas, held in June, 1855, Governor Stevens had urged Colonel Wright to be present. He also requested him to send three companies of regulars, including all his mounted men, to the Walla Walla valley for that occasion. This courteous invitation to participate in the council was declined by Wright, but the latter signified his intention of sending Colonel Steptoe to Walla Walla for the purpose of establishing

a post in that country. Thus the fort was at last built, in 1857, on Mill Creek, one and one-half miles west of the town of Walla Walla, and six miles from the junction of Mill Creek with the Walla Walla river. The necessary buildings were completed before November 20th.

It is needless to say that the autocratic attitude of General Wool was extremely distasteful to the whites. The following- resolution relative to citizens and settlers in Walla Walla county being driven from their homes and claims by the military authority of Washington Territory, was passed by the Legislative Assembly January 15, 1858:

Whereas, Certain officers of the United States army, commanding in the county of Walla Walla, have unlawfully assumed to issue orders prohibiting citizens of this territory from settling in cer-

tain portions thereof, and in accordance with said orders have driven citizens and settlers from their claims and homes, acquired under the laws of the United States, to their great injury; therefore, he it

Resolved, by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Washington, That in our opinion the said orders are without the authority of law, and that the acts done under said orders are a high-handed outrage upon the rights and liberties of the American people.

Resolved, That the Governor be requested to give the proper authorities at Washington all necessary information on the subject of the outrageous usurpation of the military over the civil authority.

Resolved, That we believe the above usurpation to be the very worst form of martial law, proclaimed by tyrants, not having feeling in common with us, nor interests identified with ours.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be forwarded to our delegate in congress, and that he be requested to present the matter to the proper department at Washington City, to the end that the evil may be corrected.

There was now, at this critical juncture, an impending change. September 13, 1858, the war department issued an order by which the department of the Pacific Coast was divided, the southern portion to be designated 3.s the Department of California, although it

included the Umpqua district of Oregon. The Department of Oregon was the name of the northern division. This embraced Oregon and Washington. Headquarters were at Vancouver. To California General Clarke was assigned ; General W. S. Harney, fresh from a campaign in Utah, assumed command of the Oregon department.

October 29th the latter arrived in Oregon. He issued an order, two days later, opening the Walla Walla country to settlement. By the legislative assemblies of both Washington and Oregon resolutions were adopted congratulating the people on the creation of the Department of Oregon, on the accession to

command of General Harney, an old Indian fighter who understood the Indian character, and on the order reopening the country east of the Cascades to settlement, harmonizing with a recent act of congress extending the land laws of the United States over that portion of the territories. Meanwhile the short but vigorous campaign of General Wright had effectually subjugated the hostile Indians of Eastern Washington, and secured peace. Immediately the country commenced to develop. Along the lakes and streams rich tracts of land were taken by farmers; the extensive grazing lands were occupied by cattlemen.

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WASHINGTON
OREGON
W A S H I N G T O N
O R E G O N

panies on the hill were withdrawn from their several positions, Company B abandoning its rifle pits which were made by the men of that company for its protection. At early dawn of the next day the Indians were observed from our camp to be in possession of all points held by us on the preceding day. Upon seeing them, Lieutenant McAuliff, of Company B, gallantly observed that his company had dug those holes, and after breakfast they would have them again; and well was his declaration fulfilled, for in less than an hour the enemy was driven from the pits and fled to an adjoining hill which they had occupied the day before. This position was at once assailed. Captain Cornoyer, with Company K and a portion of Company I, being mounted, gallantly charged the enemy on his right flank, while Lieutenant McAuliff with Company B dismounted, rushed up the hill in face of a heavy fire and scattered them in all directions. They at once fled to return to this battlefield no more, and thus ended our long contested fight.

In making my report I can not say too much in praise of the conduct of the officers of the several companies and most of the soldiers under their command. They did their duty bravely and well during those four trying days of battle. To Second Major Chinn, who took charge of the companies in the bush by the river, credit is due for bravery and skill; also to Assistant Adjutant Monroe Atkinson, for his efficiency and zeal as well in the field as in the camp. And here, while giving to the officers and men of the regiment the praise that is justly due, I can not omit the name of Hon. Nathan Olney, although he is not one of the volunteers. Having accompanied me in the capacity of Indian agent, I requested him to act as my aid on account of his admitted skill in Indian warfare; and to his wisdom in council and daring courage on the battle field, I am much indebted and I shall ever appreciate his worth.

Companies D and E having arrived from Fort Henrietta on the evening of the 10th, the next morning I followed with all the available troops along the Nez Perce's trail in pursuit of the Indians. On Mill Creek, about twelve miles from here, we passed through their village, numbering one hundred and ninety-six fires, which had been deserted the night before. Much of their provisions were scattered by the wayside, indicating that they had fled in great haste to the north. We pursued them until it was too dark to follow the track of their horses, when we camped on

Coppei creek. On the 12th we continued the pursuit until we passed some distance beyond the stations of Brooke, Noble and Bumford on the Touchet, when we found the chase was in vain, as many of the horses were broken down completely and the men on foot. We therefore returned and arrived in camp on yesterday evening with about one hundred head of cattle which the Indians left scattered along the trail in their flight. On the 11th, while in pursuit of the enemy, I received a letter from Narcisse Raymond by the hand of Tintinmetzy, a friendly chief which I enclose, asking our protection of the French and friendly Indians under his charge.

On the morning of the 12th I dispatched Captain Cornoyer with his command to their relief. Mr. Olney, who accompanied them, returned to camp this evening, and reports that Captain Cornoyer will return tomorrow with Mr. Raymond and his people, who now feel greatly relieved from their critical situation. Mr. Olney learned from these friendly Indians what before we strongly believed, that the Palouses, Walla Wallas, Umatillas, Cayuses and Stock Whitley's band of Des Chutes Indians were all engaged in the battle on the Walla Walla. These Indians also informed Mr. Olney that after the battles the Palouses, Walla Wallas and Umatillas have gone partly to the Grande Ronde and partly to the country of the Nez Perces; and Stock Whitley, disgusted with the manner in which the Cayuses fought in the battle, has abandoned them and gone to the Yakima country to join his forces with those of Kamiakin. We have now the undisputed possession of the country south of Snake river, and I would suggest the propriety of retaining such possession until such time as it can be occupied by the regular troops. The Indians have left much of their stock behind, which will doubtless be lost to us if we go away. The troops here will not be in a situation for some time to go to the Palouse country, as our horses at present are too much jaded to endure the journey, and we have no boats to cross Snake river, no timber to make therfl nearer than this place; but I would suggest the propriety of following up the Indians with all possible speed, now that their hopes are blighted and their spirits broken. Unless this is done they will perhaps rally again.

Today (December 14, 1855), I received a letter from Governor Stevens, dated yesterday, which I enclose. You will see that he is in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war.

I must earnestly ask that supplies be sent forward to us without delay. For the last three days none of the volunteers, except the two companies from Fort Henrietta, have had any flour. None is here and but little at that post. We are now living on beef and potatoes, which are found en cache, and the men are becoming much dis-

contented with this mode of living. Clothing for the men is much needed as the winter approaches. Tomorrow we will remove to a more suitable point, where grass can be obtained in abundance for our worn out horses. A place has been selected about two miles above Whitman's station, on the same (north) side of the Walla Walla, consequently I will abandon this fort, named in honor of Captain Bennett of Company F, who now sleeps beneath its stockade, and whose career of usefulness and bravery was here so sadly but nobly closed.
Very respectfully your obedient servant,
JAMES K. KELLY,
Lieutenant Colonel Commanding Left Column,

W. H. FARRAR,
Adjutant of Regiment, O. M. V.

One of the coldest and most trying winters ever known in this country was that following the battle of the Walla Walla. Among the volunteers the veterans have left on record accounts of their sufferings; they are strong testimony that war in an Indian country is by no means a summer day's picnic. W. C. Painter has graphically described the experience of sleeping, or trying to sleep, with scarcely any covering, and the mercury at twenty degrees below zero.

As already noted Governor Stevens had negotiated a treaty with the Indians at Walla Walla in June. 1855. Thence he had passed on to the Blackfoot country, and into the lands of other tribes, where he was eminently successful in closing treaties with a number of bands of erstwhile hostile savages. That portion of Governor Stevens report as it bore on the situation in the Walla Walla valley, is as

follows :

The country between the Blue mountains and the Columbia was overrun with Indians, numbering one thousand to twelve hundred warriors, including the forces at Priest Rapids under Kamaiakin, who had sworn to cut me off; it was completely blocked up. One effect of the campaign of the regulars and volunteers in the Yakima country under Major Rains, was to drive Kamaiakin and his people on our side of the Columbia river, and thus endanger our movement from the Spokane to the Nez Perce country. Thus we had been hemmed in by a body of hostile Indians through whom we could only have forced our way with

extreme difficulty and at great loss of life. We might all have been sacrificed in the attempt. To the opening of the way to my party, I am solely indebted to the Oregon volunteers. Peu-peu-mox-mox, the celebrated chief of the Walla Wallas, entertained an extreme hostility toward myself and party, owing to imaginary wrongs he supposed to have been inflicted upon him in the treaty concluded with the Cayuses and Walla Wallas last June, and had been known repeatedly to threaten that I should never reach The Dalles. He was the first to commence hostilities by plundering Fort Walla Walla and destroying a large amount of property belonging to the United States Indian department. * * *

At Walla Walla I found some twenty-five settlers — the remainder having fled to The Dalles for protection. With these were one hundred friendly Indians. Special Indian Agent B. F. Shaw, colonel in the Washington Territory militia, was on the ground, and I at once organized the district, placed him in command and directed him, if necessary, to fortify, at all events to maintain his ground should the Oregon troops be disbanded before another force could take the field. The Nez Perce auxiliaries were disbanded and returned home.

Thus we had reached a place of safety unaided, excepting by the fortunate movements of the Oregon troops. Not a single man had been pushed forward to meet us, although it was well known we should cross the mountains about a certain time, and arrive at Walla Walla about the time we did. Why was this? Arrangements had been made with Major Rains by Acting Governor Mason, to push forward a force under Colonel Shaw to meet me at Spokane about the time of my arrival there. A company had been enlisted, organized and

marched to Fort Vancouver to obtain equipments, rations and transportation, which Major Rains had promised both Governor Mason and Colonel Shaw should be promptly furnished them. Some little delay ensued, and in the meantime Major General Wool arrived who immediately declined equipping the company, as promised by Major Rains, and stated that he could not in any manner recognize volunteers or furnish them equipments or transportation, and declined to supply their place with regular troops, of whom, at Vancouver, alone, were some three hundred and fifty men. * * *

Mr. Secretary — Major-General Wool, commanding the Pacific Division, neglected and refused to send a force to the relief of myself and party, when known to be in imminent danger, and believed by those who were less capable of judging, to be coming on to certain death, and this when he had at his command an efficient force of regular troops. He refused to sanction the agreement made between Governor Mason and Major Rains for troops to be sent to my assistance, and ordered them to

disband. It was reserved for the Oregon troops to rescue us.

The only demonstration made by Major Rains resulted in showing his utter incapacity to command in the field. As has heretofore been said, his expedition against the Yakimas effected nothing but driving the Indians into the very country through which I must pass to reach the settlements.

I therefore prefer charges aginst General Wool. I accuse him of utter and signal incapacity, of •criminal neglect of my safety. I ask for an investigation into the matter, and for his removal from ■command.

As a summary, having allowed Governor Stevens to tell his own story, vitriolic as it is, we may say that in the final struggle the Indians obtained something the best of it. They secured what they wanted and the great Walla Walla war of 1855-6 must go down in history

as an Indian victory — a victory obtained in the main through the crass incapacity of Major General Wool. By Wool's order Steptoe issued a proclamation that no whites should return to Walla Walla, except Hudson's Bay people and missionaries. October 19th Wool issued a general order expressing the hope that Wright, "warned by what has occurred, will he on his guard against the whites and prevent further trouble by keeping the whites out of the Indian country." With his eyes partly •opened by the sensational events of the season Steptoe ventured to suggest that a good, industrious colony be _ permitted to settle in the Walla Walla valley On this suggestion Wool promptly stepped. "The Cascade range," he said, "formed, if not an impassable barrier, an excellent line of defense; a most excellent line of separation between two races always at war when in contact. To permit settlers to pass The Dalles and occupy the natural reserve is to give up this advantage, throw down the wall, and advance the frontier hundreds of miles to the east, and add to the protective labors of the army."

This much did General Wool against the best interests of Walla Walla valley. And at the same time he was inveighing against wars

in the eastern portion of the Territory, between Indians and whites, the savages west of the Cascades were preparing for a bloody series of uprisings, as if in mockery of the bombastic vaporings of a general who knew less about Indians and Indian fighting than the most humble private in the ranks of the Oregon volunteers. Thus, at the close of 1856 the Walla Walla valley was, by military order, remanded to barbarism. In 1857 the present Fort Walla Walla was established and a force in charge of Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe lay inactive at the fort.

When, in 1855, Governor Stevens and party met in the Walla Walla valley to treat with the Indians, the governor at once requested the military authorities to establish a fort in the valley. Says Hazard Stevens in his "Life of Isaac I. Stevens :"

"The second day after reaching the valley Governor Stevens, hearing that Governor Wool had just arrived at Vancouver, wrote him a letter urging the importance of supplying the

Walla Walla valley with a strong military force, preferably of cavalry, pointing out the central location of the point, and its strategic advantages for protecting the emigrant road, the trails to the Missouri on the east, the Puget Sound on the west, and for controlling the disaffected Indians, particularly the Cayuses and Snakes. This, like other sound and, indeed, necessary measures recommended by the governor, was ignored by the self-sufficient Wool and his officers, until they were obliged to adopt them from necessity."

At the council with the Walla Wallas, held in June, 1855, Governor Stevens had urged Colonel Wright to be present. He also requested him to send three companies of regulars, including all his mounted men, to the Walla Walla valley for that occasion. This courteous invitation to participate in the council was declined by Wright, but the latter signified his intention of sending Colonel Steptoe to Walla Walla for the purpose of establishing

a post in that country. Thus the fort was at last built, in 1857, on Mill Creek, one and one-half miles west of the town of Walla Walla, and six miles from the junction of Mill Creek with the Walla Walla river. The necessary buildings were completed before November 20th.

It is needless to say that the autocratic attitude of General Wool was extremely distasteful to the whites. The following- resolution relative to citizens and settlers in Walla Walla county being driven from their homes and claims by the military authority of Washington Territory, was passed by the Legislative Assembly January 15, 1858:

Whereas, Certain officers of the United States army, commanding in the county of Walla Walla, have unlawfully assumed to issue orders prohibiting citizens of this territory from settling in cer-

tain portions thereof, and in accordance with said orders have driven citizens and settlers from their claims and homes, acquired under the laws of the United States, to their great injury; therefore, he it

Resolved, by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Washington, That in our opinion the said orders are without the authority of law, and that the acts done under said orders are a high-handed outrage upon the rights and liberties of the American people.

Resolved, That the Governor be requested to give the proper authorities at Washington all necessary information on the subject of the outrageous usurpation of the military over the civil authority.

Resolved, That we believe the above usurpation to be the very worst form of martial law, proclaimed by tyrants, not having feeling in common with us, nor interests identified with ours.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be forwarded to our delegate in congress, and that he be requested to present the matter to the proper department at Washington City, to the end that the evil may be corrected.

There was now, at this critical juncture, an impending change. September 13, 1858, the war department issued an order by which the department of the Pacific Coast was divided, the southern portion to be designated 3.s the Department of California, although it

included the Umpqua district of Oregon. The Department of Oregon was the name of the northern division. This embraced Oregon and Washington. Headquarters were at Vancouver. To California General Clarke was assigned ; General W. S. Harney, fresh from a campaign in Utah, assumed command of the Oregon department.

October 29th the latter arrived in Oregon. He issued an order, two days later, opening the Walla Walla country to settlement. By the legislative assemblies of both Washington and Oregon resolutions were adopted congratulating the people on the creation of the Department of Oregon, on the accession to

command of General Harney, an old Indian fighter who understood the Indian character, and on the order reopening the country east of the Cascades to settlement, harmonizing with a recent act of congress extending the land laws of the United States over that portion of the territories. Meanwhile the short but vigorous campaign of General Wright had effectually subjugated the hostile Indians of Eastern Washington, and secured peace. Immediately the country commenced to develop. Along the lakes and streams rich tracts of land were taken by farmers; the extensive grazing lands were occupied by cattlemen.

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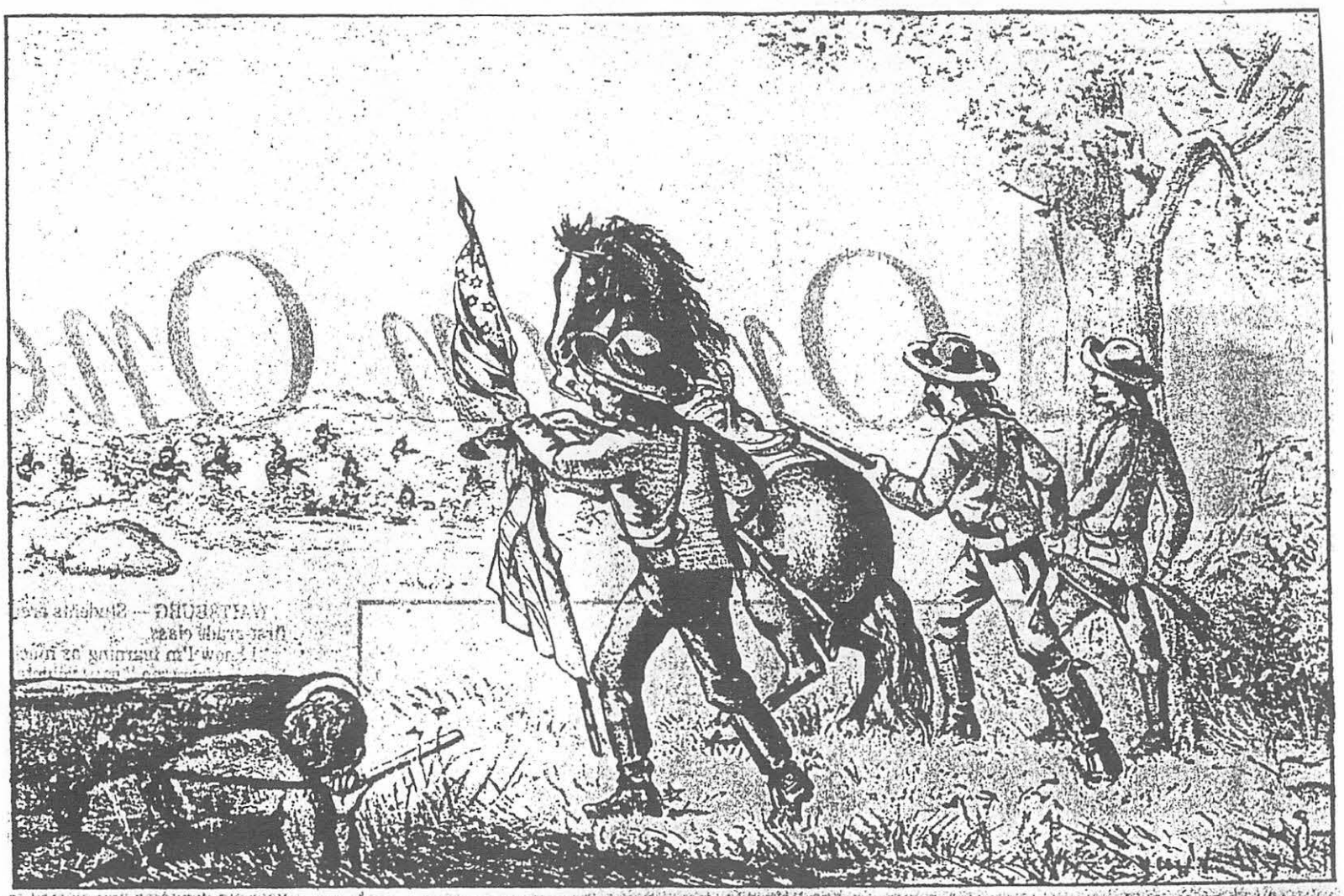
Details of 'Battle of Walla Walla' come to light

2 May 1982
Carl



First charge at the Battle of Walla Walla 1855.

remember when

A detailed account of the December 1855 "Battle of Walla Walla," or sometimes known as "Frenchtown Battle," has come to light in a collection of scrapbooks at Penrose Memorial Library, Whitman College.

