Rogue River Indian files

from Southern Oregon Historical Society Vertical File

Folder 3

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Giving birth to hope

Ashland High grad Rachel Zaslow has trained midwives in Uganda and created a clinic there

Off to a roaring start

The Panthers pummel Red Bluff, 73-47, and the Black Tornado defeats Glencoe, 72-53, in Abby's Holiday Classic openers

South's Jack Delaney

Sports, Page 1B

Mail Tribune

Thursday, December 29, 2011 mt www.mailtribune.com

SOUTHERN OREGON'S NEWS SOURCE $1.00

THE ROGUE RIVER INDIAN WARS: YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Grand Ronde Tribal Chairwoman Cheryle Kennedy speaks during a September ceremony in which an agreement was signed giving the tribe equal status in managing the Table Rocks. The ceremony took place at the same spot on Lower Table Rock that an 1853 treaty was signed ceding tribal land to the federal government in exchange for peace.

Mail Tribune / Jamie Lusch

A STRONG PEOPLE

Agreement giving tribe a say in how the Table Rocks will be managed is a step in healing the wounds of forced relocation

STORY BY PAUL FATTIG ◆ MAIL TRIBUNE

Like most people, John Mercier sometimes has long, stressful days that try his patience.

But Mercier, 50, director of operations for the Confederated Tribes of Grand Ronde, some 30 miles west of Salem, says the stress fades away when he stops to think about those who left indelible footprints ahead of him.

"When I deal with modern-day tribal strife, I remind myself that this is nothing compared to what our ancestors went through," he said.

"And I occasionally read an excerpt from writings by John Beeson or Stephen (Dow) Beckham to remind me what they endured," he added of the authors who have advocated for Indian rights. "It creates a sense of humility in me, and pride to know our ancestors were such strong people."

Mercier is the great-great-grandson of Martha Jane Sands, a venerated tribal elder who, as a young girl, survived an attack on her village near the Table Rocks on Oct. 8, 1855. A volunteer militia from Jacksonville killed 30 Indian men, women and children, launching the nine-month-long Rogue River Indian Wars. Hundreds of local Indians, including Sands, were forced from their homeland and marched 260 miles in the dead of winter to the Grand Ronde and Siletz reservations. The wars ended with the defeat of Chief John and his warriors in the Battle of Big Bend on the Rogue River in June 1856.

In honor of the march Sands made as a young girl and her contributions as an elder, a statue was erected in the Spirit Mountain Casino, which opened in 1995 at Grand Ronde.

"As a child, I didn't know much about her other than she survived as a little girl by hiding in a beaver dam," Mercier said of Sands, a member of the Takelma tribe. "I grew up in Grand Ronde, which was my home, my sense of well-being. That was the tribal focus. There really wasn't much talk about the war and the relocation. But I knew where the Rogue River was, where our ancestry was from."

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Mercier

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John Mercier, director of operations, Confederated Tribes of Grand Ronde

Hunt

from Page 1A

Tveskov, 46, who is concerned about preserving the site once it is located, figures there is more speculation than known facts about the battle that occurred on Halloween.

"Like a lot of things here in the state of Jefferson, a lot of remarkable things that happened are not well-known about in the American West," he said. "But there are many other military battles elsewhere where there were fewer casualties that are better known."

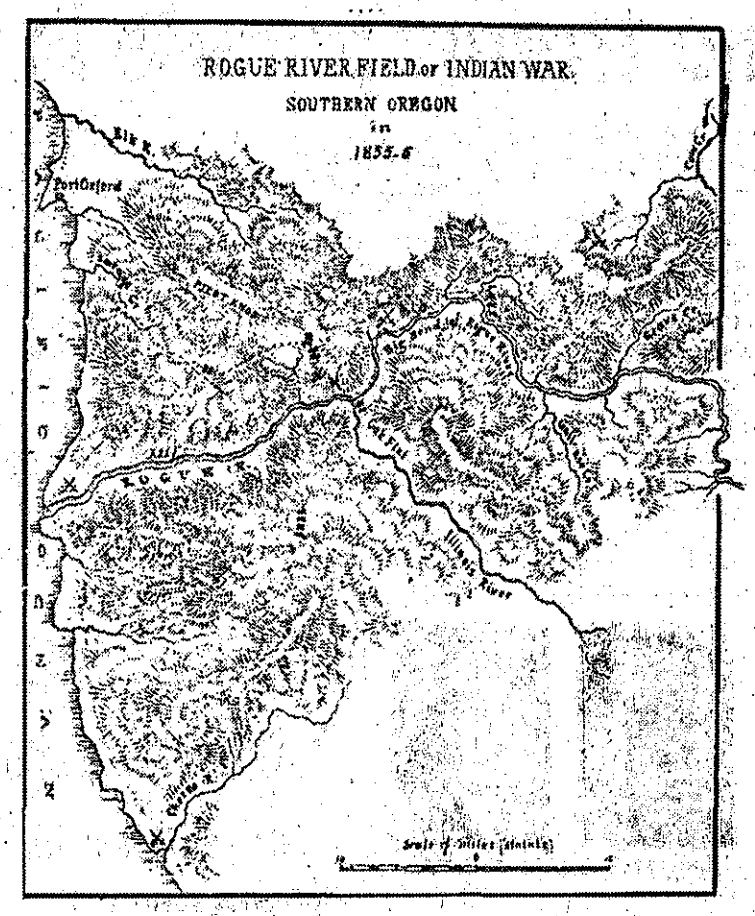
The U.S. Army forces, which included local militia and the precursor to today's Oregon National Guard, suffered between 30 and 40 casualties during the Battle of Hungry Hill, he said, citing contemporary accounts.

"It is estimated the Indian casualties were six to 15, but there is no way to know for sure," he said. "We know there were at least 200 white guys and who knows how many Indians."

What he does know for sure is that the Indians won the battle that day.

"It was definitely a defeat for the Army," he said. "When the two large forces came together, the Indians had full advantage."

After the Lupton massacre, in which more than two dozen Indians were slain in a village near the Table Rocks on Oct. 8, the fleeing Indians split into at least two



National Archives, Washington, D. C.

On this 1859 map of the Rogue River Indian Wars, the Battle of Hungry Hill is marked in the upper right above Grave Creek.

friendly and those who were considered hostile," Tveskov said. "They said, 'If you don't come into Fort Lane or Fort Ord on the coast, you will be regarded as hostile.' The chiefs were expected to fight it out."

the Indians had gathered.

"The Army and the local militia converged on Sunny Valley, where they were joined by several companies of the (territorial) governor's militia," Tveskov said, noting the latter was a forerunner of today's Oregon National Guard. "All this came in response to the Lupton massacre.

"This was a very serious situation, a very traumatic time," he added. "For a brief moment, these three different groups were united. That's one of the things that makes this battle so interesting. It was the only time that Captain Smith cooperated in a big way with the civilian militia."

The point, he said, was that each faction had a different agenda. The Army was trying to put down an insurrection while keeping the civilian militia in check, he said.

"After the defeat at Hungry Hill, the Army and the local militia never worked together again," Tveskov said. "There was a lot of acrimony after that."

There is even a report of territorial Gov. Benjamin Harding ordering the civilian militia to stand down because of its lack of discipline and atrocities that were committed, he said.

Yet none of the historic accounts provides the exact geographic location of the battle site, said Tveskov, who has compiled countless documents written by those who were alive during the battle.

"The information about the battle is usually secondary information from the 19th century," he said.

"I have found a map made by local scouts of the Indian encampment in the Grave Creek hills," he said, although noting the map and an accompanying letter by a militia volunteer does not pinpoint the location.

"Strangely enough, there is less information from the Army about the battle," he said. "For the second part of the war, there is quite a bit of detailed information. But no one (historians) has been able to find it for the first part of the war.

"None of us have been able to find primary Army accounts that you would normally find after a battle," he added. "It could be the reports were burned during the San Francisco fire (and earthquake in Ap That's the missing we haven't given that yet."

Nor has he give ground search for the battle.

"We've been ou the ridge lines we that were most lik the assault," he sa haven't found any no musket balls, n

Similar items w during archaeolog Fort Lane, he said

"We are either wrong methodolo are no artifacts or the wrong spot," h don't know what t is."

Although the B Hungry Hill was roughly a dozen s during the wars c was a major battl adding that resea site would shed n the short-lived w

"It was an impo battle," he said. " more research th year to try to find

Reach reporter I at 541-776-4496 or pfattig@mailtribur

Strong

From Page 1A

The more Mercier learned about his ancestor's life and the struggles she faced, the more impressed he became with her inner strength.

"I'm very proud of her," he said, adding that her daughter, Hattie Hudson, who also became a well-known tribal elder, was his grandmother, although she died before he was born. "I had a very large family in Grand Ronde."

Having studied tribal history, Mercier often thinks about the changing way of life his ancestors faced more than 150 years ago.

"It's a rich, fascinating history," he said. "There were multiple other tribes that were removed. Chief Sam (for whom Sams Valley is named) apparently thought it was a temporary plan until after the war was over. He and other chiefs all thought they could go back to the Rogue Valley.

"But when you get into the treaty, there seems to be this silent understanding by the government that they were never going back," he said of the treaty signed Sept. 10, 1853, that ceded the Indian lands to the U.S. government in exchange for peace.

That's why signing an agreement with the U.S. Bureau of Land Management and the Nature Conservancy on Sept. 10 of this year, exactly 158 years later and at the same location the treaty was signed, was so important to the tribe, Mercier said. Basically, the agreement places the tribe as equals in management of the Upper and Lower Table Rocks.

The BLM manages 1,280 acres of the Table Rocks, while the conservancy has 2,789 acres, with conservation easements on nearly 800 more adjacent acres.

Upon signing the document, tribal chairwoman Cheryle Kennedy, 63, indicated it brought her people full circle.

Her great-grandfathers were Chief Bogus and Chief Louie, both of whom signed the 1853 document.

Mail Tribune file photo

Upper Table Rock, above, is one of the two Table Rocks that the Confederated Tribes of Grand Ronde will have a say in managing after an agreement was signed Sept. 10.

"I do not speak lightly when I say I am thankful for those who helped carry out the vision that this land be set aside and maintained so it is brought back to what it used to be," Kennedy said after signing the document.

"When we do that, we not only heal the land but we heal ourselves."

Understanding the past is also an important component in the healing process, Mercier said.

Indian settlements were often along stream banks where gold miners sought potential deposits of placer gold, setting up an inevitable conflict, he said.

"The gold fever ravaged their ability to think of others — there was a lot of hostility towards Indians," he said.

In his diary of the monthlong march north in what the tribe refers to as the "Trail of Tears" from the Table Rocks, Indian agent George Ambrose noted there were seven deaths and seven births along the way.

A long-distance runner, Mercier said he would one day like to see a relay race from the Table Rocks to Grand Ronde to honor those who made the trek in the winter of 1856.

"I would like to recreate that walk to commemorate what our ancestors went through," he said.

While much of the tribe's original languages and traditions have diminished over the years, the multimillion-dollar casino has had a major impact, said Mercier, who is of the Catholic faith and has mixed feelings about the casino.

"It has been very good as far as stabilizing our economic health," he said, which has provided health care, investments for the tribe and millions for charity and scholarships.

"Back in the early 1980s, Grand Ronde was a horribly depressed area economically. What I do like about it is it has created good jobs. I have both tribal and nontribal friends working there now.

"But it has changed the complexion of our community — we are in a big change now," he added.

Meanwhile, he plans to visit the Table Rocks early next month to help work on advancing the agreement signed in September. Accompanying him will be daughters Hattie, 6, and Grace, 4, both of whom were with him when the September agreement was signed.

"Gracie is giving me a hard time because I haven't taken them back to 'that flat rock,' " he said, adding, "They are good little hikers."

Reach reporter Paul Fattig at 541-776-4496 or email him at pfattig@mailtribune.com.

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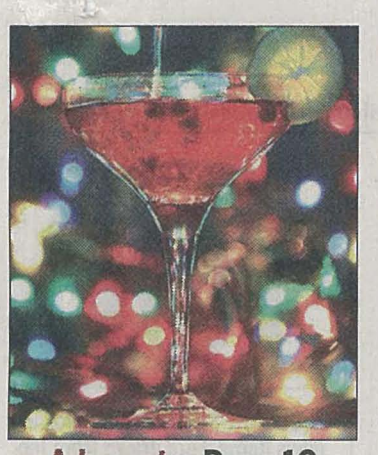

A la carte, Page 1C

Get a kick from champagne

The traditional drink for toasting the new year shouldn't be avoided for the other 364 days

Blazers crown Kings

Gerald Wallace scored 25 points as Portland won for the second time in as many games, this time a 101-79 victory over Sacramento

Mail Tribune

Wednesday, December 28, 2011 mt www.mailtribune.com

JACKSON COUNTY, OREGON SOUTHERN OREGON'S NEWS SOURCE

THE ROGUE RIVER INDIAN WARS: YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Hunt for Hungry Hill

Photo courtesy Mark Tveskov

Southern Oregon University archaeologists conduct an archaeological survey with metal detectors in an attempt to identify the site of the Hungry Hill battle, in which Indians defeated Army forces during the Rogue River Indian Wars on Oct. 31, 1855.

Finding the site of the fierce 1855 battle would shed more light on the war, archaeologists say

By PAUL FATTIG
Mail Tribune

When Mark Tveskov stands on a ridge over Sunny Valley and looks west, he knows the treasure he seeks is somewhere out there.

The treasure has no monetary value but it is priceless in the eyes of archaeologist Tveskov, director of Southern Oregon University's Laboratory of Anthropology in Ashland. He has spent three years digging into dusty files and walking ridge lines in search of the Hungry Hill battle site, one of the key skirmishes in the Rogue River Indian Wars of 1855-56.

"I believe we are in the neighborhood — we see the lay of the land as it was described," said Tveskov, who has pored over countless documents written by those who were alive when blood was shed on Oct. 31, 1855.

"Like a lot of things here in the state of Jefferson, a lot of remarkable things that happened are not well-known about in the American West."

Mark Tveskov, director, Southern Oregon University's Laboratory of Anthropology

Historical documents describe the battle site as being in the Grave Creek hills west of Sunny Valley and Wolf Creek, north of the Rogue River and south of Glendale, he said. However, the Hungry Hill west of Glendale is not the one associated with the battle, he said.

"People have been trying to figure out where it is for a long time," he said.

Pioneer William M. Colvig, in the weekly Medford Mail newspaper on Aug. 8, 1902, indicated he believed the battle occurred near Leland, a long-defunct hamlet a few miles north of present-day Merlin. Colvig had lived in the Umpqua River drainage as a child during the short-lived war.

In his 1995 book, "First There was Twogood: a Pictorial History of Northern Josephine County," historian Larry McLane suggested the battle occurred near a site local residents call Bloody Spring, Tveskov said.

But no one has found any evidence of the battle in either area.

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Agreement giving tribe a say in how the Table Rocks will be managed is a step in healing the wounds of forced relocation

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But Mercier, 50, director of operations for the Confederated Tribes of Grand Ronde, some 30 miles west of Salem, says the stress fades away when he stops to think about those who left indelible footprints ahead of him.

"When I deal with modern-day tribal strife, I remind myself that this is nothing compared to what our ancestors went through," he said.

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Mercier is the great-great-grandson of Martha Jane Sands, a venerated tribal elder who, as a young girl, survived an attack on her village near the Table Rocks on Oct. 8, 1855. A volunteer militia from Jacksonville killed 30 Indian men, women and children, launching the nine-month-long Rogue River Indian Wars. Hundreds of local Indians, including Sands, were forced from their homeland and marched 260 miles in the dead of winter to the Grand Ronde and Siletz reservations. The wars ended with the defeat of Chief John and his warriors in the Battle of Big Bend on the Rogue River in June 1856.

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Record-setter

Saints QB Drew Brees breaks Dan Marino's NFL record for yards passing in a season

Holiday after

Whether you're exchanging gifts or gett some of the hot deals in town, the Christmas is another busy one fo

Sports, Page 1B

Mail Tribune

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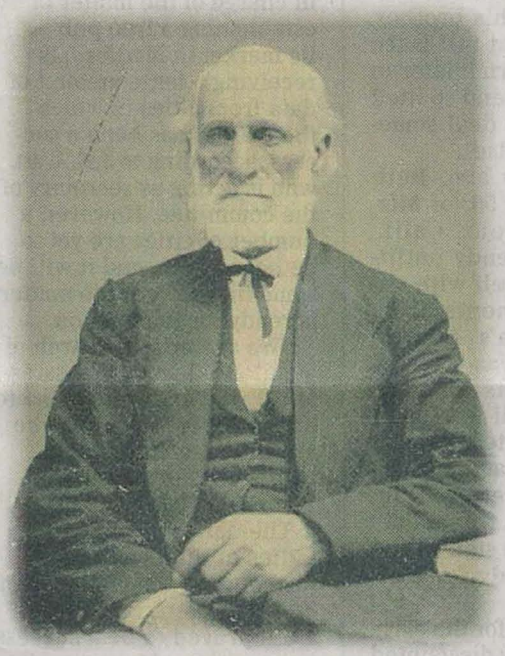
JACKSON COUNTY, OREGON SOUTHERN OREGON'S NEWS SOURCE

THE ROGUE RIVER INDIAN WARS: YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Speaking Out



John Beeson worked to promote Indian rights and thwart the efforts of militiamen to get reimbursed by the U.S. government for a war he believed they helped promote. — Talent Historical Society photo

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Talent resident driven from home after advocating for Indian rights

STORY BY PAUL FATTIG ◆ MAIL TRIBUNE

During the Rogue River Indian Wars, Talent resident John Beeson was forced to flee his farm in the dark of night.

But it wasn't out of fear of being attacked by local Indians.

"He was basically driven from his home on Wagner Creek under threat of death — he was forced to leave by local residents," said Liz Carter, 46, of Eugene, Beeson's great-great-great-granddaughter.

A 1983 graduate of Medford Senior High School who teaches historic preservation at the University of Oregon, Carter said her ancestor was an outspoken advocate of Indian rights.

"It was certainly a noble cause, a very worthy effort," she said.

Unfortunately, he didn't have the success he was hoping for. He only had small window of time to get anything done because the Civil War started ortly afterwards."

Beeson spoke out against the poor treatment of Indians by his fellow settlers r he and his wife, Ann, and their son Welborn arrived in Talent in 1853.

Under the deep conviction of duty, I never failed, from my arrival in to departure from the (Rogue) valley, to declaim against the great wrong eople were doing," he wrote to the New York Tribune newspaper on 30, 1856.

hough many "good citizens" privately told him they had similar tions, none would speak of it openly, he wrote.

see **SPEAKING**, Page 7A

w photos exist of local Indians from the 1800s. This one, taken by Britt's studio, P. Britt & Son, in Jacksonville sometime after 1883, of Lady Oscharwasha, at the time considered the last of the Rogue er (Tututni) Indians, according to the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

Southern Oregon Historical Society photo

FROM PAGE ONE

Country

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The indigenous peoples who had inhabited the Rogue, Applegate and Illinois river valleys for centuries saw drastic changes in a very short time to their homeland, said historian and author Kay Atwood of Ashland.

"In the five years between 1851, when more-or-less 'permanent' settlement began in the Rogue River valley, and 1855, when the final wars broke out, long-held anger and fear along with more recent violence and retaliation between Euro-Americans and Indian residents spilled blood throughout southwest Oregon," Atwood said.

"When the fighting ended, their white captors drove the surviving prisoners northward away from long-held homes," she added. "White farmers obliterated signs of their predecessors from the landscape as they built houses, planted crops and replaced the oak forests with pastures."

Lake Oswego resident Stephen Dow Beckham, 70, author of the 1971 book "Requiem for a People: The Rogue Indians and the Frontiersmen," said hatred and racism fueled the wars.

"The war was the direct result of the aggression by exterminators — Indian haters — living in the Rogue River valley," said the retired history professor. "They had an attitude of racism that native people were sub-human, savage and had no right or entitlement to be their neighbors."

Moreover, many in the volunteer militia profited from the war by charging Uncle Sam for any conceivable item they may have used, he said.

"For them, it was a means of garnering income for the use of arms, powder, bars of soap — anything they could possibly charge the government," he said.

The historians said several factors came together that did not bode well for the Indians of southwestern Oregon, including the opening of the Oregon Trail, creation of the Oregon Territory in 1848, and promises of free land in the 1850 Donation Lands Claim Act. And the discovery of gold in Southern Oregon in 1851 brought a swarm of gold seekers to the region, they added.

However, the Organic Act of 1848, which established the new Oregon Territory, called for Indians living in the region to be treated respectfully and reimbursed for any land taken from them, Joyer said.

Unfortunately, the fine print had no influence on would-be violators of that act.

"Escalating the conflict in 1853 was an incident in which miners marched a 7-year-

Chief John was the last local Indian chief to surrender to the U.S. Army during the Rogue River Indian Wars of 1855-56. He died on the Grand Ronde reservation on June 6, 1864.

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she is quick to observe that atrocities were committed by both Indians and whites in the early 1850s, just as there were acts of kindness by the different factions.

"The Indians ceded most of the Rogue River valley, which was 3,500 square miles, in return for $60,000 in the (Sept. 10, 1853) treaty of Table Rock," Joyer said. "But 25 percent of that had to be paid back to the government for the cost of (earlier skirmishes). The other 75 percent was paid for in blankets, clothing, food and other things."

Yet hostilities continued. In what became known as the Lupton Massacre, a militia major named J.A. Lupton organized a 35-member volunteer militia in Jacksonville and attacked an Indian village at the mouth of Little Butte Creek on Oct. 8, 1855, killing indiscriminately.

In an Aug. 8, 1902, article in the weekly Medford Mail newspaper, a precursor to the Mail Tribune, pioneer William M. Colvig of Medford noted the attack was considered a cowardly act.

"It is said that about thirty men, women and children were killed by Lupton's men," Colvig said. "The major himself received a mortal wound in the fight. This fight has been much criticized by the people of Southern Oregon, a great many of them believing that it was unjustifiable and cowardly."

The attack triggered retaliatory raids the next day upon settlers in the region as a group of Indians moved downriver, Joyer said. However, another group, led by Chief Sam, for whom Sams Valley is named, sought protection from militia attacks by going to the Army's Fort Lane, perched on a flat across and downriver from the conflict. But Joseph Lane, a territorial delegate to Washington, D.C., expressed his support for the war.

Known collectively as the Rogue River Indians, they comprised different tribes that included the Takelma, Shasta, Galice Creeks and others.

Chief John, an Indian leader known as Tecumtum, led his people late in the battle of Hungry Hill on Oct. 31, which the Indians won. The exact site of the battle is the target of research and speculation today.

But Chief John wanted only to return to his homeland at the mouth of Deer Creek in the Illinois River drainage, just west of where Selma is today.

"My heart is sick with fighting, but I want to live in my country," he said during a truce with Army officers at Oak Flat on the lower Illinois in May 1856.

"If the white people are willing, I will go back to the Deer Creek country and live among them as I used to do," he added. "They can visit my camp and I will visit theirs; but I will not lay down my arms and go to the reservation. I will fight."

Two other chiefs signed the peace treaty at Oak Flat but Chief John refused. He and his warriors met the Army regulars and militia at Big Bend on the lower Rogue River in June.

"The battle of Big Bend was the final battle of the Indian wars — a 36-hour battle," Joyer said. "You can still see the depressions in the ground where they dug in."

A local settler named Charlie Foster slipped away to bring back re-enforcements from Agness to save the day for the Army, she said.

"Chief John and his men left and hid out for two or three weeks before they caught up with them," she said, noting he and his people were forced to march up the coast to the reservations.

He was the last local chief to surrender to the U.S. Army, she said.

When J. Ross Browne, a special agent with the U.S. Treasury Department, visited the Grand Ronde and Siletz reservations in September 1857, he noted there were 909 Indians from the Rogue Valley. He met with several chiefs, including Chief John.

"A long time ago we made a treaty with Palmer," Chief John told Browne, apparently referring to the 1853 treaty. "There was a piece of land at Table Rocks that was ours. He said it should remain ours, but that for the sake of peace, as the white settlers were bad, we should leave it for a while. When we signed the paper that was our understanding. We now want to go back to that country.

"I will consent to live here one year more," he added. "After that I must go home. My people are dying. I want to go home to my country."

When he wasn't allowed to leave the reservation, he allegedly plotted an uprising and was arrested with his son Adam and sent to Alcatraz Prison in California, Joyer said.

"After three years in prison, he came back and lived a quiet life at Grand Ronde near his two daughters," Joyer said. "After all he had been through, digging in his heels every step of the way, he died of old age."

The old chief died on June 6, 1864.

Reach reporter Paul Fattig at 541-776-4496 or email him at pfattig@mailtribune.com.

MOVIE showtimes

Medford Center

ADVENTURES OF TINTIN (3D) (PG) 11:20AM 2:00PM 4:40PM 7:20PM 10:00PM
ADVENTURES OF TINTIN (PG) 11:55AM
ALVIN AND THE CHIPMUNKS: CHIPWRECKED (G) 10:10AM 11:25AM 12:35PM 1:45PM 2:55PM 4:05PM 5:15PM 7:35PM 9:55PM
ARTHUR CHRISTMAS (PG) 11:15AM
DARKEST HOUR (PG-13) 11:00AM 1:15PM 3:30PM 5:45PM 8:00PM 10:15PM
DESCENDANTS (R) 11:30AM 2:10PM 4:50PM 7:30PM 10:10PM
GIRL WITH THE DRAGON TATTOO (2011) (R)

July,
Jacksonville Oregon, 1878.

After spending the summer of 1851 in the Willamette Valley, with health somewhat recovered, Judge Duncan determined to try the mines again, and hearing of the Yreka Gold discoveries proceeded in that direction, but with the determination to secure a half-section of land in Rogue River Valley before mining anywhere. The gold mines at Josephine Creek discovered in 1851 he also had heard of before leaving the Willamette, but as these who first went there soon after left the place having failed to discover rich placers, the place was thought to be of not much value. It subsequently proved rich, that Josephine Canon Creek, lying north of Josephine Creek.

Arriving at Rogue River Valley, he found Long's Ferry, established in 1851 by Mr. Long during this ? at Josephine Creek. At this ferry was built the first home in the Rogue River valley and this was the first settlement. It is now known as Vannoy's Ferry. Vannoy having bought out Mr. Long.

The next man found on the road was likewise at a ferry namely at the crossing of Rogue River at the mouth of Evan's Creek, so called from Davis Evans who was a trader, packer and became notorious as a bad man.

The next settler, proceeding along the road, or trail southward was Mr. Bills, who was driven away by the settlers. He had been known to excite Indian trouble. ~~Then~~ Then there was N.C. Dean, located a farm at Willow Springs, five miles north of Jacksonville and farming together(with others)? The Indian Agent was Asa Skinner , was the man met by Judge Duncan when he first had reached (Judge) the valley in October 1851 where he took up land and built a house. Mr. Sykes who worked for Judge Skinner, was one of 2 or 3 who first found the diggings on Jackson Creek. Cluggage and pool were packers. Many think they were the discoverers of gold, on Jackson Creek, but his is not so. It was a veautiful valley, that of Rogue River and the paradise of packers, the tall grass affording of forage for mules. Stopping at Skinners. about the first of February, 1852, Cluggage and Pool heard of the discovery made by Sykes and Co. They then drove their mules from Skinners situated on Bear Creek six miles northeast from Jacksonville, on to the present site of Jacksonville where they turned them loose and began prospecting. They soon discovered rich diggings which soon took the name of Rich Gulch.

Sykes ' discovery on Jackson Creek close to where the west line of the present incorporated town of Jacksonville now lies, and about half a mile north of where Cluggage and Pool made their discovery on Rich Gulch. Pool was a natural miner and prospector. Cluggage was a packer and happened to be a partner of Pool. It was not in 1851 that Cluggage and Pool discovered Rich Gulch, nor was Rich Gulch the place where gold was first discovered in the Rogue River Valley but the Sykes discovery before mentioned was first.

The next settlement on the road to Yreka at the time of Judge Duncan's arrival was at the head of the Rogue River valley 25 miles south of where Jacksonville now stands. Dunn, Smith, Russell, Barron and others who had taken up claims within a few miles of each other in the fall of 1851. The settlers here-in named were there prior to the first day of January 1852.

Judge Duncon on his arrival located a claim on Bear Creek near Wagner Creek. Bear Creek was first called Stewart Creek in honor of Capt. Stewart who was killed by the Indians in 1851 while in discharge of duty. He was buried on the banks of this stream and the stream never should have been changed though it is now fixed as Bear Creek. Wagner Creek was called after Jacob Wagner , a resident of Ashland, Oregon. He settled on the creek in 1852 buying out Stone and Point. Judge Duncan's claim was southeast from Jacksonville twelve miles.

After taking up this claim, Judge Duncan proceeded to the mines at Jackson-

heighborhood, as news spread and people rushed from Yreak and from the Umpqua Valley, and this so lately kkkkd wilderness, began to roar as a mining camp. For two or three wekks, Judge Duncan paid little attention to reports of various rumors which reached his place, some saying that the mines were (sick?) and did not amount to much, But when he has planted his portatoes, he concluded to go and see for himself.... Judge Duncan then mineed from 1852-1858, selling his land cäaim. He had to live on his claim in order to hold it, and could not do that and mine at the same timework his mining claim.

During this time there were two Indian Wars, one in 1853 and one in 1855. There were besides these many Indian wars. The Indians were badly treated by the bad miners. the Indians were disposed to be friendly but being turned upon by bad whites, they retaliated and the whites in return slaughtered them indiscriminately. It was the old story.

The war of 1853 began as follows. Abo t ashland sixteen miles south from Jacksonville lived a tribe of bad Indians led by Tipsee Tyee, or the bearded cheif. (Thomas) Wills, a merchant of Jacksonville returning from his farm near Wagner Creek one day was fired upon by some of this band . Wills was brought into town and shortly afterward died. Of course, the excitement was intense and the enraged populace begain to slaughter right and left. The pioneers of Southern Oregon are turning their attention to gathering incidents of these wars and will be printed as an address, or in newspaper form. J.B. Sutton of Ashland Tidings, has a fancy that way.

Beginning with Josephine Creek, the gold discoveries of this region were as follows. Josephine Creek, in 1851, Big Bar, on Rogue River in 1851, Jacksonville, diggings, in äk Jan of 1852, Applegate diggings on the south side of Jackson County in 1852, Applegate Creek has been mined for thirty years together with its various branches. On Foot s Creek, 15 miles west of Jacksonville, gold was found in the autumn of 1852 and owing to the scarcity of water, there are good diggings there yet. Willow Springs(5 miles north of Jacksonville, gold was discovered there in the fall of ? they proved to be good and are today. The scarcity of water having prevented their being worked out. Jackson kkkkk Cree, running into Applegate Creek having it s ource four miles west of Jacksonville was mined for eight miles from its source and offered good diggings, yet for Chinamen the northern part of the county is Pleasant Creek, running into Rogue River which were good mines. Dry diggings near Grant's Pass proved good but water was scarce. Then Sterling Creek at the headwaters of Applegate Creek became one of the richest camps in the county. There, diggings have been lately improved by ditches and hydraulics, latest improvements . One ditch Thompson Ankeny and Co. kdkdkdkdkkk proprietors, cost about 75,000 . It is 23 miles long . Ditches and hydraulic machiner are being rekdkdkdk applied to the mines on Applegate Creek. The Chinese have dug a ditch and put up hydraulic machinery there at a cost of $25,000. Klippeln, Hanna and co. have put in a ditch and hydraulic at a cost of 25,000. At a little camp called Forty-nine diggings about 8 miles south east from Jacksonvelle, 2 hydraulics are at work.

[probably how Bancroft got this at U.C. Berkeley]

NEWS ITEMS.

—William Niblo, the veteran theatrical manager, died on Wednesday in New York, aged 80 years.

—In the United States there are 530 females practicing as doctors, 420 as dentists, 5 as lawyers, and 68 as preachers.

—The stages carrying the mails in Arizona have been stopped and robbed by highwaymen six times within the last two weeks.

—Salmon eggs sent from the United States to Germany last year have been successfully hatched and the young fish placed in the river Rhine.

—The skull of Capt. Jack, the Modoc Chief, who was hung for the murder of Gen. Canby, adorns the library of the Jewett Scientific Society of Lockfort.

—A woman in Steele county, (Minn.,) had her husband and son killed by lightning five years ago. She married again, and her second lord was killed by lightning last week.

—Mr. Jay Cooke, since his failure nearly five years ago, has been living with his son-in-law. He has grown old rapidly. His tall form and white hat can be seen almost daily on Third street, Philadelphia.

—Victor Hugo can hardly be persuaded to leave Paris, so greatly does he love to reside there. After energetic urging, however, by his physician and friends he has lately been induced to go to Guernsey for a change of air.

4,000 MILES BY WAGON.

Robert Elder and his wife, who reside near Brazoria, Texas, a town about sixty miles west of Galveston, decided that they would pay a visit to friends residing in Norristown, Pa. Years ago, when Elder was young, he and his wife travelled in a wagon from Shreveport, La., to the place in Texas where they settled, and, since then, having no occasion to move, the uses of railroads and Pullman cars remained unknown to them, while the possibilities for a "prairie schooner" (canvas-covered wagon) was a bright memory. They recognized in it all that was necessary to pleasantly journey 2,000 miles from home and back, and accordingly they hitched up a sorrel team, and on the 10th of January last they left Brazoria, and on the 2d of August they arrived in Philadelphia. August 21st they started on their long journey home, drawn by the same sorrel team and riding in the identical "prairie schooner" in which they left the Lone Star State. Their friends had moved from Norristown and the main object of their journey was not accomplished. Nevertheless they had a good time and drove down to Absecom and from there rode over to Atlantic City in the cars, their first railroad experience, to see the ocean. They spent a day there drove back to Camden and encamped at the foot of Spruce street for a few days, having the wagon repaired and laying in supplies. They were just 200 days on their trip, averaging ten miles a day on the road. If they make

oct 75110

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
For he once called one [illegible]
[illegible]
If you take [illegible]
[illegible] left it here.
To [illegible] the mouth, but, Mamma says he
has [illegible] paid in a year,
[illegible] with [illegible] curtailers
When I once heard a gentleman say,
She didn't mind that for the nose, dear;
it only was just in her way!

[illegible] And yet it's the queerest of
all, that whatever I say
One half of the folks are a laughing, and the
rest they all look t'other way.
And some say "That child!" Do they ever
say that to such people as yet?
[illegible] may be you're naturally silly, and
that makes your eyes so askew!

"Now hush! Don't you dare to be crying!
just as sure as you live if you do
I'll call up my big dog to bite you, and I'll
[illegible] my papa kill you too!
And then where'll you be? So play, pretty.
There's my doll and a nice piece of cake.
You don't want it—you think it's poison!
Then I'll eat it, just for your sake!"

—[illegible]

Scraps of Southern Oregon and Northern California History.

The Beginning of the Rogue River War—The Murder of the Indian Boy, Etc. Etc.

The 5th and 6th days of August, 1853 will long be remembered by the people of Southern Oregon, as dark days in their early history. On the 4th, Edward Edwards, had been murdered at his home on Stewards creek (Bear creek), and on the 5th Thomas Wills was killed. The next day August 6th Nolan was killed in his cabin among [illegible] on Jackson creek.

Thos. Wills was killed near the spot where the residence of Hon. A. M. Berry now stands, just at dark. The inmates of the Robinson house, including the writer, heard the firing followed by the cries and groans of Mr. Wills distinctly. This murder followed so close after the other, spread consternation throughout the country. The news rapidly spread far and wide and the miners from Applegate, Foots creek and the other various mining camps flocked to Jacksonville for safety.

On the 7th of August, the miners captured two Shasta Indians, one on Jackson creek, and the other on Applegate. These Indians were both in

[illegible]
child ten months old, by a [illegible] of Capt. Williams' [illegible] company [illegible] on the [illegible] day of November 1855. The woman and child had been taken prisoners and entrusted to this man and one other to guard in the rear of the company as they marched toward Illinois valley. He wantonly shot them and left them laying by the side of the road; I will add also the murder of "Dick" Johnson and his family in Douglas county.

There were several other heartless murders committed during the war of '55 and '6 of which we will speak in the course of our sketches—Ed Tidings.

Had Martin Angel remained quiet, I would have saved the boy. As it was he was responsible for his death. Martin Angel was a good neighbor, a kind husband and father and an influential citizen but an implacable enemy to the whole Indian race. But poor unfortunate man! he at last came to his death at the hands of the Indians. On the 21 day of January, 1856 during the war of '55 and '6, he was in search of Indians between Jacksonville and Applegate, and while riding down Poorman's creek, he was shot by Indians and instantly killed.

The murderers of Edwards and Kyle were tried in the District court at Jacksonville on the 7th and 8th of January 1854. They were found guilty and hanged on the following Friday, being the 10th day of January.

The following particulars of the trial of these murderers, are gleaned from the records of the court.

The officers of the court were Hon. O. B. McFadden, Judge; O. B[illegible], Prosecuting Attorney; Matthew G. Kennedy, Sheriff; and Lycurgus Jackson, Clerk.

The Grand Jury presented indictments against Indian Tom and George for the murder of James C. Kyle.

They were brought into court and arraigned and having no council, the court appointed D. B. Brennan and P. P. Prim to defend them; these attorneys being their choice. Louis Dennis was appointed, in connection with Mr. Colver, to act as interpreters to the court and jury. Indian George was first put on trial, and the following jury was impanelled to try the case: S. D. Vandyke, Edward McCartie, T. Gregard, A. Davis, Robt. Hargadine, A. D. Lake, James Hamlin, Sam'l Hall,

[illegible] that
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] of those who fell most keenly the galling yoke of papal tyranny. [illegible] was only hastened by the trampling of the iron heel of despotism in the effort to secure its prenatal destruction. The same determined malignity followed it during its infancy and youth. [illegible] it had to much of deadly opposition, it is not surprising that Protestantism furnished early examples of wild fanaticism.

Of these, I will mention three under the general topic.

I.

AN APPEAL TO FORCE OF ARMS

This occurred, A. D., 1522, while Luther was still shut up in Wartburg Castle. Carlstadt of Saxony headed a large company of enthusiasts in the destruction of images and relics found in the churches. They also committed other acts of violence and folly. Luther no sooner heard of these irregularities, than he determined to leave his retreat that he might save the honor of the reformation. By a series of sermons, he soon succeeded in quelling the riot.

Luther has been charged by some with favoring the use of the sword for propagation of his doctrines. But all such charges are sufficiently disproved by a reference to letters written by him at this time. In these, he denounces such measures as worse than useless and shows that the people must be instructed in the true principles of religion, and then the images and other fruits of ignorance will naturally fall away. The conviction led him to urge forward the work of translating the scriptures into German, so that the common people might read it. And inasmuch as the folly of Carlstadt hastened this work to completion, it was not an unmixed evil.

II.

THE ANABAPTISTS.

The errorists commonly known as Anabaptists are only an offshoot from a sect of that name whose existence dates to the middle of the third century. A few fanatics of this sect made their appearance in Zwickau in Saxony, A. D. 1520. Efforts were made to suppress the heresy, but as usual, persecution only caused error to spread more rapidly.

In 1533, Bockhold and Matthias appeared at Munster, a Protestant city in Westphalia, claiming gifts of prophecy and gained such an influence over the excited and excitable people, that great

White Jasmine.

White jasmine stretches far and wide,
Along the gray wall's southern side
Its graceful branches wreathe,
And wafts of Summer sweet and free,
Among the verdure and the snow,
Perfume her quick breathe.

The golden lady that once was gay
And fragrant at the August day
Are empty and forlorn;
The hungry bees afar have flown,
The gravel walks are weed o'ergrown,
The lily is a thorn.

Within the house, each empty room
Is silent in about cheerless gloom,
With chairs set by the wall cold;
No pleasant smile upon the wall,
No single trace is left of all
We cherished so of old.

But in the southern sunshine bright
And by the jessamine-veil'd in white,
A youthful maiden stands,
With lips that speak of sad unrest,
A bunch of daisies on her breast,
And jessamine in her hands.

With fancy-ill-locks of shining love,
Her blue eyes wander to [illegible] above,
To some sweet spot;
The home where dearest dead went forth
To shadows, this is common earth,

Ah, maiden as the jessamine snow
Doth wander on the years that go
With taken to grave way,
Will grow the wide [illegible] as fate
As strong, and [illegible]
As [illegible]

Yet let the daisies on thy breast
To children at their merriest rest,
In bridle paths dost [illegible];
And let the jessamine in hand,
Whisper of fair golden summer land
By sweeter suns on high.

So may the memory of this hour,
Thy first and dearest, ever come
With healing strength to thee;
To enfold thee by [illegible] grace,
Or ever spread abiding place,
Peaceful and [illegible].

MISS KITTY BECOMES NEIGHBORLY.

"Oh, you're the girl lives on the corner!
Come in. If you want to become, quick!
There's room but go to the house and the
Cook's—but she's only a nigger.
Don't try the front way, but come over the
fence—catch hold the window—that's how.
Don't be afraid of the big dog—he won't bite you;
Just see him obey me!—Come now!

"What's your name? Mary Ellen? How funny! Mine's Kitty—it's shorter, you see. But you shall be Mary, for you're plainer Though may be just as good as me.
For such says I'm sometimes a devil, and
Jessie call folks names is talk
For be once called our cousin's no angel
—so I worry Mary, she must walk.
If you live, for family pride's sake
once a week let it have
To visit by the month. But Minnie says he
hasn't been paid for you.
Why, I once heard a gentleman say
She didn't mind that for the votes, dear

[illegible] Alternose, R. Miller, Esq. R. Henderson. After hearing the evidence in the case, arguments of counsel and charge of the Judge they rendered a verdict of guilty in the 1st degree. On motion of the Prosecuting Attorney the Court proceed to pronounce the following sentence on the Prisoners of the Court.

You, Indian George, have been indicted and tried for one of the highest offences known to the law, to wit: The crime of murder. You have had a fair and impartial trial, as much so, as if you had belonged to our own race. You have had the benefit of counsel who did everything for you that was possible. But an intelligent and upright jury, upon a fair and dispassionate examination of the evidence given against you, not only by those whom you suppose to be unfriendly toward your people, but by the chiefs of your own tribe, have found you, Indian George, guilty in manner and form, as you stand indicted, of having on the night of the 7th of Oct 1853, deliberately, and without premeditation and malice, shot Jas C. Kyle and as there was no provocation on the part of Mr. Kyle which could justify you in the use of violence toward him, they have said that you are guilty of murder in the first degree, an offense which by our laws is punishable by death. It therefore, becomes my duty to pass on you the sentence approved by our laws.

The sentence of the court is, that you, Indian George, be taken hence by the Sheriff of the county of Jackson, and be by him, the said Sheriff, kept and detained in safe and secure custody until Friday, the 19th day of February, A. D., 1854, and between the hours of 10 o'clock, A. M., and 12 A. M. of said days and that you, Indian George, be taken by the said Sheriff or his lawful deputy or successor in office, on the day and between the hours in that he has last aforesaid, from the place of confinement to a gallows, to be by said Sheriff, for that purpose erected at Jacksonville, in the county of Jackson, and there to be hanged by the neck, until you, Indian George, be dead and may God have mercy on your soul.—

[Continued.]

For the Times.

The Vagaries of Protestantism.

Protestantism, like many things that have became great in the world, had a very inauspicious beginning. Though the Holy Ghost [illegible] the author [illegible] gentleman, it was considered in the hearts of those who felt most keenly the galling yoke of papal tyranny; [illegible] was only hastened by the [illegible] of the iron heel of despotism in the effort to secure its [illegible] liberation. The same determined [illegible]

CO. ET. 14
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ISSUE

U. S. postal inspector Moore, recently appointed from Virginia, was in Ashland the first of the week on an official tour through California and a part of this state.

Old residents of Southern Oregon who have heard ex-Governor Woods speak in past years will enjoy the opportunity of listening to his oratory again on the 3d proximo.

A number of people of this neighborhood contemplate going to Portland and Astoria on the excursion next week. The cheap fare, $11 for the round trip, is attractive.

Trout fishing is not quite so good as usual this season in the small streams. The low water last season probably prevented the fish from increasing in the usual ratio.

The Jacksonville Silver Cornet Band has been engaged to furnish music for the Gold Hill celebration and the Jacksonville juvenile band will do the same at Foots creek.

Brick from Medford and lumber from Grant's Pass will make the new block on the corner of Main and Oak streets. It is too bad that there is no timber or clay near Ashland.

It is rumored that seven trains a week will be run each way on the O. & C. R. R. between Ashland and Portland after the Southern Pacific company takes possession of the road.

Prof. McKanlass, the world's champion violinist, banjo king, cornetist, will play on two cornets, two banjo's and two harmonicas at once on Sat., June 26, at Granite Hall. x

Wolborn Beeson, of Talent, now has one of the best enclosed pasture tracts in the county, having just finished some four miles of fencing around his choice land over on Antelope.

It was Wm. Patton, instead of Israel Patton who led his brother and nephew around in a circle and finally followed his own trail back home on his way to Beaver creek, as reported last week.

Miss Emma Montel, queen of colored vocalists, will sing "Coming Through the Rye," and "Old Folks at Home," with McKanlass Jubilee Concert Co. to-morrow evening at Granite hall. x

Clean out your drains and sinks and look out for the thorough drainage of level land where surplus water from irrigation may collect. Let us not invite malaria and fever to our naturally healthful town.

Life insurance in the best companies and on the best plans at lowest rates. If you want safe insurance in strong companies always consult a local agent. G. F. Billings can always give you rates, plans, &c.

Two Chinamen fell to fighting at the Chinese store and gambling house near the railroad last Friday, and one caught a pistol bullet in his hand, damaging one of his fingers to some extent. He said, "no likee."

coon in Ashland are the largest and best bills ever printed in Southern Oregon. The TIDINGS means to keep at the front in facilities for printing of all kinds, and the liberal patronage received from all parts of Southern Oregon shows that its enterprise is appreciated.

