was ready for one battalion of infantry. During the greater part of 1899 and 1900 he was in Cuba and built the four company military post at Paso Caballos at the mouth of the harbor of Cienfuegos, Cuba, and finished the cavalry post, Hamilton barracks, at Matanzas, Cuba. Colonel Miller was in campaigns and garrisons in the northwest until September, 1890, being stationed a part of the time in northern California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada and Montana, and was then appointed captain and assistant quartermaster in the United States Army and was on duty as follows: Quartermaster at United States Military Academy, West Point, New York, from October, 1890, to November, 1894; quartermaster at Fort Riley, Kansas, from November, 1894, until July, 1896; constructing quartermaster at Spokane, Washington, from July, 1896, to December, 1898; appointed major and chief quartermaster in United States Volunteers, August 15, 1898; division chief quartermaster at Southern Camp, Anniston, Alabama, from December, 1898, to March, 1899; chief quartermaster, Departments of Santa Clara and Matanzas at Cienfuegos and Matanzas, Cuba, from March, 1899, to July, 1900; depot quartermaster, Boston, Massachusetts, from October, 1900, to August. 1901 · depot and chief quartermaster, Depot-

ment of the Lakes, Chicago, Illinois, from August, 1901, to August, 1905; in charge of the general depot of the quartermaster's department, New York city, from November 20, 1905, to May, 1907; chief quartermaster, Philippine Division, Manila, from September 2, 1907, to June 14, 1909; quartermaster at Seattle, Washington, and in charge of the United States transport service on Puget Sound from July, 1909, until retired at the age of sixty-four years, January 31, 1913. He was promoted to major and quartermaster, United States Army, August 12, 1900; to lieutenant colonel and deputy quartermaster general, August 15, 1903; and colonel and assistant quartermaster general, October 31, 1909. The title was changed to colonel, Quartermaster Corps, United States Army, by act of congress approved August 24, 1912. On the 5th of July, 1906, he was especially commended to the secretary of war by the inspector general of the army for efficiency. All work that was given to him to do was well done, for, holding himself to the strictest standards, he refused to accept anything less than the best work from those under him, but at the same time he was scrupulously just and held the respect of his men. He upheld the high traditions of the American army, was a constant student of military science and kept in close touch with the change in methods necessitated by new conditions of warfare. To him the army was a profession that demands all a man has to give but that makes abundant recompense in the knowledge of worthy service rendered the nation. He had the capacity for deep friendship characteristic of men of unusual strength of character and the place which he held in the esteem and affection of those who knew him intimately is indicated in the following tribute to his memory by his friend, G. P. Monell:

"'He was my friend, faithful and just to me.' This Shakespearean saying of Marcus Antonius over the body of dead Caesar, best describes the dominant characteristic of Colonel Miller's life. Faithful and just, tender and true, might well be inscribed upon the stone that marks the spot where he sleeps till the final reveille. These qualities, covering all that is knightly, all that is noble, went to make up the daily routine of the life he lived for the glory and honor of his country. No promise that he ever made, however lightly, was too small to be faithfully remembered and religiously fulfilled. No fault that he observed was too great or too trivial to meet with less or more than exact justice. Officially he had no friends; those who gave best service were best rewarded, regardless of his personal predilections. Looking back over the past four years of close and intimate friendship, they seem to reflect back his past and sound out his whole life as embodied living truth; even in his lightest moods he scorned exaggeration as beneath the dignity of his manhood. Deeply learned in all the intricate business of army life and regulations, quick to see the right and wrong of any question, recognizing no middle course, his decisions were instant and final and his reasons unassailable. Officially he was a dignified, gallant and knightly soldier. In private life he represented the highest type of American gentleman. Hospitable, kindly, witty, he made those who visited his home feel

CHRISTIAN STURM, SR.

MRS. CHRISTIAN STURM, SR.

CHRISTIAN STURM, SR.

Christian Sturm, who was one of the best known and most highly esteemed pioneers of the Walla Walla valley, was born in the kingdom of Wurttemberg, Germany, April 14, 1834. At the age of seventeen, accompanied by a brother, he came to the United States, the ocean voyage taking forty-two days.

He enjoyed telling a good joke on himself which occurred when he landed in New York with little of this world's goods. He met with a traveling Jew who said to him: "Carry these bags and suit cases for me several blocks and I'll pay you twenty-five cents." He accepted the offer and carried the luggage blocks and blocks until, finally in the heart of the city, they entered a building and climbed several flights of stairs. On one of the top floors the Jew took the luggage and asked him to wait a few minutes and he would return and pay him. He waited and waited patiently but the generous Jewish gentleman never returned. It was some little time before it dawned on him that he was "stung." It was a lesson, for the errand caused him to miss his boat and, also, his brother whom he never saw again. That night he spent sight-seeing about New York, and while standing about admiring what was a most wonderful building to him he was thrown into jail where he was compelled to remain until morning and he often remarked, "his first and only time in jail was his first night in America."

After finishing his education in New York, he moved to Delaware and after spending two years in that state he went to Philadelphia where he enlisted in the service of the U. S. army in 1857. Shortly afterwards his company was moved to Newport, Kentucky, and then to New York; then, by the isthmus of Panama route to San Francisco and from the last named place to Astoria. Astoria at that time had but few buildings. Soon after he was stationed at Vancouver and a little later at the Cascades. With his company he walked to the upper Cascades and took the boat to The Dalles and from there he marched with his troop to Fort Walla Walla. He was five years in the army and during his enlistment he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant. In the army he saw much real fighting. In 1858 he was in the expedition to Colville, which was in command of Colonel Wright. They encountered the Indians, nearly twelve thousand strong, who opened fire on the troops, and the famous battle of Steptoe was fought. During this battle Captain Taylor was killed. Captain Taylor was wearing a silk sash which he took off and presented to Lieutenant Sturm of whom he was very fond. The sash he always kept in memory of momentous hours of danger and as a sacred memento of a true friendship, and it now hangs in its familiar place in his widow's home. The Indians that fought at Steptoe consisted of the Yakimas, Colvilles, Palouses, Spokanes and Coeur d'Alenes. In this famous battle the troops fortified themselves on Steptoe Butte and how bravely they fought history tells. During the battle many Indians were dispatched and as many as one thousand Indian ponies were killed.

After retiring from the army as lieutenant, acting as assistant quartermaster, First Cavalry United States of America, 1862, at Fort Walla Walla (the same fort that President Wilson ordered used in 1917 for a training camp for the Washington State Field Artillery, under command of Major Paul Weyrauch) the wonderful opportunities of the Inland Empire country made a strong appeal to Mr. Sturm. After spending a year mining at Orofino, Idaho, he returned to Walla Walla and went into the livery business with Fred Kraft. After a short time he disposed of his interest in the livery and engaged in the general merchandise business with O. B. Brechtel for a partner. Their store was one of the first in Walla Walla; it was a headquarters for miners returning from the Orofino placer mines; the miners would deposit their gold dust with Messrs. Sturm and Brechtel for safe keeping, there being no banks at that time in Walla Walla. After remaining in the mercantile business for five years Mr. Sturm bought one hundred and sixty acres of land from H. M. Chase two and one-half miles from Walla Walla and engaged in farming. He acquired another adjoining one hundred and sixty acres; also homesteaded one hundred and sixty and preempted one hundred and sixty; then, in later years, he bought five hundred acres more. He was one of the most successful wheat and stock raisers in the valley.

Mr. Sturm was married in 1865 to Miss Marietta Roff. Four sons and two daughters were born to this union, and two sons and two daughters survive. Mrs. Sturm was born September 12, 1844, a daughter of Frederick Roff. Her girlhood was spent in Illinois, but in 1864 she with her parents left Quincy, that state, and they crossed the plains and mountains, using ox and horse teams, the crossing requiring six months. Many were the hardships they endured. Among others, their oxen got on a "poisoned meadow" and died. During the last part of their journey they traveled with a government train and arrived in Walla Walla, October 16, 1864. Mrs. Sturm's father, Frederick Roff, was perhaps the first man to take up a homestead in the valley, filing on one hundred and sixty acres about two and a half miles east of Walla Walla. He there resided until his death, August 2, 1890. Mrs. Sturm survives her husband and resides at the old Sturm home in Walla Walla. More extended mention in regard to the family of Frederick Roff is made in connection with the sketch of Oliver DeWitt, whose wife is a sister of Mrs. Sturm.

Mr. Sturm, who died on January 11, 1909, was one of the foremost pioneers of the western country. Taking up his abode in the northwest when Walla Walla boasted but a few log buildings and the tributary country was but a wilderness, he was one of those sturdy, upright characters who did his full share to help develop the country and make it the success it is today. At all times public spirited and keenly alive and devoted to the interests of the community he was one of the country's true builders. As one of the distinguished pioneers of the country—as a man who performed many good deeds in his day—his name will always be remembered and ever held in the highest respect.

Cyc 254-255

JESSE DRUMHELLER.

Jesse Drumheller, deceased, an honored pioneer of the west of 1852, was during the remainder of his life a prominent factor in the advancement of the business interests and development of this section of the country. Widely known, his life history cannot fail to prove of interest to the many friends who still cherish his memory, and it is therefore with pleasure that we present this record of his career to our readers. His birth occurred in Tennessee in 1835. There the first eight years of his life were passed, after which he accompanied his parents on their removal to Missouri, the family home being established near Springfield, where he remained until 1851. He then located near Savannah, Missouri, where he remained for a year, and in 1852 he heard and heeded the call of the west. He started out across the plains with ox teams for Washington and located in Cowlitz county, where he turned his attention to the lumber business. Soon afterward he removed to California, where for several years he engaged in mining, and in 1855 he became a resident of Oregon. There he joined the Oregon Volunteers for service in the Indian war and was sent to Walla Walla. During the eleven months in which he was a part of that command he participated in several severe engagements with the red men and aided in winning the victory which crowned the arms of the white troops. After the cessation of hostilities he entered the employ of the United States government and assisted in building the government posts at The Dalles, at Walla Walla, at Colville and at Simcoe. His activities thus became an important factor in the development of this section of the country. In 1859 he took up his abode on land two miles south of Walla Walla and turned his attention to stock raising and general farming, a business which he followed until about 1900. In this he prospered and from time to time added to his holdings until his landed possessions aggregated nearly six thousand acres. He thus carried on farming most extensively and in 1899 his crop of wheat amounted to about sixty-five thousand bushels. He followed the most progressive methods in the development of his land and stood at all times as one of the most enterprising and representative farmers of the northwest. He also carried on stock raising with success and his diligence and determination brought him prominently to the front in connection with the line of his chosen occupation.

On the 8th of October, 1863, in Walla Walla, Mr. Drumheller was united in marriage to Miss Martha A. Maxson, a pioneer of 1859. They became the parents of five sons: Samuel, of Calgary, Alberta; Oscar; George, a stock-raiser of Walla Walla; Thomas J., who is engaged in the hardware business with his older brother, Oscar, they being members of the well known firm of Drumheller & Company, dealers in hardware, furniture and crockery; and R. M., collector of customs at Seattle.

Jesse Drumheller was a member of the Masonic fraternity, holding membership in the lodge and in the chapter. His death occurred on December 2, 1907. He stood in the front rank among those who have planted civilization in the northwest and was particularly active in the growth of Walla Walla county, where for many years he made his home, and his labors were of a nature that contributed in marked measure to the substantial and moral development and upbuilding of this section of the country. He was a progressive business man, wide-awake, alert and energetic, and carried forward to successful completion whatever he undertook. While his business interests became very extensive and important, he always found time to cooperate in plans and measures for the public good and was a most loyal and devoted citizen from the time when he aided in subduing the Indian uprising, through the period of later development and progress up to the time when death called him to the home beyond.

Pgs 328-329

J. J. ROHN.

J. J. Rohn is now living retired in Walla Walla but for a long period was actively identified with farming interests in this section of the state and through close application and unremitting energy won a substantial measure of success. He was born in Baden, Germany, November 22, 1834, and is a son of Nicholas and Kate (Cipf) Rohn, who were also natives of that country, where they spent their entire lives. They had a family of six children, but so far as he knows, J. J. Rohn is the only one now living. He was reared and educated in his native country and was a youth of seventeen when he bade adieu to friends and native land and sailed for America, having determined to try his fortune on this side of the Atlantic. He crossed the water in 1851, making the trip on a sailing vessel, and landed at New York city, where he remained for two years, working at his trade of picture frame gilder, which he had learned in Germany. Subsequently he removed to Baltimore, Maryland, where he resided for one year, and in 1855 he enlisted for active service in the United States army and was sent to New York harbor, where he remained until May of that year. He was then transferred to San Francisco, California, and afterward was sent to Red Bluff, and still later to Fort Lane, Oregon, to which point he walked, making the entire distance on foot. In 1855 the Indian war broke out and that winter he was engaged in fighting the red men, being in the mountains throughout the entire period. He was fortunate in that he escaped all injury, although he experienced many of the hardships incident to such warfare. In 1857 he was sent to Fort Walla Walla, where he was stationed for several years. He went out with the Wright expedition in 1858 and in 1859 he was transferred to Vancouver, where he remained until honorably discharged in 1860.

Mr. Rohn then returned to Walla Walla and took up a homestead on Mill creek, where he has since lived. He still owns a farm of one hundred and sixty acres, which is highly improved. He has added to it all modern accessories and conveniences and was successfully engaged in farming for many years but eventually put aside the active work of the fields to enjoy a rest which he has truly earned and richly deserves. He is now eighty-three years of age and is most comfortably situated in life, the years of his former toil bringing to him a competence that supplies him with all necessities and many luxuries.

In 1866 Mr. Rohn was united in marriage to Miss Sarah E. Sanders, who was born in Indiana, a daughter of Joseph Sanders, who came to Walla Walla in 1864. To Mr. and Mrs. Rohn were born four children: Kate, who is the widow of T. J. Bryan; Malina J., who is the wife of Harry Gilkerson; Fred, who owns and operates three hundred and eighty acres of land in Whitman county; and Sarah Belle, deceased. The son is married and has seven children. The wife and mother passed away in 1872 and Mr. Rohn has never married again. He reared his children to man and womanhood alone, doing the part of both mother and father in his care of them.

In politics Mr. Rohn has always been a stalwart democrat, actively interested in the success of his party and doing everything in his power to secure the adoption of its principles. His has been a well spent life fraught with good results and characterized by all those traits which in every land and clime awaken confidence and regard. Industry, and perseverance, guided by keen intelligence, have been the basis of his success and he can look back over the past without regret. He has never had occasion to regret his determination to come to the new world, for he here found the opportunities which he sought and in their utilization has made steady progress.

Pgs 583-584

HERMAN C. ACTOR.

A most interesting and eventful career was that of Herman C. Actor, who passed the last years of his life in the restfulness and the quietude of the farm. He was familiar with every phase of frontier life in the northwest and four times he was wounded by the Indians in the early struggles for supremacy between the white race and the redskins. He came to this section of the country when the work of progress and improvement seemed scarcely begun and when the red men were yet more numerous than the white settlers. Only here and there some venturesome spirit had penetrated into the wilderness of the Pacific northwest to establish a home and if possible utilize the resources of the country in the attainment of a competence or a fortune.

Mr. Actor was born in Ohio, September 18, 1832, and had passed the Psalmist's allotted span of three score years and ten at the time of his demise. In fact, he had reached the eighty-fifth milestone on life's journey and was the only survivor of a family of nine children when he passed to the Great Beyond. His parents were Herman and Margaret (Daterman) Actor, both natives of Germany, who had crossed the Atlantic to the new world in 1828 and established their home in Ohio, where they continued to reside until their deaths.

It was in that state that Herman C. Actor spent the days of his boyhood and youth and acquired an education in such schools as were available in that early day. He went to Missouri in 1852, when a young man of twenty years, and there remained for a year. He then entered the employ of the American Fur Company and purchased furs for that concern at their fort for two years. It was in the fall of 1855 that he came to Walla Walla, Washington, in company with Governor Stevens, and for one year he acted as one of the governor's guard. Later he was in the employ of the government for some time and while thus engaged was four times shot by the Indians, sustaining three wounds in the leg and one in the shoulder. Wild as was the life of the northwest and undeveloped as was the country, he felt the spell upon him and determined to remain, eager to take active part in the improvement and progress of this section. He purchased a farm where Dixie now stands and cultivated his land there for some time, but afterward disposed of that property and purchased the farm on which he died, on section 23, township 8 north, range 37 east, comprising four hundred acres. With characteristic energy he bent his efforts to the cultivation and improvement of the property and in the course of years his labors wrought a marked transformation in the appearance of the place. He carefully and wisely utilized his fields and as the years passed his crops multiplied and brought him a substantial competence, permitting him the well earned enjoyment of the comforts of life.

In 1858 Mr. Actor was united in marriage to Miss Sarah Davis, a native of Iowa, and they became the parents of six children: Margaret, who is the wife of George La Rue; Mary, the wife of Lincoln Kenwine; Louisa, the wife of P. Collinwood; Frank; George; and Arthur. The wife and mother died in 1908 and was laid to rest in the Dixie cemetery, her death being the cause of deep regret to her many friends and great sorrow to her family. Only recently Mr. Actor was also gathered to his fathers and with him there passed away one of those sturdy pioneers who had carried the banner of the white man's civilization into the wilds of the west and who planted well for the coming generations to reap.

Mr. Actor belonged to the Masonic lodge at Dixie and gave his political allegiance to the republican party. He never sought office but was public spirited and served as a member of the school board to good purpose. He was a self-made man who owed his success to his industry and perseverance alone. He met many hardships and difficulties incident to pioneer life and encountered many obstacles such as always are factors in a business career, but he did not allow himself to become discouraged and with resolute will pushed forward and in the span of his life he won for himself an honored place as one of the substantial men of the county. He was one of its venerable citizens, respected by all, and his worth to the community was widely acknowledged. While he has gone to the Beyond, his work lives and his memory is enshrined in the hearts of all who become cognizant of his sterling character.

pp 659-660

DANIEL HAYES.

Daniel Hayes is one of the well known and honored pioneer settlers of Walla Walla county. Six decades have come and gone since he arrived in the state of Washington, and there is not a feature of its development with which he is not familiar. He has had many interesting and varied experiences incident to the life of a pioneer, and his memory forms a connecting link between the primitive past and the progressive present.

Daniel Hayes was born in County Tipperary, Ireland, in the year 1840. His parents died while he was yet a boy, and at the age of twelve years he came to America, where a brother and sister had emigrated some years before. When in America but a short time he went to work as an errand boy for James A. Hamilton, a son of Alexander Hamilton, patriot and statesman, at his beautiful home on the Hudson river. He was affectionately known to the Hamilton family as "little Danny," and the only schooling he ever received was from Mr. Hamilton's daughter Angelica, who became interested in him and taught him evenings. Mr. Hayes has never forgotten his benefactress, and his youngest daughter bears her name. When seventeen years of age he left this good home and the opportunities he was promised, and came west. He made the trip by the way of the Isthmus of Panama and landed in San Francisco in April, 1857. Shortly after arriving in San Francisco, he entered the employ of the government in the quartermaster's department. He served for eleven months at Benicia, California, and then went to The Dalles, Oregon, with Captain Jordan. In 1858, when on the way to Fort Simcoe with a government train of forty wagons, news war received of Colonel Steptoe's defeat in a battle with the Indians near the present site of Rosalia. They then returned to The Dalles, where Colonel Wright fitted out troops, and moved to the mouth of the Tucanon river where Fort Taylor was built. Mr. Hayes was the driver of an ammunition wagon and brought supplies to Fort Taylor, where Major Wise was stationed. When Fort Taylor was abandoned he joined Captain Mullan's command and assisted in building the military road from Fort Walla Walla to Fort Benton, Montana. In 1861 he left the employ of the government and went to the mines at Orofino, Idaho. There he took up a claim and engaged in mining during the summer of that year. He later bought a pack train and engaged in the business of freighting until 1873, when he settled on the farm where he still resides.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war in 1898, Mr. Hayes offered his services to the government and was appointed by Quartermaster Cameron at Fort Walla Walla, to take charge of a pack train in Cuba. He served in Cuba during the period of the war, carrying food and ammunition to the American soldiers at the front.

Mr. Hayes was twice married. In 1873 he was married to Miss Elizabeth O'-Donnell, who died in 1876. The two children born to them died in early childhood. In 1879 he married Miss Mary Carrol, who like her husband was a native of Ireland and who still survives. Nine children were born to them, eight of whom are still living, one having died in infancy. The daughters are: Catherine (Mrs. W. C. Anderson), Nellie (Mrs. B. G. Wiley), Margaret (Mrs. William Upton), and Angela; the sons are Parnell, Tom, John and Leo. There are three grandchildren, Elinor and John Edward Wiley and William Upton.

Mr. Hayes and his family are all members of the Roman Catholic church, and give their political allegiance to the democratic party. His youngest son came of age just in time to cast the tenth vote in the family for the reelection of Woodrow Wilson. The story of his life proves that Daniel Hayes was a sturdy pioneer whose life has been closely identified with the early history of the state of Washington, and who was a man always willing to accept his share of hardships and always eager to serve his country. When war was declared on Germany he had reached an age when he could no longer be of service, but was proud in the knowledge that his children would take up the duties for which he was no longer fitted. Shortly after declaration of war his son John enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, and his daughter Angela joined the Army Nurse Corps. The former is at present stationed at Galveston, Texas, and the latter at Honolulu.

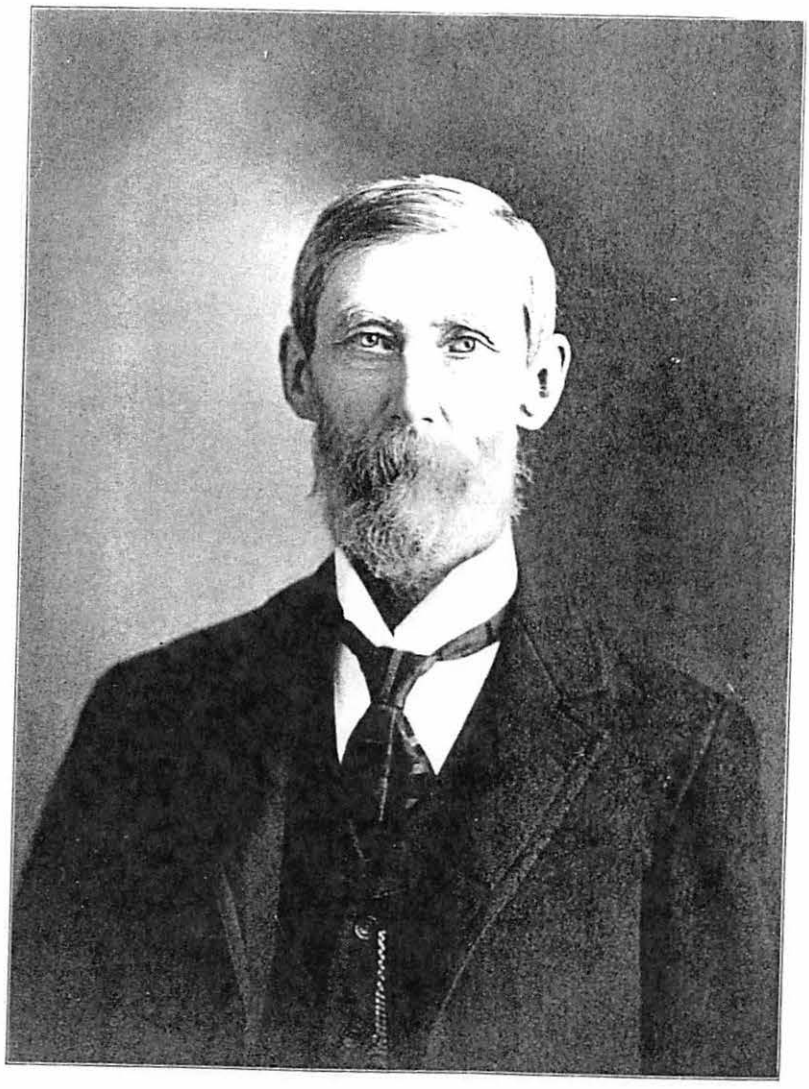
W. E. McKINNEY.

W. E. McKinney, the well known proprietor of the McKinney Auto Company of Waitsburg, was born in Walla Walla county, about a mile from Waitsburg, on the 6th of April, 1868. His father, William McKinney, is a retired farmer living in Waitsburg. He was one of the early pioneer settlers of the northwest country and through many years was closely and prominently associated with the agricultural development and the upbuilding of this section. He was born in Warren county, Indiana, May 5, 1836, and is a son of William and Ann (Walter) McKinney, who crossed the plains with ox teams to Oregon in 1845. On their arrival in that state they settled in Washington county, near Hillsboro, and their later years were spent in Oregon. Their son, William McKinney, was a lad of but nine years at the time they crossed the plains and thus he was reared on the western frontier and early became familiar with all of the experiences, hardships and privations which fall to the lot of the pioneer settler. In 1855-6 he served as a member of Company A under Colonel Kelly and later under Colonel Cornelius in the Indian war. He spent the winter of those two years in Walla Walla, which was then a far western frontier fort. In 1856 he returned to Oregon and was employed on his father's farm until 1858, when he made his way up to The Dalles with the intention of going on to Walla Walla in order to homestead in that locality. He was told, however, that the country was not yet open for settlement and he therefore returned to the vicinity of Portland, Oregon, where he spent the winter. The following spring he made his way northward as a member of the state boundary survey as government packer and in the fall of 1859 he came to Walla Walla county to locate and has since resided in this section of the state. In 1864 he filed on a homestead on the Touchet river, one mile below Waitsburg, and there continued to live for more than a quarter of a century. He also took up a timber claim and he purchased adjoining land, so that his ranch became one of five hundred and fifty-two and one-half acres. This property he still owns. In 1890, however, he removed to Waitsburg, where he has a beautiful city residence and is most attractively and comfortably situated.

William McKinney was married on the 14th of December, 1865, to Miss Sarah J. Paulson, who crossed the plains in 1864. They became the parents of four children, as follows: Frank P., who is a banker residing in Olympia, Washington; William E., of this review; Thomas V., who operates his father's farm; and Emma, at home. William McKinney is a democrat in his political views. Late in the '70s or early '80s he was a candidate, through the insistence of his friends, for the office of county commissioner, and while the county was almost two to one republican, he was defeated by only twenty-five votes, a fact which indicated his personal popularity and the confidence reposed in him. He is held in the highest esteem wherever known and ranks with the honored old pioneer settlers of Walla Walla county. In 1914 he was called upon to mourn the loss of his wife, who passed away on the 20th of August of that year.

Their son, William E. McKinney, was educated in the Waitsburg public schools and also attended the Waitsburg Academy. On reaching manhood he became the active assistant of his father in important farming enterprises, and upon his father's removal to Waitsburg a year or two later, W. E. McKinney took charge of the home place, which he cultivated for twelve or thirteen years. He then assumed the management of the old Lewis Neace farm of twelve hundred or thirteen hundred acres and he also leased twelve hundred acres more, so that he operated in all twenty-four hundred acres of land. This he continued to do until September, 1916, when he retired from farming and engaged in the automobile business, purchasing the Dickinson & Denney garage, which is the largest garage of Waitsburg. He has the agency for the Velie and Buick cars and is one of the leading automobile dealers of the county, having built up a business of large and important proportions.