Lawrence L. Dodd, curator of manuscripts and special collections, came across accounts from the diary of a soldier in that battle while reading a scrapbook compiled by Myron Eells, a son of the founder of Whitman College.

The scrapbook was of clippings from an 1892 issue of the Tacoma Tribune. Dodd also found an article by the same author published in a 1905 issue of the Walla Walla Union.

The diary keeper and soldier was George W. Miller, who crossed the plains at 20 with his parents, to Linn County, Oregon, in 1851. Miller turned to mining, then settled on a donation land claim near Albany in 1852.

In 1860 — following the Indian war service — Miller settled on a 160-acre homestead on what became the City of Dayton. He invested in land along the Snake River north of Pomeroy, where he owned some 700 acres, some of it in fruit and berries.

Miller died at 84 at his home in Salem, Ore., in 1914.

This is part one of a four-part story of the battle and the aftermath.

In October, 1855, in response to a call for a volunteer army to march against Indians near Fort Walla Walla on the Columbia River, Miller enlisted as a private at Albany.

Officers elected by the men included Davis Layton, captain; A. Hanan, first lieutenant; John Burrows, second lieutenant and W.G. Haley, orderly sergeant. On Oct. 13, 1855, the volunteers "took up our line of march and were mustered into service in Portland on the 17th day of October, 1855, as Company H, Oregon Mounted Volunteers, second battalion, under command of Maj. Mark . Chinn."

The troops marched to the mouth of Sandy River and from there were taken by boat to The Dalles. Here, they were joined by companies B and and the line of march was again taken for Fort Walla Walla. They reached Wells Springs — 14 miles south of Boardman — Nov. 17. The Miller diary picks up the account:

"That night, Johnny McBean, son of William McBean, chief Hudson's Bay Co. factor, came into camp as a courier from Narcisse Raymond, a resident of the Walla Walla Valley, with a report that Pëu-peu-mox-mox (Chief of the Walla Wallas) had sent a

[illegible] the movements of the volunteers, and that Fort Walla Walla was already in possession of the Indians, about 1,000 strong, and that all the adjacent positions around the fort were in their possession.

"This information determined Maj. 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 it 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 Maj. Haller's wife. It was located across the Umatilla River from present day Echo, Ore.

"On the 21st of November, from this point Maj. 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, Capt. Narcisse A. Cornoyer, with Company K, arrived at Fort Henrietta to reinforce Maj. Chinn. On the 29th of November, Capt. Alfred V. Wilson and Capt. Charles Bennett, with companies A and F, arrived at Fort Henrietta, with Lt. Col. James K. Kelly, who took command at the front.

"Col. 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 operations, and on the evening of December 2 his command moved out from Fort Henrietta, hoping to surprise the enemy at daybreak next morning. 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 Col. 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. Maj. 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.

"Col. Kelly, after reaching the foot of the canyon (about 12 miles up from the mouth of the Touchet River) sent scouts in advance to look out for prowling bands of Indians. 'After 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 instance, they were covered by the guns of the guard and ordered to halt. One of their party, carrying a flag of truce, proved to be Peupeumoxmox (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 the desire to see him. A messenger was 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 Col. Kelly and Agent Olney, with John McBean, interpreter, went forward to meet the great Walla Walla chief. When they met, Peupeumoxmox, in an insolent manner, demanded why an armed force had come to invade his country.

"Col. 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, Col. Kelly told him of the pillaging and destroying of Fort Walla Walla, the seizing of government property there, the carrying away of the Hudson's Bay Company's goods, the burning of the storehouse of Walla Walla Valley ranchers Lloyd V. Brooke, John F. Noble and George C. Bomford, and appropriating the goods to their own use.

"When confronted with these criminal acts, Peupeumoxmox 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 Cayuse to join with him in a 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 to make payment for the balance.

"Col. 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.

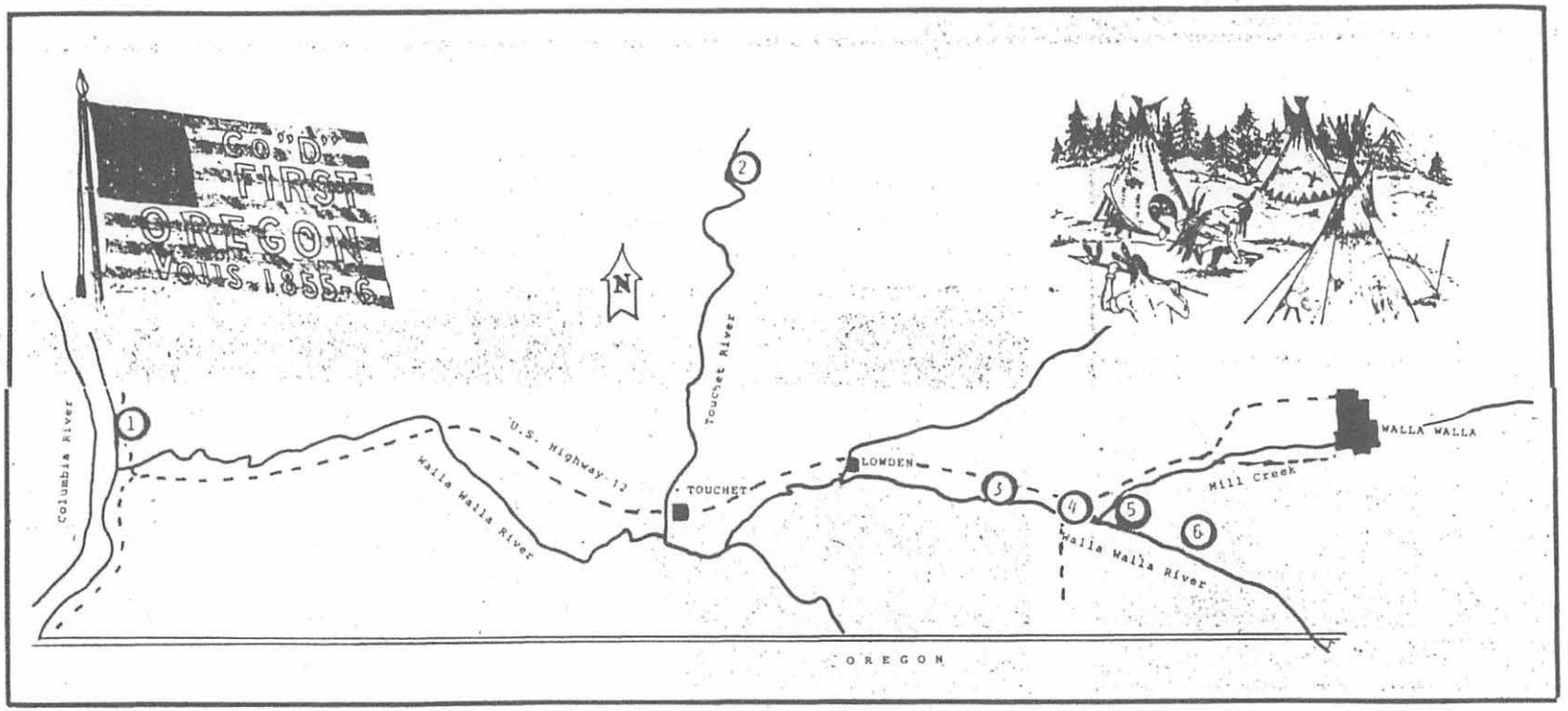
deportment that Peupeumoxmox only desired time in which to make ready for battle. Therefore, he instructed his intepreter to explain to him distinctly that he could take his flag of truce and go back to his village and get ready for battle, but by so doing an attack would be made on his village immediately. 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 poeople would not be molested.

"Thus hard-pressed, the haughty old chief consented to remain as a hostage for the fulfillment of his words, assuring Col. Kelly 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."

(To be continued).

Indians outnumbered volunteers in WW battle

9 May 1982 Part 2



Principal scenes from the Battle of Walla Walla — with present locations — include: (1) Fort Walla Walla — later Wallula; (2) where Oregon Volunteers met massed Indians at narrow canyon; (3) La Rocque Cabin — old Clem Bergevin home; (4) Tellier cabin; (5) Whitman Mission; (6) Fort Curry.

"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 a line and dashed forth, opening a heavy fire on the enemy as they ran."

— Diary of George W. Miller
Oregon Volunteers

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is part two of a four-part story detailing events of the December 1855 "Battle of Walla Walla." The details are from a dairy kept by George W. Miller, a soldier in the Oregon Volunteers who crossed the plains in 1851.

When the Indian wars were concluded, which reopened the region, Miller homesteaded at what later became Dayton; and he owned extensive holding in Garfield County. In part one, Miller told how the volunteer soldiers marched up the Touchet River to a narrow canyon where they met the forces led by Chief Peupeumoxmox of the Walla Walla tribe.

VANCE ORCHARD
Of the Union-Bulletin

Col. Kelly, as night came on, saw he was being led by Peupeumoxmox into the canyon and a possible ambush by the Walla Walla Indians. After calling a halt, he conferred with his officers and elected to camp for the night.

It was to be a miserable night for the soldiers.

They spent the night without wood, water or food, Col. Kelly wanting to

remember when

be extra cautious that none of the Indians made their escape, Miller notes.

During the night, Peupeumoxmox asked to send a man to the Indian camp, telling his people of the treaty terms. Col. Kelly agreed, although suspecting it was the last he would see of the Indian. He was right.

Miller again pick up his account:

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"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 Col. Kelly after the battle. He said Peupeumoxmox 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.

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"When the volunteers were ready to start to the Indian camp, his whole purpose was delay. He knew that every moment he could delay Col. 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. 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.

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"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," arriving there at dusk," Miller says.

Early dawn's light revealed Five Crow's men on the hills around the camp. The Indians were now poised for the three-day running battle.

Miller's account details how the battle lines were established and the fighting which ensued:

"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 (La Roque) 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 volunteeers 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 2,000. My own estimate, put down in my diary at the time, was 1,000. Col. Kelly, in his official report, estimated the number of warriors engaged in the fight at 600.

"From Gov. Stevens' report (1,000 to 1,200 warriors) my estimate is low; but, be that 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...

"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, privates Henry Crowe and S. S. Van Hagerman fell mortally wounded and several others were wounded.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is part two of a four-part story detailing events of the December 1855 "Battle of Walla Walla." The details are from a dairy kept by George W. Miller, a soldier in the Oregon Volunteers who crossed the plains in 1851.

When the Indian wars were concluded, which reopened the region, Miller homesteaded at what later became Dayton; and he owned extensive holding in Garfield County. In part one, Miller told how the volunteer soldiers marched up the Touchet River to a narrow canyon where they met the forces led by Chief Peupeumoxmox of the Walla Walla tribe.

VANCE ORCHARD
Of the Union-Bulletin

Col. Kelly, as night came on, saw he was being led by Peupeumoxmox into the canyon and a possible ambush by the Walla Walla Indians. After calling a halt, he conferred with his officers and elected to camp for the night.

It was to be a miserable night for the soldiers.

They spent the night without wood, water or food, Col. Kelly wanting to

remember when

be extra cautious that none of the Indians made their escape, Miller notes.

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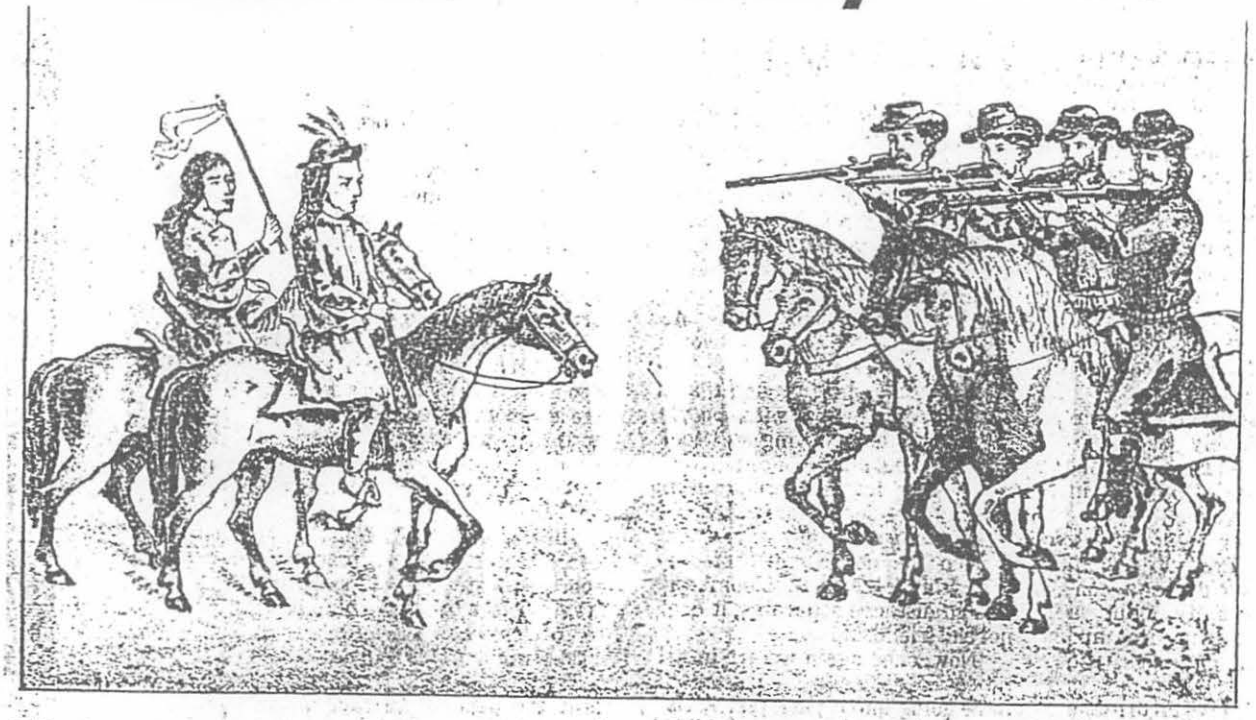
"At this critical moment, Lt. John M. Burrows, with a small detachment, was ordered to cross the fence that surrounded the La Roche field and charge upon the Indians in the brush, the writer being one of the number who crossed. When only a few steps beyond the fence, the brave Burrows fell dead and Capt. Lyman B. Munson and several others were wounded.

"A dispatch having been sent to Capt. Alfred V. 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, Capt. Bennett with Company F was on hand and with these reinforcements the Indians were driven about nine miles farther up the Walla Walla River, where they took possession of a house (the Tellier cabin, located south of Whitman Station and on the north side of the Walla Walla River) with a close built fence around it.

"In attempting to dislodge them, Capt. Bennett and Private E. B. Kelso of Company A were killed."

Next week: The battle continues.

Battle of Walla Walla claimed many lives



This sketch from a book by George Hunter of his memoirs of the "Battle of Walla Walla," illustrates the capture of Walla Walla Chief Peopeomoxmox.

By VANCE ORCHARD
Of the Union-Bulletin

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is part three of a four-part story detailing events of the December 1855 "Battle of Walla Walla." The details are from a diary kept by a soldier of the Oregon Volunteers, George W. Miller. Previous sections have told of the engagement of the Indians under Chiefs Peopeomoxmox and Five Crows and the holding of the former as a hostage. The battle raged in the vicinity of the present Bergevin farm west of Walla Walla on U.S. Highway 12, with the death of Capt. Bennett and Private Kelso. Miller's account, drawing from his diary continues.

"Soon after this a howitzer, found at Fort Walla Walla, was brought to bear upon them by Capt. Wilson, but having nothing but a sandhill to lay the piece on, when firing the fourth round it burst, wounding Capt. 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 (on the Bergevin place—Ed.) which was used as a hospital. Peopeomoxmox, with his stentorian voice, began to cheer up his warriors and encourgage them to be brave, receiving responses from them at short intervals.

"Col. 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 Capt. David 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?' Col. Kelly took in

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 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 (six were held captive) except the Nez Perces (15-year-old boy) 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 hands, when they fell to the ground, weltering in their gore.

"If the body of Peopeomoxmox 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. Campfires 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 20, 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. Lt. Charles B. Pillow with Company A, and Lt. Adolphus B. Hannah, 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.

"Lt. Fellows with Company F, Lt. John T. Jeffries with Company B, Lt. Hand. with Company I and Capt. 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 practical. 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 Lt. 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, and the war whoop 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 (the Indians) were at their work again, but not so early as on the preceding morning. The volunteers being fatigued and nearly worn out, Col. Kelly chose to act on the defensive and hold the position, the same as before, until companies D and I 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 companies 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, Lt. James McAuliff (later, to be a mayor of Walla Walla—Ed.) 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 of 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 their 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. Col. 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 (Miller's company—Ed.) killed and wounded during the engagement nearly equalled that of all the other companies, as will be seen from the list of killed and wounded:

"Capt. Charles Bennett, Co. F, killed; Lt. J. M. Burrows, Co. H, killed. privates Andrew Kelso, Co. A, killed; S.S. Van Hagerman, I, killed; Jasper Flemming, Co. A, mortally wounded; Joseph Sturdevant, Co. B, mortally wounded; Henry Crow, Co. H, mortally wounded; Sgt. Maj. Isaac Miller, Co. H., wounded; Capt. A.V. Wilson, Co. A, wounded; Capt. L.B. Munson, Co. I, wounded; Capt. Davis Layton, Co. H., wounded; privates Casper Snook, Co. H, wounded; T. J. Payne, Co. H, wounded; Frank Crabtree, Co. H, wounded; Nathan Fry, Co. H., wounded; John Smith, Co. H, wounded; A. M. Addington, Co. H, wounded. Isaac Miller, Co. H, wounded; Frank Duval, Company A, wounded; G. W. Smith, Co. B, wounded and J.B. Gervais, Co. 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 battlefield after it was all over, and it is estimated that at least 30 were carried off 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 2½ to one. At this ratio, the killed and wounded during the battle would be 350. This

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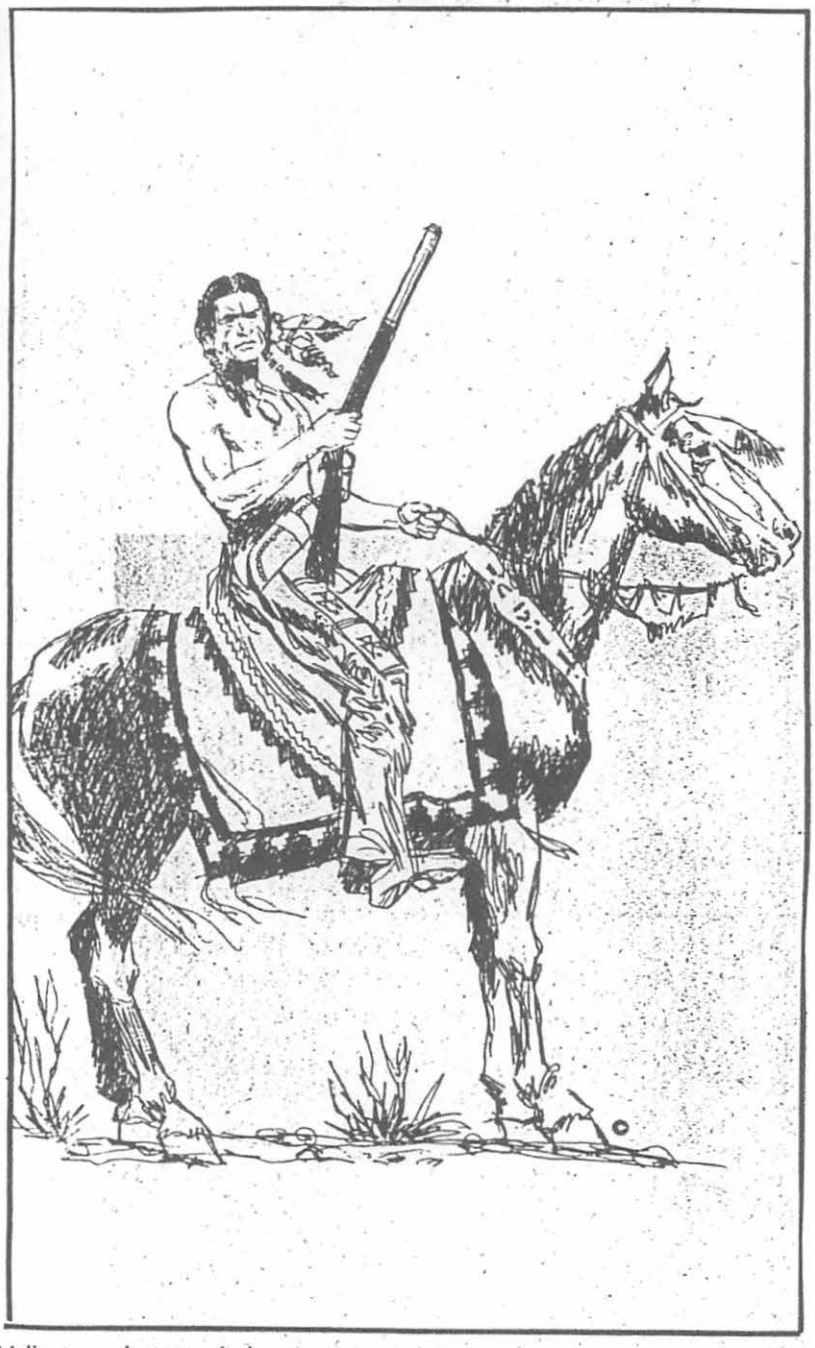
Winter brought hardships to volunteers

23 May 1982
Part 4



Valiant combatants during the three-day Battle of Walla Walla early in December 1855, the Indians were effectively dispersed that winter, according to Oregon Volunteer soldier accounts.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is part four of a four-part story providing details of the December 1855 "Battle of Walla Walla." The details come from a diary kept by a soldier of the Oregon Volunteers, George W. Miller. In this section, Miller describes the bitter cold and sparse meals as the troops went into winter quarters. For the Volunteers it was winter quarters remindful of those of the Revolutionary War, with short rations and insufficient clothing and bedding allotments. Miller tells of those hardships that winter of 1855-56 as well as the pursuit of remnants of the Indians which had been so thoroughly defeated in the pitched battle of early December.