Gen. John E. Ross claims, in an interview with us, that there was no battle fought by the whites against the Indians on the summit of Table Rock. He says that Capt. Taylor was killed by the Indians back of Table Rock, but no battle was ever fought on the rock. As Mr. Ross was a second lieutenant in the Cayuse war, he ought to know.—Courier.

In the report of the TIDINGS from the Klamath county election two weeks ago it was stated that H. M. Thatcher was elected school superintendent by a majority of five votes over W. E. Greene. This was just exactly wrong. Mr. Greene, the Democratic nominee, was elected by five votes over Mr. Thatcher. Pretty close running for both of the gentlemen.

Repairs are badly needed on the main road south of Ashland, and even in town the roads are too rough for comfortable driving. The stage drivers and others who travel south of town complain that there are numerous "chuck holes" and some water-cuts across the road which should be filled with gravel. Oregon's reputation for poor roads is not likely to suffer soon, we fear.

W. H. Wickham brought to the TIDINGS office Monday a bunch of Mayduke cherries from his place in town which shows that there are some trees heavily laden this year, notwithstand the unlucky spring frost. The cherries formed a cluster completely encircling and surrounding the limb on which they grew, and looked like a huge, thick bunch of grapes.

July 1st the Ashland–Linkville stage line will change hands. During the past four years the mail contract has been in the hands of the well known mail contractors, Cluggage & Pease, and although they were unlucky enough to have taken the contract at losing figures the service has been performed promptly and well, and under the management of their careful agent, Mr. Slade, the stage line has been a credit to the proprietors and an invaluable convenience to the traveling public.

The Jackson county members of the graduating class at the state university, Messrs. Geo. W. Dunn, of Ashland, Frank Huffer, of Jacksonville, and W. H. Gore, of Eden precinct, all came home on Sunday morning's train. The graduating exercises were reported in the Oregonian and the orations and essays of this year's class were of a higher grade, it is said, than the average of commencement day either at this or other colleges." The themes of the Jackson county graduates were as follows: Geo. W. Dunn, "Reform, our National Safe guard;" W. H. Gore, "National Aid to Education;" F. A. Huffer, "Radicalism vs. Conservatism."

The Grant's Pass paper tells it [illegible]

Saturday by her father, Daniel Crumiller.

Mr. A. Ustick came up from L[inkville] county Tuesday morning. He repo[rts] dry weather in the Willamette—an a[bsence] of the usual summer fogs, a[nd] prospects of very poor yield from l[ate] grain crops.

Mrs. W. G. Simpson, who has been Portland for some three months, rea[ding] in the free kindergarten school cently established in that city, is e[x]pected home to-morrow, or within a f[ew] days, at latest.

Misses Etta and Stella Moore, of Lin[k]ville, who have been attending the st[ate] university at Eugene City, returned hom[e] the first of the week, Mr. Ben Lev[y] meeting them at Ashland with his c[ar]riage from Linkville.

B. A. Stanard, formerly proprietor the Pioneer Hotel and one of the TI[DI]NGS force, has moved with his family Grant's Pass, where he takes the po[si]tion of foreman and job printer on t[he] Courier. Success to him.

Mr. E. A. Swope, of Portland, wh[o] had been at Soda Springs for a week two, returned to Portland by Mond[ay] evening's train. He intends to co[me] out with his family late in the season spend some times at the springs.

Mrs. Lizzie White, sister of J. I[.] Fountain, who has resided in Ashla[nd] for some two years past, started We[d]nesday evening for Weston, Umatil[la] county, to visit relatives there. Sh[e] will go thence to Lewiston, Idaho, b[e]fore returning to Ashland.

John VanDyke, of Eden precinct, in a precarious condition from the effec[ts] of blood poisoning from the knife woun[d] inflicted in his thigh several months ag[o]. Physicians have been in consultatio[n] over the advisability of amputation, bu[t] concluded not to perform the operation

Mr. J. E. Houston wasn't elected Governor this time, but was re-elected Grand Secretary of the I. O. G. T. an[d] secretary of the Oregon State Tempe[r]ance Alliance. He has held these tw[o] offices for a number of terms, and to th[e] entire satisfaction of the organization

Thos. Gravenor of Albany, Wisconsin agent of the Western Stage Co., arrive[d] here the first of the week to take charg[e] of the stage line and mail contract be[-] tween Ashland and Fort Klamath. O[n] Wednesday he went out over the line t[o] Linkville and the Fort. Mr. Gravenor will make Ashland his home for a yea[r] or more.

H. C. Hill returned the first of th[e] week from an extended visit with h[is] children, Mrs. Skidmore and C. H. Hill at Seattle, W. T. He reports dull time[s] at Seattle, and property slow sale at much lower rates than two years ag[o] when the boom turned people, head[s] there. Mr. Hill attended the grand lodge, A. F. A. M. at Portland la[st] week.

Mr. William Crawford, of Tule Lak[e] and Miss Lola Headrick, eldest daughte[r] of Mrs. D. Headrick of Ashland, we[re]

INDIAN WARS.

Brief Sketch of the Various Conflicts with the Aborigines.

An Address Delivered by Capt. L. F. Mosher at the First Grand Encampment of Veterans Recently Held at Oregon City.

[The accompanying article is probably the most complete and succinct account of the Indian wars of the Northwest coast that has yet been written.—ED.]

Fellow Veterans:—It is eminently proper that the survivors of the Indian wars in Oregon and Washington should assemble once a year for the purpose of renewing old associations, for reviving ancient reminiscences and for paying proper respect to the gallant dead. The frosts of many winters are whitening our heads the inevitable reaper is thinning our ranks day by day, and it is well that the few years remaining to us should be devoted to strengthening the bonds of friendship which unite those who have endured the same hardships and encountered the same perils.

The place for our encampment has been fitly chosen. Oregon City is the oldest laid-out town on the Northern Pacific coast, it was the first capital of the territory and has been the scene of many very interesting incidents in our early history, the record of which properly belongs to the Pioneer association. It is also fortunate that the two associations have met at the same time. While the Veterans were all pioneers all the pioneers were not veterans. Some had to protect the homes, the business of the country and to provide for the army in the field, but each and all contributed to the defense of the country as much as the soldiers and are entitled to equal credit.

This being our first annual encampment, it is a part of our duty to give a slight sketch of the different Indian wars in which the members of this association have participated. This is the more necessary since, after more than a quarter of a century of peace, the present citizens of the state know little of this history and still less of the difficulties encountered by the early settlers in establishing the quiet and security they now enjoy.

The first organized conflict between the settlers and the Indians occurred in the year 1847 and is known as the Cayuse war. Its inception was the unprovoked and cold-blooded butchery of Doctor Marcus Whitman and his wife missionaries at Waiilatpu, and eleven white men in their employ. On the 27th of November, 1847, a band of Cayuse Indians, by previous concert, assembled at the mission, which was situated near the present city of Walla Walla, and without waiting for provocation, fell upon the unarmed and unsuspecting occupants and slaughtered them without mercy. The intelligence of the massacre was immediately sent by a special messenger to Gov. Douglas at Vancouver by Mr. McBean, who was in charge of the Hudson Bay company's fort at Walla Walla, and by him forwarded to Gov. Abernethy, at Oregon City. The pioneers of Oregon were as Indian creek, with the fight at Big Bend in consequence, the affair at Port Orford known as Battle Rock and the attack upon the T'Vault expedition on the Coquille in which Capt. S. L. Williams and Cyrus Hedden displayed a degree of heroism seldom equaled. Each of these incidents and many more deserve to be perpetuated in our records.

During the summer of 1853, the southern Indians having provided themselves with what was deemed a sufficient supply of arms and ammunition, in the month of August broke out into open war. On the fourth Edwards, a farmer on Bear creek, was murdered, on the fifth Thomas Wills, a merchant of Jacksonville, was shot in sight of the town and an indiscriminate warfare upon the miners and farmers immediately followed. No one, unless he was present can appreciate the situation in Rogue river valley at that time. The farmers, who mostly arrived in the previous autumn, were busy in their first harvest; the miners were busily engaged in prospecting and preparing for the next winter's work, and all were too much engaged with their own affairs to notice the Indians or their movements, but none doubted that they were in perfect safety. Although the outbreak came very suddenly the pioneers were equal to the emergency. The families near the towns were hurried there for shelter; in the remote districts the neighbors congregated at the largest log-house, which was hastily provided with a stockade and loopholed for defense. In this the women and children were gathered, the little garrison left in charge of the old men and boys, while the able-bodied men rode out to meet the desperate savages. These at once formed themselves into companies, each under his favorite leader as captain. The captains were John F. Miller, J. K. Lamerick, Bob Williams, E. A. Evans and W. W. Fowler. These men furnished their own horses, arms and ammunition and to a large extent their own commissary stores. Siskiyou county in Northern California furnished two companies under Captains J. P. Goodall and Jacob Rhodes, and the United States government Captain Alden and three privates. Captain Alden, at their request, assumed command of the whole force. The first engagement between the hostile forces occurred between Lieutenant B. B. Griffin, of Captain Miller's company, and

CHIEF JOHN'S BAND,

in Applegate creek, the second was between Lieutenant Ely of Goodall's company, and the scouts from the main body of the Indians at Little Meadows. Gen. Jos. Lane, who had been elected to Congress in June, was at his home in the Umpqua valley when the news of the outbreak was received, and without delay he hastened with fifty volunteers to the scene of hostilities. Capt. Alden at once tendered him the command, which he accepted, and an aggressive movement immediately ordered. The scouts reported the Indians to have fallen back from Table Rock towards the head waters of Evans creek, burning the forest behind them to destroy their trail. Gen. Lane divided his command; the left wing consisting of Miller and Lamerick's companies under command of Col. John E. Ross were ordered to proceed up Evans creek, while the right wing consisting of Goodall and Rhodes' companies, the Umpqua volunteers and Capt. Alden, under the command of Gen. Lane moved up Trail creek to a designated junction near the head of Evans creek. Each command was ordered to present adjutant severely, and private John Low, slightly.

This brings us to the war of 1855-6. This was a general uprising of the Indians from the line of British Columbia to and including northern California of the tribes east of the Cascade mountains and of the coast tribes from Puget Sound to Crescent City in California. The cause of the war was the rapid settlement of the country by Americans and the failure of the general government to provide sufficient troops at the proper points for the protection of the settlers. Congress, by the act of September 27, 1850, commonly called the donation act, invited settlers to Oregon and Washington by a liberal grant of land before they provided for the extinguishment of the Indian title. It is true that a superintendent of Indian affairs had been provided and divers agents had been appointed who drew their salaries with great regularity, but who really had no more influence with the different tribes than the judges of the supreme court.

AFTER THE SETTLERS HAD CONQUERED

The Southern Indians in 1853, a treaty was made, the first in our recollection, by which the Indians received an annuity for their possessory right to the land, and many others followed. I cannot resist making a digression at this point in order to give a description of an Indian treaty on this coast. They are traditional, and all alike in their principal features. It is commenced by a smoke and a grand "Potlach," which consists principally in giving the Indians a feast, for his heart is most easily reached from the stomach, a few old uniforms for the chiefs and some gay petticoats and trinkets for the women. After the feast, the talk or "wa-wa" commences, which is a very tedious performance and often lasts for days and always for hours. It is opened by the superintendent, who repeats one that appears to have been stereotyped since the days of Thomas Jefferson. The first part is a description of the great father at Washington and his power as chief, of his being the father of the white and the red men, that he desires to treat the red man with the same kindness he bestows upon the whites; that if the red man will be good and go on a reservation he will receive an annuity an annual "potlatch," while the second part warns him that if he violates the treaty and makes war, the Great Father will punish him with the troops. The savage appreciates the feast, but all that he appreciates of his treaty obligation, is the power of the government to punish him for its violation. When, therefore, the United States government left only a two-company post in Southern Oregon at Fort Lane, a small force at Vancouver and the same on Puget sound, with a handful of men at Fort Orford, the settlers were at the mercy of the Indians, so far as the protection of the United States were concerned.

The settlement of the country by the whites led to a closer connection between the Indians of the northern and southern parts of the country, the intercourse between whom had been very limited before that time. They were thus enabled to strike the blow they hoped would restore to them the whole country, and which proved so disastrous to the settlers. The outbreak in the south came with the suddenness of a cloudburst. It is true that ever since the treaty of 1853, roving bands of Indians were continually committing robberies and murders in the remote and thinly settled portions of the country, but as the main body remained on the

of the state, but of the nation, but there were hundreds of lesser rank whose bravery and self-devotion were equal to theirs, many of whom lie buried in the mountains where they fell, with no headstone to mark the spot, but whose memories is preserved by their comrades and will be kept ever green as long as this association exists. Now, comrades, I would beg pardon for having been so tedious if it were not a privilege you gave when you invited me to address you. In conclusion I would advise that this organization be extended until every veterain is named upon its muster rolls and that every one shall furnish to his own camp his personal experience, which collected, will not only be of interest to us, but will be valued by those who come after. I know not how others may feel, but the proudest legacy I can leave to my children is the bit of ribbon which proclaims me an honorable member of this association.

Oregon City. The pioneers of Oregon were as prompt in those days as they have been since, in coming to the rescue of their brethren. On the 8th of December Gov. Abernethy by message informed the provisional legislature of the situation and called for volunteers. On the 10th

THE OREGON RIFLES

Reached Vancouver, received their supplies and pushed on for The Dalles, where they arrived on the 21st of the same month. The officers of of this company were Capt. Henry A. G. Lee, Lieut. Joseph Magone and John E. Ross. On the 9th of December the provisional legislature authorized the equipment of a regiment of 500 men. The regiment was raised at once, the officers being Col. C. Gilliam, Lieut.-Col. James Waters, Major H. A. G. Lee. It must be borne in mind that at that date there were not to exceed a thousand fighting men, citizens of the United States, in the whole country. The advance of this regiment, under Col. Gilliam, arrived at The Dalles on February 23, 1848. The campaign was conducted with such vigor that before the end of the month the Nez Perces or the Des Chutes, after several engagements, were compelled to make a treaty of peace. The regiment hastened on to the Cayuse country. The first engagement with the tribe occurred at Sand Hollow, a spirited engagement in which the Indians were defeated, and retired for safety to the fastnesses of Snake river. Col. Gilliam made a successful raid into this region and captured a Cayuse camp, but being short of supplies was compelled to return to the Whitman mission. On March 21, 1848, Col. Gilliam with an escort started to The Dalles for supplies and was killed at Well Springs by the accidental discharge of his own rifle. Col. Waters was elected his successor and prosecuted the war with great energy. The Cayuses were forced to abandon their hunting grounds and seek refuge in the mountains, where pursuit was at that time impossible, when the volunteers returned to their homes. During the war several efforts were made to secure peace by treaty, which were put unsuccessful for the reason that the Indians would not consent to deliver up the murderers of Dr. Whitman, which was demanded by the troops as preliminary to any treaty. In February, 1849 Gen. Jo Lane, the first territorial governor, arrived at Oregon City, and almost his first act after organizing the new government was to go in person to the Cayuse country to make peace with the tribe and secure the murderers. In both objects he was successful. He returned with the five assassins, who were tried before Judge Pratt at this place, found guilty and executed June 3, 1850.

This prompt and decisive blow by the soldiers settled the war question in Northern Oregon and Washington for a number of years. Volumes of newspaper correspondence have been published to account for the Whitman massacre, and from this has arisen much acrimonious feeling. To all of you who have a knowledge of Indian character, the solution is easy. The Indians were friendly to the first discoverers and voyageurs because they could trade with them and obtain guns, ammunition, blankets and trinkets for provisions and supplies. When the missionaries, having selected their best hunting grounds for that purpose, were becoming self-supporting, the Indians found that while their finest lands were being occupied there was

NOTHING FREE BUT THE GOSPEL,

and they determined to drive them from the country. The Indians of the southern part of Oregon were of a different and more warlike race. They had no personal property to exchange for what they desired from the whites, and always looking upon them as enemies, having crept to a designated junction near the head of Evans creek. Each command was ordered to follow the trail when found, with all speed, and engage the enemy whenever met without waiting for the other command. On the morning of August 23 the troops left camp. The right wing soon struck the trail of the main body of the Indians and followed it all day over a very difficult country and encamped late in the evening. On the next morning it was found that the command was in close proximity with the Indian camp which was in a creek bottom in a dense forest thickly covered with underbrush. Gen. Lane ordered an attack at once. The Indians were taken by surprise, but rallied quickly and made a desperate fight. In the first charge Pleasant Armstrong of Yamhill county was instantly killed, Capt. Alden received a severe wound from a bullet that struck him near the shoulder and passed along his back as he was in a stooping position and the general received a ball in his right arm. Gen. Lane refused to leave the field, but pressed the assault on the center of the camp while Capt. Rhodes was crowding them on the flank. In a short time the Indians begged for peace and a truce was granted. A peace talk followed that resulted in an armistice of seven days, at the expiration of which time the Indians were to assemble near Table Rock, deliver up their arms and go upon a reservation. On the same evening the command of Col. Ross arrived on the battle field, having discovered the trail too late to participate in the engagement. The next day the troops returned to the ferry on Rogue river and went into camp to await the result of the negotiations. This was named Camp Alden, in honor of the gallant soldier who was so severely wounded and who, a short time after, died from its effects. During the armistice reinforcements arrived from various sources.

CAPTAIN J. W. NESMITH,

With La Fayette Grover as lieutenant, led a company of fifty men as an escort to Lt. Kautz, who, with seven regular soldiers had command of a howitzer and ammunition, Capt. A. J. Smith, with one company of the first dragoons from Fort Orford, who had made the trip over a road which, before and since, was deemed impassable for mounted men, even without the additional distraction of burning forests, and a company of volunteers from Crescent City under the command of Capt. Wm. Terry. The delay in camp was tedious and the cause of much anxiety to the general. Gen. Palmer, the superintendent of Indian affairs, who alone was authorized to make a permanent treaty had not arrived, and the Indians were by no means unanimous on agreeing to the terms proposed by General Lane on the battlefield. The seven days passed and no Indians came to the treaty ground, making the situation still more critical; but at last an Indian messenger arrived in camp, fixing the date of the treaty on the 10th of September. The terms upon which it was to be held were that only ten unarmed whites should be present; the Indian chiefs were to be there with their arms and their warriors within convenient distance to support them, while Captain Smith and his company of dragoons should remain at the foot of the hill, nearly half a mile away. On the morning of the 10th the parties met at the place and upon the terms agreed upon. The white party consisted of Gen. Lane, Joel Palmer, Indian superintendent; Samuel Culver, Capt. A. J. Smith, First dragoons; Capt. L. F. Mosher, adjutant to Gen. Lane, Col. John E. Ross, Capt. J. W. Nesmith, Lieut. A. V. Kautz, R. H. Metcalf, J. P. Mason and T. T. Tierney. The Indian chiefs were in full force with the

country, but as the main body remained on the reservation, confidence was felt that they were under the control of the agent and the military. On the 9th of October, 1855, the warriors left the reservation

ON THE WAR PATH,

Following the military road west and north toward the Grave Creek mountains, leaving desolation in their track. Men, women and children were slaughtered with savage barbarity, houses and barns burned, pack-trains and wagons plundered, and their owners shot and tortured. On that day more than twenty persons lost their lives; and the successful defense of her home, by Mrs. Harris, over the dead body of her husband, has become a household tale of thrilling interest. When the news arrived at Jacksonville, on that day, a company was in the saddle at once, and hastened to the rescue. At Fort Lane they were joined by a company of dragoons under Major Fitzgerald and some civilians, among whom was our comrade James D. Burnett. On the following day Capt. Rinearson organized a company of about fifty men on Cow creek, with which he guarded the road from Grave creek north. Col. John E. Ross assumed command and called for mounted volunteers, and in two days had a force of nine companies, containing 500, and by the 1st of November there were fifteen companies, or 750 men. In the northern part of the state the war broke out about the same time as in the south, and was prosecuted by the Indians in the same savage manner. At its commencement, Major Raines, commanding at Vancouver, attempted to suppress it with the troops at his command; but finding himself unable to effect anything he called upon the executives of Oregon and Washington for assistance, which was promptly rendered. A regiment of ten companies was organized in Oregon, with J. W. Nesmith as colonel and James K. Kelly as lieutenant-colonel, which left The Dalles in October for a winter campaign and sixteen companies were raised in Washington territory.

It is impossible in the time allotted to me, to give even a slight sketch of this war or the privations and suffering of the volunteers during the campaign which followed. The winter was one of unusual severity all over the coast. It is sufficient to say that in the north the volunteers were victorious in every engagement, while in the south the savages were forced into and held in the almost inaccessible fastnesses of the lower Rogue river. I am unable, also, at this time to recall the massacre at the Cascades, the struggle upon Puget sound, the slaughter by Chief Enos at the mouth of Rogue river, or the Indian raid into the southern portion of Douglas county. In the campaign of the spring of 1856 Gen. Wool, who was in command of the Unite States troops on this coast, who persistently refused any aid in the previous winter campaign, rendered a tardy assistance to the volunteers, and the war was finally closed, as far as general hostilities,

AFTER MUCH DESPERATE FIGHTING,

By a general surrender of the Indians. In the south this occurred in June, but was not accomplished in the north until the month of November, 1856.

The sketch here hastily given of the early struggles of the pioneers, suggests that a perfect history of these events should be published by this association while many of the witnesses are still living, for the benefit of future generations. This is more important, since what purports to be a history of Southern Oregon has been published, we regret to say, by a citizen of Oregon. In this the whole facts are ignored, or so distorted as

were being occupied there was

NOTHING FREE BUT THE GOSPEL

and they determined to drive them from the country. The Indians of the southern part of Oregon were of a different and more warlike race. They had no personal property to exchange for what they desired from the whites, and always looking upon them as enemies, they had no hesitation in obtaining it by force or strategy. They had none of the qualities with which philanthrophic friends in the eastern states have clothed them. The horses, mules, guns, ammunition, blankets, and provisions which they needed must be obtained at all events. The first travelers from northern Oregon, then the only settled portion of the territory, to California would feed at their evening camp a number of Indians, who, at dawn of day, would stampede their animals and murder the sleeping inmates. This state of things existed from the time the first oregonian passed through their country from the Willamette valley. The struggles, the escapes and the murders committed by the Indians cannot be told here, but ought to be a part of our records.

The first check these Indians received was in the spring of 1857 from Gen. Phil Kearney, who was on his way from Vancouver to Benicia with a detachment of cavalry. Upon arriving in Rogue river valley he was informed of the conduct of the Indians, and felt it his duty to give them a lesson they would remember. He attacked the Indians at the head of Bear creek with success, but with the loss of Capt. Stewart, a gallant soldier and a veteran of the Mexican war. Gen. Jo Lane, who was on his way to the Scott river mines, arrived on the scene after the first fight, and taking charge of the men who volunteered, who gladly accepted his command, and in conjunction with Gen. Kearney and his troop, inflicted a punishment which was remembered for several years. Soon after this chastisement Governor John L. Gaines, who succeeded Gen. Lane as territorial governor, made a treaty of peace, so-called, with the Rogue river Indians, and to secure its enforcement Judge A. A. Skinner was sent by Gen. Dart, Indian superintendent, as special agent for the Rogue river Indians. Judge Skinner was a very estimable gentleman, but had about the same influence with the tribes he was sent to control as a seminary school teacher would have with Geronimo's Apaches at the present day. While in this office Indian depredations were going on all around him, which he was powerless to restrain; on the contrary, he was compelled to side with his wards to save his own scalp. The Gaines treaty was an utter failure. The Indians continued their depredations upon the whites throughout Southern Oregon, Northern California and on the coast as if no treaty had ever been made. From 1851 to

THE GENERAL OUTBREAK IN 1853.

The farmers and miners of the southern part of the state were compelled to be constantly on their guard against marauding bands of Indians and a volume of thrilling incidents of battle, treachery and murder met by bravery, devotion and self-sacrifice might be written of this time. Among these was the murder of Woodman on

[illegible] on the morning of the 10th. The parties met at the place and upon the terms agreed upon. The white party consisted of Gen. Lane, Joel Palmer, Indian superintendent; Samuel Culver, Capt. A. J. Smith, First dragoons; Capt. L. F. Mosher, adjutant to Gen. Lane, Col. John E. Ross, Capt. J. W. Nesmith, Lieut. A. V. Kautz, R. B. Metcalf, J. D. Mason and T. T. Tierney. The Indian chiefs were in full force, with the exception of John and Tyrese, and were certainly a very formidable band without the addition of the armed warriors on the hill immediately above. The scene was a very striking one and will always be remembered by those who were present owing to a war speech by a chief which came near producing a Canby tragedy and which was only avoided by the coolness and decision of Gen. Lane and his power over the Indians. Col. Nesmith wrote a very graphic description of this event, a copy of which, I regret to say, it is not in my power to present to this encampment. The treaty was, however, made and formally executed, and the war of 1853 was practically at an end. By the terms of the treaty, which is too lengthy to be given here, the Indians surrendered their arms and went on the Table Rock reservation temporarily, received $60,000 for their lands, to be paid in annuities, of which $15,000 was to be retained for damages committed by them, and they were to forfeit their annuities in case they again made war.

AFTER THE TREATY.

Capt. A. J. Smith, now a Major-General of the U. S. army, on the retired list, established a post near the mouth of Stewart or Bear creek within convenient distance of the reservation, and named it Fort Lane which was afterwards increased to a two company post and which proved of great service in holding the Indians in check.

The history of the Oregon veterans would not be complete without a reference to the protection given by the citizens to the immigration by the southern route which, was compelled to pass through the hostile country of the Modocs and Piutes. In this the citizens of Northern California assisted. The records of these expeditions furnish some of the most blood-curdling accounts of the murder of unarmed men, women and children and of fearful but deserved reparation by the whites that the annals of our country contain. After the treaty in 1853 Gen. Lane ordered Capt. John F. Miller, with his company of 115 men, on this duty. They were absent about three months and performed the service satisfactorily, the only casualties being two men wounded. In 1854 Gov. Davis authorized Col. John E. Ross to call into service a company of volunteers for the same purpose. In August of that year a company of seventy men, under the command of Capt. Jesse Walker, proceeded to the Lake country, where they found the Indians, as usual, waiting to rob and murder the immigrants. The campaign was a very effective one. The Indians were driven from the trail, the immigrants escorted through the dangerous ground and the Piutes severely punished for stealing stock. The command returned early in November and were mustered out of service. The only casualties being two men wounded, Sergeant William G. Hill, our

struggles of the pioneers, suggests that a perfect history of these events should be published by this association while many of the witnesses are still living, for the benefit of future generations. This is more important, since what purports to be a history of Southern Oregon has been published, we regret to say, by a citizen of Oregon. In this the whole facts are ignored, or so distorted as to make it appear that the Indians were the victims of the settlers and that the pioneers, especially of Southern Oregon, were desperadoes whose principal amusement was killing Indians or debauching their women. I will not insult my comrades by making a defense to such a libel, but it seems to me but simple justice that the men who laid the foundation of a state, who made its constitution and laws, who endured privations and dangers and shed their blood in its defense, if not entitled to high honors, should be permitted to leave to their descendants a name unburnished by the charge of barbarity or debauch.

While we have not received the credit to which we think we are entitled for our services, it is certain that the United States government has not compensated those who saved this country. In August, 1856, Gen. Lane, then a delegate, obtained the passage of an act of congress providing "that the secretary of war be directed to inquire into the amount necessarily incurred in the suppression of hostilities in the late war in Oregon and Washington by the territorial governments in the maintenance of the volunteer forces engaged, including pay of volunteers and he may, if he deem it necessary, direct a commission of three to report these expenses to him, etc." Under this act a commission was appointed consisting of Capts. A. J. Smith and Rufus Ingalls U. S. army and LaFayette Grover. The commission after a thorough examination reported the sum of $1,449,949.33 was due as the expenses on the part of Oregon. Of this amount less than one-half has been paid and it is due to ourselves to see that the balance is forthcoming. In this connection it is proper that we demand what is justly our due, the payment for the

THE DEPREDATIONS COMMITTED

By the Indians upon the property of the settlers. Coming here under the donation act, the government was bound to protect our settlement, and having failed to do so, it is certainly liable for the damages incurred.

While I have referred to the lack of government aid in our emergency, it is proper that due credit should be given to those officers who did good service in these wars. The most prominent in Southern Oregon were Gen. A. J. Smith, Col. George Crook, Col. H. G. Gibson, who was severely wounded at the battle of Hungry hill, and Col. N. B. Sweitzer; in the north there was Gen. Phil. Sheridan and many others whose records are not familiar to us. These gallant soldiers did good service then, as they have done since, and all will be held in high regard by the people of Oregon.

It is a first duty of this encampment to pay a tribute to our departed comrades. I regret to say that this duty must devolve upon a more eloquent tongue than mine. The deeds of our comrades, Gen Joseph Lane and Col. Nesmith, are emblazoned not only upon the history

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Pioneer Times.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PETITION OF B. F. DOWELL AND OTHERS ASKING PAY FOR THE DEPREDATIONS OF INDIANS.

Many years ago the Supreme Court of the United States decided the Indians only had a possessory title to the lands occupied by them.

Johnson vs. McIntosh 8 Wheaton 514.

But still the Indians in Oregon were promised pay in blankets and agricultural implements and these rash promises led to trouble and dissatisfaction.

On the 7th of Dec. 1847, Governor George Abernathy in his annual message to the Oregon Provisional Legislature, says: "Our relation with the Indians becomes every year more embarassing. They see the white man occupying their land, rapidly filling up the country, and they put in a claim for pay. They have been told that a chief would come out from the United States and treat with them for their lands; they have been told this so often that they begin to doubt the truth of it, at all events, they say he will not come until we are all dead, and then what good will blankets do us? We want something now."

The Government was so slow the Indians demanded pay from the settlers and traders, so it was prudent for them to pay the Indians.

In the spring of 1852, John Long bought the right to trade and keep a ferry on Rogue River of chief Taylor and an Indian wife for $50; in the fall of 1852 James A. Vannoy bought this place of Long, and it has been known as Vannoy's ferry ever since. Wm. Brisbom and B. F. Dowell bought the right to mine and trade on Rogue river and Grave creek, within the dominions of the conn[illegible] which no appeal would [illegible] was quick and beneficial.

It is not more than probable these miners had, like Brisbom, Long and Dowell, paid the Indians for their privilege of mining there would have been no one murdered; or, if the United States had bought this land of the Indians before the miners and farmers were allowed to settle in the country, would not Taylor and his band been friendly with the whites! Or if the United States had promptly ratified and fulfilled the Table Rock treaty, your petitioner's property would not have been destroyed in 1855-6.

The celebrated Silbon [illegible] rejoice in the squab[illegible] 000 challenge aeria[illegible] are one of the big [illegible] Cole's New Colosse[illegible] pear at Medford Monday [illegible] The Silbons are probably the [illegible] known and admired of any gymn[illegible] in the buisness, and there approaching appearances is the city will attract a little interest. Their act is of such novel and artistic character, and the movements so full of grace, that the most timid of Ladies can look upon without any feeling of fear for the daring performers. There are four members of the Silbon family, three brothers, Charles, Walter and Master Eddie, and a sister, Miss Kate. They come from a famous family of English acrobats. The present is their last American season.

JUSTICE'S OFFICE.—The Justices office of G. A. Hubbell, Justice of the Peace will be found at the accustomed Justice's place—The Town Hall. *

Apportionment of School Money.

The following is the second annual apportionment of school money for Jackson county, as made by Wm. Priest, school superintendent, August 16th, for the year 1886.

No. of District	Name of District.	No. of Children	Am't Due.
1	Jacksonville	416	$ 566 60
2	Enterprise	53	71 55
3	Log Town	71	95 85
4	Phoenix	118	159 30
5	Ashland	640	864 00
6	Central Point	100	135 [illegible]
7	Fraternal	136	183 [illegible]

Brisbom and B. F. Dowell bought the right to mine and trade on Rogue river and Grave creek, within the dominions of the country claimed by Chief Taylor and his band, for the consideration of a hundred pounds of [illegible] pounds of tobacco for the Chief, and two bolts of calico for his wife and tribe. These three men never had any trouble with the Indians. But seven miners settled on Rogue river near the mouth of Galice creek without buying of the Indians, and all seven were murdered by Taylor and his band in December, 1853. No white man in the camp escaped to tell the particulars, and the guilt of the Indians depended on circumstances and their own confessions

Chief Taylor and his band early in the spring of 1854 came to Vannoys Ferry to trade, and some of them had more gold than was usual, and had on the clothes of the missing miners. They were questioned by the citizens and miners in the vicinity, and their stories were very contradictory. Some of them bitterly denied the murder, and contended the men were all washed away and drowned. Others said they were killed and threw them into the river. The writer of this article was well acquainted with Wm. Grundage, one of the miners. He knew Grundage in the Summer of 1852, in Polk county where he was teaching school. One of the Indians had on Grundage's clothes, and the writer of this article saw some of them afterwards at Vannoy's ferry. Three of the Indians confessed the murder, and excused it on the ground that the miners refused to pay them for their land.

In 1852 there were no civil courts established in Jackson county except that was called an [Alcalde's] or miner's court, which adopted the common law of the United States as to property, and the Mexican law as to life and death. So these Indians were tried by a miners jury of twelve men. They were all found guilty, including Chief Taylor

county except that was called an [Alcalde's] or miner's court, which adopted the common law of the United States as to property, and the Mexican law as to life and death. So these Indians were tried by a miners jury of twelve men. They were all found guilty, including Chief Taylor and hung.

The first grave ever dug in Jacksonville was for a white man that was shot down by a gambler, and the next grave was for his murderer, who was convicted by a miner's jury, before W. W. Fowler, "Alcalde," and hung on a warrant of the "Alcalde." White men and Indians were all

INDIAN DEPREDATION CLAIMS.—Among the Indian depredation claims examined by the Interior Department and recommended paid by the government are the following, made by persons of Jackson county. Congress will in all probability authorize the payment of the sums recommended. The depredations in these cases were committed by Rogue River Indians. The date of the loss, the amount of damage claimed and the amount allowed or recommended paid are given in that order:

R. F. Dewell, Portland Or., one mule, October 22, 1855, $200; $200 allowed.

Wm. N. King, house, etc., October 9, 1855; $1081.25.

Sigmund Ettinger, one Spanish horse, August, 1853, $150; allowed.

Granville Naylor, oxen, blankets, etc., September 25, 1855; $336.62½; allowed.

Mary A. Harris, house, wheat, etc., October 9, 1855, $3862: $1888.50 allowed.—Tidings.

Mormons total of Mill-

ences and absolute silence.
e refineries composing the
mpany has not yet got into
follows:
Havemeyer & Elder Sugar Re-
Thiemsen & Wiechers Sugar
klyn Sugar Refining Co.,
efining Co., Decastro & Don-
Co., Dick & Myer Sugar Re-
Herck & Co. Sugar Refining
Sugar Refining Co., Oxnard
and in Boston the Standard
ton Sugar Refining Co., Con-
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rtland the Forest City Sugar
New Orleans the Louisiana
and the Planters' Sugar Re-
St. Louis the St. Louis Sugar
remaining refineries in the
The Franklin Sugar Refin-
worked by Messrs. Harrison,
the Delaware Sugar House,
ed by Messrs. E. C. Knight &
ne Sugar Refinery, Boston,
Nash, Spaulding & Co.; and
r Refining Co., San Francisco,
E. L. G. Steele & Co., and the
Refining Co., San Francisco,
us Spreckels.

ATING SUGAR STOCK.

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represents less than $20,000,-
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Sugar Trust is very simple.
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GILLIONS IN IT."

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st will refine a million tons a
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n it lasts."

WAR OF 1855.

Rough Campaigning in the Wilds of Southern Oregon.

The Battle on South Umpqua—An Important Historical Fact now Told for the First Time—Causes Leading to the Umpqua Raid.

PART II.

After the battle of Hungry Hill the Indians scattered for awhile, making the trails and highways of all the Rogue river region dangerous and doing harm wherever they could waylay an unfortunate traveler, slay a miner in his camp or ambush a pack train or a wagon train on the road. The battle had been a drawn game and there was no sign of giving in on their part. The carrying of dispatches was a dangerous trade, as Castleman found when he went on a mission from the Six-Bit house to Jacksonville for the quartermaster-general, John F. Miller. It was too dangerous to travel the usual route through Rogue river valley, so he struck over the mountains for Vannoy's ferry, at the mouth of Applegate, and from there up Applegate valley until opposite Jacksonville, then over the mountain wall by a pack trail to that place. On his return he came near to being ambushed when nearly home, or the Six-Bit house. When passing an ash swale a bullet went whirring close to him, and a mark on the pommel of his saddle dates from that time. The sorrel horse took him out of fire in a short time and he arrived safe.

INDIANS INVADE UMPQUA.

For some weeks the war was quiet. The Indians had drawn the troops off down Rogue river to the Meadows, and held them there, with an impassable river between the forces, stationary for two months. In the meantime, P. F. Castleman was made assistant quartermaster, and stationed at Roseburg. Time passed on and quietness reigned until December 1st, when word came to Roseburg that Indians were burning houses on the South Umpqua. The Indians were supposed to be at the Meadows, a hundred miles away, and none had been seen or heard of in the Cow creek country or the Grave creek hills for a long time. Some travelers, who came from the south, heard firing a little way off the road, where Mr. Rice (father of Judge Rice, well known at Portland) had his land claim. The Rice family were fortified and had a stockade five miles from Roseburg, where they felt safe against any ordinary foe. It was not supposed that there were any Indians in Northern Rogue river valley, much less in the Umpqua; the men of the family were out at their work on the farm when the Indians stole upon them and fired from the adjoining woods. They broke an arm for Mr. Rice's brother, but he was able to escape. The men all ran for the stockade, with the Indians pell mell after them, and so near that they had barely time to get within and bar the doors to keep them out. Then there was a state of siege; the Indians fired on the stockade, and travelers who heard their firing reported the same at Roseburg. They heard the Indian war-whoop mixing with rifle shots, and needed no explanation of what was the matter. They reported a massacre, but the Rice family were prepared for just such an attack, and having all got in the stockade, went coolly about their work of preparing for defense.

The Indians were at the Meadows, a hundred miles, at least, from Roseburg, and had got almost the entire force of volunteers then in the field opposite them. They probably wanted to break up the siege and draw off the soldiers so they could return to their own country. For this purpose they detailed a force of nearly forty picked warriors to make a diversion. These two score of braves had made their way through the intervening wilderness, and were at their devilish work in South Umpqua, trying to commit atrocities enough to draw away the troops and set the whole Indian force at liberty.

The excitement at Roseburg was beyond expression. The most exaggerated reports were in circulation rumor fed on what it heard and grew space. The security they had enjoyed had made war careless. Castleman handed his revolver to Dr. Danforth as he rode off to the war, and there were few left in the town. There had been received from below a supply of old-fashioned government yagers and these Gen. McCarver caused to be distributed among lay down and hid while the blaze burned and watched to find the camp of the hostiles.

AT M'CULLY'S STOCKADE.

After sending two scouts, who understood the lay of the land, to track the Indians to their camp, the company stopped to rest awhile. In due time the two scouts joined them and made their report. They actually tracked the Indians to a camp they had made in a bend of the Olilly. They waited until all was quiet and then crept into the camp and found them all asleep. They thoroughly learned its location and surroundings and came away chock full of information.

It was considered necessary to have more help, for the savages were more than two to one, and were evidently picked men who were sent on a hazardous expedition. McCully had a stockade on Looking Glass, and they went there, knowing that Sergeant Tom Holland, of Capt. Bailey's company of volunteers, with a force of twenty or twenty-five men were forted up there. This squad had been left to guard the entrance of the Umpqua via Camas prairie, the very entrance that probably the Indians had entered by. When they arrived, and had yelled awhile to let the volunteers know who they were, the bars were let down and they entered and were made welcome. When they had time to inquire what the men were doing there, and why they did not render protection to the settlers whose barns they had seen burning all day around them, the answer was that they had not force enough to fight the Indians, and thought it was no use trying. They told the new-comers they could go if they wished, and were answered that they most assuredly should do so. While there was timidity in the leadership, many of the men stepped forward and expressed their willingness to take a hand, and the public mind was soon made up to make a move, and not to stand on the order of their going, but go quickly.

Many of the volunteers were hugely disgusted at the day's experience. The Indians knew where they were forted up and had visited them repeatedly during the day, hurling all sorts of challenges at them and daring them to fight. They offered to fight the soldiers in the woods or in the open country. They spoke Chinook fluently and some of them were familiarly known as "pet Indians," because they had been living among the settlers and sometimes worked on the farm and were treated as one of the family. It seemed impossible that these men should forget civilized ways so soon, and be willing to burn, destroy, outrage and mutilate the very families they had received the kindest treatment from. These spoke very fair English and hurled their epithets and challenges at the volunteers in the worst language they had learned from their lately white associates. Holland stood his ground with stoical disregard of insults, whether they were phrased in classic Chinook or couched in the coarsest of billingsgate. He coolly said the Indians were too many for them. It was dangerous out there and safely lay behind the stockade. To be sure there were three savages for two white men, but men who understood Indian war could have routed the Indians very easily and soon.

There were no conveniences for sleep inside the stockade, so the men kept warm and staid awake, consulting and planning the campaign. About 4 o'clock they started out to execute their plans. There were about forty men in the party, and they were divided into three separate commands. Castleman being the only commissioned officer, was tacitly acknowledged as the captain. He had fifteen men, Pat Day had ten men, making twenty-five settlers who were in arms for that occasion only. Holland was out with fifteen volunteers, having left a small force in the stockade. It was dark as Erebus, and not particularly warm, when the men started through the trackless woods.

A NIGHT ATTACK.

The two scouts had tracked the Indians to a bend in Olilly creek, which naturally possessed all the advantages of defense and fortification. This camp was across a divide, and not more than two miles from the stockade. Following a local guide who knew the country, they crept cautiously along through the woods, until they were only half a mile distant from the Indian stronghold, and then they stopped to arrange a plan of action. The Indians had no fear of attack. They had bulldozed the volunteers during the day to their heart's content, and felt satisfied that no motive they could imagine would be able to draw them from the friendly shelter of their strong stockade.

They did not deem it possible that other troops, or force, could be raised to attack them, and had gone to sleep, feeling so secure, that the scouts had penetrated their stronghold and taken an inventory of the surrounding circumstances, retiring without a suspicion of their presence remaining behind. It was agreed that Castleman, with his fifteen citizen soldiers, or settlers, should make a detour to the left and

"We can build ships with as
sets."

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TACOMA BOOM.

ITS THE SAIL SQUARELY ON THE HEAD.

PORTLAND, March 9.

THE OREGONIAN:

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ney is made here by any legiti-
The Eastern man now has $4000
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ts of nothing else but to bam-
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terval along the Puyallup river

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superior to all other Sound

H. M. J.

. Winning Hand.

Louis Globe-Democrat.

good chance to secure the re-
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hom she has a first-class one at

Practicable Solution.

New York Times.

ent, high license presents the
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theatrical season is drawing to
journals make the announce-
spring and summer hat will be
crown than during the winter.
we should call the infernal outfit-
—Morristown Herald.

of old-fashioned government yagers and these Gen. McCarver caused to be distributed among citizens. What to do and how to do it was more of a question than anyone could answer. McCarver had his horse saddled and tied at his door and when he was asked the reason, said he wished to be ready to load women and children on it when the savages attacked the town and carry them out of danger. This incident is a fair sample of the state of mind people were in. The sun got low and no news came from Rice's stockade and no force was organized to go there and see what assistance could be rendered. It was late in the afternoon when Pat Day, then sheriff of Umpqua county, and P. F. Castleman agreed to go on a scout by themselves and learn what was going on as well as see what could be done.

NIGHT SCOUTING IN UMPQUA.

The two men mounted their horses and rode out of town. They first went to John Kelly's place (the same John Kelly now of Lane county and lately a United States official of rank in Portland). They found him guarding his horses in the corral. His place was only a mile or mile and a half from Roseburg. He said he would turn the horses loose whenever the Indians came near, and while they were catching the animals he would manage to escape. They told him their mission and he crossed them over the South Umpqua in a canoe. Their horses were well broken, so they swam them alongside while the canoe was paddled across and made the trip in safety. It was getting dark and the rivers were all up and filled their banks full. Pat Day knew the country well and acted as pilot to Rice's farm. They came to Looking-Glass creek after dark; there was a moon to light the stream, which was a long way out of its banks. The shores were lined with alders and the wagon road had cut out its track through them, so there was a silvery streak of open water to indicate the roadway. Their horses were swept down out of their depth by the swift current and swam among the tangled bushes that lined the shores. It was not an easy route by day and was decidedly perilous by night or even by moonlight. By hook or by crook they managed to get across and a short distance up the creek came to Gage's stockade, for every man who remained on his place had taken precautions to "fort up." They yelled to let them know who it was. They found several families there and refreshed themselves with a cup of coffee before starting on. Gage told them that he had heard firing towards Rice's all the afternoon, but it had stopped at sundown. What it meant they could not tell, but evidently the Indians had gone away. If they had succeeded in capturing the place, they would have burned the house and as there was no blaze they thought the Indians had gone off. Evidently the savages had received a check and were gone to their camp, wherever that might be.

SOME HEROIC WOMEN.

The pioneer history of Oregon will show that many of the women of that time were brave, and sometimes braver than the men. At Gage's there were several men and they were willing to join the scout on the night march. One of the women said: "Let all go but one. He can fire from one side and I will defend this port hole. The other women can help load and we have guns enough." She was not alone in her glory. The other women stood valiantly for self-defense, and some of them said all the men could go. The pity of it is that the veracious chronicler cannot give the names of these brave mothers of pioneer Oregon. It is worth while being particular in this recital, as the parties concerned were all early settlers in Umpqua, and many of them are living there in honored age to-day. The names that will appear will be of men who are there to-day, or their children are there in their place. They took the women at their word, and enlisted for their further march Ed Gage and Wm. Dillard. Kent was a neighbor of Rice's; so they rode on through the dusky night to his place. There they found John Richards, John Fisher, Jesse Roberts, M. McCully, J. R. Nichols, —— McCloud, Jephta Green, Billy Booth, —— Bellew and James Bornsit. These men were on an independent scout and gladly joined the sheriff's party.