In 1891 Mr. McKinney was united in marriage to Miss Lelia Brown, a daughter of Mrs. Jennie Brown, of Lincoln county, Washington. To them



LEWIS McMORRIS

LEWIS McMORRIS.

Among the honored early settlers of Washington was Lewis McMorris, who in 1852 came to the Pacific coast and throughout the remainder of his life was identified with the interests of this section of the country. He was here before the city of Walla Walla was founded and he saw its development and assisted in its making. With his brother Joseph and his sisters, Mrs. Sarah Funk and Mrs. Emma Craig, he lived for years in the evening of his days on First street in Walla Walla. He was born in Coshocton, Ohio, August 12, 1831, and came of Scotch ancestry, the family having been founded in America in 1774 by a representative of the name who served in the Revolutionary war and who settled near Winchester, Virginia. After the establishment of American independence the family was founded in Ohio and in later generations representatives of the name went to Shelby county, Illinois, and there engaged in farming.

Lewis McMorris was one of the family who went to Illinois and on attaining his majority he was fitted out by his father to accompany a bachelor neighbor and a party to California. It was in the month of March, 1852, that they started west with ox teams, crossing the plains and meeting with many of the hardships and privations which fell to the lot of the pioneers. It was in that year that the cholera proved so terrible a scourge and all the way from the Missouri river graves dotted the trail. With only a sheet for a shroud and without a casket the bodies were lowered into their graves and the traveler, starting out full of hope, was laid to his last sleep. Often five newly made graves were to be seen in a day. The party with which Mr. McMorris traveled consisted of a train of three wagons at the start but they were afterward joined by six wagons en route at St. Joseph, Missouri, and on the 15th of September, 1852, they reached Fosters,

near Oregon City. There the oxen and wagons were sold and horses were purchased by those who desired to go on to the mines. They made pack saddles, loaded the horses and pressed on to southern Oregon, where a year and a half was spent at Sutter Creek, at Crescent City and at other mines. They were not successful there, however, and pressed on to Yreka, California, where Mr. McMorris again engaged in mining. The Rogue River Indian war, however, broke out in southern Oregon, causing him to change his location and he made his way to the northern part of the state. He became a packer, rushing goods from Portland to the mines at Colville. After one of these trips he hired the team of mules to the quartermaster of the Oregon Volunteers to haul supplies to their headquarters at The Dalles. On the second trip the Indians stole both mules and supplies. On the 7th of December, 1855, the battle of the Walla Walla with the Indians was begun on Walla Walla river west of the present site of the city, a battle that lasted for four days and in which several thousand Indians were lined up against a few hundred white volunteers. The white men, however, were victorious and it was a memorable battle because it was a victory of a few over many and also because it marked the beginning of a lasting peace between the Indians and the white settlers in that vicinity. Mr. McMorris was one of the active participants in that battle. In 1856, when the troops camped at what became old Fort Walla Walla they moved about four miles up Mill creek but decided that the first stopping place was best and returned. It was this that decided the location of Walla Walla. Mr. McMorris assisted in building the canton, as the old fort was called, which was made from the various trees which grew along the banks of Mill creek. Years later when this land was sold for building purposes in order to extend the present city, it was desired to save intact some of the old fort buildings, to place them in the city park as historic relics, but it was found that the timber had rotted so that they crumbled away. In 1857 Mr. McMorris made the trip to the Willamette valley to buy teams for the government. On his return he began freighting for McClinchey & Freedman, who were proprietors of the first mercantile house in this city, located at the corner of Third and Main streets. In 1859 he began buying cattle and to secure a watering place for his herd he purchased land which included the present site of Wallula. The winter of 1861-2 was an exceedingly hard one and by spring his herd of two hundred and seventy head had decreased to forty. He next turned his attention to the mercantile business, in which he engaged with his brother, but this enterprise did not prove profitable and he sold his interest in the business. When land was thrown open to settlement he secured a preemption claim at a dollar and a quarter per acre, his place being located two miles south of the town now known as the Hammond Farm. It was there that he conducted his stock-raising venture for several years and at the same time operated a pack train to Boise, Idaho. After closing out his mercantile interests with his brother he was for four years the owner of a stage line operating between Dayton, Washington, and Lewiston, Idaho. He laid out the town of Wallula and donated to the railroad company the land which they used for depot purposes there.

His long and useful life was ended in 1915. He passed away at his home in Walla Walla at the ripe old age of eighty-four years. He had never married but he left a brother and two sisters. The brother, however, died in the spring of 1917. There are also four nephews and one niece: the Funk brothers, who are engaged in merchandising in Walla Walla; the Craig brothers, of Illinois; and Agnes Lillian Purdy, of Portland, Oregon. Mr. McMorris was a member of the Oregon Pioneer Society, the Inland Empire Pioneers Association and the Indian War Veterans. Throughout the long years of his residence in this locality he became very widely and favorably known and he left many friends as well as relatives to mourn his loss. He performed an important part in promoting the early development and upbuilding of this section of the country and with many events which have left their impress upon the history of the northwest his name is inseparably associated.

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WAIT'S MILL

THE STORY OF THE COMMUNITY OF WAITSBURG, WASHINGTON

BY
ELLIS & ELVIRA ELLEN LAIDLAW

1970

With such experiences behind him, William Walter was well prepared to participate in the expedition into the northern wilderness against the Cayuse Indians. His "Recollections" give the story of the campaign, which, for the most part, was spent in futile pursuit of the offending members of the tribe.

After the devastating blow, at the beginning of the fighting, in the loss of their two most fanatical chiefs, Grey Eagle and Five Crows, the Cayuses were further discouraged by the failure to enlist other tribes in their cause; but rather than yield to Colonel Gilliam's demands to surrender those who had taken part in the massacre, they set out to travel northward with their families and cattle, to keep beyond his grasp.

Their sudden disappearance gave the Colonel no choice but to go farther into the interior to locate them. Taking with him about ninety men, among whom was William Walter of the Second Company—it being the best mounted—he rode out early in March to reconnoiter. As they expected to be gone only a short time, the soldiers "rode light," carrying little ammunition and no food.

They followed the old Nez Perce Trail across country to Coppei Creek where they learned, from friendly Indians, that the Cayuses had reached Snake River and were camped at the mouth of the Tucannon. Night was coming on and the men had not eaten since early morning, yet they were determined to catch the hostiles before they escaped across the Snake to the wilderness beyond. With Mungo, their interpreter, acting as guide, the volunteers left the beaten trail and, without crossing the Coppei, followed its alder and cottonwood bordered banks down through the rich bottom ground to where it formed a delta with the Touchet River—where Waitsburg now stands. In the dark they crossed both streams that were swollen to March volume from snow melting in the distant Blues and, traveling all night, reached the Snake just at daybreak.

The Indians met the surprise with a characteristic ruse. Pretending they were not the hunted Cayuse, they craftily moved their women and children and guilty members across the river, then turned on the soldiers in a long, running fight, the Colonel reserving his limited ammunition while endeavoring to get back to the protective trees along the Touchet River to make a stand.

As they neared the river it became a race for the best ford, which was near the later site of Bolles Junction. Some of the natives, reaching the bank first by a short cut, hid in the brush and shot at the men as they passed on the trail. The Colonel called for volunteers to go in after them. "I was one with twenty others," Walter recalled. "We started for the hiding place, skirting along the brush. I fired and hit my Indian just as he turned to run. He fell and I stepped back behind a bush to reload when another man ran in and stood in my place. As he did so, the Indian rolled over and fired at him, killing him." At that point Nate Olney—a companion of the Blue Bucket Train days—dashed in with a tomahawk and killed and scalped the Indian; and when Walter returned to Oregon he carried the gruesome trophy at his saddle horn. Nate Olney

The Indians rushed into the stream, at the ford, obstructing the way and cutting down men and horses, creating a desperate situation for the volunteers who were endeavoring to get their wounded across the river on litters of blankets and willow poles. In this, the savages were commanded and urged on by the loud voice of a chief that sat his horse on a rocky point (Bolles Junction) overlooking the scene. As soon as his "big medicine" was removed by a well-aimed bullet, the frenzied yelling and firing ceased. Without a leader, the Indians lacked the courage and initiative to carry on the battle. They quickly left the river, riding back into the north hills to gather in council and number their losses. The unearthly sound of their death-wail was rising on the March winds as the volunteers made their way across the swollen stream, climbed a southern slope and, taking turns at the stretchers, traveled on over bunchgrass covered hills and valleys to Dry Creek.

Famished from being without food for two days, the soldiers killed and cooked two Indian ponies that were running wild on the prairie there, which satisfied the hunger of most of the men, but Walter, hungry as he was, could not eat the meat; he was sure it tasted of the saddle blanket.

Upon their return to Fort Waters, the Colonel, with part of the force, started for The Dalles to bring up a supply train, the fort being badly in need of provisions. They were camped for the night at the Springs beyond the Umatilla, and Gilliam was taking a rope out of a wagon when it caught on the trigger of a gun that discharged, killing him instantly. His death was keenly felt. Courageous and fair in all things, the Colonel had great respect and admiration from the men who followed him. Walter wrote: "He was a good man and a good officer, well liked by all his men, as he was a friend to all."

It was left to Lieutenant-Colonel James Waters to take over the command and carry the search for the malefactors into the Nez Perce villages on the Clearwater, and across the Snake to the country held by the Palouse nation. Little was accomplished, however, as the Cayuses had by this time become so scattered, mingling with other tribes and crossing the mountains to wait until the troops left the country. It seemed futile to further pursue them. Moreover, summer had come and the men, needed in the Willamette valley to harvest their crops, were anxious to return to their homes.

The French-Canadians alone were reluctant to leave. Now that they had seen the Walla Walla valley, lying green and lush and half-encircled by the ever-changing "Montagnes Bleues," Champoeg on the Willamette would never be the same for them again. With Indian wives and having been employes of Hudson's Bay, much respected by the red men, they felt it was comparatively safe to remain. With this conviction, they took up home sites along the Walla Walla River, sending for their families and creating the settlement of Frenchtown. On a hill north of the river, they built a small Catholic Church—the St. Rose Mission, served by Fathers Chirouse and Pondosa—where, dominating the churchyard's burial ground, they erected a great wooden cross, fifteen feet high, of hand-hewn, round timbers, mortised and put together with wooden pegs and painted white. From the hillside where it stood, it could be seen across the valley.

Before the remainder of the command set out for Oregon, they completed the final operations in the field. Captain William Martin, with fifty-five volunteers, was assigned to the post at Fort Waters for a time, to report the movements of the Indians and protect any immigrants who might enter the country, although it would be officially closed to settlement for some ten years.

Major Magone, with sixty men, was sent north to the country of the Spokanes, to conduct the Walker and Eells families to the safety of Oregon. On this journey, Walter, chosen to be one of the guards for the missionaries, undoubtedly received a lasting impression of the fertility of the Touchet valley while they passed along its rippling stream, beneath giant, spreading cottonwoods.

Shortly before the Fourth of July, the Mounted Rifles rode into Oregon City, whooping and yelling and with their mounts decked out in Indian trappings until they resembled a band of wild savages, William Walter among them with his grim memento of the Battle of the Touchet. The largest crowds the city had ever seen were there to welcome them. Governor Abernethy rode out to review the troops as they paraded before him, later addressing them with proud words of praise.

Little as they realized the significance of the occasion, they were the first volunteers to answer the call of the Oregon country in the death struggle with the red man, for countless hills and valleys waving with bunchgrass; for mountain-fed streams of clear, cold water; for forests of towering fir and pine that had stood untouched by man since time immemorial save only for the passing through of native or trapper.

Ogo 37-41

Near where he had fought in the Battle of the Touchet in the first Cayuse war, William Walter took up land and built his log house with dirt floor and thatched roof covered with dirt. His wife, Charity, and two little girls found it comfortable enough until the fall rains set in and the sod roof began to leak as well as harbor snakes, one of the reptiles wriggling through and falling on the table where the family sat eating their breakfast. Like most of the other settlers, Walter had brought cattle with him. Some he traded for rights to his land, and with the remainder of his promising herd, he gained the title of "Cattle King" of the area for a short time.

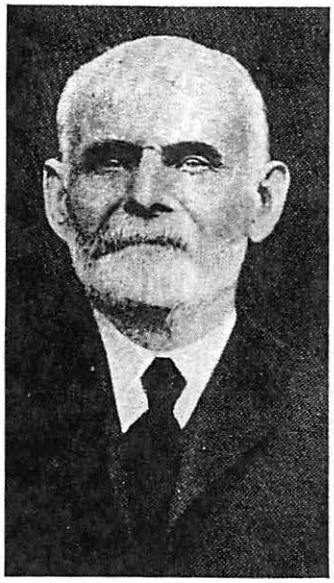
Ogo 58

WAITSBURG

"ONE OF A KIND"

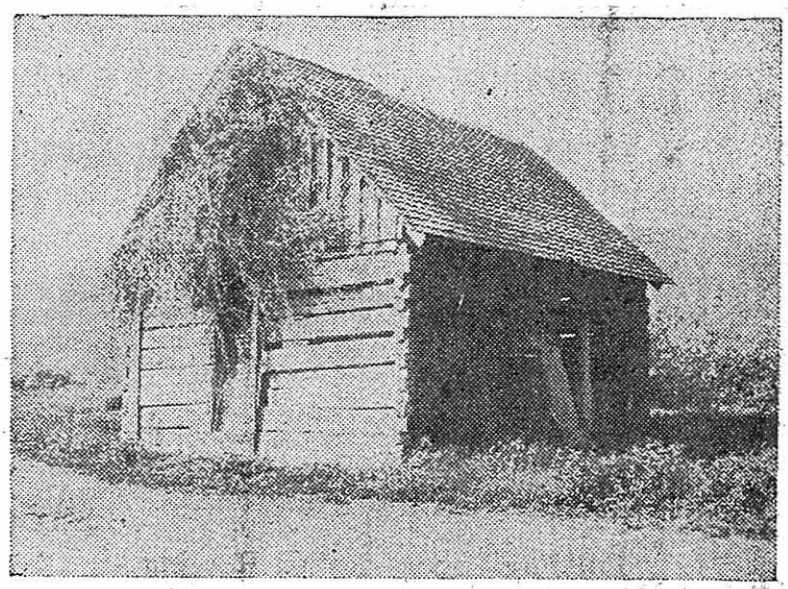
1976

WAITSBURG HISTORICAL SOCIETY



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

George T. Pollard Cabin



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

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

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

WAITSBURG

"ONE OF A KIND"

1976

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

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY
OF
SOUTHEASTERN WASHINGTON
1906

COLUMBIA COUNTY

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF SOUTHEASTERN WASHINGTON

1906

Following is an interview with S. L. Gilbreath, by J. E. Edmiston.

In August, 1859, Gilbreath and his wife, in company with John C. Wells and Thomas Davis, both bachelors, came to what is now Columbia county, from the Willamette valley. Wells and Gilbreath had wagons and brought the first wagons over the Nez Perce trails, unless, possibly, the soldiers had a wagon in 1856. Gilbreath located on his present farm at Long's Station in August, 1859. Davis settled just below Dayton. He bought the claim from Freelon Schnebley (Stubbs) for eleven head of yearlings, and built his cabin in the fall of 1859; Wells also bought a location from Stubbs, on which the latter had already built a small cabin; the only cabins on the Touchet at that time were Stubbs' cabin, on the south side of the Touchet, where the China Garden is now located, and a cabin about where Alex Price's residence now is, in Dayton, which had been built by Henry M. Chase and was then occupied by two squaw men by the name of Bailey. "Stubbs," whose name was Schnebley, was a squaw man, and was killed in 1862 at the mouth of the Okanogan river by the soldiers for horse stealing. His brother, F. D. Schnebley, filed on his place on which Dayton is now located, and after proving up sold to Jesse N. Day. In 1859 there was a general camping ground for the Indians where Dayton now stands; there were from 75 to 100 tepee pole frames standing; the grass was eaten out up to the foot-hills.

Mrs. Gilbreath was the first white woman to locate in the county, being at that time only sixteen years of age. In October, 1859, Lambert Hearn and wife came up from the Valley and located just above Gilbreath on the Touchet. He bought his location from one of the Forrest boys, who were brothers of Mrs. Jesse N. Day. Jesse N. Day and the Forrest boys came up in 1859, located claims, and returned to the Valley for their families, coming back the next year. In 1859 there were no cabins below Gilbreath's on the Touchet, but every half mile four poles were laid in a square with a notice posted on a pole as follows: "This is my claim; I have gone to the Valley for my stock and will be back in three months." These locations were all made in the spring of 1859. Most of these persons came back in the autumn of that year. John Forsythe, a bachelor, located on the first place below Gilbreath, his only capital being a shotgun and a cayuse. James S. Dill, a widower with one boy, located just below Forsythe. James Bennett settled just below on what is now the Bateman place. His wife came a year or so later. Joe Starr settled at the crossing of the Touchet; he was a bachelor. Below him George T. Pollard, a bachelor, came and located in the fall of 1859. Four brothers, David, Joseph, William and Ben Whittaker, came in the fall of 1859 and settled just below Pollard, where Huntsville now stands; they were all bachelors. A. B. and Albert G. Lloyd lived just below, across the county line.

Missionary Spalding and wife, and Andrew Warren, his son-in-law, came in 1859 and built a cabin on the Touchet at Mullan Bridge, near Prescott. Gilbreath and his wife heard Rev. Spalding preach in the fall of 1859.

Pge 284-285

Among those who took up their residences in Columbia county at an early day, and for many years made their homes here, some still living in the county, with the date of their arrival and former home, were:

Mathias Mathew, September 30, 1862, Iowa; H. C. Montgomery, October, 1864, Iowa; S. D. McCauley, August, 1865, Illinois; John Mustard, 1866, Oregon; John K. Rainwater, August 15, 1869, Oregon; Matt Riggs, May, 1870, Ohio; B. M. Turner, March, 1871, Missouri; Lang Sang, August, 1871, China; Cyrus Davis, October 27, 1871, Wisconsin; Daniel B. Kimball, November 12, 1871, Indiana; Dennis C. Guernsey, November 20, 1871, Wisconsin; A. H. Weatherford, November, 1871, Oregon; W. O. Matzger, March, 1872, Walla Walla; Levi W. Watrous, May 1, 1872, Iowa; Robert F. Sturdevant, November, 1873, Wisconsin.

Many of the early settlers of Columbia county were men who had taken part in the different Indian wars and who had been through the country with the army. Among the first settlers who had thus served were:

Samuel Love Gilbreath, of Company E, of the First Regiment of Oregon Mounted Volunteers, taking part in the Cayuse Indian war of 1855-6. Other residents taking part in various Indian wars were: Henry Black, Jesse Cadwalleder, Daniel Delaney, Simeon D. Earl, Perry G. Earl, in the Cayuse war of 1847-8; Daniel Davis, Company E, George T. Pollard, Company F, Lieutenant Archimedes Hanan, Henry Bateman, George W. Miller, and Abel White, Company H, George Hunter and Albert G. Lloyd, Company I, First Regulars, Newton G. Curl, Company D, First Battery, Charles Abraham, Company E, Second Regiment, Isaac Carson and Sylvester M. Wait, First Battery to Second Regiment.

Cyc 289-290

14 Mar 1903

DIED.

DAVIS—In this city, March 6, 1903, at his residence, Daniel C. Davis, aged 64 years, 4 months and 18 days. The funeral took place Sunday at 2 P. M., Rev. H. T. Morrison, officiating.

Mr. Davis was born in Hancock county, Illinois, came across the plains in 1850, going direct to Yamhill county, Oregon. There he was married, and 26 years ago came to this county, where he has since resided on a farm, spending the winters in the city. A widow and five children survive him, three girls and two boys. Mrs. Susan Forrest of Washtucna, a daughter, Harmon Davis and John N. Davis, brothers, attended the funeral.

10 July 1920

Abel White. 1928

Abel White, 86 years of age, passed away at the home of his son, Harry White, of this city, Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, from infirmities due to old age. He was born in Warren county, Pennsylvania, May 7, 1834, and came west nearly 60 years ago. He spent the greater part of his life farming on the Whetstone, but had lately lived in retirement. The deceased is survived by three children who are E. S. and Laura White of Tacoma, and H. C. White of this city. The funeral was held from the Hubbard & Rogg Chapel Thursday morning at 10 o'clock with Rev. W. C. Gilmore officiating.

History Of Washington
The Evergreen State
Editor - Julian Hawthorne
Vol I 1893

BLACK, HENRY, a thrifty farmer, of Whetstone Hollow, Dayton, Columbia County, Wash., was born in Kentucky in 1819, being the fourth of eight children born to John and Sarah (Myers) Black. His parents were natives of Virginia. Young Black, after the average amount of desultory school education, where the hours of field work exceeded those of study, which in those early days fell to the lot of farmers' boys, left home at the age of eighteen, going to Jackson County, Mo., where he remained two years. In 1840 he crossed the plains, travelling by mule teams, with the American Fur Company traders as far as Whitman Station. From thence he journeyed alone to Oregon, and a short time later went to California in the Government employ. Returning to Oregon, he took up a claim near Portland, and lived on it thirty-seven years. Removing to Columbia County (then Walla Walla), he settled in 1878 on the farm which he still owns and cultivates. He has five hundred and forty acres, growing all kinds of grain, a splendid orchard, loaded in its season with many kinds of fruit, ample barns, and a spacious residence. He was married in 1848 to Mary A., daughter of Alexander Thackeray, a well-to-do farmer of Oregon. Twelve children have been born to them. Mr. Black is a member of the Masonic fraternity, and in politics affiliates with the Republican Party.

Cyc 500

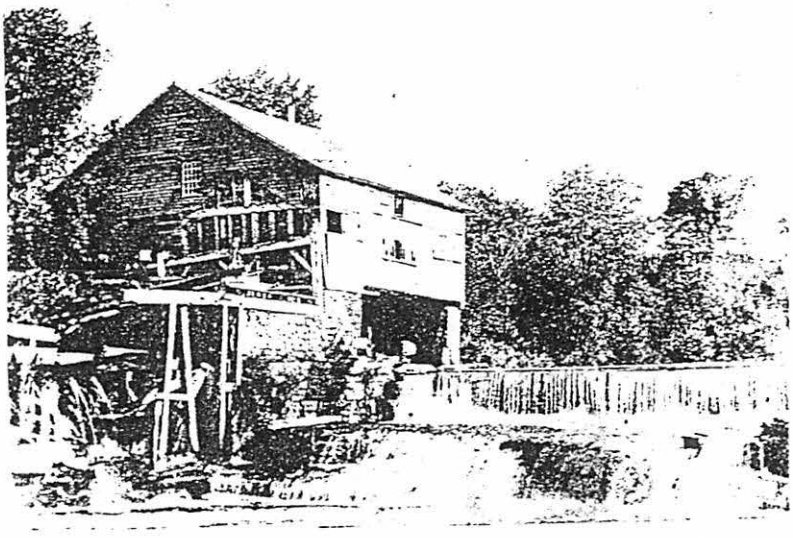
S. M. WAIT
Founder of Waitsburg and
Wait's Mill.

Pg 11

WAITSBURG

"ONE OF A KIND"

1976



The 1865 flour mill built by Sylvester M. Wait, on the Touchet River at Waitsburg.

WAIT'S MILL

THE STORY OF THE COMMUNITY OF WAITSBURG, WASHINGTON

BY
ELLIS AND ELVIRA ELLER RIDGWAY

1970

Pg 119-Charles Abraham, a pioneer of this county, died at his home in Smith Hollow, Wed., 18 Dec 1907. He was aged 80 y, 10m, 1d. He leaves five children as follows; J.E.;T.C.; Eugene & R.D. Abraham of this county & a daughter Mrs. Geo. Getty, of British Columbia. He came from England when 17 years of age. He was a resident of Oregon and a veteran of the Rogue River Indian war. He has been a resident of Columbia Co., about 43 years. He was born in Banbury, Oxfordshire, England.

2 Jan 1892

DEATH OF A PROMINENT MAN.

Sylvester M. Wait, the Pioneer Business Man Is no More.

The past week witnessed the closing scene of a busy and eventful life. A pioneer widely known and respected for his sterling worth and ability has passed the silent portal from which none return, but whose industry and perseverance left the marks of his handiwork which will not soon be forgotten. At times successful and again unfortunate, few there are who has had more of the ups and downs of this life than he.

Sylvester M. Wait was born at Waitsfield Vt. May 20, 1822. He comes of good old New England stock tracing his lineage back through several centuries. One branch of the family spelling their name Waite among them many who have done honorable service in public life. The Honorable Morrison R. Waite chief justice of the United States being a cousin, and John Turner Waite, at present member of Congress from Conneticut another cousin.

His early opportunities of securing an education being very meagre, a few months at a district school and a couple of terms at the Government Weslyan Seminary being all he had, but being quick to learn he made the most of these advantages and by studying at home was able to acquire a very fair education. So much that he engaged for a time in teaching in the country schools of St. Lawernce Co. New York.

In 1844 he moved to Wisconsin, then a territory and thinly settled. Here he acquired considerable property by farming and trading and remained there until the spring of 1850 when he rented his farm, fitted up a four horse team and drifted westward with that vast army of gold hunters, arriving on the American river in California in August of that year.

He tried his hand at mining for a time with very indifferent success. Stories of the wonderfully rich country in Oregon attracted his attention, so he concluded to try that and see what there was in it, so he went to San Francisco and waited for a chance to go there by water. He secured passage on a small sailing vessel. The trip up the coast taking then about fourteen days. He worked his way up the river to what is now Portland and then up into the Willamitte valley. Out of money in a strange land among strangers, he felt himself in a sorry plight, but he soon found a farmer, who had use for a strong, energetic young man, and who gave him a job of plowing and caring for stock for his board. Soon tiring of this he, in company with another man, set out on foot for the Southern Oregon and Northern California mines. At that season of the year, Febuary, all the streams were up and not a bridge on the entire route, they were obliged often to wade through ice cold streams waist deep, and at the same time to keep a sharp lookout for roving bands of Indians, who were ever ready to take in the venturesome traveler, provided he was not to numerous. On arriving at the mines he went to work for a drover and butcher and soon made himself so necessary that he was taken in as a partner in the business. From this time on Mr. Wait was prosperous. He bought cattle in the Willamitte valley and drove to California and Rogue River mines, until 1852 and during this time accumulated about $30,000. He then built a flouring mill and started a store in Jackson Co., Or., naming the town Phenix, which is now a thriving little place, and the mill still runs, notwithstanding its service of thirty-five years. He made money for a short time but soon the Indian war broke out, and the product of his mill had to be transported through the Indian country, his teamsters were killed and the teams stolen and a large lot of flour either carried off or distroyed. On account of these losses he was obliged to sell the mill.

On one of his trips into the Willamette Valley he met a most estimable young lady by the name of Mary Hargrave, who afterward became Mrs. Wait, and who still survives him.

His next venture was a farm, where he built himself up a nice home. This farm is now the site of the thriving village of Medford, Oregon. In the spring of 1861 he undertook to take a large band of sheep to the mines in Northern Idaho, but just before reaching there he was taken sick and was unable to get them to a market where he could dispose of them, and the terrible severe winter of '61-62 coming on, nearly all died. This, together with the loss of a large shipment of merchandise on the ocean, a valuable farm nearly ruined by a great freshet, quite ruined him, leaving him in debt over $3000, and nothing to go on.

He next settled on a small farm near Lewiston, Idaho, bought a few cows on time, and for two years run a dairy.