By VANCE ORCHARD
Of the Union-Bulletin

"December 16th we moved our camp two miles above Whitman Station, on the north side of Mill Creek. On the night of Dec. 21, the snow fell from six to eight inches deep, and the mercury stood about 20 degrees below zero.

"Next morning it fell to my lot to go on guard. My raiment consisted of an old slouch hat, an old coat, a flannel shirt, a threadbare pair of pants and an old pair of shoes without socks.

"I had run through my shoes during the battle, but found an old pair in a cache which answered the purpose. I donned my raiment and tied a string around my pants legs to keep them from slipping above my knees, and at 6 o'clock was ready for duty."

Coming off duty that night, Miller picked up the tracks of what he thought at first was a deer, but found it to be a pig. He shot it and his group had good chow for a meal or two, he recounted.

His duty was for six hours but his feet had suffered little from the intense cold. Miller describes this and the conditions for others of his company.

"When I examined my feet, strange to say, they were not badly frozen, only that the tops and sides were raised up in blisters. Several of the boys who had no shoes took rawhide and sewed up in shape something like a moccasin. This beat bare feet to wade through the snow with.

"But, the boys seemed to be content. Our tents were small and thin, our blankets were smaller and thinner. I had two of those long, narrow, thin, blankets, one blue and one green, that were not long enough to reach from my nose down to my feet, and a saddle blanket. This constituted my bed.

"At one time during the winter we heard of a band of Indians that came in the valley to give us an 'entertainment.'

"A scouting party was soon formed, and marched in the direction of the Touchet River to reconnoiter in that part of the valley. I well recollect the appearance of things that night, where we camped on the Coppei. The ground was frozen and covered about four inches deep with snow, and myself and bedfellow raked off the snow from a small spot, spread our saddle blankets, two pair of those light blue blankets, and my green blanket and retired for the night.

"Our next move was up Mill Creek about 12 miles, or seven miles above where Walla Walla now stands. Our bill of fare during the winter was beef and potatoes that grew up in that

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 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 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.

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

WALLA WALLA
COUNTY

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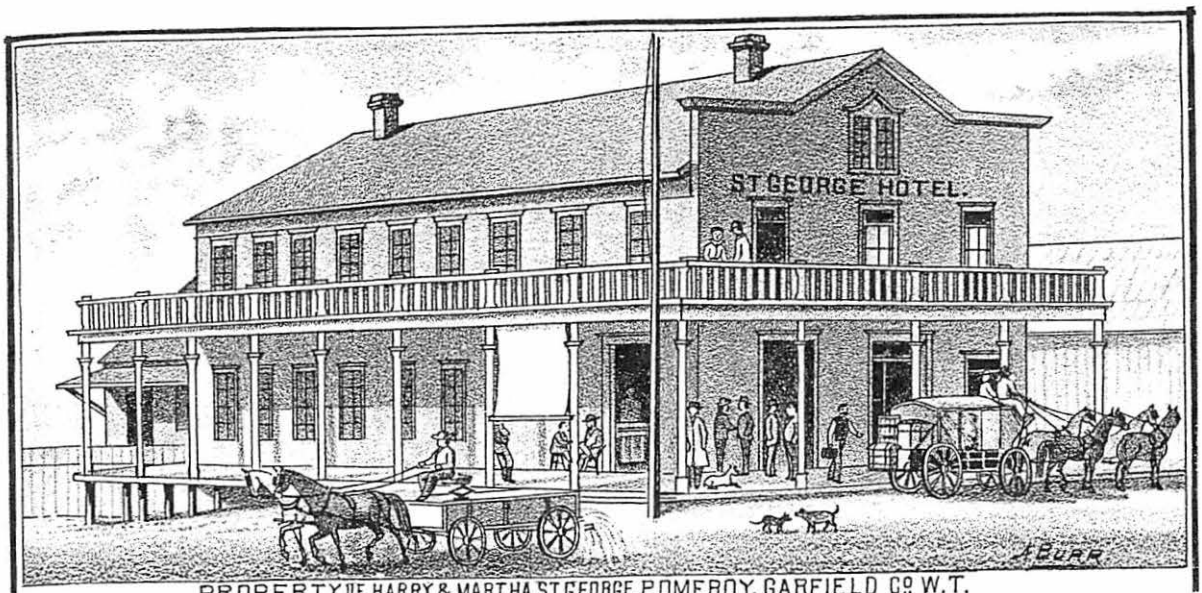
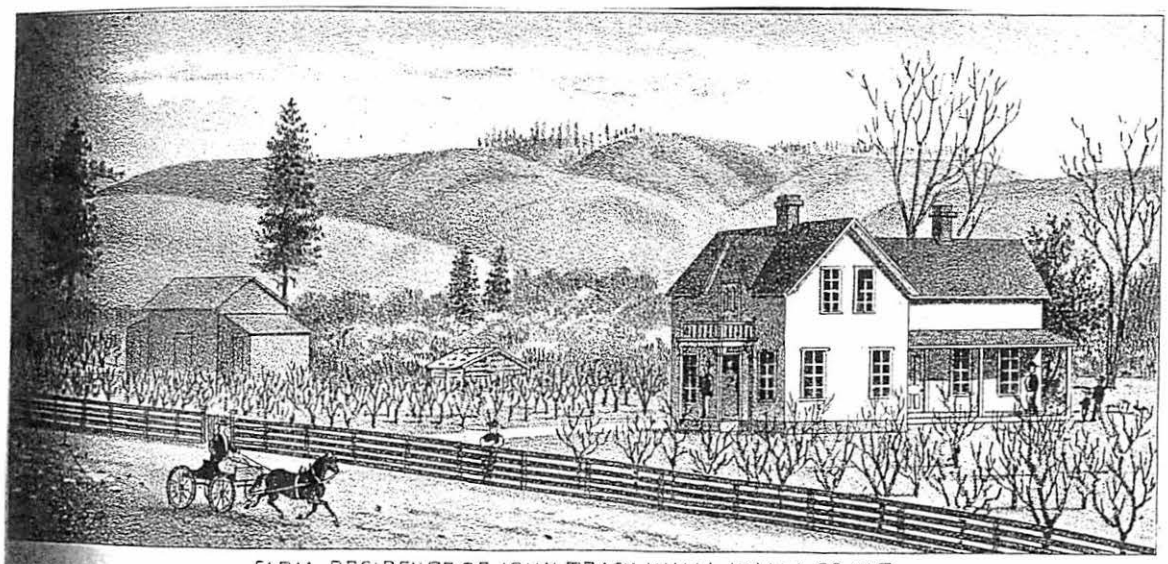


PROPERTY OF HARRY & MARTHA ST GEORGE, POMEROY, GARFIELD Co. W.T.

HARRY St. GEORGE is proprietor of the St. George hotel, Pomeroy, W. T. Henry St. George, his father, came from England to the United States in 1840, He afterwards sent back for Henrietta Bauman, whom he married upon her arrival in this country. Their son Harry was born in New York City, November 15, 1850. He attended school in that city until seventeen years of age, and then clerked and kept books for six years in Springfield, Mass., and in Hartford, Union City, and Portland, Ind. He returned to New York, and in 1873 enlisted in the regular army, being annexed to the 2d Infantry. He was stationed in the Southern States and on the Gulf of Mexico; was in New Orleans during the election troubles in 1876; came to Idaho during the Nez Perce war in 1877; received his discharge at Fort Lapwai in December, 1877. He remained in this country engaged in various pursuits, spending considerable time in the Idaho mines. He came to Pomeroy and took charge of the Pomeroy hotel, now the St. George, September 1, 1881. September 8, 1881, he married Martha J. Pomeroy. The house has been enlarged and furnished the past summer at considerable expense. There are now thirty-six rooms and a large dining hall. A view of this hotel is given in this book. Also a view of the block in which it stands, from another point.

Pg 37


FARM RESIDENCE OF JOHN TRACY WALLA WALLA CO. W.T.

JOHN TRACY, who lives on Mill creek, about seven miles from Walla Walla, was born in Portumna, Galway county, Ireland, on the ninth of April, 1825. In 1849 he emigrated to America, and the succeeding six years were spent in various localities as a laborer, until he enlisted in the Ninth U. S. Infantry, April 6, 1855. His regiment under Colonel Wright was ordered to the Pacific Coast, and reached Fort Vancouver in January, 1856. The country was in the midst of an Indian war at the time, and Mr. Tracy served under that famous commander of the Ninth Infantry during all its campaign against the savages in Washington Territory, until discharged, at Walla Walla in July, 1860. He participated in those thrilling events that marked the Wright campaign of 1858, which spread terror among the evil-disposed red skins, who had driven Colonel Steptoe to disaster and out of their country. After his discharge from service, he located land on Mill creek, where he now resides, but spent a portion of 1861 and 1862 in the mines. In 1865, October 26, he was married to Eliza J. Hendricks, a native of Tennessee, and their children's names and dates of their birth are as follows: John Tracy, Jr., July 6, 1867; Mary Lucinda, April 5, 1869; Lawrence, January 16, 1870; Thomas, October 16, 1872; Catherine, May 27, 1875; Eliza, January 1, 1876; Edward, October 16, 1878; Ellen, April 24, 1880. Mr. Tracy's ranch consists of 440 acres, all of which is inclosed and most of it under cultivation. The improvements can be best appreciated by referring to a view of the same in this work.

Pg 38

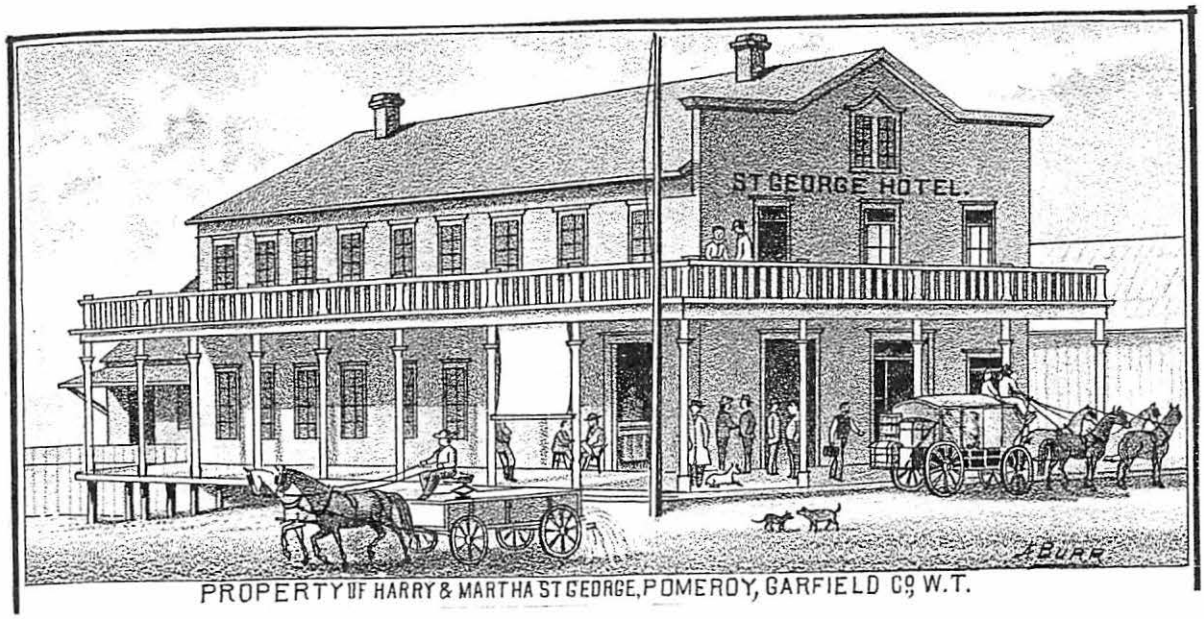
as an Indian victory – a victory obtained in the main through the crass incapacity of Major General Wool. By Wool's order Steptoe issued a proclamation that no whites should return to Walla Walla, except Hudson's Bay people and missionaries. October 19th Wool issued a general order expressing the hope that Wright, "warned by what has occurred, will he on his guard against the whites and prevent further trouble by keeping the whites out of the Indian country." With his eyes partly •opened by the sensational events of the season Steptoe ventured to suggest that a good, industrious colony be _ permitted to settle in the Walla Walla valley On this suggestion Wool promptly stepped. "The Cascade range," he said, "formed, if not an impassable barrier, an excellent line of defense; a most excellent line of separation between two races always at war when in contact. To permit settlers to pass The Dalles and occupy the natural reserve is to give up this advantage, throw down the wall, and advance the frontier hundreds of miles to the east, and add to the protective labors of the army."

This much did General Wool against the best interests of Walla Walla valley. And at the same time he was inveighing against wars

in the eastern portion of the Territory, between Indians and whites, the savages west of the Cascades were preparing for a bloody series of uprisings, as if in mockery of the bombastic vaporings of a general who knew less about Indians and Indian fighting than the most humble private in the ranks of the Oregon volunteers. Thus, at the close of 1856 the Walla Walla valley was, by military order, remanded to barbarism. In 1857 the present Fort Walla Walla was established and a force in charge of Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe lay inactive at the fort.

When, in 1855, Governor Stevens and party met in the Walla Walla valley to treat with the Indians, the governor at once requested the military authorities to establish a fort in the valley. Says Hazard Stevens in his "Life of Isaac I. Stevens :"

"The second day after reaching the valley Governor Stevens, hearing that Governor Wool had just arrived at Vancouver, wrote him a letter urging the importance of supplying the



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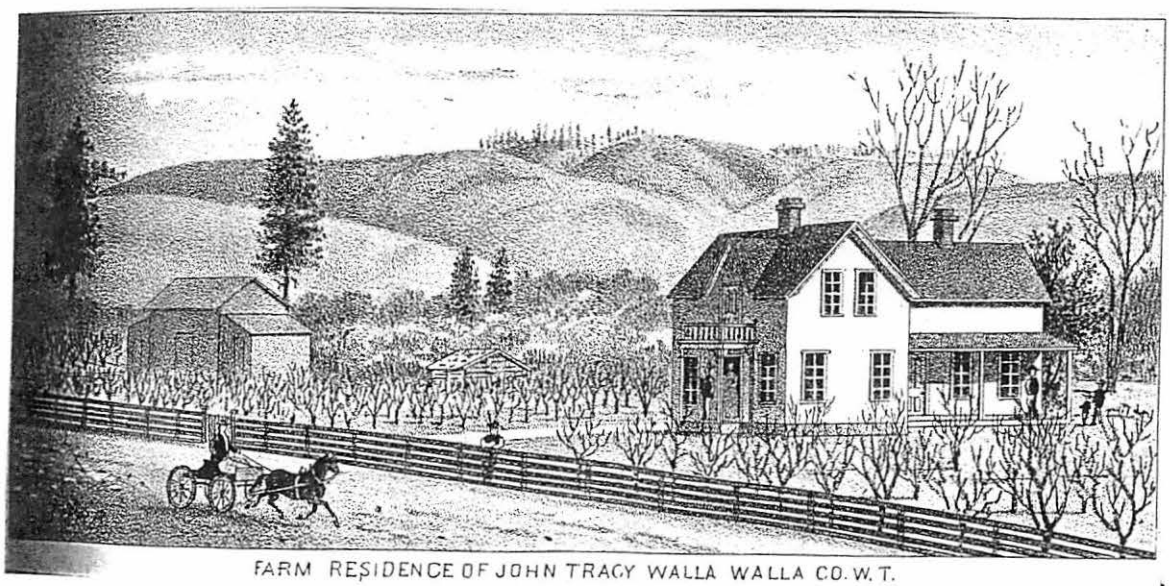

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Jq38

SEWELL TRUAX was born in Missisquoi county, Canada, April 23, 1830. His parents were citizens of the United States, and have resided in Franklin county, Vermont, since 1831. He was educated at Norwich University, in Vermont, in the profession of civil engineer. At the age of twenty-one he started upon his rambles in the West, stopping a short time in Buffalo and Cleveland, and then spent the summer of 1852 in the survey of a railroad line from Marquette, Michigan, on the shore of Lake Superior to an iron mine twenty-five miles distant in the wilderness. In the fall he went to Dubuque, Iowa, and entered the law office of Mr. Bissell, since Governor of that State. Two weeks convinced him that he would make a better engineer than lawyer, and he resumed his old profession. In the spring of 1853, on his return from a serveying trip along the Missouri, between Big and Little Sioux rivers, he encountered a large number of emigrants at Council Bluffs, caught the Oregon fever, and the next day, May 4, 1853, was on his way to Oregon. He arrived at his destination in August. Until 1861 he was U. S. Deputy Surveyor in Southern Oregon, had a little experience with Indians in Rogue River valley in 1855–6, and in 1861 entered the United States volunteer service as Captain of Company D, First Oregon cavalry, of which regiment he subsequently became Major. In 1862 his regiment was ordered to Walla Walla and for a time in 1863 Major Truax was in command of that fort, but the greater portion of 1863–4 was in command at Fort Lapwai, Idaho Territory. For several years after the close of the war he was engaged in mercantile business at Lapwai. In 1870 he returned to Walla Walla, which he has since made his residence, most of the time engaged in his profession of engineering. For two years he devoted his time and means to the construction of the W. W. & C. R. railroad from Wallula to Walla Walla, being the first Vice President and Superintendent of construction. In 1877 he was one of the first to locate upon the high bluffs of Snake river, which owes its early and successful development largely to that fact, and to the grain chute which he invented, for transporting the grain from the top of the bluffs to the river. Major Truax was married February 13, 1861, to Sarah E. Chandler, of Missisquoi county, Canada, born April 11, 1839. Their children are: Mary P., born June 3, 1862, married to B. D. Crocker in July, 1880, (Little son, Porter Truax Crocker, born September 27, 1881); Harmon C., born in 1864, died February 27, 1867; Edward Holden, born March 25, 1866; Elenor Hibbard, born January 12, 1868; Henry Chandler, born in 1870; Harlow Elias, born in 1874; Sewell, Jr., born in February, 1876.