The little company made an informal organization before they started forth on their night march. Castleman had the rank of captain in the volunteer service, so they all deferred to him. Pat Day was sheriff of the county, and a clever fellow generally, so he ranked as next in command. They followed the trail of the Indians up Ten Mile creek. It was marked by burning houses, barns, stacks and straw. Wherever a match could light a blaze they had made a fire. The people had fled in terror before their approach. Their track was so fresh that some of the houses and buildings were not half burned. They crossed a divide to the waters of Oilly creek, a branch of Looking Glass. Here they came up with the savages and actually saw them setting the incendiary torch to the house and premises of a settler. They [illegible] settlers, should make a detour to the left and approach the Indian camp along the creek, from a flanking position on that side. Pat Day, with ten settlers, was to attack them in front, and strike at the moment Castleman got in range. Holland was to make a detour on the right, cross the Oilly below their stronghold and be in readiness to pick them off as they tried to swim the swift flowing creek. A log lay for 100 feet in front of their camping place. Castleman was to flank this log and Pat Day was to charge up to it. They were to wait long enough to let Holland get into position across the creek and then make a simultaneous charge. That success would follow such a well-laid scheme was certain, if each party would act well its part. Another issue will tell the story of the rush and war-whoop, the yells and charging of the whites and the discomfiture of the enemy. It was a gallant fight and the wonder is that so gallant a fight and so important a battle was never told before. The reason may be that the laurels were won by settlers and not by enlisted soldiers. We shall see!

FREAKS OF THE TORNADO.

Some Curious Incidents of the Terrible Wind Storm at Mount Vernon.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The fate of Joseph Shew and Josie Sutton was tragically pathetic. They were lovers, and were to link their destinies in a short time. As was the custom of the young people, they were out for the usual Sunday afternoon walk, and arm in arm were caught by the cloud when south of the Louisville & Nashville track, and whipped against the ties until their life's breath was beaten out of them, and they were found between the rails with no marks to indicate their mortal injuries save two small bruises on the girl's forehead. The dead body of Mrs. Shelton was found on the north side of the track, near Shew and his sweetheart.

Another peculiar experience was that of W. H. Hinman and family of five, who lived on the second story of a frame structure on the north side of Main street. They were all at home at the time, and, though the buildings on either side were uninjured, the one they were in was picked up by the wind, carried a distance of fifteen feet, one side stove in, and the structure wrecked, while not one of the Hinman family sustained an injury.

J. B. Crowder is an agent in the town for a cyclone and tornado insurance company, and had been so successful in his business that he had built three houses in the town and paid for them. None of them had been insured, however, and the cyclone, with vengeful force, washed all three into toothpicks.

The vagaries of the storm were strikingly illustrated in the case of three trees on Jordan street, a little way east of the Heiserman place. There were two fir trees and a cypress. The middle tree had its top taken off; the others were uninjured, although all three were within a space of thirty feet.

A most remarkable escape from death was made by Gussie, the 16-year-old daughter of J. B. Jones, living at the corner of Spring and Casey streets. When the storm came up Jones was at the depot, but he at once started on a run for his home. He found to his horror that his residence was leveled to the ground. His first thought was that some of his family might be buried in the ruins, so he mounted the debris and called out several familiar names. Deep down in the ruins he heard the voice of his daughter. After locating her the best he could, Jones cried out:

"Are you hurt, Gussie?"

"No," was the reply, "but I am smothering to death."

Quickly seizing an ax, Jones chopped a passageway through the timbers until his daughter was reached, and she stepped out of her prison without so much as a scratch on her body. The girl was lying under the floor, which had been partly torn from the foundations, and was pinned down in a narrow place between two large pieces of timber, having but about eight inches in which to move. She had abandoned all hope of being rescued.

A remarkable condition of things was shown at Adolph Isom's house after the storm. The cyclone approached from the rear and struck the back of the building with great violence, yet not a board was started. The front side, however, was carried away in splinters, but the furniture, pictures, hanging lamps, organ and other household goods in the front room were left intact. This was one of the phenomena of the cyclone.

Give Him an Agreeable Surprise.

Springfield Union.

Many an unmarried girl has laid up tribulation for herself by telling her fellow that she knew how to cook when she didn't. If you must deceive him make him think you are inexperienced and then surprise him with delectable dinners.

Sunday Oregonian Dec. 23, 1888

ROGUE RIVER INDIANS — MASSACRE, RESERVATIONS

VOL. VIII.—NO. 4. PORTLAND, OREGO

THE ROGUE RIVER INDIANS.

Another Chapter From General Sheridan's Oregon Experiences.

Breaking up Some Barbarous Customs of the Savages at Yamhill—Murder of an Indian Destroys Results Advantageously.

The troubles at the Siletz and Yaquina bay were settled without further excitement by the arrival in due time of plenty of food, and as the buildings at Fort Hoskins were so near completion that my services as quartermaster were no longer needed, I was ordered to join my own company at Fort Yamhill, where Captain Russell was still in command. I returned to that place in May, 1857, and a short period a little later, in consequence of the close of hostilities in Southern Oregon, the Klamaths and Modocs were sent back to their own country, to that section in which occurred in 1873, the disastrous war with the latter tribe. This reduced considerably the number of Indians at the Grande Ronde, but as those remaining were still somewhat unruly, from the fact that many questions requiring adjustment were constantly arising between the different bands, the agent and the officers at the post were kept pretty well occupied. Captain Russell assigned to me the special work of keeping up the police control, and as I had learned at an early day to speak Chinook (the "court language" among the coast tribes) almost as well as the Indians themselves, I was thereby enabled to steer my way successfully on many critical occasions.

For some time the most disturbing and most troublesome element we had was the Rogue river band. For three or four years they had fought our troops obstinately, and surrendered at the latter end in the belief that they were merely overpowered, not conquered. They openly boasted to the other Indians that they could whip the soldiers, and that they did not wish to follow the white man's ways, continuing persistently their wild habits, unmindful of all admonitions. Indeed, they often destroyed their household utensils, tepees and clothing, and killed their horses on the graves of their dead, in the fulfillment of a superstitious custom which demanded that they should undergo while mourning the loss of kindred, the deepest privation in a property sense. Everything, the loss of which would make them poor, was sacrificed on the graves of their relations or distinguished warriors, and as melancholy because of removal from their old homes caused frequent deaths, there was no lack of occasion for the sacrifices. The widows and orphans of the dead warriors were, of course, the chief mourners, and exhibited their grief in many peculiar ways. I remember one in particular which was universally practiced by the near kinfolk. They would crop their hair very close and then cover the head with a sort of hood or plaster of black pitch, the composition being clay, pulverized charcoal and the resinous gum which exudes from the pine tree. The hood, nearly an inch in thickness, was worn during a period of mourning which lasted through the time it would take nature, by the growth of the hair, actually to lift from the head the heavy covering of pitch after it had become solidified and as hard as stone. It must be admitted that they underwent considerable discomfort in memory of their relatives. It took all the influence we could bring to bear to break up these absurdly superstitious practices, and it looked as if no permanent cure could be effected, for as soon as we got them to discard one, another would be invented. When not allowed to burn down their tepees or houses, those poor souls who were in a dying condition would be carried out to the neighboring hillsides just before desolation, and there abandoned to their sufferings, with little or no attention, unless the placing under their heads of a small stick of wood—with possibly some laudable object, but doubtless great discomfort to their victim—might be considered such.

To uproot these senseless and monstrous practices was indeed most difficult. The most pernicious of all was one which was likely to bring about tragic results. They believed firmly in a class of doctors among their people who professed that they could procure the illness of an individual at will, and that by certain incantations they could kill or cure the sick person. Their faith in this superstition was so steadfast that there was no doubting its sincerity, many indulging at times in the most trying privations that their relatives might be saved from death at the hands of the doctors. I often talked with them on the subject, and tried to reason them out of the superstitious belief, defying the doctors to kill me, or even make me ill; but my talks were unavailing, and they always met my arguments with the remark that I was a white man, of a race wholly different from the red man, and that that was the reason the medicine of the doctors would not affect me. These villainous doctors might be either men or women, and anyone of them finding an Indian ill at once averred that his influence was the cause, offering at the same time to cure the invalid for a fee, which generally amounted to about all the ponies his family possessed. If the necessitated severe measures, both to allay the prevailing excitement and to preclude the recurrence of such acts. The body was cared for and delivered to the relatives the next day for burial, after which Captain Russell directed me to take such steps as would put a stop to the fanatical usages that had brought about this murderous occurrence, for it was now seen that if timely measures were not taken to repress them similar tragedies would surely follow.

Knowing all the men of the Rogue River tribe, and speaking fluently the Chinook tongue, which they all understood, I went down to their village the following day, after having sent word to the tribe that I wished to have a council with them. The Indians all met me in council as I had desired, and I then told them that the man who had taken part in shooting the woman would have to be delivered up for punishment. They were very stiff with me at the interview, and with all that talent for circumlocution and diplomacy with which the Indian is gifted, endeavored to evade my demands and delay any conclusion. But I was very positive, would hear of no compromise whatever, and demanded that my terms be at once complied with. No one was with me but a sergeant of my company named Miller, who held my horse, and as the chances of any agreement began to grow remote, I became anxious for our safety. The conversation waxing hot and the Indians gathering close in around me, I unbuttoned the flap of my pistol holster to be ready for any emergency. When the altercation became most bitter I put my hand to my hip to draw my pistol, but discovered it was gone—stolen by one of the rascals surrounding me. Finding myself unarmed, I modified my tone and manner to correspond with my helpless condition, thus myself assuming the diplomatic side of the parley, in order to gain time. As soon as an opportunity offered, and I could, without too much loss of self-respect, and without damaging my reputation among the Indians, I moved out to where the sergeant held my horse, mounted, and crossing the Yamhill river close by, called back in Chinook from the farther bank that "the sixteen men who killed the woman must be delivered up, and my six-shooter also." This was responded to by contemptuous laughter, so I went back to the military post somewhat crest-fallen, and made my report of the turn affairs had taken, inwardly longing for another chance to bring the rascally Rogue Rivers to terms.

When I had explained the situation to Captain Russell he thought we could not, under any circumstances, overlook this defiant conduct of the Indians, since, unless summarily punished, it would lead even to more serious trouble in the future. I heartily seconded this proposition, and gladly embracing the opportunity it offered, suggested that if he would give me another chance and let me have the effective force of the garrison, consisting of about fifty men, I would chastise the Rogue Rivers without fail, and that the next day was all the time I required to complete arrangements. He gave me the necessary authority, and I at once set to work to bring about a better state of discipline on the reservation and to put an end to the practices of the medicine men (having also in view the recovery of my six-shooter and self-respect) by marching to the village and taking the rebellious Indians by force.

In the tribe there was an excellent woman called Tighee Mary (Tighee in Chinook means chief) who by right of inheritance was a kind of queen of the Rogue Rivers. Fearing that the insubordinate conduct of the Indians would precipitate further trouble, she came early the following morning to see me and tell me of the situation. Mary informed me that she had done all in her power to bring the Indians to reason, but without avail, and that they were determined to fight rather than deliver up the sixteen men who had engaged in the shooting. She also apprised me of the fact that they had taken up a position on the Yamhill river, on the direct road between the post and village, where, painted and armed for war, they were awaiting attack.

On this information I concluded it would be best to march to the village by a circuitous route, instead of directly, as at first intended, so I had the ferryboat belonging to the post floated about a mile and a half down the Yamhill river and there anchored. At 11 o'clock that night I marched my fifty men out of the garrison, in a direction opposite to that of the point held by the Indians, and soon reached the river at the ferryboat. Here I ferried the party over with little delay, and marched them along the side of the mountain, through underbrush and fallen timber, until, just before daylight, I found that we were immediately in rear of the village, and hence in rear also of the line occupied by the refractory Indians, who were expecting to meet me on the direct road from the post. Just at break of day we made a sudden descent upon the village and took its occupants completely by surprise, even capturing the chief of the tribe, Sam, who was dressed in all his war toggery, fully armed and equipped in anticipation of a fight on the road where his comrades were in position. I at once put Sam under guard, giving orders to kill him instantly if the Indians fired a shot. Then forming my line on the road beyond the edge of the village, in rear of the force lying in wait for a front attack, we moved forward. When the hostile party realized that they were cut off from the village, they came out from their stronghold on the river, and took up a line on my front, distant about sixty yards, with the apparent as agreed but I compelled them to take the surrendered guns up again and carry them to the post, where they were deposited in the block-house for security. The prisoners were ironed with ball and chain and made to work at the post until their rebellious spirit was broken; and the wounded man was correspondingly punished after he had fully recovered. An investigation as to why this man had been selected as the offering by which Joe and his companions expected to gain immunity showed that the fellow was really a most worthless character, whose death even would have been a benefit to the tribe. Thus it seemed that they had two purposes in view—the one to propitiate me and get good terms, the other to rid themselves of a vagabond member of the tribe.

The punishment of these sixteen Indians by ball and chain ended all trouble with the Rogue River tribe. The disturbances arising from the incantations of the doctors and doctresses, and the practice of killing horses and burning all worldly property on the graves of those who died, were completely suppressed, and we made with little effort a great stride toward the civilization of these crude and superstitious people, for they now began to recognize the power of the government. In their management afterward, a course of justice and mild force was adopted and unvaryingly applied. They were compelled to cultivate their land, to attend church and to send their children to school. When I saw them, fifteen years later, transformed into industrious and substantial farmers, with neat houses, fine cattle, wagons and horses, carrying their grain, eggs and butter to market and bringing home flour, coffee, sugar and calico in return, I found abundant confirmation of my early opinion that the most effectual measures for lifting them from a state of barbarism would be a practical supervision at the outset, coupled with a firm control and mild discipline.

In all that was done for these Indians, Captain Russell's judgment and sound, practical ideas were the inspiration. His true manliness, honest and just methods, together with the warm-hearted interest he took in all that pertained to matters of duty to his government, could not have produced other than the best results, in what position soever he might have been placed. As all of the lovable traits of his character were constantly manifested, I became most deeply attached to him, and until the day of his death in 1864, on the battle-field of Ipsequam, in front of Winchester, while gallantly leading his division under my command, my esteem and affection were sustained and intensified by the same strong bonds that drew me to him in those early days in Oregon.

After the events just narrated I continued on duty at the post of Yamhill, experiencing the usual routine of garrison life without any incidents of much interest, down to the breaking out of the war of the rebellion in April, 1861. The news of the firing on Fort Sumter brought us an excitement which overshadowed all else, and though we had no officers at the post who sympathized with the rebellion, there were several in our regiment—the Fourth infantry—who did, and we were considerably exercised as to the course they might pursue, but naturally far more so concerning the disposition that would be made of the regiment during the conflict.

In due time orders came for the regiment to go East, and my company went off, leaving me however—a second lieutenant—in command of the post until I should be relieved by Captain James J. Archer, of the Ninth infantry, whose company was to take the place of the old garrison. Captain Archer with his company of the Ninth arrived shortly after, but I had been notified that he intended to go south, and his conduct was such after reaching the post that I would not turn over the command to him for fear he might commit some rebellious act. Thus a more prolonged detention occurred than I had at first anticipated. Finally the news came that he had tendered his resignation and been granted a leave of absence for sixty days. On July 17 he took his departure, but I continued in command till September 1, when Captain Phillip A. Owen, of the Ninth infantry, arrived and, taking charge, gave me my release.

From the day we received the news of the firing on Sumter until I started East, about the first of September, 1861, I was deeply solicitous as to the course of events, and though I felt confident that in the end the just cause of the government must triumph, yet the thoroughly crystalized organization which the Southern Confederacy quickly exhibited disquieted me very much, for it alone was evidence that the Southern leaders had long anticipated the struggle and prepared for it. It was very difficult to obtain direct intelligence of the progress of the war. Most of the time we were in the depths of ignorance as to the true condition of affairs, and this tended to increase our anxiety. Then, too, the accounts of the conflicts that had taken place were greatly exaggerated by the Eastern papers, and lost nothing in transition. The news came by the pony express across the plains to San Francisco, where it was still further magnified in republishing, and gained somewhat in Southern bias. I remember well that when the first reports reached us of the battle of Bull Run—that sanguinary engagement—it was stated that each side had lost *forty thousand* men in killed and wounded, and none were reported missing nor as having run away. Week by week these losses grew less until they finally shrunk into the hundreds, but the vivid de-

which would make them poor, was sacrificed on the graves of their relations or distinguished warriors, and as melancholy because of removal from their old homes caused frequent deaths, there was no lack of occasion for the sacrifices. The widows and orphans of the dead warriors were, of course, the chief mourners, and exhibited their grief in many peculiar ways. I remember one in particular which was universally practised by the near kinsfolk. They would crop their hair very close and then cover the head with a sort of hood or plaster of black pitch, the composition being clay, pulverized charcoal and the resinous gum which exudes from the pine tree. The hood, nearly an inch in thickness, was worn during a period of mourning which lasted through the time it would take nature, by the growth of the hair, actually to lift from the head the heavy covering of pitch after it had become solidified and as hard as stone. It must be admitted that they underwent considerable discomfort in memory of their relatives. It took all the influence we could bring to bear to break up these absurdly superstitious practices, and it looked as if no permanent cure could be effected, for as soon as we got them to discard one, another would be invented. When not allowed to burn down their tepees or houses, those poor souls who were in a dying condition would be carried out to the neighboring hillsides just before desolation, and there abandoned to their sufferings, with little or no attention, unless the placing under their heads of a small stick of wood—with possibly some laudable object, but doubtless great discomfort to their victims—might be considered such.

To uproot these senseless and monstrous practices was indeed most difficult. The most pernicious of all was one which was likely to bring about tragic results. They believed firmly in a class of doctors among their people who professed that they could procure the illness of an individual at will, and that by certain incantations they could kill or cure the sick person. Their faith in this superstition was so steadfast that there was no doubting its sincerity, many indulging at times in the most trying privations that their relatives might be saved from death at the hands of the doctors. I often talked with them on the subject, and tried to reason them out of the superstitious belief, defying the doctors to kill me, or even make me ill; but my talks were unavailing, and they always met my arguments with the remark that I was a white man, of a race wholly different from the red man, and that that was the reason the medicine of the doctors would not affect me. These villainous doctors might be either men or women, and anyone of them finding an Indian ill at once averred that his influence was the cause, offering at the same time to cure the invalid for a fee, which generally amounted to about all the poor fellow's family possessed. If the proposition was accepted and the fee paid over, the family, in case the man died, was to have indemnity through the death of the doctor, who freely promised that they might take his life in such event, relying on his chances of getting protection from the furious relations by fleeing to the military post till time had so assuaged their grief that matters could be compromised or settled by a restoration of a part of the property, when the rascally leeches could again resume their practice. Of course the services of a doctor were always accepted when an Indian fell ill; otherwise the invalid's death would surely ensue, brought about by the evil influence that was unpropitiated. Latterly it had become quite the thing, when a patient died, for the doctor to flee to our camp—it was so convenient and so much safer than elsewhere—and my cellar was a favorite place of refuge from the infuriated friends of the deceased.

Among the most notable of these doctors was an Indian named Sam Patch, who several times sought asylum in my cellar, and, being a most profound diplomat, managed on each occasion and with little delay to negotiate a peaceful settlement and go forth in safety to resume the practice of his nefarious profession. I often hoped he would be caught before reaching the post, but he seemed to know intuitively when the time had come to take leg bail, for his advent at the garrison generally preceded by but a few hours the death of some poor dupe.

Finally these peculiar customs brought about the punishment of a noted doctress of the Rogue river tribe, a woman who was constantly working in this professional way, and who had found a victim of such prominence among the Rogue Rivers that his unlooked for death brought down on her the wrath of all. She had made him so ill, they believed, as to bring him to death's door, notwithstanding the many ponies that had been given her to cease the incantations, and it was the conviction of all that she had finally caused the man's death from some ulterior and indiscernible motive. His relations and friends then immediately set about requiting with the just penalties of a perfidious breach of contract. Their threats induced her instant flight toward my house for the usual protection, but the enraged friends of the dead man gave hot chase, and overtook the witch just inside the limits of the garrison, where, on the parade ground, in sight of the officers' quarters, and before anyone could interfere, they killed her. There were sixteen men in pursuit of the doctress, and sixteen gunshot wounds were found on her body when examined by the surgeon of the post. The killing of the woman was a flagrant and defiant outrage, committed in the teeth of the military authority, yet done so quickly that we could not prevent it. This more serious trouble in the future. I heartily seconded this proposition, and gladly embracing the opportunity it offered, suggested that if he would give me another chance and let me have the effective force of the garrison, consisting of about fifty men, I would chastise the Rogue Rivers without fail, and that the next day was all the time I required to complete arrangements. He gave me the necessary authority, and I at once set to work to bring about a better state of discipline on the reservation and to put an end to the practices of the medicine men (having also in view the recovery of my six-shooter and self-respect) by marching to the village and taking the rebellious Indians by force.

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As is usual with Indians when expecting a fight, they were nearly naked, fantastically painted with blue clay and hideously arrayed in war bonnets. They seemed very belligerent, brandishing their muskets in the air, dancing on one foot, calling us ugly names, and making such other demonstrations of hostility that it seemed at first that nothing short of the total destruction of the party could bring about the definite settlement that we were bent on. Still, as it was my desire to bring them under subjection without loss of life, if possible, I determined to see what result would follow when they learned that their chief was at our mercy. So, sending Sam under guard to the front, where he could be seen, informing them that he would be immediately shot if they fired upon us, and aided by the cries and lamentations of the women of the village, who deprecated any hostile action by either party, I soon procured a parley.

The insubordinate Indians were under command of "Joe," Sam's brother, who at last sent me word that he wanted to see me, and we met between our respective lines. I talked kindly to him, but was firm in my demand that the man who had killed the woman must be given up and my six-shooter returned. His reply was he did not think it could be done, but he would consult his people. After the consultation he returned and informed me that fifteen would surrender and the six-shooter would be restored, and further that we could kill the sixteenth man, since the tribe wished to get rid of him anyhow, adding that he was a bad Indian, whose bullet, no doubt, had given the woman her death wound. He said that if I assented to this arrangement he would require all of his people except the objectionable man to run to the right of his line at a preconcerted signal. The bad Indian would be ordered to stand fast on the extreme left, and we could open fire on him as his comrades fell away to the right. I agreed to the proposition and gave Joe fifteen minutes to execute his part of it. We then returned to our respective forces, and a few minutes later the fifteen ran to the right flank as agreed upon and we opened fire on the one Indian left standing alone, bringing him down in his tracks severely wounded by a shot through the shoulder.

While all this was going on the other bands of the reservation, several thousand strong, had occupied the surrounding hills for the purpose of witnessing the fight, for as the Rogue Rivers had been bragging for some time that they could whip the soldiers, these Indians had come out to see it done. The result, however, disappointed the spectators, and the Rogue Rivers naturally lost caste. The fifteen men now came in and laid down their arms (including my six-shooter) in front of us on duty at the post of Yamhill, experiencing the usual routine of garrison life without any incidents of much interest, down to the breaking out of the war of the rebellion in April, 1861. The news of the firing on Fort Sumter brought us an excitement which overshadowed all else, and though we had no officers at the post who sympathized with the rebellion, there were several in our regiment—the Fourth infantry—who did, and we were considerably exercised as to the course they might pursue, but naturally far more so concerning the disposition that would be made of the regiment during the conflict.

In due time orders came for the regiment to go East, and my company went off, leaving me however—a second lieutenant—in command of the post until I should be relieved by Captain James J. Archer, of the Ninth infantry, whose company was to take the place of the old garrison. Captain Archer with his company of the Ninth arrived shortly after, but I had been notified that he intended to go south, and his conduct was such after reaching the post that I would not turn over the command to him for fear he might commit some rebellious act. Thus a more prolonged detention occurred than I had at first anticipated. Finally the news came that he had tendered his resignation and been granted a leave of absence for sixty days. On July 17 he took his departure, but I continued in command till September 1, when Captain Philip A. Owen, of the Ninth infantry, arrived and, taking charge, gave me my release.

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We received our mail at Yamhill only once a week and then had to bring it from Portland, Oregon, by express. On the day of the week that our carrier or messenger was expected back from Portland, I would go out early in the morning to a commanding point above the post from which I could see a long distance down the road as it ran through the valley of the Yamhill, and there I would watch with anxiety for his coming, longing for good news; for isolated as I had been through years spent in the wilderness, my patriotism was untainted by politics, nor had it been disturbed by any discussion of the questions out of which the war grew, and I hoped for the success of the government above all other considerations. I believe I was also uninfluenced by any thoughts of the promotion that might result to me from the conflict, but, out of a sincere desire to contribute as much as I could to the preservation of the union, I earnestly desired to be at the seat of war, and feared it might end before I could get East. In no sense did I anticipate what was to happen to me afterward, nor that I was to gain any distinction from it. I was ready to do my duty to the best of my ability wherever I might be called, and I was young, healthy, insensible to fatigue, and desired opportunity, but high rank was so distant in our service that not a dream of its attainment had flitted through my brain.

During the period running from January to September, 1861, in consequence of resignations and the addition of some new regiments to the regular army, I had passed the grade of first lieutenant and had reached that of captain in the Thirteenth United States infantry, of which General W. T. Sherman had recently been made colonel. When released from further duty at Yamhill by Captain Owen, I left for the Atlantic coast to join my new regiment. A two days' ride brought me down to Portland, whence I sailed to San Francisco, and at that city took passage by steamer for New York via the Isthmus of Panama, in company with a number of officers who were coming East under circumstances like my own.

THE WORKS

OF

HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT

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pany, which remained at the crossing awaiting events.[32] It does not appear that Long's party was attacked, but several unsuspecting companies suffered in their stead. These attacks were made chiefly at one place some distance south of the ferry where Long and his men encamped.[33] The alarm spread throughout the southern valleys, and a petition was forwarded to Governor Gaines from the settlers in the Umpqua for permission to raise a company of volunteers to fight the Indians. The governor decided to look over the field before granting leave to the citizens to fight, and repaired in person to the scene of the reported hostilities.

The *Spectator*, which was understood to lean toward Gaines and the administration, as opposed to the *Statesman* and democracy, referring to the petition remarked that leave had been asked to march into the Indian country and slay the savages wherever found; that the prejudice against Indians was very strong in the mines and daily increasing; and that no doubt this petition had been sent to the governor to secure his sanction to bringing a claim against the government for the expenses of another Indian war.

One of Thurston's measures had been the removal

[32] *Or. Statesman*, June 20, 1851; *Or. Spectator*, June 19, 1851.

[33] On the 1st of June 26 men were attacked at the same place, and an Indian was killed in the skirmish. On the 2d four men were set upon in this camp and robbed of their horses and property, but escaped alive to Perkins' ferry; and on the same day a pack-train belonging to one Nichols was robbed of a number of animals with their packs, one of the men being wounded in the heel by a ball. Two other parties were attacked on the same day, one of which lost four men. On the 3d of June McBride and 31 others were attacked in camp south of Rogue River. A. Richardson, of San José, California, James Barlow, Captain Turpin, Jesse Dodson and son, Aaron Payne, Dillard Holman, Jesse Runnels, Presley Lovelady, and Richard Sparks of Oregon were in the company and were commended for bravery. *Or. Statesman*, June 20, 1851. There were but 17 guns in the party, while the Indians numbered over 200, having about the same number of guns besides their bows and arrows, and were led by a chief known as Chucklehead. The attack was made at daybreak, and the battle lasted four hours and a half, when Chucklehead being killed the Indians withdrew. It was believed that the Rogue River people lost several killed and wounded. None of the white men were seriously hurt, owing to the bad firing of the Indians, not yet used to guns, not to mention their station on the top of a hill. Three horses, a mule, and $1,500 worth of other property and gold-dust were taken by the Indians.

from the territory of the United States troops, which after years of private and legislative appeal were at an enormous expense finally stationed at the different posts according to the desire of the people. He represented to congress that so far from being a blessing they were really a curse to the country, which would gladly be rid of them. To his constituents he said that the cost of maintaining the rifle regiment was four hundred thousand dollars a year. He proposed as a substitute to persuade congress to furnish a good supply of arms, ammunition, and military stores to Oregon, and authorize the governor to call out volunteers when needed, both as a saving to the government and a means of profit to the territory, a part of the plan being to expend one hundred thousand dollars saved in goods for the Indians, which should be purchased only of American merchants in Oregon.

Thurston's plan had been carried out so far as removing the rifle regiment was concerned, which in the month of April began to depart in divisions for California, and thence to Jefferson Barracks;[34] leaving on the 1st of June, when Major Kearney began his march southward with the last division, only two skeleton companies of artillerymen to take charge of the government property at Steilacoom, Astoria, Vancouver, and The Dalles. He moved slowly, examining the country for military stations, and the best route for a military road which should avoid the Umpqua cañon. On arriving at Yoncalla,[35] Kearney

[34] *Brackett's U. S. Cavalry*, 129; *Or. Spectator*, April 10, 1851; *Or. Statesman*, May 30, 1851; *32d Cong., 1st Sess., H. Ex. Doc. 2*, pt. i. 144–53.

[35] Yoncalla is a compound of *yonc*, eagle, and *calla* or *calla-calla*, bird or fowl, in the Indian dialect. It was applied as a name to a conspicuous butte in the Umpqua Valley, at the foot of which Jesse Applegate made his home, a large and hospitable mansion, now going to ruin. Applegate agreed to assist Kearney only in case of a better route than the cañon road being discovered, his men should put it in condition to be travelled by the immigration that year, to which Kearney consented, and a detachment of 28 men, under Lieutenant Williamson, accompanied by Levi Scott as well as Applegate, began the reconnoissance about the 10th of June, the main body of Kearney's command travelling the old road. It was almost with satisfaction that Applegate and Scott found that no better route than the one they opened in 1846 could be discovered, since it removed the reproach of their

consulted with Jesse Applegate, whom he prevailed upon to assist in the exploration of the country east of the cañon, in which they were engaged when the Indian war began in Rogue River Valley.

The exploring party had proceeded as far as this pass when they learned from a settler at the north end of the cañon, one Knott, of the hostilities, and that the Indians were gathered at Table Rock, an almost impregnable position about twenty miles east of the ferry on Rogue River.[36] On this information Kearney, with a detachment of twenty-eight men, took up the march for the Indian stronghold with the design of dislodging them. A heavy rain had swollen the streams and impeded his progress, and it was not until the morning of the 17th of June that he reached Rogue River at a point five miles distant from Table Rock. While looking for a ford indications of Indians in the vicinity were discovered, and Kearney hoped to be able to surprise them. He ordered the command to fasten their sabres to their saddles to prevent noise, and divided his force, a part under Captain Walker crossing to the south side of the river to intercept any fugitives, while the remainder under Captain James Stuart kept upon the north side.

Stuart soon came upon the Indians who were prepared for battle. Dismounting his men, who in their haste left their sabres tied to their saddles, Stuart made a dash upon the enemy. They met him with equal courage. A brief struggle took place in which eleven Indians were killed and several wounded. Stuart himself was matched against a powerful warrior, who had been struck more than once without

enemies that they were to blame for not finding a better one at that time. None other has ever been found, though Applegate himself expected when with Kearney to be able to get a road saving 40 miles of travel. *Ewald*, in *Or. Statesman*, July 22, 1851.

[36] Table Rock is a flat-topped mountain overhanging Rogue River. Using the rock as a watch-tower, the Indians in perfect security had a large extent of country and a long line of road under their observation, and could determine the strength of any passing company of travellers and their place of encampment, before sallying forth to the attack. *Or. Statesman*, July 22, 1851.

meeting his death. As the captain approached, the savage, though prostrate, let fly an arrow which pierced him through, lodging in the kidneys, of which wound he died the day after the battle.[37] Captain Peck was also wounded severely, and one of the troops slightly.

The Indians, who were found to be in large numbers, retreated upon their stronghold, and Kearney also fell back to wait for the coming-up of lieutenants Williamson and Irvine with a detachment, and the volunteer companies hastily gathered among the miners.[38] Camp was made at the mouth of a tributary of Rogue River, entering a few miles below Table Rock, which was named Stuart creek after the dying captain. It was not till the 23d that the Indians were again engaged. A skirmish occurred in the morning, and a four hours' battle in the afternoon of that day. The Indians were stationed in a densely wooded hummock, which gave them the advantage in point of position, while in the matter of arms the

[37] Brackett, in his *U. S. Cavalry*, calls this officer 'the excellent and beloved Captain James Stuart.' The nature of the wound caused excruciating pain, but his great regret was that after passing unharmed through six hard battles in Mexico he should die in the wilderness at the hands of an Indian. It is doubtful, however, if death on a Mexican battle-field would have brought with it a more lasting renown. Stuart Creek on which he was interred—camp being made over his grave to obliterate it—and the warm place kept for him in the hearts of Oregonians will perpetuate his memory. *Cardwell's Emigrant Company*, MS., 14; *Or. Statesman*, July 8, 1851; *S. F. Alta*, July 16, 1851; *State Rights Democrat*, Dec. 15th and 22, 1876.

[38] Cardwell relates that his company were returning from Josephine creek—named after a daughter of Kirby who founded Kirbyville—on their way to Yreka, when they met Applegate at the ferry on Rogue River, who suggested that it 'would be proper enough to assist the government troops and Lamerick's volunteers to clean out the Indians in Rogue River Valley.' Thirty men upon this suggestion went to Willow Springs on the 16th, upon the understanding that Kearney would make an attack next day near the mouth of Stuart's creek, when it was thought the Indians would move in this direction, and the volunteers could engage them until the troops came up. 'At daylight the following morning,' says Cardwell, 'we heard the firing commence. It was kept up quite briskly for about fifteen minutes. There was a terrible yelling and crying by the Indians, and howling of dogs during the battle.' *Emigrant Company*, MS., 12; *Crane's Top. Mem.*, MS., 40. The names of Applegate, Scott, Boone, T'Vault, Armstrong, Blanchard, and Colonel Tranor from California, are mentioned in Lane's correspondence in the *Or. Statesman* July 22, 1851, as ready to assist the troops. I suppose this to be James W. Tranor, formerly of the New Orleans press, 'an adventurous pioneer and brilliant newspaper writer,' who was afterward killed by Indians while crossing Pit River. *Oakland Transcript*, Dec. 7, 1872.

troops were better furnished. In these battles the savages again suffered severely, and on the other side several were wounded but none killed.

While these events were in progress both Gaines and Lane were on their way to the scene of action. The governor's position was not an enviable one. Scarcely were the riflemen beyond the Willamette when he was forced to write the president representing the imprudence of withdrawing the troops at this time, no provision having been made by the legislature for organizing the militia of the territory, or for meeting in any way the emergency evidently arising.[39] The reply which in due time he received was that the rifle regiment had been withdrawn, first because its services were needed on the frontier of Mexico and Texas, and secondly because the Oregon delegate had assured the department that its presence in Oregon was not needed. In answer to the governor's suggestion that a post should be established in southern Oregon, the secretary gave it as his opinion that the commanding officer in California should order a reconnoissance in that part of the country, with a view to selecting a proper site for such a post without loss of time. But with regard to troops, there were none that could be sent to Oregon; nor could they, if put en route at that time, it being already September, reach there in time to meet the emergency. The secretary therefore suggested that companies of militia might be organized, which could be mustered into service for short periods, and used in conjunction with the regular troops in the pursuit of Indians, or as the exigencies of the service demanded.

Meanwhile Gaines, deprived entirely of military support, endeavored to raise a volunteer company at Yoncalla to escort him over the dangerous portion of the route to Rogue River; but most of the men of Umpqua, having either gone to the mines or to reënforce

[39] *32d Cong., 1st Sess., H. Ex. Doc. 2*, pt. i. 145; *Or. Spectator*, Aug. 12, 1851.

Kearney, this was a difficult undertaking, detaining him so that it was the last of the month before he reached his destination. Lane having already started south to look after his mining property before quitting Oregon for Washington arrived at the Umpqua cañon on the 21st, where he was met by a party going north, from whom he obtained the news of the battle of the 17th and the results, with the information that more fighting was expected. Hastening forward with his party of about forty men he arrived at the foot of the Rogue River mountains on the night of the 22d, where he learned from an express rider that Kearney had by that time left camp on Stuart creek with the intention of making a night march in order to strike the Indians at daybreak of the 23d.

He set out to join Kearney, but after a hard day's ride, being unsuccessful, proceeded next morning to Camp Stuart with the hope of learning something of the movements of Kearney's command. That evening Scott and T'Vault came to camp with a small party, for supplies, and Lane returned with them to the army, riding from nine o'clock in the evening to two o'clock in the morning, and being heartily welcomed both by Kearney and the volunteers.

Early on the 25th, the command moved back down the river to overtake the Indians, who had escaped during the night, and crossing the river seven miles above the ferry found the trail leading up Sardine creek, which being followed brought them up with the fugitives, one of whom was killed, while the others scattered through the woods like a covey of quail in the grass. Two days were spent in pursuing and taking prisoners the women and children, the men escaping. On the 27th the army scoured the country from the ferry to Table Rock, returning in the evening to Camp Stuart, when the campaign was considered as closed. Fifty Indians had been killed and thirty prisoners taken, while the loss to the white warriors, since the first battle, was a few wounded.

The Indians had at the first been proudly defiant, Chief Jo boasting that he had a thousand warriors, and could keep that number of arrows in the air continually. But their pride had suffered a fall which left them apparently humbled. They complained to Lane, whom they recognized, talking across the river in stentorian tones, that white men had come on horses in great numbers, invading every portion of their country. They were afraid, they said, to lie down to sleep lest the strangers should be upon them. They wearied of war and wanted peace.[40] There was truth as well as oratorical effect in their harangues, for just at this time their sleep was indeed insecure; but it was not taken into account by them that they had given white men this feeling of insecurity of which they complained.

Now that the fighting was over Kearney was anxious to resume his march toward California, but was embarrassed with the charge of prisoners. The governor had not yet arrived; the superintendent of Indian affairs was a great distance off in another part of the territory; there was no place where they could be confined in Rogue River valley, nor did he know of any means of sending them to Oregon City. But he was determined not to release them until they had consented to a treaty of peace. Sooner than do that he would take them with him to California and send them back to Oregon by sea. Indeed he had proceeded with them to within twenty-five miles of Shasta Butte, a mining town afterward named Yreka,[41] when Lane, who when his services were no longer needed in the field had continued his journey to Shasta Valley, again came to his relief by offering to escort the prisoners to Oregon City whither he was about to return, or to deliver them to the governor or superintendent of Indian affairs wherever he might find them. Lieutenant Irvine,[42] from whom Lane learned Kearney's predicament, carried Lane's proposition to the major, and the prisoners were at once sent to his care, escorted by Captain Walker. Lane's party[43] set out immediately for the north, and on the 7th of July delivered their charge to Governor Gaines, who had arrived at the ferry, where he was encamped with fifteen men waiting for his interpreters to bring the Rogue River chiefs to a council, his success in which undertaking was greatly due to his possession of their families. Lane then hastened to Oregon City to embark for the national capital, having added much to his reputation with the people by his readiness of action in this first Indian war west of the Cascade Mountains, as well as in the prompt arrest of the deserting riflemen in the spring of 1850. To do, to do quickly, and generally to do the thing pleasing to the people, of whom he always seemed to be thinking, was natural and easy for him, and in this lay the secret of his popularity.

When Gaines arrived at Rogue River he found Kearney had gone, not a trooper in the country, and the Indians scattered. He made an attempt to collect them for a council, and succeeded, as I have intimated, by means of the prisoners Lane brought him, in inducing about one hundred, among whom were eleven head men, to agree to a peace. By the terms of the treaty, which was altogether informal, his commission having been withdrawn, the Indians placed

[40] *Letter of Lane*, in *Or. Statesman*, July 22, 1851.

[41] It is said that the Indians called Mount Shasta Yee-ka, and that the miners having caught something of Spanish orthography and pronunciation changed it to Yreka; hence Shasta Butte city became Yreka. *E. Steele*, in *Or. Council, Jour. 1857–8*, app. 44.

[42] Irvine, who was with Williamson on a topographical expedition, had an adventure before he was well out of the Shasta country with two Indians and a Frenchman who took him prisoner, bound him to a tree, and inflicted some tortures upon him. The Frenchman who was using the Indians for his own purposes finally sent them away on some pretence, and taking the watch and valuables belonging to Irvine sat down by the camp-fire to count his spoil. While thus engaged the lieutenant succeeded in freeing himself from his bonds, and rushing upon the fellow struck him senseless for a moment. On recovering himself the Frenchman struggled desperately with his former prisoner but was finally killed and Irvine escaped. *Or. Statesman*, Aug. 5, 1851.

[43] Among Lane's company were Daniel Waldo, Hunter, and Rust of Kentucky, and Simonson of Indiana.

themselves under the jurisdiction and protection of the United States, and agreed to restore all the property stolen at any time from white persons, in return for which promises of good behavior they received back their wives and children and any property taken from them. There was nothing in the treaty to prevent the Indians, as soon as they were reunited to their families, from resuming their hostilities; and indeed it was well known that there were two parties amongst them—one in favor of war and the other opposed to it, but the majority for it. Though so severely punished, the head chief of the war party refused to treat with Kearney, and challenged him to further combat, after the battle of the 23d. It was quite natural therefore that the governor should qualify his belief that they would observe the treaty, provided an efficient agent and a small military force could be sent among them. And it was no less natural that the miners and settlers should doubt the keeping of the compact, and believe in a peace procured by the rifle.

CHAPTER VIII.

PLAUSIBLE PACIFICATION.

1851-1852.

OFFICERS AND INDIAN AGENTS AT PORT ORFORD—ATTITUDE OF THE COQUILLES—U. S. TROOPS ORDERED OUT—SOLDIERS AS INDIAN-FIGHTERS—THE SAVAGES TOO MUCH FOR THEM—SOMETHING OF SCARFACE AND THE SHASTAS—STEELE SECURES A CONFERENCE—ACTION OF SUPERINTENDENT SKINNER—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING—SOME FIGHTING—AN INSECURE PEACE—MORE TROOPS ORDERED TO VANCOUVER.

GENERAL HITCHCOCK, commanding the Pacific division at Benicia, California, on hearing Kearny's account of affairs between the Indians and the miners, made a visit to Oregon; and having been persuaded that Port Orford was the proper point for a garrison, transferred Lieutenant Kautz and his company of twenty men from Astoria, where the governor had declared they were of no use, to Port Orford, where he afterward complained they were worth no more. At the same time the superintendent of Indian affairs, with agents Parrish and Spalding, repaired to the southern coast to treat if possible with its people. They took passage on the propeller *Seagull*, from Portland, on the 12th of September, 1851, T'Vault's party being at that time in the mountains looking for a road. The *Seagull* arrived at Port Orford on the 14th, two days before T'Vault and Brush were returned to that place, naked and stiff with wounds, by the charitable natives of Cape Blanco.

The twofold policy of the United States made it the duty of the superintendent to notice the murderous

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***Footnotes Are Extremely Important**

Notwithstanding the treaty entered into, as I have related, by certain chiefs of **Rogue River** in the summer of 1852, hostilities had not altogether ceased, although conducted less openly than before. With such a rough element in their country as these miners and settlers, many of them bloody-minded and unprincipled men, and most of them holding the opinion that it was right and altogether proper that the natives should be killed, it was impossible to have peace. The white men, many of them, did not want peace. The quicker the country was rid of the redskin vermin the better, they said. And in carrying out their determination, they often outdid the savage in savagery.

There was a sub-chief, called Taylor by white men, who ranged the country about Grave Creek, a northern tributary of **Rogue River**, who was specially hated, having killed a party of seven during a winter storm and reported them drowned. He committed other depredations upon small parties passing over the road [1]. It was believed, also, that white women were prisoners among the Indians near Table Rock, a rumor arising probably from the vague reports the captivity of two white girls near Klamath Lake.

Excited by what they knew and what they imagined, about the 1st of June, 1853, a party from **Jacksonville** and vicinity took Taylor with three others and hanged them. Then they went to Table Rock to rescue the alleged captive white women, and finding none, they fired into a village of natives, killing six, then went their way to get drunk and boast of their brave deeds [2].

There was present neither **Indian** agent nor military officer to prevent the outrages on either side. The new superintendent, Palmer, was hardly installed in office, and had at his command but one agent [3], whom he despatched with the company raised to open the middle route over the Cascade Mountains. As to troops, the 4th infantry had been sent to the northwest coast in the preceding

September, but were so distributed that no companies were within reach of **Rogue River**. [4] As might have been expected, a few weeks after the exploits of the **Jacksonville** company, the settlements were suddenly attacked, and a bloody carnival followed. [5] Volunteer companies quickly gathered up the isolated families and patrolled the country, occasionally being fired at by the concealed foe.[6] A petition was addressed to Captain Alden, in command of Fort Jones in Scott Valley, asking for arms and ammunition. Alden immediately came forward with twelve men. Isaac Hill, with a small company, kept guard at Ashland. [7]

On the 7th of June, Hill attacked some Indians five miles from Ashland, and killed six of them. In return, the Indians on the 17th surprised an immigrant camp and killed and wounded several.[8] The houses everywhere were now fortified; business was suspended, and every available man started out to hunt Indians.[9]

On the 15th S. Ettinger was sent to Salem with a request to Governor Curry for a requisition on Colonel Bonneville, in command at Vancouver, for a howitzer, rifles, and ammunition, which was granted. With the howitzer went Lieutenant Kautz and six artillerymen; and as escort forty volunteers, officered by J.W. Nesmith captain, L.F. Grover 1st lieutenant, W.K. Beale 2d lieutenant, J.D. McCurdy surgeon, J.M. Crooks orderly sergeant.[10] Over two hundred volunteers were enrolled in two companies, and the chief command was given to Alden. From Yreka there were also eighty volunteers, under Captain Goodall. By the 9th of August, both Nesmith and the **Indian** superintendent were at Yoncalla.