In November, 1864, with only $700 in cash and plenty of grit, he started in to build the flouring mill at what is now Waitsburg. The mill cost $16,000, but he managed to get it completed, and in six weeks time had cleared $5,000, selling flour at from $10 to $14 per barrel. He also added to this a store and was again on the road to prosperity. He sold an interest in the business to the Preston Brothers, and afterward sold it all to them.

He again tried the sheep business, bringing 4000 head from Oregon, and again losing a good deal of money in the venture.

In 1872 he came to Dayton and formed a partnership with Wm. Matzger. Together they built a flouring mill and a store, which they run successfully for several years. He continued in the mill business until 1886, when losing heavily on wheat and flour shipments he retired from the business, selling the property to Wm. Ladd, of Portland.

The next year he purchased several hundred acres of land on the Palouse river above Colfax and started in to build a model town, which should be an educational center and forever free from intemperance, he making a provision in all deeds that no liquor should ever be sold on the ground. In his efforts to advance the cause of temperance he has been so persistent as to make a great many enemies, but his straightforward course gained for him the respect of all law abiding citizens.

He united with the Presbyterian church in 1871, and always since has been a devout Christian, straightforward and honorable in his dealings. In his death Columbia county loses a good citizen and his family a kind and loving husband and father. Besides his wife, Mr. Wait leaves two sons, J. C. Wait of Wilbur, Anderson Wait of Colton, and three daughters, Mrs. G. N. Matzger of Elberton, and Lucia and Clara at home.

The funeral services were held at the C. P. church Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, Rev. J. C. VanPatten delivering an appropriate sermon. The remains were borne to their last resting place by the following named gentlemen, all old friends of the deceased: J. B. Morris, J. F. Martin, Jas. H. Gough, Geo. Eckler, J. K. Rainwater and J. A. Kellogg.

Newton G. Curl

Historic Sketches of
Walla Walla, Whitman, Columbia & Garfield CO's
1882

Newton G. Curl: lives three and one-half miles north of Dayton; is a farmer and stock man; owns 360 acres of land; address is Dayton. He was born in Carroll Co., Missouri, November 16, 1837; came to Oregon in 1847, and to this county in 1861.

Newton G. Curl

In this city, Thursday, Sept. 3, 1903, Newton G. Curl, aged 65 years, nine months and 20 days. Funeral services today from the family residence at 2 o'clock, Rev. S. W. Gage officiating.

(This article was in the Dayton Chronicle Sept. 1903. Newton G. was buried in the Dayton City Cemetery, Columbia Co. WA. His parents were "Preacher" John & Sarah Curl. His sister Sarah "Sally" B. Curl James was still living at the time of his death.) (Newton and Sally's mother, Sarah, died soon after Sally's birth, leaving four children. Their father, John, remarried and with his new wife, Nancy, had three children, John, Dick, and Susan. Preacher Curl became desperately ill, and realizing that he was dying, asked his brother, James Curl to take Sarah and Newton with him to Oregon. When they headed West, Sally was 7 and Newt 9. Their two older sister, Levina (Gaddie, Selby, Cleal, Henderson) and Kitty "Kitsey" (Eaton, Champaigne) stayed in Missouri, but later moved West. This information is from supplement of the Dayton Chronicle, dated Mar. 29, 1989, titled: Andrew Jackson James and Sarah B. Curl.)

GEORGE W. MILLER has well earned the retirement from active business life he is now enjoying. His is one of the most prominent families in southeastern Washington, and personally he is a man of most excellent qualities. He comes from a race of sturdy and long-lived pioneers, who have been instrumental in opening up different sections and leading on to success in the United States for generations back. Mr. Miller is no exception to the good record made by his ancestors, and has well done his part in developing and building up the west.

George W. Miller was born in Crawfordsville, Indiana, on April 6, 1830. His father, John Miller, was born in Tennessee, and his father, our subject's grandfather, John Miller, was a veteran of the Revolution. The father of George W. moved to Indiana when that was a wilderness. Later he went to Illinois, and as early as 1851 crossed the plains with ox teams to Linn county, Oregon, and there opened up a donation claim, where he remained until his death. He was on the frontier all his life, and on his various journeys was accompanied by his three brothers—George, Isaac and Abraham. Wherever one moved the rest moved, and they remained together until their death. The mother of our subject was Sarah (Smith) Miller, and her father, also, was a patriot who fought for his country's independence in the Revolution.

She was born in Tennessee and was with her husband in all of his journeys until her death, which occurred in Oregon. George W. was on the frontier all of his life and had very scanty opportunity to gain a literary training, but became well versed in practical things of

George W. Miller

Mrs. George W. Miller

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

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.

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

Kevin Carson

Several such men found the delta land of the Coppei and the Touchet in the middle and late 1850's, liked what they saw and liked even more its promise, so put down their roots.

One was Albert Gallatin Lloyd, who as a strapping, six-footer of 19 had seen the land as an Indian fighter in 1855.

Two descendants now live here, Bettie Lloyd Chase and Eric Aldrich.

Henry Reimers, now of Spokane, put together in the 1940's the story of the Lloyd family. Reimers said this of Albert G. Lloyd as the 1855 Indian confrontations opened:

"Into the conflict, armed with his Kentucky rifle, rode Albert Gallatin Lloyd, son of John Lloyd, named for his kinsman, that Albert Gallatin who served with such distinction in the cabinets of Presidents Jefferson, Madison and Monroe.

"A youth of 19, he invested $1500, his life and some Indian fighting experience, gained on a trip to the Yreka gold mines of Northern California in 1849."

It was thus that young Lloyd, seeking further adventure in the Northwest to which he had come with his family as a 9 -year old ten years before, signed on in November, 1855 with Col. Kelly's Oregon Volunteers.

Formed up in the Willamette Valley, the Volunteers' major campaigning was launched from the vicinity of old Ft. Walla Walla at the mouth of the Walla Walla River on the Columbia. This was after a hurried push up the Columbia with minor conflicts with Indians along the way.

Chief Peu Peu Mox Mox (Yellow Bird) head man of the Walla Walla Indians, had utterly demolished the onetime Hudson's Bay post at the old fort (near present day Wallula). Finding no ammunition, the Indians withdrew into the bunchgrass hills.

This was early in December and a four-day running battle was soon to be the major engagement between the Volunteers and the Walla Walla Indians, it raging along the river until the tide was turned for the soldiers.

The beaten tribe retreated back easterly along the Nez Perce trail, closely pursued by the Volunteers. On past Mill Creek, where a big encampment was found only recently abandoned, the Volunteers followed the trail on to Coppei Creek, and over to the Touchet River.

Pursuit continued at a hot pace until the mouth of the Tucannon River was reached, where the Indians had crossed the Snake River to take refuge in the surrounding hills to the north.

The Volunteers decided further pursuit would be fruitless and senseless as their horses were worn out.

They turned back to the Columbia, rounding up a hundred head of horses found along the way.

It was on this return trip that young Lloyd had the first chance to take a long look at the land which was to be the home for him and his family.

It was a look fraught with more Indian peril . . . peril the Volunteers had figured were past when they reached the Snake.

Instead of going back along the Nez Perce Trail, the Oregon Volunteers followed down the Touchet along the way earlier traveled by the explorers, Lewis and Clark.

Near the present site of Bolles Junction, the soldiers made camp, at a large spring located on the Chet Woods property.

Right here, the Indians made one last bid to drive the whites from the area.

"Apparently crossing the Snake near the mouth of the Tucannon had been a ruse to lure their enemies into a feeling of false security," wrote Henry Reimers.

"The Walla Walla Indians had rallied in force, cut across the hills from the Snake directly to the Touchet and their sudden onslaught turned the Volunteer camp into a welter of confusion.

"Men died in that sudden attack; many were wounded, but the whites fought back with every resource at their command, blunted the fighting edge of the desperate opposition and eventually drove it into the hills, a scattered, decisively-whipped horde of redmen."

Such was the introduction of Albert Gallatin Lloyd to the land he would eventually reclaim with a plow, "after basing a preliminary claim on his effective use of the rifle," Reimers wrote.

Col. Kelly set up winter quarters for his men at a site on Mill Creek, later to be the nucleus of Walla Walla. It was a cold, desolate camp and time hung heavy on the hands of the Volunteers.

Lloyd found time for a scouting trip back to the Touchet Valley for another look at the land that had caught his eye when he was chasing the Walla Walla Indians.

The plot of land which suited him best lay just below the junction of Coppei Creek and the Touchet.

The hard winter passed and with it the term of service for the Volunteers, so Lloyd headed back to his farm on the Willamette River, dreaming of the day he'd be coming back to the Coppei.

On May 20, 1858 at Corvallis, Lloyd was united in marriage to Lois Jasper, aged 17, and related to President Zachary Taylor. She was a pioneer in her own right, having walked barefoot West over the Oregon Trail.

When Lois was a year old, her family moved to Missouri, where in a few years, her father died.

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Her mother resolved to go West where two married daughters and a son had already journeyed. In 1854, at 13, Lois walked across the plains to Corvallis.

ALBERT GALLATIN LLOYD, born near St. Joseph, Mo., July 25, 1836. He came to Benton County, Ore. with his parents, John and Nancy Lloyd, 5 brothers and 3 sisters, in 1845. He first visited the Touchet Valley in 1855 with the Oregon Volunteers who had been sent into the territory following the Whitman Massacre. He returned in 1859 with his wife Lois to make a home in the wilderness.

Mr. Lloyd served in the House of Representatives of Washington for four terms; was grand commander of the Indian War Veterans of the Pacific Coast; and was appointed register of the United States Land Office for the Walla Walla district by President Grover Cleveland.

The Lloyd Homestead encompassed camp grounds of the Cayuse Indians and by treaty were given perpetual camping rights - - a treaty which has been honored thru the years.

Mr. Lloyd died in January, 1915, at the age of 79.

LOIS H. JASPER LLOYD, born Lexington, Kentucky, December 10, 1841. She emigrated with her mother, Polly Heath Jasper, a brother and sister to Corvallis, Ore. in 1854. She married Albert G. Lloyd, May 25, 1858, and they moved to the Touchet Valley in July, 1859. They homesteaded 160 acres two miles west of Waitsburg in 1860. Here she raised 7 sons and 2 daughters.

Mrs. Lloyd's two brothers, Andy and William Jasper (who settled Jasper Mountain) hewed the pine timbers which went into Wait's Mill. Doc Willard hauled them to the building site. Mrs. Lloyd molded the tallow candles that were used to light the mill.

She died September 30, 1930, after 89 fruitful years.

Nine of the eleven children of A. G. and Lois Lloyd grew to adulthood in the Touchet Valley. Fredy and Clara, twins, died in infancy. The rest of the family consisted of John, William, George, Albert "Skook", Charles, Wesley, Gilla, Ralph and Angeline. John established his home in California. William, Skook and Charles died near the turn of the century.

George had a son, George Marvin, who in turn had a son George, and two daughters, Beth Lloyd Tietjen and Helen Lloyd Shaffner. Wesley had two sons, Tony and W. Milton. Gilla married C. C. Mellinger but had no children. Ralph had four children, Beatrice Pugh whose mother was Caroline Bruce, and Albert G., John W. and Bettie Lloyd Chase. Angeline married F. J. Aldrich and had two sons, Elmo and Eric. Only Eric Aldrich and Bettie Chase remain in Waitsburg, however the original Lloyd homestead is still in the family.

Four years later, her life was to dramatically change with her meeting Albert Lloyd. As Reimers said:

"Then came Albert G. Lloyd, a stalwart son of the frontier, six feet two in height, weighing more than 200 pounds with a background as rich in tradition as her own, a veteran of Indian campaigns and venturesome journeys to storied places of the Northwest.

"When the young couple were married neither could have considered that the event marked the end of an argosy of overland travel and frontier hardship. Rather, they must have regarded it as marking the opening of a campaign to bring the American way of life to a region that was vastly more primitive and unnamed than the one which had lately been home to them.

"Surely there must have been a sharing of plans for the development of that tract of land in the distant valley of the Touchet."

Albert Lloyd started realizing the dream by purchasing 400 head of cattle and with his brother, John, drove them to the Touchet Valley, turned them into the bunchgrass and built a log cabin.

Claim to the land was based on "squatter's right," a common procedure of the times, but this land had an exception. It was considered by the Palouse Indians as their property.

The U.S. Army, under Col. George Wright, had whipped the Palouse, Spokane and Coeur d'Alene Indians but Lloyd did not want to take advantage of this status of the Indians as a defeated nation.

Instead, Lloyd negotiated a solution suitable both to him and the Indians, enabling him to hold the land until the Homestead Act gave him title to it.

Under the agreement, the Palouse Indians gained permanent camping rights in the cottonwood grove

which borders the river and although this has been made use of but very little in recent years, it remains an obligation which all future owners of the property must assume.

Having arranged this agreement, Lloyd went back to the Willamette to get his family in the fall of 1858 and he wintered in the Willamette.

The following May a son was born and when he was only two months old the Lloyds began their journey to the Touchet. They traveled by boat as far as The Dalles, their horses having been shipped by boat as well.

At The Dalles, the family made their way on horseback to Wallula, then on past the scenes of the December, 1855 Indian battle to the site of the winter fort on Mill Creek, now where a town was being started.

It was late in July when the cabin on the Touchet was reached.

"The young mother would take the baby and hide in the woods during the days when the men were absent at work, for she entertained a real fear of the Indians," Reimers wrote.

"It was six months before she saw another white woman and though this gave her the distinction of being one of the first to be permanently located in Walla Walla County, it gave her no special satisfaction at that time."

An Indian scare was averted in 1861 but the winter of 1861-62 with its sub-zero weather and 15-foot drifts of snow killed off the Lloyd livestock. Pack trains were unable to break through from Walla Walla and food supplies ran out. For six weeks the little family lived on parched corn, boiled wheat and pancakes made from cold water and grain ground in a little coffee mill.

A second cattle drive from the Willamette replenished the herd and formed the nucleus of herds of cattle and horses that one day ran into the thousands.

An investment in a fruit orchard was also a wise one for Lloyd as apples especially thrived here. Crops of vegetables proved another welcome addition to the Lloyd larder and to the travelers passing through Waitsburg.

The flour mill was soon providing the impetus needed to get the town going and the ventures of Albert Lloyd were all proving to be flourishing ones. For a time he was tempted with an idea to go to the Florence, Idaho mining country on a business venture but abandoned the idea.

Lois Lloyd had some ideas of her own about how to expand the Lloyd fortunes.

A new house had been built and she set about making it a stopping place for travelers. It was a good one, as it was a day's journey by stagecoach from Walla Walla. Miners and packers here obtained meals, lodging, supplies of cured meat and vegetables and even got their clothes laundered.

All were things which made "Lloyd's House" thrive for nearly 20 years and proved Lois Lloyd an equal partner in the marriage.

During these good years, Albert Lloyd "proved up" on his homestead. He was accompanied to Walla Walla for that occasion by several of his earliest Touchet Valley neighbors: Bob Kennedy, Martin Hauber, Jonathan Pettijohn and George Pollard. The men all acted as witnesses for each other and all were granted their land patents at the same time.

The years brought prosperity to compensate for earlier adverse times for the family. Their holdings increased until they owned 1,000 acres of land near LaCrosse, in the Whetstone area and in Whitman County, all besides the 400 acres west of town.

The Lloyd livestock holdings one day totaled some 1,000 head of horses bearing the Lloyd "L" brand on the left shoulder. Since the main market lay east across the mountains it was necessary to drive most of the cattle back to Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Prosperity for the Lloyds increased over these years, but so did their family. Eleven children were born, two dying in infancy. A new 12-room home was built to replace Lloyd's second home on the valley farm.

Albert Lloyd took a leading role in matters of not only the new community of Waitsburg but also of the Territory of Washington. He was a frequent delegate to both county and state conventions and was four times elected to be a representative at the Territorial Legislature.

He was largely interested in agriculture and education and he is said to have exerted much influence over legislation enacted for several years. He is generally credited with leading the effort to establish the state university in Seattle.

Albert Lloyd continued his good relationship with the Indians, often acting as an interpreter and representative for them in their dealings with the whites.

Lois Lloyd also took an active role in the affairs of the community as she became a member of Eastern Star, Rebekah Lodge and the Presbyterian Church.

Some 30 years after battling back from the bitter, killing winter of 1861-62, the Lloyds again were hit by three straight years of misfortune in the early 1890's.

Their big new house burned with most of its contents. Unseasonable rains prevented harvesting of grain and the crop rotted in the field.

A fire raged through, destroying a grain crop another year.

The family managed to hold onto 400 acres. A son, Wes, married to Ina Boynton in 1909, took over the burden of operating the farm and Albert and Lois moved into Waitsburg.

It was a new town though in 1909 from what they had first seen nearly 50 years before. Now, instead of a few straggling shacks dotting the valley, there was a bustling town.

The Waitsburg of 1909 boasted hotels, mercantile establishments, blacksmith shops, livery stables, saloons, churches, lodges and schools.

For awhile most of the town lay on the north bank of the Touchet, which vagrantly cut its way across the valley floor. It "acted up" on occasion until WPA labor put up the levees in 1933.

Two major fires hit hard at the young town in 1880, one coming in the spring, the other early in the fall.

Albert Lloyd passed away at his home on Jan. 5, 1915.

Lois Lloyd, by then known by most of the town as "Grandma" died Sept. 25, 1930.

The fortunes of Albert Gallatin Lloyd are chronicled here in some detail because he and his wife, Lois, typify the men and the women who settled here, reared their families, made their living here and got the town going.

They were among those who not only "got it going," they were on hand to watch it grow.

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BACK ROW: left to right; Joyce McKinney (married Lee Mantz), her Father, T. V. McKinney, her Grandfather, Wm. McKinney II (He married Sarah Jane Poulson), her oldest son, Wm. McKinney Mantz. William McKinney II came west in 1845 in a wagon train with thirty relatives from Wayne Co., Indiana. They first settled in Oregon. Wm. McKinney was an Indian War Veteran of 1855-56. He came to Waitsburg in the early 1860's. He ran a pack train to the gold mines in 1861. He married Sarah Jane Poulson in 1864, who, along with her family, came west in 1864 from Illinois. Mr. McKinney lived on the homestead ranch since 1863. Part of the Mantz Ranch was later bought to add to the home place. Some of the land has been in the family for 113 years. There is still a barn at the home place that is in use that William and Montgomery McKinney built in 1868. The timbers that were used were broadadzed in the mountains. The second generation that used the barn were William McKinney's sons, T. V. and W. E. McKinney. Later Emma McKinney Peterson and her husband, H. P. Peterson, managed the ranch. Then Lee Mantz and his wife, Joyce (McKinney), lived on the ranch. Now their son, Lee Mantz, Jr., manages the place. This spring, 1976, Todd Wood, a sixth generation descendant of the first owner used the old barn when training animals to show in the Jr. Livestock Show. Mrs. Lee Mantz, Sr. (Joyce) and Mr. & Mrs. Lee Mantz, Jr. still live on the site of the original homestead, just a mile west of Waitsburg. (Picture courtesy of Mrs. Lee Mantz, Sr., Waitsburg, Wa.)

ELIZABETH GROSVENOR POULSON. (Mother of Mrs. Wm. McKinney II) - She was born in 1804. Her grandfather was Lord Grosvenor of England). She was a charter member of the Christian Church in Waitsburg. She lived on the McKinney Ranch until her death at age 97. She was 60 years old when her family came across the plains in 1864. (Picture courtesy of Mrs. Lee Mantz, Sr.

IDA MAY BROCKMAN. (Mrs. T. V. McKinney) Mother of Joyce McKinney Mantz. Mrs. McKinney died when Joyce was 2 years old and she was raised by her Grandma & Grandpa McKinney. (Picture courtesy of Mrs. Lee Mantz, Sr., Waitsburg, Wa.)

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W.W. Walter

The personal experiences of W.W. Walter, dealing with the Cayuse war following the tragedy at Waiilatpu.

In December 1847, word reached the settlements in Oregon that the Cayuse Indians had killed Doctor Whitman and wife and twelve others. A runner carried the word to Vancouver, and a messenger was at once dispatched to Oregon City to Governor Abernathy, while Peter Skeen Ogden, factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, with a small company of Hudson's Bay men set out at once for the scene of the massacre—where he accomplished his wonderful work of ransoming the white captives held by the Indians.

"No other power on earth," says Joe Meek, the American, "could have rescued those prisoners from the hands of the Indians." And no man better than Mr. Meek understood the Indian character, or the Hudson's Bay Company's power over them.

The Oregon Legislature was in session when the message from Vancouver arrived, telling of the massacre. A call was made at once for fifty riflemen to proceed at once to The Dalles—to guard the settlements below from an invasion of the Indians. This company was known as the "First Oregon Riflemen."

Word came that the Cayuse Indians were coming to kill all the settlers in Oregon, and it was deemed best to meet the hostiles on their own ground.

After the first fifty men had started for The Dalles, five companies of volunteers were organized. I went from Tualatin County (now Washington) in Capt. Lawrence Hall's company of volunteers—every man furnishing his own horse and equipment—every one who could contribute a gun, or a little powder and lead—that was the way we got our munitions of war.

We rendezvoused (sic) at Portland, awaiting marching orders, which were given about January l, 1848. We were in Portland a week or more, and I remember myself and some other lads made a ride back to the Plains to attend a dance—Christmas week.

About January 1, 1848, we started for the Cayuse Country, three hundred men, all told—we marched across the country and ferried over the Columbia at Vancouver. There the Hudson's Bay Company let us have a cannon, and it was an elephant on our hands.

From Vancouver we traveled up the north side of the Columbia (dragging that old cannon along) to a place above the Cascades where we built a ferry boat and crossed the river again to the south side and followed up the trails to the Dalles. We still kept our cannon, making portages with it, and at the Dalles we mounted the thing on a wagon. The fifty men stationed there to hold the Mission were greatly annoyed by the Indians, and just after we arrived a report was brought in that there were hostile Indians up the Deschutes River, and two of our men on horse guard were decoyed by the Indians and killed. It happened thus: the Indians stripped their horses and let them graze near the guards, giving the impression they were loose horses. Our men thought them their own horses and went after them, when the Indians, who were concealed in the grass with ropes on their horses, fired and killed the two men. Those were the first men killed in the war.

So when we heard of the Indians up the Deschutes we were anxious for a fight and started for them. The battleground was at the mouth of Tygh Creek on the ridge where we, as emigrants, had come down the Deschutes hill two years before. We met the Indians early in the morning. The first we knew of their whereabouts we saw them formed in line on the front of a high hill. To reach them we had to climb that hill, facing their fire. We left our horses and took it afoot up that hill, but they did not stand long—we soon routed them—we had but one man wounded. We followed up with continuous firing on both sides—then we had our horses brought up and gave chase. As the country was level on top the hill we followed them five or six miles—they outstripped us, as they had splendid fresh horses; we skirmished all that day—camped on the hill at night, then the next day followed on until we reached their deserted camp. There we found a very old and feeble Indian man and woman—too old to travel. They were deserted and alone, with a little pile of food lying by them. They refused to talk, so we learned nothing from them—so we left them undisturbed and returned to the Dalles, where we fitted up some old emigrant wagons and got some emigrant cattle and Mission cattle, and made up a train of wagons to haul what little supplies we had with us. We now started for the upper country, following the old emigrant road.

We had our next encounter with the Indians at Wells Springs between Willow Creek and Butter Creek. We camped there for the night—in the morning we had just gotten out of camp when we began to see Indians—Indians in every direction, in squads of ten and fifty, just coming thick. There were enough of them to eat up our little band of three hundred. We went only about a mile and a half when Col. Gilliam called a halt and we began preparations for a fight.

It was estimated over one thousand Indians were on the ground. A party

of chiefs came out and called for a talk. Col. Gilliam, Tom McKay, Charlie McKay and Mungo, the interpreter, went out to meet them. When they met it was learned there were Indians from all the northern tribes besides the Cayuses. There were Coeur d'Alenes, Flatheads, Pend d'Oreilles and Spokanes.

The Cayuses had sent runners to all the different tribes telling them the Whites in Oregon had killed all the Catholics and Hudson's Bay men who were friends to these Northern Indians – they told them they had killed Tom McKay, their best friend, and were now coming to kill them and take their country. But when an old chief met the commission, he saw and recognized old Tom McKay and knew then they had been deceived and asked an explanation.

When Tom McKay, who was intimately acquainted with those northern Indians, and whose influence over them exceeded that of any other man in the country, told them the true story and that they were only up there to punish the murderers of Dr. Whitman and people, the old Flathead chief promised to take no part and to draw off all except the Cayuses. When the haughty Cayuse chief, named Grey Eagle, heard this he was so enraged he turned on McKay and said, "I'll kill you, Tom McKay," and drew his gun to fire, but McKay was too quick for him and fired first, killing the chief.

Grey Eagle was a great medicine man, and had boasted he could swallow all the bullets fired at him – and McKay shot him in the mouth. As the Indians turned to run, Charlie McKay shot Five Crows, breaking his arm, but he escaped. It will be remembered he was the Indian who held captive a girl from the Mission. Five Crows, however, shot the powder horn off McKay, so you can see they were in pretty close quarters.

We boys gave McKay great credit for the service he done us – for our little band of three hundred looked pretty small compared with the foe.

Now, the battle was fairly on. The Northern Indians drew off on a hill and the Cayuses made a dash on us, about six hundred strong, all well mounted, riding in a circle and firing whenever a chance came. The Indians never left their horses – if they dismounted, the horse was fastened to the rider. When an Indian was killed we would always find the horse standing by his fallen rider, usually tied by the hair rope to his wrist.

(The horse rode by Grey Eagle was a beautiful gray, and McKay's son Alec rode him many years.) The fight lasted the whole day long – that cannon that had caused so much vexation of spirit was of but little use, as the Indians scattered so – it was fired a few times at a squad of Indians at long range – it served more to terrorize them than to kill, as it made a tremendous noise and they no doubt thought it great medicine. It was an impressive sight to see those hundreds of Northern Indians, splendidly mounted and armed after the Indian fashion, sitting on their horses at one side all day long, watching the progress of the fight. What a picture that would have made!

We camped that night on the battleground, but the next morning the Indians were gone. I think neither side could claim a victory. As we travelec that day Indians kept in sight all day, but did not interfere with us until we reached the Mission at Waiilaptu, where we performed the sad duty o gathering up the remains of the martyrs and burying them. We found part of bodies lying around, scattered about. We found a skull with a tomahawk wound in it – we supposed it was that of Mrs. Whitman. We also found locks of her beautiful yellow hair in the yard. It was taken to Oregon City and placed among the Oregon State Documents.

We made a sort of stockade by building a wall breast high of adobe fron the old building – also built a corral for the horses by placing rails end in th ground, and corraled the horses every night and guarded them by day. W slaughtered what cattle we could find and jerked the meat so we would hav supplies in case we were corralled by the Indians. We subsisted on Indiar and Mission cattle – no bread.

After getting settled in camp, parts of two companies, myself one of th number, escorted Joe Meek and his party to the snow line of the Blue Moun tains as he started on his famous trip across the continent at midwinter, a an agent from Oregon, to ask protection of the United States Governmer for the suffering settlers in the wilds of Oregon. He was accompanied by Squire Ebbert and Nat Bowman, both mountain men, and three others. Sc we left the little party to pursue their journey amid untold perils while w returned to Fort Waters, as the Mission was now called. This was i February. About the first of March about eighty-five or ninety men wer called to go out on a raid to gather up what cattle we could and learn wha we could of the whereabouts of the hostiles. My company went, as we wer the best mounted men in the command. Not thinking to be gone long, w rode light and took no provisions.