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Pg 38-39

Judge Thomas C. Shaw

Judge Shaw was a member of the Oregon Mounted Volunteers, citizens enlisted from the Willamette Valley to punish the perpetrators of the Whitman Massacre.

"In December, 1847—when all the fall and early winter work had been completed and the crops sown, and the people were taking a little rest, the immigration of 1847 having all arrived in the Willamette Valley, except a few who had been compelled to stop at Dr. Whitman's mission on the Walla Walla river in eastern Oregon, and were employed by him in making improvements at the mission—our country was beginning to prosper and it was fast developing into a splendid stock and farming country. There being peace and plenty in the land, it was just the thing to expect that the residents of this beautiful country would be ready to say as one did of old, 'soul take thine ease.' While we were ready to do so and to enter into the full enjoyment of the fruits of the land, not knowing what had happened some 300 miles east of us, to our great surprise a courier arrived, bringing us the startling intelligence that Dr. Whitman, a missionary under the auspices of the Presbyterian church, his wife (who was a refined lady) and some twelve or fourteen American citizens (who were engaged at the mission) were, without any provocation whatever, on the 27th day of November, 1847, ruthlessly murdered in cold blood by the Cayuse Indians, who were then his charge.

"This news threw the country into a great fever and everything you could hear was about the war which was inevitable. The Indians had not only killed the missionaries and those in their employ, but had taken several young women and girls and abused them in a horrible manner. The first thing then to be done was to get these girls and young women from the Indians.

"It was reported to us that the bodies had all been decently interred by those sent to attend to this matter by the Hudson Bay Company, but I was shocked when I went to the place called the grave of those worthy dead, and found that the bodies had been disinterred by the wolves, and pieces of their bodies were strewn around as if they had been of no more value than those of wild beasts. Dr. Whitman's body was almost entirely disinterred, and what shocked the writer most was to see the beautiful golden curls of Mrs. Whitman scattered promiscuously over the ground as if the evil one had done his best to destroy every vestige of what this good and noble woman had done for the last ten years, and had succeeded in scattering her beautiful golden hair as a trophy to the wind and sand of the Walla Walla Valley.

"I must be permitted right here to express my disgust at this, one of the most revolting and blood-curdling scenes of my life. My blood first ran cold then hot, and my rage, and that of my comrades, became almost unbearable at times, and the only satisfaction that we could hope to attain, was the pleasure of seeing in the engagements that followed with our enemies that our unerring rifles had done their work well when we saw some red men of the forest tumble to the ground. And we never saw such an occurence as this without a sweet sensation of revenge. When we were in an engagement we invariably thought of her who had worn that beautiful golden hair, and took a great pride in avenging her wrongs, for we well remembered that she was one of two noble women that left father, mother, brothers and sisters and all else to them that seemed dear, and made the trip across the plains in the year 1836, and all for the purpose of carrying the good news of the gospel to those red men, who had at first received them kindly, but by some unaccountable change in their minds had become the murderers of those that would be their benefactors.

"We found everything around the mission in bad condition. Fences were all down, and almost everything of value had been destroyed and appropriated and there was nothing left to represent the thrift that this mission had in the year 1844 when our immigration came by on its way to the Willamette Valley. As soon as our command arrived we took possession of what was left and immediately commenced to build a fort out of the debris that was left.

"Our officers found it too hard a task to fight and guard the stock that we had taken, and they ordered it all turned out. This I hated, for I saw some of the oxen in this herd that hauled the Sager family from the Missouri river to Whitman station. This Sager family was a family that came across the plains in the year 1844. They lost their father in Green river with the camp fever and their mother near Fort Hall with the same dread disease. My father, Capt. William Shaw, brought the family to Dr. Whitman's, and their father and mother being Presbyterians, Dr. Whitman and wife kindly agreed to take the children and do the best they could for them, and when the massacre took place, John and Frances Sager were murdered, and the Sager girls, five I think in number, were taken prisoners by the Indians. Frances Sager was the only person in the whole number that was murdered that attempted to fight when the Indians set upon Dr. Whitman to murder him. This boy being about thirteen or fourteen years of age, drew a small pistol and would have dispatched an Indian with it but for the interference of some trackers who still had some hopes that they would be spared."

Gp 38-40

leaders. His opinions carried weight in its councils and his efforts were an element in advancing its success. Five times he was elected to represent his district in the general assembly of Washington and he left the impress of his individuality upon many important legislative measures which were enacted during that period. He closely studied the questions and issues of the day and gave his aid and support to any measure or movement which he believed would promote the interests of the commonwealth and stood with equal firmness in opposition to any cause which he believed would be detrimental to the welfare of the community at large. His position was never an equivocal one and he loyally supported every measure in which he believed. None questioned the integrity of his opinions or of his actions. He served as a delegate to both county and state conventions and did much to mold public thought and opinion. Mrs. Lloyd is a member of the Eastern Star and also of the Rebekah lodge and in these organizations has filled all of the chairs. She is a consistent member of the Presbyterian church, while Mr. Lloyd was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church. He was prominent as a man whose constantly expanding powers took him from humble surroundings to the field of large enterprises and continually broadening opportunities. He was reared upon the western frontier and the effort required to live in those ungenerous surroundings, the necessity to make every blow tell and to exercise every inventive faculty developed powers of mind and habits which made him a forceful and resourceful business man and citizen. The early rising, the daily tasks, the economical habits of the country boy prepared him for the struggle that must precede ascendency and step by step Mr. Lloyd gained success in business and prominence in public life.

Cg 247-249

LYMAN'S HISTORY
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VOL II
1918

WALLA WALLA
COUNTY

G915

Steamers constituted 'navy' during Indian wars

Volunteers from Walla Walla fought under Painter's command

10 April 1983

By VANCE ORCHARD
Of the Union-Bulletin

William Charles Painter, a pony soldier who came to the Walla Walla country in 1855 to fight the Indians, was a river gunboat Indian fighter 33 years later.

He fought in the Bannock Indian War of 1878. It was perhaps the first time in their history that Oregon and Washington had a "navy" when a newly built river steamer was pressed into service.

Three steamers in all were in the effort to repulse the Bannocks, reportedly headed north to join up with the Yakimas or with Chief Moses in Central Washington.

The steamer "Welcome" with 25 men, a Gatling gun (Civil War machine gun) and howitzer, left Vancouver the evening of July 5 to patrol around Wallula.

Another steamer, the "Northwest," left Wallula three days later on July 8 to patrol between there and Umatilla. A Gatling was also part of this boat's armament. It was commanded by Capt. M.C. Wilkinson and 12 soldiers plus 20 other men hired for the occasion.

That same day, the newly completed steamer "Spokane" pulled out of Umatilla to patrol downriver. A Gatling and a force of 19 soldiers and 42 volunteers manned this boat. Painter was in charge of the volunteer force he had raised in Walla Walla.

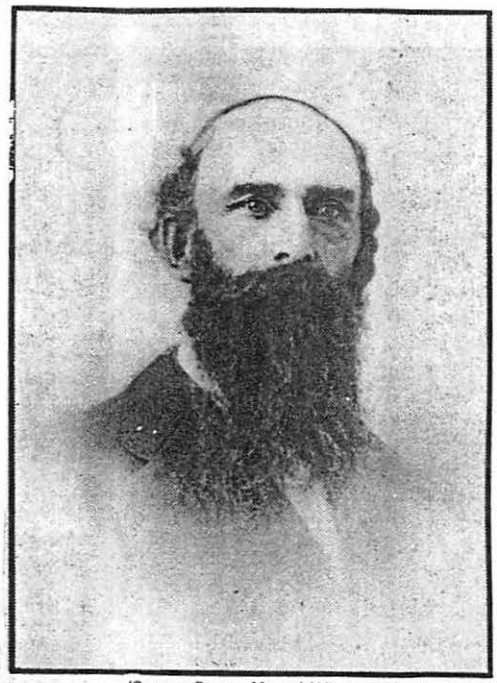
The role of this boat and its mixed crew of soldiers and volunteers was described in the book, "Blow for the Landing," by Fritz Timmen, formerly of Walla Walla and now residing in Kennewick.

The steamer was only eight months out of its shipyards at Celilo when it was pressed into military (naval) service.

The Oregon Steam Navigation Co. had the Spokane on the Snake River run between Riparia and Lewiston when the Bannocks suddenly departed their reservation.

Gathering some allies as they moved north, they hoped to join up with some 3,500 Yakima tribesmen.

The Army's Second Infantry, stationed at Fort Walla Walla, was dispatched to stop this threatened joinup of Indian forces. Gen. Frank Wheaton, meeting the boat at Wallula with his regulars and Painter's volunteers, quickly transformed the river steamer into a gunboat, arming it with the hand-cranked Gatling, a small cannon and rifles. Sacks of flour piled on the deck provided breastworks and the makeship gunboat shoved off.



(Courtesy Penrose Memorial Library, Whitman College)
WILLIAM C. PAINTER

Assigned to patrol the Columbia between Umatilla and Arlington, the Spokane surprised a band of Bannocks 13 miles below Umatilla. The Indians were attempting to swim some 200 horses over to the Washington shore. They already had 300 over when the guns from the Spokane opened fire. The Indians on the north shore hurried off into the hills as the Spokane landed men to chase them and to round up what horses they could.

A few miles downstream, near Arlington, the Spokane surprised another band of Indians also attempting a river crossing. The boat's firepower again came into action, driving off the Indians from both sides of the river. A fleet of canoes on the Oregon shore was destroyed and more horses rounded up.

Several horses and a lot of captured "booty," consisting of provisions, buffalo robes, saddles and other camp needs of the Indians were taken or destroyed. The war plans of the Bannocks were apparently broken by this engagement on the Columbia.

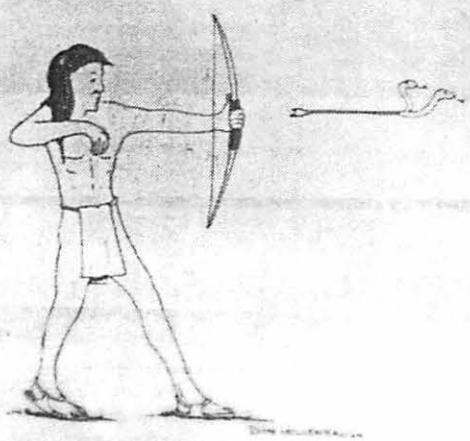
As the Spokane steamed back to Umatilla following the engagements, its return was viewed with envy, curiosity and likely some fear of this newest military development by hundreds of Indians silhouetted against the hills of Oregon and Washington Territory.

Painter drew commendations for his role in

BILINGUAL BRIDGES

10 April 19

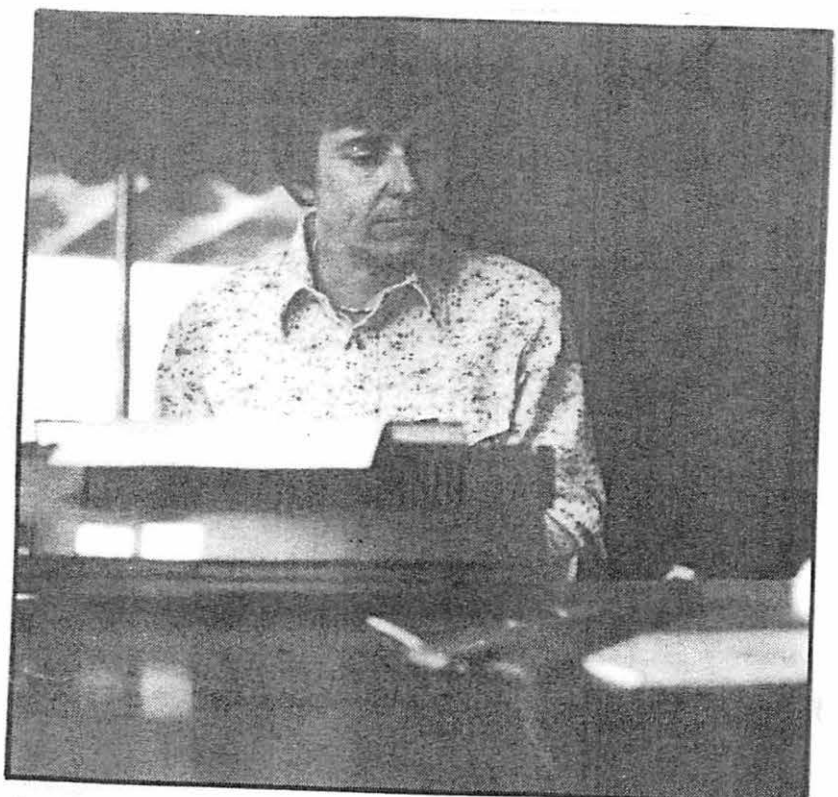
Now that I am an old man, I still have important work to do. I make bows and arrows and sell them for money. And I give talks to groups of children and adults. At first I wasn't sure if I should tell our stories and legends to people. Then Thomas Segundo told me in about 1965 that it was the right thing for me to do. I have talked to people in many places on and off our reservation including Tucson, Phoenix, Riverside and Nevada. I have gone to all the high schools off the reservation our children go to so I could talk to them about being O'odham.



I'itoi's plan for us is for us to remain O'odham. That is what keeps us strong and healthy. It allows us to see things most people don't see too and to understand their meaning. Everyone can see rabbits and coyotes and common animals like them. But I have seen the kosan, and wawuk and hahe'i. The person who sees the two-headed snake will become a really good hunter. He will have the sharp eyes and ears of a cat. There was a hunter who used the bow and arrow so expertly in raids against the Apache. He had seen the two-headed snake and its power. His arrows wrapped around the enemy's neck like a snake and killed him instantly.

The turtle is also important. The sun shines on his shell like bright mirrors to show where something is. There was a man coming to Red Well to

Prescott's Don Hollenbaugh did the illustrations for these pages of Carpenter's books.



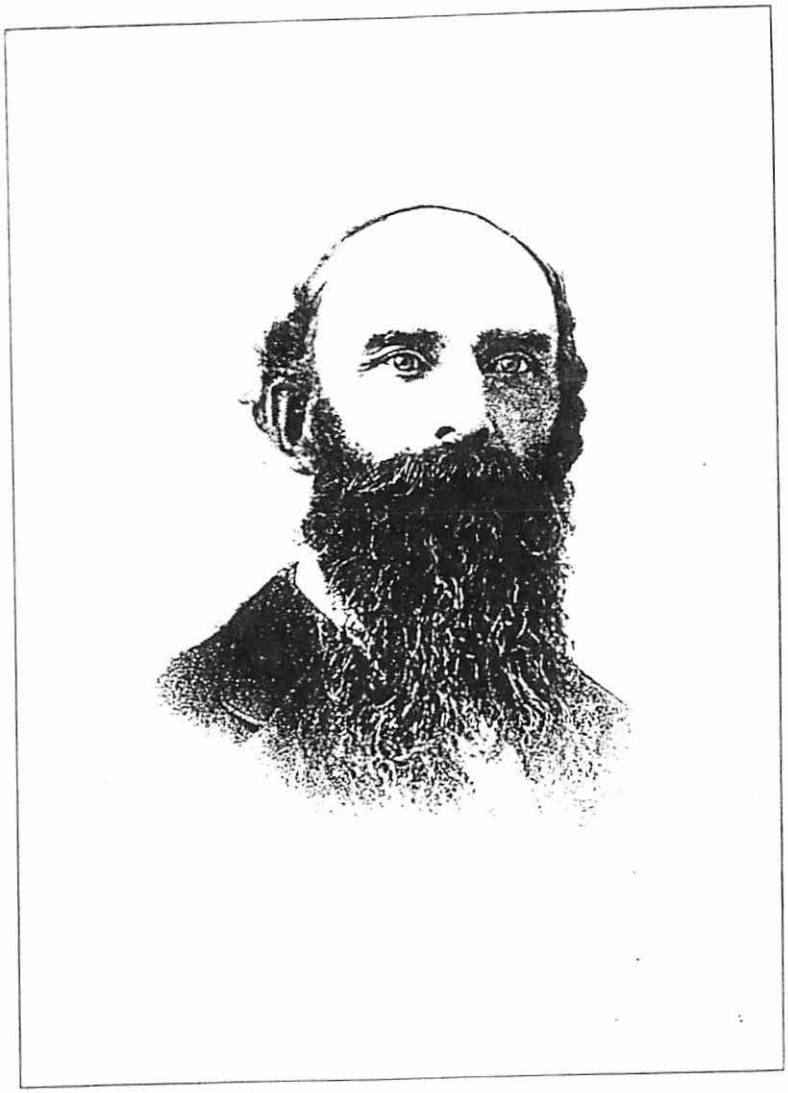
Carpenter concentrates at her typewriter. U-B photo by Nadine Munns Gerkey

"Kids come to school knowing familiar words like 'play' and 'horse' in Papago and a smattering of English words they've picked up off the reservation. Most people believe you only learn to read once, but here it's in both languages at once."

— Sandy Carpenter

Story by
Nadine Munns
Gerkey
Of the Union-Bulletin

Sandy Carpenter sits in her Waitsburg home with several of the bilingual books she writes for Papago Indian children in Arizona.



WILLIAM C. PAINTER

WILLIAM CHARLES PAINTER.

The days of chivalry and knighthood in Europe cannot furnish more interesting or romantic tales than our own western history. Into the wild mountain fastnesses of the unexplored west went brave men whose courage was often called forth in encounters with hostile savages. The land was rich in all natural resources, in metals, in agricultural and commercial possibilities, and awaited the demands of man to yield up its treasures. But its mountain heights were hard to climb, its forests difficult to penetrate and the magnificent trees, the dense bushes or jagged rocks often sheltered the skulking foe, who resented the encroachment of the pale faces upon these "hunting grounds." The establishment of homes in this beautiful region therefore meant sacrifices, hardships and ofttimes death, but there were some men, however, brave enough to meet the red man in his own familiar haunts and undertake the task of reclaiming the district for purposes of civilization. The rich mineral stores of the northwest were thus added to the wealth of the nation, its magnificent forests contributed to the lumber industry and its fertile valleys added to the opportunities of the farmer and stock raiser; and today the northwest is one of the most productive sections of the entire country. That this is so is due to such men as William Charles Painter, whose name is inseparably interwoven with the history of the region. No story of fiction contains more exciting chapters than may be found in his life record. He was one of the most prominent of those who engaged in Indian warfare and for many years he was also a leading figure in the agricultural development of this section of the state. Walla Walla numbered him among her most honored and valued citizens and his death was the occasion of deep and widespread regret.

William C. Painter was born in St. Genevieve, Missouri, April 18, 1830, and there the earliest years of his life were passed. His paternal ancestors came from Mercer county, Pennsylvania. His mother, who bore the maiden name of Jean Moore, was a daughter of Major Robert Moore, a veteran of the War of 1812 and well known in connection with the early history of Oregon. In 1850 the father with his family started for Oregon, but when the Little Blue river was reached the father and two of the sons died of cholera. The mother and the surviving children continued the journey westward with sore hearts but with undaunted courage and finally reached Washington county, Oregon, where donation land claims were secured.