Fighters were plenty, but they were without subsistence. Alden appointed a board of military commissioners to constitute a general department of supply.[11] Learning that the Indians were in force near Table Rock, Alden planned an attack for the night of the 11th; but in the mean time information came that the Indians were in the valley killing and burning right and left. Without waiting for officers or orders, away rushed the volunteers to the defence of their homes, and for several days the white men scoured the country in small bands in pursuit of the foe. Sam, the **war** chief of **Rogue River**, now approached the volunteer camp and offered battle. Alden, having once more collected his forces, made a movement on the 15th to dislodge the enemy, supposed to be encamped in a bushy canon five miles north of Table Rock, but whom he found to have changed their position to some unknown place of concealment. Following their trail was exceedingly difficult, as the savages had fired the woods behind them, which obliterated it, filled the atmosphere with smoke and heat, and made progress dangerous. It was not until the morning of the 17th that Lieutenant Ely of the Yreka company discovered the Indians on Evans Creek, ten miles north of their last encampment. Having but twenty-five men, and the main force having returned to Camp Stuart for supplies, Ely fell back to an open piece of ground, crossed by creek channels lined with bunches of willows, where, after sending a messenger to headquarters

for reenforcements, he halted. But before the other companies could come up, he was discovered by Sam, who hastened to attack him.

Advancing along the gullies and behind the willows, the Indians opened fire, killing two men at the first discharge. The company retreated for shelter, as rapidly as possible, to a pine ridge a quarter of a mile away, but the savages soon flanked and surrounded them. The fight continued for three and a half hours, Ely having four more men killed and four wounded.[12] Goodall with the remainder of his company then came up, and the Indians retreated.

On the 21st, and before Alden was ready to move, Lane arrived with a small force from Roseburg.[13] The command was tendered to Lane, who accepted it.[14]

A battalion under Ross was now directed to proceed up Evans Creek to a designated rendezvous, while two companies, captains Goodall and Rhodes, under Alden with Lane at their head, marched by the way of Table Rock. The first day brought Alden's command fifteen miles beyond Table Rock without having discovered the enemy; the second day they passed over a broken country enveloped in clouds of smoke; the third day they made camp at the eastern base of a rock ridge between Evans Creek and a small stream farther up **Rogue River**. On the morning of the fourth day scouts reported the **Indian** trail, and a road to it was made by cutting a passage for the horses through a thicket.

Between nine and ten o'clock, Lane, riding in advance along the trail which here was quite broad, heard a gun fired and distinguished voices. The troops were halted on the summit of the ridge, and ordered to dismount in silvence and tie their horses. When all were ready, Alden with Goodall's company was directed to proceed on foot along the trail and attack the Indians in front, while Rhodes with his men took a ridge to the left to turn the enemy's flank, Lane waiting for the rear guard to come up, whom he intended to lead into action.[15]

The first intimation the Indians had that they were discovered was when Alden's command fired into their camp. Although completely surprised, they made a vigorous resistance, their camp being fortified with logs, and well supplied with ammunition. To get at them it was necessary to charge through dense thickets, an operation both difficult and dangerous from the opportunities offered of an ambush. Before Lane brough up the rear, Alden had been severely wounded, the general finding him lying in the arms of a sergeant. Lane then led a charge in person, and when within thirty yards of the enemy, was struck by a rifle-ball in his right arm near the shoulder.

In the afternoon, the Indians called out for a parley, and desired peace; whereupon Lane ordered a suspension of firing, and sent Robert B. Metcalfe and James Bruce into their lines to learn what they had to say. Being told that their

former friend, Lane, was in command, they desired an interview, which was granted.

On going into their camp, Lane found many wounded; and they were burning their dead, as if fearful they would fall into the hands of the enemy. He was met by chief Jo, his namesake, and his brothers Sam and Jim, who told him their hearts were sick of **war**, and that they would meet him seven days thereafter at Table Rock, when they would give up their arms[16], make a treaty of peace, and place themselves under the protection of the **Indian** superintendent, who should be sent for to be present at the council. To this Lane agreed, taking a son of Jo as hostage, and returning to the volunteer encampment at the place of dismounting in the morning, where the wounded were being cared for and the dead being buried[17].

The Ross battalion arrived too late for the fight, and having had a toilsome march were disappointed, and would have renewed the battle, but were restrained by Lane. Although for two days the camps were within four hundred yards of each other, the truce remained unbroken. During this interval the **Indian** women brought water for the wounded white men; and when the white men moved to camp, the red men furnished bearers for their litters[18]. I find no mention made of any such humane or christian conduct on the part of the superior race.

On the 29th, both the white and red battalions moved slowly toward the valley, each wearing the appearance of confidence, though a strict watch was covertly kept on both sides[19]. The Indians established themselves for the time on a high piece of ground directly opposite the perpendicular cliffs of Table Rock, while Lane made his camp in the valley, in plain view from the **Indian** position, and about one mile distant, on the spot where Fort Lane was afterward located.

The armistice continued inviolate so far as concerned the volunteer army under Lane, and the Indians under Sam, Jo, and Jim. But hostilities were not suspended between independent companies ranging the country and the Grave Creek and Applegate Creek Indians, and a band of Shastas under Tipso, whose haunts were in the Siskiyou Mountains[20].

A council, preliminary to a treaty, was held the 4th of September, when more hostages were given, and the next day Lane, with Smith, Palmer, Grover, and others, visited the **Rogue River** camp. The 8th was set for the treaty-making. On that day the white men presented themselves at the **Indian** encampment in good force and well armed. There had arrived, besides, the company from the Willamette, with Kautz and his howitzer[21], all of which had its effect to obtain their consent to terms which, although hard, the condition of the white settlers made imperative[22], placing the conquered wholly in the power of the conquerors, and in return for which they were to receive quasi benefits which they

did not want, could not understand, and were better off without. A treaty was also made with the Cow Creek band of Umpquas, usually a quiet people, but affected by contact with the Grave Creek band of the **Rogue River** nation[23].

On the whole, the people of **Rogue River** behaved very well after the treaty. The settlers and miners in the Illinois Valley about the middle of October being troubled by incursions of the coast tribes, who had fled into the interior to escape the penalty of their depredations on the beach miners about Crescent City, Lieutenant R.C.W. Radford was sent from Fort Lane with a small detachment to chastise them. Finding them more numerous than was expected, Radford was compelled to send for reenforcements, which arriving under Lieutenant Caster on the 22d, a three days' chase over a mountainous country brought them up with the marauders, when the troops had a skirmish with them, killing ten or more, and capturing a considerable amount of property which had been stolen, but losing two men killed and four wounded. After this the miners hereabout took care of themselves, and made a treaty with that part of the **Rogue River** tribe, which was observed until January 1854, when a party of miners from Sailor Diggins, in their pursuit of an unknown band of robbers attached the treaty Indians, some being killed on both sides; but the **Indian** agent being sent for, an explanation ensured, and peace was temporarily restored.

The **Indian** disturbances of 1853 in this part of Oregon, according to the report of the secretary of **war**[24], cost the lives of more than a hundred white persons and several hundred Indians. The expense was estimated at $7,000 a day, or a total of $258,000, though the **war** lasted for little more than a month, and there had been in the field only from 200 to 500 men.

In addition to the actual direct expense of the **war** was the loss by settlers, computed by a commission consisting of L.F. Grover, A.C. Gibbs, and G.H. Ambrose[25] to be little less than $46,000. Of this amount $17,800, including payment for the improvements on the reserved lands, was deducted from the sum paid to the Indians for their lands, which left only $29,000 to be paid by congress, which claims, together with those of the volunteers, were finally settled on that basis.

FOOTNOTES:

1. Drew, in Or. Jour. Council, 1857-8, app. 26, Or. Statesman, June 28, 1853; **Jacksonville** Sentinel, May 25, 1867; Dowell's Nar., MS., 5-6.

2. "Let our motto be extermination," cries the editor of the Yreka Herald, "and death to all opposers." See also S.F. Alta, June 14, 1853; **Jacksonville** Sentinel, May 25, 1867. The leaders of the company were Bates and Twogood.

3. This was J.M. Garrison. Other appointments arrived soon after, designating Samuel H. Culver and R.R. Thompson. J.L. Parrish was retained as sub-agent. Rept of Supt Palmer, in U.S.H. Ex. Doc., i., vol. i. 448, 33d cong. 1st sess.

4. Five companies were stationed at Columbia barracks, Fort Vancouver, one at Fort Steilacoom, one at the mouth of Umpqua **River**, two at Port Orford, and one at Humboldt Bay. Cal. Mil. Aff. Scraps, 13-14; Or. Statesman, Sept. 4, 1852.

5. August 4th, Richard Edwards was killed. August 5th, next night, Thomas J. Mills and Rhodes Noland were killed, and one Davis and Burril F. Griffin were wounded. Ten houses were burned between **Jacksonville** and W.G. T'Vault's place, known as the Dardanelles, a distance of ten miles.

6. Thus were killed John R. Hardin and Dr. Rose, both prominent citizens of Jackson county. Or. Statesman, Aug. 23, 1853.

7. The men were quartered at the houses of Frederick Alberding and Patrick Dunn. Their names, so far as I know, besides Alberding and Dunn, were Thomas Smith, William Taylor, and Andrew B. Carter. The names of settlers who were gathered in at this place were Frederick Heber and wife; Robert Wright and wife; Samuel Grubb, wife and five children; William Taylor, R.B. Hagardine, John Gibbs, M.B. Morris, R. Tungate, Morris Howell. On the 13th of Aug. they were joined by an immigrant party just arrived, consisting of A.G. Fordyce, wife and three children, J. Kennedy, three children, all of Iowa, and George Barnett of Illinois. Scraps of Southern Or. Hist., in Ashland Tidings, Sept. 27, 1878.

8. Hugh Smith and John Gibbs were killed; William Hodgkins, Brice Whitman, A.G. Fordyce, and M.B. Morris wounded.

9. Duncan's Southern Or., MS., 8, sasys: "The enraged populace began to slaughter right and left." Martin Angell, from his own door, shot an **Indian**. Or. Statesman, Aug. 23, 1853.

10. Grover's Pub. Life in Or., MS., 29; Or. Statesman, Aug. 23, 30, 1853.

11. George Dart, Edward Sheil, L.A. Loomis, and Richard Dugan constituted the commission.

12. J. Shane, F. Keath, Frank Perry, A. Douglas, A.C. Colburn, and L. Locktirg were killed, and Lieut Ely, John Albin, James Carrol, and Z. Shutz wounded. Or. Statesman, Sept. 6, 1853; S.F. Alta, Aug. 28, 1853.

13. Accompanying Lane were Pleasant Armstrong of Yamhill county, James Cluggage, who had been to the Umpqua Valley to enlist if possible the Klickitat

Indians against the **Rogue** Rivers, but without success, and eleven others. See Lane's Autobiography, MS., 63.

14. Curry had commissioned Lane brigadier-general, and Nesmith, who had not yet arrived, was bearer of the commission, but this was unknown to either Alden or Lane at the time. Besides, Lane was a more experienced field-officer than Alden; but Capt. Cram, of the topographical engineers, subsequently blamed Alden, as well as the volunteers, because the command was given to Lane, "while Alden, an army officer, was there to take it." U.S.H. Ex. Doc., 114, p. 41, 35th cong. 2d sess.; H. Ex. Doc., i., pt ii. 42, 33d cong. 1st sess.

15. In this expedition, W.G. T'Vault acted as aid to Gen. Lane, C. Lewis, a volunteer captain, as asst adjutant-gen., but falling ill on the 29th, Capt. L.F. Mosher, who afterward married one of Lane's daughters, took his place. Mosher had belonged to the 4th Ohio volunteers. Lane's Rept in U.S.H. Ex. Doc. i., pt ii. 40, 33d cong. 1st sess.

16. They had 111 rifles and 86 pistols. S.F. Alta, Sept. 4, 1853.

17. See Or. Statesman, Nov. 15, 1853. Among the slain was Pleasant Armstrong, brother of the author of Oregon, a descriptive work from which I have sometimes quoted. The latter says that as soon as the troops were away the remains of his brother were exhumed, and being cut to pieces were left to the wolves. Armstrong's Or., 52-3. John Scarborough and Isaac Bradley were also killed. The wounded were 5 in number, one of whom, Charles C. Abbe, afterward died of his wounds. The **Indian** loss was 8 killed and 20 wounded. 18. Lane's Autobiography, MS., 96-7.

19. Siskiyou County Affairs, MS., 2, 4-5; Minto's Early Days, MS., 46; Grover's Pub. Life, MS., 28-51; Brown's Salem Dir., 1871, 33-5; Yreka Mountain Herald, Sept. 24, 1853; Or. Statesman, Oct. 11, 1853; U.S.H. Ex. Doc., 114, p. 41-2, 35th cong. 2d sess.; **Jacksonville** Sentinel, July 1, 1867; Meteorol. Reg., 1853-4, 594; Nesmith's Reminiscences, in Trans. Or. Pioneer Asso., 1879, p. 44; Or. Statesman, Sept. 27, 1853.

20. R. Williams killed 12 Indians and lost one man, Thomas Philips. Owens, on Grave Creek, under pledge of peace, got the Indians into his camp and shot them all. U.S.H. Ex. Doc., 99, p. 4, 33d cong. 1st sess. Again Williams surprised a party of Indians on Applegate Creek, and after inducing them to lay down their arms shot 18 of them, etc.

21. The Indians had news of the approach of the howitzer several days before it reached **Rogue River**. They said it was a hyas rifle, which took a hatful of powder for a load, and would shoot down a tree. It was an object of great terror to the

Indians, and they begged not to have it fired. Or. Statesman, Sept. 27, 1853.

22. The treaty bound the Indians to reside permanently in a place to be set aside for them; to give up their fire-arms to the agent put over them, except a few for hunting purposes, 17 guns in all; to pay out of the sum received for their lands indemnity for property destroyed by them; to forfeit all their annuities should they go to **war** again against the settlers; to notify the agent of other tribes entering the valley with warlike intent, and assist in expelling them; to apply to the agent for redress whenever they suffered any grievances at the hands of the white people; to give up, in short, their entire independence and become the wards of a government of which they knew nothing.

The treaty of sale of their lands, concluded on the 10th, conveyed all the country claimed by them, which was bounded by a line beginning at a point near the mouth of Applegate Creek, running southerly to the summit of the Siskiyou Mountains, and along the summits of the Siskiyou and Cascade mountains to the head waters of **Rogue River**, and down that stream to Jump Off Joe Creek, thence down said creek to a point due north of, and thence to, the place of beginning - a temporary reservation being made of about 100 square miles on the north side of **Rogue River**, between Table Rock and Evans Creek, embracing but ten or twelve square miles of arable land, the remainder being rough and mountainous, abounding in game, while the vicinity of Table Rock furnished their favorite edible roots.

The United States agreed to pay for the whole **Rogue River** Valley thus sold the sum of $60,000, after deducting $15,000 for indemnity for losses of property by settlers; $5,000 of the remaining $45,000 to be expended in agricultural implements, blankets, clothing, and other goods deemed by the sup. most conducive to the welfare of the Indians, on or before the 1st day of September 1854, and for the payment of such permanent improvements as had been made on the land reserved by white claimants, the value of which should be ascertained by three persons appointed by the sup. to appraise them. The remaining $40,000 was to be paid in 16 equal annual instalments of $2,500 each, commencing on or about the 1st of September, 1854, in clothing, blankets, farming utensils, stock, and such other articles as would best meet the needs of the Indians. It was further agreed to erect at the expense of the government a dwelling-house for each of three principal chiefs, the cost of which should not exceed $500 each, which buildings should be put up as soon as praticable after the ratification of the treaty. When the Indians should be removed to another permanent reserve, buildings of equal value should be erected for the chiefs, and $15,000 additional should be paid to the tribe in five annual instalments, commencing at the expiration of the previous instalments.

Other articles were added to the treaty, by which the Indians were bound to

protect the agents or other persons sent by the U.S. to reside among them, and to refrain from molesting any white person passing through their reserves. It was agreed that no private revenges or retaliations should be indulged in on either side; that the chiefs should, on complaint being made to the **Indian** agent, deliver up the offender to be tried and punished, conformably to the laws of the U.S.; and also that on complaint of the Indians for any violation of law by white men against them, the latter should suffer the penalty of the law.

The sacredness of property was equally secured on either side, the Indians promising to assist in recovering horses that had been or might be stolen by their people, and the United States promising indemnification for property taken by evil-disposed persons, the Indians were required to deliver up on the requisition of the U.S. authorities or the agents or sup. any white person residing among them. The names appended to the treaty were Joel Palmer, superintendent of **Indian** affairs; Samuel H. Culver, **Indian** agent; Apserkahar [Jo], Toquahear [Same], Anachaharah [Jim], John, and Lympe. The witnesses were Joseph Lane, Augustus V. Kautz, J.W. Nesmith, R.B. Metcalf, John [interpreter], J.D. Mason, and T.T. Tierney. Or. Statesman, Sept. 27, 1853; Nesmith's Reminiscences, in Trans. Or. Pioneer Asso., Palmer's Wagon Trains, MS., 50; Ind. Aff. Rept, 1856, 265-7; and 1865, 469-71.

23. The land purchased from the Cow Creek band was in extent about 800 square miles, nearly one half of which was excellent farming land, and the remainder mountainous, with a good soil and fine timber. The price agreed upon was $12,000, two small houses, costing about $200, fencing and plowing a field of five acres, and furnishing the seed to sow it; the purchase money to be paid in annual instalments of goods. This sum was insignificant compared to the value of the land, but bargains of this kind were graded by the number of persons in the band, the Cow Creeks being but few. Besides, **Indian** agents who intend to have their treaties ratified must get the best bargains that can be extorted from ignorance and need.

24. U.S.H. Ex. Doc., i., pt ii. 43, 33d cong. 1st sess.

25. **Click Here for List of the Claimants of the Rogue River Indian War.**

Return to Bancroft's Works Index
Return to Oregon @ GessWhoTo.Com

Smith, Thomas, Capt.

The following data is extracted from *History of the Pacific Northwest, Oregon and Washington, 1889.*

CAPTAIN. THOMAS SMITH. - Captain Smith, the intrepid Indian fighter and pioneer, has seen the beginning of every Indian disturbance in Southern Oregon; and his narratives are therefore of peculiar interest.

He was born September 14, 1809, in Campbell county, Kentucky. At the age of seventeen he removed with his recently widowed mother to Boone county, and learned the trade of a carpenter. In 1839 he went to Texas, and in 1849 formed a party designated as the Equal Rights Company, to cross the plains by the southern route via El Paso and the Gila river to California. The journey was notably difficult, chiefly from the excessive heat and lack of water. Captain Smith's indomitable spirit had many occasions in which to be tested, as when he recovered a horse and mule from the Pima Indians on the Gila, or led his column - seventy-five men and two hundred and fifty animals - across the desert, following Colonel Crook's trail by the animals of the government train which had died and had dried up by reason of the desert air, and finding water and grass on a sunken river and at a small lake.

Arrived in California in the autumn, Captain Smith's experiences in the mines at Dry Creek, Oroville, and on the Feather river, were of the checkered character of the argonauts, - more of sickness and ill luck than of success. By 1851 he was at Yreka, and thence came over into Oregon; and, seeing a better prospect in raising vegetables than in digging gold, he induced three others, Patrick Dunn, Frederick Alberding and David S. Earl, to join him on a place near the present site of Ashland. That was almost the first settlement of Southern Oregon. The difficulties of that undertaking are so explicitly described by the Captain that we insert here his own account. He says" While waiting for my companions to come by my claim, I was left here about eleven days and nights, and saw not one white man, but great numbers of Indians who were anxious to know why I wanted to stop here. I had to delude them the best I could; and, when the boys came, old Tipsy the chief came to have an understanding, as he saw that all of us were still remaining. I then knew that if we were to stop here I must tell him the truth. He first inquired as to which of us was the tyee. Dunn told him that I was; and he therefore directed his talk to me; and we had a long conversation, which amounted to a treaty. We were to be good people, and not to disturb one another, not to steal, and in particular not to interfere with their women or horses. We were to be allowed to stay there one warm season and raise a crop of vegetables and trade, as they called it, for 'chickamin,' and then leave the country to them. They on their part were not to allow any bad Indians to come here and disturb or steal from us while he were thus engaged.

"In a very few days John Gibbs, James H. Russell, Hugh F. Bowman and Thomas Hair came over the mountains and settled on the Mountain House claim, giving us two small parties of men in this end of the valley. In the meantime N.C. Dean and Jack Kennedy settled at the Willow Springs; and E.K. Anderson, stone and Pints settled on Wagner's creek. It was not the middle of November or later; and he were hurrying to get our logs for a cabin hauled so that Alberding could start for our supply of seed, to be obtained from the Willamette valley. Getting him off, we began putting up our house; and while at it some Indians stole from our tent all our guns, revolvers, butcher knives, powder and lead, and other things they fancied, leaving us in a serious position. Tipsy's son passing by late in the evening, I sent by him word to his father to be at home next morning; that I was going down and tell him of the theft. In the morning early I went to see Tipsy, his camp then being where the plaza now is, and where the Ashland Flouring Mill now stands. I was soon informed by a blind Indian, who was led by a squaw, that Tipsy and all the Indians had gone to my place. So I returned and found a large body of Indians around my tent; and the chief informed me that I must talk to his interpreter, - a sign that serious business was on hand. I told him what had been stolen, and that it was done by Indians, as we knew by the tracks left in the mud, and that the goods must be returned. Tipsy declared that his Indians had not committed the theft, and that the goods could not be returned; that some bad Indians had come and done the capswallaing. This story he stuck to strictly till evening. Having thus spent a whole day in useless questioning and answers, I got out of all patience; and, having learned that it was a part of the Indian's nature to respect a brave man, I determined to try an experiment. There were but four of us, - Gibbs, from the Mountain House, having joined our number, - and a host of them. But I instructed the interpreter to tell Tipsy that I had heard that plea long enough, and would have no more of it; that the stolen goods must be returned, or I would go to Yreka and raise a company of men and come back and mimaluse every Indian that we could find, and burn their houses and run their families out of the country, unless the missing articles were returned. As soon as it was made known, the warriors sprang to their feet and raged around terribly. Some strung their

bows and took three arrows in their teeth, and were begging Tipsy to let them settle the matter. This we all could see; and one of my party left his seat and came to me, begging me to take back what I had said; and let the things go. I told him to be quite; that they had passed me for a chief, and that it was only I that could talk. He turned away reluctantly, saying, 'Settle it, then;' and I do not know that he could have looked any more pale and ashy had he been dead. The Indians all saw his condition. And then Tipsy spoke two or three soft words and quieted the tumult. He addressed the interpreter, who turned to me and asked what I had said I would do in case the things should not be returned; and while I was just about to answer, a tall Indian that we called Big Impudence came forward within three feet of me, and looked me steadfastly in the eye while I repeated precisely what I had said before. I also added that I knew what they were talking about; that they were taking of killing us, that there were plenty of them to do it; and I pointed at them saying; 'You would be great cowards to do so after you have stolen our calapins, and now we have nothing to fight with. If you are going to murder us, give us our guns, and then talk about killing us; and we will fight all of you. Your tyee has told me that he was brave, and that you are all brave; but I see you are cowards.'

"While this speech was taking effect, Tipsy's squaw came to the front and made a speech in her native language, which I judged from her gestures was very eloquent. Thereupon, leaving us, they had a big talk among themselves; and as a result the interpreter was directed to tell me that they would settle the trouble by sending for the things. It was now late in the evening; and I was informed that they had determined to start early in the morning and get our property; but the chief wanted to know how many suns I would allow them to go and return in. He held up three fingers to denote the number of days. After a little further delay, five days were agreed upon; and the next morning early two Indians called at our tent well mounted and said they were going after our ictas, and wanted their breakfast; and as soon as that was over they mounted and left in the direction of Yreka, saying it was the Shastas that had stolen our things; and I found this to be true. The third day, late in the evening, they returned with two rifles, and said that the other things had been traded off to Indians who would kill them if they went among them; should they tell Tipsy that we were satisfied and would be friendly? I answered, no; that we were not satisfied as long as any of our things remained stolen.

"Tipsy came around early the next morning, and declared that he had done all that could be done without risking the lives of his Indians; and he wanted to be friendly. Would I not be satisfied and be friends? I told him it could not be as long as anything was stolen and not returned. At this his patience gave way; and he stormed and stamped upon the ground, and declared that this was his illihee. 'This is my ground. You have never given me anything for it. It don't belong to you.' I replied to him that we did not claim the ground; but that he had agreed to let us stay here one warm season and plant and raise hieu wappatoes and ictas; and we were not to be disturbed; and bad Indians were not be allowed to come here and steal. At this he said 'close,' and then asked if he gave me a certain boundary of country, whether I would say no more about our stolen goods and be friendly, I told him I would. He said 'close,' or all right, and with great kindness and dignity came up and took me by the hand, saying, 'This land is yours. My people will not claim it any more; and we will be friends.'

"A few days afterwards he was at my place; and I was reading a medical work. Tipsy expressed a great desire to see the sketches, and asked me if it were all Boston waw-waw (language), and desired to know if I understood it. I told him that I did."

A few days afterwards Tipsy was wounded in a fight with the Shastas, and sent his sons for Smith to come and see him. Says the Captain: "In the morning I went down; and, entering his wigwam, I could not see Tipsy, and when I inquired for him was pointed to some blankets at one side, where they had him in a pit that had been well heated with hot rocks, and was reeking with steam by water having been poured upon them. I had him taken out and cooled off, and found that he was about gone. After getting him so that he could breath and talk again, I examined his wounds, one of which had been made with a pistol shot in the chin, and the other by a knife in the small of the back; and still a third was a long gash from an arrow down the right should blade. I shortly had him revived; and he feebly asked me if I thought he would get well. I told him that, if his people had not made matters bad by heating him so hot, he certainly could. but now I could not tell. I had, however, with me some material to make poultices, and had had some practice in treating wounded men on the frontier. After poulticing him with some wild wormwood, dampened with whiskey, he said he felt so much better that he would try to get well, and asked me, if the Siwash doctoring had not mimalused him, how long I thought it would be until he could walk again. I told him that, if it all came out right, he might walk again in ten or twelve suns; and at the expiration of that time he walked all the way up to my place to show me that I had saved his life, and to thank me for it. he said that the Indians would surely have killed him; that he was nearly dead; that a little while and Tipsy would

have been no more; and he told me that he would always be my friend, and that he never would fight me nor my friends, and that his men must never shoot at me; for I was a good medicine man and must not be killed.

"While I was getting him recruited, there were about fifty Indians in the wigwam; and when I told him he might get well they began all talking in turn. They would jabber as fast as they could speak; and those not engaged in the talk would come in like a Methodist with their amen. I asked the interpreter what they were talking about. He replied that they were wawa-wawing - pointing his finger upward - to the Socalee Tyee (the Great Spirit) to help me to make Tipsy skookum (strong); and always afterwards, when I would see Tipsy, he would talk to me of our old trouble, and how well we had settled it, and how he liked a good, brave man; and said that, if my tum tum (heart) had been little and weak like the man's who came to me when I was talking skookum, his men would have killed us all; that he told his men that I had a big heart and must not be killed."

Captain Smith thus related the last he saw of Tipsy: "As the Whites began to encroach, Tipsy often called upon me to talk about the way the settlers were treating him about his land. He said that, when he asked them to pay him for it, they would curse him and tell him to clatawa; and in the spring of 1853 he came by one day to bid me a final farewell, saying that he was going away, and that he would not come back to this valley any more. He said he had agreed with me that he would not kill any Boston men. They kept coming and taking his land; and when he asked them for pay they cursed him and made him go away. He declared that he did not claim my land any more, - that we were friends, and that that was all right. He first went to Applegate creek, and then over to the cave of the Klamath, where his old enemies, the Shastas, met and killed him. In justice to his memory I have to say that ever after our first troubles he was honorable with me."

The war of 1853 was provoked by the secret murder of a white man, Edward Edwards, who was found shot dead with arrows. Some eleven men collected with Isaac Hill as captain; and Smith, with three other men were detailed to enter the camp of Sambo, chief of a neighboring tribe, and learn the cause of the murder. The Captain thus relates what there occurred: "Getting to their camp, we found them all lying about in the shade; and I began talking to the interpreter, whom we called Jim, and said that we had come to have a talk with them; and I wanted him to tell all his people that they must all be there to meet the Bostons, who were coming to have a friendly counsel. He said all right, and was just in the act of speaking to his people, when I observed a large, strange, wild-looking Indian just in the act of getting up and throwing his quiver over his shoulder, and picking up his bow, when Carter (one of the white men's party), who was a little to my right, shouted at the top of his voice, 'Stop, stop, I'll shoot you;' and before I had time to speak he fired an old single-barreled pistol, the only firearm he had wit him. It bounded back and cut his forehead; and I saw the pistol bury itself in the sand thirty feet away. by this very foolish maneuver we were thrown into a very ugly little fight. On our side Carter and Dunn were wounded. In the evening we had about twenty Indian women and children and seven men and found one dead warrior at the edge of the brush, the others having gone to the woods."

The settlers made a fort, to which five men with their families and seven single men repaired. Smith stayed on his place. Sambo, with ten Indians, surrendered, gave up his arms and wanted to stop at the fort. Smith was anxious to get them away; but neither Ross nor the captain at Fort Hoxie would take them. Apprehensive of an attack by outside Indians to relive the captives. Smith kept a lookout, and thus relates what happened.

"On my return from Fort Hoxie in the evening, when within six hundred yards of our fort I saw an impress made by an Indian's heel in the dust where he had jumped across the road. I got down and on examination found quite a number of tracks; and when reaching the fort I called Gibbs and told him of the discovery I had made. I said these were Indians that had come to release the prisoners, and that they surely would do it if he were not well on his guard. I declared that, if the attack were made, the Indians would massacre every one in the fort and burn all the property. I advised him to arrange, without alarming the women, to have all the men on guard, and if he got through the night I would take some men and scour the woods in the morning. But he had great confidence in Sambo, and said if there were Indians about Sambo would have told him. He even called Sambo and said that I could satisfy myself; and to my questioning he denied all knowledge of any Indians in the region. Gibbs then said to me that I could see he knew nothing of it. I persisted, however, that Sambo could not be believed, and reluctantly rode away to my cabin. So deeply was I impressed with the presence of danger, that I did not remove my clothes, and even had my mule saddled, and tied him in the chimney corner, while I took what rest I could. At early twilight in the morning, I was already moving, when I heard a gun fired at a distance of about half a mile; and as quickly as could be done, I was on my mule and galloping down. When within eighty yards of the fort, the firing ceased; and I saw the flames rising from the grain stacks. I rushed into the fort without

injury; but in what a condition I found my companions! They had put but one man on guard; and he had come to the conclusion that he would rather sleep, and had lain down on a bench at the back of the house with a lady's work-basket as a pillow, and was roused from his slumber by an Indian ball tearing through the basket. I found Hugh Smith killed. Gibbs, Fordyce, Hodgins, Whitmore, Morris, Howell, and I think one other, were wounded. Hodgins, Whitmore and Gibbs died soon after. I found that when the firing began Gibbs and Howell were lying together on the porch with Sambo near by; and, as Gibbs rose with his gun in his hand, this treacherous savage seized and wrenched the piece from him, and stepping back shot him down."

The war of 1855 began with horse-stealing by the Indians. Smith lost a fine span in 1854; and a band of hunters at Green Spring in 1855 lost a horse. Returning to the settlements, these hunters made up a party of fifteen, including Smith, that went to the mountains in August to recover the property. the Captain thus describes the first encounter of that war. "When we arrived at the place where the Indians were camped when the horse was stolen, we found that they had gone; so we passed on through the clump of timber to open ground, and happened to be talking about the way that the Indians were doing business, when I saw an Indian's head protrude from the brush above, and said to the boys, 'I better call to him." But just at that moment he ducked his head and fired off a gun, evidently a signal; and, supposing, it was intended to harm us, I said to the boys, 'Curse them, if they are for fighting, draw your revolvers and we will go into them.' Advancing, we found several camp fires, and plenty of women and children all going in the opposite direction; and up the hill getting to the edge of the brush, I saw two bucks eighty or ninety yards ahead, and hailed them in jargon to come back, as I wanted to talk. One of them hallooed back in the same language, that he did not want to talk to Bostons. I then gave orders to shoot. Two shots were fired; and we charged up in the direction the Indians were running. But upon reaching the spot where the first two had disappeared in the brush, I saw that we were getting into a trap, and hallooed back to the boys, warning them of the situation, and telling them to get behind something immediately. Very quickly the Indians opened on us with their guns. But all of our party had started to retreat, some running directly from their fire; and some few were more lucky in going a little farther so as to cross their fire. I selected a far-off tree as a good place for safety. In approaching it I clutched the bark with my left hand to give a quick lodgment and stop myself in time, and in doing so came up against my comrade, A. Hedden."

From this unlucky beginning the little company did its best to get back safely to the settlement. Two men, Tabor and Alberding, were wounded and at great risk carried out; and one Keene was killed; but his body was recovered. During the war that followed, Captain Smith took an active part with a company of thirty men, and later with a company of thirty-five. Lieutenant Switzler, to whom he tendered his first company, he found indisposed to fight; while Major Fitzgerald, who was sent up from Fort Lane with forty men to avenge the death of Fields and Cunningham, who were shot from an ambuscade on the Siskiyou Mountain, to whom Smith offered thirty-five men, was ready to chastise the savages. The volunteers followed the Indians to the agency, and there occurred the fight which has been called the massacre, a full account of which is found in the history of the war in Southern Oregon, in the first volume of this work.

After these troublous times, in which the country was conquered from its original possessors, captain Smith returned to his home, but was soon elected to the legislature, and has been re-elected a number of terms, 1880, being the date of his last election. He was married in 1867 at Salem to Miss Margaret P., daughter of William Harrison of Missouri, and a member of the Tippecanoe family of presidential fame. In the white winter of his age, at four-score years, Captain Smith is still an active man, and greatly respected by all his neighbors, and honored in history.

Source: *History of the Pacific Northwest, Oregon and Washington, 1889*

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EDWARD ROBISON, Editor.

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VF Rogue River Indian Wars

THE INDIAN ATTACK ON FORT ABBERDEEN.

BY WELBORN BEESON.

The fifteenth of the present month marks the thirty-ninth anniversary of the Indian outbreak on Fort Abberdeen, a stockade surrounding Fred Abberdeen's log cabin, which was located on the farm afterwards improved and cultivated by Judge James C. Tolman, and situated about eight miles above the now prosperous town of Ashland.

Believing the Indians were preparing for hostilities, the few scattered inhabitants, that were located at the upper end of Bear Creek valley gathered at Abberdeen's, built a stockade and having captured a few squaws, detained them as prisoners, or rather hostages, hoping by that means to induce the braves to come in and propose a treaty of peace, but unfortunately, as the sequel will show, the settlers made a mistake. A day or two before the fifteenth of August, a small train of immigrants, commanded by capt. Asa Fordyce, the first to arrive that season from across the Great Plains, camped at the stockade, some of the families inside while others occupied their wagons and tents just outside.

A Guard was stationed outside to give the alarm if any thing should indicate that Indians were near; but all seemed quiet and the imprisoned squaws on the inside gave no evidence that they expected any relief from their braves. But just at daybreak on the morning of the fifteenth the guard heard a shrill coyote yell, which was nothing uncommon at that time for coyotes were more plentiful then than now; but on the instant of this particular yell, a volley of bullets and arrows came thick and fast from the surrounding thickets and trees against the wagons and stockade and into the tents. To add to the confusion the squaws all jumped up and escaped through the doors of the stockade which were opened to admit the guard. As soon as the squaws were out the firing from the brush ceased and the Indians escaped without a wound. But not so with the little company at the Fort.

A number were wounded, among them, Capt. Fordyce, and a Mr. Higgings who was sleeping in his wagon with his wife and little daughter, was killed, while his wife and daughter escaped. His remains were burried near that large pine tree that now stands just east of A. Alford's barn in Talent. There was also a young man by the name of Smith, a nephew of the late lamented "Grandma" Robison, instantly killed and lies burried in what is now known as the Hill cemetery, near the scene of his death. The little garrison, with the immigrants, immediately moved down the valley to Fort Wagner where they remained untill peace was established soon after the arrival of Gen. Joseph Lane from the Willamette. This was not a very encouraging welcome to tired, travel-worn immigrants, who had been toiling for five long months, to reach this beautiful vale. The poor wife and daughter of the murdered Higgings found a home with the old man Holman, at Jacksonville, for a while. The daughter is now a grandmother and resides near Los Angeles, California, but the memory of that fateful morning will never be obliterated from her mind while life lasts.

NEVADA is need of a missionary. It is reported that an eastern clergyman was invited to conduct the religious services at the opening of the legislature. He gladly accepted the call and closed the cerimony with the Lord's prayer.

No sooner had he concluded than a leading state senator turned to another and remarked audibly, "He stole that prayer and I'll bet on it. I heard it almost word for word at a funeral in Eureka over ten years ago."

Why doth the festive Injun squaw
Improve each shining minute,
And scratch her head from morn till night?
Because there's millions in it.

—Ex.

It is more blessed to give than to receive, when a kick from a No. 10 boot is at issue.

J. W. Aid, the enterprising artist, writes from Beswick, Cal., that he is at present hard at work for the Klamath River Lumber Co., but that he has ordered a new lens in place of the one broken by the upsetting of his cart a few weeks ago, and will soon resume his favorite occupation of photographic vewing. Johnny has had to do some lively rustling to repair the damage to his outfit, but he has the fortunate faculty of turning his hand to nearly every kind of employment, and to overcome difficulties with comparative ease.

SHE was plump and beautiful, and he was wildly fond of her. She hated him but womanlike, she strove to catch him. He was a flea.

Aug 19, 1892

[illegible]

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Mining Items.

The latest news from the Caven quartz mine in Siskiyou county, in which [illegible]

R. R. Indian Wars

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THE SISKIYOU MASSACRE OF 1855.

BY D. P. BRITTIAN.

On September 24th, 1855, Harrison Oatman, Cal. Fields and I started from Phoenix with ox teams, loaded with flour, for Yreka, Cal. We camped the first night on Neal Creek. The road over Siskiyou mountains was very rough. Fields had been over the road before, but Oatman and I had not; so Fields went in the lead with his team of four yoke of oxen. We had to "double teams" up bad hills as that was before the toll road was made.

When we got near the summit of the mountain Fields said, "This is the last place we have to double; we will get to the top this time."

Oatman and Fields started up while I remained with my team. When they got near the top, the Indians that were waiting in the brush, fired on them, killing Fields the first fire. Oatman ran up the mountain. Just at this time a Mr. Cunningham met them, jumped out of his wagon and ran with Oatman, the Indians whooping the war-whoop and shooting at the men as they ran. Cunningham was shot in the hip and fell. Oatman past him and ran on to the top of the hill where he met a man on horse back and told him what had happened. The horseman rode back to Mountain House, three miles, for assistance. Four men, well armed came as quick as possible. When I heard the firing I ran up to see what had happened. I was sure our men were both killed. When I got within twenty steps of the wagons I saw an Indian. He got behind a tree and pointed his gun towards me. Just then I saw another Indian on the other side of a wagon emptying flour out of the sacks. When I saw what was done I started back to my team.

As I started, the Indian behind the tree fired at me; then I got scared and ran on to where the toll-house now stands, two miles. There I caught up with a pack train with twenty mules, in charge of a white man and a Spaniard, and, informing them what had happened, asked for an animal to ride. They at once hurried their animals, declaring the Indians would kill every one of us before we could get out. I jumped on the bellhorse, the men telling me to run him as fast as possible and not let any grass grew under his feet. I had no bridle, nothing but the bell strap to guide the horse with. I whipped with a short rope and my hat and I think I made the best time that any man and horse ever made for four miles down that mountain to where Major Baron's place now is. James Rusell, now living in Ashland, was there then. Six men, armed and mounted, started to the place of the massacre. I came three miles farther on, got ahorse and gun and started back to join the men. They had met the men that came from the other way, at the wagons, where Field's body was found, stripped of its clothing. By this time it was getting dark and they could not find Cunningham. Thirteen oxen were killed in the road. The men brought Fields' body down to my wagon, saying it was Oatman's, and that Fields was at the house on the other side of the mountain.

The men urged me to lie down as I was about tired out. Men were sent to Pecenix, but no one wanted to tell Mrs. Oatman her husband was killed. Before daylight the mistake was discovered and word was at once sent to Mrs. Oatman about the trouble. At daybreak parties set out to hunt for the lost boy, Cunningham, and found him about fifty yards from the wagons, killed and his body stripped of clothing. He was brought down and burried in the Hill grave-yard.

Field was burried east of the present town of Talent, near Bear Creek. Harrison Oatman now live in Portland.

Col. Streator has turned spiritualist. He attended the great spook camp at Lilydale, N. Y. and received a communication from an old lawyer long since "passed over," to the effect that while the colonel's action in hanging Iams up by the thumbs "raised hell on earth," it is justified by a counsel of spirits, by whose assistance he will come out all right.

The cholera is working its way westward and general alarm prevails thoughout the eastern portions of the United States. All vessels arriving from Europe will be quarantined and the Atlantic cities will be put in a state of defense by energetic efforts at cleansing. The mayor of San Francisco has ordered the flushing of the sewers and a general cleaning up of Chinatown and other filthy parts of the city.

Wouldn't it be well to keep large cities continously in a state of defense against contagious diseases?

Sept 23, 1892

[illegible] Sept 23, 1892, [illegible] Oatman, Mrs. Field and [illegible] started from Phoenix with a team, [illegible] and Mr. Cunningham and [illegible] Mr. Oatman and [illegible] Mr. Field went to the road with his team of four yoke of oxen. We had to "double hames" up hard hills, as that was before the toll road was made.

When we got near the summit of the mountain Fields said, "This is the last chance we have to double; we will get to the top next time."

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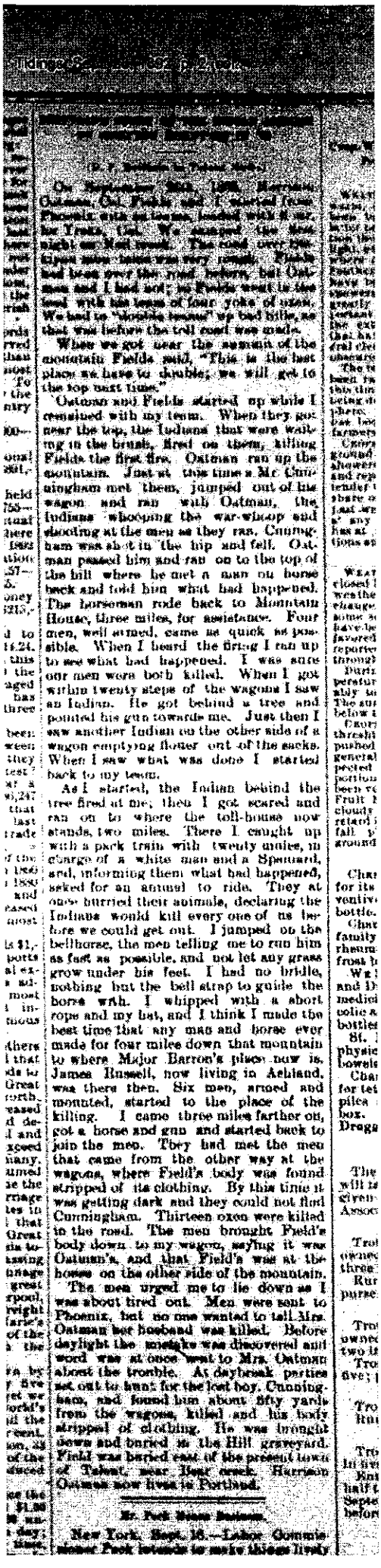
[illegible] idings, Sept 23 1892 p2

Sept 23, 1892



Indian Scare—Jan. 1857. p. 2 Col.

[illegible]

[illegible]

(By T. Applegate in Portland Oregonian.)

On September 26th, 1856, Harrison Oatman, Ord. Fields and I started from Phoenix with an ox team, loaded with flour for Yreka, Cal. We arranged the first night on Mud Creek. The road over the Siskiyou mountains was very rough. Fields had been over the road before, but Oatman and I had not; so Fields went in the lead with his team of four yoke of oxen. We had to "double teams" up bad hills, as that was before the toll road was made.

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Mr. Peck Wants Business.

New York, Sept. 16.—Labor Commissioner Peck intends to make things lively

VF Rogue Valley Indian Wars

TALENT NEWS.

VOL. I. DECEMBER 15, 1892. NO. 22.

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EDWARD ROBISON, Editor.

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WAR STORIES.

BY S. SHERMAN—continued.

FETCHING IN STRAW FOR BEDDING(?)

Being captain of a "mess" of 18 men it would'nt do for me to forage, especially as we had an abundance furnished by the government, but I see now that I was equally guilty. The boys had been out on posses to town and elsewhere frequently and one evening they consulted with me as to the advisability of going out that evening for straw(?) for bedding. I consented as I didn't wish to be arbitrary. The secret of it was, they knew of some fine turkeys about a mile out west of camp and moreover they wished me to volenteer to go on the "2nd relief" at the farther end of the bridge in place of Jo Copler—a tell-tale—so as to let them through the line safely. This, too I consented to do. The sequel was we feasted on as fine a lot of turkeys as any Thanksgiving party ever did. The turkeys were inside of the blankets of straw.

LIVELY TIMES IN '55.

During the summer and fall of 1855 the Indians of Rogue River country committed many depredations on the whites of the valley and vicinity by waylaying and killing the white settlers and killing their cattle. They said the cattle ate their grass and they were going to eat the cattle. They got so bad that we petitioned the government for help, but got none.