We traveled what was long known as the Nez Perce trails, across th country to Copeii, where we were met by two friendly Indians. They told the Cayuses were camped at the mouth of Tucanon. Our interprete Mungo, said he could pilot us there. We concluded to hunt them up.

So at dark we started going down Copeii, then across the country Tucanon to where Starbuck now is. There we crossed and followed dow the creek, reaching the encampment just at break of day. Just as we crosse Tucanon we ran onto an Indian guard, but he got away and ran camp – so when we got near camp two Indians came out with a white flag will state here that runners had been sent with word that if friendly India would raise a flag of truce they would not be molested, as we were on seeking to punish the Cayuses. So when they sent out the flag and asked f a talk, Col. Gilliam went forward. They claimed to be Palouses and friend to the Whites. Said the Cayuses had gone across Snake River, but had le lots of stock behind which they would turn over to the volunteers, and th they would go out and gather them in for us. So they began running horses and cattle, we helping – and all went merrily along. However, soon noticed the lodges going down as by magic and the boys on the h

saw them busily ferrying their families over the river, and asked why they were moving. They said their women were afraid of the Whites and wished to go. So by their cunning manoeuvres they had detained us half a day, and we, without any food since the early morning before, were beginning to feel pretty hungry.

When they had delivered up all the stock, Col. Gilliam said we would drive out to grass and camp and eat. So we started out, but soon discovered we had been duped the worst way. They were the Cayuses—even the real murderers were there, and they were after us. Now there was no thought of eating. Indians on every side, yelling like demons, calling us women—afraid to fight. It was a running fight all day long and we were still holding the stock at night—in McKay Hollow, where we strung along the little hollow seeking shelter from the Indians by hiding behind the banks. We did not dare kindle a fire. On examination it was found thirty volunteers were wounded, but not dangerously. Our ammunition was about exhausted and we were half famished.

The older men and officers evidently realized we were in a pretty serious predicament, but we young boys had no idea of the danger we were in, not as I see it now. During the night Gilliam ordered the stock turned loose—as we were now about out of ammunition he hoped by turning the stock loose to get rid of the Indians. The boys objected to that move, but instead of the Indians leaving us that only renewed their courage. They thought we were giving up, and attacked us more savagely than ever. We were pretty well hidden and in no immediate danger, so we saved our ammunition and only fired when sure of an Indian—they frequently came in range when circling around us. In the morning they still hung on our heels. As we started out they followed us on—calling to Mungo repeatedly, asking why we did not stop to fight, while he abused them in return.

The Indians would drop behind until a bunch of us were a distance from the command, then make a dash, trying to cut us off, and we surely were not cautious. Tom Cornelius, Pete Engart and myself were a little behind when an Indian shot Engart in the calf of the leg. He fell from his horse, saying he was killed. Tom and I jumped from our horses and shook him up and told him he was not hurt—he gave up. We finally threw him up astride his horse—we cursed him and told him to ride—*and he rode.* By this time the Indian were on us and the boys ahead had not missed us. I tell you we made a race for it, one of us on each side of the wounded man, but we made it.

Another time that day Mungo's horse was shot from under him. Tom Cornelius and I saw him fall and ran back to him. He had stopped to take his saddle—we were just in time, as the Indians were coming pell-mell, shouting, "We've got Mungo." I took Mungo behind me and Tom took his saddle and away we went. This was the way we were at it all the way, some one in close quarters all the time.

Mungo told the Cayuses we would fight when we reached the Touchet and got water. Then began the race for the first stand at the Touchet. The Indians beat us on the lower side, but we headed them off above the ford. Some Indians hid in the brush and shot at our men as they passed on the trail. We were trying to get our wounded men across, but the Indians were killing horses and men. I was in the company up the creek. When we came down, Col. Gilliam told Lieut. Engart to rout those ambushed Indians. Engart called for volunteers to go in after them. I was one with twenty others. We started for the hiding place, skirting along the brush, expecting any minute to run on them. When we did find them, not more than five or six of us were together in the lead, and the Indians were firing at another squad of men some distance away—we were within thirty feet of them. I fired and hit my Indian just as he turned to run, striking him in the back of the head. He fell and I stepped back behind a bush to reload, when another man ran in and stood in my place; as he did so the Indian rolled over and fired at him killing him. Just then Nate Olney, an old Indian fighter, ran in with a tomahawk and made a good Indian of him. He scalped him and I carried the grewsome trophy at my saddle horn when I returned home. We killed about sixty Indians there. It was hard to make an estimate of how many, as they carried their dead away unless too hard pressed.

All during this battle the chief sat on his horse on the rocky point just above Bolles Junction [the present junction] and gave command and encouragement in a loud and stentorian voice. He could be heard for miles. Finally a bullet sped his way and he was killed—and he being the medicine man, the battle ceased and a council was called. We were now across the Touchet. We were carrying our wounded men on litters made by stretching blankets on willow poles—taking turns carrying—that was a hard job. As we began to climb the hill beyond the Touchet we heard the Indians let up their death-wail—they were gathered together on those low hills just north the Bolles Junction depot.

We traveled on to Dry Creek that day; there we went into camp and spying some Indian horses on the prairie, myself with some others ran in a bunch, near some brush where some of our men were hidden, and as they passed, shot two. That was the first horse meat I had tried to eat, but it made me sick—though they were young unbroken horses. I was sure they tasted of the saddle blanket—suggestion, I suppose. When we awoke next morning there was four or five inches of snow on our blankets—we had no tents.

A runner had been sent on to the Mission and a wagon sent out for our wounded men. My bunkie and I got up early, mounted our horses and rode on to the Mission that morning. The boys soon were preparing provisions for the famishing troops, but after starving so long the smell of food cooking made me sick and I could not eat until the next morning. Some of the boys were so ravenous they had to be restrained or they would have killed themselves eating.

Now we laid around camp, getting into mischief, and I learned to smoke. The only regular rations issued us was tobacco—and the smokers seemed to

take such comfort in the pipe, I too indulged.

When we came into the Indian country Gilliam told us we could have any Indian horses we captured. I was pretty handy with a rope and got away with three head from the battle at the Touchet. One, a fine horse rode by a chief, I was particularly proud of. A big burly Dutchman in another company also coveted that horse, so one morning he put his rope on him and led him into camp. I at once claimed the horse and proceeded to make good my claim. He resisted and we got into a "scrap"; he had friends, so had I. All took sides—it was decided we fight for possession; the winner to get him. That suited me all right—so at it we went. Men say it was a hard fight, but I won and took the horse to lead him off, when an under officer, a friend of the Dutchman, stepped up and took hold of the rope, saying "I'll take this horse." I was only a boy of nineteen years, but I did not intend to give up the horse without a struggle, and was considering the consequences of hitting an officer when Colonel Gilliam walked unobserved into the ring, cut the rope behind the officer's hand, handed the rope to me and walked away without a word. I tell you I was the proudest boy in that camp—and after the colonel was gone I could not resist crowing at the Dutchman in true boy fashion. This is just an example of how justice was meted out in the army of volunteers.

In the spring about two hundred recruits came. We now numbered about five hundred men. Then a party set out for north of Snake River to hunt Indians. I was with the company. We crossed the Snake at the mouth of the Palouse—we made a camp at Little Falls—were at Big Lake on Cow Creek and all over the upper country, but failed to find any number of Indians. We fired a few shots at stragglers now and then but had no regular engagement. The Cayuse warriors had scattered about among other tribes, many going over the mountains to wait until the soldiers left the country.

A detachment of men was sent to Walker's Mission, called Tshimakain, where Walker and Eells and their families were located as missionaries among the Spokanes. We got the families and brought them back with us. We came back across country, crossing Snake River at the mouth of Alpowa Creek to an Indian encampment known as Red Wolf's Land—then we returned to Waiilatpu. This expedition went out the first of May. Sometime in June we began our return trip to Oregon, having been out about six months.

I remember while camped in the Umatilla country I was breaking an Indian horse to ride—and he would throw himself whenever I mounted. I had become pretty mad at his persistence in lying down so concluded to tie him down until he would be willing to stand up. I did so and left him close to camp—but in the morning I was minus a horse—the wolves had eaten him up. We had much to learn in those days.

On this trip Colonel Gilliam was killed accidentally. In pulling a gun from a wagon it caught in a rope and was discharged, killing him. He was a good man and a good officer, well liked by all his men, as he was a friend to all.

We arrived at Oregon City a few days before the Fourth of July. Th Governor rode out and reviewed the troops, as we were on parade. Ever man had his horse decked out in Indian trappings and we were as wild as band of Indians. Crowds of people had gathered to welcome us home. Th Governor made us a short talk and dismissed us. Thus ended the organiz tion of Oregon's First Mounted Volunteers—we all scattered out to ou homes.

NEZ PERCE WAR

1877

NEZ PERCE WAR--1877

WALLA WALLA COUNTY

HISTORIC SKETCHES
OF
WALLA WALLA, WHITMAN, COLUMBIA, GARFIELD CO'S
1882
FRANK T. GILBERT

WALLA WALLA COUNTY

The great event of 1877 was the Nez Perce war and the general Indian "scare" that affected the whole of Eastern Washington. So far as the war itself was concerned Walla Walla had but little to do with it. A company of volunteers commanded by Thomas P. Page, L. K. Grim and J. F. McLane, served two weeks in Idaho and returned. The "scare," however, affected the city considerably. It was feared that a general Indian war had commenced and refugees flocked to all the settlements, Walla Walla being crowded with them. June 23, soon after the massacre in Idaho, a man named Ritchie was killed north of Snake river by a renegade Snake Indian, and this led to the report that all northern Indians had taken the war path. The result was a general desertion of all exposed settlements, and a rally in force upon the towns, where preparations on an extended scale were made for defense. June 28, Agent N. A. Cornoyer rode into Walla Walla with twenty-nine unarmed Indian chiefs and leading men of the Cayuse and Umatilla tribes. They came to have a talk with the citizens, to assure them of their friendliness, in order to allay the excitement as much as possible, and were successful, so far as fear of their tribes was concerned. A few days later, however, the excitement was worse than ever, owing to reports of an outbreak north of Snake river, The stock men on Crab creek had deserted their ranges at the first note of alarm, and, a few days later, a band of Columbia River Indians passed through on their way home from digging camas, and seeing that everything was abandoned, helped themselves to provisions, clothing and stock. A few of the settlers returned, saw the signs of a raid, and then rushed off to report an uprising of Indians. At the same time this news reached Walla Walla, two men came in and reported that Chief Moses was at the Spokane river with 200 warriors. News also came of the defeat of troops in Idaho and the death of many of them, the only true report of all. Rumors of depredations of every kind floated about. No story was too absurd or improbable to be believed. A mass meeting was held, and the following dispatch, which shows chaos in the public mind and fever in the public veins, was sent to the Governor:

WALLA WALLA, W. T., July 6, 1877.

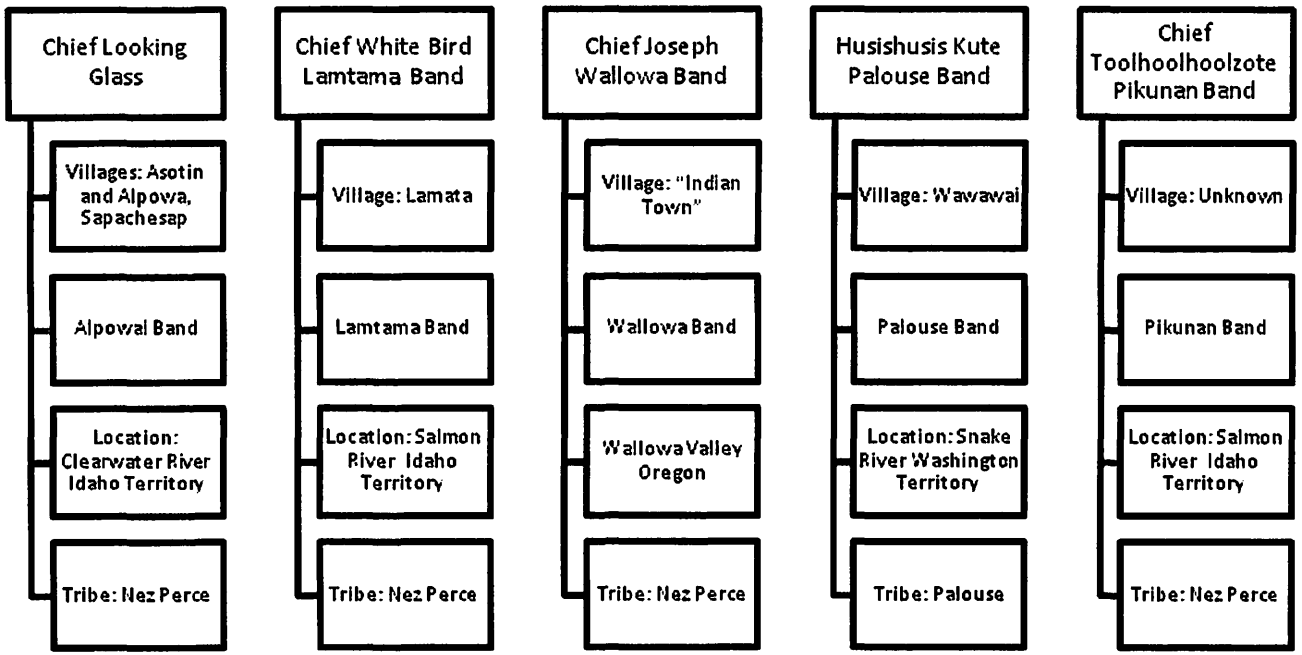
Gov. E. P. FERRY--Dispatches to-day from the Indian war show that Lieutenant Rains, ten soldiers and two citizens have been killed. Moses with a large band of armed Indians said to be encamped at Spokane bridge. Walla Walla is filled with refugees, panic stricken, from Crab creek and other portions of Whitman and Stevens counties. Indians are driving off stock and committing depredations of every character. Authorize some citizen to raise two companies of fifty men each for immediate service. Your presence here is most urgently requested, that you may become fully acquainted with the position here. Also forward immediately such arms and ammunition as may be within your power. The indications are that the militia will have to be called out. Answer. Done at a meeting of 200 citizens.

MILES C. MOORE, Chairman.

The false character of the reports, that had caused so much agitation, stagnated business, and obstructed travel, were soon demonstrated. The people quieted down, settlers returned to their homes, and the country was again in its normal condition. The war never crossed Snake river or into this territory and the only effect it had here was to create this great excitement.

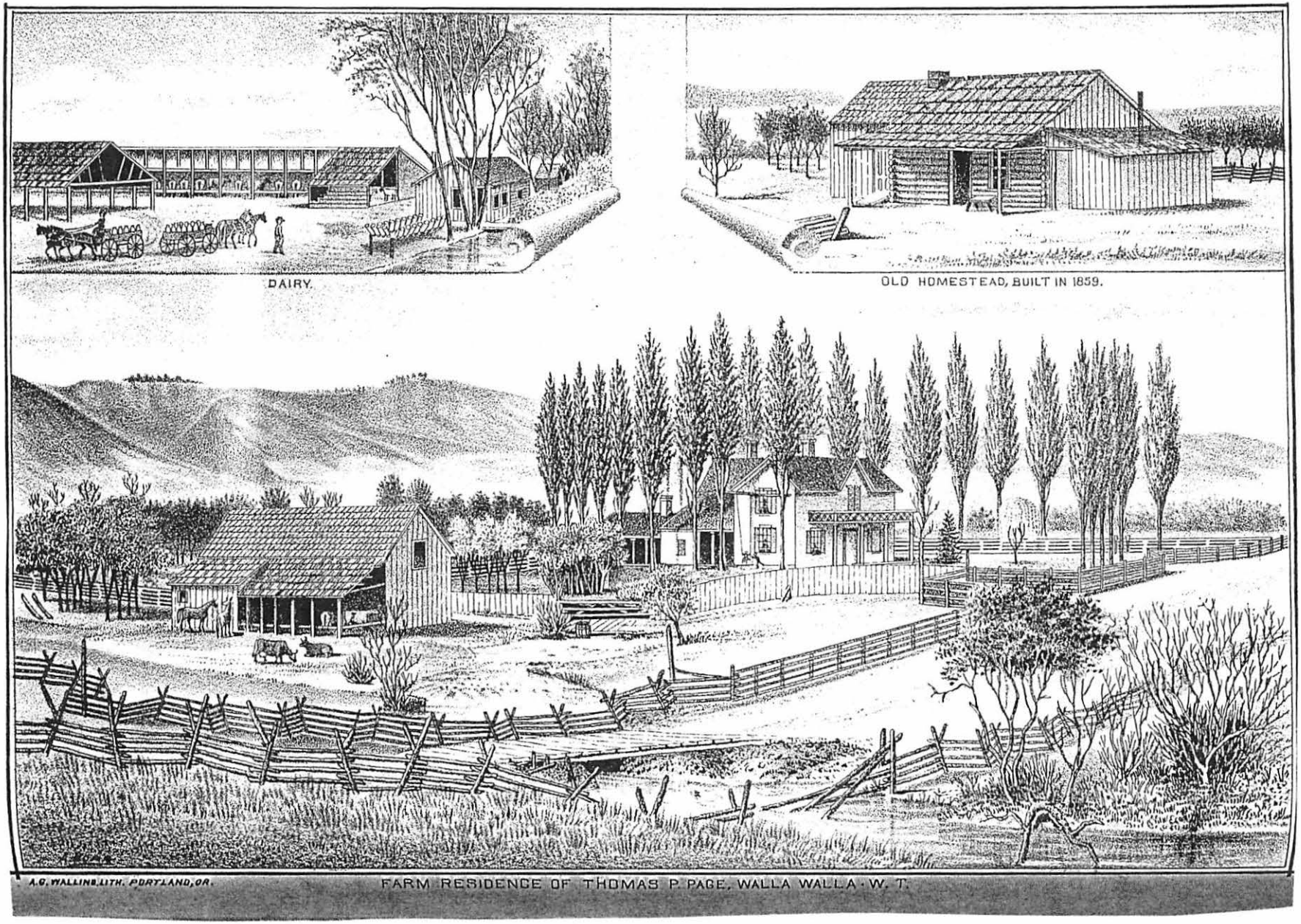
Pgs 315-316

The Patriot Bands

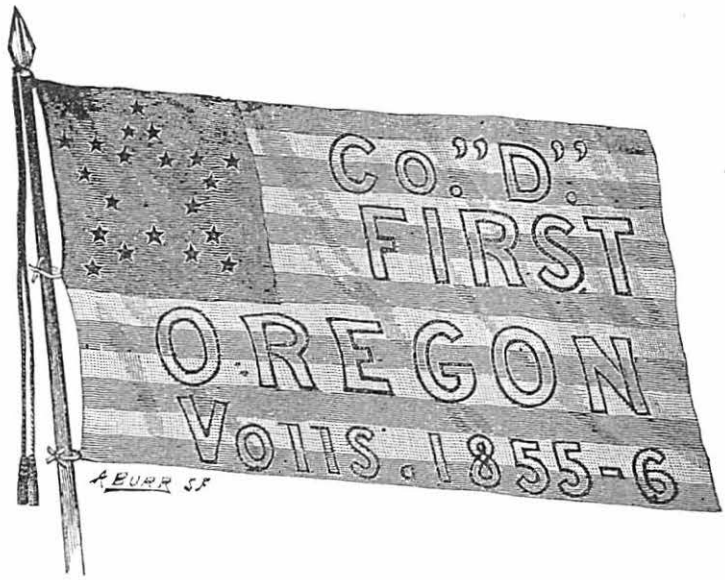


THOMAS P. PAGE now resides on a farm two miles south of Walla Walla city, through which runs Yellow Hawk creek. The place was formerly owned by M. B. Ward, and counted among those most valuable in the country. It contains 487 acres, is all fenced and cultivated, has a two and a half acre orchard, and is peculiarly adapted to the dairy business. For general appearance and adjacent scenery, refer to view of it accompanying this work. In this connection it would not be amiss to mention the fact that Mr. Page has a farm in the Assotin country of 160 acres, and that he makes a specialty at his home farm of the dairy business, where from sixty to seventy-five cows are milked. The subject of this sketch was born in Galway county, Ireland, March 3, 1832, from where he emigrated to America in 1847. He found his way the same year to Independence, Mo., where lived an uncle of his, named Cornelius Davy, who was a Santa Fé trader, The following spring he went with that uncle to El Paso, New Mexico. For four years he remained in New Mexico in the capacity of clerk, most of the time for a firm named Ogden & Hopin, who were sutlers for the 3d U. S. Infantry, at Doña Aña. In 1852, in company with several young companions, he started for California, and going by way of Mazatlan, in Mexico, sailed from that port for the scene of his gilded hopes. For forty days the crazy little craft beat up along the coast, until starved out he landed with his companions on the Peninsula of Lower California, at a Mexican town, from where they took horses and rode to San Diego, and thence by steamer to San Francisco. He reached the mines at Sonora, in Tuolumne county, without a cent of money and failed for a time to get employment, although offering to work for his board. He remaincd in that section of country until 1854, meeting with varied success, when he determined to leave the mines. We next find him stationed at Fort Tejon, California, where he was employed by a firm to conduct their sutler business until 1858, when he started merchandising at that place for himself. He did not continue his own business venture long, before concluding that his prospects would be improved by changing to what he imagined a more favorable locality in Oregon. Before leaving that country, however, he was married, January 11, 1857, to Miss Ellen, a daughter of that famous mountaineer, and frontiersman, Captain Joseph Gale, after whom "Gale's Peak" and "Gale's creek," in Washington county, Oregon, are named. This old pioneer, after a long life actively spent among the early trials and vicissitudes incident to the development of Oregon from a wilderness to civilization, finally yielded to the march of time, and answering to the call of the dark angel, passed into the shadowy unknown. His death, which leaves but a corporal's guard of that old pioneer phalanx behind, occurred in December, 1881, at his home in Eagle valley, Union county, Oregon. Mr. Page with his young bride reached Fort Vancouver in 1858, having come overland from Fort Tejon, and then passed up the Columbia river to the Dalles. In November he reached Mill creek, in this county, and December 3 moved into his newly erected cabin on what now is known as the Patrick Lyon place. This was the second house built on that creek east of Walla Walla, and Mr. Page had brought with him a carriage, the first seen in this part of the country. Mr. Page remained on this farm until 1872, when he rented it, and went east of the Blue mountains with stock into the Assotin creek country, but returned to Walla Walla city in 1874, to take charge of the post office for Mrs. S. D. Smith. In January, 1877, he assumed the duties of County Auditor, to which he had been elected the previous November 6, and, in 1878, he purchased the place where he now resides. The limited space devoted to personal histories in this work, permits but a mere glance at the outline of the many incidents that have made up the sum of Mr. Page's life, which has been marked and eventful. He was the first County Assessor of Walla Walla county; was elected County Commissioner in 1863, and served three years; and was twice chosen a member of the Territorial Legislature, first in 1866, and again in 1869. He was head farmer, in 1860 and 1861, at the establishment of the Lapwai Agency, and was Captain of a volunteer company that went from Walla Walla to assist General Howard in the Nez Perce outbreak, under Chief Joseph. From all of this, it will readily be observed that any attempt to particularize would swell this biography into a volume. In conclusion, we would suggest that the men who develop and shape the prospects and property of a country are such men as the subject of this sketch; men who by activity, force of character, and honorable purposes, guided by a superior intelligence, mould for success that which they control, and shape for improvement that which falls within range of their influence. The birth and ages of Mr. and Mrs. Page's children are as follows: Sabina, September 24, 1858; May, May 23, 1860; Minnie, May 1, 1862; died December 23, 1872; Thomas D., March 23, 1864; Elizabeth, December 11, 1869; Belle, October 19, 1870; Nellie, December 24, 1874.

Pgs 28-29


DAIRY.
OLD HOMESTEAD, BUILT IN 1859.
A.G. WALLING, LITH. PORTLAND, OR.
FARM RESIDENCE OF THOMAS P. PAGE, WALLA WALLA · W. T.

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



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

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

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

Pg 29-30

Walla Walla was again excited by the nearness of an Indian war in 1878. In June the Bannocks of Southern Idaho and Southeastern Oregon went on the warpath. Great anxiety was felt about Chief Moses, who had been acting in a cavalier manner for several years. Governor Ferry came here and kept thoroughly posted on the condition of affairs, and his presence had a quieting effect upon the people, who seemed to wait for him to become excited first. The result was that the "scare" of the year before was not repeated, while the actual danger was far greater. In July the hostiles came upon the Umatilla reservation, and it was thought they were moving north, with the intention of crossing the Columbia. The prospect of their doing so, and thus getting among the tribes on the upper Columbia, who were already restless and liable to break out, was alarming. Forty volunteers under W. C. Painter hastened to Wallula, where Major Kress took command of them, and patroled the Columbia in a steamer, effectually preventing the apprehended crossing. In a few days they were relieved by a company of soldiers that had been hastily ordered to the scene, and returned to Walla Walla.

In August, 1878, Professor Clark, of the Wheeler United States Surveying Expedition, erected a monument in the court yard, giving the exact location of the city. The latitude is 46° 3' 55½" north; longitude 41° 17' 5" west from Washington; difference in time from Washington, 2h. 45m. 8½s.; altitude above the level of the sea, 915 feet.

A little flutter was caused in December by the arrest of Chief Moses by the sheriff of Yakima county. It was feared that his band would take the warpath, and troops were held in readiness for instant service. The Walla Walla Guards were also under orders, but their services were not required, and the threatened danger was averted.

Pgs 316-317

WAIT'S MILL

THE STORY OF THE COMMUNITY OF WAITSBURG, WASHINGTON

BY
ELLIS & ELVIRA ELLEN LAIDWAW

1970

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY
OF
SOUTHEASTERN WASHINGTON

1906

WALLA WALLA
COUNTY

to the Cascades by the steamer tomorrow to receive the quartermasters and commissary property from Captain Wallen. Captain Wallen after turning over his public property will proceed with the greatest dispatch and embark his company on the Steamer "Cortez", now at Portland, and comply with previous orders.

2. Company I, Ninth Infantry, under orders for Fort Walla Walla, will continue its march to Fort Dalles, descending the Columbia River by water. Company E, Ninth Infantry, under orders for Fort Dalles will" continue its march without delay to Fort Vancouver, where the commander will receive further orders.

3. Captain Dent, Ninth Infantry, with his Company (B), under orders for Fort Cascades, will continue his march to Fort Hoskins and relieve Captain Auger, Fourth Infantry, in command of that post. Captain Auger will then proceed without delay with his company to Portland and embark on the first steamer for San Francisco where he will report to the Department Commander.

4. Fort Yamhill will be abandoned. The Chiefs of the staff department at these headquarters will take immediate measures to receive and secure the public property. Captain Russell with his company (K) will move promptly to Portland and embark on the first steamer for San Francisco where he will report to the Department Commander.

5. Camp Pickett, on San Juan Island and Fort Townsend will be abandoned. The public property will he sent to Fort Steilacoom. Captain Pickett, with Company D, Ninth Infantry, and Captain Hunt, with Company C, Fourth Infantry will embark on the first steamer to San Francisco. Major Ketchum, 4th Infantry will proceed with his command and on his arrival at San Francisco report to the Department Commander.