There William C. Painter resided until 1863 and was prominently identified with the early development of that section. At the time of the Indian war of 1855 he was one of the first to enlist, becoming a member of Company D, First Oregon Mounted Volunteers, which command fought the Indians for four days near Walla Walla, finally routing the red men, who retreated to the Palouse country. In this and many other engagements of the Indian war Mr. Painter distinguished himself for bravery. He remained with his company until the close of hostilities. In 1855 certain young ladies of the Forest Grove Academy, now the Tualitin Academy and the Pacific University, presented the company with a flag. Mr. Painter's comrades in arms voted that he should become its bearer and the starry banner finally came into his exclusive possession and is still carefully preserved in the Painter household as a priceless relic. Upon its field there are but twenty-one stars and on the flag, inscribed in large letters, are the words, "Co. D, First Oregon Vol., 1855-6." In the war against the Bannock and Piute Indians in 1878, Mr. Painter again engaged in fighting the red men. He was appointed by Governor Ferry captain of a company of forty-two men and was assigned to duty on the gunboat Spokane under command of Major Cress of the regular army. The first engagement in which he participated was at Long Island in the Columbia river below Umatilla, in which the whites were successful. Major Cress, in a letter to Mr. Painter written from Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, under date of April 15, 1897, speaks very highly of the assistance which the latter rendered. After this engagement, in recognition of his valuable service, he was made aid-de-camp on the staff of Governor Ferry, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, and was placed in command of forty-two men. He was then sent to eastern Oregon to assist in defending the people against the Indians who had recently been defeated by General O. O. Howard. He passed south of the retreating bands to Camas Prairie with a view of intercepting the retreat. The hostile savages, learning of his position, by a circuitous route passed around him and escaped, but he captured enough horses to pay the entire expenses of his command. Although no battle was fought in that campaign, it was considered so hazardous that an offer of ten dollars per day for guides was not sufficient to cause anyone to accept and run the risk. In his official report, General O. O. Howard, quoting Captain John A. Cress, said: "Captain William C. Painter and the forty-two volunteers from Walla Walla deserve praise for good conduct and bravery, not excepting my Vancouver regiment and Captain Gray, with officers and crew of the steamer Spokane, who stood firmly at their posts under fire."

When the country no longer needed his military aid Captain Painter became a clerk for Flanders & Felton of Wallula, and when the senior member was elected to congress in 1867, Captain Painter took charge of the business. He also became postmaster of Wallula and the agent for the Wells Fargo Express Company. Returning to Walla Walla, he was appointed deputy collector of internal revenue for eastern Washington and in November, 1870, he resigned that position, although his resignation was not accepted until the following May. After retiring from office he made some unfortunate mill investments, in which he lost everything that he had saved. With courageous spirit, however, he again became a wage earner and was thus employed until 1876, when he was appointed receiver of the United States land office and occupied that position in most satisfactory manner until 1878, when he was elected county auditor. He served for four consecutive terms in that position and the Waitsburg Times of March 11, 1887, in speaking of him at his retirement from office, designated him as "the best auditor Walla Walla county ever had." He ever regarded a public office as a public

trust and it is well known that no trust reposed in Captain Painter was ever betrayed in the slightest degree. Upon his retirement from the position of county auditor he concentrated his attention on farming, having fifteen hundred acres in the Eureka flats. While thus engaged he still occupied the old home on South Third street in Walla Walla, where the family still reside. He was thus extensivly engaged in general agricultural pursuits and continued his farming operations until about two years prior to his death.

On the 7th of January, 1864, Captain Painter was married to Miss Caroline Mitchell, the only daughter of Judge I. Mitchell, of Multnomah county, Oregon, and their children are: Philip M., a resident of Walla Walla county; Charles S., of Montana; Maude M., the wife of Garrett D'Ablaing of Ellensburg; Harry M., a Congregational minister of Seattle; Bonnie Jean, the wife of R. F. MacLane of Walla Walla; Marguerite M., the wife of Herbert Gall of Sascatoon, Canada; Roy R., deceased; Rex M., of Walla Walla county; Caroline M., the wife of H. J. Wolff of Seattle; and Bruce I., of San Francisco. The family circle was broken by the hand of death when on the 4th of December, 1900, Captain Painter died of paralysis. For some time he was a vestryman of the Episcopal church which the family attend. His political allegiance had always been given to the republican party from the time of its organization and he was a most faithful follower of its principles. It is said that at every demonstration of a patriotic nature Captain Painter was called upon to take his place among the leaders, with his battle-scarred Indian war flag. His patriotic sentiments led him to take a prominent part in the Pioneer Association of Oregon and he always made a special effort to be present at its meetings. He was also active among the Indian War Veterans and was the first grand commander of the organization. For years he belonged to the Ancient Order of United Workmen. He gave devoted loyalty to every cause which he espoused and his is a most notable and honorable record of a pioneer, a valiant soldier and one of nature's noblemen.

Pg 114 116

L. L. HUNT.

L. L. Hunt is familiar with the methods of Indian warfare in the northwest, as he early became connected with the army in this section of the state. Since then he has been active in business along various lines and step by step has progressed until he is now in possession of a handsome competence that enables him to live retired. He makes his home in College Place, Walla Walla county, and has important farming interests on section 36, township 7 north, range 35 east. His career in many respects has been an eventful one. The width of the continent separates him from his birthplace, for he is a native of Maine. He was born on the 2d of August, 1855, his parents being George and Mary Ann (Prescott) Hunt, both of whom were representatives of old families that sent forth soldiers to the Revolutionary war. Both the father and mother spent their entire lives in the Pine Tree state.

L. L. Hunt was reared under the parental roof until he reached the age of sixteen years, when he left home and went to Boston, Massachusetts, where for four years he was engaged in railroading. The opportunities of the west, however, attracted him and he left New England, making his way to Nevada. Locating in Carson City, for more than a year he there worked in the timber region, and in 1876 he went to San Joaquin county, California, where he engaged in driving a team during the following winter. In 1877 he came to Walla Walla, where he worked for the government during the Joseph Indian war, driving a team used for transportation of supplies. A year later he became identified with Joe Woodworth in the operation of the old Cayuse stables in Walla Walla. He was connected with the conduct of this business for about three years and then turned his attention to farming on the Eureka Flats, becoming one of the large operators on the flats. He homesteaded, preempted and also took up a timber claim and he likewise purchased railroad land, owning at one time seven quarter sections. He farmed altogether seventeen hundred acres of rented land and he remained on the flats for about twelve years. He next removed to Walla Walla but after a year took up his abode at College Place, where he engaged in gardening. Subsequently he organized the L. L. Hunt Fruit & Produce Shipping Company and built up the business to extensive proportions, his interests becoming one of the chief industries of this section. He managed his affairs wisely and well and prosperity resulted. He now has retired from active business life and is enjoying a rest which he has truly earned and richly merits.

In 1888 Mr. Hunt returned to Boston for his bride and was there married on the 21st of October of that year to Miss Olivia Crosby. She was born in Nova Scotia and came to the United States at the age of sixteen years, her parents continuing in Nova Scotia, where they passed away. Mr. Hunt brought his bride to the west and they have since been widely and favorably known in this section of the state. They are consistent members of the Presbyterian church, in the work of which they take an active and helpful interest, and Mr. Hunt is now serving as one of the elders of the church. His political endorsement is given to the republican party and while living on the Flats he served for two years as postmaster. He also belongs to Trinity Lodge, No. 121, I. O. O. F. Both he and his wife hold membership in the Pioneers Association and are honored as among the early settlers who have contributed in marked measure to the upbuilding and progress of this section of the country. Mr. Hunt has led a most busy, active and useful life. From the time when he became connected with a military post on the frontier he has done everything in his power to further the interests and development of this section of the country and his business affairs, too, have been of a character that have contributed to public progress and improvement as well as to personal success. His memory compasses the period when the majority of homes in this section of the state were little cabins, when few roads had been laid out, when the forests were uncut and the streams unbridged. He has lived to witness many changes since those days and in the work of transformation has borne his full share.

Pg 320-321

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

W.S. Clark

Volunteer companies were raised in various communities to aid Idaho settlers in fighting the renegade Nez Perce Indians.

On the morning of June 19, 1877, a courier reached the city of Walla Walla bringing the sad news of the engagement on Camas prairie between the Nez Perce Indians and Col. Perry's troop of cavalry in which one half of Perry's troop were killed. The news caused a great deal of excitement. Word also came that the citizens of Lewiston were in danger of a raid by the Indians and that the settlers were pouring into town from all sides and help was much needed.

Thomas P. Page, county auditor of Walla Walla county started to work raising a volunteer company. At one o'clock in the afternoon a meeting was called at the court house where the facts were presented and resolutions were passed promising to go to the aid of the people of the Lewiston district. One hundred names were set down on the roll and all who could get horses were to start that night. The quartermaster at the fort gave us rifles and sixty rounds of cartridges apiece. At six o'clock that evening the following party left Walla Walla en route for Lewiston:

A. Reeves Ayres, John Agu, Ike Abbott, A.L. Bird, Charles Blewett, W.S. Clark, Lane Gillam, H.E. Holmes, Albert Hall, Jake Holbrook, Frank Jackson, John Keeney, J.H. Lister, Henry Lacy, Wm. McKearn, S.H. Maxon, Alec O'Dell, C.S. Robinson, J.S. Stott, Ben Scott, Albert Small, Frank Waldrip, T.P. Page, L.K. Grimm, J.F. McLean.

We arrived at Dayton at one o'clock that night and put our horses in the livery stable and ourselves to sleep in the haymow overhead. Next morning we breakfasted at the hotel, A.R. Ayres, H.E. Holmes and Tom Beall were missing. We traveled on to Marengo where a short stop was made and the troops under Col. Whipple came up. We volunteers took the Indian trail across the hills, the regulars followed the wagon road. We stopped two hours on the Pataha and then traveled on to Dan Favor's ranch, which was about fifteen miles this side of Lewiston. Here we waited about three hours for supper, there being some misunderstanding about it. The troops camped at the same place.

On the morning of the 21st, after paying out bills we traveled on to Lewiston, leaving our horses on this side of the river we crossed over to the town where we met Major Spurgeon, the commander at that place, who gave us to understand that the settlers nearby were in no immediate danger, and that if we cared to go on into the Indian country we could be of good service, but would have to be under the command of the military authorities. We re-crossed the river to our horses, got dinner and signed our names to report to Gen. Howard for eight days service. We then elected our officers as follows: T.P. Page, captain; L.K. Grimm, lieutenant, and John F. McLean sergeant. We again crossed over to Lewiston, this time with our outfits, and were regularly mustered in for the eight days of service. Up to this time Ayres, Holmes and Beall had not caught up with us. Some thought that they had backed out and gone home, others that they would yet come up.

Major Spurgeon directed us to Fort Lapwai to report to Gen. Howard where we arrived at six o'clock in the evening. Here we had supper and after drawing on the post commissary for rations, retired. It rained on us all that night. The morning of the 22nd we spent in repairing and fixing up our outfits. At one o'clock we were again on the march as Gen. Howard's guard, the troops going in advance. There were three companies of infantry, two of cavalry and one company of artillery, and our little company of volunteers.

As we were starting off from camp we were surprised, as well as pleased to see Doc Ayres, Doc Holmes and Ike Abbott, coming up. They were forgiven on our learning that they had got lost, being led astray by Beall, whose horse gave out, and then he went back home. They joined us in the march without waiting to secure any dinner. While we were going up Craig Mountain Ike Abott's horse got away from him and he did not catch him for several hours. On the evening of the 22nd we made camp on the Craig mountain, putting our horses out with those belonging to the troops and Sergeant McLean detailed J.H. Lister, Frank Waldrip and myself to guard the first part of the night, and Lane Gilliam, A.L. Bird and Frank Jackson for the latter part. This was our first guard duty. I thought that night that upon me rested the entire burden of herding those three hundred head of horses.

On Saturday June 23rd we started early and traveled along the mountain until after noon we reached the great Camas prairie. I was very much surprised to see the extent and richness of the prairie. I am told that timothy hay will grow here anywhere. We passed the place where our former citizen Lew Day was first attacked by the Indians and we later came to Ben Norton's place on the Cottonwood where we camped. Owing to the fact that we were in advance of the command Captain Page put a guard on the house and barn. Captain Page had placed Henry Lacy as guard over the barn and after the command came up Captain Wilkinson started to enter the barn and Henry stopped him. The captain told Henry who he was, still it did no good, and the captain turned and went off. Henry and Charley

Blewett were the youngest members in the company.

On Sunday morning June 24th, Alec O'Dell, Lane Gilliam, Al Hall, Jake Holbrook, Ben Scott, Ike Abbott, Wm. McKearn and W.S. Clark got up early and started for Mount Idaho nineteen miles distant. We passed the place where Lew Day, Mr. and Mrs. Norton and Hill Norton, Joseph Moore, John Chamberlain, wife and two children and Miss Bowers were overtaken by the Indians. We also saw the place where a load of goods for Mount Idaho had been captured by the Indians. We passed through Grangeville and on to Mt. Idaho where we arrived at about twelve o'clock. We hitched our horses to the fence of a resident who gave them some hay. Mr. Brown of the hotel told us that dinner would be at four o'clock. We told him we were hungry and couldn't wait. He wasn't long in getting us something to eat.

During our stay here O'Dell and one or two others had their horses shod. I went into Volmer's store and wrote a letter home. Mr. Scott the manager of the store, showed us many courtesies. He and Mr. Volmer were formerly from Walla Walla. Mr. Scott said that all who could were preparing to leave for Salmon river. We were given an invitation to dinner which we gladly accepted. Here we received the following information in regard to the depredations of the Indians. Joseph's band from the Wallowa and the Salmon River Indians, under White Bird, had been camped on Rocky canyon and White Bird creek. The outbreak was on the afternoon of June 13 by a small party of Indians, killing Richard Divine, an old man living alone on Salmon river. The next morning, the 14th, Henry Elfers, Robert Bland and Henry Beckroge were killed between six and seven o'clock. Shortly after Samuel Benedict was wounded while out hunting cattle and managed to reach his home where the Indians followed and put him to death. The same day on White bird they wounded J.J. Manuel and his little girl, killed James Baker and at the same time a Frenchman named August Bacon. On the fifteenth Mrs. Manuel, William Osborne and Henry Mason were killed and in this Joseph is said to have participated. On word reaching Mt. Idaho of these depredations people were fearful of the Indians.

The settlers on Camas prairie shared a similar fate. According to Mr. Scott, Lew Day left Mt. Idaho to place the settlers on the prairie on guard and give notice to the troops at Lapwai. The Indians overtook Day two miles beyond Norton's house. They immediately fired on him hitting him twice in the back. Lew turned and went back to Norton's place and found Norton and his family just getting ready to go to Mr. Idaho. Norton with his wife and boy, Joe Moore, Miss Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain and their two children and Lew Day all got into the wagon and started for town, the Indians following and firing on them. Four miles this side of Grangeville the party all got out of the wagon and Hill, Norton and Miss Bowers made their escape and came into Grangeville bringing the first news of the slaughter. The team of horses had been shot when they got out of the wagon. Norton was killed, Joe Moore had been hit twice, Mrs. Norton had been shot through both legs. Chamberlain and his boy were killed, the child's head being crushed between the knees of a powerful Indian. Mrs. Chamberlain was shot in the breast with an arrow and a portion of their child's tongue was cut off. They both later recovered. Theodore Schwartz was wounded. Day died a few days later and Moore some six weeks later.

We started back to camp about six o'clock that evening and arrived at nine. On Monday, June 25, we left our camp on the Cottonwood and continued our march where we camped. On the road we passed the place where about one hundred lodges of Indians had been camped at the lakes, on the rocks in the canyons and on the prairie before the outbreak. On the ground of Col. Perry's retreat Captain Page picked up some twenty cartridge shells within a distance of fifty yards. At Johnson's we were given a camping ground to the right of the main column about half a mile from wood and water. The boys were dissatisfied and we got permission to camp within the enclosure at Johnson's house. H.E. Homes, Ike Abbott and C.S. Robinson were put on guard.

After breakfast on Tuesday morning we left camp to reconnoiter. We were in advance of the command that day. Almost on the start we came across a dead soldier about two miles from camp. Here we rested to give the infantry time to come up. We reached the summit looking down on White Bird creek about 12 o'clock. During this morning's ride most of the soldiers killed in Col. Perry's fight with the Indians were buried. For several miles we kept coming upon dead bodies.

In the afternoon, with Chapman as guide, we rode along the top of the divide between Salmon river and White Bird. It was rough and tiresome riding. We saw fresh tracks and Chapman told us we were liable to meet Indians anywhere. Presently we discovered three Indian spies across the river and soon after we saw the whole band moving further up the mountain. We fired a number of shots toward them but they were too far away.

Next we left the ridge and went down on the bottom to Manuel's on White Bird. We went inside the gate and looked at the ruins of the fire. A few of the soldiers strayed down to the creek and what was their surprise to see sitting in a little shed, which the Indians had spared, a white man whom we all soon found to be Jack Manuel, whom we had reported as among the killed. He had been wounded in the back of the neck with an arrow and had also been shot in the hips. Our next task was to get him out and away to safety. We soon fixed a pole in a broken buggy that was standing near and by fastening what spare ropes we had to the buggy and to the pommels of our saddles we succeeded in getting him away. Finding that we were not making headway fast enough our captain sent to Captain Miller for two pack mules which we soon had. Then, turning the pole into shafts we soon got to camp where we turned Mr. Manuel over to his friends who were to take him to Mount Idaho the next day. It had rained all day and we had had a hard day's work.

On June 27th we broke camp and marched to White Bird, the soldiers

burying those they had not had time to bury the previous day. It was here on the White Bird side that the terrible battle had taken place. That night we were within a short distance of the Salmon river which we intended to cross the following day to fight the Indians on the other side. We could see them for hours that afternoon riding their horses, and swinging from side to side in all kinds of capers. After making camp we got instructions to escort the pack train back to Lewiston where they were going for supplies. On reaching Lewiston the eight days for which we had enlisted were up and believing that the army of General Howard was fully able to meet and conquer Chief Joseph and his band we returned to our homes.

The day after our return came word of the ambushing of Lieut. Rains and ten volunteers of the regulars and the killing of Blewett and Foster.

Colonel Whipple says of this:

"I marched to Cottonwood, July 2, and on the following morning sent two citizens named Foster and Blewett to examine the country in the vicinity of direction of Craig's ferry, the place where Joseph and his party swam the river, for indications of the presence of the Indians. Toward evening Foster returned rapidly to camp and reported that he had seen Indians about twelve miles distant coming from the direction of Craig ferry; that they had fired a shot or two at him; that he last saw his comrade about that time. I directed Second Lieutenant S.M. Rains of my company with ten picked men and the Scout Foster, to proceed at once to the point where the Indians had been seen for the purpose of ascertaining the strength of the enemy and to aid young Blewett. I particularly cautioned Rains not to proceed the command too far, to keep on high ground, and to report the first signs of the Indians. The command was in motion very shortly after the detachment had started and firing was soon heard on our front. A rapid gait was taken up and after a couple of miles Indians were discovered about half a mile distant, and on approaching nearer it was found that they were in large force and that Lieutenant Rains and every man of his detachment had been killed.

General Howard writes: "These were dreadful tidings. This young officer was of the same mould as the famous Winterfield of history who was killed in just such fashion under Frederick the Great, prompt, loyal, able without fear, and without reproach. Frederick lost many brave leaders but only one Winterfield. We lost one Rains."