The Indians were preparing for war all the time. We laid our case before Indian agent Ambroze, who promised to settle with the Indians and stop all the trouble, but the Indians got worse all the time.

After the war broke out, he said he knew all summer that they were bound to break out and "all h—l couldn't prevent it." The citizens held a meeting at Phœnix in October and resolved to organize a company of volunteers. Many, speeches were made by leading citizens, to the effect that something should be done before the Indians destroyed everything, for it was not safe for the settlers anywhere. We organized a company of 47 men at Phœnix with Asa Fordyce as Capt., and set out for the mouth of Little Butte creek at three o'clock the next morning. The women baked bread for us. We had all kinds of guns—muzzle loaders, of course. When we reached Butte the citizens were greatly alarmed, for the Red-skins had been very bold in their depredations in that vicinity. The Indians were camped on the north side of Rogue river, above Table rock. They said they were ready for us. The Indians on the reservation said those depredations were not committed by them, but by some "bad Indians." The citizens wanted us to wait until they could get their families forted up for safety and they would help us. So we camped two days, in the mean time sending reconnoitering parties out to see what the Indians were doing. At this time a company of government soldiers came down Rogue river and volunteered to go with us, but said the Indians were too many for us.

They marched to Ft. Lane, sent a messago to the Indians advising them to go on the reservation, that the volunteers were coming and would kill the last one of them. The Indians didn't go, but defiantly informed the messenger that they were ready for us. At this the people became more excited, and still more so as they saw that the Indians were getting ready for war. Several citizens came from Jacksonville to join us, increasing our number to about sixty. We then reorganized with Hays, of Phoenix, Capt., and Williams, first lieutenant. We advanced on the Indians in the night. At daylight the battle commenced. The Indians fought bravely with bows-and-arrows and guns. The volunteers determined to kill as many of the Indians as possible. We had thirteen wounded.

Major Lupton, shot in the breast with an arrow, died the same evening. Geo. Shepherd, shot in the hips, died the next day. M. Williams was also shot in the hip. R. Gates recieved a wound in the shoulder. My memory fails to recall the names of the others that were wounded.

Thirty-nine Indians were killed though Capt. Smith of Ft. Lane placed the number at eighty.

A, Volunteer
Talent Oregon.

The Oregon Agricultural Station bulletin for October informs us that during the Mesozoic period Rogue River Valley was under water and "not less than 3000 feet of sediment was deposited.

The World's Fair is to be opened on Sunday, so say the commissioners. Three cheers for their good sense!

p. m. at the Medford cemetery.

Last of Her Tribe.

Old Jennie, the last of the famous tribe of Rogue Rivers, died here last Sunday morning after a protracted illness, aged about 65 years. Old Jennie, it will be remembered, anticipating her death, prepared with her own hands, in the most costly and elaborate manner, her burial robe, the material of which is of buckskin handsomely ornamented with many colored beads, sea shells, Indian money, beautiful transparent pebbles, etc., the whole weighing nearly 50 pounds. This death closes the last act in the sad drama of an historic tribe, than which no braver or more determined ever contronted and fell before the superior forces of civilization. Old Jennie was laid to rest in her burial robe Sunday evening.

Gen. R. L. Applegate related the following episode in Jennie's career to the Tidings the other day, from which paper we clip it: In the Indian war of 1853, when the white settlers had gathered for safety at the fortification at Wagner creek and at Jacksonville while the U. S. troops and volunteers were camped in front of Table Rock, awaiting the assistance which was coming from the north and watching the hostile Indians who were gathered in large numbers north of Rogue river, the danger of a successful and bloody raid of the Indians upon the soldiers (greatly their inferior in numbers) was greatly lessened and the possibility of the treaty soon afterward effected by Gen. Lane was greatly aided by the efforts of about a dozen Indian women who had made their home for sometime in Jacksonville among the white people. These women were given comfortable quarters at the encampment of the soldiers, were supplied with saddle ponies and went every day from the camp of the soldiers to that of the Indians and labored to dissuade the natives from their contemplated general assault upon the whites. They argued that the cause of the Indians could not triumph except for a little time at most, as the whites were bound to keep coming in increasing numbers and would soon crush them out with their superior force if the Indians attempted a war of extermination. They magnified the strength of the troops and told of the reinforcements arriving and to come, and finally, General Applegate says, paved the way for the treaty which gave peace and security to the settlers. Of this dozen Indian women who rendered this great service to the settlers one was "old Jennie" who has just closed with her life the last chapter of the history of her people in this their native land. It is due to her memory that her services to them, as well as to the white people with whom she preferred to live, should be recalled and acknowledged at this time. And it also due to the people of Jacksonville to state that these Indian women, who continued to live there after the trouble was ended, were treated with general respect and consideration, and as they drooped from the ranks of the living, one by one, their services were remembered as they were given funeral tributes and civilized burial in the quiet grounds of the dead.

DT 5-19-1893

1893 Always in the Lead.

May 19, 20, 1893

in an inlet at the foots. The fruit and cereal crop in the Grande Ronde valley is in good condition. Every county reports some excellent prospects. The soil is more thoroughly moistened than it has been for years. The unfavorable weather has delayed sheep shearing. A large percentage of lambs are being saved. The wool is better than it has been for years. Alfalfa is fine. Grazing is good. Grass cattle will be in market within three weeks. The frost injured fruit in places. Strawberries are ripe and are being shipped from The Dalles.

B. S. PAGUE, Observer Weather Bureau.

The Last of the Mohicans.

Old Jennie, the last representative of the famous Rogue river Indians, now living in this county and quite advanced in years, is making a burial robe after the custom of the distinguished members of the tribe, in which to be laid away when the summons shall come and she shall pass to the happy hunting-grounds where the white man is not and fire-water is unknown. The groundwork is of fine buckskin and is superbly decorated with the various kinds of money used by the tribe for generations past, and richly ornamented in a pleasing and skillful manner with jewels, pebbles, beads and other valuables used and admired by the tribe in the past. The robe, when completed will weigh fully fifty pounds, and, as a relic or reminder of the peculiar customs and practices of a nation of people now practically blotted from existence, is most valuable and should be preserved. With this commendable purpose in view, Mrs. Rowena Nichols, the talented artist, who has been employed by the World's Fair committee to paint the Table Rocks, has procured a number of sketch s of this interesting subject and will paint a life-size picture of old Jennie, wrapped in her gorgeous cerements, and thus happily preserve a sacred custom about to pass forever into oblivion. Old Jennie was born and raised at the foot of Table Rocks, and during the wars was once captured by the whites, and later rescued by her people. She lives about a mile and a half from Jacksonville, up Jackson creek, and to hear her tell, in that peculiar and impressive Indian style, the grievous outrages and nameless wrongs perpetrated upon her people, and their consequent annihilation from the face of the earth, would touch the stoutest heart with sympathy, and almost make one wish he could face again the brawny braves who fought and died for this fair heritage, and for which sad fate old Jennie's heart goes out in bitter wails. This painting will be a valuable object lesson as indicating the fast fleeting cycles of time and the rapid mutations of human customs and usages, and will serve as a most fitting companion piece to the Table Rocks, where Jennie was born and grew up, chiefly on war-whoops and camas, clad only in the free raw material of innocence and a copper complexion, happy in her native simplicity and blissfully ignorant of modern civilization and the gracious benefits of the McKinley tariff law.

Democratic Times Jacksonville newspaper

Sentinel 5/20/1893

VALLEY RECORD.

The People's Paper.

ASHLAND, OR., THURSDAY, Sept. 14, 1893

Baby Ruth has a sister.

John Chinaman has commenced to get a move on him.

Baby Ruth's sister is the only child of a president ever born in the White House.

It will require about 5000 hands to harvest the hop crop of Polk county alone. The laboring people are right in not wishing Mongolians to reap the harvest the hop picking season brings them.

Hamilton Fish, Grant's secretary of state, died last Thursday in New York state. He has been prominent in public affairs for a quarter of a century, and was regarded by all as a pure and upright statesman.

The outside pages of the Record will well repay perusal. Beside the usual interesting Alliance column, there is a very readable communication from Joe Waldrop and an able article on the silver question, on fourth page.

Which is right? Jerry Simpson said of the followers of Cleveland in congress: "To them the ground trembles when the president walks; there is thunder in his sneeze." The doctors said of him awhile back, "there is rheumatism in his knees."

The recent annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal church took grounds against the anti-Chinese agitators, who are the working people of the coast; and yet the churches find difficulty in solving the problem, "why are the laboring people indifferent or hostile to the churches."

The Devil is on trial at the Salvation Army barracks in San Francisco this week before a jury of 12 of his peers. We did not suppose such a jury could be empaneled outside of Massachusetts, and had we been consulted as to its selection we would have suggested Attorney General Olney as foreman of that jury.

Here's where your money goes: J. B. Allen of Wash., Lee Mantle of Montana and A. C. Beckwith of Wyoming are to get $2500 each for prosecuting claims to seats in the U. S. senate, to which they were not entitled, and the governors who appointed them knew at the time they made the appointments, that they could never be seated.

A Chinese immigrant, a laborer, was landed in New York in violation of our laws and despite the efforts of the authorities to prevent his coming ashore. That is proper. That John Chinaman know the hearts of the eastern people were yearning for him—for have they not said, "suffer the pigtails to come unto us and forbid them not?"

The Populist Voice makes the following quotation: "Dolph's declaration to a Washington correspondent that the country's salvation from the damnation bowwows rested upon the rule being turned over to the Republicans forthwith, reminds one of an appropriate Bible text: The fool returneth to his folly, the sow to her wallow and the dog to his vomit."

A judge down in California thought Editor Shortridge, of the San Jose Mercury, was in contempt of his august presence when he published news of a divorce case which was tried behind closed doors, and he promptly fined the editor $100; but the newspaper man got back at him through a higher court and is no more in contempt and is allowed to keep his $100.

The law of the survival of the fittest is bound to prevail and be the final solution of the Coolie labor question. No amount of legislation will ever compel the white laborer to even look kindly upon the Coolie, and as the government has to a great extent been forced to leave the solution to it would seem to be a wise thing for congress to do if it would let the Geary act alone, fold its arms, so to speak, and watch the procession as John Chinaman goes.

A BIRTH AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Mrs. Cleveland Presents the President With Another Daughter.

An interesting event occurred last the

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS.

SENATE.

Tuesday, Sept. 5.

The silver men, through Stewart, notified the senate that hereafter they would insist on a quorum being present when senators were speaking on the silver question. Stewart occupied nearly the entire day in a speech. He took positive ground against the repeal of the silver purchase clause until a free coinage bill is passed. Peffer introduced a bill to create a department of education under the supervision of a secretary of education. The bill provides that within three years a scientific college shall be erected, to be known as the Scientific University of the Red, White and Blue Cross, and $10,000,0000 appropriated for the buildings, equipment, etc. An appropriation of $8,000,000 is also made for an endowment. Morgan introduced a joint resolution to appoint a commission of senators and representatives to inquire into the monetary condition of the country.

Wednesday, Sept. 6.

A resolution was referred to the claims committee which appropriates funds to reimburse John B. Allen of Washington, Lee Mantle of Montana and A. C. Beckwith of Wyoming for expenses incurred in prosecuting the claims to seats in the senate. Voorhees withdrew his resolution changing the hour of meeting to 1 o'clock. Stewart continued his speech against the repeal bill.

Thursday, Sept. 7.

Wolcott presented a resolution, signed by every business man in Durango, Col., for the repeal of the McKinley act. White of California introduced a resolution directing the secretary of the treasury to inform the senate to what extent the appropriation heretofore made to enforce the Chinese exclusion act had been expended and how much there is now available, and whether further appropriation is necessary to enforce the law and what amount would be required for the present fiscal year. Agreed to. Stewart finished his speech on the repeal bill.

Friday, Sept. 8.

Voorhees called up the repeal bill. Faulkner said he would vote for the repeal bill, but that he would present an amendment for the coinage of $1,000,000 of silver per month until $800,000,000 was in circulation. He predicted a deficit of $50,000,000 this fiscal year. Turpie favored bimetallism. After some discussion the senate went into executive session and soon adjourned.

Monday, Sept. 11.

Hoar introduced a bill in the senate amending the Chinese exclusion act by extending the time for registration three months after its passage, and repealing that portion requiring that witnesses in the cases against Chinese shall be white. The bill continues in force the first six sections of the Geary act until a treaty can be made with China for the regulation of Chinese immigration. Pugh spoke in opposition to the repeal bill. Teller, resuming his speech, blamed the New York bankers and legislative misconduct for the present depressed financial condition. Dolph, in presenting a petition from the conference of the Methodist Episcopal church of Oregon for the repeal of the Geary act, said much of the opposition to the law was the result of ignorance as to its provisions and effects.

HOUSE.

Wednesday, Sept. 6.

The representatives took a rest from Saturday, and today resumed debate on the rules. The rules were finally adopted and the house adjourned till Saturday.

Saturday, Sept. 9.

There was only a short session, and after the transaction of some unimportant business the house adjourned.

Monday, Sept. 11.

The house remained in session only half an hour, with less than 100 members present. Murray (colored) of South Carolina unsuccessfully sought the immediate passage of a resolution appropriating $200,000 for the relief of the cyclone sufferers at Beaufort, S. C.

Assistant Secretary of State Josiah Quincy tendered his resignation to the president and it was accepted.

Senator Perkins introduced a bill to

Santa Rosa officials drove away a big gang of tramps who have been camping along the creek and in the willows.

Over 1,000 Indian hop pickers have left Victoria for the Sound hop fields, in defiance of the United States law against alien labor.

The commissioners appointed by the United States and Canada to determine the boundary line between British America and Alaska are unable to agree.

Edward Caskin, a tinsmith at Puyallup, Wash., has been arrested for writing threatening letters to President Boutman of the suspended bank of Puyallup.

Frank J. Murasky of San Francisco was selected at Marysville for president by the grand council of the Young Men's Institute.

Comstock miners decline to submit to the proposed 25 per cent reduction in wages. Those directly interested think the reduction is too great.

A survey corps has started from Hollister for the purpose of locating the line of the Monterey-Fresno railway between Hollister and Salinas. Construction will commence next month.

Governor Markham has issued a proclamation requesting the people of this state to encourage all efforts for the promotion of the international irrigation congress, convening at Los Angeles Aug. 10.

Nineteen men and boys were arrested at Hubbard, Or., for deporting 18 Chinese from McKinney's lumyard. The city marshal was among them. Some of the Chinese were sent to Corvallis and some to Portland. No violence was done them.

A man named Fred Chapman, at Blacks, Cal., was taken into the country by a party of masked men, and it is thought he was tarred and feathered. He was a scandal-monger, and had spoken contemptuously of the character of some of the ladies of that town.

Probate Judge E. W. French of Prescott, A. T., charged with fraud, has been released on $1,500 bonds. Ex-Probate Judge W. O. O'Neill has been appointed by the board of supervisors to inspect the books of Judge French's office.

Bonds of the Escondido irrigation district, amounting to $250,000, have been sold at 95 cents on the dollar. This will result in work being almost immediately begun on the water system, which will irrigate the whole of Escondido valley San Diego county.

Charles Lowry, aged 17 years, of Durham, Shasta county, was killed. Lowry was driving a derrick team which became unmanageable, and when the fork struck the upper part of the derrick, three of the tugs fastened to the stretcher broke, the remaining tug causing the stretcher to fly back, striking Lowry on the neck, breaking it instantly.

The Chinese at Los Angeles are thoroughly alarmed over the prospect of deportation. Fong Louie, who rented land with six men, on shares, in the Cahuenga valley, was declared a laborer by Judge Ross, and ordered deported. Three other Chinamen under the same conditions received the same sentence. A petition signed by 123 Chinamen has been sent to congress, stating they wanted to register now, having been deceived as to their rights, and begging that another opportunity be given to them.

The farmers and interior grain buyers and brokers are making loud complaints against the San Francisco banks. They say the bankers are in alliance with the shippers to force grain on the market. The basis of their complaint is that the banks refuse to lend money on wheat stored in warehouses. They will only advance on subject to call on grain stored at tide water. This action, the farmers allege, compels them to sell at the present low rates. Most of them are unable to hold their grain unless they can get advances on it, and are forced to market to meet their obligations. As a rule they are in debt to local merchants, and received advances for bags and harvesting.

There was a large attendance of delegates to the good roads convention at

EARLY DAYS IN OREGON.

A Gold Hill Pioneer tells of Days that Tried Men's Souls in the Early Settlement of Rogue River Valley.

EDITOR VALLEY RECORD:—

Early in the spring of 1853 those familiar with the treacherous nature of the Rogue River Indians knew that trouble was brewing, and that it was only a question of time when there would be "razors flying in the air." The Indians, who all along had maintained a sullen and defiant demeanor, had suddenly changed their base and become over-friendly and were loud in their professions of friendship toward the whites. The miners and settlers, however, looked upon their friendship with suspicious eyes. At this time there was a small, vagrant, wandering band of Indians whose headquarters was at the head of the valley. Their "tyee" was a disgusting looking sneak thief of a fellow. He wore a full beard on his face and was very proud of his whiskers. One of his band, an Indian named Tom, came down the valley alone one day. He arrived at a rancher's cabin, name Edwards, who lived just across the creek from where now stands the town of Medford. He murdered Edwards and left the dead body in the cabin, after which he struck across the valley and got on the road that runs south from Jacksonville. He concealed himself behind a pine stump not a half mile from Jacksonville. About sundown a young man named Wills, while riding along, was shot through the hips by Tom. The shot knocked him off his horse. The horse became frightened and ran into town. Many people heard the shot and on going to the place they found young Wills suffering the most excruciating agony. In a very short space of time the miners were up and ready for a fight. Wills was carried to town, where he lingered in great pain for a few hours, when death came to his rescue. Wills' death so enraged the miners that they seized some Indians who happened to be in Jacksonville and undertook to make them tell who it was that murdered Wills and Edwards, and on their refusal to do so they hung them. One Indian, however, promised the whites that if they would not hang him he would bring in the guilty parties and accordingly the Indian, accompanied by some miners, started out in search of the murderer. They had only got about one mile from town when the miners observed that the Indian acted strangely. So much so, indeed, that Hank Brown drew his Colt's revolver and shot the Indian through the shoulder, which knocked him off his horse. The Indian played possum and acted as if he was dead. Brown dismounted and scalped the Indian and went off and left him for dead. After the war was over Uncle Dan Fisher saw Brown and the Indian meet and heard them talk over their past experience. The evening that Wills was shot Tyee Jim stayed over night at Fisher's cabin. Jim said, to Fisher that the Bostons was "sollux" (mad). That he did not want to fight. Fisher assured him that if he would behave himself the whites would not molest him. He advised Jim to go and see Skinner, the agent, and that all would be right. A young man named Hughart was stopping with Fisher. Uncle Dan decided to send Hughart to town to ascertain what the trouble was. Fisher remained alone in the cabin. Shortly after Hughart started for Jacksonville another Indian rode up to Fisher's cabin. He had a musket. Fisher asked him if he wanted to fight. The Indian replied no, whereupon Fisher took the musket and put it away. In the meantime fifteen or twenty men rode up to Fisher's cabin and observing the Indian one of the number asked Fisher if he harbored Indians, and on being assured that he did not the miner said "turn him out here, we will kill him." The Indian understood what was said, and as quick as lightning he broke for the brush. A shower of bullets was fired at him. None however struck him, and he made good his escape. These were some of the causes that brought on the war of 1853. In a short time hostilities commenced. General Lane was sent for and with that daredevil dash that always characterized him, he soon brought the Indians to terms; not, however, until he had chastized them severely. In the meantime a little episode worthy of mention occurred at or near Willow Springs. Late in the fall of 1853 a packer named James Kyle who had just arrived from Scottsburg camped near Mr. Dean's place at Willow Springs. Kyle's employees had retired, himself remaining up and had a long talk with Dean. Finally Mr. Dean started for his home and had only got a short distance when he heard a shot fired and instantly he noticed a commotion. He at once took to [illegible]

Circuit Court Proce

SEPTEMBER TERM

Johanna Houck vs. Danl Chapman; foreclosure; judgm tiff in the sum of $1677 and th of $97 attorney's fees, costs ments.

Wm. Robinson, executor, and Mary E. Curry, decree of default entered against defts; plff in the sum of $2761 33 an ney's fee and costs.

Beckman & Reames vs. W Bybee, action for money; plff for the sum of $933 77 costs and disbursements.

Beckman & Reames vs W Byrd, decree of foreclosure; plff for $9271 and $100 attorney

C W Kahler vs Southern Or & Mfg Co, default entered judgment for plff for $1100 disbursements. Property to sheriff's sale.

Mary E Dalloy vs J K Del equity for divorce; decree gran

Grand jury is composed of Dan Chapman, Chas Griffith, W P Farlow, G F Black and burg; Chas Griffith, foreman; after appointed bailiff for gran Schultz, bailiff for the term.

Jackson Co, Or, vs Geo E Bl civil action to recover money; ed to file amended complaint attorneys.

G W Bamford vs S O Brew Cold Storage Co; leave gran withdraw demurrer and file a answer.

H A Furguson, C E Ninin Rose, J Gaylard, Richard Bes Elliott, Chas Gillette and O H cused from service as jurors, drawn to fill regular panel.

Jas Harvey vs S P Co; dismi and def't costs.

State vs W E Butler; indictm sault; verdict of not guilty jury; def't discharged, bonds oraled.

T A Shaw vs Sarah Shaw; cree granted, pl'ff to pay costs es of suit.

W S Crowell, Ed R Owen an excused as jurymen.

Jackson county, Or, vs Geo et al; def't given ten days to fil

Jackson county vs Geo E Blo urer, et al; pl'ff granted leave t the amended complaint and th final complaint and action be dis leave to begin anew.

K Kubli vs J A Hanley and judgment for pl'ff for $424.00 wi costs and disbursements.

State vs H W Clopton; ind grand jury for crime of mayh warrant issued.

State vs H W Clopton; indi assault and battery.

State vs K B Farlow and Mil action dismissed.

Jesse Dodge vs Susan A D missed at pltf's cost; judgme against pltf for costs.

Susan A Dodge vs Jesse Do stricken from docket; judgme against Susan A Dodge for cost

Manuel Silva vs Wm Reddi dismissed at pltf's cost.

State vs Geo Caldwell; indi murder; continued until Decem court.

State vs Antoine Morine; not Orchard Home Ass'n vs Jno K al; judgment for pltf, costs an ments.

H L White vs S P Co; taken visement.

State vs Henry Lowe; indictm assault; not a true bill returne jury.

State vs Henry Lowe and Ch action dismissed.

Emma Cooper vs Celestia Phil dismissed.

State vs Frank Theissing; indi permitting unlawful gaming; guilty returned by jury.

State vs Frank Theissing; ind giving intoxicating liquors to mi

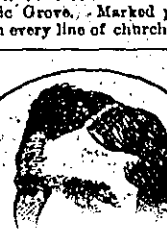
Napa county has appropria for a Midwinter Fair exhibit.

Threats are being used to Chinese from the Loggett Santa Rosa.

The charge of conspiracy a widow of Millionaire Yoaler, has been dismissed.

An incendiary was seen sett a house at Fresno. Several fired at him.

The Methodist conference is At Pacific Grove. Marked shown in every line of church



SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
SINCE 1946

Research Library – Phone: 541-858-1724
106 N. Central Ave. Medford, OR 97501

Administration – Phone 541-773-6536

FAX: 541-858-1095
web site: www.sohs.org

Name	Extension – 541 area	Position	E-mail	Home/ Cell
Research Library	858-1724 **X 1000**	Front Desk		
Bray-Nash, Emily		Collections Assistant	emily@sohs.org	503-896-7735
Curler, Dawna		Special Projects	dawna@sohs.org	541-210-2790 c 541-773-1254 h
Drake, Amy	773-6536 **X 1006** (494-0350)	Curator of Special Projects	amy@sohs.org	860-884-0450 c
Enright, Kathy	858-1724 **X 1001**	Registrar	registrar@sohs.org	541-899-3180 h 541-621-6039 c
Harper, Pat	858-1724 **X 1000**	Library Manager Interim Exec. Dir.	librarymgr@sohs.org	541-973-2120 h 904-610-6392 c
Huff, Karla	773-6536 **x 1003** (494-0271)	Coordinator, Programs & Special Events	educate@sohs.org karla@sohs.org	541-613-8026 h
Loops, Joanna	773-6536 **X 1004** (494-0272)	Membership & Development	joanna@sohs.org	541-292-6521 c
Macfarlane, Matt	858-1724 **X 1001**	Collections Assistant	matt@sohs.org	541-301-8952 c
Reuwsaat, Tina	858-1724 **X 1001**	Asst. Curator of Collections & Exhibits	curator@sohs.org	541-512-1891 h 541-941-6505 c
Rogers, Richard	773-2675	Farm Manager	hanleyfarm@sohs.org	541-531-1311 c
Smith, Dru	858-1724 **X 1001**	Collections Assistant	dru@sohs.org	530-918-4090 c
Taylor, Jean	773-6536 **X 1002** (494-0270)	Office Manager	officemgr@sohs.org	541-301-7401 c
Tuley, Dana		Special Projects	danajo2you@clearwire.net	541-779-1007
Executive Director	773-6536 **X 1005** (494-0273)	Executive Director	director@sohs.org	

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To RETRIEVE messages from another location: Dial your phone's actual number or the 773-6536 number plus your extension number. When the answering message begins hit * (star) then dial your extension number for the password.

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ECORD.

Paper.

, Sept. 28 1893

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THE WEEK IN CONGRESS.

SENATE.

Tuesday, Sept. 19.

Squire submitted a substitute for the repeal bill, providing that owners of silver bullion may have it coined into standard silver dollars, such persons only receiving a number of standard silver equal to the commercial value of the silver bullion deposited by them, the difference in value to be retained by the government as seigniorage. The monthly coinage shall not exceed $4,000,000, and when the gross sum has reached $200,000,000 it shall cease, the dollars to be legal tender. A. C. Beckwith, Lee Mantle and John B. Allen were allowed expenses for contesting their claims to seat in the senate.

Wednesday, Sept. 20.

Voorhees moved that the repeal bill be taken up, and George addressed the senate in opposition to the bill. Grey spoke in advocacy of the bill.

Thursday, Sept. 21.

The feature of interest today was the speech of White of California on the silver question. He scored Cleveland for his repudiation of the Chicago platform. What was the use of a platform if it was not binding upon the conscience of candidates who assumed to act under it? He opposed the repeal bill, and said California was in sympathy with the silver states. He affirmed his belief, however, in the power of the people to settle the question rightly. A resolution on closure went over till tomorrow.

Friday, Sept. 22.

Allen introduced a bill making the dollar (which may be coined of 412½ grains of silver, or 25 8-10 grains of gold) a unit of value. The bill also repeals the Sherman act, and provides that owners of silver may have it coined into standard dollars, less 20 per cent for seigniorage. Mitchell introduced a bill appropriating $375,000 for the construction of two steam revenue cutters for the Pacific Coast. Wolcott and Teller spoke in favor of bringing about a vote on the repeal bill. Voorhees announced that an agreement had been made between the factions that the senate should meet at 11 a. m. and not adjourn till 6.

Saturday, Sept. 23.

Stewart introduced a resolution arraigning President Cleveland for his course in trying to push the repeal bill through congress, and gave notice that he would address the senate on the resolution on Monday. The closure resolution was then taken up, and its adoption was opposed by Turpie, Dubois and Call.

Monday, Sept. 25.

Stewart's arraignment of Cleveland was the feature of the session. He criticised the president severely for failing to enforce the Sherman law and the Geary act. Cameron of Pennsylvania spoke against the repeal bill.

HOUSE.

Tuesday, Sept. 19.

The struggle over the presentation of the report of the Tucker bill repealing the federal election laws was resumed. The Democrats again failed to muster a quorum. The house adjourned and a caucus followed.

Wednesday, Sept. 20.

There was a lively session today over

Joy's Sarsaparilla, a medicine that cures people and not pictures, for sale at Bolton's drug store. Give it a trial and be convinced.

The International Cigarmakers union is in biennial session at Milwaukee.

A mob of 200 men drove all the Chinese from La Grande, Or., the other night.

It is reported that work on the Salt Lake and Los Angeles railroad will commence soon.

Out of the 57 Indian agencies under the United States government, 26 are in charge of army officers.

The Atchison will make a cent-a-mile rate for Chicago day, Oct. 9, from every point on its 9,436 miles of track.

Frank C. Ives defeated John Robertson, the English champion, in the international billiard match at Chicago.

Mitchell and Corbett have signed final articles to fight at the Coney Island Athletic club. The purse offered is $40,000.

The employes of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad have decided to strike against a reduction in wages of 7½ per cent.

The Columbian Celebration company's building at the World's Fair cost $400,000, and it was sold by the receiver for $2,250.

Judge Ballinger of Port Townsend has decided that prosecuting attorneys are not entitled to the customary $5 in divorce cases.

Work on the roadbed of the San Diego and Phœnix railroad is to be resumed, the difficulties for the right of way having been adjusted.

Miss Ellen Durr of San Francisco died at Bingham, having been for six months unable to sleep on account of a nervous malady. She was 20 years of age.

The scheme planned by Cherokee actees and D. McCabe, colored ex-secretary of the state of Kansas, to establish the negro town of Liberty in the Cherokee strip has crystalized. Perry people are greatly excited over the matter and some hot heads have threatened violence.

At the Coney Island Athletic club George Dixon, the colored featherweight champion, knocked out Billy Smith of San Francisco in seven rounds. Smith was arrested immediately after the fight on a requisition from the governor of Indiana for participating in a prize fight at Rob[illegible].

C. P. Huntington and Cornelius Vanderbilt have received notice from anarchists that their residences on Fifth avenue, New York, will be blown up by dynamite. Superintendent Byrnes says he will take care of the anarchists, and that no mansion will be blown up.

By the carelessness of a mine foreman at Wilkesbarre, Pa., an explosion of gas was caused in the Plymouth mine, in which five men were killed and six injured. While the men were at work the foreman descended the mine shaft to inspect the works. He had not gone 30 yards when the naked lamp in his cap ignited the gas, and a terrific explosion occurred, killing and injuring the men, as stated.

At the parliament of [illegible]

PIONEER DAYS.

After the war of 1853, notwithstanding the fearful drubbing General Lane had given the Rogue river Indians near Evans creek, there was a general feeling of uneasiness and restlessness among the Indians who construed General Lane's victory over them as the result of accident or carelessness on their part in permitting Lane to steal such a complete march on them, and that a like occurrence could not happen again. When Chief Sam found that a majority of the Indians were bent on mischief, he undertook to dissuade them from their murderous designs; he tried in vain to show them that the whites were too formidable, that they would exterminate the Indians, etc. At this time the Indian bands with their chiefs were stationed as follows: Tyrpy at the head of the valley, John's band at the head of Applegate, Limpy and George at the mouth of Applegate, Joe's band on Evans creek, Sam and Jim at Table Rock in Sams valley, and Jake and Lige at Sterling.

Along in the summer of 1855 some Indians crossed the Siskiyou mountains and went on Humbug creek in Siskiyou county, where they pounced upon and killed some miners. Among this renegade band was an Indian named Big Sam, son of old Chief John. The miners on Humbug creek armed themselves and chased the Indians back across the Siskiyous, but failing to catch them they repaired to Ft. Lane and demanded of Captain A. J. Smith (who afterwards cut such a figure in the civil war) to deliver over to them the murderers of their comrades. Captain Smith, who was every inch a soldier, at once acceded to their request and accordingly sent a lot of soldiers along with the miners to Ambrose, the Indian agent, who demanded of the Indians the immediate delivery of the murderers of their comrades on Humbug creek. At first the Indians refused to give over the guilty parties, but when the soldiers was ordered into line of battle and began to get ready to fight, the Indians submitted to their demands and turned over to the whites the guilty parties. These Indians was heavily ironed and taken to Ft. Lane where they were securely kept until after the war was over, when Capt. Smith turned them over to the sheriff of Siskiyou county for trial. There not being sufficient evidence to convict them, the authorities was compelled to turn them loose. None of them, however, got very far from Yreka, their dead bodies being found in prospect holes and mining shafts all riddled with bullet holes. While these Indians were confined in the guard house at Ft. Lane and just before the war broke out, Old Chief John with a band of warriors rode up to Capt. Smith's headquarters and demanded the immediate release of the prisoners. Little did Old John know the character of the man he was fooling with. Smith took in the situation at a glance, turned and gave Lieutenant Ogle a knowing look; that dashing young officer, quick as a flash of lightning ordered out the soldiers. This was done with such alacrity and so noiselessly that Old John and his warriors were as much surprised as they were when General Lane came down on them on Evans creek like a mighty whirlwind. Old John had stationed about sixty of his picked warriors down under the hill in the chaparral just in front of the fort, but when they saw the two brass howitzers ran out and frown down on them, they realized that their little game would not win and Old John rode away as sullen as a maddened bull.

Captain Ogden [illegible]

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At the parliament of religions at Chicago, while there has been no attempt to attack the fundamental doctrines of the Christian church, its methods and the daily behavior of its clergy as well as the laity have been subjected to searching and fearless criticism. In this work not only the members of other religions, but Christian missionaries and Christian preachers as well as profound Christian scholars have taken part. The whole range of Christian endeavor has been brought, as it were, under a critical microscope, and it would seem that every possible failure or omission has been brought to light, and commented on with due severity. Through all the discussions, however, has run the very of the necessity of putting the doctrine of the brotherhood of man into every-day life.

There is an enormous influx of unemployed laborers coming into Hanford, Cal., small squads having arrived each day for some time. Most of them rode all the way from Colorado on top of box cars, having compelled the railroad employes to give them free transportation. Each squad seems to be organized, having a leader who does all the talking. On arriving the squads remain in the depot while their captain goes in search of information concerning employment. All those who are willing to work have found a market for their services, and those who refuse to work are moved on by the officers. The demand for labor is now fully supplied, and in view of the fact that principally female help is employed in packing raisins, the newcomers will find themselves out of employment when the grape crop is picked.

Thomas Wynne died at Sacramento from the effects of a fall on the pavement. He was pushed from a restaurant door by a waiter and fell, striking his head. Wynne was a brother-in-law of Andrew Carnegie, the Pennsylvania millionaire.

Eleven persons were killed and a score injured in a railroad wreck at Kingsbury, Ind. The accident was the result of carelessness on the part of Brakeman Herbert Thompson, who opened a switch where they were securely kept until after the war was over, when Capt. Smith turned them over to the sheriff of Siskiyou county for trial. There not being sufficient evidence to convict them, the authorities was compelled to turn them loose. None of them, however, got very far from Yreka, their dead bodies being found in prospect holes and mining shafts all riddled with bullet holes. While these Indians were confined in the guard house at Ft. Lane and just before the war broke out, Old Chief John with a band of warriors rode up to Capt. Smith's headquarters and demanded the immediate release of the prisoners. Little did Old John know the character of the man he was fooling with. Smith took in the situation at a glance, turned and gave Lieutenant Ogle a knowing look; that dashing young officer, quick as a flash of lightning ordered out the soldiers. This was done with such alacrity and so noiselessly that Old John and his warriors were as much surprised as they were when General Lane came down on them on Evans creek like a mighty whirlwind. Old John had stationed about sixty of his picked warriors down under the hill in the chaparral just in front of the fort, but when they saw the two brass howitzers run out and frown down on them, they realized that their little game would not win and Old John rode away as sullen as a maddened bull. About this time some ox teamsters was attacked and killed by Indians on the Siskiyou mountains.

The people at the head of the valley lead by old Lindsey Applegate, followed the murderers around the head of Butte creek and down that stream to Rogue river, where they found the Indians camped about one-half mile below the mouth of Butte creek. As it was then night and almost dark, the whites laid by all night and at day light they opened fire. The Indians was over one hundred strong but that did not frighten the whites, their blood was up and they were determined to fight. Two of the whites was killed, Major Lupton and another whose name Uncle Dan Fisher cannot remember. Many of the Indians was killed, but a large number made good their escape.

In the meantime Capt. Smith at Ft. Lane was in blissful ignorance of what was going on. Old Chief John with his warriors was camped on the north side of Rogue river about a mile and a half below the mouth of Evans creek. While this little episode was going on between the whites and Indians at the mouth of Butte creek, some of John's Indians murdered a man who was working for Agent Ambrose. The Indians then struck off down the country, killing a man at the 22-mile house, which was kept by a man with the non de plume of Coyote Evans. They kept on slaying every one they met, murdering a man at Bloody Run and another at Tuft's place near Grants Pass. They next met two teamsters loaded with apples, James Cartwright and a man named Lewis, the former being a school mate of A. J. Barlow, who at that time lived in Siuslaw in Lane county. In the meantime Jack and Lee Knott, who had a pack train, learned from the mail carrier what was going on, and turning back barely made their escape. These were the principle causes of the war of 1855-56.

Many of the brave men who participated in that war have long since passed away and rendered their account. A few are left, but will soon join their comrades on the other side. PIONEER.

Yesterday at Round lake Mrs. Rice Brown intentionally swallowed a dose of oxide of mercury and died this morning at five minutes past one.

"Dinner is ready," she faintly said to her husband at noon yesterday, and while Mr. Brown was eating he noticed that she was vomiting.

"I took too much of it," she said in her usual mournful way, and these words lit up the lady's stomachic excitement with a glare of suspicion, reminding Mr. Brown that the red oxide of mercury which he had procured to kill garden vermin, and which he had hidden away under the smoke-house floor lest she might be tempted to take a dose of it, had been found and used.

Mrs. Brown had been an invalid for years and it is to the constant bearing of pain that is attributed the aberration that terminated so fatally. Her monomania took the form of a belief that she was a great burden to everybody, and although her loving husband repeatedly entreated her to divest her mind of this notion, the unhappy woman carried it on to the dreadful end.

She was a most estimable lady, beloved by all who knew her. Her funeral will take place tomorrow in Klamath Falls at 11 a. m.

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Via L&S Rec.

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Thomas Wynne died at Sacramento from the effects of a fall on the pavement. He was pushed from a restaurant door by a waiter and fell, striking his head. Wynne was a brother-in-law of Andrew Carnegie, the Pennsylvania millionaire.

Eleven persons were killed and a score injured in a railroad wreck at Kingsbury, Ind. The accident was the result of carelessness on the part of Brakeman Herbert Thomlson, who opened a switch where they were securely kept until after the war was over, when Capt. Smith turned them over to the sheriff of Siskiyou county for trial. There not being sufficient evidence to convict them, the authorities was compelled to turn them loose. None of them, however, got very far from Yreka, their dead bodies being found in prospect holes and mining shafts all riddled with bullet holes. While these Indians were confined in the guard house at Ft. Lane and just before the war broke out, Old Chief John with a band of warriors rode up to Capt. Smith's headquarters and demanded the immediate release of the prisoners. Little did Old John know the character of the man he was fooling with. Smith took in the situation at a glance, turned and gave Lieutenant Ogle a knowing look; that dashing young officer, quick as a flash of lightning ordered out the soldiers. This was done with such alacrity and so nolelessly that Old John and his warriors were as much surprised as they were when General Lane came down on them on Evans creek like a mighty whirlwind. Old John had stationed about sixty of his picked warriors down under the hill in the chaparral just in front of the fort, but when they saw the two brass howitzers run out and frown down on them, they realized that their little game would not win and Old John rode away as sullen as a maddened bull. About this time some ox teamsters was attacked and killed by Indians on the Siskiyou mountains.

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Many of the brave men who participated in that war have long since passed away and rendered their account. A few are left, but will soon join their comrades on the other side.

PIONEER.

KRAUSE'S HEADACHE CAPSULES unlike many remedies are perfectly harmless, they contain no injurious substance, and will stop any kind of a headache, will prevent headaches caused by over indulgence in food or drink late at night. Price 25 cts. For sale by T. K. Bolton, Druggist. Sole

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NEWS OF THE CITY.

—Fishermen who seek the waters of Bear creek, in hopes of supplying the table with any great number of the finned herd, are rarely ever accorded a great amount of satisfaction, but what Fred Furry caught, or rather saw protruding from an opposite bank of this stream, while fishing, was something that would sort o' make a fellow feel chilly, even though the day be tempered to a welding heat by the sun's rays. It was nothing more nor less than the skull of a human being. Fred, upon making the discovery, at once became an explorer and began an investigation. The skull was protruding from the earth about two feet from the top of the bank, and the indications were that the remainder of the human skeleton was buried further in the bank. It is evidently the skull of a white adult and has probably been buried there some twenty-five years. The find was made on the old Vandyke place, about two miles south of Medford. Early settlers tell us that years ago there was a hard battle fought at about this place, between the white settlers and the Indians, and it is more than probable the skull is that of one of the settlers who fell in the conflict.

—The neckwear that Prendergast wore a few weeks ago is not the kind you are looking after. While that style is becoming quite fashionable it is not much sought after—his was just a plain rope, while mine are the finest of silk and satin, and some linen and cotton for summer wear. Wolters, the grocer.

—The coming fair, like all its predecessors, will, no doubt, be visited by many strangers and among these perhaps many who are looking for locations; and if the fair is what it should be, all such persons will go away most favorably impressed with the capabilities of the district, and the free advertisement thus given will remain a permanent object lesson of much value to land-holders; and hence it is of the first importance to all such to lend a helping hand in making the exhibit the very best the products of the country will afford. If this is done we shall see a display superior to anything yet witnessed in Southern Oregon.

—Mounce & Schermerhorn, of Medford, are prepared to furnish, at wholesale prices, all fruits and confectionery needed by the several stands which will be running at the Central Point fair grounds during the fair.

—Attorney G. W. White has commenced the construction of his new dwelling. The gentleman owns about as fine a piece of property—which is east of Bear creek—as there is in Medford, and when he gets his new house up things will be deucedly pleasant thereabouts. The building will be about forty feet square, only it won't be square at all, but will be in various shapes—best suited to convenience and architectural beauty. He has the foundation laid, which is of stone and laid in squares or panels,—also a brick store-room built. Chas. Pheister is doing the mason work.

—Gloves look well when worn by gentlemen and when not out of place. A farm hand can wear gloves and do it with easy grace and dignity, provided he buys those easy fitters, long wearers and good lookers sold by Wolters. A fine stock of the very best gloves and cheap.

—We forget to mention last week that Mr. Lindsay Simmons and Miss Laura B., at Salem, to Mr. Floyd Churchill, editor of a newspaper at Silverton. The wedding took place last Sunday, at the residence of George Starr, brother of the bride. The happy couple will reside at Silverton. Miss Starr was a resident of Medford a few years ago, and during her stay made a great many friends who now extend their congratulations.

—Murray Bros. have just received a new stock of the very latest patterns in wall paper. See their samples, C street, Medford.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Roberts gave a party on Wednesday of last week, at their beautiful little home on A street, in honor of Miss Maggie Bellinger, sister of Mrs. Roberts. A right jolly time was enjoyed and no efforts spared to make all happy and glad to be there. Those present were: Ira Purdin, Virgil Wooford, Grace Hockersmith, Elsie Howard, Jennie Woodford, Maggie Bellinger, Linn Purdin, Ralph Woodford, Eddie Whiteside, Charles Isaacs, Jim Howard.

—A full line of fresh groceries at Wilson's new grocery, McAndrews building—sign of the big T.

—Frank Galloway is greatly rejoiced over the possession of a fine row boat which his father built for him, and which will be placed on a small lake on his ranch up on Rogue river. The boys hereabouts are planning for the several good times at fishing they will have with the boat, but Frank has "hedged" on them—a chain and lock and key having been purchased for its security.

—The clothes dealer's greatest enemy is the man who sells overalls that never wear out. That is the kind of an article Charlie Wolters sells.

—Secretary W. J. Plymale has made the following appointments for the district fair at Central Point: Assistant secretary, Mrs. Plymale; entry clerks —E. D. Foudray, stock entry, Welborn Beeson, horticulture, Miss Ella Hunley, ladies' department; chief marshal of the pavilion, F. T. Downing, of Central Point; first lady marshal in pavilion, Mrs. A. H. Carson, of Josephine county.

—Fruit jars—quarts, $1 per dozen, half gallon, $1.25, at Muller's, the corner grocer.

—To-night the lawn of George Anderson is to be peopled by many merry Medford denizens, the occasion being an ice cream and cake social to be given by the Good Templars of Medford. There could not be a more beautiful place selected for the evening's refreshments and amusements. It is a beautiful lawn, with trees abundant and flowers profusely growing on all sides.

—A full line of queensware, glassware, crockery and lamps at the Variety store, south of the Clarendon hotel.

—It is expected that J. R. N. Bell, the eminent writer and orater of the Willamette valley, will be at the Southern Oregon fair on "Pioneer Day" and deliver an address. In vulgar parlance Mr. Bell is a "corker," and his address will be worth going miles to hear. General Compson has also been invited to be present and review the parade and drill on Military day.

—Clothing! Clothing! The latest in spring and summer suits just arrived at Angle & Plymale's.

—While returning from his visit to Crater lake, W. W. Stitt found a watch charm by the side of the road. It was found about a quarter of a mile east of the Trail creek postoffice, and was probably lost by some of the many

—The second story of the Adkins & Webb brick block can justly be termed the bachelors' rendezvous. There is Mr. Brown, the jeweler, D. L. Fry, the printer, and Z. Maxey, the gentleman of many vocations. All are roomed in seperate apartments and as each attends strictly to his respective business there are no scraps over the back yard fence.

—Try a pair of "no rip 'em" Bull breeches, at Angle & Plymale's.

—Arthur Wilson is our authority for stating that there will be very little hay taken from the tule meadows of Klamath county this year, owing to the water which is now standing on them. Stockmen, he learned, were disposing of their stock as best they can, in contemplation of a shortage in feed.

—Fine line of cigars and tobaccos at the Big T grocery.

—A few weeks ago we gave the figures which Mr. Coul paid Mr. Bybee for his ranch, over on Rogue river. The next week the Jacksonville Times corrected our figures to its own notion. Last week record books corrected the Times and brought the figures where originally printed by THE MAIL.