6. Camp Chehalis will be abandoned. The public property that cannot be removed, together with the buildings, will be placed in charge of a responsible agent. The Company at Camp Chehalis (A, 4th Inf) will then move promptly to the mouth of the Columbia River and embark on the first steamer for San Francisco, where the commander will report to the Department Commander.

7. The assistant quartermaster at Fort Steilacoom will employ the Massachusetts in removing the public property from the posts abandoned on the Sound, and place the buildings in charge of responsible agents.

8. The officers of the medical department at Forts Yamhill, Cascades, Townsend, Pickett and Chehalis, will accompany their respective commands.

9. The officers of the quartermaster's department will furnish the necessary transportation to insure a prompt execution of the movements herein ordered.

BY ORDER OF COLONEL WRIGHT:

JNO. S. MASON
1st Lt., 3rd Arty, Actg Asst. Adj. Gen.

By Special Orders No. 13, dated June 21, 1861, the orders abandoning Camp Pickett were rescinded by Colonel Wright in view of the threatening attitude of the Indians on the waters of Puget Sound. In the same order Captain Pickett was ordered to use the Steamer Massachusetts in case of emergency.

On June 24, Acting Governor McGill learning of the withdrawal of forces from the territory, protested strongly to General Sumner and received the following answer:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPT. OF THE PACIFIC
San Francisco, July 5, 1861

Sir:

The General Commanding the Department acknowledges the receipt of your communication of June 24th in reference to the withdrawal of troops from Washington Territory and desires me to say in reply that he does not contemplate the withdrawal of any portion of the force remaining within the limits of Washington Territory, and believes that under the judicious management of the Commander of that

Military District, this force will be sufficient to give the necessary protection to your Citizens; should it, however, be inadequate for this purpose, Colonel Wright has authority to accept the services of such Volunteer force as may secure complete protection of life and property.

The General desires me to say that the order withdrawing the Company of Infantry from San Juan Island has been rescinded, and that arrangement of the General- in-Chief for the occupancy of the Island will continue.

Very respectfully, etc,

Richard C. Drum
Asst. Adj. General

Return of troops stationed in the Department of the Pacific at this time indicated a total of 3,361, with 79 heavy pieces of artillery and 33 of field artillery. As of 30 June the following troops were stationed in Oregon District: Co. D, 3rd Arty and Co. G, 9th Infantry at Fort Vancouver; Companies A, C and K, 9th Infantry at Colville; Co. D, 9th Infantry at Camp Pickett; Companies F and H, 9th Infantry at Fort Steilacoom; Companies C, E and I, 1st Dragoons at Fort Walla Walla; Co. H, 1st Dragoons at Fort Dalles; Det. Co. K; 1st Dragoons at Fort Yamhill; Co. G, 4th Infantry and Co. B, 9th Infantry at Fort Hoskins; and a Detachment of Co. L, 3rd Arty at Fort Umpqua.

Special Orders No. 18, District of Oregon, dated 11 July 1861 directed Capt. T. C. English with Company H from Steilacoom to proceed without delay to San Juan Island and relieve the garrison at that station. In the same order Captain Pickett was directed upon arrival of Captain English to move with his Company to Fort Steilacoom and turn over his command to Captain Woodruff, following which he would be permitted to avail himself of leave of absence pending action on his resignation. Special Orders No. 20 of 15 July 1861 directs Lieut. Philip H. Sheridan to relieve Captain Archer from command of Company I, 9th Infantry and to assume command of Fort Hoskins until the arrival of an officer from the 9th Infantry.

On 20 July 1861, Acting Governor McGill in a letter to Colonel Wright forwarded a report of Indian Agent W. W. Miller pointing out the attitude of the Indians following the abandonment of Camp Chehalis. He requested the return of a detachment of about 15 men to that post to allay the fears of the white settlers in that area. In a letter to the Department Commander on the 9th of August, Colonel Wright advised that he had returned Lieut. Emory with a detachment to Camp Chehalis. He also pointed out the difficulties being experienced at Fort Colville since the withdrawal of troops and asked that a company of the Ninth Infantry be returned for duty at that station. He also advised that "Captain" Sheridan would be relieved from duty in the District as soon as his replacement arrived. In another letter to the Department Commander on 22 August, Colonel Wright reported troubles with the Indians in the vicinity of the Cascades and stated he had dispatched Captain Black with 34 men from Vancouver to end the trouble. He also asked for authority to call out Volunteer Militia from Oregon and Washington in the event his regular forces proved insufficient. The Department commander granted him this authority in a subsequent letter

Special Orders No. 155, Department of the Pacific, 31 August 1861 directed Colonel Benjamin L. Beall, 1st Dragoons to relieve Colonel George Wright as Commander of the Oregon District and directing Col. Wright to report to the General, Commanding the Pacific.

In a letter dated 12 September, Colonel Wright informed the Department Commander of Indian troubles in the Dalles area and advised that he had called upon the Governor of Oregon for a Company of Cavalry and might have to call upon the Governor of Washington Territory for a Company of Volunteers. He also advised that he had called upon the Governor of Oregon to raise a regiment of Volunteer cavalry to be inducted into Federal service. In the meantime, Colonel Wright had been assigned to command all troops in the Southern California area.

In a letter dated 15 Sept. 1861, The War Department; advised General Sumner that all regular army troops would be ordered immediately to New York, except 4 companies of artillery, one at Fort Vancouver and three at San Francisco. He was also directed to order Colonel Wright to relieve him from command of the Department, and to replace Colonel Wright with Brigadier General J. W. Denver. General Sumner to report to Washington when relieved by Colonel Wright.

In a letter dated 24 Sept. 1861, the Adjutant General of the Army advised that Thomas R. Cornelius, B. F. Harding and R. F. Maury had been appointed Colonel, Lieut. Col. and Major respectively, of the Oregon Regiment of Volunteer Mounted Troops.

Special Orders No. 160, War Department, 30 Sep. 1861 assigned Brigadier General J. K. F. Mansfield to command the Department of the Pacific. This order was revoked on 2 October and General Mansfield was assigned to Fort Monroe, Virginia. In the meantime Colonel Wright continued to command the Department and was later promoted to Brigadier General.

General Orders No. 25, Department of the Pacific, 9 October 1861 announced the movement of troops of the 2nd and 4th California Infantry regiments to Fort Vancouver 5 companies from each regiment. In a letter to Lieut. Col. Albemarle Cady, Commander of the Oregon District, dated 22 October 1861, General Wright advised that a steamer had departed from San Francisco with 5 Companies of the 4th Regiment of California Infantry and disposition thereof be made as follows: 1 Company to Fort Vancouver; 1 to Fort Steilacoom, 1 to the Dalles, and 1 each to Forts Hoskins and Yamhill. In another letter dated 23 October, Col. Cady was advised that 5 companies of the 2nd California Regiment had departed San Francisco of which two were to be sent to Fort Colville.

Typical reaction of the patriotic citizens of Washington Territory of stationing of California troops in the northwest appears to be summed up very well in the following letter to Governor McGill:

Whatcom, W. T., Oct. 20,1861

Sir:

We learn with regret that the Federal Government have determined to garrison the military posts of this Territory (made vacant by the withdrawal of the. regular troops) by a Volunteer force from California. It strikes me very forcibly that a sufficient volunteer force, who are loyal to the government, can be found on short notice in this Territory for that purpose, and a great saving to the Government in transportation be thereby effected. It looks very much like a slight to the people of this Territory and that their loyalty is questioned. I think that the matter may yet be corrected if the Government will call the attention of the proper department to it. If petitions would be of any avail, I presume all the names in the Territory can be obtained. If any benefit is to accrue let our own Citizens receive the benefit. We have no objection to Californians particularly but we think the preference should be given to our own Citizens, for they will be only too glad to embrace the opportunity to testify their loyalty and devotion to their country's cause. My views on this subject do not differ with any whom I have heard speak on the subject. The good people of this Bay are loyal <u>almost</u> <u>to</u> <u>the</u> <u>man</u> and are anxious for a vigorous prosecution of the, War which the South has forced upon us, until the property of the Government and the old flag is restored to what they were before the rebellion manipulated - then, and not until then, can peace be talked of and honorable compromise affected.

Please call the attention of the Government to the subject matter herein and maybe he will take some action in the premise.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

I. G. HYATT

CHAPTER IV
THE FIRST WASHINGTON TERRITORIAL INFANTRY

WAR DEPARTMENT
October 12, 1861

Colonel Justus Steinberger
Washington, D. C.

Sir: At the request of Colonel William H. Wallace, late Governor of Washington Territory (then WashingtonTerritorial Delegate to The Congress), you are hereby authorized to raise and organize a regiment of infantry in that territory and the country adjacent thereto, for the service of the United States, to serve for three years, or during the war. The Governor or Acting Governor of the Territory will please aid in perfecting this organization in such a manner as may best promote the interests of the Government; the list of officers, except the Colonel, to be certified and sent to this Department by the Colonel, commanding, with the approval of the Governor or the Acting Governor. The organization of this regiment is to be in accordance with the general orders from the Adjutant General's Department. In case the regular troops shall have left Fort Vancouver, or the District of Oregon, the colonel herein authorized will be mustered in to service, by any Army officer in San Francisco, California. For this purpose, Colonel Steinberger will immediately upon arrival in the city report to the senior officer in San Francisco for information as to the presence or absence of troops in the District of Oregon. In case clothing, arms, equipage, etc., cannot be obtained from Government stores in the District of Oregon, Colonel Steinberger is authorized to make requisition for them on the commanding officer of the Department of the Pacific.

THOMAS A. SCOTT
Acting Secretary of War.

NOTE: Records indicate that Justus Steinberger was mustered into the service in Washington, D.C. on October 18, 1861, by order of the Secretary of War.

During October 1861 Special Orders of the Oregon District directed Major Curtis to proceed with Companies C and D, 2nd California Infantry to Fort Colville and relieve Major Pinkney Lugenbeel, who will return with his companies of 9th Infantry to Vancouver; Assigned Co. E, 2nd Calif. Regt. to Fort Vancouver and then reassigned it to Fort Steilacoom to relieve Capt. Woodruff, who, upon relief was to return to San Francisco with Companies D and F, 9th Infantry; Assigned Companies A and C, 4th California Infantry to Fort Walla Walla, to relieve Captain McGruder, who upon relief, was to return to Fort Vancouver with his cavalry troops; Directed the movement of Co. D, 3rd Artillery to Camp Pickett, San Juan Island to relieve Captain English and Company H, 9th Infantry and return to San Francisco by Steamer, with his company H.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC
San Francisco, Cal., December l0, 1861

Brig. Gen. Lorenzo Thomas,
Adjutant General, U. S. Army, Washington, D.C.

General: Colonel Justus Steinberger, who was mustered into the service at Washington City for the purpose of raising a regiment of Infantry in the Territory of Washington and adjacent country, has reported to me. I have ordered the colonel to take post at Vancouver, and take prompt measures to commence the organization of his regiment. I anticipate considerable difficulty in raising a regiment of Infantry in that country. The sparse population and the intense excitement caused by the recent discovery of very rich gold mines may render it impossible to obtain such a large number of men. However, every possible effort will be made by the colonel, and I have directed Col. Cady, the present commander of the District of Oregon, to afford him every facility in his power to carry out the wishes of the Department.

Col. Cady, 7th Infantry, is retained to command the District of Oregon. His services are important there, not only in preserving peace with the Indians, but in aiding Colonel Steinberger in organizing the regiment. So soon as Colonel Steinberger shall have somewhat progressed in the organization of his regiment and made himself acquainted with the wants and resources of the country, I design to place him in command of the District. I am not advised as to what success Colonel Cornelius is meeting with in raising a cavalry regiment in Oregon, and as he was instructed to report directly to the War Department, should it be found impracticable to raise a full regiment of cavalry in that country to furnish their own horses, I would suggest that the colonel's orders be modified, that a battalion (two squadrons) be enrolled and that the government furnish the horses and equipments. I have now at Fort Vancouver 220 horses and equipments left by the First Cavalry. I have kept two companies of the 9th Infantry in the District of Oregon. One of the companies is posted at Fort Vancouver and the other will relieve Co. D, 3rd Arty on San Juan Island. I have also now in that district ten companies of infantry. With four good cavalry companies the force will be ample for the present. We are much in want of officers. I beg of you to order out those belonging to the 3rd Artillery and the Ninth Infantry on this Coast.

Very respectfully, etc,

G. WRIGHT
Brigadier General, Commanding

In a letter in January of 1862, the Commanding Officer at Fort Walla Walla advised General Wright that due to a severe drought in the summer of 1861 and the present severe winter conditions in the Territory, that commissary supplies were not available. He stated that what few are available are bringing fantastic prices, ie, Flour $20 per barrel; Oats 7¢ a pound and scarce; no hay or barley; Bacon 30 ¢ a pound and little to be had; lard high and scarce; Beef 15 ¢ a pound and none in the country fit to eat; no beans and few potatoes which were selling at $1 a bushel; Wood $30 a cord. Coffee in small quantity at 37¢ a pound. Expects almost all cattle to die by spring. Some farmers who had 400-500 at beginning of winter now have only 50-60 and those are not expected to survive.

Colonel Steinberger's initial efforts to enroll a regiment of Infantry in Washington Territory during the winter of 1861-62 met with little success. The following which appeared in the newspapers were apparently written in an attempt to influence the recruitment of the Regiment:

PROCLAMATION

TO ARMS TO ARMS TO ARMS TO ARMS

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY"

Adjutant General's Office
Olympia, W.T., Jan. 15,1862

FELLOW CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY:

While our arms are being crowned with great success in the rebellious States, the late dispatches portend a War with England and France.

The Storm is gathering: Let us then look well to it that it does not burst upon our heads while we are unprepared!! Let us not remain quietly at our firesides and permit the ruthless savage to be turned upon us. Well do we know it has ever been the policy of those nations to arouse the merciless savage, whose inhumanity is too well known to require comment.

Let us then thoroughly organize the Militia, receive arms and equipments and be ready, at a moment's warning, to defend our homes like men.

He who prates of love of country and will not place himself in readiness, in time of danger, is unworthy of that proud name we all bear, AMERICAN CITIZENS.

The following named gentlemen will act as enrolling officers to receive the names of those who are willing to aid in our defense, should occasion require.

They will please forward the roll of the companies, with the names of the officers chosen, to General Frank Matthias at Seattle, W. T., or to myself at Olympia.

J. W. JOHNSON
Assistant Adjutant General,

NAME OF ENROLLING OFFICERS

Thurston County - G. Hays
Pierce County - W. H. Wood & Capt. Settle
King County - D. B. Ward & H.A. Atkins
Island County - S. D. Howe & Rev. G. F. Whitworth
Jefferson County - Victor Smith & H. P. O'Bryant
San Juan - E. D. Warbass
Snohomish - Captain Fowler
Skamania - J. L. Ferguson
Sawamish - F. C. Purdy & D. Shelton
Lewis - Captain Henry Miles
Cowlitz - Dick Herrington & Alex S. Abernathy
Clarke - U. East Hicks & W. J. Langford
Walla Walla - Ray R. Reese & A. B. Roberts

EDITORIAL

We publish today a Spirited call on the people of our Territory, to lose no time in perfecting the Organization of our Militia, so that we may be prepared to meet any Emergency that may hereafter arise. The necessity for this is too apparent to require argument from us. It is but too apparent now that we are at the mercy of the few half starved savages that are in our vicinity should they take it into their heads to make war upon us, a thing by no means impossible.

We all know that numbers are nothing without organization, and we would suggest to those who may be disposed to stand back, and even made ridicule of all efforts that are made to render available every able bodied man in the Territory that the time may be nearer at hand than they suppose, when they will be called upon to fight, or tamely submit to the arrogant demands of our enemies.

It is a trite but true saying, that what is everybody's business is nobody's in particular; and hence the great difficulty in getting the people to move in a matter of this sort. Almost every man waits for his neighbors to move first, and consequently nothing is done, until the evils that might have been warded off by a timely vigilance are upon us.

We hear men wondering what it is that the present Rebellion was not put down long ago, considering the the natural power and resources of the North, are as ten to one of the South.

To our minds the reason why we have made so little head against it is that the one tenth was made available by a thorough organization, effected before the Standard of the Rebellion was raised; while the entire North indulged a false security, and adopted no measures for defense even; (just as we are doing in Washington) until aroused from their criminal lethargy by the booming of cannons within the hearing of their Capitol.

Wise and sagacious statesmen scouted the suggestions or more vigilant, if not more sagacious men, that the South were preparing to make war upon the Union; just as the wise men, among us now, scout the suggestion; that there is danger of our wives and children being scalped by the Indians, or of Lympiats becoming a helpless dependency of Victoria, unless we bestir ourselves, and prepare for war. No harm can possibly result from doing what is proposed by our Patriotic friend, Assistant Adjutant General J. W. Johnson.

We are not disposed to enquire whose special duty it was to first move in the matter. It is enough for us to know, that it is now a pressing necessity bearing upon us, to organize, and render available the military strength of the Territory, and we are glad that General Johnson has seen proper to urge the subject upon the people in the way and manner he has. He has done his duty as a Patriotic American Citizen, proud of his birthright, and is willing to risk his life in defense of his country's honor. Those who sympathize with him in these sentiments and feeling will not hesitate to aid him in carrying into successful operation the Organization proposed.

So far as we are concerned, we not only pledge our support and encouragement to every measure looking to an efficient organization of the Militia of the Territory; but we will also most cheerfully enroll our name in a Company of home guards, and be in readiness to match at a moment's warning to any part of this Coast to repel invasion or put down resistance to our laws.

San Francisco, Calif. Feb. 6, 1862

Major R. C. Drum, Asst. Adj. Gen, US Army
Hq. Dept of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif.
Sir:

Since my last written communication, dated Port Townsend, January 1, I have the honor to report that upon a full and careful canvas of Washington Territory west of the Cascades, with a view to raising and organizing the First Regiment of Washington Territory Infantry, I gave authority for the enrollment of three companies within the territory. From circumstances mentioned in my former reports as presenting obstacles to recruiting in that district of the country, I am convinced that during the following four months to fill these companies will exhaust the extreme capacity of the Territory. The peculiar severity of this winter season has rendered impossible to visit other portions of the district of Oregon. Its necessity is obviated, too, by my very free conference at Olympia with members of the Territorial Legislature, who were well informed upon the conditions of all parts of the country, as well as information that I have received from intelligent sources in the State of Oregon. I believe that the only proper and practicable measures that can be taken for the present in the District of Oregon toward recruiting for my regiment are in progress there, and I am impressed with the propriety of at once commencing the organization of companies in this city and State.

Since my arrival here on the 28th ultimo I am assured of the favorable prospect of procuring four companies in this city, with the reasonable expectation of at least two more from the interior of the State. I have already selected some company officers and given authority to recruit for my regiment in this city, and in view of the practical commencement of its organization I have the honor respectfully to prefer to the commanding general the request that for the personal superintendence of this organization I may be permitted temporarily to make my headquarters in this city instead of Fort Vancouver, to which latter place I am now under orders from departmental headquarters; that as essential and positive requirement for the performance of the duties incident to the raising of recruits, and the speedy and successful organization of my regiment, authority may be given me to have at once mustered into service my Lieutenant Colonel and Major. I have made these appointments of my field officers by virtue of the authority given me by the honorable Secretary of War, heretofore submitted, and while I deem their presence and assistance at regimental headquarters not only of much value but of imperative necessity in the commencement of the organization, I am convinced that to have them placed on duty, with the full credit of their official position, is in strict consonance with the intent of the authorization for this regiment. I have also respectfully to submit for the consideration of the commanding general that the establishment of a depot for recruits for my regiment, convenient to the city, will serve a valuable purpose, giving much assistance, to separate officers recruiting, and security to the enrollment and mustering of men.

Very respectfully, etc.

JUSTUS STEINBERGER, COL. US VOLS

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC
San Francisco, Feb. 7, 1862

Col. J. Steinberger,
First Regt. Wash. Terr. Vols. San Francisco, Calif.
Sir:

Your letter of the 6th instant with reference to the organization of the First Regiment of Washington Territory Volunteers having been submitted to the general commanding the department, I am directed to say in reply that should you deem it necessary for the speedy organization of the regiment, you will muster such officers of the field and staff as is essential for the purpose. One of the field officers must be posted at Fort Vancouver, to superintend the enrollment, of such companies as may be raised in the District of Oregon. As the companies reach the requisite number the first lieutenant thereof can be mustered in and the men with this officer, will be sent to Alcatraz Island, which will be the depot for the companies raised in this State. The general directs that the headquarters of your regiment shall be temporarily established in this city.

Very respectfully, etc,

RICHARD C. DRUM, ASST ADJ. GEN.

In a letter dated 15 February 1862, the Commanding Officer of the Military District of Oregon advised the General, commanding the Pacific Department, that due to ice blockades, the dispatch of Company C, 9th Infantry had been delayed. However, it had departed on the 14th instant, from Fort Vancouver.

HQRS, FIRST WASHINGTON TERRITORY INFANTRY
San Francisco, Cal., March 1, 1862

Major R. C. Drum, Asst Adj. Gen.
Hq. Dept. of the Pacific, San Fran Calif.
Sir:

I have the honor to report that in accordance with directions of the commanding general, under the date of 8th February, the headquarters of my regiment were established .in this city, and on that date company officer were selected for four companies and authority given to recruit in this city. Since that time I have authorized a detachment of forty men to be recruited, also have an applicant for a first lieutenancy, and have given authority for one company to be raised in the counties of Alameda, Santa Clara and Santa Cruz in this State. From the companies authorized to be raised, one on Puget Sound, Washington Territory, by R. V. Peabody, and two east of the Cascades by I. W. Cannady and F. Moore, I have received no intelligence since my last communication with your headquarters. The depot for recruits directed by the commanding general at. Fort Alcatras has been established, and subordinate to the commanding officer at that post, is in charge of First Lt. W. F. Mason, mustered into service as permitted by the general commanding. Also, mustered, was Major G. H. Rumrill for duty at these headquarters. Lieut. Col. James Tilton (Adj-Gen during Indian War), appointed since my last communication I have requested to repair to this city to be mustered into service and assist in the organization of the regiment. (This appointment was subsequently declined by Tilton due to poor health) The regimental staff officers have not been appointed, although I am in treaty with applicants for all positions. Their services are much needed, even now, in the commencement of the formation of the regiment, and the appointments are only deferred to insure the acquirement of proper persons for these important places. The plan adopted for the organization of the companies authorized in this State is to receive the recruits as they are presented by the different captains, have them examined by the medical officer, mustered into service and at once sent to the depot. They are there formed into skeleton companies, each set of company officers credited with their own enlisted men, and awaiting the completion of the company organization. It is an express stipulation in all the authorizations given in this State, that the minimum standard of eighty men be reached by the lst of April next.

The men of company organizations not completed by that time become forfeited to the Government, and may be assigned as the interests of the regiment demand. Application is made by numerous persons in different parts of the State for authority to raise men for this regiment, and unless the next mail steamer from the north brings intelligence that would show prospects of procuring men in the District of Oregon beyond the requirements of the three companies now forming there, it is my intention to provide here for the remaining two and a half companies.

I am, sir, very respectfully, etc.

JUSTUS STENBERGER, COL.COMDG.

In a letter dated 26 March 1862, General Wright advised Adjutant General Thomas in Washington D. C. that Colonel Cornelius had been directed to prepare his regiment of six companies of Oregon Cavalry for movement to the Walla Walla country and thence to the mining districts. General Wright on the same date advised Lt. Col. Cady, commanding the District of Oregon that Colonel Steinberger had about 250 men at Alcatraz from which he would organize four companies, proceed to Fort Vancouver in a few weeks, and upon arrival would be placed in command of the Oregon District.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC
San Francisco, Cal., March 31,1862
(via Fort Vancouver, Wash)

First Lieut. John Mullan, 2nd Arty,
Comdg Walla Walla - Fort Benton Expedition

Sir: In answer to your letter addressed to the general commanding the department, I am instructed to inform you that, the general has written to the War Department relative to a continuance of the expedition under your command. Until advised as to the designs of the Government, the general desires you to retain the escort and await at Cantonment Wright further instructions from these headquarters. As the Ninth Regiment of Infantry remains on this coast, the escort, will, should this work be discontinued, repair to Fort Vancouver, where instructions will be received as to the distribution of the troops.

R. C. DRUM, ASST ADJ GEN

In a letter to Colonel Steinberger on 5 April 1862, General Wright directed the discontinuance of recruiting for the regiment, the consolidation of all men already enlisted into companies preparatory to embarking for Fort Vancouver. This was in consonance with instructions from the War Department. However, on 12 April General Wright received authority from the War Department to complete the regiment.

Special Orders 65, Dept. of the Pacific, dated 18 April 1862, directed Col. Steinberger to move with four companies to Fort Vancouver. Colonel Steinberger accordingly sailed from San Francisco on the 30th of April. The movement arrived at Fort Vancouver on 5 May 1862 and Colonel Steinberger assumed command of the District of Oregon. As per previous instructions from General Wright, upon his arrival issued instructions for the return of four companies of the 2nd Calif. Regiment.

Military Road Expedition
Camp on Hell's Gate River
Rocky Mountains, Wash. Terr, May l, 1862

Colonel Cady, 7th US Infantry
Commanding District of Oregon

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the order directing the escort of my expedition to proceed to the Pacific as soon as the snows of the mountains would permit and in reply would state that our last account from the mountains was that the snow was nine and one half feet deep on the summit, and twelve feet on a prairie to its east, with no forage for the animals.

The snow is fast disappearing, and will probably enable the command to cross sometime in June, when it will proceed to carryout the order as therein directed.

I am sir, respectfully, etc.

JOHN MULLEN, 1ST LT, COMDG EXPEDITION

On 10 May 1862, Colonel Steinberger directed Colonel Thomas R. Cornelius to complete the organization of his Oregon Cavalry regiment preparatory to move to Fort Walla Walla. In a letter subsequent thereto he advised the general commanding the Department that the regiment had been mustered into service and that four of the companies were now marching from southern Oregon; that one company would be left at Jacksonville as previously directed. He also advised General Wright that due to shortage of clothing in the District the regiment could not be equipped and moved until sometime in July and that due to the heavy snows in the Cascades caused by the severe winter movement over the passes would not be possible until about that time. General Wright replied that the regiment should be equipped as soon as possible and be moved by water to the Dalles and thence by foot to Fort Walla Walla. In another letter Colonel Steinberger advised General Wright that the Oregon Cavalry regiment would move via water to the Dalles on 20 May 1862 and that upon arrival at Fort Walla Walla, Colonel Cornelius would assumed command of that post. Correspondence between Colonel Steinberger and Colonel Cornelius indicated that the movement by water cost $9,920. Special orders No. 105, Fort Walla Walla, dated 5 June 1862 announced the assumption of command thereat by Colonel Cornelius. In a letter dated 6 June 1862, Colonel Steinberger reported on the status of training being given the four companies of 1st Wash Terr. Inf preparatory to relieving the Companies from California. He praised Major Lugenbeel, commanding at Fort Vancouver for perfecting their training. He further stated that he proposed to send two Washington companies, under the command of Major Rumrill to relieve Major Curtis, commanding the California companies at Fort Colville; that Co. D, 1st Wash Regt would relieve Co. B, 2nd Calif Regt at Fort Hoskins; and recommended that Fort Umpqua be abandoned and the California Company stationed thereat moved to Fort Vancouver preparatory to returning to California.