The citizens of Walla Walla came to know and to admire Lieut. Rains very much. Blewett had been killed further around the mountain undoubtedly after a run for his life. Blewett had been my next door neighbor for a number of years. We were students together in old district number one and also at Whitman seminary. We had all regretted leaving Charley but he wanted to stay and Colonel Whipple said he would look after him and take him into his own mess. He was a likeable boy. As soon as conditions would allow we had his remains brought home and given a military funeral.

Col. Frank J. Parker

A scout for General Howard during the Nez Perce Indian campaign, Col. Parker was correspondent for the California Associated Press and Boise Statesman.

Col. Frank J. Parker, present proprietor of the *Statesman*, was born in Western England, April 28, 1845. At eighteen years of age he came to the United States, crossed the continent to California, where he arrived in 1864, visited Nevada, passed through Arizona, a portion of Old Mexico, and reaching Fort Union, New Mexico, joined the California volunteers December 9 of the year that he reached the United States. He served through the Apache campaign, was twice wounded in one day, then discharged and returned to California. From there he started for the Big Bend mines at the headwaters of the Columbia river, from where he went to Lewiston, Idaho Territory. For eleven years he followed mining in different camps through the mountains with varied success, until the Nez Perce outbreak in 1877, when he became a scout, bearer of dispatches for General Howard, and correspondent for the California Associated Press and *Boise Statesman*. His letters through the press, and exploits during that war, brought him prominently before the people of Idaho, and his name became as familiar in that country as that of the General who commanded the campaign. It was during this war, that the "Scout's Soliloquy" was penned by him, that, finding its way into the *New York Graphic*, was extensively republished by the Eastern press with many flattering comments. It was the poetic reflection called forth by the appearance before him of a hideous old squaw accompanied by a little three year old naked child, and we give a brief extract from the poem:

SCOUT'S SOLILOQUY

As published in *N.Y. Graphic*

Ah! yet her age her reputation spareth,
At three years old, pert Venus little careth,
She puts her hand upon her hip and stareth.

Could boundaries be neater, posture meeker,
Could bronze antique, or terra cotta beat her,
Saw ever artist anything completer.

Hast thou no notion, of what's before thee,
Of who shall envy or adore thee,
Or the dirty siwash that's to rule o'er thee?

Die young for mercy sake! If thou grow older,
Thou shalt get lean of calf and sharp of shoulder,
And daily greedier and daily bolder.

Just such another as the dame that bore thee,
That haggard Sycorax now bending o'er thee,
Oh, die of something fatal I implore thee!

At the close of the campaign, General Howard gave to Mr. Parker the following in recognition of his services:

HEAD QUARTERS IN THE FIELD,
JUDITH, BASIN, MONTANA, SEPTEMBER 27, 1877.

MR. F.J. PARKER:

Permit me to thank you for the generous service you have rendered the U.S. service during the Nez Perce war of 1877. You have ridden long journeys night and day and worked and fought right nobly. I hope to have the benefit of your services should another Indian outbreak take me into the field.

O.O. HOWARD
BRIG. GEN'L COMMANDING EXPEDITION, IN THE FIELD

The Governor of Idaho, M. Brayman, then gave him the position on his staff of Aide-de-camp, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, stating on the commission that it was given as a reward, "For gallant services in the Nez Perce war of 1877." In 1878, during the Bannock outbreak, he served again as scout and courier for General Howard, but this time as exclusive correspondent for the San Francisco *Chronicle*. During the last week in 1878, he took editorial charge of the *Statesman* of Walla Walla, ran it a year, and then assumed full control.

Nga 346-347

A.B. Roberts

Roberts, a veteran of the 1855-56 Yakima Indian Wars, tells about his experiences as a volunteer soldier.

This story is not intended to be a history of the Indian wars of the Northwest Country, but only a statement of the facts, the causes and the results of the most serious conflicts which had occurred between the races during the settlement of this interesting country by the white men. It is a fact to be noted, that there were more wars and conflicts between the races during the settlement of Oregon than in any other portion of the United States during the settlement of the Far West.

Beginning with this Cayuse war in 1847 we find the two Rogue river wars, the great Yakima war that covered all of Oregon and Washington, the Modock war, the Joseph war (Nez Perce) and the Bannock war.

The greatest of all these wars was the Yakima war of 1855-56.

Previous to this time the Oregon and Washington settlements were confined to the West side of the great range, the Cascades, but in the winter of 1854 the administration took up the idea of opening the Inland Empire or the intermountain country for settlement and accordingly called all the Indians east of the Cascades and north of the Blue Mountains and as far east and to include the Nez Perces to meet in council in Walla Walla in June for the purpose of making treaties for the purchase of their lands. To this council the Government sent commissioners consisting of Governor I.I. Stevens of Washington; General Palmer, Superintendent of Indian Affairs of Oregon, and Colonel Cummins of the army.

The council was fully attended, the meeting place being exactly where the city of Walla Walla now stands. To be more particular, it began on the north side of Mill Creek about where the N.P. depot stands and after a few days was moved to the south side to about the grounds occupied by the Y.M.C.A. building and the Christian church, where the treaties were completed and fully signed, excepting one only of all of the great chiefs. To this one name "hangs a tale" worthy of being told at another time.

Now, to continue this story we must explain the facts that lead up to the ignoring of the great treaties of Walla Walla in June, 1855.

Soon after treaties were signed settlers began to locate in the fine valleys and the Indians began to realize that the greatest portion of their domain was now in the hands of the white man.

Years ago the West side from California to British Columbia had been relinquished and now the intermountain country was gone.

The first payment was to be made in cash the following September, and for 20 years other annuities were to be paid in cash. At once steps were

taken by the Indians to ignore those treaties, but the other party—the white man—was not called to their councils. But the Chiefs of all the tribes of the Coast country and all the East side were finally assembled on the Umatilla in the early part of September and at that grand council representing all of that country in which settlement had begun it was agreed that once more a united effort would be made to drive out the white settlers and a refusal of the payments and the ignoring of all treaties would be made. Only the great War Chief Lawyer and his sub-Chief Lapi of the Nez Perces and Winumsnoots and Timothy of the Umatillas held out, and through their great influence over their people prevented those two tribes from joining in the greatest of hostilities known as the Yakima war of 1855. It is awful to think, that if those two, the most powerful of the Inland tribes had joined with the great combine of hostile Indians, what the result might have been.

How did I come into possession of these "state secrets"? I chanced to spend many years of my life in the most intimate and friendly terms with the two leading Chiefs referred to, both of them being Christian gentlemen, educated by the lamented Dr. Whitman, and it may be here remarked that the works of that martyr subsequently saved not only Oregon to the United States, but saved the unprotected settlements of that period from total annihilation by the combined tribes.

But to take up the ignoring of the treaties of 1855.

The intentions and results of that council of Chiefs on the Umatilla were not published and the first that our people or Uncle Sam knew of them was when the Government agent, Mr. A. J. Bolan, who was sent in September to the Yakima country to pay to Kamiakin and his sub-chiefs of that tribe their cash annuity which was due at that time as per treaty stipulation, when he was foully murdered and his money taken, and about the same time Colonel Nathan Olney, agent for the Cayuses, Walla Wallas and others, went to those tribes for the same purpose and he was told in plain language that the treaties were ignored and that they would not kill him but to take back the money and immediately remove all of those settlers who had taken claims in the Walla Walla Valley, which he did at once.

Now the commanding officer of the U.S. troops at Fort Columbia (The Dalles) sent Major Haller with the majority of the troops under his command over to the Yakima country to bring in the murderers of Agent Bolan and he was met by Kamiakin, and his troops completely routed and their horses and outfits captured and on foot and destitute they reached The Dalles and the Indians at their heels firing across the Columbia into the villages, when the Oregon volunteers came to their relief.

Yes, the ball was opened and the greatest Indian war of the Pacific Coast had its first battle and the enemy was victorious.

Now the Governor of Oregon Territory was called upon for volunteers and at once within twenty-four hours after the call was posted in Portland 95 young men left their homes and employment and were at The Dalles to drive back old Kamiakin and his victorious warriors.

It is no part of this narrative, but I just stop long enough to say that we have never received the pay offered by our Governor and that we are now asking Congress to place us on the pension roll on the same footing with those who served in other Indian wars of the Rebellion or Civil War.

The object of this story is to tell the awful experience and miraculous escape of an old friend of mine by the name of Ferguson (Old Shake) who with a Mr. Ives, was bringing on some beef cattle for the use of Major Haller's command. Mr. Ferguson or "Old Shake" as he was usually called, was one of those characters frequently found in the Far West frontier. He was a man of fine education and much ability, one of those who had seen better days. But the "call of the west" induced him to join the pioneers who made the trails and subdued the hard conditions that confronted those who volunteered to develop the farthest and fairest of Uncle Sam's great domain. We find him in 1855 at The Dalles, Oregon, a place where no man had the right to a home under any government land laws; at The Dalles they were merely knocking at the door of the great Inland Empire and helping to open it and doing the dangerous work to prepare for a more timid generation. And so in line with his duties it was necessary for him to attempt the hazardous work of bringing up supplies to a command of government troops who had gone to the savages to capture the murderers of a government agent.

So those two men pushed on with their small herd not having any idea of the fate that had befallen Major Haller's command. They were met by a band of hostile Indians who swooped down upon them and only the speed of their mounts made it possible for them to save their scalps from the bloody knife of superior numbers. They fled across to a level open plain bordered on one side by a deep canyon with heavy pine timber and small brush up to the edge of the level plain. On they flew; the Indians not stopping for the beef cattle but only intent on securing a couple of scalps. "Old Shake" was riding a fine mule but it was not as speedy as Ives' extra fine saddle horse. Shots were being fired after the fleeing whites and gradually the Indians were overtaking "Old Shake" who had given up all hope of escaping. As bullets were flying in his vicinity he yelled to his companion who was some distance in advance 'that's a good shot' and at the same time he threw himself from his mule. The Redskins hotly pursuing Ives and thinking "Old Shake" was good and dead paid no more attention to him.

Finding himself in a bushy canyon "Old Shake" easily rolled into cover where he was safe for a time as the Indians after their fruitless chase for Ives had no means of locating him. I say fruitless chase; they followed him until their horses gave out; Ives' horse was too fast for them.

Mr. Ives reached The Dalles in safety after a ride of two days and two nights and reported the death of "Old Shake" and the circumstances accompanying it. "The Indians attacked us," he said, " and captured the cattle; they overtook "Old Shake" on his mule; that as he fell from his mule he hollered 'I am shot.' Thinking 'Old Shake' was done for the Indians turned

their attention to me but owing to my fine mount I got away from them."

About the same time came the report of Major Haller's defeat and that he was returning with his demoralized troops. An Indian war was on and Governor Currie of Oregon territory was called on for a regiment of mounted volunteers, and, in less than three days from the call, Company A, of which I was a member was at The Dalles where we found Major Haller. He was on the north side of the Columbia not having as yet been able to cross over to the post. The hostile Indians were at his heels; they made their presence known by firing occasional shots across into the village.

We located a camp near the village and acted as a guard until other companies of volunteers could be raised and pushed to the front. In five or six days the news came that "Old Shake" had made his appearance at Major Haller's camp. Glad to learn of my friend's escape I secured a canoe and crossed the river to see him. I found him comfortable on a cot in the guard tent where he had crawled on hands and knees the previous night about 2 o'clock; and when he was hailed by the picket on guard who called "who comes there," he answered: "Old Shake." The picket ran like wild to the guard tent and screamed into the sergeant's ears that "Old Shake's" ghost had appeared to him. The sergeant returned with the picket and found Ferguson crawling on the ground as he had been for over a week. I sat by his bedside and listened to the story of his miraculous escape. He told me that as the Indians, some 15 or 20 in war paint, swooped down upon them, they made an attempt at escape by flight; that Ives on a fine horse was gradually gaining on him and the Indians on their ponies were also gaining on the speed of his mule; shots were now being fired at them and some coming dangerously near him he saw that his only chance was to fall from him mount and feign dead. He did so and the enemy rushed on after his partner as he had expected. As soon as they has passed out of sight he rolled into the nearby canyon and hid in the brush. At the creek at the bottom of the canyon he found a trail which he knew would lead to The Dalles and Simcoe trail. He was afraid to follow this trail less his shoe tracks would give him away so he pulled off his shoes and threw them away in the brush. Throwing his shoes away was a mistake as his tender feet became sore and he was unable to walk. But he struggled on for days or mostly nights living on roots and berries and most of the time crawling on his knees—his trousers being "foxed" with buckskin as was the almost universal custom in those days. He came over the little mountain range some 10 miles north of The Dalles and really in sight of that village, and yet he crawled for several days before he reached Major Haller's camp.

From the foregoing story those of the present day can have a glimpse of the work of those real old pioneers who opened up this beautiful Inland Empire.

Lewis McMorris

Lew McMorris reminisces about Christmas day spent at a lonely army post in the wilderness in 1856.

Christmas meant so little to us who were here in 1856 that there is really little I remember about that day, the first Christmas day ever spent by white men in Walla Walla. We had little thoughts of Christmas, little that marked the day. We were located here as a post of army men, and we thought little, that day, what the word meant to the millions who were celebrating the birth of Christ throughout the world.

Shut out as we were, from the rest of the world, our communications with the outside civilization severed for the winter, the cold oppressing us those brief days and almost interminable nights, we had nothing to bring to

our thoughts the meaning of the word Christmas.

Men there were among us, and many of them I have no doubt, thought of the Christmas they used to spend at home, in the East, by the fireside in comfortable homes. Some there were who could no doubt remember luxuries of earlier holiday time, when the world, cold then as upon that day in 1856, was clad with the pure white mantle of snow. But the meaning of the snow in boyhood days, when it meant fun and pleasure, was far different from the meaning it had for us beleaguered men in our lonely fort, more like a prison, in that hard winter.

There were about 200 of us, if I remember right, stationed here that winter. We were under the command of the gallant officer, Colonel Steptoe. Four companies of soldiers and about eight or ten of us quartermaster men, composed the garrison. There was no communication, in or out, during that long, hard winter.

It was one of the coldest winters I remember in this part of the country. For six weeks the snow and bitter, damp chill which accompanied it, was unbroken. Feed was scarce for the horses, and amusement for the men was almost entirely lacking. With nothing but the snow, stretching on one side as far as the eye could reach over the rolling prairie, and ending on the other at the top of the not distant mountains, it seemed we were but sailors, tossed on the white billows of the rolling prairies. As far as the eye could see, stretched the white, white, nothing but that plain white. Our camp was a ship, but we made no progress. The waves of the great white ocean never changed.

Of Indians we had little fear. They were not apt to be troublesome in the winter. Indeed, the cold we dreaded was our safeguard and as long as it lasted we were in little danger of attack from that quarter. Our danger was more likely to result from sickness. But we had very little sickness that winter.

Homesickness? Well, we were not the kind that got homesick. We never thought about home, if we had we would have made poor pioneers. Home seemed to us a word, nothing more. If it had any meaning it was only a suggestion of something we had once known, something long past, almost forgotten. Home meant little to us hardy fellows and if any of us was homesick, he dared not mention it.

Christmas mail? No, the Christmas mail of those days in Walla Walla was easily handled. In fact, I think the last mail we had that year was early in December just after the last government train had left The Dalles, our nearest point of succor, had anything happened. No letters were brought us to read around a campfire on the night of Christmas eve. We didn't open any packages containing presents from loved ones. We had no Christmas dinner to remind us of times long since past. Christmas, like home, was a word.

Christmas day that year dawned late. The clouds hung low and the wind blew chill up the Valley. Housed in our log huts, roofed with sod and dirt,

we shivered about our fires as daylight crept over the mountains and announced to us that another year had passed, another Christmas had come.

Nor had we any Christmas of the year before to look back to. That year we were stationed at The Dalles and the winter there was cold, and it was lonesome. We had no more celebration in that bigger post than we did in Walla Walla in 1856. We had no time, no reason, if you will, to think of Christmas.

Our breakfast was the breakfast of a hundred other days. We thought of nothing different, we got nothing different and our dinner was the same. It was a day of the week, of the month, of the year. It was nothing more. We had our routine duties, and when we had performed them, we were through, we had no Christmas.

Christmas turkey we had not. Whether we had any extra prairie chicken that day--the only wild bird we could shoot--I do not remember. But this I know, had there been anything out of the ordinary, I am sure I would have remembered it.

The day was spent by most of the boys in herding the horses through the tall rye grass that used to grow as high as your head on the banks of Mill Creek. This was all the feed we could get them. Everything else was covered with snow. The horses were herded down the creek in the daytime, and were returned to the corral at night, where they huddled in the cold of the long winter darkness. But it was the only way we could protect them from being stolen from us by the Indians. While it was too cold for the Indians to fight, I hardly think it ever got too cold for them to steal horses, had they been given the opportunity. And even then, of course, we occasionally lost an animal. This was the occupation that busied the men on Christmas day of 1856. They could not sit around and tell stories, listen to any music or happy laughter of little relatives, the horses must be fed. And we had no thought of Christmas.

You think perhaps, that it would have to be indeed a strange condition that would make you forget Christmas and the thoughts of homecomings at other times. The conditions were strange, to you. To us they were a matter of fact. We were there. We were doing our duty, we were carrying out the orders we had. And our orders did not mention Christmas. You cannot understand, probably you will never be placed in that position, but Christmas that first year was anything but the Christmas of present days.

There were no buildings in Walla Walla then. We were camped on the east bank of Mill Creek, on Main street, as the town is now laid out. Thoughts of brick buildings, brilliantly lighted streets, paved and swept, never occurred to us. Why should they. Where the biggest stores now stand, where most of the Christmas presents and good things to eat are now purchased, was that year snow, white snow. No we never thought street cars would run down past what was then our camp. We never realized that the shade of big buildings would some day fall across the ground where we were camped. We never gave it a thought whether even there would be a city, or a town here. And least of all were our thoughts of Christmas.

Oh, I don't mean to say there were none of us who thought of Christmas that day. I don't mean to intimate that there were none of us who did not think of home and wonder what loved ones were doing as we ate our plain fare. I do not mean to say there were not many who had a thought of mother in a distant eastern home, or a sweetheart waiting for him when this land of promise should open up and give forth its bounty. There were many of us, no doubt, who thought all these things. But they were too good soldiers to think of them long, or to talk of them at all.

We were not the kind, I have said, to get homesick. And during that long winter there was not a complaint, not a whimper, from one of those hardy sons who were there that the country might some day be open to you. In silence the hardships were endured, or if they were mentioned, it was only to pass them off as a joke, to make light of the things that were bringing premature old age upon that little band of men. They laughed at the dangers from their dark skinned foes. They joked away any suggestion of possibility. And when things, sometimes, grew so dark that jokes were out of place, silence succeeded.

There were no men in the army that having put their hand to the plow, wanted to turn back. Hardy sons of the western frontier, they were there to open the country, to make possible the settlement of this greatest valley of the Northwest and of the world. They were doing a great work, doing a work that no one else could do, and they were doing it well.

Small wonder, is it then, that they had no thought of Christmas. If the day was mentioned I do not remember it. It was simply one of those days of our long, cold stay. Simply another space from dawn to darkness, simply a part of the week, routine of life that had to be endured. That was all. Christmas as you mean it now was not related by even ever so slight a thread, to the Christmas of 1856. Little romance, little of interest, just a day of the 365, just a part of the year, just another notch in the stick by which we kept time. That was Christmas day of 1856.

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

COLUMBIA COUNTY

Lyman's History
of
Old Walla Walla County

Vol II
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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.

Pg 144-145

Lyman's History
Old Walla Walla County
Vol II
1918

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Pg 144-145

LYMAN'S HISTORY
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OLD WALLA WALLA COUNTY
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VOL II
1918

WALLA WALLA
COUNTY

WILLIAM MARTIN.