—Fruit cans cheap at D. Brooks' South C street, Medford.

—Lathers are at work on Barnum's and McAndrews' new brick blocks on Seventh street. Contractors L. M. Lyon and Joe Schone are also putting in three sky-lights in the roof and setting partitions. No building in Medford adds more to the city's general beauty than does this one.

—Jackets for farm hands—Wolters keeps them

—THE MAIL will take wood on subscription. We will give a year's subscription for a tier of good wood. Don't bring more than one tier unless you want to apply it all on subscription. We have no ready money to put into a wood yard.

—Peach boxes for sale at Wallace Woods' lumber yard.

—J. D. Andrews, living south of Medford, has completed his new fruit drier. It is a half size of the Carson drier, eighteen feet long and fifteen high. Mr. A. has several acres of prunes of his own which he will soon commence work on.

—Fair dealing and fresh goods at the Big T grocery.

—Report says Hon. J. A. Jeffrey has been asked to stump the county of Del Norte, California, in the interests of the populist party. Mr. Jeffrey is an orator of considerable ability and did good work for his party in Jackson county last spring.

—Staple and fancy goods at the Big T grocery.

—P. S. Combs, the Eldrianna townsite gentleman, isn't making himself very plentiful about the streets these times, because of having fanned his heated brow with poison oak while

THE

EARLY INDIAN WARS

OF

OREGON

COMPILED

FROM THE OREGON ARCHIVES AND
OTHER ORIGINAL SOURCES

WITH

MUSTER ROLLS.

BY

FRANCES FULLER VICTOR.

SALEM, OREGON:
FRANK C. BAKER, STATE PRINTER.
1894.

SENATE JOINT RESOLUTION NO. 5.

Introduced by Mr. Haseltine (by request) and adopted.

WHEREAS, the pioneer and the Indian War Veterans of Oregon are rapidly passing away; and,

WHEREAS, the larger portion of the early history of the settlement and Indian wars of this state is unwritten and is treasured in the mind and memory of all early pioneers, where it will perish unless by some means they can be induced to reduce the same to writing; therefore, be it

Resolved by the Senate, the House concurring:

That the secretary of state be and is hereby authorized and empowered to turn over to the grand commander of the Indian War Veterans of the North Pacific Coast so many copies as may be necessary, not to exceed ten hundred (1000) copies of the book entitled "The Early Indian Wars of Oregon" (published by the state as authorized by house concurrent resolution No. 22, senate journal, 1891, page 641), to be used and given away by said grand commander to pioneers and veterans of the Indian wars, who have had the largest experience in the early history of Oregon and who pledge beforehand to him to write out and correct all errors and supply omissions, etc., they may find in said history, and give the fullest of all facts, incidents and experiences within their own knowledge and send same to him that it may be preserved from oblivion, and that material may thus be gathered while these men live, who made history, that justice may be done to the pioneers and veterans, that the whole state of Oregon will in years after be proud of.

Send your manuscript, corrections, history, sketches and incidents, to T. A. WOOD, Grand Commander Indian War Veterans of the North Pacific Coast, Portland, Oregon.

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The captains who led in the charge were Rinearson and Welton, their companies being augmented by portions of others, and a part of the regular force also, all rushing with eagerness to fire the first shot. As had been anticipated, the Indians took shelter in the woods, but were not met by Bailey and Gordon as designed, their men finding it impossible to penetrate the dense and tangled underwood in a body; and were not driven back upon the companies of Harris and Bruce, who were awaiting them in concealment, as had been anticipated. These two commanders therefore joined the army in front. Thus nothing happened but the unexpected.

The day passed in vain efforts to get at the Indians, who could not be approached without extreme peril, until three o'clock in the afternoon, when Captain Smith, with a small force of dragoons, made an assault. Several rounds were discharged with the short cavalry arms, which were wholly ineffectual against the rifles of the Indians, when the troopers fell back, having several killed and wounded. Firing continued until dark, when the whole force went into camp at a place named by them "Bloody Spring," where the wounded were being cared for, and where they all went supperless to their blankets.

At sunrise the next morning the Indians attacked and engaged the troops for several hours, when, being repulsed, they withdrew. The troops then marched back to Fort Bailey on Grave creek, bearing their wounded on litters. In this battle the volunteers lost twenty-six men killed, wounded, and missing. Company A lost Jonathan A. Pedigo, mortally wounded, and Ira Mayfield, L. F. Allen, William Purnell, Williams Hans, John Goldsby, and Thomas Gill, wounded severely. Company B, Charles Goodwin, wounded mortally. Company C, Henry Pearl, Jacob W. Miller, and James Pearcy killed; Enoch Miller,

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Commanding Southern Battalion Oregon Mounted Volunteers.

The mustering of only four companies left a considerable portion of the country without defense, which being duly represented to the governor, he paid a visit to the south, accompanied by Adjutant-General Barnum, about the last of November; but the inspection only resulted in the consolidation of the northern and southern battalions into one regiment, to be known as the second regiment of Oregon mounted volunteers.[19] Here again occurred an amount of friction dangerous to the efficiency of the service through the election of regimental officers. The command was given to Captain Williams, and the lieutenant-colonelcy to William J. Martin, major of the northern battalion, who, in the estimation of many, was entitled to be colonel. In all these matters the volunteers took a lively interest.

The northern battalion, now a part of the second regiment of Oregon mounted volunteers, was officered by companies as follows: Company A of Lane county, Joseph Bailey, captain; Daniel W. Keith, first lieutenant; Cyrenus Mulkey, second lieutenant. Company B, Lane county, Laban Buoy, captain; A. W. Patterson, first lieutenant; P. C. Noland, second lieutenant. Company C of Linn county, Jonathan Keeney, captain; A. W. Stannard, first lieutenant; Joseph Yates, second lieutenant. Company D of Douglas county, Samuel Gordon, captain; S. B. Hadley, first lieutenant; T. Prather, second lieutenant. Company E of Umpqua county, W. W. Chapman, captain; Z. Dimmick, first lieutenant; J. M. Merrick, second lieutenant.[20]

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OREGON NATIVE SON, JULY 1899

LIEUT. T. A. RIGGS ON THE ROGUE RIVER WAR.

Brownsville, Or., June 14, 1899.

T. A. Wood, Grand Commander Indian War Veterans—Dear Sir:

Captain James Blakley's company (D), second recruiting battalion, O. M. V., was enlisted at Brownsville, in Linn county, on the 28th day of March, 1856, and was ordered to Corvallis to be mustered in, but on arriving there they were ordered to Eugene for that purpose, where they were mustered into the service of the territory of Oregon on April 4, and, after waiting quite a while for transportation for camp equipage, were sent to the Big Meadows, on Rogue river, by way of Roseburg and Camas prairie. In the meantime, however, the two companies of Captains Keith and Blakley, in accordance with the governor's instructions, elected a major. E. L. Massey being elected to that office. While on the way to Rogue river commissions were forwarded to the company officers, but none to Major Massey; but, instead, an order from some one for the senior captain to take command of the two companies. This caused considerable dissatisfaction, as Major Massey was much more popular among the men than Captain Keith. (Major Massey told the writer some years afterwards that he found his commission at Salem on his return from the service.)

The two companies got to the Big Meadows on the evening of the last day of General Lamerick's fight with the Indians.

Here they were ordered, with some other companies, to build a stockade fort, which they proceeded to do by digging a trench and setting poles on end therein. The two companies before named, with a few men from a number of other companies, remained here for some time before taking any active part in the campaign.

The fort was called Meadows Fort by the volunteers; in history, Fort Lamerick. During the stay here Lieutenants Cox and Riggs, with detachments from Keith's and Blakley's companies, were sent to Camas prairie to escort a pack-train, with supplies for the men.

On page 412 of Mrs. Victor's history there is an account, purporting to have been written by Captain Wallen, of some campaigning, in which Captain Blakley's company took rather an active part, though they are not mentioned at all.

The statement is made that on the 27th, the day on which Smith was attacked, "Wallen's command came upon a camp of the hostiles, which fled before him without firing a gun," etc. Having been along with the command, and a participant in the proceedings of the day, I will give a short account of the affair.

The Indian camp mentioned was on the south side of the river, and when it was found where they were, Major Massey ordered Lieutenant Riggs to take a detachment of Captain Blakley's company and make a detour around and come in below the camp, while the main force should follow the trail (Captain Wallen commanding), which passed through a low gap in the ridge, and come down opposite the camp. Lieutenant Riggs, on reaching his position, saw the Indians about their camp, some bathing in the river, utterly oblivious to any impending danger. Imagine his surprise when, instead of seeing the command filing along the trail, he beheld it on a high bluff in full view of the camp, when the Indians disappeared as if by magic. I never could imagine why the troops were ordered to take that course. It looked very much like it was done purposely to give the Indians a chance to escape. That certainly was the outcome, at any rate.

Further on, the historian says: "Two days later, on the 29th," the command was surprised while resting under some trees at the noon halt by some of John's band, while retreating from the battlefield, and H. C. Huston, of Keith's company, wounded. We were at the time of the attack about two miles below our camp on a point in a bend in the river, and had been there all the forenoon, and having found an Indian canoe there, Lieutenant Riggs was ordered across the river, with 20 of Blakley's company, to reconnoiter, and was over the ground from which the Indians fired on us. There were two decrepit old squaws sitting on the bank of the river, being the only Indians seen at the time. Six of the men wandered off up the river, when the rest recrossed. About noon Lieutenant Riggs was again ordered to cross the river and travel up to and recross at the camp, and, while preparing to do so, the Indians fired on us, when the order was countermanded, and Captain Nolan ordered over. They crossed the river below the enemy, and the six of Captain Blakley's company, hearing the firing, ran down from above, when the Indians doubtless thought they were being surrounded, and left the field.

Subsequently, Keith's and Blakley's companies went to the mouth of Rogue river, and there Lieutenant Riggs was sent to Port Orford to escort a packtrain after supplies for the command. As the Indians were surrendering and the war was over, the two companies were ordered to Port Orford, and from there back to the Meadows and home.

Captain Blakley sent an express to inform the citizens of Linn county that he would be at Brownsville, where the company was enlisted, on the 4th of July, where we were met by our wives and children and friends, who had prepared a bountiful repast for us.

T. A. RIGGS.

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WHAT BILLY HEARD AND SAW.

"Billy, I want you to dig some potatoes," and Mrs. Dodson, Billy's mother, gave a vigorous final whisk to her broom as she swept the last speck of dust from the back steps that led into the kitchen door, and herself retired within that humble portal. It was a very warm day in August and Billy was disinclined to take any exercise whatever, but at his mother's bidding he took up his basket and shouldered his hoe and proceeded to the garden, or "truck patch," as it was called, where he found it warmer, if possible, than at the house. Billy's appearance as he trudged along could not be called dudish. He wore no coat, and one suspender was much shorter than the other, which gave his clothes a "hitched-up" appearance. He had a freckled, sunburned face, his hair was light, straight and abundant. He had a large, frank smile, for his mouth could neither be called a "cupid's bow" or "rosebud." His teeth were full grown and wide apart, which latter indicates good nature rather than beauty. He was a typical native Oregon boy of pioneer days, this little "man with the hoe," but his face was intelligent and he was a close observer of and took an interest in everything. He was only tolerably good; he would rob bird's nests; he despised to go to Sunday school, and absolutely refused to learn scriptural texts. He actually had a fight on his way home from Sunday school, too. He whipped a boy larger than himself for imposing upon a smaller boy. While I am sorry

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SOUTHERN OREGON INDIAN WAR.

ENGAGEMENTS, EXPERIENCES AND INCIDENTS GRAPHICALLY TOLD.

By proclamation of Governor Curry, the governor of Oregon in 1855, the Second Regiment Oregon Mounted Volunteers, was enlisted for the protection of the homes of the settlers in Southern Oregon against the depredations, cruelties and massacres committed by the Indians living in that portion of the state at such time. Among the companies comprising the regiment was Company B, composed of residents of Lane county. It numbered one hundred and three officers and men, and was mustered into service on October 23, 1855. The company was commanded as follows: Laban Buoy, captain; A. W. Patterson, first lieutenant; Pleasant C. Noland, second lieutenant; William H. Latshaw, first sergeant; L. Poindexter, second sergeant; John F. Winters third sergeant; Marion C. Martin, fourth sergeant; William Kelsay, first corporal; H. C. Huston, second corporal; F. M. Riffle, third corporal; John Buoy ,fourth corporal.

At an early stage of the war Dr. Patterson resigned the lieutenancy and was appointed one of the surgeons, this position being more preferable to him. Sergeant Poindexter was elected to fill the vacancy.

February 24, 1856, Captain Buoy, who was a veteran of the Blackhawk war, resigned, and Second Lieutenant P. C. Noland was elected captain. "Ples" is still hale and hearty, although he saw service when a mere lad in the Mexican war. Johnathan Moore, one of the best and bravest young men, was made lieutenant, which position he filled with honor. While fording Lost creek some years later, where the village of Trent is now located, he was accidentally drowned. Mrs. John Hampton, whose home is in this city, was a sister of his.

We made our first camp near Dr. Patterson's, on what is now twelfth and Patterson streets. Eugene was but a village then. Two stores was all the town contained. This was before the era of railroads, telegraph lines, street-cars, electric lights, etc. Probably there was not a threshing machine, self-binder or mower, or any of the things just mentioned, from the Mississippi to the Pacific ocean.

The winter, or at least a part of 1855-6, was very cold, a fact we easily found out, for we were encamped at Yocum's in tents, not far from the village of Canyonville. W. H. Byars, since surveyor-general of Oregon, was then a young man, making his way, like many other young men of today, by working during vacation at anything he could find to do, which in this case was carrying the mail on horseback once a week from Roseburg to Jacksonville, and it was our duty to escort him through the big canyon, a distance of 11 miles. Besides doing escort duty when required, squads of troops, from a dozen to perhaps 40, would be detailed at places remote from the principal settlements to guard the settlers, who would frequently "fort up" and all live at the same place for mutual protection.

Camas valley, situated at the source of the Coquille river, 25 miles southwest of Roseburg, was the scene of a lively skirmish one beautiful morning in the early spring of 1816. Ten of our boys were located at H. Martindale's house, which was used as a fort for all of the valley. During the night a large band of Indians surrounded the fort, with a view of murdering all they could, and stealing stock. While a portion of the red devils were dodging behind trees, shooting at us at every chance, the others were

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rounding up all the horses and cattle that the valley contained. During the hottest of the fight the officer in charge saw about a dozen Indians at a distance of nearly 400 yards away. Knowing that there was but one gun in the fort that would do execution at that distance, the owner was ordered to a sheltered position outside, where he could have a good opportunity to make a sure shot, which he did. I will desist from giving this soldier's name, for he is a very bashful old fellow, and to see his name in the Native Son would be sure to bring blushes to his weather-beaten face.

When the Indians had secured all the horses and cattle in the valley, except one horse belonging to William P. Day, which during the fight ran to the fort and was taken inside, they left, going along a mountain trail leading to the meadows on Rogue river. We soldier boys were set afoot also. One of our boys were then sent in haste to Looking Glass, where most of Company B was then stationed. Captain Buoy soon arrived with reinforcements, and, following the Indian trail, came to a place where they had cooked and eaten a hasty breakfast. An Indian riding a mule and left as a rear guard, was killed, his mule also. A running fight of several miles ensued, but it was not known that any more Indians were killed. There was no one killed or wounded on our side. But no doubt others, with the writer, recollect very distinctly the zip of the bullets.

While in a reminiscent mood, I will relate an incident that occurred in our company while encamped at the farm of L. D. Kent, on the South Umpqua river, in the vicinity of the town of Dillard; but on the opposite side of the river. Mr. Kent, as was the fashion in those days, and probably is yet, was the father of a number of buxom daughters, who, with many other maiden qualities, delighted in "tripping the light fantastic toe." It is scarcely necessary to say that in Company B were a number of boys who took delight in this favorite pastime. One day Captain Buoy had business at Roseburg which detained him over night. Before starting he called the men on parade, and in language as near as the writer can recollect, addressed them about as follows: "Boys, business reqiures my absence from camp tonight, and before leaving I wish to say that it is not necessary to inform you that for a number of evenings some of you have been in the habit of going to Mr. Kent's and have danced so much I am sure the girls are tired. It is my urgent request that this evening ,at least, you remain in camp and give the girls a rest.

The sequel will show how the request was heeded. During the day one of the sons of Mr. Kent came into camp and invited certain ones of the boys to come to the house in the evening for the regular dance. One of the boys, Robert Clark, an inveterate dancer, was omitted from the list of the invited ones, at which he was not at all pleased. Clark had a messmate and a valued friend, who, for certain reasons, I will in the present instance, for brevity's sake, name Mas H., although I fail to find such a name on our muster-roll. Mas H. said to Clark: "Leave the matter to me, and about the time they get to dancing in good earnest we will bring the boys out of the house much faster than they went in," to which Clark agreed. About 8 o'clock Mas H. passed out by one of the guards and told him that if he heard any firing going on up the river not to pay any attention to it. In less time than is required to write this, "Bang! Bang!" went a heavily-loaded gun, and also what seemed like Indian yells. Before the racket above the camp had begun, Clark had placed himself near the door of the house, and at the first shot opened the door and yelled "Indians!" If it had been a real, instead of a false attack on the camp, it could not have caused more consternation. Lieutenant Moore was in the crowd, and as the other boys climbed over each other to see which could reach the camp first, he continued to urge them to "Keep cool, boys! Keep cool!" A tiny branch ran between the house and camp, with but a small log for a bridge, and into it "Johnathan" (Lieutenant Moore) with some others, tumbled pell-mell. Then some of the boys

advised the lieutenant to keep cool When the dancers reached camp they were greeted with a hearty laugh by those who had remained. When the captain returned ,the wri—excuse me, Mas H., I mean—proceeded at once to "acknowledge the corn," and received from the good old warrior the commendation, "You did just right."

Early in the spring of 1856 a number of companies of troops were sent to the Meadows, down Rogue river, where it was known the Indians had gone out of our reach, as they fondly hoped. We fought them a number of times, but since the river intervened it was difficult to know just how many we may have killed. Our loss was very light. One day a detatchment was taken from the different companies to reconnoiter the enemy. To reach them was a very difficult matter, on account of the deep canyons and the rough country to be crossed. The Indians were found, but it not being thought best to bring on an engagement at that time, a few shots were fired and the retreat ordered. When camp was reached and the roll called it was found that one of Company B's men, F. M. Splawn, was missing. Volunteers were at once called for, and many responded at once, but by the time the precautions were made for the return, it was too late in the day. It was the intention to make the search early next morning, but almost before dawn the camp was aroused to a wonderful degree by the guard's calling out, "Splawn's in camp!" and the good news was repeated, "Splawn's in camp!" Sure enough, there was the same brave Frank that we had all mourned as dead. Each one was anxious to learn the particulars of his escape. When the retreat was ordered, Frank, as usual, was in front, and did not learn, till later, that he was left to fight the savages alone. In order to avoid, if possible, the shots of the Indians, who were in plain sight of him, he took refuge in some bushes, which were riddled for awhile with the deadly missilies intended for the brave soldier. Here he remained until night, when he escaped from his hiding-place -without any injury. After traveling all night over the roughest ground imaginable, he reached camp as above related just at daylight, but it was weeks before he overcame his rough adventure.

War incidents would not be complete without an occasional anecdote, and the following was told on Captain Johnathan Keeney to the writer by General McCarver, at that time our quarter-master-general. It seems that the captain wanted to procure some provisions for his men and applied to the commissary in charge in vain for them. This enraged the old man, who at once sought an interview with General McCarver. After making known his wants, the general informed him that if he would make out a requisition it should be filled. "To sheol with your inquisitions." was his answer. But his wants were supplied.

On April 25, 1856, McDonald Harkness, and another man, whose name is forgotten, left Fort Leland for the Meadows. When but a few miles from our camp they were shot at from ambush and Harkness was killed, the other man escaping. The most horrible sight we witnessed during the entire campaign was when his body, stark naked and mutilated in the most shocking manner, was brought into camp on a packmule in charge of Captain Crouch's company.

In June, 1856, the Indians that had been engaged at intervals in killing the settlers of Southern Oregon surrendered and were placed—a portion of them—on a reservation set apart for them, part at Grand Ronde and the others at Siletz. On July 2, 1856, our company, each and every one, received an honorable discharge and were mustered out at Roseburg.

For the best of reasons ,the fashion of sending the troops home in palace cars and feasting them on the fat of the land, so much in vogue now, was not practiced then to any great extent ,for the very good reason that we had no rail? roads. Mounted on the hurricane deck of a cayuse kuitan ((Indian pony), after serving their country to the best of their

ability, the boys—our honorable colonel, Judge Kelsay, called us all boys—were glad, soldier-like, to return to our homes.

Although we furnished our own horses, guns and blankets, and waited for seven long years for the niggardly stipend of $11 per month, yet we were not pensioners, no matter what disability we acquired in defending Oregon homes. If the reader should ask if we did not get interest or a premium on the gold we received, after waiting so long for our wages, the answer would be: "We received greenbacks, and they were worth 40 cents on the dollar."

For the lack of some other excuse, the pension office has decided that the volunteers in our Indian wars were not mustered in by a United States officer; hence are not entitled to pensions. For several years the surviving Indian fighters have made repeated efforts to secure a pension, but were met with repeated and continued obstacles, but before the present session of congress adjourns it is to be hoped that the veterans will have the satisfaction of knowing that their efforts to prevent this country from remaining in the hands of the savages has been recognized by the government, and that they will receive the justice due them, after a lapse of so many years.

There are now 1000 veterans living and 300 widows. The pension bill asking for a monthly allowance of but $8. The original number of enlistments in the Indian wars of this state were 7000, but all have answered "Here" to the last roll-call, with the exception of 1000, and nearly all of those remaining are of an advanced age.

Small though the pension is, it will be greatly appreciated by these defenders of civilization and will assist them in a large measure, for a very few of them are provided with a surplus of this world's goods. A tardy recognition of their services would be considered better than none at all, but congress must soon give this merited recognition, or there will be no veterans to receive it.

SAMUEL HANDSAKER.

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It is a rather singular fact that an American was one of the first to carry furs direct from this coast to Canton, China. Lieut. John Gore, a Virginian, who was with Capt. Cook, took charge of the expedition after the death of the captain at the Sandwich Islands, and the death of Capt. Clerke, his successor, who died at the Russian settlement of Peter and Paul, or Peterpaulaski. Gore sailed from this port in October, 1779, reaching Canton the following December. While the ship had been on the Northwest coast the officers and men had purchased a quantity of furs from the Indians in exchange for knives, old clothes, buttons, and other trifles, not, however, with any reference to the value of the furs as merchandise, but rather for use on board ship as bedding and for clothing. They found out from the Russians their worth in the Chinese market, and upon taking them there disposed of them for upwards of ten thousand dollars. These furs, and a few carried by Capt. Benyowsky in 1770, were the only ones that had ever arrived direct from the sealing grounds.

The Lewis and Clarke exploration party left St. Louis on May 12, 1804. Those crossing the plains were: Capt. William Clarke, Capt. Meriwether Lewis, Sergts. John Ordway, Nathaniel Byor and Patrick Gass; Privates Wm. Bratton, John Colter, John Collins, Peter Cruzatte, Robert Frazier, Reuben Fields, Joseph Fields, Geo. Gibson, Silas Goodrich, Hugh Hall, Thos. P. Howard, Jean Baptiste Lapage, Francis Labiche, Hugh McNeal, John Potts, John Shields, Geo. Shannon, John B. Thompson, Wm. Werner, Alexander Willard, Rich. Windsor, Joseph Whitehouse, Peter Wiser and York, the negro servant of Capt. Clarke, the two interpreters, Geo. Drewyer and Toussaint Chaboneau, and the latter's wife, Sacajawea and her baby.

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Entered at the postoffice in Medford Oregon, as second class matter.

Medford Oregon

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1901.

MEDFORD ENQUIRER

W. J. Bryans paper, "The Commoner" has made its appearence. From a newspaper point of view it is dissappointing, and not nearly as much of a journal as people expected it to be.

The neatness and dispatch with which Vice-President Roosevelt slayed lions in Colorado is explained by the fact that he had excellent practice in overthrowing the tiger in New York.—Albany Herald.

Yes indeed! there is a great similarity, the slaughter of Savage beasts in Colorado, and the overthrowing he gave the Tamany tiger in New York, have all and only, been in the newspapers.

The amount of space the newspapers of the United States are giving the new King of England and the dead queen are really nauseating to true Americans and show the dangerous drift in sentiment of our people. That Queen Victoria was above the average ruler in morality is not saying much; for royalty at best is a notoriously bad lot. Queen Victoria was a miserly woman; born comparatively poor, she dies leaving an immense fortune, mostly wrung from her poor subjects by force.

VOTING AT SCHOOL ELECTION.

Senator Daly's new school bill (S. B No. 11), which is calculated to make permanent and satisfactory amendments to the school laws, contains a provision the spirit of which has met serious opposition from these it affects and from many thinking men to whom its provisions do not apply. We refer to the assessed property qualification to entitle men to vote at school meetings and elections in districts having 200 [illegible] to go and the people [illegible] his not a word to say in the appointment of their regents, the selection of their teachers or in any branch of their government. Give him the poor privilege of helping to elect the school director.

A REMINISCENCE.

On the 9th day of October, 1855—midnight—George Anderson rode into Jacksonville at a break-neck pace. He wakened up the people generally and imparted the news that the Indias were on the war path and had massacred all the settlers on Rogue River from what was then known as Jewett's Ferry to Grave Creek. That a pack train with full cargo passed Wagoners that afternoon and was attacked by the Indians. The packers, however, got their mules in hand, cut their cargo off and ran the gauntlet safely from Louse Creek to Evan's Ferry on Rogue River; they lost all their cargo and one mule. These people reported that Wagoners, on Louise Creek, had not, up to their passing, been molested. G. Anderson called for volunteers to rescue Mrs. Wagoner and her daughter, a child about five years old. This was the incentive for one of the grandest rides made during that or any other Indian war. Fourteen mounted men responded to the call and were in the saddle en-route inside of one hour after Anderson's alarm. This band of patriots were: John McLaughlin, A. J. Long, Charles Williams, Clause Westfeldt, James R. Peers, Wm. Morrison, John Timm, Joseph Copeland, George Anderson, Dr. C. Brooks, Angus Brown, Wm. Ballard, Jack Kenedy and Henry Klippel.

We were not encumbered with blankets or provisions. The writer had to borrow a rifle and ammunition from the late Mrs. Jane McCully, who in after years often mentioned the circumstance. We rode the 28 miles before daylight, and found Major Fitzgerald with a Company of Dragoons from Ft. Lane, about ¾ of a mile this side of Wagoners. His troop was dismounted but ready to mount when ordered. We remained with the major about 20 minutes then forged on—the regulars were also in motion—with the order, forward!

When we arrived on the ground we found the premises all burnt down. Mr. Wagoner, having safely piloted Mrs. Pelet to her destination, returned to find that the Indians were on the rampage; he witnessed the burning of his house and buildings, but still did not realize fully that the savages would murder his wife and child. His last hope was, however, to be shattered. On our [illegible] turned to Brush Patch, found a barrel of whiskey, and an ox killed for the occasion. The Indians had undoubtedly arranged for a good time, and it was generally believed by Major Fitzgerald and others that the Indians out generaled us. They ran away from the place we after them. Result was the Indians who were in that brush patch—probably full of fire water—had time to sober up and skedadle.

When we got back we were tired, dry and hungry. Fitzgerald lined up his troop and allowed them to take one small cup of the ARDENT and no more. The troopers who were supplied with some rations of bread and meat, divided with the volunteers. They were all good soldiers and their horses were comparatively fresh which made them effective during the chase of the Indians. After all had partaken of the fire water we headed towards Mr. Harris' place, a few miles north of Wagoners. We were riding along slowly, feeling about as tired as possible for men to get, when we discovered two horsemen coming toward us at full speed, each with a woman behind him. The horsemen proved to be Clause Westfeldt and Charles Williams; the women, Mrs. Harris and her daughter Sophia, the latter wounded in fleshy part of arm, between the elbow and shoulder. The sight of these heroic women made us forget that we had been in the saddle 12 hours, or fatigued or hungry.

We tfeldt and Williams, rode in advance of main col mn, found Mrs. Harris and daughter hid in the willows and took them up on their horses. Mrs. Harris, after 36 hours vigil and self reliance, finding rescue an accomplished fact and after telling our boys that the Indians were at the house, then asked to be taken to a place of safety. As soon as they came up to our lines and reported the situation all of the volunteers and

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[illegible] urged that citizens or elec[illegible] the state who are heads [illegible], and all women over 21 [illegible] age, who are heads of fam[illegible] who have property in th[illegible] subject to taxation, shoul[illegible]

Mrs. Jane McCully, who in after years often mentioned the circumstance. We rode the 20 miles before daylight, and found Major Fitzgerald with a Company of Dragoons from Ft. Lane, about ¼ of a mile this side of Wagoners. His troop was dismounted but ready to mount when ordered. We remained with the major about 20 minutes then forged on — the regulars were also in motion—with the order, forward!

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The history of the Pacific Northwest has given some data of the Indian raid on Rogue River in 1855, and mentions "Levi Knott, A. J. Knott, John Ladd, J. D. Burnett, John Hulse and Alex McKay" as being present at Wagoners on that eventful October morning. I distinctly remember Levi and Jack Knott, John Ladd, Burnett and McKay. These were interested in the pack train which ran the gauntlet the afternoon previous, and who returned with Major Fitzgerald. The major arrived near the Wagonor premises between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning. Our men—the Jacksonville contingent—reached Fitzgerald's position at very early dawn, and remained but a very few minutes as heretofore stated.

HENRY KLIPPEL.

MEDFORD INQUIRER 9 FEBRUARY 1901

REMINISCENCE OF EARLY DAYS

{By "H. K."}

{Henry Klippel}

The writer came to Oregon in 1851 by ox team and arrived at Fosters, August 16, 1851. The journey was ccomplished without any incidents worth mentioning. We halted at Raft River, the junction of the Oregon and 'alifornia road, to celebrate the 4th of July. A Mr. Kellogg delivered the oration, at the close of which five teams pulled ut for Oregon. Our wagon, with Messrs. Hall, Cohen and myself, Mr. Lucas and family with two wagons, and Mr. IcCarney and family with two wagons. Mr. Lucas settled in Lane county; Mr. Cohen had a married daughter near regon City; Mr. Hall and myself had no matured plans, other than to find employment. Hall succeeded and went to ork in a saw mill. I visited Oregon City, Milwaukee and Portland in quest of employment at the tinning business. At ortland I found a Mr. Starr conducting a tin shop, who upon inquiry, informed me that as soon as his stock of tinplate id sheet iron arrived he would be glad to employ a journeyman tinner. I asked him when he expected his stock; he nswered that from his advices it ought to arrive in two months. (The stock was shipped from New York via Cape Horn a a schooner, and with reasonable fair weather and good luck it ought to arrived as stated.)

Portland in August 1851 was not an attractive place and did not inspire the average home seeker with much hope or nfidence in its future. After my conversation with Mr. Starr and failure to get employment I turned my back on ortland, returned to camp on the Clackamas, as "blue as indigo," disgusted and homesick. Next day I again started for regon City; on crossing the Clack-amas ferry, Mr. Henderson, the owner, said: "Young man you are an emigrant aren't ou?" "Yes, sir." "I want some one to run this ferry on the shares; do you think you can run it?" "I think I can soon arn, but would rather work for wages than run it on the shares," and after some further talk, Mr. Henderson offered me ? and board per day. I promptly accepted the offer and took charge of the ferry. I soon mastered the science of rrying; matters moved along nicely until one night one of those heavy September rains raised the river above high ater mark. Mr. Henderson told me the following morning not to attempt to cross until the water receded. At 11 clock, forenoon, the boat was hailed from the opposite bank by a man on horseback. I answered that the river was ngerously high and that my orders were not to run the ferry. The man insisted and begged to be taken over, saying at his wife was extremely ill and that he was going to Oregon City for medicine. I went to the house--about 150 yards stant--and asked Mr. Henderson to come to river bank; that a man with saddle horse said that he "must cross to get edicine at Oregon City for his sick wife, etc." Mr. Henderson came. The man urged and begged him to let the boat me. Henderson replied that to cross at that stage of water was very dangerous and that he would not take the sponsibility of asking the ferryman (me) to cross. I said to Mr. Henderson: "If you will not forbid my going I will ing that man over." Henderson did not say anything but went back to the house. I got into the boat pulled up her tside rope, made fast and went to the opposite landing on the double quick. It was done so nicely that I concluded r. Henderson had been unnecessarily alarmed. I told the man to get aboard; the current was very strong and held rner of boat firmly to shore, hence there was no necessity of fastening boat, and the man and horse came aboard. I ced my passenger to help pull up the prow of the boat so as to enable us to return; he responded and it was about all : could both do, and just as I was in the act of fastening the pulley rope to cross lead, the two posts and cross beam to ich the large rope that spanned the river was fastened, pulled out; at this instance the man let go of pulley to quiet the ghtened horse. In the mean time I had succeeded in getting hold of the rope that spanned the river and held it. I led to him to help; we braced ourselves against the railing of the boat and safely drifted to the home side. The river at average stage of water was sluggish on this side and never became as turbulant as it did on the other side. The boat er considerable hard pulling was tied up to its home landing all OK. The river ran down to a passable stage in a ple of days; the rope was put back, stretched and fastened to new posts and business proceeded as usual. About a ek later a one yoke ox team loaded with a new cook stove and utensils, drove up to be crossed; the team stopped on of bank on the road leading down to ferry which was very steep; I squared the boat, put chain around stake, a kory pin through link of chain and told the man to come aboard. Instead of driving the team down, re re-mained nding and started the oxen down the cut alone; before the team reached boat they were going at a lively pace for n; the front wheels of wagon struck with such force that it broke my wooden pin. The oxen and front wheels made boat, but before hind wheels got on, the boat left her moorings and commenced filling with water; the situation was ical. I jumped aboard, took pin out of goose-neck on tongue, backed them an instant and them made them step ward; this righted the boat, but I was minus a wagon and contents, and after a few minutes bailing with an old --kept aboard for that purpose--the oxen were taken upon the bank. The owner cussed a blue streak, but finally let take care of his team for the night with a promise that his wagon and goods would all be recovered by 10 o'clock t morn-ing.

SEE KLIPPEL BIO FILE

—J. R. Hardin:—"Over forty-seven years ago, my father, together with a companion, were murdered by Indians at a spot near where the Braden mine is located. Together with his companion he was buried where now stands the orchard in the old Dardinelle's place, just across the river from Gold Hill. This week I received a notice from the present owner of this place to come down there and remove his remains, which I suppose I will have to do, though how I am going to identify them from the remains of his companion is a question too deep for me. I would like to have his remains buried in a regular cemetery and the grave properly cared for—but, well you can see how matters stand. My father was the first representative from Jackson County to the legislature of this state, and at the time of his death he was being prominently mentioned as a candidate for congressman from Oregon. He was a lawyer by profession and stood high with the bar of the state."

—There is something particularly

MM 3-22-1901 p7

aug 8, 1902

INDIAN WARS OF SOUTHERN OREGON

Address of Hon. William M. Colvig, Delivered at the Reunion of the Indian War Veterans, at Medford on Saturday, July 26, 1902.

Through the courtesy of Hon. Wm. M. Colvig, THE MAIL is able to give in full the address delivered by him before the reunion of the Southern Oregon Indian war veterans, which was held in Medford on Saturday, July 26, 1902. The address is worth keeping by those who desire a concise history of the Indian wars of Southern Oregon, for the facts and dates are as correct as it is possible to get them.

Mr. Chairman, Indian War Veterans, Comrades of the Grand Army, Ladies and Gentlemen: Never in my life stood before an audience more representative in its personnel than the one which I now face. On the left are those who battled for the Republic in the dark and doubtful days of 1861, and who by their valor and heroism preserved from wreck and ruin the greatest and best of human governments, while on my right are a half hundred of the daring spirits who planted the standards of civilization on this western limit of the American continent. In every age there have been bold and fearless leaders, and pioneers in all the doubtful and dangerous ways of human advancement. Pioneers have led the way in every direction where the onerous of mankind have pushed a farther limit, or have taken a more advanced position. Whatever the race now enjoys of art, of science, of government, of literature, or of invention, has come of it in one way or another, to lighten labor, and foremost among the pioneers of earth must ever be the heralds of a new civilization, for only the protecting aegis of national power can foster the excellencies of the human heart and make the pathways of life bloom with the varied flowers of culture and refinement. The march of empire precedes all else, and has from the time Moses led the rebellious tribes of Israel from the land of bondage down to that era when you pioneers took up your long march to the Western sea.

When you old men and women, that I see before me, were young and others here were but prattling children, there came across the desert sands of the great American plains, rumors of a rich and fertile country in the far off West, "in the continuous wood where rolls the Oregon, and heard no sound, save its own dashings." Obeying the natural instincts of the Anglo Saxon race, to lead the star of empire into other lands, you pioneers of Oregon severed the ties which bound you to the homes of your childhood, and with firm steps and dauntless hearts turned your faces toward the setting sun and commenced that long and dreary march across the untracked wilderness that lay between you and the "sun down sea." You toiled on and on, for many weeks and months. Every day was burdened with toil, and every night with sleepless watch. Every step that you took was fraught with danger, and led you farther from home and friends, from kindred and from civilization. Despair and death followed your footsteps, and many a brave adventurer was laid to his eternal rest in the sands by the roadside. Cruel and stealthy savages contested your right of way, and battles were fought to decide between you. No pillar of cloud by day, nor pillar of fire by night moved on before to guide and direct you on the perilous march. You threaded the jungles of mountain ranges, and crossed over trackless deserts where never before the foot of the pale face had trod. When rivers with swollen floods impeded your way, rude rafts were hastily constructed and the journey beyond resumed. And thus, ever with hopeful hearts, you traveled on and on, till at last it seemed a recompense for the trials passed that the fair valleys of Oregon stretched out invitingly before you. No friends were here to give you welcome, no homes to offer you hospitality. You turned your lean and foot sore oxen out to graze, and with your rifle in one hand and your ax in the other you went into the primeval forests with yet undaunted hearts and commenced the history of Oregon.

More than half a century of time has since been added to the past. Happy homes now fill the valleys with joy and life, the sounds of clanging industry are heard echoing among the hills, along the rivers, and in the productive fields. The dashing of the floods of Oregon are drowned in the plaintive tunult of fruit and enterprising cities. The red sovereigns, who once held undisputed sway over the vast solitudes of mountain and vale, have vacated their doom in the setting sun. The depths which marked the places where once stood the primeval forests

My knowledge of the subject is not very extensive. I lived in Southern Oregon as early as 1852, but was only a boy, not old enough to take part in any of the stirring incidents which I remember of those days. I see before me faces that recall events long past, and which left pictures in the album of memory that time will never efface, and you will pardon me if I refer to one of those personal recollections.

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It may be of interest to know that on December 27, 1850, Congress passed what is known as the Donation Land law, which gave to every American citizen over the age of eighteen years, if single, one-half section of land, if married, one section of land, one-half of which was the absolute property of the wife, the other half of the husband. There were no settlers in the Rogue River valley prior to November 1, 1851. In the spring of 1851, a man by the name of Evans constructed a ferry across Rogue river, just below the town of Woodville. During the same spring, a man by the name of Perkins also established a ferry on that river. The first donation land claim was located by Judge A. A. Skinner, an Indian agent, in June, 1851. This claim is the Walker farm, near Central Point. Upon it he built the first settler's house ever built in the valley. Obenley Gray, an interpreter, also located a donation land claim in June, 1851. It is what is now known as the Conger farm, near Central Point. The following named persons filed donation land claims prior to February, 1852: Moses Hopwood on Christmas day, 1851; N. C. Dean at Willow Springs, December, 1851; Stone and Rowntz at Wagner Creek, December, 1851; L. J. C. Dugger, Major Barron, Thomas Smith, Pat. Dunn, E. K. Anderson and Samuel Culver had made their locations prior to February, 1852. I do not pretend that these were all, but the entire number of claims taken up to that time did not exceed twenty-eight.

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(Concluded in next issue.)

r without heating. The track been constructed for this speed. General Electric Co. will soon ment on this line and try to e an electric motor that will 100 miles an hour.

A person who invents a substitute for cork will make a fortune. which is the bark of a tree grows principally in Spain and ugal, is becoming exceedingly ce and high priced. In the ence of any proper substitute, a industry—the gathering, cleanand revamping of old corks— up in our midst. [illegible] ks are the finest and most [illegible]

[illegible] T. P. [illegible], an Englishman, [illegible] e has just been completed. It is signed for coast or road defense d is also adapted to riot work coast defense it can be rushed a danger point, which may be herwise unprotected. The splend highways of England permit the rapid movement of even so rge and heavy a machine. Power furnished by a hydro-carbon engine capable of 1000 revolutions r minute. The motor car can so be used to haul supplies and ns. *The car carries two pieces* e at each end, which can be ung around to any range deed.

YOUNG LADY'S LIFE SAVED.

Panama, Colombia by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

Dr. has. H. Utter, a prominent physian of Panama, Colombia, in a nt letter states: "Last March I had atient, a young lady sixteen years who had a very bad attack

shall destroy the buildings, crops, fences or timber of another. If the fire be set without malice, and yet destroy such property, the person setting the fire is liable to a fine of $10 to $100. Any person setting fire to any wooded country or forest owned by the United States is liable to a fine of $1000, or imprisonment for one year, or both fine and imprisonment. In all cases one-half of the fine is to be paid to the person who first furnishes the information to the district attorney.

A C[illegible] Cholera Infantum.

[illegible] Mrs. Curtis Baker [illegible] child [illegible]

Oregon are drowned in the blaring tumult of thrift and enterprise along its shores! The red sovereigns, who once held kingly sway over the vast solitudes of mountain and vale, have "read their doom in the setting sun!" The debris which marked the places where *once* stood their rude wigwams, has been cleared away, and palatial residences, lovely villages, and busy cities now beautify the land. To you, old and feeble veterans, both men and women, who blazed the way to this great commonwealth and who pushed forward and protected the infant growth of its many institutions, belong *all this* honor. The history of its past is but a record of your lives and of the struggles, privations and hardships which you endured in those days that "tried the souls of men."

The government has been very tardy in acknowledging the debt which this generation owes to you; but finally, it has been brought to admit that your claim for services, fearlessly performed, is just. I believe that the heralds of a new civilization are as much entitled to a nation's gratitude as are those who defend and fight its battles after it has been established.

I was first invited to deliver an address of welcome to the Indian war veterans, who meet here today; but within the past few days, I was informed that an historical sketch of early days in Southern Oregon, including an account of the Indian wars, would be my part in the program of exercises.

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(Concluded in next issue.)

A GREAT ENTERPRISE.

The Inauguration of a Scheme Which, Completed, Will Mean Much for Southern Oregon.

The dedicatory exercises of the dam of the Condor Water & Power Co., at Tolo, which will take place on Monday, September 1st, bids fair to make a new era in the development of Southern Oregon, if the enterprise as planned reaches completion.

The dam which will be dedicated crosses Rogue river and is designed primarily to create a lake covering low ground above, comprising some 800 acres. By means of a ditch leading from this dam the company expects to develop immense power. It is estimated that 6000 horse-power could be had if needed. To start with the company will put in a plant capable of developing 1000 horse-power for immediate use. From this plant electric light and power can be furnished to every town in the valley at probably less expense than it is now furnished.

Besides this it is intended to erect a large box factory and sawmill which is likely to become the main part of the enterprise. Combining the nearest railway point to the vast timber belt of upper Rogue river with the immense power capable of being generated by the waters of that stream, which will also be made to furnish transportation for the logs, the project looks like a feasible one, if sufficient capital is behind it to make it a success. It is claimed that the company has all the funds necessary. They have no stock for sale and are asking no local assistance.

The formal dedication of the dam is held merely to allow the people to be acquainted with the magnitude of the undertaking.

Every preparation has been made for the comfort and enjoyment of those attending, and as the day is Labor Day and a state holiday every one who possibly can should attend.

Origin of the Rogue River War.

Luther Hasbrouck, who was among those to first discover gold in Southern Oregon, gives an interesting account of the origin of the Rogue River war in the Oregonian of August 24th. His party consisted of himself, Nathan Giles, Moses Dusenbury, George Wells, Henry Lawrence, John Collins, John Twentyman and Capt. Jennings. After prospecting in Jackson County, Oregon, ised to come over and make peace. Next morning the Indians came over and prepared for a fight, and, discovering they were on the warpath with guns and bows and arrows all drawn ready to shoot, "Ad" Miller and Sam Grubbe shot two Indians. The rest of the band retreated to Deer creek. This was in the fall of 1852, the time of the killing the first Indians by whites in the Illinois valley. This trouble was the commencement and cause of the Rogue River Indian war.

Going to Have a Business College.

It will be remembered that a few weeks since Prof. Sweet, president of the Santa Rosa Business College, visited Medford with a view to the establishment of a business college here. His observations about our town convinced him that there was a fine opening for an institution of that kind and he at once decided to recommend the location to a friend of his and graduate of his college. He did so recommend and the college is to be established. The following letter to THE MAIL from Prof. Sweet is self-explanatory:

SANTA ROSA, Calif., Aug. 21, 1902.

MR. A. S. BURTON,
Medford, Ore.

DEAR SIR:—I had an interview with Mr. Jas. A. Peoples, the young man of whom I spoke in regard to the matter of taking hold of a business college proposition at Medford. He had some other business arrangements that he had to dispose of before he could give a definite answer. I have just received a telephone message from him in regard to the matter and he thinks that he will accept the proposition and be with you as early as possible this fall. I have advised him to write to you in regard to the matter.