Special Orders No. 17, Oregon Military District, dated 10 June 1862 directed Lieut. Col. R. F. Maury in command of the balance of the 1st Oregon Cavalry to establish a temporary camp at the mouth of the Clackamas River and prepare for movement to Fort Walla Walla.

In a letter dated 11 June 1862, Colonel Steinberger advised General Wright of the difficulties encountered due to the fact that the records of the Department had been transferred to San Francisco when the Departments were merged. He pointed out the need for information regarding expeditions, etc, to assist in the proper evaluation of the problems which he was faced with. On 19 June, Col. Steinberger in a letter to General Wright advised of the action taken by the lst Oregon Cavalry in quelling a disturbance on the Umatilla Indian Reservation and of the difficulties being encountered in the movement of troops due to the severe winter conditions and the high water which resulted therefrom. Special Orders No. 108, Dept. of the Pacific assigned Brigadier General Benjamin Levered to Command the District of Oregon effective 23 June 1862.

On 23 June 1862 Colonel, Steinberger advised the Dept of the Pacific that Major Rumrill would leave with Companies B and C of the lst Wash Terr Inf to Fort Colville on 25 June and that he had published orders directing the movement of Lieut. Col. Maury and a Battalion of the lst. Oregon Cavalry to the Dalles by water thence to Fort Walla Walla. Movement to commence on 24 June and one company moved each day thereafter. Also directed Col. Cornelius to move with his Cavalry from Fort Walla and post one Company near the Nez Perce Reservation and two on the emigrant road towards Fort Hall. This action was to protect the movement of settlers coming to Washington and Oregon. Special Orders 25; dated 27 June directed the movement of Co. D, lst Wash Terr Inf to Fort Hoskins to relieve Captain J. C. Schmidt's Co. of California Infantry.

As of 30 June 1862 the following was the disposition of Troops in the Oregon District: Ft. Vancouver - Co. A, 9th Inf, Cos A and D, lst Wash Terr Inf, Co. C, lst Oregon Cav and a Det. of Ordnance; Camp Pickett - Co. C, 9th US Inf; Fort Colville - Co. C and D, 2nd Calif. Inf; Ft Steilacoom - Co. E, 4th Calif Inf; Ft.Walla Walla - Cos A and C, 4th Calif Inf and Cos B and E, lst Ore Cav; Ft Dalles - Co. D, 4th Calif Inf; and Ft Hoskins - Co. B, 2nd Calif Inf.

Special Orders No. 33, 7 July 1862 directs Col. Steinberger to proceed to Fort Walla Walla and assume Command of that Post. Special orders 35, Dist. of Ore, 8 July 1862 directs Lieut. Col. Maury with three companies of lst Ore Cav to move on the immigrant trail as far as Salmon Falls for the protection of the expected emigration. Major Rinearson also direct to move with one company to the Lapwai near Lewiston, Both commands to remain in the field until November.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF OREGON
Ft. Vancouver, W.T., July 10, 1862

Major R. C. Drum,
Asst Adj Gen, Hq. Dept. of the Pacific
Sir: Captain S. S. Marsh, 2nd Inf, commanding escort for the military road to Fort Benton reports that he will reach Walla Walla on the 15th instant. Lieut. Hughes states that the day he left the post (1 July) he saw the expressmen just in from Bitter Root Valley, who said that Lieut. Mullan left Hell Gate on the 23rd of May for Fort Benton, with the intention of returning from that point working this way in the completion of the road. There appears to have been no Indian troubles in Bitter Root Valley.

Much delay must occur at Fort Walla Walla in paying off his employees, and in resting and recruiting his command. If Captain Marsh, under your instructions of the 4th of June, attempts to return to Lieut. Mullan, he cannot reach the Bitter Root Valley until the middle of September, when he must soon return to escape the snows of November.

Under the circumstances, I respectfully recommend that your instructions of the 4th of June be countermanded, and that said command be ordered to join their respective companies.

I shall probably assume the responsibility, very reluctantly of detaining the command to await your reply, especially as the additional transportation he brings will be very valuable at the present moment at Fort Walla Walla.

Your dispatches, from Lieut. Mullan no doubt give you all the facts. No letters from him for these headquarters arrived by this express.

I am, very respectfully, etc.

BENJ. ALVORD, BRIG GEN, COMDG.

In a letter to Col. Steinberger, Gen. Alvord advised that two companies of the lst Wash Inf and 4 companies of Oregon Cav would winter at Fort Walla Walla and that action should therefore be taken by QM's to arrange for fuel, forage and subsistence for that number.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC
San Francisco, Cal., July 19,1862

Brig. Gen. L. Thomas,
Adjutant General, US Army, Washington, D.C.

General: In October last, when the orders for the withdrawal of the regular troops from this Department reached this headquarters, General Sumner sent orders for the detachment of the 9th Infantry, on escort duty with Lieut. John Mullan, 2nd Arty, to break up and join their companies without delay. The rider found Lieut. Mullan, with his wagon road expedition, in the Bitter Root Valley, and the mountains covered with deep snow, and impassable. Under these circumstances the escort was compelled to remain beyond the mountains during the winter. Not knowing precisely the wishes of the Government, I wrote to Lieut. Mullan to retain the escort until he received further orders. It now appears that my letter to the Lieut. failed to reach him, and being bound by the first orders of General Sumner, Lieut. Mullan directed the escort to fall back to Walla Walla preparatory to joining their companies. On the 4th of June, I received your telegraphic dispatch of the 2nd saying "The escort of Lieut. Mullan cannot be withdrawn now"; orders were immediately sent accordingly, but owing to the great distance and difficulty of communicating, only met the escort as it was approaching Fort Walla Walla. By the last steamer from Oregon I received a communication from Brigadier General Alvord in the matter, and further directed him, if he deems it necessary, to send a company of Cavalry along the Fort Benton Road to communicate with Lieut. Mullan and afford him the necessary protection. Under these circumstances, I hope the Department will approve of my action on this subject.

Very respectfully, etc,

G. WRIGHT, BRIG GEN, COMDG

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, WASH. TERR.
Olympia, July 19,1862

General Alvord, Vancouver, W.T.

Dear Sir: Enclosed I forward for your careful examination a copy of the Olympia Standard quoting the discussion had in the United States Senate on the subject of the Secret-Oath-Bound band of rebels styling themselves "Knights" - "Knights of the Golden Circle". (Those Barons, Lords, Earls, Dukes and Princes of rank Treason)

And after you have deliberately examined this, and all other accounts you may have heard of the "Golden Circle" band of "Traitors", together with the universally believed report that every member of that society is firmly bound by a solemn oath, administered to each and every one of them at the time of their initiation and reception as a member of that fraternity, said oath (said to be) a binding obligation of secrecy and fidelity to each and every member, and to the whole body of these men who are sworn to oppose the Government of the United States, and also said to be sworn to support its pretended rights of the Southern States for which the Rebellion was pretended to be inaugurated - Then Sir, I ask as a personal favour, you will forward me your candid opinion, whether any man ought to receive a Commission as an Officer of High Trust, honor and enrollment in the United States Army, who is strongly suspected of being a fixed and an intelligent member of the Society and order of the "Knights of the Golden Circle". And whether, if it would be right or safe to Commission any man, who is believed to be a "Knight of the Golden Circle". An whether would it be right and safe to give Commissions to every officer of the regiment? of a Brigade? of a Division? or the whole United States Army?, all of whom had and enjoyed a public reputation of being "Knights of the Golden Circle".

And if it would not be exactly right, safe and proper to appoint and commission every Major General, every Brigadier General, every Regimental and every Company officer who were each and all of them, generally supposed to be, and enjoyed the public reputation of being members of that Society? Then would it be any more or any less right to appoint and to commission anyone man, as an officer in the United States Army, who is publicly reputed to be, and is generally thought, supposed and believed to be, a member of that order and Society of the "Knights of the Golden Circle".

HISTORY OF SOUTHEASTERN WASHINGTON 1906

"Walla Walla County"

JESSE DRUMHELLER was born in Tennessee, on February 18, 1835, and there spent the first eight years of his life. Then he came with his parents to Springfield, Missouri, which was his home until 1851. Up to this time he had gained what little education he could secure from the public schools, and then a year was spent in Savannah, Missouri, whence, April 28, 1852, he started across the plains with ox teams, for the Pacific slope, arriving in Portland, Oregon, the tenth day of the following September. The trip was accomplished in good shape and Mr. Drumheller located in Cowlitz county, Washington, where he was occupied in lumbering. About a year after arriving in the northwest, he went on down to California and the enticing labor of mining drew him to follow it for several years. He was associated with his brother, Dan M. Drumheller, the well known capitalist and banker of Spokane, Washington, and one of the leading financiers of the northwest, in these mining ventures, which continued until 1855. Then our subject came back to Oregon and in the year last mentioned enlisted with the Oregon Volunteer Cavalry, being enrolled as a private in Company D. This was on the first call and his regiment was sent out to hunt up the hostile savages. In the course of their advancement, they came on to Walla Walla and there were stationed a part of 1855-6. In all, Mr. Drumheller served about one year, or until the regular United States soldiers arrived, when his command was discharged by proclamation of the governor. During this service Mr. Drumheller saw some enlivening Indian fighting and showed himself a good soldier. Immediately after he was mustered out of service, he was employed by the United States government to take charge of a large herd of mules. Also, he assisted to erect the posts at The Dalles, Walla Walla, Simcoe, and Colville. In 1859, he located on land two miles south from Walla Walla and engaged in stock raising and general farming, which related occupations held him until his retirement from active business recently. He owns over six thousand acres of valuable land, which is all under cultivation, and is rented. Mr. Drumheller has done much pioneer work and was always a leader in inaugurating any movement for the development and upbuilding of the country. He was instrumental in putting in the first gristmill of Walla Walla county and has fostered all progressive enterprises. He is an influential and progressive man whose ability is recognized and whose well directed labors are appreciated by those who understand the life of the pioneer and the pathfinder. He is today one of the leading men and wealthiest farmers in this part of the state.

On October 8, 1863, at Walla Walla Mr. Drumheller married Miss Martha Maxson, daughter of Steven and Lois Maxson, pioneers of 1859, this daughter being but fourteen when this trip across the plains with ox teams was taken. Seven children were born to this union: Samuel, a farmer; Oscar a hardware merchant; Albert, deceased; George, a farmer and stockman; Thomas J., associated with Oscar in the hardware business; Althea; and Roscoe M., a farmer of Walla Walla county.

Mr. Drumheller is a royal arch mason and is a substantial fraternity man. He now resides in Walla Walla and being retired from the cares and activities of business he is enjoying the well earned success that is his for the golden years of a long and active career.

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Residence of Mrs. A. B. Puffer, Walla Walla

A. J. PUFFER.

of that term, with what fortitude they met these hardships. Mrs. Puffer was accustomed to refined society and during their residence in Kansas, she was a welcomed one in the leading social functions of the time, at one of which she was presented to Governor Walker and danced with Secretary of War Stanton. But Mrs. Puffer is a true lover of nature and her devotion to her husband equipped her for the rugged life of the pioneer.

When others were skeptical, fearing the attacks of the savages and fled to the forts to take refuge, Mrs. Puffer and her husband maintained themselves in their little log cabin during the days and at night when there was danger from approaches from the savages, they would go in an open wagon to distant parts of the woods and remained there concealed until dawn, when they would again return to their little nest, after assuring themselves that no Indians were about. During this time when they were compelled to seek shelter in the woods, Mr. Puffer would go each morning to the summit of Puffer Butte to scan the surrounding country for signs of the savages. Puffer Butte is indebted to our subjects for its name as are, also, other places, where Mrs. Puffer enjoys the distinction of being the first white woman who set foot on the soil. After living in the log cabin for two years, Mr. Puffer erected a more pretentious and modern cottage, where for three years they dwelt and prospered. Their sojourn in this wild country was not without its drawbacks and Mr. Puffer became discouraged and wanted to give up and again return to civilization, but Mrs. Puffer had the tenacity which we sometimes find more fully displayed in women than in men, and she persuaded her husband to stick it out until, at least, they had recovered what they had invested. This he agreed to and for five years they lived in the wilderness. Mr. Puffer then removed to Dayton where he engaged in the general merchandise business and built a modern home for his wife. While they resided in Dayton surrounded by more comforts and luxuries than they had been accustomed to for the five years previous, still Mrs. Puffer could not forget her home in the wilderness and the livestock to which she had become so much attached. Every animal on the place knew well her voice and it was she who led them to the corral when they were rounded up in the fall. While Mr. Puffer was operating his store in Dayton his wife opened a restaurant there and conducted it successfully until it was destroyed by fire. Mr. Puffer also operated a hotel in Dayton in connection with his store, but disposed of all his interests in that place when he purchased land on Eureka Flat. In this latter place he operated two hundred acres of wheat land for twenty years, during which time he purchased land on Fish Hook Flat in Franklin county. There he engaged in farming until about three years prior to his death. Mr. Puffer's demise occurred on September 5, 1902, he being aged sixty-six years. Fraternally he was a Mason. Mrs. Puffer was born in New York state and is a descendant of old Revolutionary stock. One child was born to our subject and his wife which died in infancy. Mrs. Puffer is now residing in a modern dwelling at No. 715 Washington street, where she is surrounded by all the comforts of life. She has travelled extensively in this country and soon expects to make a tour of Europe. Gq 224-226

HISTORY OF SOUTHEASTERN WASHINGTON 1906

"Walla Walla County"

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

WALLA WALLA
COUNTY

LYMAN'S HISTORY
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COUNTY

WILLIAM W. WALTER.

William W. Walter, an honored pioneer of Washington, was born in Wayne county, Indiana, September 7, 1827. He was a descendant through his mother, Rachel Doddridge, of the Doddridge family of England. The name of Phillip Doddridge is common in the Walter family and every branch of the family has one child bearing the name of Doddridge. The father, William Walter, Sr., was a Virginian who lived for a time in Maryland and afterwards became a resident of Ohio and still later of Indiana, where his son, William W. Walter, was born. When the latter was eight years of age the family removed to Iowa, which was then a wild, unclaimed country. In 1845 the spirit of emigration swept over the east and Mr. Walter, then a youth of seventeen years, was among those who desired to see the great country beyond the Rocky mountains. His father, being of a roving turn of mind, decided to emigrate. That spring all was made ready and soon they had started on that long and perilous journey. Several families of the relatives, with many others, formed a company of about sixty-five wagons and elected Sol Tetheroe, a man experienced in that line of work, as their captain. They moved in order, stood guard every night to avoid surprise, and parties of hunters were organized to furnish game for the camp. The first part of the journey was very pleasant. Dancing on the green at night and hunting big game by day was very pleasing to the youngsters at least. Buffaloes were so plentiful there was often trouble keeping them out of camp. As they traveled along immense herds would come bearing down on the train, when riders would be sent out and guns fired to turn them from their course and save the train from being run down and trampled by the huge beasts. On the eastern slope the company experienced the first Indian scare. They were in the Crow country and Indians had been in sight all day, skirting around in small parties. Late in the day several hundred Indians confronted them, yelling and beating drums and dashing wildly toward them. The emigrants thought an attack was imminent and corralled the wagons, thus making a fortification. They placed the women and children in the circle and the men made ready to fight. Then a Rocky Mountain man named Greenwood, who was acting as guide, rode out to meet the Indians and called a council. After a talk the Indians dispersed although they had intended an attack. Only the influence of Greenwood, whose wife was a Crow Indian, saved them from serious trouble. The greatest excitement on the trip was caused by a stampede of the teams. One never experiencing a stampede cannot form any idea of the terror and danger. There seems to be a sort of animal telepathy among cattle, so that at a signal from one, a thousand head will go wild in an instant. Then imagine if you can a train of sixty-five wagons with from five to ten yoke of oxen to a wagon tearing along the prairie at full speed, teams doubling, passing each other, tearing off wheels, amid the screams of children scattered along the way. Some teams ran two miles before stopping, yet with it all no one was killed, although one woman had a leg broken and several wagons were demolished. It took some time to get in moving order again and mothers were looking for their children and the babies crying for their mothers. The excitement was intense and it was an experience never to be forgotten. At length, however, the party moved on again. At Fort Hall they met Steve Meek, a brother of Joe Meek, who agreed to show them a new route to Oregon bearing more to the south, crossing the Cascade mountains near the head waters of the Willamette, thus avoiding the Blue mountains. He made the proposed route appear so feasible that they followed him, leaving the old trail near Boise, Idaho. They followed the Mathew river to the south and west and soon found themselves in a trackless desert of sagebrush, rock and sand but with little feed for the stock, and to add to their troubles they could no longer find water. They traveled on and on, sending men ahead to search for water. These men returned and reported water forty miles ahead, so that the party traveled all night to reach it. While encamped there resting, a man herding the cattle picked up a large nugget of gold and from that find originated the famous blue nugget gold find, but the spot has never been located again, at least no mine has been discovered. People starving would not remember places very well as they were more anxious about something to eat. The party forced the guide to pilot them to The Dalles, which he did. When at last they reached the Deschuttes river they were in a pitiable condition, many

being sick from lack of food. There they lashed wagon boxes together for a raft and ferried over their effects, swimming the cattle. Finally they arrived at The Dalles, where they cut trees in the forest, made rafts of the logs, loaded wagons and families on them and proceeded to float down the Columbia, while the boys and younger men drove the cattle down the trails. The rafts were tied up at night and camp made on shore. It now began to rain and food was almost an unknown article. They had had no bread for weeks. Those are the hardships which try men's souls and show what stuff they are made of. When they reached the Cascades they made the portage with the teams over the muddiest roads ever seen, it requiring three days to travel six miles. Their only food until they reached Vancouver was a salmon now and then purchased of the Indians. Dr. McLoughlin came to their relief most nobly when they reached Vancouver. They afterwards moved out to the Tualitin plains, in Washington county, Oregon, and settled on as fine land as ever lay out of doors. The principal food supply that winter was boiled wheat and potatoes, with plenty of deer meat. The following year was a prosperous one and the hardships were forgotten and life in the main was a happy existence. In the fall of 1847 the news of the Whitman massacre reached that country. The people were wild with excitement and a company of volunteers was organized. All were eager to join it. Mr. Walter joined and served through the war.

In 1849 the discovery of gold in California caused great excitement and all the young men and many older ones rushed to the gold mines. Mr. Walter went in 1850. They traveled by land through the Rogue river country, where the treacherous Indian lurked at every turn. Mr. Walter had some thrilling adventures with the Indians. At one time he and a companion rode all one day and night with their guns ready for use. They saw many Indians in ambush watching them and their only theory concerning the failure of the red men to attack was the belief that there was a large party coming behind the two lone riders. The two young men lived in the open and their amusements were hunting bears, panthers and Indians. They mined on the American river, having fair luck, and afterwards remaining in California for a year returned to Oregon.

In 1856 William Walter married Miss Charity A. Marsh, a student in the Forest Grove Academy. She was a native of Michigan and crossed the plains in 1852. Following their marriage they removed to Douglas county, Oregon, where they remained a few years, and in March, 1860, arrived in Walla Walla county, Washington. After reaching Walla Walla county Mr. Walter engaged in cattle growing, in which he prospered. By 1861 he had a fine herd and was for those times a wealthy man, but an unusually severe winter came on, causing most of his herd to die. Broken in resources and in spirit, he gathered the remainder of his herd, numbering about thirty head of cattle and these he sold. He then bought a pack train of his own and became one of the earliest packers in this region and developed a business of extensive proportions in that connection. He hauled supplies to nearly all the mines in the surrounding states. Many strenuous and trying experiences came to him, for robbers were numerous and these road agents were always alert for the returning pack train to haul in the returns of the pack sales through their robbery, attaining their end, if necessary, by murder. Mr. Walter was a man of fine physique and great strength and his physical prowess often served to protect him. While the husband and father was away on his pack train trips, which often lasted for six or more months, the pioneer mother, left alone with her small children, with many hostile Indians about, had to bear heavy burdens in order to care for and protect the interests of her frontier home.

Four of their children are still living on or near the old homestead on the Touchet. The eldest, Mrs. O. M. Fine, was born in Douglas county, Oregon, July 12, 1857. Mrs. Kate W. Pettijohn was born in Douglas county, Oregon, December 18, 1858. Mrs. Fanny Dunlap was born in Walla Walla county, October 31, 1866, and John Doddridge Walter is also a native of Walla Walla county, born December 8, 1869.

W. W. Walter and his family were among the earliest settlers in the valley. At that time Walla Walla was but a little garrison town and the many flourishing towns of the present were unknown. On the Touchet, near a big spring, Mr. Walter built his first cabin of logs with a thatched roof covered with dirt. The

earth served for a floor. They were very comfortable during the summer but when the fall rains set in there was trouble, for the roof would leak for several days after all was fair outside. Moreover, the snakes deemed the roof no bad place for a home and one morning while the family were enjoying their breakfast one of the reptiles caused a commotion, especially among the feminine portion of the family, by wriggling through the roof and dropping on the table. This necessitated a new roof and a trip to the Blue mountains for shakes. An Indian trail ran in front of the cabin door and on Sunday droves of Indians would pass by on their way to the home of Rev. H. H. Spalding, a half mile below, to hear him preach. The settlers also attended the services, for the sermons were spoken in English, an interpreter repeating them to the Indians. The singing of these Indians, led by Mrs. Spalding and her daughter, Amelia, will ever be a sweet memory, for their voices were soft and low. Visiting in those days meant more than a ceremonious call. A carriage was unknown in these parts and people usually traveled on horseback, even children learning to manage a horse at a very early age. People came from afar to visit and stayed for days and surprise parties and dances were frequent occurrences. In 1862, the neighborhood having become quite thickly settled, the number of children of school age demanded a school, so several of the leading citizens called a meeting to devise ways and means. They had no organized district and no public money. They went into the woods, cut cottonwood logs, drew them to a designated place and erected a schoolhouse in the dooryard of Mr. Walter. The roof was of shakes made in the Blue mountains and hauled down. The heating plant was a huge fireplace in the east end of the building, built of sod and the chimney was of sticks and mud. A log was cut out in the north wall and a row of eight by ten inch window panes fitted in and this furnished the only light except the open door. The seats were of puncheon. A subscription was taken up to pay the teacher, who was a Virginian with a very pronounced southern accent. The old elementary spelling book was the principal textbook. There are still many persons living who received their first lessons in this little log schoolhouse. Later a district was organized and a schoolhouse built a mile or so up the valley near the center of the neighborhood. The Walter family experienced the usual incidents and hardships of pioneer life. The nearest physician was at the garrison of Fort Walla Walla and a rider was sent there for aid on more than one occasion, yet altogether those were happy days. The whole wide country lay before them and everyone for miles around was friend and neighbor. Where today are seen immense wheat fields in those days there were seas of waving bunch grass. The hills were dotted with sleek cattle and horses and the ever present cayuse, or Indian pony. In those days cattle was king and times were good, although opportunities for an education were limited. Only public schools were available and very few studies were taught. The daughters in the Walter household had two winters in the Waitsburg public schools, which ended their attempt to acquire an education, although later they studied at home, especially history, rhetoric and the languages, although they had no teacher to assist them.

In 1861 the Civil war broke out. Washington's citizens had come from every state in the Union and their opinions were accordingly diversified. The patriotic contingent decided that they should have a flag, so the material was purchased and a sewing bee was held at the home of S. H. Erwin, where they made a flag, every stitch by hand. The thirty-four stars were whipstitched on the blue field and with patience and perservance the stripes were set together. The old flag is still in existence though largely in tatters today. It has played a prominent part on the Fourth of July celebrations and is a valued pioneer memento. At the second election of President Lincoln the news was brought across the continent by pony express. Some one caught the word at Walla Walla and rode to the Touchet, stopping at each door with a shout and waving of the hat, telling the glad news and then passing on. The neighbors bore the flag to the schoolhouse, hoisted and unfurled it there, took off their hats and saluted with cheers, while the children marched around Old Glory, singing "Rally Round the Flag Boys." While the west was rejoicing over peace having been established once

more the direful news was flashed over the country that Lincoln had been assassinated. Again the news was long on the way and again a rider brought in the word from Walla Walla, but there was no shout of joy or waving of flags as on the former occasion. A number of men, however, came to the schoolhouse and raised the old flag until it hung at half mast. The sturdy pioneers stood with bowed heads and solemn countenances, while the children were awed and half afraid, not knowing what it all meant.

Some time in the middle '60s the settlers conceived the idea of celebrating the Fourth of July, so the neighbors gathered at the home of Mr. Walter and proceeded to clear out a grove near the Big Spring, where they fitted up seats and a platform. People gathered from all parts of the valley, stage loads coming from Walla Walla, and Judge J. H. Lasater was the speaker of the day with "Uncle Billy" Smith, of Waitsburg, as master of ceremonies, while J. M. Hedrick read the Declaration of Independence and Jonathan Pettijohn and William Smith were also among those who spoke. A public dinner was served, all being invited to take part at one long table, and in the evening a dance was enjoyed by all. To that celebration the families came in wagons and the young people on horseback and they were among the happiest and most care-free people in the world. The people in this country went through the reconstruction period in a different way from the east and lawlessness reigned for a time. The chief offences were murder and horse stealing and as gold was discovered in Idaho and Walla Walla became an outfitting place for miners the town became infested with thieves, gamblers and gunmen. Then the Vigilantes came into existence as a protection to life and property and were very effective in ridding the country of its undesirable element. In the late '60s their work was done and the country took on a normal tone. Business enterprises were started, farms opened up where stock had previously ranged and wheat raising was begun with success. Today wheat is king and, like all of the west, stock raising has become largely a thing of the past in Walla Walla county, as have the cowboy and the Indian.

William Walter never left the home he had made for himself and family. His wife passed away December 23, 1897, and he continued to live on the old place with his youngest daughter until September 23, 1906, when he passed on. He was a man of sterling worth, a steadfast friend, doing his part in all affairs of public interest, was most hospitable in his home and he and his wife took the greatest pleasure in entertaining their friends. Their home was the gathering place for all the young people of the countryside.

While Mr. Walter volunteered to find the murderers of Dr. Whitman, whom he knew personally, he was a friend to the Indians as a whole and had some stanch friends among them, some of whom came to camp by his door until the time of his death. He attended the ceremonies at the erection of the monument to Dr. Whitman and the other martyrs and he was one of the party who buried the remains of Dr. Whitman and his wife. He became a member of the first organization of Pioneers of Walla Walla and was also a member of the Oregon Pioneers' Association. In 1880 the first railroad was built in the Touchet valley and little towns were started, among them Prescott, which became quite a railroad town with roundhouse and machine shops. It was filled with railroad men and cowboys which formed two factions, and as the town boasted three saloons and was wide open, a clash was due to come occasionally. Prescott went through all the phases of a frontier town, with gambling houses, etc., had her quota of murders and robberies until the boom dropped out, when it seemed for a time that the town was doomed to die a natural death. Then a new era came. The place began to revive, a good school was built, churches were established, the surrounding country was planted to wheat to furnish grain for one of the largest mills in the country, responsible men took hold of the business enterprises and today Prescott is one of the most thriving little towns in the county. The children of William Walter, having been reared in this valley, have seen all of the changes wrought in the last half-century. They have seen the wild, unbroken prairies developed to their present high state of cultivation and the eldest daughter, Mrs. Fine, still lives on a part of the old homestead. She is the mother of eight sons and a daughter, all grown to manhood and womanhood and all married and settled in homes of their own, with the exception of one. Mrs. Dunlap, another daughter, lives in the house in which she was born. J. D. Walter, the only son, also occu-

pies a part of the old homestead and is mentioned elsewhere in this work. The other daughter, who in 1890 became the wife of John H. Pettijohn, is living on a homestead which was taken up in 1880 and they occupy an attractive little residence in which they expect to spend their declining years. The Walter family has indeed played an important part in the progress and development of this section of the country from the early days and the name is written high on the roll of honored pioneer settlers.