Among Walla Walla county's venerable and highly respected citizens is numbered William Martin, a retired farmer who is now living in Hill township. Moreover, he has lived on the Pacific coast for sixty-five years and is familiar with every phase of its growth and development from Indian fighting to the latest methods of crop production. He was born in Indiana, September 30, 1833, and is a son of Jesse and Catherine (Harris) Martin, the former a native of Ohio, while the latter was born in Kentucky. At an early date they became residents of Indiana and afterward established their home in McLean county, Illinois. In 1844 they removed to Missouri, where they resided until 1857, when they started across the plains for California, whither their son William had preceded them. They located in Thurston county, Washington, and there continued to reside until called to their final rest. They had a family of ten children but only three are now living.

William Martin was reared and educated in Missouri, where he resided until 1852, when at the age of nineteen years he came to the Pacific coast country. He outfitted with an ox team and wagon and started upon the long journey to California, attracted by the discovery of gold on the Pacific coast and the business opportunities which it opened up. He was six months in crossing the plains and then concluded to locate in Oregon, but after spending three months in Oregon City went to Thurston county, Washington, where he was employed in a sawmill for three years and a half. On the expiration of that time he took up a claim. Upon that land, which was entirely wild and undeveloped, he built a little log cabin with a clapboard roof and began life there in true pioneer style, experiencing the hardships and privations incident to the settlement of the frontier. Upon that place he lived for several years and his labors wrought a marked change in its appearance, for he broke the sod, tilled the fields and in course of time gathered good harvests. He afterward purchased more land in that locality. The years were fraught not only with much hard labor but with other experiences of pioneer life. In 1855 and 1856 Mr. Martin was engaged in fighting the Indians and became familiar with all of the treacherous methods of Indian warfare. Later he concentrated his efforts upon farming and as the years passed his labors were crowned with a substantial measure of success.

On December 14, 1856, Mr. Martin was united in marriage to Miss Ann E. Yantis, who was born in Missouri in 1840 and by whom he had five children, as follows: John F.; J. A.; Catherine, who is the wife of L. H. Koontz, of Pasco, Washington; William E.; and one who died in infancy.

It was in 1872 that Mr. Martin brought his family to the Walla Walla valley, where he has since lived, covering a period of forty-five years. Here he was engaged in the stock business until 1880 and then removed to Walla Walla and turned his attention to mercantile pursuits. In 1886 he entered a railroad office at Wallula, where he remained for nine years, and at the end of that time located on a ranch on Snake river, living there for three years. The following year was spent in Walla Walla and he next owned and occupied a ranch on Hudson Bay in Oregon for three years. On selling that place he returned to Washington and has lived in Touchet since 1901. He purchased a store in Touchet which he carried on for some time but at length sold that property and retired from active business life, so that he is now enjoying a rest which he has truly earned and richly deserves. He owns seven acres of land in the village of Touchet, upon which he has a comfortable and attractive residence and is now pleasantly situated there.

Michael Kenney

The 1858 expedition of Colonel Steptoe and his subsequent defeat by the Indians took place near present-day Rosalia, Washington, as recounted by Mr. Kenney.

Michael Kenney was born at Castlecomer, Ireland, September 21, 1831. He arrived in New York, July, 1853, having made the journey on a sailing vessel which required seven weeks. At that time he remembers that there was but one trans-Atlantic steamer.

New York, the metropolis of America, was a small place then. On Forty-second street there were only two small houses.

America made a favorable impression on the new-comer, except the New York summer, which was altogether too warm. On one occasion he got up at two o'clock in the morning and took a plunge in the Hudson for comfort. Although he felt the heat severely, he went to work in the Fall at carpentry and received $3.00 a week for his services.

February, 1854, he enlisted at Governor's island, in the United States army. Uncle Sam's fighting force was in its infancy then. It consisted of two regiments of Dragoons and one regiment of mounted riflemen. The latter was organized to fight Indians in Texas.

Mr. Kenney with others who had enlisted were taken to Jefferson barracks, Missouri, and later to Fort Leavenworth, where their numbers were increased by more recruits. From this place, under the command of Col. Steptoe, the force started westward with Salt Lake City its destination, where it arrived in September and spent the winter. The city was surrounded by a wall eight or nine feet high and about two and one-half miles long by one and one-half miles wide.

"We had our first experience with Indians in Utah," remarked Mr. Kenney.

"In 1853 an eminent entomologist, under military escort, Captain Gunnison in command, went on a searching expedition into Southern Utah to collect bugs for the cabinets of some Eastern institution. The entire party, with the exception of three soldiers, were killed by Indians. Colonel Steptoe went out to chastise the Indians for these murders. Near Sand Pete the chiefs gave up three Indians; these were tried at Salt Lake City by a Mormon jury, which brought in a verdict of manslaughter.

"In May our forces were divided. Fifty of our men, under Lieutenant Maurey, went to San Antonio, New Mexico, headquarters for the First Dragoons, Colonel Steptoe, with two companies of artillery, went to San Francisco, and fifty dragoons, of which I was one, came to Fort Lane, Oregon. We arrived there in July, 1855. We experienced some real Indian warfare here with the Rogue River Indians. We met the red men twice in battle, at Cow Creek on October 31, and at the Big Bend in May or June, both desperately fought battles.

"Three chiefs had a conference with Col. Buchanan, about five miles distant from Big Bend. Two acceded to the Colonel's wish to go upon a reservation he had selected, but the third openly refused. The consenting chiefs asked that Troop C would meet them about three miles from the command, that they might have a conference with Captain A.J. Smith. The request was granted and the troops moved to the appointed place for the council and camped. A friendly Indian notified the captain soon after dark that the Indians intended making a night attack on the camp.

"Lieutenant Switzler selected a place to make a stand for a battle on a height, and we traveled all night, carrying our camp paraphernalia on our backs, to the place, which we reached early in the morning.

"The Indians came to our new stand and wanted to mingle with the troopers, but Captain gave orders to keep all Indians out of the camp.

"Indians were gathering from every direction. About seven o'clock they opened fire on us, which did not cease, except in the darkness of night, until we were reinforced by Troop G from Colonel Buchanan's command.

"The Indians climbed up in the great oak trees near us and fired, while the Indians on the ground loaded and passed the guns to the men up in the trees.

"One man passed the enemy's cordon by crawling on hand and knees through the thick underbrush at night and reached the command. Company G was sent to our relief. At its coming the Indians retreated and ceased hostilities.

"We had been surrounded by Indians and cut off from water for forty-eight hours. The Indians had evidently been severely punished, too, for they came in next day and surrendered. They were marched to Port Orford, where a coast steamer waited to take the Rogue River Indians and some tribes that lived on the immediate coast, to Fort Yamhill. The Rogue River Indians could not be induced to go aboard the steamer; they were afraid of the water. They willingly marched along the beach, a distance of 100 miles, to the Grand Ronde reservation, set apart for them, where, for nearly fifty years they have maintained the most friendly relations with their white neighbors."

At Fort Yamhill, Mr. Kenney states, Phil Sheridan was quartermaster and Dr. Gleeson, after whom one of the principal streets in Portland was named, the physician. Later Fort Yamhill was named Sheridan in honor of the distinction won by General Sheridan. The winter of 1856-7 was spent at this place. Mr. Kenney and Mr. McEvoy arrived on the present site of Walla Walla in 1857. It was occupied then by the Cantonment, consisting of a few log huts on the present site of East Main street, west of Palouse, those on the south were the homes of the officers and the ones on the north, barracks for the soldiers. These huts were built the fall of 1856 by the soldiers[illegible] there was no feed obtainable for the horses here at that time, they were sent to

Vancouver, then occupied by officers of the Hudson Bay Company, for the winter and Mr. Kenney was one of the number sent on this errand. In this valley noted far and near for its many productive fields of grain and hay, then it was necessary to wait until the grass grew in the spring to bring the horses back, on account of the lack of forage. At this time the Americans and British were surveying the boundary line between Washington territory and British America. May 6, 1858, an expedition to Colville started, composed of 152 men in command of Col. Steptoe, who had been ordered to this place by the department commander to settle some trouble between the miners there and the Indians, and to locate a camp for the surveying parties for the winter.

Peace had been established here at the Indian council, held in 1855 and Col. Steptoe had no anticipation of meeting hostile Indians. Chief Timothy and Sub-Chief Levi, both Nez Perce Indians accompanied the expedition as guides; rendered most valuable aid. Orders were given that all sabers be left at home; guns were taken as all soldiers are supposed to carry a gun. Two howitzers were taken, Mr. Kenney thinks probably more for show than use.

There were no ferries nor bridges then and crossing Snake river was a problem that confronted the troops. At this critical point Timothy mastered the difficulty. The crossing was to be made from the home of Timothy's tribe. The squaws took the soldiers, saddles, blankets, food, etc., into canoes, and rowed them across the river, which is estimated to be a quarter of a mile wide at this point. The Indian men on their cayuses compelled the horses to swim across. The crossing was accomplished in a single day.

"In the forenoon of Sunday, May 16, (at Rock Creek) the Indians first showed themselves. The command stopped, and Colonel Steptoe talked with the chiefs. They did not want the troops to go into their country and positively refused to take the command across the Spokane River, and made a most warlike demonstration during the holding of the conference.

"Naked Indians, in war paint, on horses having a coat of paint, circled around the troops, giving the war whoop. One had the audacity to spit in Captain Taylor's face.

"As it was impossible to reach the intended destination without the canoes to cross the Spokane River, Colonel Steptoe started on a retreat homeward Monday. A priest from Coeur d'Alene Mission overtook the command shortly after it started, and told the Colonel that the Indians intended to attack him; that he could control the Coeur d'Alenes, but the others he had no influence over.

"Indians appeared soon after we started. About eight o'clock, as we struck Pine Creek (five miles from present-day Rosalia), the Indians in the timber attacked us in the front, on the right and on the left. Lieutenant Gaston, at the head, gave the command to charge up the hill. The whole command followed, covering the pack train. The howitzers were taken off the mules and turned upon the Indians with such a leaden hail, with aid of a ch[illegible] from the troops, that the hostiles retreated. The howitzers we[illegible] again packed up and the retreat resumed."

When asked if he could give an estimate of the warriors engaged, Kenney replied, "I could not. The hills were full of them. There were the Palouse, Colville, Spokane, Yakima and other tribes.

"As the troop moved down into Cash Creek, Lieutenant Gaston, Company E, commanded the left wing; Captain Taylor, Company C, the right wing and rear; Col. Steptoe, with Lieutenant Gregg, Company H, were in front with the pack train. The Indians tried to circle in between us and the pack train. It was a running fight for two hours. At the end of this time Lieutenant Gaston was killed. News was brought to Col. Steptoe five minutes later that Captain Taylor was killed. Captain Taylor's body was brought in, but two men were killed and three wounded in doing it.

"The men with Lieutenant Gaston were unable to get his body. Their revolvers were empty, their rifles were strapped on their backs and they had no sabers.

"A camp was made on a hill commanding Cash Creek. Captain Taylor was buried here, amid the flying bullets of the Indians. One man was wounded who was assisting in the burial.

"About noon the Indians made camp, probably to get dinner, but returned in a few hours and continued the battle, trying several times to charge the camp, but were repulsed.

"About 2:00 o'clock the ammunition gave out with some of the men on the outer post. A messenger was sent to the camp for more, when it was discovered that the three cases ordered to be brought had been left at Walla Walla. When this discovery was made, Lieutenant Wheeler, who succeeded Captain Taylor, sent out among the troops and gathered up all the ammunition among the men, and found that there were three bullets to each man and six over. I was sent to distribute the six to the men at the front.

"A council of war was called about 2:30 o'clock by Colonel Steptoe. No sabers and no ammunition meant annihilation or retreat. Retreat was the alternative.

"The Indians drew off about dusk. The howitzers were buried where the trampling horses destroyed all trace of the work. Five or six mules were loaded each with one sack of flour. One man was detailed to lead a mule and another to drive the animal. Men were ordered to leave blankets, all clothing except what they wore and everything else that could lighten the burden of the horses.

"Nine men, of whom I was one, kept watch on the Indians while the command made ready for the retreat, which began at moonrise, about 9:00 o'clock. When the escape had been safely effected, a messenger was sent to us to leave our post and follow. We went to the camp, saddled our horses and joined the retreating column.

"The Indians wanted the pack train more than they wanted us, and I consider that Colonel Steptoe's judgment in leaving it behind was all that saved us. Besides its value to them, they did not watch our movemen[illegible]s long as they could see the animals at the camp.

"It was pitch dark some of the time that night, and had it not been for the guidance of the Nez Perce chiefs we would not have reached safety. This was not the only service our Nez Perce friends did for us. We reached Snake River Tuesday night and slept that night. Wednesday morning the Indians rowed us across the river in their canoes, spending the entire day in this work. They also swam our horses across, by their superior knowledge of horseflesh and possibilities. We could not compel, coax or persuade a horse to take the water, but our Nez Perces had little difficulty in accomplishing the feat. The horses were tired and hungry, and a swim of nearly a mile was a task they rebelled against."

"Were the Indians ever recompensed for this work?"

"No. They never received a dollar for this hard work.

"At a camp on Alpowa Creek Wednesday, we had our first meal since Monday morning. Each of us was given a quart of flour. On pieces of canvas and flat stones we mixed some water with this and baked it on stones around the camp fire; some twisted the dough around dry twigs and cooked it before the fire. It had no salt or baking powder, but it tasted as good to me as any bread I ever ate.

"Captain Dent met us the next day with a six-mule team and provisions. We made a camp at the present site of Pomeroy and we had a good meal.

"What do you think of some of the criticisms reflecting on the bravery of Colonel Steptoe?"

"I consider them unjust and most unreasonable. His retreat was not cowardly, but was the only thing he could do and he did it well. I have the first one yet to hear say that Steptoe was a coward, of all the men who fought under him; none others are capable of judging.

"Critics who have reached our land, once a savage wild, by way of the palace car, and fight Indian battles in the comfortable chairs of the modern parlor, don't have very hard fighting. If these latter day heroes and heroines were fighting as we were, without ammunition, 100 miles from everywhere, in a strange country, surrounded by the Lord knows how many Indians, then they would have some experience."

Pgs 127 - 128

J.J. Rohn

Colonel Wright's expedition to punish the hostile Indians of the Inland Empire for the attack on Steptoe's troops earlier that year is the subject of J.J. Rohn's account.

"Our forces consisted of 150 dragoons and our attack on the Indians, who numbered close to 500, was a success in every particular. There was simply nothing to the skirmish for as we rode into the redmen, we rushed, routed and scattered them in all directions before one could say Jack Robinson. Best of all we didn't lose a man during the engagement. In addition to their home made implements of war many of the Indians were armed with Hudson Bay rifles and why they didn't put up a stiffer fight is something that will always remain a mystery to me. When the fight started the Indians were rigged out in all kind of fancy trappings; the head-dresses of many presented a novel sight, in fact, the Indian warriors we met in this particular engagement, looked altogether as if they were equipped for a Fourth of July parade. After the skirmish was over and the majority of Indians had made their escape the battle ground was littered with feathers and Indian fancy trinkets of almost every description. Accompanying our troop was a number of friendly Cayuse Indians who were not slow in picking up the trappings left behind by the routed foe. Incidentally these friendly Cayuses also did a little scalping. Every dead Indian they ran across was scalped by them. Especially did one Indian, well known throughout the country at that time as 'Cut Mouth John', do much effective work in the scalping line among the dead of our enemies. The Indians made much ado about the scalps that fell to them so easily and that evening they celebrated on a big scale by holding a 'scalp' dance."

The troopers saw a dust a few days later, up in the mountains near Liberty lake. It was caused by the Indians driving a band of horses. The troopers were sent after them. The Indians fled leaving all the loose horses. These were driven down to a corral where the Indians shut them up when they desired. There were more than a thousand of these horses. The Nez Perce Indians were given 130 of these and some of the officers took some of them the rest 986 were shot to death in the corral. It took two days to accomplish this slaughter of the innocents.

This was not all of the lesson. Seven Indian storehouses fitted with wheat were burned. It was a terrible lesson but it settled the peace question and the Indians have been friends of the white man ever since.

On the return trip Mr. Rohn with a detachment of 25 men was sent to the Steptoe battlefield and secured the remains of the slain and conveyed them to this place and they were buried in the military cemetery just west of Ft. Walla Walla. Captain Taylor was the only one of the slain that was buried on the battlefield.

Later the remains of Captain Taylor and Lieutenant Gaston were removed to the military cemetery at West Point.

Two howitzers buried by the troopers before the retreat, were dug up and brought here by Mr. Rohn and men. It is not known what became of them although it is claimed that one is in Spokane.

Sgt 128 - 129

On March 1, 1843, Captain Bonneville travelled through Dayton to get to Fort Nez Perces (Walla Walla) at Wallula. In his records, he remarks on the beauty of the area. Later, in October of 1843, Samuel Parker along with Marcus Whitman travelled through Columbia County on their return trip to the fort after talking to Chief Lawyer of the Nez Perce about the "book of heaven".

On July 13, 1858, a pack train moved through the area that was later to become Columbia County. The thirteen packers were led by W.J. Linday. They had an army escort of fifty men from Company F, of the Ninth Infantry, led by Second Lieutenant Nathaniel Wickliff. The men had ridden from Fort Walla Walla and were bringing supplies to Colonel Wright. Wright's column was moving along the Snake River near Rock Creek in pursuit of Spokane, Cayuse, and Palouse Indians after Colonel Steptoe's defeat. The packers and their escort reached the area of the confluence of Patit Creek with the Touchet River (near Dayton's Main Street Bridge). The young lieutenant ordered the men to make camp in a clearing near some trees on the south bank of the Touchet River opposite the mouth of Patit Creek.

At about 5:00 PM, seventy Cayuse Indians came down the hill from the north bank of the Touchet River. According to source, this attack was near the old Brooklyn Mills. The Indian formation rode along the Patit River firing at the soldiers and packers camp. Wickliff moved his men from the camp and formed a skirmish line along the river bank and began exchanging fire with the Indians.

The packers had their cargo packs and animals in the trees, and from the campground they observed that the attacking Indians were circling and firing. They noticed that the Cayuse passed nearby the Patit with each circuit they made. The packers were armed with Navy Colt cap and ball revolvers and they saw an opportunity to spring an ambush on the Cayuse who were occupied with the soldiers. The men snuck under the river banks, waded over the Touchet River and emerged on the Indians as they made one of their wheeling turns, rising from behind the bank of the Patit and emptying their .30 caliber Navy Colt pistols into their attackers at short range. At the end of the fight, the Indians rode back whence they had come, leaving eleven Indians dead and quite a number of dead ponies.