All that I can do is to speak a good word for the young man. Mr. Peoples is the gentleman whom I recommended to you when I saw you in Medford. He has had considerable experience, is a married man and is considered level-headed. His integrity and moral character are above question. I think that the Medford people will be highly pleased to have a young man of his sterling character come to settle among them. If I can do anything to promote the project in any way, command me.

Sincerely Yours,
J. S. SWEET.

While it is true that this college will not in any way be connected with the Santa Rosa college, it is quite as true that Prof. Sweet has taken an interest in the matter and it is not improbable that this eminent educator will, to some extent, have a hand in the guidance and management of the Medford college.

THE MAIL fully realizes the importance of the establishment of an institution of this nature in our city as well as its necessity in the community, and these columns will put forth every possible effort to make the project a success, and we ask of every friend of the city and business education to lend their heartiest support to the college.

We do not understand that any subsidy is asked for.

A letter received yesterday from

Mail 8-29-1902 p2

Twentyman and Capt. Jennings. After prospecting in Jackson County, Oregon, and afterward on the Klamath, in Siskiyou County, Calif., the party recrossed the Siskiyous and followed the Illinois river (which stream they named) to its junction with Josephine creek, where they found good diggings and did the first mining in Josephine County and were the first white men in the Illinois valley. Soon after four of the party made a trip to Shasta City, Calif., for provisions. They were gone twenty-one days and when they returned found a thriving mining camp, where they had left their partners. There were probably 2000 people in the valley at that time. Mr. Hasbrouck says the Indians were troublesome at all times and tells of the commencement of the war as follows:

"I presume there are some of the old settlers still living in Oregon that have a remembrance of the Rogue River Indian war, but probably few know the cause of this war, that led many brave pioneers of the Golden West to shed their blood for home, family and protection. In the fall of 1850, Luther Hasbrouck went into partnership with Samuel Grubbe, John Twist and Ad Miller in the general merchandise and butchering business. The partnership continued for nearly two years, and the business was sold out to Mr. Derbysheer, who continued it. Just before selling out to Derbysheer, the company had some cattle stolen by the Illinois Valley Indians, and they were caught with the meat in baskets, going to Deer creek. On being overtaken, the Indians left their baskets and ran. Sam Grubbe went over to Deer creek the next day and saw old Chief John, of the Illinois Valley Indians, and tried to arrange a settlement. Chief John and the braves promised to come over the next day to the store and get their baskets and make things right. The next day sixteen bucks came over on the ridge near the store. Sam Grubbe undertook to approach them and give them some blankets that were left with the baskets containing the stolen meat, when all at once the sixteen Indians turned loose and shot at Grubbe. They shot through his clothes and blankets, but did not wound him.

The Indians then fled back to Deer creek. Sam Grubbe was a very angry man after this occurrence, and swore he would have revenge. The next morning he insisted that four of the party should go over to Deer creek and have a talk with Chief John. The rest of the company said no, as it was a dangerous trip and refused, and he went alone. Old John, the chief, promised that he would not harm him, and he returned safely. Grubbe was a very large man, weighing about 250 pounds, and was very strong. He was a man of his word, and when he promised a thing he would do it. He was a man that would not tell a lie, and was a man that would not steal. He was a man that would not kill a man unless he was forced to do it in self-defense. He was a man that would not kill a woman or child. He was a man that would not kill a man unless he was forced to do it in self-defense. He was a man that would not kill a man unless he was forced to do it in self-defense.

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A letter received yesterday from Prof. Peoples states that he has about decided to take up the matter here. He wants to rent a cottage in Medford for himself and family, and the general tone of his letter seems to indicate that he means business and intends to establish a good school here.

To Pension Old Employes.

THE MAIL is informed on good authority that Mr. Harriman, manager of the western lines, is just now considering a proposition much in vogue with eastern railroads, namely the pensioning off of veteran employes who have turned gray in their service. This would mean that the grizzled employes whether at the throttle or poring over the agent's desk or conducting a train, will on reaching the age of 60 years after long and faithful service be placed on the retired list and draw half pay for the remainder of his days. On many of the eastern roads this plan has been in vogue for many years.

This brings to mind the fact that Medford has a veteran employe of the Southern Pacific in the person of W. V. Lippincott, who has been in the employ of the Southern Pacific Co. for twenty-three years. While he is not now within reach of the sixty year retiring limit by ten years it is not improbable that he will reach the sixty year mark—and still be in the employ of the company and entitled to honorable retirement on the half pay basis. Mr. Lippincott has served as agent in Medford for eleven years. When he was first assigned to his position here himself and one assistant did all the work required of them and had time to go fishing nights and Sundays. Now there are five employes at the depot and they are all working overtime.

The business of the railroad company at this place has increased from that of a small unimportant station to that of a place with city pretensions—and the business is still growing. The next eleven years will show a far greater increase in all business of the city than the past eleven have. There is no questioning Medford's importance as a commercial city—it is of no small importance now and each twelve months marks an increase in the volume of business transactions. The die has been cast—and Medford is the star business center of the great Rogue river valley.

INDIAN WARS OF SOUTHERN OREGON.

ADDRESS OF HON. WILLIAM M. COLVIG DELIVERED AT THE REUNION OF THE INDIAN WAR VETERANS, AT MEDFORD ON SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1902.

* * * * * * * * *

I was first invited to deliver an address of welcome to the Indian war veterans, who meet here to-day; but within the past few days I was informed that an historical sketch of early days in southern Oregon, including an account of the Indian wars, would be my part in the programme of exercises.

My knowledge of the subject is not very extensive. I lived in southern Oregon as early as 1852, but was only a boy, not old enough to take part in any of the stirring incidents which I remember of those days. I see before me faces that recall events long past, and which left pictures in the album of memory that time will never efface, and you will pardon me if I refer to one of those personal recollections.

In 1855 my father, Dr. Wm. L. Colvig, and family lived in a log cabin on the South Umpqua River, near Canyonville. One bright, clear day in October of that year, myself and brother, on returning from a trip in the "cañon," saw standing, in an exhausted condition, a white cayuse pony before the door of our home. The horse was covered with blood. Everything seemed quiet about the place. We rushed into the house and saw a man lying on his back, full length, upon the puncheon floor. His clothing was partially removed. His body was covered with blood. Father was kneeling over him on one side and mother on the other. They were dressing his wounds. He had nine separate bullet holes in his

limbs and body. Doctor Colvig had his case of surgical instruments at hand, which consisted of a butcher knife and a pair of scissors. The knife was the one we had used to cut meat when crossing the plains. Mother was preparing bandages by tearing up some of our old "hickory" shirts. Well, they patched Uncle Bill Russell—called "Long Bill" in those days—up in pretty good shape. I see him here to-day, but I don't think that he is looking for a fight with Indians. At the time of which I speak, he had been shot by the Indians about five miles from my father's house but succeeded in riding to our door. His companion, Weaver, had a close call, but escaped unhurt.

The Indian wars of southern Oregon were stubborn contests. It is a natural law that the fittest survive, and wherever civilization in its advance meets barbarian force, the latter must give way. When they meet there is an "irrepressible conflict." the details of which we can not always reconcile with the Golden Rule. The tribes who took part in these several wars in southern Oregon were the Rogue Rivers, Modocs, Klamaths, Shastas, and Umpquas. The only honest acquisition of the Rogue River Indians was their name. On account of the thieving and treacherous habits of the people of that tribe, the river which flows through the valley was called by the early French trappers "Riviere aux Coquin," the river of rogues. The Oregon legislature in 1853 sought to change the name, and did name it Gold River, but, as the boys say, "it didn't take."

It will be impossible for me to do more than mention a few of the more prominent incidents, and I can not be very accurate in regard to dates and other matters pertaining to that period, as my information has been gathered from many sources, some of which are not very authentic.

It may be of interest to know that on December 27,

1850, Congress passed what is known as the donation land law, which gave to every American citizen over the age of eighteen years, if single, one half section of land; if married, on section of land, one half of which was the absolute property of the wife, the other half of the husband. There were no settlers in the Rogue River Valley prior to New Year's day, 1851. In the spring of 1851 a man by the name of Evans constructed a ferry across Rogue River, just below the town of Woodville. During the same spring a man by the name of Perkins also established a ferry on that river. The first donation land claim was located by Judge A. A. Skinner, an Indian agent, in June, 1851. This claim is the Walker farm, near Central Point. Upon it he built the first settler's house ever built in the valley. Chesley Gray, his interpreter, also located a donation land claim in June, 1851. It is what is known as the "Constant Farm," near Central Point. The following named persons filed donation land claims prior to February, 1852: Moses Hopwood, on Christmas day, 1851; N. C. Dean, at Willow Springs, December, 1851; Stone and Poyntz, at Wagner Creek, December, 1851; L. J. C. Duncan, Major Barron, Thomas Smith, Pat Dunn, E. K. Anderson, and Samuel Culver had made their locations prior to February, 1852. I do not pretend that these were all, but the entire number of claims taken up to that time did not exceed twenty-eight.

In December, 1851, James Clugage and J. R. Poole located the first mining claim in southern Oregon, at a point near the old brewery in Jacksonville. They had been informed by a couple of young men who were passing through the country that they had found gold near that place. Immediately after this discovery became known in California and by the incoming immigrants to Oregon, there was a rush made to the mines of Jacksonville. Old man Shiveley, the discoverer of Shiveley

Gulch, above Jacksonville, inside of eighteen months had taken out over $50,000, and since that time, from the best statistics obtainable, the mines of southern Oregon have yielded about $35,000,000 in gold.

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I will now speak of the Indian wars in which the people of southern Oregon were engaged. The first recorded fight between the Indians and whites in any portion of southern Oregon occurred in 1828, when Jedediah S. Smith and seven other trappers were attacked by the Indians on the Umpqua River, and fifteen of the whites were slain, only Smith and three of his companions escaping. The next fight of which we have any account was in June, 1836, at a point just below the Rock Point bridge, where the barn on the W. L. Colvig estate stands. In this fight there were Dan Miller, Edward Barnes, Doctor Bailey, George Gay, Saunders, Woodworth, Irish Tom, and J. Turners and quaw. Two trappers were killed, and nearly all were wounded. Within my recollection, Doctor Bailey visited the scene of this fight, and pointed out to my father its location. In September, 1837, at the mouth of Foots Creek, in Jackson County, a party of men who had been sent to California by the Methodist mission to procure cattle, while on their return were attacked by the Rogue River Indians and had a short, severe fight, in which several of the whites were badly wounded and some twelve or fourteen of the Indians killed. In May, 1845, J. C. Fremont had a fight with the Indians in the Klamath country; it may have been a little over the line in California. Four of Fremont's men were killed and quite a large number of the Indians. Kit Carson was a prominent figure in this battle.

As before stated, a few bold adventurers had located in Rogue River Valley as early as December, 1851. During the spring, summer, and fall of that year there was a considerable amount of travel through the valley, by parties from northern Oregon going to and returning from the great mining excitement of California. Fights between these travelers and the Indians were of frequent occurrence. On the fifteenth day of May, 1851, a pack train was attacked at a point on Bear Creek, where the town of Phœnix is now situated, and a man by the name of Dilley was killed. On June 3, 1851, a party of Oregonians, under the leadership of Dr. James McBride, had a severe fight near Willow Springs with Chief "Chucklehead" and his band. Chucklehead and six other Indians were killed; several of the whites were severely wounded.

About this time Maj. Phil Kearny, afterwards General Kearny, who was killed at the battle of Chantilly in the Civil war, happened to be passing through the valley on his way from Vancouver to Benicia, California, with a detachment of two companies of United States regulars. He remained a short time and assisted in punishing the Indians for the numerous depredations committed by them during the year. He had several fights while in the valley, in which about fifty Indians were killed. One of these fights was on Rogue River, near the mouth of Butte Creek, where Captain Stuart, of the United States army, received an arrow wound from an Indian, who was also wounded. The arrow penetrated the captain's body, and he died the next day at the camp on Bear Creek, near Phœnix. The camp thenceforth took the name of Camp Stuart, and Bear Creek in all government records is called Stuart's Creek. The captain's body was buried at a spot where the wagon road crosses the mill race in the town of Phœnix. Some years ago his remains were taken up and sent to Washington, D. C., to be buried by

the side of his mother. Captain Stuart's last words were, "Boys, it is awful to have passed through all the battles of the Mexican war, and then be killed by an Indian in this wild country."

At the massacre of emigrants at Bloody Point, Klamath County, in 1852, thirty-six men, women, and children were murdered. Capt. Ben Wright and twenty-seven men from Yreka and Col. J. E. Ross and some Oregonians went out to punish these Modocs. Old Schonchin, who was afterwards hung at Fort Klamath in 1873, at the close of the Modoc war, was the leader. Wright gave them no quarter. He and his men, infuriated at the sight of the mangled bodies of the emigrants, killed men, women, and children without any discrimination—about forty in all; and it is said that they asked for a "peace talk," whereupon a roast ox was prepared. Wright poisoned it, gave it to the Indians, and then rode away. [This story is now generally discredited.—EDITOR.]

I can not give you the names of all who were killed in Rogue River Valley during the years 1851, 1852, and 1853. I will mention some that were killed in 1853. In August of that year Edward Edwards was killed near Medford; Thomas Wills and Rhodes Nolan, in the edge of the town of Jacksonville; Pat Dunn and Carter, both wounded in a fight on Neil Creek above Ashland. In a fight with the Indians on Bear Creek, in August, 1853, Hugh Smith was killed, and Howell, Morris, Hodgins, Whitmore, and Gibbs wounded, the last named three dying from their wounds soon after.

These murders, and many more that could be mentioned, brought on the Indian war of 1853. Southern Oregon raised six companies of volunteers, who served under the following named captains, viz, R. L. Williams, J. K. Lamerick. John F. Miller, Elias A. Owens, and W. W. Fowler. Capt. B. F. Alden, of the Fourth U. S.

Infantry, with twenty regulars, came over from Fort Jones, California, and with him a large number of volunteers under Capt. James P. Goodall and Capt. Jacob Rhoades, two Indian fighters of experience. Captain Alden was given the command of all the forces. The first battle of the war was fought on the twelfth day of August, 1853, and was an exciting little fight between about twenty volunteers under Lieut. Burrell Griffin, of Miller's company, and a band of Indians under Chief John. The volunteers were ambushed at a point near the mouth of Williams creek, on the Applegate. The whites were defeated with a loss of two killed and Lieutenant Griffin severely wounded. There were five Indians killed and wounded in the battle. On August 10, 1853, John R. Harding and Wm. R. Rose, of Captain Lamerick's company, were killed near Willow Springs. On the sixteenth of August, 1853, Gen. Joseph Lane, afterwards United States senator from Oregon, and a candidate for vice president in 1860, came out from his home in Douglas County and brought fifty men with him, to take part in the war. General Lane was a man of large experience in Indian warfare and in all military matters. He had commanded an Indiana regiment in the Mexican war and enjoyed a well earned reputation for bravery. On the day that General Lane arrived what is known as the battle of Little Meadows was fought. Lieutenant Ely and twenty-two men met the Indians near Evans Creek, in the timber, and a short, but deadly conflict took place. Seven whites were killed inside of an hour; Lieutenant Ely and three men wounded. They left the battlefield in charge of the Indians — at least, in the popular phraseology of that day, "they got up and got out." On August 24, 1853, the battle of Evans Creek was fought. In this fight the Indians did not fare so well, twelve of them being

killed and wounded. One volunteer named Pleasant Armstrong was killed and Captain Alden and Gen. Joe Lane were each wounded. During the summer of 1853 several men were shot by Indians in Josephine County. In the fall General Lane patched up a temporary peace, which lasted till 1855.

The war of 1855–56 was preceded by a great many murders and depredations by the Indians in different parts of southern Oregon. I will mention a few: —. Dyar and —. McKew, killed while on the road from Jacksonville to Josephine County on June 1, 1855. About the same time a man by name of —. Philpot was killed on Deer Creek, Josephine County, and James Mills was wounded at the same time and place. Granville Keene was killed at a point on Bear Creek, above Ashland, and J. Q. Faber was wounded. Two men, —. Fielding and —. Cunningham, were killed in September, 1855, on the road over the Siskiyou mountains.

On account of these various depredations Maj. J. A. Lupton raised a temporary force of volunteers, composed of miners and others, from the vicinity of Jacksonville, about thirty-five in number, and proceeded to a point on the north side of Rogue River, opposite the mouth of Little Butte Creek. There he attacked a camp of Indians at a time when they were not expecting trouble. It is said that about thirty men, women, and children were killed by Lupton's men. The major himself received a mortal wound in the fight. This fight has been much criticised by the people of southern Oregon, a great many of them believing that it was unjustifiable and cowardly. Two days after this affair a series of massacres took place in the sparsely settled country in and about where Grants Pass is now situated. On the ninth day of October, 1855, the Indians, having divided up into small parties, simultaneously attacked the homes of the defenseless families

located in that vicinity. I will name a few of those tragic events. On the farm now owned by James Tuffs, Mr. Jones was killed, and his wife, after receiving a mortal wound, made her escape. She was found by the volunteers on the next day and died a few days afterwards. Their house was burned down. Mrs. Wagner was murdered by the Indians on the same day. Her husband was away from home at the time, but returned on the following day to find his wife murdered and his home a pile of ashes. The Harris family consisted of Harris and wife and their two children, Mary Harris, aged twelve, and David Harris, aged ten, and T. A. Reed, a young man who lived with the family. Mr. Harris was shot down while standing near his door, and at a moment when he little suspected treachery from the Indians with whom he was talking. His wife and daughter pulled his body within the door, and seizing a double-barreled shotgun and an old-fashioned Kentucky rifle, commenced firing through the cracks of the log cabin. They kept this up till late in the night, and by heroic bravery kept the Indians from either gaining an entrance into the house or succeeding in their attempts to fire it. Just back of the cabin was a dense thicket of brush, and during a lull in the attack the two brave women escaped through the back door and fled through the woods. They were found the next day by volunteers from Jacksonville, our late friend, Henry Klippel, being one of the number. Mrs. Harris lived to a good old age in this county. Mary, who was wounded in the fight, afterwards became the wife of Mr. G. M. Love, and was the mother of George Love of Jacksonville and Mrs. John A. Hanley of Medford. David Harris, the boy, was not in the house when the attack was made, but was at work on the place. His fate has never been ascertained, as his body was never found. The Indians stated, after peace was made, that

they killed him at the time they attacked the Harris house. Reed, the young man spoken of, was killed out near the house.

On October 31, 1855, the battle of Hungry Hill was fought near the present railway station of Leland. Capt. A. J. Smith of the United States army was at that battle, and a large number of citizens soldiery. The result of the battle was very undecisive. There were thirty-one whites killed and wounded, nine of them being killed outright. It is not known how many of the Indians were killed, but after the treaty was made they confessed to fifteen. The Indians were in heavy timber and were scarcely seen during the two days' battle.

In April, 1856, after peace had been concluded between the whites and Indians, the Ledford massacre took place in Rancherie Prairie, near Mount Pitt, in this county, in which five white men were killed. This event was the last of the "irrepressible conflict." Soon afterward the Indians were removed to the Siletz reservation, where their descendants now live and enjoy the favors of the government which their fathers so strongly resisted.

The war in Rogue River Valley had now virtually ended. "Old Sam's" band, with an escort of one hundred United States troops, was taken to the coast reservation at Siletz. Chiefs "John" and "Limpy," with a large number of the most active warriors, who had followed their fortunes during all these struggles, still held out and continued their depredations in the lower Rogue River country and in connection with the Indians of Curry County.

Gen. John E. Wool, commander of the department of the Pacific, in November, 1855, had stopped at Crescent City while on his way to the Yakima country. He received full information while here of the military operations in southern Oregon. Skipping many details, it is sufficient to state that he ordered Capt. A. J. Smith to

move down the river from Fort Lane and form a junction with the United States troops under Captains Jones and E. O. C. Ord (afterward a major-general in United States army), who were prosecuting an active campaign in the region about Chetco, Pistol River, and the Illinois River Valley. Captain Smith left Fort Lane with eighty men—fifty dragoons and thirty infantry. I can only take the time to mention a few of the fights in that region during the spring of 1856. On March 8th Captain Abbott had a skirmish with the Chetco Indians at Pistol River. He lost several men. The Indians had his small force completely surrounded when Captain Ord and Captain Jones with one hundred and twelve regular troops came to his relief. They charged and drove the Indians away with heavy loss. On March 20, 1855, Lieutenant-Colonel Buchanan, assisted by Captains Jones and Ord, attacked an Indian village ten miles above the mouth of Rogue River. The Indians were driven away, leaving several dead and only one white man wounded in the fight. A few days later Captain Augne's [Augur?] company (United States troops) fought John and "Limpy's" band at the mouth of the Illinois River. The Indians fought desperately, leaving five dead on the battlefield. On March 27, 1855, the regulars again met the Indians on Lower Rogue River. After a brisk fight at close quarters the Indians fled, leaving ten dead and two of the soldiers were severely wounded. On April 1, 1855, Captain Creighton, with a company of citizens, attacked an Indian village near the mouth of the Coquille River, killing nine men, wounding eleven and taking forty squaws and children prisoners. About this time some volunteers attacked a party of Indians who were moving in canoes at the mouth of Rogue River. They killed eleven men and one squaw. Only one man and two squaws of the party escaped. On April 29, 1855, a party

of sixty regulars escorting a pack train were attacked near Chetco. In this fight three soldiers were killed and wounded. The Indians lost six killed and several wounded.

The volunteer forces of the coast war were three companies known by the names of "Gold Beach Guards," the "Coquille Guards," and the "Port Orford Minute Men." I have not the time to enter into the details of the battle that was fought on the twenty-seventh of May, 1855, near Big Meadows, on Rogue River. Captain Smith was in command of his eighty regulars. Old "John" lead the Indians. The operations covered a period of two days, John using all the tactics of military science in handling his four hundred braves during the battle. Just as everything was ready, according to "John's" plans for an attack upon the regulars, Captain Angne's [Augur?] company was seen approaching. The Indians were then soon dispersed. Captain Smith lost twenty-nine men killed and wounded in this battle, and had it not been for the timely arrival of Angne's [Augur?] company, his men would all have been killed.

While these operations were being carried on by the United States troops, the volunteer forces were not idle. They were kept busy with "Limpy" and "George's" warriors, at points in Josephine County. On January 28, 1856, Major Latshaw moved down the river with two hundred and thirteen men. He had several skirmishes and lost four or five men in killed and wounded. On May 29th "Limpy" and "George" surrendered at Big Meadows to Lieutenant-Colonel Buchanan. On May 31st Governor Curry ordered the volunteer forces to disband —nearly all the Indians had surrendered. About one thousand three hundred of the various tribes that had carried on the war were gathered in camp at Port Orford.

About July 1, 1856, "John" and thirty-five tough looking warriors, the last to surrender, "threw down the hatchet." I have now gone over, in chronological order, the principal events connected with the Indian wars of southern Oregon. I am fully aware that the narrative is very defective, and that many events of importance have not even been mentioned. You who took part in these early struggles can easily fill in the gaps, and correct the errors that I may have unconsciously made.

There were some men who took part in the Indian wars of southern Oregon who afterward became prominent in the history of the Nation. I will name a few, viz, Gen. U. S. Grant, Gen. J. B. Hood (late of Confederate army), Gen. Phil Kearny, Gen. Wool, Gen. A. J. Smith, Gen. Geo. Crooks, Gen. A. V. Kautz, Gen. Phil Sheridan, Gen. J. C. Fremont, Gen. Joe Lane (candidate for vice president of the United States in 1860), Gen. Joe Hooker (who built the military road in the Canyon Mountains in 1852), and Kit Carson.

We all rejoice that the general government has at last acknowledged the value of your services to civilization; and has made some provision of recompense for the privations which you suffered.

I see before me old gray headed mothers who will also share with you this recognition of the Nation's gratitude. It is well, and to my comrades of the Civil war, who are here, and who have been the promotors of this reunion of veterans, let me say that no women of any war, in which the American people have ever been engaged, are more deserving of the Nation's bounty than these old, feeble, pioneer mothers of southern Oregon. When their fathers, brothers, and husbands went out to meet their savage foes, these women were not left in well protected cities, villages, and homes, but often in rude cabins, situated in

close proximity to the conflict; and unlike the chances of civilized warfare, no mercy could be expected from the enemy—surrender meant not only death, but torture and heartless cruelty. In every hour of those dark days these women proved themselves to be fit helpmates to a race of daring men — and worthy all honors that are accorded the brave.

1906

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NOTES

1. Stephen Dow Beckham, LAND OF THE UMPQUA: A HISTORY OF DOUGLAS COUNTY, OREGON (Roseburg, Ore.) Douglas County Commissioners, 1986, p. 92.

2. Lewis A. McArthur, OREGON GEOGRAPHIC NAMES (Portland, Ore.) Oregon Historical Society, 1984, p. 115.

3. Beckham, LAND OF THE UMPQUA, p. 95.

4. Ibid., p. 93.

5. Ibid., p. 154.

6. Ibid., pp. 94-95.

7. Ibid., p. 95.

8. Sr. M. Margaret Jean Kelly, THE CAREER OF JOSEPH LANE, FRONTIER POLITICIAN (Washington D.C.) Catholic University of America Press, 1942, pp.31-32. Lane was appointed brigadier general in 1846 from volunteer service and served in the Mexican War. He was appointed governor of Oregon Territory in Marrch 1849 by President Polk and served until June, 1850 when he resigned. He was elected territorial delegate in 1851. In May, 1853 he was appointed governor by President Pierce and served only three days, resigning to become a delegate and later a senator.

9. James E. Hendrickson, JOE LANE OF OREGON; MACHINE POLITICS AND THE SECTIONAL CRISIS, 1849-1861 (New Haven) Yale University Press, 1967, pp. 75-76.

10. James W. Nesmith, "A Reminiscence of the Indian War, 1853," OREGON HISTORICAL QUARTERLY Vol.7, (1906), p. 217.

11. Beckham, LAND OF THE UMPQUA, p. 96. Details of the treaty are recorded in U.S. Statutes At Large, Vol. 10, p. 1020.

1906 ~~Rogue~~ Indians
Takelma

From Supt. of Documents, Washington, D.C.

Takelma (From the native name Daagelman, 'those dwelling along the river') A tribe which, together with the Upper Takelma (q.v.) or Latgawa, forms the Takilman linguistic family of Powell. They occupy the middle portion of the course of Rogue R. in s.w. Oregon from and perhaps including Illinois r. to about Table Rock, the northern tributaries of Rogue r. between these limits, and the upper course of Cow cr. Linguistically they are very sharply distinguished from their neighbors , their language showing little or no resemblance in even general morphologic and phonetic traits to either the Athapascan or the Klamath; it was spoken in at least two dialects. They seem to have been greatly reduced in numbers at the time of the Rogue River War; at the present day, the few survivors, a half dozen or so, reside on the Siletz res., Oreg. J.O. Dorsey (Takelma MS. vocab., B.A.E., 1884) gives the following list of village names: Hashkushtun, Hudedut, Kashtata, Kthotaime, Nakila, Salwahka, Seethltun, Sestikustun, Sewaathlchutun, Shkashtun, Skanowethltunne, Talmaniche, Talotunne, Tthowache, Tulsulsun, Yaasitun, and Yushlali. These are nearly all Athapascan in form. The following native Takelma village names were procured by Dr. Edward Sapir in 1906: Gelyalk, Dilomi, Gwenpunk, Hayaalbalsda, Daktgamik, Didalam, Daktsasin, or Daldanik, Hagwal, Somouluk and Hatonk.

Culturally the Takelma were closely allied to the Shasta of n. California with whom they frequently intermarried. Their main dependence for food was the acorn, which after shelling, pounding, sifting and seething, was boiled into a mush. Other vegetable foods, such as the camas root, various seeds, and berries (especially manzanita), were also largely used. Tobacco was the only plant cultivated. Of animal foods the chief was salmon and other river fish caught by line, spear and net; deer were hunted by running them into an enclosure provided with traps. For winter use roasted salmon and cakes of camas and deer fat were stored away. The main utensils were a great variety of baskets (us ed for grinding acorns, sifting, cooking, carrying burdens, storage baskets, as food receptacles, and for many other purposes) constructed generally by twining on a hazel warp. Horn, bone and wood served as material for various implements, as spoons, needles and root diggers. Stone was hardly used except in the making of arrow heads and pestles. The house, quadrangular in shape and partly underground, was constructed of hewn timber and was provided with a central fireplace, a smoke-hole in the roof and a raised door from which entrance was had by means of a notched ladder. The sweat house, holding about 6, was also a planked structure, though smaller in size; it was reserved for men.

In clothing and personal adornment the Takelma differed but little from the tribes of n. California, red-headed woodpecker scalps and the basket hats of the women being perhaps the most characteristic articles. Facial painting in red, black and white was common, the last-named color denoting war. Women tattooed the skin in three stripes; men tattooed the left arm with marks serving to measure various lengths of strings of dentalia.

In their social organization the Takelma were extremely simple, the village, small in size, being the only important sociological unit; no sign of totemism or clan grouping has been found. The chieftancy was only slightly developed, wealth forming the chief claim to social recognition. Fueds were settled through the intervention of a third party, a "go-between" hired by the aggrieved party. Marriage was entirely a matter of purchase of the bride and was often contracted for children or even infants by their parents. The bride was escorted ~~xxxxxxxx~~ with return presents by her relatives to the bridegroom's house; on the birth of a child an additional price was paid to her father. Though no law of

hexogamy prevailed beyond the prohibition of marriage of near kin, marriage was nearly always outside the village. Polygamy, as a matter of wealth, was of course found; the levirate prevailed. (Brother of man who died was obliged to marry his childless widow). Corpses were disposed of by burial in the ground, objects of value being strewn over the grave.
No great ceremonial or ritual development was attained by the Takelma. The first appearance of the salmon and acorns, the coming to maturity of a girl, shamanistic performances, and the war dance, were probably the chief occasions for ceremonial activity. Great influence was exercised by the shamans, to whose malign power death was generally ascribed. Differing from the shamans were the dreamers, who gained their power from an entirely different group of supernatural beings and who were never thought to do harm. Characteristic of the Takelma was the use of a considerable number of charms or medicine formulas addressed to various animal and other spirits and designed to gain their favor toward the fulfillment of some desired event or the warding off of a threatened evil. The most characteristic myths are the deeds of the culture-hero (Daldal) and the pranks of Coyote. For further information consult Sapir (1) in Am. Anthr. ix, no. 2, 1907; (2) in Jour. Am. Folklore, xx, 33, 1907; (3) Takelma Texts, Anthr. Pub. Univ. Pa. Mus., 11, No. 1, 1909. Upper Rogue R. Indians - Dorsey in Jour. Am. Folk-lore, 111, 234, 1890.

Ǥhastacosta (Shista kwusta, their name for themselves, meaning unknown). A group of Athapascan villages formerly situated along Rogue r., Oreg., mostly on its n. bank from its junction with Illinois r. nearly to the mouth of Applegate cr. The Tututunne, who did not differ from them in customs or language, were to the w. of them; the Coquille, differing slightly in language, were n. of them; and the Gallice (Tattushtuntude) with the same customs but a quite different dialect, to the e. The Takelma, an independent stock, were their s. neighbors, living on the s. bank of the Rogue r. and on its s. tributaries. In the summer of 1856, after a few months of severe fighting with the whites, 153 of them, consisting of 53 men, 61 women, 23 boys, 16 girls (Parrish in Ind. Aff. Rep. 1857, 357, 1858) were taken to Siletz res., Oreg., where now there are but few individuals left. It is practically certain that nearly all the inhabitants of these villages were removed at this time. Considering the number of these villages - 33 according to Dorsey (Jour. Am. Folklore, 11, 234, 1890), 19 according to an aged Gallice informant - this number is surprisingly small. The names of the villages as given by Dorsey, usually referring to the people (-tun, -tunne) thereof, are Chettutunne, Chunarghuttunne, Chunsetunneta, Chunsetunnetun, Chushtarghasuttun, Chusterghutmunnetun, Chuttushhunche, Klɒshlekhwuche, Khotltacheche, Khtalutlitunne, Kthelutlitunne, Kushletata, Mekichuntun, Musme, Natkhwunche, Nishtuwekulsushtun, Sechukhtun, Seethltunne, Senestun, Setaaye, Setsurgheake, Silkhkemechetatun, Sanarghutlitun, Skurghut, Sukechunetunne, Surghustesthitun, Tachikhwutme, Takasichekhwut, Talsunne, Tatsunne, Thethlkhuttunne, Tisattunne, Tsetaame, Tsetutkhlalenitun, Tukulitlatun, Tukwilisitunne, Tuslatunne. The following villages may be synonymous with ones in the list: Klothchetunne, Sekhatsatunne, Tasunmatunne.

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NOTES ON THE TAKELMA INDIANS OF SOUTHWESTERN OREGON

by

Edward Sapir

Few regions in this country are so slightly known, both ethnologically and linguistically, as the section of Washington and Oregon lying east of the strip of coast land, and in this large area the position occupied by the Takelma Indians, generally rather loosely referred to as Rogue or Upper Rogue River Indians, has hitherto remained quite undefined. The scattered and, I fear, all too scanty notes that were obtained in the summer of 1906, incidentally to working out the language of these practically extinct Indians under the direction of the Bureau of American Ethnology, are offered as a contribution toward defining this position. It may be stated at the outset that many things point to the Takelma as having really formed an integral part of the distinct Californian area, in late years made better known by the work of Drs. Dixon, Goddard, and Kroeber.

HABITAT - LINGUISTIC POSITION. The determination of the exact location of the Takelma is a matter of some difficulty. In all probability the revised linguistic map recently issued in Bulletin 30 of the Bureau of American Ethnology is incorrect in that it gives the stock too little space to the north and east. To the north the Takelma certainly occupied the northern bank of Rogue River eastward of some point between Illinois River and Galice Creek, while, they also inhabited part of

WASHINGTON POST

OLD INDIAN FIGHTER

ROGUE RIVER WAR

CK OF FATE.

tory Related by a Co-reck Survivor.

ch in Cincinnati Enquirer.

ood fortune ever sang human life they have us harmony over the of Frank C. Hager, Hager, a millionaire of Johnstown, Pa. The ortland, a survivor of ubia, recovering from furies at the time of om the fearful ordeal nessed when the vessel on the bottom of the safely landed in the Cal.

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DUKE OF SOMERSET POOR BUT POPULAR

Lord Percy St. Maur's death has the effect of making his twin brother, Lord Ernest St. Maur, next heir to the honors and estates of his eldest brother, the childless Duke of Somerset. Lord Ernest, a confirmed bachelor of over sixty, is unlikely to wed at this late date, and to leave any issue. His youngest brother, fifty-eight years of age, has no children by the marriage which he contracted twenty-eight years ago, and the dukedom, one of the grandest and the second oldest in the English peerage, will, therefore, pass eventually to Maj. Edward Hamilton St. Maur, or to his only son, Evelyn St. Maur, the latter a subaltern of the Royal Dublin Fusileer Regiment, both of them being obliged to go back to their descent from the eighth duke in order to establish their rights to the eventual succession of the present duke, who is the fifteenth of his line.

Of course, it is quite on the cards that the succession may give rise to a legal contest. As in the case of almost every British peerage, there are several claimants to the dukedom. The most romantic of them is an elderly man who pretends to be Lord Edward St. Maur, a son of the twelfth Duke of Somerset. Lord Edward disappeared most mysteriously while on a bear-shooting expedition in the Himalayas in 1865, shortly after his return from this country, where he had spent a considerable time, first on the Union side, and then at Confederate headquarters, watching the historic struggle between the North and South. At Confederate headquarters he was the guest of Gen. Dick Taylor, to whom he presented a letter of introduction from Jefferson Davis, and who at first received him with a good deal of suspicion, in spite of the Presidential letter, owing to his spelling his name as "St. Maur," instead of "Seymour," which led the general to regard him as an impostor, and to very nearly hang him as a spy.

Costs to Contest a Peerage.

It costs an enormous amount of money in England to enforce claims to a peerage held, perhaps, wrongly by another. For the tribunal which decided such matters is the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords. It is, thanks to this question of expense, that there are so very few suits instituted to recover peerages, as compared to the number of claims and pretensions thereto. It is therefore just possible that the elderly man who claims to be Lord Edward St. Maur may be in reality the heir of the twelfth duke, and that the story of his having been held in captivity for near thirty-five years by some of the mountain frontier tribes of India may be true. So far, he has not got beyond the unsuccessful application for an injunction to restrain the tenants of the entailed estates of the Duke of Somerset from paying rents to the latter; but should eccentric people be found to furnish the necessary funds to help the claimant to fight the case as Lord Rivers and others did in the Tichborne cause celebre, there is no doubt that a good deal of testimony bearing upon the matter would be sought and obtained in this country, both from the Confederate and Union commanders and officers who were on terms of intimacy with Lord Edward, and also among the records of the War and State departments at Washington, as well as among the official papers of the Confederacy.

The present duke, a former soldier, and a regimental comrade of his most intimate friend Gen. Sir Redvers Buller, is very tall. Indeed, his stature exceeds that of every other member of the House

OLD INDIAN FIGHTER.

Bill Chance, Whose Life Has Been Crowded with Many Adventures.

From the Portland Oregonian.

One of the most picturesque characters in the Northwest is Bill Chance, who is spending the evening of his days in Seaside, content to let the strenuous life he has lived be only a pleasant memory.

Bill Chance is a man of striking appearance, six feet two inches tall, and although seventy-seven years old, straight as an arrow. He is probably more familiar with the Indians and the Indian wars of the coast than any man living, having been an active participant in almost every war with them since he crossed the plains in 1852. He speaks several Indian dialects, and is as familiar with the Chinook jargon as he is with English.

During the Rogue River Indian war he served as a volunteer and participated in the battle of Hungry Hill, one of the most sanguinary fights of all that cruel campaign. His description of the atrocities he witnessed is so vivid that listening to them almost makes the auditor feel he was present. "I have seen," said he, "children wearing swadding clothes whom the murderous brutes had taken by the legs and beaten their brains out against a rock. And yet many people in the East, actuated by a feeling of sentiment and ignorance, have lifted up their hands in horror at the thought of white men thirsting for the blood of those fiends. As a matter of fact the men who know the cruelty and bloodthirstiness of the red man have no more hesitancy in killing an Indian than they would a rattler. Of the two the rattlers are the less dangerous and more honorable; they always warn before they strike; an Indian, never."

Another thing you must observe. An Indian is always an Indian. No difference how much of the veneering of civilization he may have acquired; no difference if taken when a pappoose, raised to manhood by a white family, without ever seeing one of his kind, latent lie the Indian traits, ready to burst forth in deeds of cruelty and hate without a moment's warning. I may make an exception to this in favor of a squaw, but never with the bucks.

"I belonged," said Bill, "to the Ben Wright expedition and was one of the thirty white men engaged in the so-called Ben Wright massacre. Wright was severely censured for this by the United States officials and stigmatized as a murderer. A howl was raised throughout the Eastern press, many insisting that he be court-martialed and shot.

"The whole secret of the killing of those thirty Indians lay in the Indians' treachery. We had these Modocs (since known as Modocs) penned on a peninsula that ran into a lake, near Lost River, about two miles this side of the California line. Escape was impossible, so they sent a messenger, under a flag of truce, asking for a peace conference, to be held at 12 o'clock the following day, which Wright immediately granted. The significance of the hour did not occur to him. At the noon hour the men would be engaged in eating dinner or attending to their horses, thus being entirely off their guard.

"During the night a squaw came into camp and informed Wright that the Indians would all attend the council; that they would wear their blankets, under which their firearms would be concealed, and at a given signal from the chief all the whites were to be murdered in cold blood. This, you observe, after promising

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ELOR'S WAIL.

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of her little set and
e dining room to the

The present duke, a former soldier, and a regimental comrade of his most intimate friend Gen. Sir Redvers Buller, is very tall. Indeed, his stature exceeds that of every other member of the House of Lords, even that of Lord Pembroke, and of the nobles of his rank he is undoubtedly the one whose presence is most imposing and most ducal. He is, however, very poor, that is to say, as dukes go, and sacrificed a fortune which he would otherwise have inherited from his uncle, owing to his persistence in marrying against the wishes of that kinsman a very charming Canadian woman of Scotch extraction, and of excellent family. The marriage has been a very happy one. The duchess has been her husband's comrade and companion in many of his shooting expeditions in the Rocky Mountains and in the far West of Canada, and has published several volumes recording these trips, the most successful and popular having been one entitled "Impressions of a Tenderfoot."

Social Fame by False Pretense.

The duchess has a number of warm and close American friends, but, like her husband, prefers to choose them herself, instead of having them thrust upon her against her will, and a few years ago the duke attracted considerable attention on this side of the Atlantic by addressing letters to the Paris Herald and to a number of other newspapers vigorously protesting against the mention of his wife's name as having been present at an entertainment given on the Riviera by a New York woman, and declaring that the duchess did not know and had never met the woman in question. The action of the duke was prompted by the very free use which had been made of his wife's name by certain people who, visiting Europe to further their social prospects here, make a practice of sending to the newspapers altogether mythical lists of great personages whom they describe as having figured at their entertainments, feeling relatively safe from discovery and exposure by the unlikelihood of the American papers to whom the lists are sent ever being brought to the attention of the great personages whose names have thus been misused.

The duke is an extremely clever raconteur, very independent in character, and much liked among his neighbors in Devonshire. His family is one of the most ancient and illustrious in the United Kingdom, and had been in existence for two or three hundred years when Sir William Seymour, one of the ancestors of the duke, attended Edward the Black Prince into Gascony. Sir Edward Seymour was created first Duke of Somerset in 1546, and, as lord protector, was regent of England during the minority of his nephew, Edward VI, and one of the leading spirits in the creation of the state church of England. He lost his head on the scaffold, and his son, as well as other of his descendants and heirs to his honors, figure in the annals of England as having suffered imprisonment and exile at the hands of the crown.

Nearly Ruined the Seymours.

If the present duke is far from rich, that is to say, for a nobleman of his rank, it is not only due to the fact that he angered his uncle, who in consequence thereof left most of his money to the duke's younger brother, Lord Percy, who has just died, but it is also because the twelfth duke, popularly known as "the Sheridan duke," alienated every vestige of property not strictly entailed from the dukedom, bequeathing it to his three daughters. He even alienated the magnificent family plate, much of it dating from the time of the lord protector, as well as the almost priceless pictures, and so great was the indignation of his brothers, who succeeded him as thirteenth and fourteenth dukes, that they caused a memorial composed of a big cross and tombstone of Aberdeen granite to be prepared and inscribed with the following words: "The twelfth duke was the Sheridan duke. He defrauded and nearly ruined the Seymour family." It was the intention of his brothers to have this

which their firearms would be concealed, and at a given signal from the chief all the whites were to be murdered in cold blood. This, you observe, after promising to come unarmed.

"The next day everything in camp went on as usual. The most wary Indian eye could detect nothing in the white man's camp to indicate any knowledge of the premeditated treachery.

"At the appointed hour, while the whites were apparently engaged about their camp duties, the Indians marched solemnly into camp, and fell into such positions as enabled them to observe every man in camp, with the chief facing Capt. Wright.

"When the crucial moment arrived Wright raised his hand to his hat, when instantly thirty rifles, in the hands of as deadly marksmen as ever pulled a trigger, poured a storm of lead into that surprised body of Indians, who had come to kill, and instead were killed. Not one of them escaped, and so sudden and unexpected was the attack and so fatal in its results, that not one of them had time to remove his blanket or raise his gun, and they all had their guns concealed under their blankets.

"This," continued Mr. Chance, "is the true story of the so-called 'Bon Wright massacre.' It was simply a question of killing or being killed, and Wright took the only sensible course, and killed. Who, I ask, under the circumstances would have done otherwise? And echo questions, 'Who?'

"The most daring act of bravery I ever saw," continued Mr. Chance, "occurred at the battle of Hungry Hill. A man by the name of Miller had his leg broken by a bullet, and when the troops retreated under the galling fire of the Indians Miller was left lying on the field. David Inman went back to Miller, picked him up, and, amid a raging storm of bullets, carried him to a place of safety. Marvelous as it may appear, neither of them was touched by a bullet."

Bill Chance is serenely passing over the last part of the road leading to the "great unknown." He has helped to make the history of the West, and although nearing the last milestone, as wit is rapierlike in its keenness and his soul is as full of music as mocking birds at mating time. He will leave this world better for having lived in it.

Pushed the Bear Aside.

Nevada City Correspondence Sacramento Bee

To walk right up to a monster bear and try to shove it out of the way and then escape without so much as a scratch is an experience of a lifetime. Harry I. Engelbright found it so a few days ago in Diamond Canyon, above Washington. The young man, son of Congressman Engelbright, has just returned from the upper country, where he has been doing some surveying, and relates his thrilling experience.

It was coming on dusk, at the close of the day's work, in the brush-lined trail he saw protruding what he thought were the hind quarters of some stray bovine. He walked up and gave the brute a shove. It came to its haunches with a snort that made his hair rise and caused him to beat a hasty retreat. The big brute looked around and then shuffled off into the woods. It was either asleep or else so busy eating ants from an old log that it failed to hear the young surveyor, whose footsteps were deadened by the thick carpet of pine needles.

Later, it was learned that the same bear, a monster cinnamon, had killed a dog earlier in the day. The dog ventured too close, and with one blow of its paw the big beast sent it hurtling yards away, dead as a doornail.

Lockjaw from Bee's Sting.

From the New York Tribune.

Unusual as was the case of lockjaw which followed the sting of a bee in a suburb of Philadelphia, it is not unintelligible. Ordinary dirt is the abode of tetanus germs, and only the slightest abrasion of the skin is necessary to facilitate inoculation. It is because the hands of the victims are already soiled that a trifling injury with a toy pistol so often

By JOE COWLEY
Mail Tribune Staff Writer

Home for Christmas!

These are magic words for a magic time. The old staunch farmhouse on the Centennial Hanley farm near Jacksonville has meant home for Christmas to generations of the Hanley family.