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A. G. LLOYD.

Fifty-eight years ago A. G. Lloyd became a resident of Walla Walla county and in a little log cabin began life in true pioneer style. He had, however, been a resident of the west for a much longer period, the family home having been established in Oregon in 1845. He was born in Missouri, July 25, 1836, his parents being John and Nancy (Walker) Lloyd, both of whom were natives of North Carolina. At a very early period they removed westward to Missouri and in 1845 crossed the plains with ox teams, making the long wearisome journey across the hot stretches of sand and over the mountains, three years before gold had been discovered in California, at which later time the trails to the west were more definitely marked and more easily followed. They located in Benton county, Oregon, where the father took up a donation claim of six hundred acres. There he built a log cabin covered with a clapboard roof and the chimney was built on the outside of the primitive dwelling. Hardships and privations fell to their lot but with stout hearts and undiminished courage they put forth every effort to establish a home on the western frontier and were active with those who were planting the seeds of civilization in Washington. The mother died while the family resided upon the homestead farm and the father afterward removed to Colfax, Washington, where he passed away in 1875. In their family were nine children, but one of whom is now living.

A. G. Lloyd was reared and educated in Oregon, having been but a little lad of nine summers at the time of the removal to the west. There was no phase of pioneer life with which he was not familiar. He served in the Indian war on the Walla Walla river and was in the Seven-Day fight. He became familiar with all of the methods of treacherous warfare practiced by the savages and he aided in reclaiming the region for the purposes of civilization. He was mustered out in July, 1856, and returned to the work of the farm.

In 1858 he was united in marriage to Miss Lois Jasper, a native of Kentucky and a daughter of John and Mary (Heath) Jasper, who were also natives of the Blue Grass state, whence in 1842 they removed to St. Joseph, Missouri. The father died in that state and the mother with her family of six children afterward, in 1854, crossed the plains and became a resident of Benton county, Oregon. In the family were eight children, of whom three are now living.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd began their domestic life in Oregon, but in July, 1859, removed to Walla Walla county, Washington, where he secured a homestead claim of one hundred and sixty acres two and a half miles from Waitsburg on the Touchet river. Upon his land he built a log cabin with puncheon floor and door. The home was most primitive but it sheltered stout hearts and willing hands. They bravely faced the conditions of pioneer life in order to secure a home for themselves and for eight years they lived upon that place without change. At the end of that time Mr. Lloyd was able to purchase more land and his widow now owns two hundred acres, for some of which she has been offered three hundred dollars per acre. The rapid settlement of this section of the country, together with the improvements made upon the farm, have greatly enhanced the value of the property, which returns to Mrs. Lloyd a very gratifying annual income. In his business career Mr. Lloyd displayed marked diligence and determination and his farming interests were wisely and carefully managed, so that he became recognized as one of the foremost agriculturists of this section of the state. As the years went on eleven children were added to the family, of whom six are now living, namely: J. C., who is in California; G. M., a resident of Waitsburg; Wesley A., who is occupying the old homestead; Gilla Ann, the wife of C. C. Milinger, of Spokane, Washington; Ralph G., also living in this state; and Angeline, the wife of F. G. Aldridge.

The death of the husband and father occurred January 5, 1915, since which time Mrs. Lloyd has personally managed the farm. Mr. Lloyd not only figured as one of the leading representatives of agricultural life in Walla Walla county but was a most prominent and influential factor in other connections. He attained the thirty-second degree of the Scottish Rite in Masonry and held all of the chairs in the different Masonic branches with which he was affiliated. His political allegiance was given the democratic party and he was one of its recognized

thereby getting a strong force beyond the Indians and cutting off their escape into Montana, while he would attack them from the rear with his remaining force, both detachments closing upon the enemy as rapidly as possible. The plan was a most excellent one, and had it been carried out the war would have been ended then and there, and the battle of Big Hole would not have been fought with its consequent loss of life; but Howard's implicit confidence in an Indians' word defeated the scheme, as I will show.

In acordance with the general's first intentions orders were given for reveille to sound at 3 o'clock next morning, and for the volunteers and cavalry to proceed with all possible haste to Dunwell's ferry, cross over the river and follow the road to its intersection with the trail, returning upon the trail in the direction of Kamia until the enemy was struck. At 3 o'clock the bugle sounded and by half-past four we were on the march, but the inevitable bugle continued to sound first "forward," then a "halt" and again a "forward," its notes being plainly heard in the camp of Chief Joseph just across the river. That redoubtable warrior had not lived around a military post all his life without learning the calls and he naturally came to the conclusion that something was on foot in the camp of his friend, General Howard. As soon as it was light he started his squaws and non-combatants to gather up his hundreds of horses, tepees were taken down and loaded upon the pack animals, while Joseph himself sauntered down to the river's bank upon a mission of diplomacy. Caling to General Howard he signified his intention of surrendering and asked for a cessation of hostilities. Howard immediately caused the good news to be signalled to our detachment, and we were ordered to halt for further orders. Hour after hour pased without the hoped-for signal to proceed, the hot sun pouring down upon our devoted heads, and all this time Joseph was giving the general "hiyu cultus wa wa," and his people were as busy as bees getting under way for the wonderful journey they afterwards made across the mountains, through Montana and almost into safety beyond the border, where Miles caught them.

This diplomatic exchange of courtesies was continued between Joseph and General Howard until after the sun had reached its meridian, when, believing that his people had now got a sufifcient start to reach the crossing of the trail before we could do so via Dunwell's he fired a shot from his rifle in Howard's direction, slapped that portion of his anatomy which his leggings did not reach and rode off. Again he had outwitted the general.

Two companies of the cavalry, Captains Winters and Trimble, with the mounted artillery under Captain Miller, were ordered to return to Kamia, while the volunteers and Jackson's company of regulars were to continue to the ferry, remain there for the night and return next morning. The following day we retraced our steps, discouraged and angry, and when Kamia was reached most of the volunteers returned to their homes, our company, with a few straggling acquisitions from the others, alone remaining with General Howard. Soon after reaching Kamia orders were issued for the cavalry and remaining volunteers to proceed next morning on the trail of the hostiles, Colonel Mason in command, the volunteers to take the advance. The infantry having crossed the Clearwater before our arrival, it was short work swimming our horses over, which task was accomplished without further incident than the arrest of a few packers who had offended the ears of the general by swearing at their animals, and that night we were encamped at the edge of the little fields of grain belonging to the misison Indians. There was no grass for our horses and strict orders were issued forbidding us to cut the Indians' grain for forage. A hard march ahead of us for the morrow with a probable skirmish with the hostiles was not to be considered with famished horses, and, despite the orders, as soon as it was dark dozens of crouching forms might have been seen bobbing around in the grain fields, as the boys cut and gathered the coveted feed for their horses. A late supper of hard tack and bacon of an uncertain age was washed down with black coffee and we rolled up in our single blankets readily succumbing to the wiles of Morpheus. At daylight the regular cavalry and volunteers were up and mounted after a hurried breakfast, and in less time than I can write it the column was moving in the direction the enemy had taken the day before.

Crossmg on Lo Lo Trail

The La Lo trail across the Bitter Root mouutains is about 250 miles long and leads through magnificent fir and cedar timber of wonderful height, the trees growing closely together with a dense undergrowth of brush beneath them. Across divides and down deep canyons, twisting and turning among the timber as the topography of the country made it necessary, in many places the trail so narrow that two persons could not ride abreast, anon entering a natural clearing or "camas" ground for a few rods or half a mile, to again dive into the dark depths of the primeval forest, Colonel Mason's command of 250 persons wended its way. The volunteers were given the advance, Colonel McConville riding at our head with Chapman, the interpreter, by his side. Shortly after leaving Kamia, a dozen or more friendly Indians, under the leadership of old Captain John, had joined us, James Reubens, an educated Nez Perce, being among them. The latter had been somewhat under suspicion by the volunteers and settlers of Camas Prairie, but he had the confidence of General Howard and carried a better gun than was furnished us, all of which did not tend to decrease the haughtiness with which he looked upon the civilians.

For several hours before noon the Indians scouts reported plenty of Indian signs, and there were strong indications that a small party of the hostiles was watching us closely, the fresh tracks of their saddle ponies being frequently seen where they had crossed and recrossed the trail. Shortly before noon we entered a large camas ground of several hundred acres and dismounted for a hasty lunch without unsaddling. Cinches were loosened and bridles slipped from the horses' heads, and the grateful animals were soon reveling in luxuriant bunch grass from the ends of their 'riatas. The Indian scouts camped a few hundred yards beyond us and, not knowing that our halt would be but a short one, made a regular camp and prepared for cooking a warm dinner. They were, therefore, left temporarily behind when a forward was sounded thirty minutes later. After leaving our noonday camp we again plunged into the depths of the forest, the volunteers marching about 400 yards in advance.

After traveling several miles among trees whose height made it literally necessary to look twice to see their tops, the trail led down the steep sides of a canyon at the bottom of which the Lo Lo creek rippled along over its rocky bed hidden in everlasting shade. Boots and shoes had long since become a curiosity among us and moccasins, when obtainable, substituted therefor, but the sharp rocks and wiry grass soon wore them into strings and many of our boys were practically barefooted. In many places the trail was too precipitous for one to ride his horse, and there was more than one spot of blood left upon the rocks by torn and bleeding feet as we picked our way among them. The summit reached, our trail continued through the tall firs and cedars until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when we approached a small opening in the timber, probably 150 yards across, the friendly Indians under Captain John catching up with us just as we reached it. As the Indian signs had become numerous and fresh, Colonel McConville ordered the Indians to ride ahead and scout the trail.

They immediately obeyed and riding at a brisk trot across the opening, disappeared in the timber beyond. We had just reached the center of the clearing when three of our dusky allies were seen coming towards us, dismounted and without their guns, and motioning with their hands for us to go back. They were hardly in sight before three sharp volleys were heard from the trail ahead, and the next moment the rest of them came out of the timber as fast as their ponies could run, each individual yelling at the top of his voice: "Klatawa! Klatawa! Hiyu Siwash! Hiyu Siwash!" At the sound of the firing the regulars halted something like 400 yards in the rear, and when the scouts gave the alarm our interpreter put spurs to his horse and beat a hasty retraet to where Colonel Mason and his men were hurriedly trying to dismount a howitzer from the back of a mule. The The Indians were greatly excited, and Captain John and one of his men were missing, Jim Reubens was nursing an arm through which a bullet has ploughed its way, and as no one in our company could understand them, they, too, went back to the regulars and we were left alone in the center of the narrow opening, with the woods, so far as we knew and as we believed, full of hostiles upon every side. We did not fall back at once, and to some of us the seconds seemed hours, but in a few moments McConville gave the command to retire to the edge of the timber, where we dismounted behind a big fallen tree, with our horses strung out behind us at the ends of their lariats. Our cartridges were emptied on the ground in front of us and every prepartion made for a fight to a finish, every man in the company prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible. One of the boys, whose appetite was abnormal, remarked that he "would be d—d if he was going to die upon an empty stomach," and opened his cantina and passed his hard tack along the line.

Indians Out of Patience

As the moments glided by and no attack was made, the situation become ludicrous and we began to speculate upon the success Colonel Mason would have with a mountain howitzer in timber too thick to drag a cat through. Aside from our subdued voices not a sound could be heard but the soughing of the boughs overhead, and in momentary expectation of attack, notwithstanding our suddenly aroused sense of humor at the thought of that deadly howitzer, the strain was becoming intense. This was soon relieved by a command from Mason for us to deploy right and left through the timber, Captain Winters' company to take the right and Captain Trimble's the left, the volunteers to take the advance of the right. The order was gladly obeyed and it was not longe before we discovered the ambuscade from a small detachment of hostiles had fired upon our "friendlies" as they entered the timber. It was afterwards learned that the main body was heavily entrenched behind fallen timber seven miles beyond, their intention being to let the volunteers get beyond them so they could be easily cut off from any assistance the regulars might give, and to then destroy the entire command, but the sight of members of their own tribe friendly to and scouting for us, was too much for the patience of the rear guard, and they could not resist the temptation to take a shot at them.

Few of the regulars went further than the edge of the timber, and as two of the "friendlies" were missing, we began a search for them, soon finding one, known as "Young Levi," lying in the grass with a forty-five bullet through his lungs. He was sent to the rear in charge of one of our men, but was hurt so badly that he could walk only a few steps without a hemorrhage.

In the meantime I took three men and went in search of Captain John and while several hundred yards in the timber we heard seven or eight shots fired, apparently between us and the rest of the command. We immediately broke for where we had left the company, and each developed sprinting qualities which would have made our fortunes upon the tan bark under other circumstances. When we reached the volunteers we learned that the firing was done by the soliders who mistook Wishard and his wounded Indian for the enemy as they emerged from the tall rye grass in the edge of the timber. No one was hurt, as the bulest whistles harmlessly among the tree tops, Wishard relieved his mind of a few cuss words and proceeded to the rear with his charge.

Myself and posse then returned to the search for Captain John. After hunting among the brush for some time we found the body of the old warrior with one bullet through the back of his head, another through his face just below the eye and another entering his throat and ranging downward into his lungs.. It was now getting late and Colonel Mason ordered a retreat back to Kamai, the men to deploy in the timber, the volunteers covering the rear. No thought was given by the commander to the friendly Indians who had shed their blood in our service, and preparations were made to go off and leave them in a hostile country with their dead and wounded, but Colonel McConville would not hear of this and gave orders to the volunteers to let the soldiers go to Tophet or some other equally undesirable country, but we would remain with our faithful allies and help them out of the scrape we had got them into. A couple of poles were cut, fashioned into a drag and attached to the back of a pony upon which to carry Young Levi, the wounded Indian, and the body of Captain John was placed face downwards across the back of another horse, his feet and head hanging upon opposite sides and made fast with 'riatas. It was nearly sunset when we were ready to start and the regulars were long out of sight.

I shall never forget that return march, the Indians silent and grieved over the death of their leader, escorted by the seventeen whites now composing our company, the momentary danger of attack by the hostiles under cover of the almost impenetrable forest surrounding us, the gradually increasing darkness, the accumulating difficulties of traveling over a trail almost impassable in daylight, and the utter unconcern for our safety by the soldiers who had gone ahead secure in the knowledge that we were between them and the enemy.

Silently we rode along the lonesome trail, the darkness partly dissipated by the moon now rising above the tree tops, until nearly midnight, when we reached the summit of the long hill leading down into the deep canyon of the Lo Lo. At the request of the Indians a temporary halt was made, and they were soon at work with butcher knife and tin cup, digging a grave for the body of Captain John in the rocky soil beneath a tall cedar, whose ghostly arms, reaching out far above our heads, seemed to pronounce a silent benediction for the soul of the brave old warrior about to be committed to its keeping. The only sound was the sighing of the boughs as the wind swept through them, and the white clouds flitting across the face of the moon cast grotesque shadows below. Around the now completed grave stood the solemn forms of a dozen or more dusky figures, while stretched upon a blanket at their feet lay all that was left of their leader. Off to one side in the shadow of the forest stood two or three other Indians, who were not of the Presbyterian faith, their blankets gathered around their faces and their backs turned upon the ceremonies, at the grave, the form of which they did not approve.

Burial of Captain John

Those at the grave began a chant followed by a hymn sung in the Nez Perce tongue, and with a short prayer in the same language the body was lowered into the grave. It was a shallow sepulchre and did not take long to fill, but a few rocks were piled upon the mound to keep the wolves from reaching the body, and in a few moments we were again upon the march, feeling our way down the sides of the canyon.

After overcoming the many difficulties of the trail we finally reached the bottom and, crawling into a thick grove or quaking asp, we tied our horses short, wrapped our blankets around us, and, with saddles for pillows, dropped off into slumber. Daylight had not arrived when we were called by our Indian friends, a breakfast of hard tack and water swallowed—it being not advisable to build fires for coffee—saddles thrown upon our horses and the march resumed. When the sun was well up in the heavens we reached the noon camp of the day before, where we found the regulars with their blankets airing upon the bushes, the smoldering embers of their camp fires indicating that breakfast was long over, and, in fact, every evidence that they had passed a comfortable night free from the worry of troublesome hostiles or pricking consciences. We passed them with the coolness of refrigerators, but had not traveled many miles before they caught up with us and just before noon they arrived at Kamia nearly an hour ahead of us. As we rode into the mission our attention was directed to the top of a hill behind us and down which the trail we had been following led, where a dozen or so of Joseph's young men were waving their blankets in defiance of Uncle Sam and his army.

This trip was all that was needed to make every man in the company decide upon an immediate return to the settlements, and the next morning we swam our horses across the river and started for Lewiston.

It is a matter of history of how General Howard again took up the trail and followed the Indians into Montana, always two or three days behind them; how General Gibbon and the Montana volunteers met the hostiles at the battle of Big Hole; how the continued their retreat down that river and over into the Yellowstone park, thence across country toward the Canadian border, where they were met and captured by Miles, Howard arriving just as the battle was over. It was not the fault of the common soldiers that the hostiles were allowed to escape them, for when opportunity offered they demonstrated their bravery as only American soldiers can.

Neither were the officers under General Howard to blame for obeying the orders of their commander. Among them were men who had won their spurs long before and had undergone a baptism of fire upon many a hard-fought field of battle, but they were powerless in the face of a policy which was ridiculed by them all. In the command were many well known Indian fighters, and one of Howard's captains was in the English army at Balaclava, a member of the Light Brigade. Remonstrances did no good and only compromised the officer who offered it.

Many lives were lost and thousands of dollars in property destroyed which might has been prevented had an aggressive policy been followed, such as contributed to the success of Miles, Reno, Crook, Custer and many others I could name. Chief Joseph knew General Howard and profited by that knowledge.

arrangements had been made by Perry for the the interment of their bodies or those of the Rains' party, although he had a force equal in numbers to that of the hostiles less than an hour's ride from where the tragedy occurred. Colonel Perry was afterward tried by court martial for his refusal to assit the Mount Idaho men, but was acquitted of cowardice upon a showing of the danger which would have followed such an attempt. Riding by Perry's side when the attack was made was a citizen from Mount Idaho, George Shearer by name, whose bump of caution was not so highly developed as that of the officer, and as he viewed the situation from the hill where the soldiers were fortified, seeing his friends and neighbors struggling against overwhelming odds and surrounded by whirling, yelling painted fiends, dashed down to their assistance, exclaiming as he went, "The man who goes down there is a d—d fool, but he is a d—d coward if he don't."

Among the Idaho boys who participated in the fight were some of the best men in North Idaho, and the citizens of that locality owe an overwhelming debt of gratitude to Captain Randall, Lou Wilmot, Jim Curley, Frank Fenn and the many others who took the field against as implacable a foe as ever menaced the homes of pioneers. Brave men, all of them, and true. Lou Wilmot, whose name I have mentioned above, was a typical frontiersman. His figure tall and sinewy, a pronounced blonde in complexion, with a voice as soft as a woman's, and the best rifle shot in Idaho, he was the cause of more than one Nez Perce biting the dust during the few weeks he hunted them, and he became so well known that it was necessary for him to change his cream-colored saddle horse for one not so marked. Wilmot was indignant at Perry's refusal to assist them and he wrote up the affair for the Lewiston Teller in a style peculiarly his own. The article was intensely bitter, and closed as follows:

Wilmot's Letter

"When Colonel Perry dies his uneasy spirit will go to the gates of heaven and ask for admission. St. Peter will ask him if he is the Perry who failed to bury his dead at White Bird and left them for the vultures to feed upon for a week or more. He will answer, 'I am,' and St. Peter will tell him to go hence, that he has no use for him. He will go to the gates of hell and ask for admission; the devil will ask him if he is the Perry who refused to go to the assistance of the little band of citizens from Mount Idaho on the 5th of July, 1877. He will answer, 'I am,' and the devil will tell him to go hence, that hell has no room for him. As his body lies putrifying on the plain the turkey buzzard will soar aloft, the coyote will tuck his tail between his legs and sneak away, and the lowly worm that delights to revel in the carcass of a dog will crawl away from his remains in disgust."

It was a mournful cavalcade which wended its way to Mount Idaho the next day as escort to the dead and wounded citizens, and many a curse, low, but deep, was uttered against Perry as we rode along. Captain Randall was buried with Masonic honors and his body was laid to rest beneath the whispering pines and waving grass of the little cemetery at Mount Idaho. A few days later a regimental organization was effected by the volunteers with McConville as colonel, George Hunter lieutenant colonel, and George Shearer, major. McConville's promotion left me in command of our company, and July 8, Howard having crossed his force to the opposite side of the Clearwater river, we were ordered to join him. The Indians had not been located since the fight at Cottonwood, but the second day out the volunteers discovered them in force in the edge of the timber south of the Clearwater, and Lou Wilmot was sent to Howard with the information, and the suggestion that he might send his cavalry to our assistance and close in upon the enemy from the north side with his artillery and infantry, thus clined to do. When Wilmot received his answer he was about to mount his horse for a return to the volunteer camp, but perceiving Perry standing near, his temper overcame his prudence and he proceeded to pay his respects to that worthy in language more forcible than polite. Howard ordered him under arrest and Lou started to run, but was caught and placed under guard. By this action no reply was received from the general, and the volunteers were left in ignorance as to whether or not the regulars would be sent to our assistance. In fact, no word having been received from Wilmot, it was generally believed by his comrades that he had been murdered by the Indians before reaching Howard.

In the meantime Joseph discovered the proximity of the volunteers and, as a fight was imminent, Colonel McConville ordered his men to take a position upon the summit of a hill, afterwards designated at Mount Misery, and to begin digging rifle pits at once using their knives and tin cups for that purpose. With such implements it was slow work, but by nightfall the hill top was fairly well fortified. The men did not have long to wait for an attack, and before 10 o'clock the fight was on and the bullets flying thick and fast. Time after time the Indians charged the hill, only to be met with a fire so deadly as to compel them to fall back. The night was so dark that it was only by the flashes of the guns that the dark forms of the savages could be seen, and firing upon both sides was mostly at random. Just before dawn the enemy withdrew and a sigh of relief went up from within the rifle pits. None of the volunteers received serious injury, the location of the improvised forts being such that the fire of the Indians was too high to do much damage. Empty cartridge shells were found next morning within fifteen feet of some of the rifle pits, and when an account of stock was taken it was discovered that forty-five head of horses were missing.

It was a procession of disgusted men who trudged into Mount Idaho that evening, footsore, dusty and hungry, but a fresh mount was easily secured for all and the usual cheerfulness returned with a good meal and a night's rest. A few days after the attack at Mount Misery the hostiles crossed to the north side of the Clearwater, where Captain Miller and his detachment of, I think, the Fourth Artillery, met them in a fierce fight of several hours' duration. Captain Miller charged them down the side of a not very steep hill and completely routed them, losing several men in what all conceded to be a most brilliant effort, both officers and men showing their bravery to a marked degree.

Joseph Enters Montana

Joseph had by this time determined upon an attempt to cross the Bitter Root mountains into Montana, thence into British possesions, and having collected the women, children, horses and camp equipage near the Presbyterian mission of Kamia, he followed them with his fighting men and went into camp at that point on the north side of the river, Howard crossing to the south side and camping at the mouth of the Cottonwood, directly opposite Wamia, and in plain view of the entire hostile band. The volunteers were then ordered to join the regulars, which they did without delay.

Kamia is the western treminus of what is known as the Lo Lo trail across the Bitter Root mountains. Probably twenty miles below was what was then known as Dunwell's ferry, being upon the road from Lewiston to the Oro Fino mines, which road intersected and crossed the Lo Lo trail a number of miles back from Kamia. Howard conceived the plan of sending the volunteers and cavalry via the ferry to the intersection of the road and trail,

HISTORY OF SOUTHEASTERN WASHINGTON 1906

"GARFIELD COUNTY"

S. A. McGUIRE is a typical frontiersman and has had a long experience in that life. Born in the west, or what was frontier at that time, he has followed and led the wave of civilization to the Pacific coast, and has been instrumental in opening much country to the settlement of those who came later. A man of strong nature and fearless, he has been undaunted by the dangers and trials which beset the pioneer and has so conducted himself that he has both obtained a good success and also has won the friendship of many, in fact, all who know him. At the present time he is residing about ten miles east from Pomeroy, on the Alpowa ridge, where he located in the later seventies.

S. A. McGuire was born in Iowa, on February 8, 1846, son of J. G. and Martha (Kirkpatrick) McGuire. The father was a native of the old Blue Grass state and pioneered to Iowa when a young man. He came to California in 1851, later returned to Iowa and in 1862 threaded the plains a second time, on this occasion bringing his family with him. He located in the Walla Walla country and there resides now. The mother was taken away from her loved ones in Iowa by death when our subject was a young man. In Iowa S. A. was educated and reared and there learned the art of the farmer. In 1862 he crossed the plains and settled with his father on a ranch near Walla Walla. The next year he took up the arduous life of the freighter, transporting goods from Walla Walla to the various mining camps of the northwest. Oxen were the animals used and the work was exceedingly dangerous on account of the Indians. In 1864 he went to the Mormon Basin mining camps of Oregon and the next year took up freighting again, from Umatilla to Boise basin and Idaho City. Then from Kelton, Utah, to Boise, Idaho, then from Toana, Nevada, to Pioche, Nevada. This trying occupation was followed until 1876 and then he turned his attention to farming. In 1879 he left his location adjacent to Walla Walla and settled where we now find him, in Garfield county. He secured his first land by government right and has since added by purchase until he has a good farm. He has his place well cultivated and improved and is one of the leading farmers of the community.

At Pomeroy Mr. McGuire married Miss Alcinda Sweeney, a native of Iowa. She came to the coast in 1864, was educated in Oregon and later located in Washington. To this union three children have been born, Laura, Andy and Lily. In great contrast to the days of freighting, when the canopy of heaven was one's covering and the music of the wild animals his entertainment, except when the wily savage stealthily sought his life, in great contract to that, we say, is the beautiful home place of our subject. His is one of the finest residences in the county and everything is provided to make the place comfortable and valuable. When Mr. McGuire came across the plains the Indians were hostile and many were the unfortunate immigrants who fell before their treacherous savagery. Our subject and his train were allowed by Providence to make the journey in safety, however, and he only saw where the bloodshed had occurred. When the Nez Perces war was on here he was in the midst of the hostilities, but did not have any wounds or receive any damage to property. He has the distinction of taking the first grain for shipment to the wharf at the mouth of the Alpowa creek.