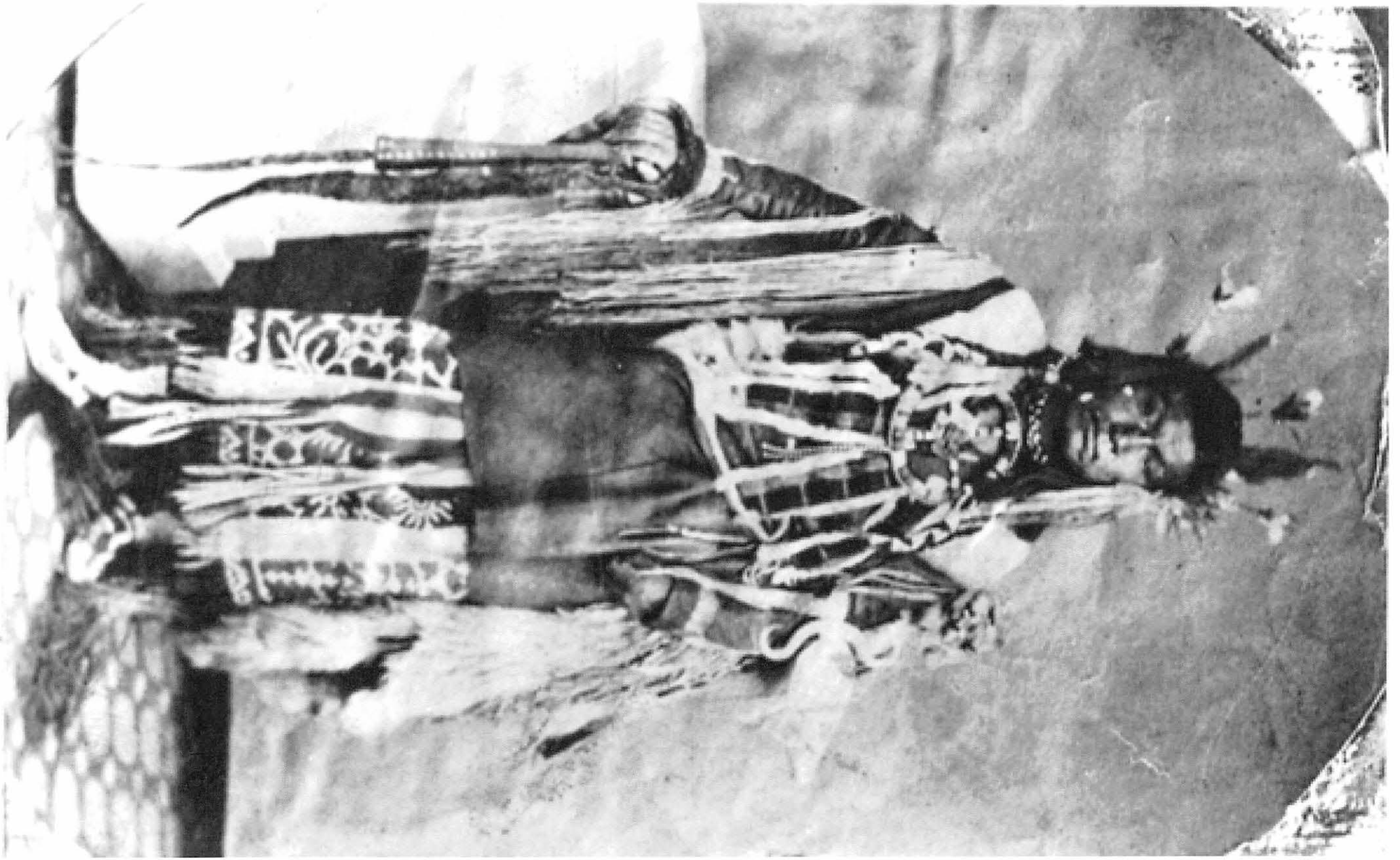
Wickliff's troop suffered two killed and three wounded. Their Jaeger rifles no doubt contributed to the Indian casualties.

The junior officer was appointed to his commission from civilian life on June 18, 1855 to the 9th Infantry. Less than a month later the green lieutenant was in combat. Source: Army Appointments, General Orders – No. 10, War Dept. , Adjutant General's Office, Washington DC, July 19, 1855. After the war, he served as a subaltern to John Mullan as a first lieutenant as part of his military Road Expedition in 1861. – Special Orders #50, 1861.

In August, construction of Fort Taylor was overseen by Captain E.D. Keyes and Lt. John Mullan. The two men were assisted by a company of dragoons and five companies of artillery. Thirty Nez Perce scouts faithfully accompanied the expedition, wearing US Army uniforms. The secondary mission of the group was to survey a military reservation near the fort.

Timbers were cut and shaped for the buildings and foundations. Most of the construction was of native stone. When George Hunter and his Grange Association built a warehouse in 1875 at Grange City, they used the remnants of these massive (12 inch x 12 inch) timbers. When the warehouse was moved to Starbuck, the same timbers provided the foundations of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company building which their rail line served.

–ppage 87-89 Starbuck 1882-1982. W. F. Fletcher, Ye Galleon Press, Fairfield, WA, 1982.



CHIEF KAMIAKIN

JOHN SINGLETON.

John Singleton was one of the earliest of Walla Walla's pioneers, arriving here in 1857, and to the time of his death he was prominently, actively and helpfully associated with the work of development and progress in this section of the state. He was born in County Cork, Ireland, in 1824, and was educated under private tutors. On the 22d of April, 1847, he was married in Queens county, Ireland, to Miss Frances Jane Gowan and two years later they crossed the Atlantic to the United States, settling in New York, where he at once enlisted for service in the army. He was sent to Texas as quartermaster's clerk under Major Bilger and the command was stationed in the Alamo at San Antonio, Texas, his office being in the very room where Colonel Davy Crockett was killed. He remained in Texas in the service of the government for six years and was then honorably discharged, after which he returned to Washington, D. C. Subsequently he occupied a clerical position for six months in the old arsenal. He then went to Baltimore, Maryland. In 1856 Mr. Singleton again enlisted in the army for service on the Pacific coast, believing that the change of climate would benefit his failing health. He made his way westward by way of the Isthmus of Panama and thence northward to Vancouver, Washington, where he was stationed for ten months. His company afterward took part in the war with the Yakima Indians, having several sharp engagements with them in the Cascade mountains. His command was led by Captain Winder and the Indians by Chief Camiachan. After subduing the red men Captain Winder's command built a fort and remained in the Cascades for about a year, but later was transferred to The Dalles, Oregon, and in the spring of 1857 arrived at Fort Walla Walla, where Mr. Singleton remained in the service until 1861, when he was honorably discharged, his term having expired. While he was still engaged in military duty here the Indians from several tribes joined in hostilities to prevent Captain Mullen opening a military road across the Rocky and Coeur d'Alene mountains to the Columbia river. Mr. Singleton was in Colonel Steptoe's command, which met the allied tribes in the memorable engagement of Steptoe Butte, which was of several days' duration. The whites, being greatly outnumbered, suffered a disastrous defeat and were driven back to the Snake river in great disorder. In this engagement Mr. Singleton had a very narrow escape from death. He became separated from his comrades in the retreat and after wandering around nearly all night came upon a band of friendly Nez Perce Indians, who conducted him to the Clearwater river, ferried him across and directed him to the camp of his company, who had reported to his wife that he had died. Colonel Wright soon came up from The Dalles with a thousand men, and being thus reenforced, the troops began an active campaign against the Indians. In a short time the American army had scattered, captured or killed the entire tribe. Some were hanged in the mountains but the most noted leaders were brought to Walla Walla, where seven of them were hanged in the public square in the rear of the garrison. During his service in Fort Walla Walla, Mr. Singleton did most of the work of keeping the records of the post, in the performance of which duty he was compelled to use an old-fashioned quill pen.

Mrs. Singleton had purchased a squatter's right from Captain Pierce, and on Mr. Singleton's discharge he retired to the homestead, which has been the place of residence of the family continuously since. It is said that the money which Captain Pierce obtained for his squatter's right enabled him to open the Orofino mining district, of which he was the first prospector.

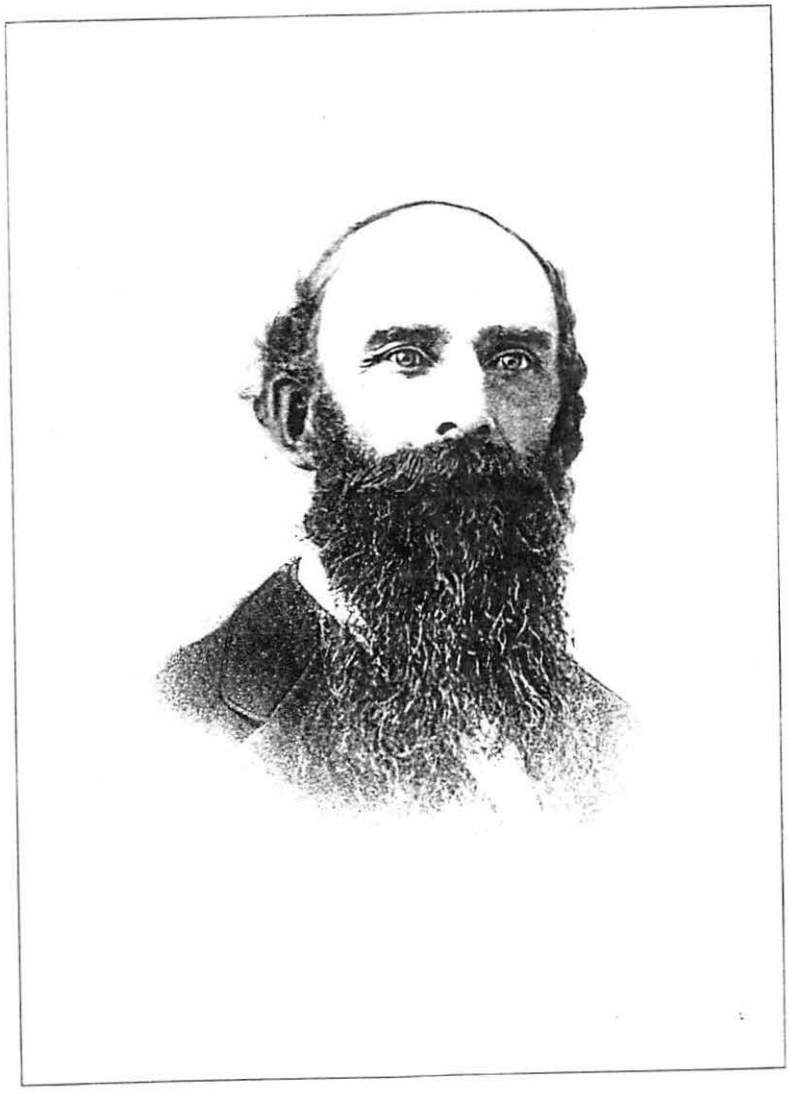
Mr. Singleton died at the old home on December 28, 1893, and there his widow and two daughters still reside. Mrs. Singleton is now in her ninetieth year but for some time past has been an invalid. To Mr. and Mrs. Singleton were born six children: Catherine, who is the widow of Thomas Tierney and resides in San Francisco; Frank E.; William H., who is deceased; Elizabeth and Eudora M., who are at home; and Esther Belle, who gave her hand in marriage to J. W. Brooks, a prominent attorney of Walla Walla.

FRANK SINGLETON.

There are few residents of Walla Walla who can claim connection with the city from 1857. The memory of Frank Singleton, however, harks back to the period when this was a frontier fort and the work of progress and civilization had scarcely been begun in all this section of the country. The Indians were more numerous than the white settlers and only here and there had some venturesome spirit penetrated into the western wilderness to plant the seeds of civilization. Frank Singleton, who is now extensively interested in mining and is engaged in the real estate business in Walla Walla, was but six years of age at the time of his arrival in Washington. He was born in San Antonio, Texas, November 7, 1850, and after the removal of the family to the northwest pursued his education in the public and parochial schools of Walla Walla. On reaching manhood he engaged in the live stock business, with which he was prominently identified for many years. At one time he was a heavy holder of farm lands, but in 1916 he sold his farm north of Prescott, comprising six hundred acres, which was the last of his farm possessions. For the past twelve years he has been prominently identified with mining and has large holdings in mining property. For six years he has been engaged in the real estate business in Walla Walla and has negotiated many important realty transfers. In a word, he is a progressive business man, alert and energetic, his activities guided by sound judgment, while his laudable ambition has brought to him gratifying success.

In July, 1907, Mr. Singleton was united in marriage to Mrs. Martha White, who in her maidenhood was Miss Kidwell, a daughter of James Kidwell, who in 1863 cast in his lot with the pioneer settlers of Walla Walla. By her former marriage Mrs. Singleton had two sons: Walter, who is engaged in farming in Walla Walla county; and Vivian, who is a farmer of Franklin county. Mr. and Mrs. Singleton are widely and favorably known in the city and surrounding country, having an extensive circle of friends, while the hospitality of the best homes is freely accorded them. With every phase of pioneer life and of the later development and progress of the county they are familiar, having been interested witnesses of the growth and upbuilding of this section of the state from early pioneer times.

Hist 84-85



WILLIAM C. PAINTER

WILLIAM CHARLES PAINTER.

The days of chivalry and knighthood in Europe cannot furnish more interesting or romantic tales than our own western history. Into the wild mountain fastnesses of the unexplored west went brave men whose courage was often called forth in encounters with hostile savages. The land was rich in all natural resources, in metals, in agricultural and commercial possibilities, and awaited the demands of man to yield up its treasures. But its mountain heights were hard to climb, its forests difficult to penetrate and the magnificent trees, the dense bushes or jagged rocks often sheltered the skulking foe, who resented the encroachment of the pale faces upon these "hunting grounds." The establishment of homes in this beautiful region therefore meant sacrifices, hardships and ofttimes death, but there were some men, however, brave enough to meet the red man in his own familiar haunts and undertake the task of reclaiming the district for purposes of civilization. The rich mineral stores of the northwest were thus added to the wealth of the nation, its magnificent forests contributed to the lumber industry and its fertile valleys added to the opportunities of the farmer and stock raiser; and today the northwest is one of the most productive sections of the entire country. That this is so is due to such men as William Charles Painter, whose name is inseparably interwoven with the history of the region. No story of fiction contains more exciting chapters than may be found in his life record. He was one of the most prominent of those who engaged in Indian warfare and for many years he was also a leading figure in the agricultural development of this section of the state. Walla Walla numbered him among her most honored and valued citizens and his death was the occasion of deep and widespread regret.

William C. Painter was born in St. Genevieve, Missouri, April 18, 1830, and there the earliest years of his life were passed. His paternal ancestors came from Mercer county, Pennsylvania. His mother, who bore the maiden name of Jean Moore, was a daughter of Major Robert Moore, a veteran of the War of 1812 and well known in connection with the early history of Oregon. In 1850 the father with his family started for Oregon, but when the Little Blue river was reached the father and two of the sons died of cholera. The mother and the surviving children continued the journey westward with sore hearts but with undaunted courage and finally reached Washington county, Oregon, where donation land claims were secured.

There William C. Painter resided until 1863 and was prominently identified with the early development of that section. At the time of the Indian war of 1855 he was one of the first to enlist, becoming a member of Company D, First Oregon Mounted Volunteers, which command fought the Indians for four days near Walla Walla, finally routing the red men, who retreated to the Palouse country. In this and many other engagements of the Indian war Mr. Painter distinguished himself for bravery. He remained with his company until the close of hostilities. In 1855 certain young ladies of the Forest Grove Academy, now the Tualitin Academy and the Pacific University, presented the company with a flag. Mr. Painter's comrades in arms voted that he should become its bearer and the starry banner finally came into his exclusive possession and is still carefully preserved in the Painter household as a priceless relic. Upon its field there are but twenty-one stars and on the flag, inscribed in large letters, are the words, "Co. D, First Oregon Vol., 1855-6." In the war against the Bannock and Piute Indians in 1878, Mr. Painter again engaged in fighting the red men. He was appointed by Governor Ferry captain of a company of forty-two men and was assigned to duty on the gunboat Spokane under command of Major Cress of the regular army. The first engagement in which he participated was at Long Island in the Columbia river below Umatilla, in which the whites were successful. Major Cress, in a letter to Mr. Painter written from Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, under date of April 15, 1897, speaks very highly of the assistance which the latter rendered. After this engagement, in recognition of his valuable service, he was made aid-de-camp on the staff of Governor Ferry, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, and was placed in command of forty-two men. He was then sent to eastern Oregon to assist in defending the people against the Indians who had recently been defeated by General O. O. Howard. He passed south of the retreating bands to Camas Prairie with a view of intercepting the retreat. The hostile savages, learning of his position, by a circuitous route passed around him and escaped, but he captured enough horses to pay the entire expenses of his command. Although no battle was fought in that campaign, it was considered so hazardous that an offer of ten dollars per day for guides was not sufficient to cause anyone to accept and run the risk. In his official report, General O. O. Howard, quoting Captain John A. Cress, said: "Captain William C. Painter and the forty-two volunteers from Walla Walla deserve praise for good conduct and bravery, not excepting my Vancouver regiment and Captain Gray, with officers and crew of the steamer Spokane, who stood firmly at their posts under fire."

When the country no longer needed his military aid Captain Painter became a clerk for Flanders & Felton of Wallula, and when the senior member was elected to congress in 1867, Captain Painter took charge of the business. He also became postmaster of Wallula and the agent for the Wells Fargo Express Company. Returning to Walla Walla, he was appointed deputy collector of internal revenue for eastern Washington and in November, 1870, he resigned that position, although his resignation was not accepted until the following May. After retiring from office he made some unfortunate mill investments, in which he lost everything that he had saved. With courageous spirit, however, he again became a wage earner and was thus employed until 1876, when he was appointed receiver of the United States land office and occupied that position in most satisfactory manner until 1878, when he was elected county auditor. He served for four consecutive terms in that position and the Waitsburg Times of March 11, 1887, in speaking of him at his retirement from office, designated him as "the best auditor Walla Walla county ever had." He ever regarded a public office as a public

trust and it is well known that no trust reposed in Captain Painter was ever betrayed in the slightest degree. Upon his retirement from the position of county auditor he concentrated his attention on farming, having fifteen hundred acres in the Eureka flats. While thus engaged he still occupied the old home on South Third street in Walla Walla, where the family still reside. He was thus extensivly engaged in general agricultural pursuits and continued his farming operations until about two years prior to his death.

On the 7th of January, 1864, Captain Painter was married to Miss Caroline Mitchell, the only daughter of Judge I. Mitchell, of Multnomah county, Oregon, and their children are: Philip M., a resident of Walla Walla county; Charles S., of Montana; Maude M., the wife of Garrett D'Ablaing of Ellensburg; Harry M., a Congregational minister of Seattle; Bonnie Jean, the wife of R. F. MacLane of Walla Walla; Marguerite M., the wife of Herbert Gall of Sascatoon, Canada; Roy R., deceased; Rex M., of Walla Walla county; Caroline M., the wife of H. J. Wolff of Seattle; and Bruce I., of San Francisco. The family circle was broken by the hand of death when on the 4th of December, 1900, Captain Painter died of paralysis. For some time he was a vestryman of the Episcopal church which the family attend. His political allegiance had always been given to the republican party from the time of its organization and he was a most faithful follower of its principles. It is said that at every demonstration of a patriotic nature Captain Painter was called upon to take his place among the leaders, with his battle-scarred Indian war flag. His patriotic sentiments led him to take a prominent part in the Pioneer Association of Oregon and he always made a special effort to be present at its meetings. He was also active among the Indian War Veterans and was the first grand commander of the organization. For years he belonged to the Ancient Order of United Workmen. He gave devoted loyalty to every cause which he espoused and his is a most notable and honorable record of a pioneer, a valiant soldier and one of nature's noblemen.

Pg 114 116

COLONEL WILLIAM H. MILLER

COLONEL WILLIAM HAVENS MILLER.

Colonel William Havens Miller, whose life was spent in the military service of his country, was under all circumstances an officer and a gentleman. He was born at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, January 31, 1849, and on the 14th of June, 1872, was graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point and was assigned to duty with the First Cavalry. While with that regiment he participated in all the Indian wars in the Rocky mountains and on the Pacific coast and won frequent promotion in recognition of his efficiency and gallantry. Among the important campaigns in which he took part were: the Modoc war, which lasted from November, 1872, until June, 1873; the Nez Perce war, from June to October, 1877; the Bannock campaign, from June to September, 1878; and a minor engagement at Meacham's, in the Blue mountains of Oregon, in August, 1878. He was promoted to first lieutenant in the First Cavalry, March 4, 1879. From May, 1877, to March, 1887, he served as quartermaster in the field and in garrison and during the greater part of that time, or from August 15, 1878, to March 31, 1887, he was regimental quartermaster. On the 28th of February, 1890, he was brevetted first lieutenant for "gallant services in action against Indians at the Lava Beds, California, April 17, 1873, and gallant and meritorious conduct during the Modoc war." In 1896-7 he was employed in the designing and building of Fort George Wright, a military post at Spokane, Washington, being in charge of the work until December, 1898, at which time the post