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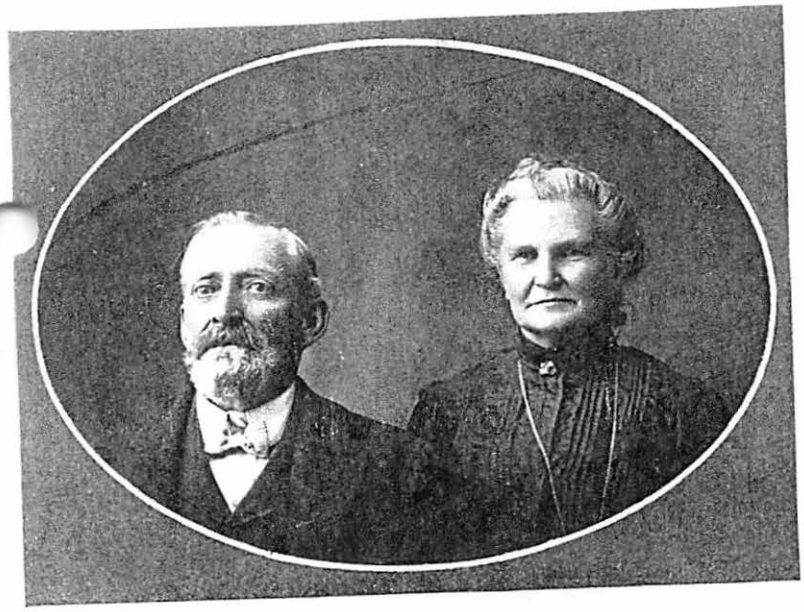

Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Shreffler

HISTORY OF SOUTHEASTERN WASHINGTON 1906

"GARFIELD COUNTY"

I. H. SHREFFLER is a typical frontiersman and has seen the thrilling adventures of those days when it took men of nerve and stability to traverse this country. He has wrought from that time to the present with display of wisdom and ability and the result is that to-day he is one of the wealthy men of Garfield county and is respected by all who know him. A detailed account of his life would read like the thrilling tales of fiction, and we regret that we have not space to chronicle all his travels and adventures.

I. H. Shreffler was born in Richland county, Ohio, on March 7, 1844, the son of Samuel and Kezziah (Ralston) Shreffler. The father was born in Pennsylvania and removed to Ohio when a young man, being a pioneer of Richland county. He crossed the plains with teams to California in 1849 and returned the same way in 1852. His father, Paul Shreffler, and the grandfather of our subject, was a veteran of the War of 1812. The family is an old and prominent one of Dutch ancestrage. The mother was also born in Pennsylvania and her father, John Ralston, was a captain in the Revolution, and a brave fighter for independence. Our subject, as is seen, is descended from loyal and patriotic blood on both sides, and his ancestors were brave and undaunted men, able willing to stand for the country they loved. Mr. Shreffler was educated in the public schools of his native place and at the first call in 1861 he promptly enlisted in the Third Ohio Cavalry. At the expiration of that service he enlisted in the Thirteenth Iowa Infantry and participated in the battles of Little Rock, Oakland, and in the siege of Vicksburg. His honorable discharge was received in 1863, and the next year he went west to Montana. His objective point was Fort Benton and he trapped and hunted on the Missouri for some time. From the mouth of Milk river, where he had assisted to erect two forts, he went to Helena, being among the very first to arrive there. Being with the first in Helena, Mr. Shreffler knows well the terrible times of those lawless days and he has faced danger in every form. On one occasion a large band of Indians came to old Fort Union, now Fort Buford, and took all the soldiers' mules away. Mr. Shreffler went with some other trappers and miners and brought back the mules to the soldiers. His was an act that spoke volumes for the bravery of our subject and his companions. They had a terrible conflict but they knew no such word as defeat and finally the savages decamped without their booty. In 1867 Mr. Shreffler, when alone, was attacked by eight Indians, and while he succeeded in killing three of them, he also received some painful wounds. However, the savages, even five to one, and he wounded, showed the white feather and retreated from this brave fighter.

Among other occupations followed in Montana was freighting and he made several trips to Walla Walla, the first being in 1864, for supplies, flour and apples, which he took to Virginia City. In 1873, having been impressed with this country, he came to Walla Walla to

live, and five years later he settled three miles east from Valentine, or where Valentine now stands. He soon had the government land transformed to a fertile farm and his domain is now six hundred acres of fertile grain land and nine hundred acres of pasture land.

In 1873 Mr. Shreffler married Josephine Purcell, and four children have been born to them: Daisy, Lloyd M., deceased, Albert S., and Carrie. On September 24, 1903, Mr. Shreffler was called to mourn the death of his beloved wife, who had been a faithful helpmeet and companion to him for more than thirty years. She was a lady who had many friends and her demise was universally and deeply mourned.

Mr. Shreffler has won his way to success, having started in life with nothing but his hands and courage. He was in Walla Walla when it was but a government post and he camped where Spokane now stands where there was not a house there. He is well known among the pioneers of the northwest, and especially in Montana. He carried mail in Montana when he was obliged to hide in the brush in the day time and travel at night on account of hostile Indians. During the Nez Perces war he was in Butte, and was one of a company organized to drive out Joseph and his band, but General Howard sent them word either to come into his command or disband and go home and they did the latter. Had General Howard allowed these hardy miners to go forth doubtless Joseph would have surrendered much quicker than he did.

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IRA RUARK is a native of the northwest, having been born in the vicinity of Vancouver, Washington. His father, Thomas Ruark, was born in Kentucky, and crossed the plains with ox teams in the early sixties. He came direct to Oregon and there took a homestead. Some years later he went to the Walla Walla country, and in 1879, located in what is now Garfield county. He took land and farmed until 1892, when he removed to St. John, Washington, which was his home until 1902. Then he returned to Asotin, where he resides at this time. He married Miss Mary Messinger, a native of Ohio, who accompanied her husband in all his journeys and labors. She is still living, and together they are passing their golden days amid the plenty that their labor has provided. Mr. Ruark was all through the Indian wars of the early days here. Our subject first came to Garfield county when a lad of ten years and here and in the places where the family have dwelt since, he secured his education. He labored with his father on the farm until twenty and then bought a farm in Asotin county, where he bestowed his labors until a flood washed him out, taking his house and all the improvements. Then he sold what was left, and bought property in Asotin. At the present time he has charge of his father's farm of nine hundred acres, which is adjoining Valentine. He is a skilled farmer and successful stock breeder, and has gained a good property for the time he has labored in this country. Although he has met with many adversities, he has a strong spirit and is classed as one of the progressive men of the county. Garfield county is his home, and he is well known all over it, having practically spent all of his life here.

In 1888 Mr. Ruark married Miss Lizzie Jones, a native of Oregon. Her parents, Elijah and Susan Jones, were among the earliest pioneers of Oregon, and her father was about the first man in Portland. Three children have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Ruark, Alvie, Itha, and Eddie. Mr. Ruark has six brothers, John, Charlie, George, William, Joseph and Dan. John fought all through the Nez Perces war.

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

We'll All Go Home In The Spring

Collected and Compiled by
ROBERT A. BENNETT

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Barney Owsley

A Missourian,
not content with Civil War strife,
heads for the gold fields of Idaho in 1861.

I was born March 29, 1847, in Cooper County, Missouri. In 1861 we started from Missouri, heading west to the Northwest Territory, as conditions were not comfortable in Missouri due to the Civil War. We thought there would be better opportunities in the far west. We had four yoke of oxen when we started and reached here with three head. I walked all the way from South Pass. The last house I saw was on the Loop Fork of the Platte. The first one I saw on this side was the Indian Agency at Umatilla. By the time we reached La Grande our food was gone and we waited there until our scouts went ahead to the agency and returned with supplies.

We left the wagon train at Umatilla, and started for Walla Walla, the straggling village on Mill Creek. There we learned that we could get work up the Touchet. We followed the trail as far as a wagon could go. That brought us to "Stubb's" place where he had built a cabin and lived there with his squaw. His real name was Schnebley and the land afterwards became the townsite of Dayton. "Stubbs" was killed in the Okanogan country, while running government horses across the border.

Davis and Whetstone had located in what is known as Whetstone Hollow, and father hired out to him to get logs from the Blue Mountains to put up their cabins, so we went up in the mountains and built a cabin of logs where we spent that first winter, which turned out to be the most talked-of winter in the history of this country.

We had been told that the winters were mild and we could work outside in our shirt sleeves. It began to snow and kept on snowing. Our cabin was completely covered. We had to keep shoveling the snow away, but we got along some way.

During the following April, when my father, brother and I started for the Florence mines, we went up over the Alpowa hills. They were covered with ice from the snow that had packed there during the winter. We dropped down into the Snake River Valley, to find the grass green and Indians camped at the mouth of the Alpowa. That was Chief Timothy's home. Many a time in later years I was to see this encampment and accept the hospitality of the friendly chief, who never lifted a hand against the whites.

We found ten thousand men in the Florence mines, and the good claims all staked. They were taking out $6,000 a day with rockers. We didn't stay long, but went down to the Salmon River Valley and spent the winter. Flour was $2.50 a pound and bacon the same.

I was 16 years old in the spring of 1863; my brother, Dick, was older. He killed a big elk in the Salmon River Valley, and we packed that to Florence and sold it for $1.00 a pound. That kept us going for awhile. The woods were full of huckleberries, so when they got ripe we sold them for $5.00 a gallon. I could pick two gallons a day.

Two men whipsawed some lumber for father, and he made a skiff and we crossed the Salmon and went south. We drifted around, hearing of diggings here and there and finally returned to the Pataha.

Two miles above the place where the trails crossed the creek, a man named Sunderland had located. I went up to the mountians and got out logs for him and helped build his log cabin, the first on the site of the present Pomeroy, but the town started a long time after that.

I started packing to the mines and stayed with it six years. In 1863, Colonel Craig put his ferry on the Snake river between the present sites of Lewiston and Clarkston. The former was not long in becoming a town, but Clarkston was only a horse pasture for a long time. A man named Greenfield had a horse ranch on that side of the river. John Silcott had a ferry on the Snake river. His wife was Chief Timothy's daughter, Jane. When I'd go to Montana with a pack train, I would stop there. She was a good friend of mine.

Every kind of merchandise needed at the mines was packed in on the backs of mules; mining machinery, tools, tables for the gamblers, food and clothing. Expert skill and judgment were required to prevent over-loading and the wrong kind of packing. Flour was one of the most difficult articles to pack. Three hundred and fifty pounds of merchandise were considered a good average load for a mule. Each pack train was led by a bell horse with a rider. The rider was also the cook. Forty-five mules was a five-man train, and twenty-three a three-man train. Sometimes we would be gone for months. President Lincoln was assassinated a year before I heard of it.

I packed to Fort Colville and to the Coeur d'Alene mines, through the Palouse and Spokane countries, stopping at George Lucas' on Cow Creek. Many a time we played checkers together and George always won. At the forks of the Palouse, where the town of Colfax was later founded, there was nothing but brush.

While operating a pack train into the Idaho mountains, during the Chief Joseph war, I brushed into the retreating Joseph and his warriors. I discovered my dilemma in time to escape with a whole skin, but I deserted my pack train to do it. When Chief Joseph had passed, I went back and found horses and cargo largely intact, though Joseph's men had tapped a whiskey barrel and consumed considerable of it. This episode was one of my big moments.

The moderate climate of the lower Grande Ronde river and the Imnaha canyon attracted me. I moved my herd to that region, where in cold weather the stock grazed on the river bank and moved up on the hills in summer time. At the very point where engineers are now building the

was a great stock country.

I crossed the Spokane river on Joe Herron's ferry, seven miles above the falls, often stopping there to fish. I could have owned the site on which Spokane was built. The townsite of Lewiston was offered to me for thirty dollars. It was traded by the owner, Mr. West, for a horse. Mr. West was homesick for trees, so he crossed to the Washington side and rode on and on until he sighted the feathery tops of pines against the skyline.

By 1866 enough farmers had located in the Touchet Valley to call for a grist mill. It was built at Long's, now the site of Long's Station. The method of threshing and winnowing wheat was primitive. I remember seeing Elisha Ping at his ranch on the Patit above Dayton, cleaning his grain in an old fanning mill, after tramping it out with horses.

I took grain to Long's mill in 1866 and had it ground and packed a whole train to Boise and another to Orofino. My uncle, Jesse Day, lived on the Touchet, and raised a lot of hogs. He made bacon, which I packed and sold for a dollar a pound. Uncle Jesse took the money and bought the land of Schnebley where Dayton now stands. Schnebley had a log house where travelers stopped for meals and to spend the night.

Archie and Frank McCrearty were here when we came. So was James Bower. He owned the site of Pataha City. "Parson" Quinn had a squatter's claim on Pataha Creek. Billy Freeman and "Aunt Ellen" ran the stage station on Alpowa Creek. I stopped there many a time. Aunt Ellen was a famous cook.

I knew Jerry MacQuire, said to be the first permanent settler on Asotin Creek. He was a big Irishman, handy with his fists. His wife was a squaw, yet Jerry had a lot fights with Indians. The hills were full of Jerry's horses, at least a thousand of them. His brand was a horse's head.

One day while in the hills, he ran into a band of hostile Indians. They were sixteen to one, but Jerry had the advantage. Beside him was a pile of rocks, apparently made to order. These he used with such unerring aim that the redskins fled.

Indians wintered in the Asotin where it empties into the Snake, as well as at the mouth of the Alpowa. The apple trees planted for Red Wolf by the missionary, Rev. Spalding, were still there on Chief Timothy's ranch. Many a time I enjoyed their fruit. The trees grew from seedlings, so the apples were small and of inferior quality, yet they were a treat in the early days, when fruit was scarce.

The Nez Perce was a fine type of Indian. When I first knew Timothy, he was about thirty-five years old. His wealth consisted of horses. It was Timothy who saved the Steptoe expedition from utter failure. He crossed the Steptoe command over the Snake River under cover of darkness and they went on to Walla Walla. I heard Timothy preach a number of times.

This was a stock country at first. Newton Estes, on the Deadman Creek, had a lot of cattle. J.M. Pomeroy brought in the roan Durham. Truly, there were "cattle on a thousand hills." The farming was all done in the valleys along the streams. Then it was discovered that wheat could be raised on the hills. From that time farmers turned their attention to wheat raising, especially after Dr. Baker's road was finished.

Steamboats ran on the Snake River and several shipping points were established. There was one at New York Bar, another at Grange City. Almota was a lively little shipping point in the early days.

When the government built the road over the Lola Trail, I packed to the 200 men at the construction camps. There I saw Col. Craig. He had settled on land on the Idaho side in the 30's, later taking it as his donation claim. Col. Craig, Doc Newell and Louis Raboin came from St. Louis to trap for the Hudson's Bay Company. They were all "squaw men." Col. Craig established the first ferry on the Snake river. Doc Newell became Indian agent at Lapwai and Louis Raboin, or "Marengo," as he was known, settled on the Tucanon, just three miles over the hills from the site of my ranch in later years, and I knew him well. He was there in the 50's when Governor Stevens and his party of surveyors passed that way. Later the town of Marengo was named for him. He was always fighting mosquitoes when he was trapping in the Pend Oreille country and his companions named him "Maringouin," French for mosquito. Spelling it the way it sounded changed the name to Marengo.

In 1869 I settled on Pataha Creek, four and one-half miles from the present site of Pomeroy. I homesteaded and bought land and my farm covered three thousand acres, part of it being the "Parson" Quinn place. I had loaned him some money and one day he appeared and insisted upon giving me a deed.

The Grange put up a rough lumber building on my ranch and held their meetings. Other meetings were held there and later the building was used for a school house.

Game was always plentiful. When I ran out of meat I took my pack-horse and went up into the Blue Mountains, returning very soon with a deer. There were thousands of prairie chickens along the Tucanon; they fed on birch buds in the winter. Grouse hatched along the Tucanon in the spring.

In 1874 there was talk of dividing Walla Walla county. Elisha Ping was in the territorial legislature at that time and he used his influence to form a new county with Dayton as the county seat. He wanted the county named Ping, but Columbia seemed more suitable to the majority, so in 1875 the new county was sliced off. Some wanted Marengo for the county seat, but Dayton received the most votes.

Practically all conspicuous Indians of an early date were on speaking terms with me, and I had frequent intercourse with them, over the poker table, or in a business sense. Red Elk, Mox-Mox and even Long John, the renegade, are listed in that respect. Long John's checkered career has in it ample material for thrilling western history.

And there was Cherokee Bob! Of that man I have vivid recollections. Cherokee Bob was a Georgia "breed" who came to Walla Walla when that place was wild and wooley, and Bob was not long in spinning a web of troubles about himself. During a theatrical production, some soldiers persisted in annoying the actresses. Cherokee Bob may have been a "breed," but he had a sense of chivalry not understood by some westerners. Cherokee Bob warned once, then shot. Six soldiers "bit the dust" and Bob scooted for Florence. Soon he was in trouble there, and again over a woman. In the shoot-off which followed, with a man named Jack Williams, Bob's weapons having been tampered with by the woman over whom they fought, Bob's finish was foreordained. His remains lie at Florence, now a city of "bats and ghosts," under a rapidly disintegrating plank marker.

I engaged in stock-raising and sold my cattle to Dooley and Kirkman of the Figure 3 ranch. I homesteaded and bought land until I had 3,000 acres where I raised these cattle and part of my herd was raised in Asotin county.

In 1877 a buyer came in and I went with him to drive the cattle out. On the way back I heard that Chief Joseph was on the warpath and his warriors were killing the whites. Families were rushing from all parts of the country to forts that were being hastily constructed. At first I couldn't believe it. Chief Joseph was a friend of mine, a highly respected one. He had never made any trouble, asking only that he and his tribe might dwell in the valley which was his birthplace.

I joined the company that was organized, and did scout duty, going as far as Kamaia. Joseph retreated, entered Montana, kept up a running fight and retreat which lasted three months. Finally he surrendered to General Miles near Bear Paw Mountain.

The trouble started over the possession of the Wallowa Valley, the land given to Old Chief Joseph in the treaty of 1855. There they lived happily and peacefully for years. It was an ideal place for anybody, white or red. Wallowa lake was full of sockeye salmon. Worlds of elk and deer came down from the hills in the fall and roamed along the river. There was small game of every description. In the spring there were roots of all kinds, and berries in the summer. It was sheltered in winter, cool in summer, and nothing more was needed or desired by the Indians.

White men coveted this Paradise, and the land was taken by them. Chief Joseph blamed Lawyer, saying, "If I had a horse and you wanted to buy it and I said 'no,' and you went to another man and he sold my horse to you, would that be right? That is just what you have done. You have sold land that did not belong to you."

When the young men of the tribe became restless in 1873, President Grant again turned the valley over to them, but in 1875 the order was revoked. From that time there was trouble. The Indians refused to leave. Stock was killed. Soldiers sent to reinforce the order of removal were ambushed and killed and the war was on. Chief Joseph was never allowed to again look upon the valley where he was born.

Returning from the war in 1877, I found that a grist mill was being built. Ben Day built a store. Carnahan had a saloon. The town of Pomeroy was starting.

The skeleton of an old mill marks the site of the first town in what is now Garfield county. That was Columbia Center, a thriving little village of the '70's. A man named Stimson, miller and mill wright, built the mill, also building one on the Alpowa. In 1876 he and his family entered the Asotin country, settling at Anatone. It was there I met his daughter, Harriet, when I went into the Grand Ronde Valley to raise cattle in 1878. We were married in 1879 and spent a year on Joseph Creek right across from Old Chief Joseph's ranch.

My cattle range was where the Grande Ronde empties into the Snake. When we were living on Joseph Creek, I was coming along the trail through the alders one day, when I discovered a cave. I explored it and found plenty of room for a good-sized camp, so I moved in. It extended far back and I chose a good place for my fire where the smoke drifted out through a crevice.

My father and another man visited me there at times and we cooked our meat and sourdough over the fire, using forked sticks. Years after I had abandoned the camp, the newspapers carried the announcement that a cave had been discovered that bore evidence of having been occupied in prehistoric days. It seems the cave-men had left forked sticks, ashes and a moccasin. These were sent to the Smithsonian Institute.

On the homestead on the Pataha, now known as the Wesley Steele place, we had a race track for training and race meet purposes. Some of the finest horse-flesh of the period capered over that track. Of all the horses I owned, Bob Mill, sired by Jim Miller, out of a strain of Kentucky runners, brought to Salem, was the favorite. Faster horses then than now? Sure. More interest and better horses.

For many years beginning with 1869 the Pataha homestead was headquarters for our family. When we came out of the Grande Ronde Valley in 1884, my farm on the Pataha was in Garfield county, the new county cut out of Columbia county in 1881. I paid taxes on the same piece of land in three counties.

In 1883 Asotin county was formed from the eastern end of Garfield. Each time there was a division I wondered whether the new county would ever "stand alone" but the past fifty years have proved that no worry was necessary.

I might say that I have voted during 73 years, voting the first time at the mines when I was 18 years old, with two guns held over me.

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

GARFIELD COUNTY

George W. Miller

HISTORY OF SOUTHEASTERN WASHINGTON 1906

"GARFIELD COUNTY"

GEORGE W. MILLER has well earned the retirement from active business life he is now enjoying. His is one of the most prominent families in southeastern Washington, and personally he is a man of most excellent qualities. He comes from a race of sturdy and long-lived pioneers, who have been instrumental in opening up different sections and leading on to success in the United States for generations back. Mr. Miller is no exception to the good record made by his ancestors, and has well done his part in developing and building up the west.

George W. Miller was born in Crawfordsville, Indiana, on April 6, 1830. His father, John Miller, was born in Tennessee, and his father, our subject's grandfather, John Miller, was a veteran of the Revolution. The father of George W. moved to Indiana when that was a wilderness. Later he went to Illinois, and as early as 1851 crossed the plains with ox teams to Linn county, Oregon, and there opened up a donation claim, where he remained until his death. He was on the frontier all his life, and on his various journeys was accompanied by his three brothers—George, Isaac and Abra-

Mrs. George W. Miller

ham. Wherever one moved the rest moved, and they remained together until their death. The mother of our subject was Sarah (Smith) Miller, and her father, also, was a patriot who fought for his country's independence in the Revolution.

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

In October, 1858, Mr. Miller married Miss Sarah E. Ping, who was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, and crossed the plains with her parents, Elisha and Lucretia (Kuykendall) Ping, in 1852, to Lincoln county, Oregon. To our subject and his wife the following named children were born: Chester F., Celesta I., who was the second white child born in Columbia county, Fred L., Jesse G., Ralph A. and Ray R. Chester F. is now judge of the superior court in Garfield, Columbia and Asotin counties. Jesse G. is an attorney in Dayton, of the firm of Miller & Fouts. Mrs. Miller departed this life on August 26, 1890, and was buried at Dayton, Washington. Her life was an example of womanly grace and virtues, and her influence is felt still in the noble work that she did, especially in moulding the lives of her children for good and uprightness. She was universally beloved. Mr. Miller may justly take pride in the work that he has accomplished, not alone in that he has made a financial success, but also in that, with the faithful and beloved helpmate, he has reared a family who are today taking their places among the leading citizens of southeastern Washington and are not behind their worthy ancestors who did so much in other parts of the United States to build up this great country. Loyal and patriotic, they have a high sense of honor and a due appreciation of their stewardship, and are leaving today, as their ancestors have done in other localities, their impress for wisdom and uprightness in this great state.

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Daniel Williams

Sixteen year old lad emigrates in 1873 with his parents to Washington Territory where thirteen members of his family had a 16 x 20 foot log cabin for their first home.

It was in 1873, back in Hardin County, Iowa, that my father decided to come to Washington Territory. Neighbors had made the journey, and sent back glowing accounts of the mild winters, the hills covered with bunch grass where stock roamed the year round, making it unnecessary to provide winter feed.

The route my father chose was by train to San Francisco, then by boat to Wallula. I was a lad of sixteen years, and I found the trip most interesting. There was the ride on the steamer to Portland, then up the Columbia, portaging twice before reaching Wallula. At this place our belongings were transferred to freight wagons and the long tedious ride to Waitsburg was begun.

Dr. Baker's famous strap-iron road was then being constructed, but was finished only as far as the Touchet. Stages were running between Walla Walla and Lewiston. Mines were active in central Idaho and stage travel was heavy. There were several stage stations; one of them being where Dayton now stands, one at Marengo, one at Pataha and another on the Alpowa. Stages had no springs. The body swung on heavy straps as the cumbersome vehicle jolted along through clouds of dust.

The only roads were the old Indian trails. Some of them are still visible five miles east of Pomeroy; the same trails that Lewis and Clark followed when Indian guides led them through here in 1806 on their return from the mouth of the Columbia River.

In 1874 my father located his land. He bought a relinquishment from John Rush, who had filed a preemption. There was a log cabin 16 x 20 feet in size, and thirteen of us to occupy it, as one of my sisters was married and lived with us. There was a tiny cabin built to smoke meat, that accommodated two beds, while trundle beds were used by the younger children.

Soon we were building a roomier house, hauling the logs from the Blue Mountains. We hewed the logs and made the floors of lumber hauled from the Eckler mill on Eckler Mountain. We made the sash for the doors and windows ourselves, getting the window-glass from Waitsburg. There were two rooms, with a sort of gallery between them, where we often ate in hot weather. There were rooms upstairs, so we were not crowded.

In 1881 we built a really good house. There was a planing mill at Pomeroy by that time, so we brought lumber from the sawmill and had it

planed. Windows and doors were shipped up the Snake river and we hauled them from New York Bar.

About the first article manufactured in this locality was a chair. Hartrode made the first chairs, using native maple which grew along the creeks and gulches. The seats were made of rawhide strips. We still have our set, made more than fifty years ago.

There was a lot of game in those days, although the Indians had killed off many of the deer. There were no elk. Prairie chickens and grouse were here by the thousands. The first elk were brought into the Blue Mountains by the Game Commission, which sent to Montana for two carloads, and turned them loose in the mountains.

There were no bridges. I used to watch the stage horses, lathered with sweat, plunge into the ice-cold streams, the stage coach dropping down the bank a foot or two, jolting the passengers unmercifully. Four miles east of Waitsburg a man named Star lived on the banks of the Touchet River by the stage crossing. The road commissioner, Mr. Fudge, decided that the time had come for a bridge. My brother-in-law, Thornton, and my brother and I were given the contract for its construction. It was a simple affair, but a real blessing to travelers and horses. We cut down trees along the Touchet River and so came into being the first bridge between Pomeroy and Walla Walla. This was called Star's Bridge.

The first school east of the Tucanon was on Pataha Flats. It was built in 1874 by a man named Sharpneck, who had a little sawmill at the edge of the Blue Mountains. We met there for spelling school, literary and debating society, and the usual gatherings typical of the frontier days.

I recall going to Marengo in 1875-76-77 to attend Fourth of July celebrations. We had a picnic dinner, singing and speaking. Ernest Hopkins, a pioneer teacher, was the orator of the day. I knew Louis Raboin, the Hudson's Bay Company trapper. He lived with his Indian wife and children at Marengo, the place having been named for him.

I was well acquainted with Jerry McGuire and the Hopwoods, who settled in what later became Asotin County. I knew Chief Timothy well, and heard him preach on Pataha Flat. The site of his village at the mouth of the Alpowa later became the home of David Mohler. I have stayed there over night and gathered apples from the trees planted by the Rev. Spalding.

Where Pomeroy now stands were fields of wheat. The McCabe cabin stood near where Main street is now. The first wheat was hauled to Wallula; then to Walla Walla. As soon as father raised enough wheat to sell, we hauled it twenty-five miles to New York Bar using four to six horses to a load. In 1878 a mill was built at Pataha by Mr. Houser. Garfield County was organized in 1881.

The country was full of peaceful, blanketed Indians. They wintered at the mouth of the Alpowa and the Asotin. Spring found them journeying to the camas grounds. Over in the Wallowa Valley, Chief Joseph lived with his tribe on the land which his father, Old Chief Joseph, had demanded as a