The leisurely, gracious hospitality of the southern tradition has also welcomed many friends and prominent people into the spacious sitting room properly decorated for the season.

Since Michael Hanley, grandfather of the Hanley sisters now living on the farm, certain traditions have been carried down through the present day. The only addition to the farm made by the Misses Claire, Mary and Martha Hanley has been the addition of new furniture.

Too Commercial

"We don't believe in rushing into town to buy a lot of gifts for Christmas. Christmas is too commercial these days. We have certain customs we have carried on each season," Claire Hanley explained.

"We hang ivy from the wall high up next to the ceiling. And because some members of the family insist on it, we have a small Christmas tree on the table in the living room."

One of these customs for "Christmas on the old farm" is a large breakfast Christmas morning. Then the family and guests gather around the large round walnut kitchen table covered with a snowy linen cloth. The stove has been fired up with large chunks of alder earlier that morning.

Although the most modern automatic electric kitchen range has ben installed across from the wood stove, the sisters often prefer the wood stove for certain types of cooking.

Cooks Pancakes

One of the items cooked on the wood stove is pancakes. For this, Claire Hanley uses a flat, oval soapstone about the same thickness as an iron frying pan. After it is sizzling hot she pours out blobs of the foamy pancake dough.

Deftly she flipped the pancakes over as they turned a rich brown, then onto our plate as she gave us a demonstration of the typical Christmas breakfast last week. Next she mixed some flour and water over a special brand of smoked sausage, country style.

The Hanley family is very particular about their smoked sausage. Claire Hanley remembers when the family smoked their own pork — as many as five hogs a day in the smokehouse on the farm.

Now they use the product of a new enterprise near Jacksonville. A Jacksonville citizen has started his own smokehouse and his products are gaining popularity in the Jacksonville area.

Hand-Rubbed Meat

"Good smoked meat should be hand-rubbed with salt, then brown sugar," Claire Hanley told us. "We always added pepper to keep the flies off. And we always did our smoking just about this time of year when there were few flies and the cold weather made it comfortable to work around the smokehouse. Willow and alder are best for smoking meat."

Martha added another old custom to the list. Baking fruit cake. However, in the early Jacksonville days this wasn't just a Christmas custom. When a daughter was a year old the women in the family would bake 20-pound fruit cakes in large tin milk pans of the day. A round tin can would be placed in the center to make a hole.

After the baking a tinsmith would be hired to seal the cake in its tin, and it would be laid away until the girl's wedding day. Then the wine-soaked cake would be opened for the wedding guests.

Groom's Cake

The groom's cake, which is still traditional at weddings, comes from this tradition. This is a fruit-cake carved into small pieces and wrapped in fancy paper and ribbon. Girls who receive these wrapped pieces are told to put them under their pillow, and the man they dream of that night is the man they will marry.

Another old Jacksonville recipe long in the family is one for white butter cake with fruit in the filling. This is one of the recipes like the one for the featherlight pancakes we ate. Just add a little of this and that and it always works out.

When we were there at the old farmhouse, Martha Hanley had just baked some delicately decorated Christmas cookies and breadpans of fruit cake. We had a liberal sampling of each.

Hitching Rail

Talking to the sisters it isn't hard to picture the "Beau Brummels" riding up the circular drive at the farmhouse, tying their horses or teams of horses to the hitching rail and dropping in on the family on New Year's day. For that was the custom then.

The punchbowl was kept filled with its spicy beverage and platters of cookies, sweetmeats and cakes were always at hand. Sometimes when the punch proved a little overpowering or the weather too foggy to ride home the guests stayed several days. The farmhouse cellar was always full of supplies and another bed could always be made up.

Hospitality then, as now, was the rule of the day at the Hanley farm and particularly during the holidays.

Providing rich yellow color in early spring is the native Oregon grape, state flower, and this cluster is on a bush in the Hanley garden.

Old Willow Tree At Hanley Ranch Smashed to Bits

The big weeping willow tree in the Alice Hanley yard that was planted years ago from a twig brought from the Willamette valley when her brother Bill, well known Eastern Oregon cattle king, was a baby, broke off a few days after Miss Hanley's death. Had she been living, it would have grieved her greatly. The tree was a beauty spot in the landscaping of the yard and had quite a history.

Kitchen furnishings & favorite recipes

Dec. 28, 1907

Uncle Jimmy Twogood Tells of the Early Days in Southern Oregon

It was the fall of 1855 that we went to Scottsburg, Ore., on the Umpqua river, about 30 miles from the coast. Goods were shipped in there from San Francisco for the Umpqua valley and southern Oregon. We purchased an $800 cargo from Merritt, Oppenheimer & Thompson, partly for the Grave creek house and the mines. It arrived O. K. at home December 6. The next day we re-arranged the cargo of groceries for the mines at Galeese creek. Right here I will say that in February, '52 Joseph Knott, the proprietor of the town of Canyonville, on the South Umpqua, started out and went on a prospecting tour down Graves creek. Here we joined them, there being eight men in the company. Down the creek we found Indians, likewise gold, but not in paying quantities. Here the Indians told us about a place over on Rogue River canyon. One of them tendered his services as a guide and we followed him through the mountains and struck Lobe Liber, (Rogue River) at the mouth of Jumpoff Joe creek, the most beautiful little valley in the world, a mile wide and three miles long.

From here we followed a narrow trail, down Rogue river, for eight or ten miles, when the Indians furnished us with a canoe.

For two days we stayed on a creek that had no name, but was rich in gold. Then we returned to the first house, 33 miles north, over the Oregon and California pack trail, through the south end of the canyon. At this place I answered to the name of "mine host," and kept some good old Kentucky Bourbon, which had been shipped around the Horn, then packed 75 miles and shaken up till it was good and mellow, oily and ropey, with all the headache extracted. We took a hot whiskey, with condiments, etc., and soon, after our lying out nights sleeping on the ground, felt better. Then followed some very interesting yarns of a trip across the plains. We did not go back to the nameless creek, but in May, '52, a party of French Canadians and half breeds came out south prospecting and

Boise, Idaho Evening Capital News
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mpo at the mouth of the canyon. Joseph Knott told them about the creek and said they had better go down there and they did so. They sent animals back for supplies and struck camp.

Lowoy, Galonis, being the "head push," called the creek Galonis creek and now it is known as Galeese creek. The men stayed there, worked there all summer, took out lots of gold and very foolishly concluded they would winter there, not dreaming that the worst snowstorm ever known was coming on, (two feet deep all over the country) and flour and everything was $1 per pound, and not a pound to be had. This was the winter Barney Simmons and I were forced to remain at Grave creek house and could not get away. We could get no sugar, pepper or salt and all we had was just venison and salmon. The next March, when the snow went off, high waters came in the night and the party of miners were all swept off into the river, so the Indians said, but it was a dead give-away for in April the Indians displayed sacks of fine gold dust taken, no doubt, from the miners. There was no one in authority to inquire where they got the dust, but it was a free and happy country.

On Friday, October 8, we re-arranged our cargo and took it down Galeese creek 20 miles. Next morning, Sunday, October 9, we sent a pack train home by Jim Johnson, while I stayed to sell the goods. At that time we had no Sunday law to contend with. People were free-born and white, and not the kind we have nowadays. Sunday was the only day of rest we had then and the only day that people had to put out their washings and go to down and do their trading. There was more trading done right here in Boise on Sunday up to 1876 than during all the rest of the week.

Yes, it was Sunday, October 9, 1865, I sold two-thirds of my cargo as the miners came in that day to do their trading, meet old acquaintances and swap lies about what they had struck on the creek. But little did we poor mortals know what that Sunday, that should have been a day of rest, was going to bring forth. The country was quite new—only four years old, and none of these new tangled telephones were in existence for many years after. If there had been many lives would have been saved. Oh, that memorable Sunday! Will I ever forget it?

The boys were gathered around the stove having a good time. I stood with my back to the log cabin talking to Charley Beckett, a Comanche half-breed. He was a splendid young fellow, who came across the plains in the 40's with Col. John C. Fremont. Had he been spared he would have been of great help to the settlers during the Rogue river Indian war of 1855-56. Well, I stood talking to Charley when Jack Lowry came up. He was as splendid and free-hearted a fellow as ever lived. He was a member of the Tyee Bar company. I knew him well. Jack was not a drinking man and I never saw him under the influence of liquor before, but he had come to town where each miner vied with the other to see who should spend the most money over the bar. Well, Jack, not being used to strong drink, got full—in other words crazy drunk. He and Charley were the very best of friends and like brothers. It must be remembered that all miners carried sheath knives, to eat with, cut their bacon or skin a deer. Jack, in his crazy fit, stepped up to Charley, who stood six feet and weighed 180 pounds—an athlete—while Jack was little, weighing 140 pounds. Jack told Charley that he was going to "whoop" him, and Charley said: "No, me no fight you." At that Jack made a rush but Charley merely caught him by the hair of the head and held him off, although he could have struck him and knocked him senseless, which he should have done. But he would not hurt Jack as he was his best friend. It was getting dark. I could just see the flash of a sheath knife and Charley Beckett was forever done for.

He was laid on a couch by tender hands and the wound was sewed up the best we could but there was no medical aid at hand. He suffered terrible pain, poor man. Every person in camp was his friend. Although half Indian he was as true as steel. But poor Jack, nothing in this world would have tempted him to have done this fearful deed. He realized in a moment what he had done. He turned around, picked up his blue flannel shirt, put it on and was as sober as he ever was, and with a livid white face, said: "Boys, I am going home." He went to camp and next day left all he had in the world and struck out through the mountains, a fugitive from justice, with the brand of Cain stamped upon his brow. I never heard from him afterwards.

Next day at 10 o'clock in the forenoon I got ready to start home. Charley begged of me as a dying request to go by Doc Paxton's place, one mile out of my way, and send the doctor down. I said I surely would. I had a big Spanish mule with a Spanish bit, and had my holsters, one side loaded with mountain howitzers, loaded with a tint of the best, and the other side held $500 in clean gold dust and a young Colt repeater.

I went up the river a mile, forded it, started up over a narrow trail through underbrush, up and down through gullies. I had gone a mile and had reached the top of a little ridge when this mule gave a snort which you could have heard a mile off, and away he started with me! Off he went, rattle-de-bang through the brush—me with both feet braced in the stirrups, pulling for dear life. I might as well have tried to stop a cyclone! And such snorts! I thought the mule had seen a grizzly bear. We got to the top of the mountain and the water was dropping off that mule and the blood and froth streaming from his mouth.

I rode up to Miller's cabin and found it had been plundered, and that everything portable was gone. And then I began to realize what the matter was with the mule—Indians. A little farther up the valley I found a woman and two children cached out in the brush, and did not get home for three days. Later I found that the Indians had broken loose up on Table Rock Sunday morning. Hon. John Halley and ex-Mayor Pinney of Boise were in the skirmish.

Joseph Pinkham, assayer at Boise, saw the fatal shot that killed Dr. Alexander at Jacksonville.

JAMES H. TWOGOOD.

Boise, December 27, 1907.

BANQUET OF THE UNIVERSITY CLUB

The first banquet to be given by the University club, complimentary to the students and graduates of the state university, will be held tonight at 9 o'clock at the Idanha cafe and promis s to be one of the most successful affairs of its kind ever held in the city. Covers will be laid for 45. Eight of the guests will be members of the faculty, two regents of the university and the remainder students and graduates.

Donald Whitehead will officiate as toastmaster and will call on the following:

President McLain—Subject to be chosen.

Miss Ireton—"The University Club—Its Aims and History."

Benjamin Oppenheim—"Idaho Alumni."

Mrs. S. H. Hays—"The University of Idaho of the Future."

Lawrence W. Gipson—"Idaho at Oxford."

Professor Morey—"Events Not on the Calendar."

It is evident that the college spirit will be manifested and the affair will be closed with the college yells of the different classes.

LEAP YEAR DANCE WILL BE GIVEN BY COTILLION CLUB.

A leap year ball will be given January 7 by the young ladies who have been attending the series of dances given by the Cotillion club, and on that evening the gentlemen members of the club will "go way back and sit down."

The members of the club at the last of the first series of dances held last evening in Christensen's hall, decided to have a second series of six dances. The first of the new series will be held on January 7 and this, it has been agreed, shall be a leap year dance, the ladies having exclusive charge of the affair. A committee of ladies was appointed to look after arrangements and the new series of dances bids fair to open most auspiciously.

The Cotillion club is limited to 80 members and the dances that have been given have proved to be among the most enjoyable affairs of the season.

THE WEATHER.

Local forecast for Boise and vicinity: Rain or snow tonight or Sunday; probably warmer tonight.

Maximum temperature yesterday, 37; minimum temperature this morning, 24; mean temperature yesterday, 34; total precipitation for the 24 hours

Rogue River Indian Wars, 1855-19[illegible] 1976 Map

The Indian Wars of Southern Oregon.

Oregon Historical Society Quarterly, V11, 1907. Copy for John Day.

UNDERLINED REGARDING LOCATION OF MEETING ON SEPT 10-1853

Documents.

The Council of Table Rock, 1853. Reminscences of Senator James W. Nesmith and General Joseph Lane.

Introductory Note.

As a natural consequence of the occupation of the Willamette Valley, the white settlers ually pushed their way over the Calapooia Mountains into Southern Oregon. ? Those who were acted to California, by reason of the discovery of gold, found their only safty in eling in large parties, well armed and constantly on the alert. Many who reclessly defied er by attempting to make the journey alone, found speedy and certain death at the hands of mplacable foe.

Later on, small parties who undertook to explore the country in different directions were whelmed by numbers and savegely slaughtered; a few only escaping to tell of the fate of r companians, and recount their own thrilling adventures. Settlement in the region rred to was resented with murderous energy by the Indian Tribes whose habitat it was. rtheless, the inevitable occured, and in several of the fertile valleys of Southern on, the Whites established permanent and thriving settlements.

Rich deposits of gold had also been discovered along the streams in several localities a large number of adventurous and sturdy miners formed camps at points convenient to r diggings. The sullen hostility of the Indians manifested itself from time to time by er and pillage. The vengeance of the white was always swift and sure. These conditions d not long exist without producing open war between the two races; they culminated in is known as the "Battle of Rogue River," which was fought on June 28, 1851, in which Indians were severely punished.

A temporary pacification ensued. Treaties were entered into, only to be subsequently cted by the senate. Hostilities were again resumed and culminated in what is known as ogue River War. The Indian depredations and outrages committed in the spring of 1853 so erated the people of Southern Oregon that asmall company of volunteers under Captain Hill, who had obtained arms and ammunition from Captain Alden, then in command at Fort , California, attacted a body of Indians near Ashland, killing six. The remaining ns fled, but speedly returned to that vicinity with reinforcements, and wrought bloody

ruction upon a company of emigrants.

A messenger was dispatched to Governor Curry, who at once requested Major Rains, then in mand at Fort Vancouver, to fu rnish a howitzer, rifles, and ammunition. The request was mptly granted. Lieut. A. V. Kautz and six artillerymen, taking with them a howitzer, rted for the seat of war. An escort was deemed necessary. The Governor called for volunteers. ompany was soon raised, and James W. Nesmith was commissioned its Captain.

He marched to Albany and there awaited the arrival of Lieutenant Kantz. This occured rtly afterward, and the whole party proceeded southward, but did not reach the seat of war il the troops, volunteers and regulars, under command of General Lane and Captain Alden, pectively, had engaged the Indians with such success as to induce the latter to request arley, with a view of entering into a treaty, which was shortly thereafter signed and sealed nd in due time ratified. More than a quarter of a century after these events took place, mith thus thrilling described them;

A REMINISCENCE OF THE INDIAN WAR, 1853.

By James W. Nesmith.

During the month of August, 1853, the differnt tribes of Indians inhabiting theRogue River ley, in Southern Oregon, suddenly assumed a hostile attidude. They murdered many settlers miners, and burned nearly all of the buildings for over a hundred miles along the main veled route, extending from Cow Creek, on the north, in a southerly direction to the Siskiyou ntains. General Lane, at that time being in the Rogue River Valley, at the request of izens assumed control of a body of militia, suddenly called for the defense of the settlers. Captain Alden of the regular army, and Col. John E. Ross of Jackson County, joined General e and served under his command. Old Jo, John and Sam were the principal leaders of the ians, aided by such young and vigorous warriors as George and Limpy.

The Indians collected in a large body, and retreated northward in the direction of the qua. General Lane made a vigorous pursuit, and on the 24th of August, overtook and attacted foe in a rough, mountainous and heavily timbered region upon Evans Creek. The Indians had tified their encampment by fallen timber, and being well supplied with arms and ammunition e a vigorous resistance. In an attempt to charge through the brush, General Lane was shot ough the arm and Captain Alden received a wound from which he never fully recovered. eral other of the attacting party were wounded, some of whom subsequently died of their

nj uries. Capt, Pleasant Armstrong, an old and respected citizen of Yamhill County, was shot arough the heart, and died instantly.

The Indians and Whites were so close together that they could easily converse. The most of hem knew General Lane, and when they found that he was in command of the troops, they called ut to "Joe Lane" and asked him to come into their camp to arrange some terms for a cessation f hostilities. The General, with more courage than discretion, in his wounded condition, rdered a cessationof hostilties and fearlessly walked into the hostile camp, where he saw any wounded Indians, together with several who were dead and being burned to keep them from alling into the hands of the enemy, which clearly demonstrated that the Indians had gotten he worst of the fight. After a long conference, it was finally agreed that there should be cessation of hostilities, and that both parties should return to the neighborhood of Table ock, on the North side of the Rogue River Valley, and that an armistice should exist until en. Joel Palmer, then Superintendent of Indian affairs for Oregon, could be sent for, and hat a treaty should be negotiated with the United States authorities in which all grievances hould be adjusted between the parties. Both Whites and Indians marched back slowly over the ame trail, encumbered with their wounded, each party keeping a vigilant watch of the other. eneral Lane encamped on Rogue River, while the Indians selected a strong and almost inaccessib sition, high up, and just under the perpendicular cliffs of Table Rock, to wait the arrival Superintendent Palmer and agent Culver. At the commencement of hostilities, the people of ogue River Valley were sadly deficient in arms and ammunition, many of the settlers and iners having traded their arms to the Indians, who were much better equipped for war than heir white neighbors. The rifle and revolver had displaced the bow and arrow, and the war lub with which the native was armed when the writer of this knew and fought them in 1848.

General Lane and Captain Alden at the commencement of the outbreak had sent an express to Governor George L. Curry, then secretary and acting Governor. Major Rains of the 4th U. S. Infantry, commanding the district, with headquarters at Fort Vancouver, was called upon to supply the threatened settlers with arms and ammunition. Major Rains responded to the call for arms and ammunition, but was deficient in troops to escort them to their destination at the seat of the war. Governor Curry at once authorized the writer to raise seventy five men and escort the arms to the threatened settlements. The escort was soon raised in the town of Salem, and marched to Albany, where it waited a couple of days for the arrival of Second Lieutenant

ugust V. Kautz in charge of the wagons with rifles and cartridges, together with a twelve ound howitzer, and a good supply of fixed ammunition. Kautz was then fresh from West Point, nd this was his first campaign. He subsequently achieved the rank of Major General, and endered good service during the "late unpleasantness" with the South, and is now colonel f the 8th U. S. Infantry.

After a toilsome march, dragging the howitzer and other materials of war through the Umpqua anyon, and up and down the mountain trails, made slippery by recent rains, we arrived at eneral Lane's encampment on Rogue River, near the subsequent site of Fort Lane, on the 8th ay of September. On the same day Capt. A. J. Smith, since the distinguished General Smith of he Union army, arrived at headquarters with Company C. First Dragoons. The accession of aptain Smith's company and my own gave General Lane a force sufficient to cope with the nemy, then supposed to be about 700 strong. The encampment of the Indians was still on the ide of the mountains, of which Table Rock forms the summit, and at night we could plainly see heir camp fire, while they could look directly down upon us. The whole command was anxious and illing to fight, but General Lane had pledged the Indians that an effort should be made to reat for peace. Superintendent Palmer and Agent Culver were upon the ground. The armistice had ot yet expired, and the 10th was fixed for the time of the council. On the morning of that day eneral Lane sent for me, and desired me to go with him to the council ground inside the ndian encampment, to act as interpreter, as I was master of the Chinook jargon. I asked the eneral upon what terms we were to meet the Indians. He replied that the agreement was that the eeting should take place within the encampment of the enemy, and that he would be accompanied y ten other men of his own selection, unarmed.

Against those terms I protested, and told the General that I had traversed that country five years before, and fought those same indians; that they were notoriously treacherous, and in early times had earned the designation of "Rogues," by never permitting a white man to escape with his scalp when once within their power; that I knew them better than he did, and that it was criminal folly for eleven unarmed men to place themselves voluntarily within the power of seven hundred well armed, hostile Indians in their own secure encampment. I reminded him that I was a soldier in command of a company of calvary and was ready to obey his order to lead my men into action, or to discharge any soldierly duty, no part of which was to go into the enemy's camp as an unarmed interpreter. The General listined to my protest and replied that

he had fixed upon the terms of meeting the Indians and should keep his word, and if I was afraid to go I could remain behind. When he put it upon that groung, I responded that I thought I was as little acquainted with fear as he was, and that I would accompany him to what I believed would be our slaughter.

Early on the morning of the 10th of September, ~~1854~~ 1853, we mounted our horses and rode out in the direction of the Indian encampment. Our party consisted of the following named persons: Gen. Joseph Lane; Joel Palmer, Superintendent of Indian affairs; Samuel P. Culver, Indian agent; Capt. A. J. Smith, 1st Dragoons; Capt. L. F. Mosher, Adjutant; Col. John E. Ross, Capt. J. W. Nesmith, Lieut. A. V. Kautz, R. B. Metcalf, J. D. Mason, T. T. Tierney. By reference to the U. S. Statutes at Large, vol. 10, p. 1020, the most of the above named will be found appended to the treaty that day executed. After riding a couple of miles across the level valley, we came to the foot of the mountain where it was too steep for horses to ascend. We dismounted and hitched our horses and scrambled up for half a mile over huge rocks and through brush, and then found ourselves in the Indian stronghold, just under the perpendicular cliff of Table Rock, and ~~surrounded~~ surrounded by seven hundred fierce and well armed hostile savages, in all their gorgeous war paint and feathers. Captain Smith had drawn out his company of dragoons, and left them in line on the plain below. It was a bright, beautiful morning, and the Rogue River Valley lay like a panorama at our feet; the exact line of dragoons, sitting statue like upon their horses, with their white belts and burnished scabbards and carbines, looked like they were engraven upon a picture, while a few paces in our rear the huge perpendicular wall of the Table Rock towered, frowningly, many hundred feet above us. The business of the treaty commenced at once. Long speeches were made by General Lane and Superintendent Palmer; they had to be translated twice. When an Indian spoke in the Rogue River tongue, it was translated by an Indian interpreter into Chinook or jargon to me, when I translated it into English; when Lane or Palmer spoke, the process was reversed, I giving the speech to the Indian interpreter in Chinook, and he translating it to the Indians in their own tongue. This double translation of long speeches made the labor tedious, and it was hot until late in the afternoon that the treaty was completed an d signed. In the meantime an episode occured which came near terminating the treaty as well as the representation of one of the "high contracting parties" in a sudden and tragic manner. About the middle of the afternoon a young Indian came running into camp stark naked, with the perpiration streaming from every pore. He made a brief

arangue and threw himself upon the ground apparently exhausted. His speech had created a reat tumult among his tribe. General Lane told me to inquire of the Indian interpreter the ause of the commotion; the Indian responded that a company of white men down on Applegate reek, and under the command of Captain Owen, had that morning captured an Indian known as im Taylor, and had tied him up to a tree and shot him to death. The hubbub and confusion mong the Indians at once began intense, and murder glared from each savage visage. The ndian interpreter told me that the Indians were threatening to tie us up to trees and serve s as Owen's men had served Jim Taylor. I saw some Indians gathering up lass_ropes, while thers drew the skin covers from their guns, and the wiping sticks from their muzzle.

There appeared a strong probability of our party being subjected to a sudden volley. I explained as briefly as I could, what the interpreter had communicated to me, in order to keep our people from huddling together, and thus make a better target for the savages. I sed a few English words, not likely to be understood by the Indian interpreter, such as disperse" and "segregate." In fact, we kept so close to the savages, and seperated from one nother, that any general firing must have been nearly as fatal to the Indians as to the whites

While I admit that I thought that my time had come, and hurriedly thought of wife and hildren, I noticed nothing but coolness among my companions. General Lane sat upon a log, ith his arm bandaged in a sling, the lines about his mouth rigidly compressing his lips, while is eyes flashed fire. He asked brief questions, and gave me sententious answers to what little he Indians said to us. Capt. A. J. Smith, who was prematurely grayhaired, and was afflicted ith a nervous snapping of the eyes, leaned upon his calvary saber, and looked anxiously own upon his well formed line of dragoons in the valley below. His eyes snapped more igorously than usual, and muttered words escaped from under the old Dragoon's mustache that id not sound like prayers. His Squadron looked beautiful, but alas, they could render us no ssistance. I sat down on a log close to old Chief Jo, and having a sharp hunting knife under y hunting shirt, kept one hand near its handle, determined that there would be one Indian ade good about the time the firing commenced. In a few moments General Lane stood up and ommenced to speak slowly but very distinctly. He said: "Owens who has violated the armistice nd killed Jim Taylor, is a bad man. He is not one of my soldiers. When I catch him he shall e punished. I promised in good faith to come into your camp, with ten other unarmed men to ecure peace. Myself and men are placed in your power; I do not believe that you are such

cowardly dogs as to take advantage of our unarmed condition. I know that you have the power to murder u s, and you can do so as quickly as you please, but what good will our blood do you? Our murder will exasperate our friends and your tribe will be hunted from the face of the earth. Let us proceed with the treaty, and in place of war, have a lasting peace," Much more was said in this strain by the General, all rather defiant, and nothing of a begging character. The excitment gradually subsided, after Lane promised to give a fair compensation for the defunct Jim Taylor in shirts ans blankets.

The treaty of the 10th of September, 1853 was completed and signed and peace restored for the next two years. Our party wended their way among the rocks down to where our horses were tied, and mounted. Old A. J. Smith galloped up to his squadron and gave a brief order. The bugle sounded a note or two, and the squadron wheeled and trotted off to camp. As General Lane and party rode back accross the valley, we looked up and saw the rays of the setting sun gilding the summit of Table Rock. I drew a long breath and remarked to the old General that the next time he wanted to go unarmed into a hostile camp he must hunt up some one besides myself to act as interpreter. With a begignant smile he responded, "God bless you, luck is better than science."

I never hear the fate of General Canby at the Modoc camp referred to, that I do not think of our narrow escape of a similar fate at Table Rock.

Rickreall, April 20, 1879.

Extract from a letter from General Lane to Senator Nesmith.

Roseburg, Mon. april28,1879

My Dear Sir, Your n ote of the 23dinstant, enclosing a copy of an article giving an account of our Council or Treaty with the Rogue River Indians ~~would of been answered~~ on September 10, 1853, was received two or three days ago, and would of been answered on receipt had I not been too feeble to write. I am feeling quite well this morning, though my hand trembles. You will get this in a day or two, and the article will be published in the Star on Friday and will reach you on Saturday. The article is written in your own free and easy style; Bancroft will doubtless be pleased with it; it will form a portion of his forth coming book. Dates and incidnts given in the article are in the main correct. You could how ever, very truly have said, that neither you nor myself had a single particle of fear of any treachery on the part of the Indians toward us, and the proof was they did not harm us. We had at all times been ready to fight them, and to faithfully keep and maintain our good faith

th them. We never once, on any occasion, lied to them, and as you know, when the great dian War of 1855 6 broke out, and you were again in the field fighting them, poor old Jo s dead, and you, or some other commander, at old Sam's request, sent him and his people to the Grand Round Reservation.

Old John and Adam, and all others except Jo's and Sam's people fought you hard, but the gue's, proper, never forgot the impression we made upon them in the great council of ptember 10, 1853. It was a grand and successful Council; the Rogue Rivers, proper, fought no more; they did not forget their promise to us.

Very truly your friend and obedient servant.

Joseph Lane.

Please excuse my bad typing.

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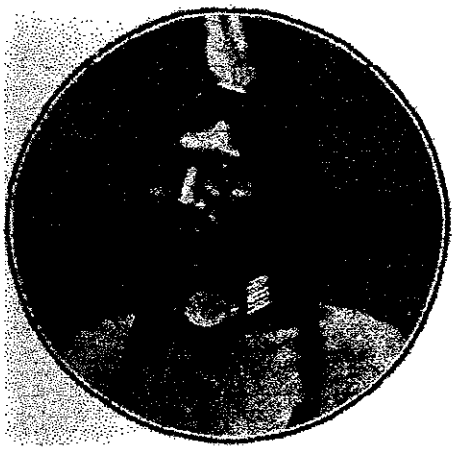


ON THE TRAIL OF SKOOKUM JOHN

IN THE VALLEY OF THE ROGUE, WHERE SCALPING KNIVES HAVE BEEN MADE INTO PRUNING HOOKS AND INDIANS HAVE FLED BEFORE INDUSTRY

By CHARLES S. AIKEN

Photographs by Hull, by H. C. Tibbitts and from various sources

This is the second of a series of twelve articles by the Editor of Sunset Magazine, all of them dealing with notable features of the Great Far-West country. The aim is to present an unconventional, yet correct picture to the end that the reader may be entertained and may perhaps learn to love, as does the writer, these Wonder Places in this land that turns toward the setting sun. Here is a region that is little known to the average American citizen, in spite of much writing of guide books and novels. The knowledge of what is here, of these marvels, both natural and man-made, of deserts surprised and made fruitful, of mountains that humble the Alps, of gold mines and orange groves, of sequoia trees that were old when the Druid trees of England were young, of lakes miles above and far below the sea—all this cannot but help to broaden and to brighten; to rub off provincial dust, and to crack the rivets in the chaplet that binds the brow of the man who thinks the world has little new to offer him:

HIS HONORE PALMER, son of Chicago's one-time merchant prince, stopped his motor car recently beneath the shading branches of a certain big white oak on the rising hills to the west of the river Rogue, he crossed, all unconsciously, the trail of Skookum John. Just beyond, their roots firmly planted in gravel loam, waving their green plumes with the uniform precision of the King's Irish Rifles on parade, are the Palmer pear trees, humble helpers in adding more to the Potter Palmer dollars. When, a few years ago, the railway engineers zig-zagged and bow-knotted a route for steel to rest upon, across Siskiyou cañons and beside Rogue rapids, they touched many times the leaf-strewn pathway over which Skookum John's moccasined feet had often passed. Beside the railway now, between the shadows cast by Pilot Rock and Onion Spring Mountain, are three cities, and a half dozen towns, all with mayors and ice plants and churches, and bands that play ragtime, and all the other signs of arrived civilization. When the locomotives whistle on these grades, when dynamite blasts gold rock from these mines, the echoes crash and carom among crag and pine top, with a ringing

JOHN!

JOHN!

JOHN!

JOHN!

From east to west, from the snow-topped Cascades to the ocean, from its source near

SUNSET OCT 1908

Mt. Huckleberry's crest to its outlet near Humbug's frowning ridge, the Rogue river goes on its laughing way. A beautiful way and a beautiful land it is. It was all Skookum John's country once, but it's the fortune-making white man's now, with scarce a notch in anyone's memory for Chief Skookum or his tribe. Over to westward, in Curry county, a crest looms white and clear, and large and strong—Skookumhouse Butte—that and a painted pine slab in the cemetery at Fort Klamath are Skookum John's only monuments.

TRAGEDIES OF THE 60's

Every ridge and hill top and water course—nearly every tree—in all this watered, forested, sunshiny land, have had their part to act in the aboriginal life and the early Indian wars of this region. Here in southern Oregon, the Rogues (allied to the Klamaths) and the Klamaths, the Umpquahs, the Paiutes and the Modocs fought for their lands and their homes; fought, too, for revenge and lust, and their daring and deviltry made Oregon pioneering a fearsome thing. In the early '50's, following the discovery of gold in California, came the rush of miners to the placers of this region. Up from Yreka they poured in steadily, scattering among the water courses and getting gold where they could find it. Reckless spirits there were among these, and their treatment of some of the peace-loving Indians soon made trouble. For over twenty years, up to the time of the General Canby massacre, in the lava beds in 1872, this irregular warfare continued, with right and wrong fighting on both sides until they became as well mixed as the ethics of a Kentucky feud.

A FEW ROGUE NATIVES

Skookum John was a lad in the early days of this pitiless war, when shots from behind trees and logs and hay-stacks formed the common habit. He was a son of Chief John, one of his tribe's great men, and a nephew of Leylek, who was a sort of Washington among the Klamaths and the Rogues. After old Chief John, had been captured and taken away to prison, Skookum became Leylek's right-hand man, and it was while so acting that he came to his death in October, 1863, under circumstances that have given him place in the Westminster Abbey of the Rogues, in whatever somber forest aisle that temple may be.

SKOOKUM JOHN'S ROMANCE

It all happened here in this setting, long the country of Skookum John's forebears. The story is told in some of the pioneer books, but all the first-hand facts came to me one night from a man who was there, Judge W. M. Colvig of Medford. He was a soldier then, serving under Colonel Drew of the Oregon state troops, and he saw Skookum die. Soon after that he left soldiering for law, and to-day he goes about among the orchards and factories, occasionally drawing a complaint instead of a sword, or discharging a jury in place of a gun.

There had been trouble over around Table rock above Jacksonville. Two or three settlers had been killed and the troops went after big game. They caught George, a young chief, and a close friend of Skookum John, and they hanged him high at Jacksonville, on a big locust tree that grows thriftily there, just before the Starlight saloon doors.

Now, George was not only Skookum's good

friend, but he was the brother of Celie, a maid of the tribe for whom Skookum had plans that looked toward making her his squaw. Celie was evidently the Minnehaha of the Rogues. She was the fairest, fleetest, gayest, and brightest of all the women in any of the thousands of tepees between the great Goose lake and the sea. She was well educated, too, for General Joe Lane had once sent her to a convent in California. But Celie liked not the white man nor his ways, and she went back to tribal customs and life the first chance she had. She dressed in deer skin leggins and wore moccasins and no one knew that English speech and knowledge were hers. When Celie learned of her brother's sudden taking-off she lost no time in rousing her tribe to action. Old Chief Leylek was over in the Klamath country and Skookum John and many warriors were with him. Celie knew that Captain Jack, chief of the Modocs—he who was afterward hanged for his part in the Canby affair—was a good friend of Skookum John, so she sped away through cañon and forest, across the rugged country, to her warriors in the Klamath, down below Crater Lake, a full hundred miles from Jacksonville where George's body was swinging in the night wind. In that camp, too, she counted on Blow, or Soltouk, a young brave, for whom she had great admiration, loving him as women will, even against the more ambitious claims of Skookum John. With the fiery aid of Soltouk and Skookum, Celie felt sure of getting the help of Captain Jack and his fighting crew of Modocs, and with such an array of hostiles the whites could be routed and killed and her brother's cruel death avenged.

THE FIGHT IN THE TEPEE

At Fort Klamath was Captain Kelly, with forty men, and to him, soon after the hanging

THE RAPIDS WHERE THE ROGUE TUMBLES AND TOSSES THROUGH BOX CAÑON

THE GREAT POWER DAM AT GOLD RAY, ON THE ROGUE, NEAR TABLE ROCK, WHERE THE INDIANS LIGHTED THEIR SIGNAL FIRES

of Chief George, Colonel Drew sent a a messenger of warning. The Colonel knew Celie's power and influence, and he knew that trouble was ahead. Fleet as was the messenger Celie was before him. The chiefs, five of them, including Leylek and Skookum John, met in hurried council in a tepee situated at a point remote from the rest of the village. The other fighting men of the tribe went silently from the village to meet at some forest rendezvous. Skookum John was the last to join the tepee conference. He had been out on a hunting trip and he went to the council fire-accoutered as he was. Hurrying through the underbrush in his haste to reach the assembly he had fastened his long hunting knife securely to his belt and tied the blade to the sheath lest he lose it in speeding through the chaparral.

Posting his men outside, all with rifles bearing on the tepee, Captain Kelly, with drawn revolver and followed by only one of his men, Sergeant Underwood, broke abruptly upon the council and demanded the immediate surrender of all present. It was a dramatic moment. The tent was lighted only by the fire in the center. The chiefs were stretched out about it, none of them armed but Skookum John. At Captain Kelly's words John jumped to his feet and lunged forward across the fire toward Kelly, pulling vigorously at his knife which he had forgotten to release from its sheath. At this action Kelly drew back and fired, and Underwood blazed away over the officer's shoulder. Kelly's shot struck John under the right eye, while Underwood's entered his breast. The brave young chief fell forward across the fire partly extinguishing it and leaving the tepee in darkness. In the confusion Kelly and Underwood got outside, and one by one, as the four chiefs emerged, they were taken in charge. The prostrate form of Skookum John was lifted from the fire. His wounds were mortal, and he soon expired, amid the wailings of the

ON THE MAIN STREET OF MEDFORD, OREGON.

few squaws who gathered about Celie, and listened to her words of lamentation and anger.

Captain Kelly promptly sent a detail of twenty men through the village to round up all the warriors, but it was too late—all had gone to the forest as soon as Celie had roused them—gone to await the awakening action of the Modocs and Paiutes. The next day Colonel Drew arrived with a small force and took command. He promptly called for Chief Leylek, and told him that all the warriors of the Rogues and Klamaths must come in and lay down their arms.

THE OLD CHIEF A HOSTAGE.

"If your warriors are not all in by Saturday noon," said Colonel Drew to Leylek, "you will be hanged from that tree!"

After delivering this ultimatum, he continued: "Send to your men and tell them what I have said. Tell them to come in, not more than twenty at a time, and to put their guns at the foot of our flagpole. I will let all the chiefs go but you, and you must surely die if your braves do not come in."

Old Leylek moved not a muscle of his face as he heard this. When Colonel Drew had finished, Leylek asked first to see Soltouk, then the other chiefs, then Celie. Leylek, who was over seventy said at first that he would gladly die, if his people might be free. Soltouk and the others protested, arguing that the white men were so strong that Leylek's death would avail nothing in the end. The old chief reluctantly agreed. Then Celie came in and her passionate denunciation of the action proposed soon brought about her all the soldiers of the little post. Leylek asked her to go out and to use her power to bring in the warriors. and Soltouk also urged her to give her aid.

"You coward," she hissed out at the young chief. "I thought you brave—I thought you a man—you are all cowards."

"We have talked it all over," interposed Leylek, "and we all agree it is useless to oppose the white man at this time. Even if our warriors keep their arms we can do little except to provoke and compel more bloodshed."

CELIE'S PLEA FOR HER PEOPLE.

At this, this would-be Joan of Arc stood erect, folded her arms and answered scornfully:

"Let Leylek go out and sit with the squaws—let him take my dress, and I will hang, and die gladly for my people. It shall then not be said that the Klamaths were cowards, that they gave up when the white man beckoned. Where is the old-time spirit of my people?

I would rather die and see them all die than to give up without fighting for their rights. My brother must be avenged."

As the girl finished, old Leylek shook his head sadly, and young Soltouk stole away from her scornful presence. All this talk was translated in part to Colonel Drew, who then took Celie to one side to question her. She was well-known among the troops as an Indian maid who was "full of ginger", and cared nothing for the blandishments of uniform or brass buttons. Even Joe Finnegan, the Irish corporal, and a premium lady killer, had found his arts useless with Celie. She never could understand the soldier language of love, whether in Chinook or English, or much less in Irish blarney.

Through an interpreter Colonel Drew explained to Celie that her brother had been executed because it was known he was concerned in the killing of a settler, and that Skookum John brought his fate on himself. Besides that Leylek had said that John had advised in council that the Indians attack the post at Fort Klamath that night.

To Colonel Drew's astonishment, when the interpreter had finished, Celie answered defiantly in clear, good English:

"My people here are cowards—the chiefs are all squaws!"

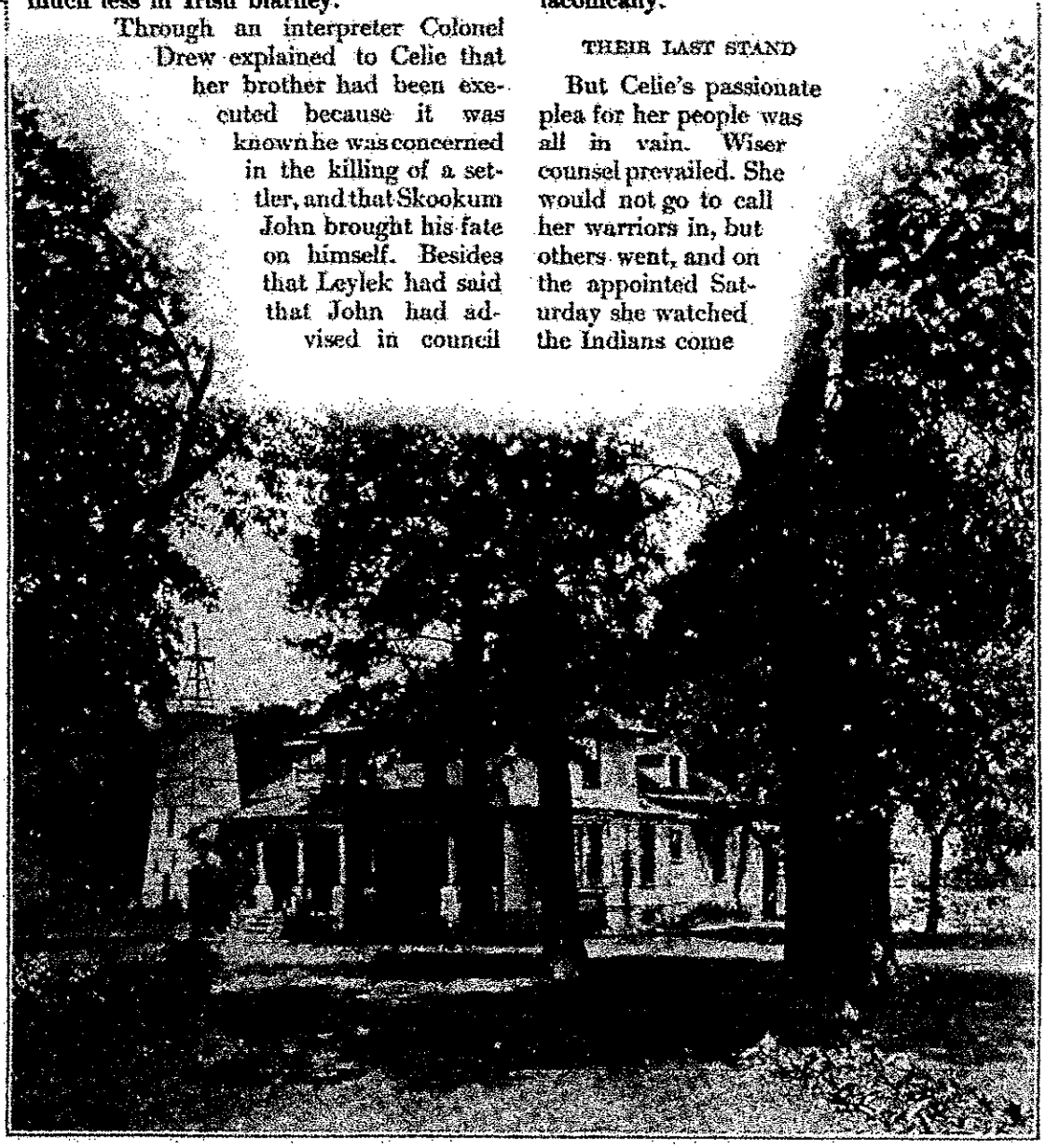
"Take care, Celie," Colonel Drew answered, "if you incite your people to revolt, we may hang you, too. And where did you learn English, and why have you not spoken it before?"

For answer, the Indian girl pulled out a bead chain from around her neck. To it was attached a small crucifix.

"I listen better than I speak," she said laconically.

THEIR LAST STAND

But Celie's passionate plea for her people was all in vain. Wiser counsel prevailed. She would not go to call her warriors in, but others went, and on the appointed Saturday she watched the Indians come



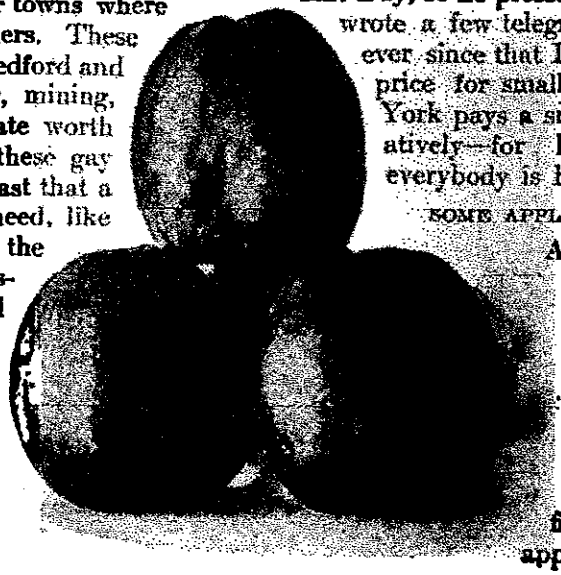
A FRUIT-FARM HOME IN THE VALLEY OF THE ROGUE

in one by one, and sadly drop their arms by the pole where flew the stars and stripes.

It was the last stand of the Klamaths and Rogues. Some years before old Chief Sam of the Rogues and his people had been moved by the wisely paternal government away to the north, to the Siletz country, near the mouth of the Yaquina. Skookum John was buried near where he fell, and to-day the reservation of his kinsfolk, the Klamaths, is all about his grave. It is a beautiful, park-like country, most of it, with big forests of sugar pine, and lakes filled with trout. Over seven hundred Indians make their homes there, drawing on their Uncle Sam for any deficit in Nature's treasury. Travelers and campers bound for wonderful Crater lake, by way of Klamath falls, pass close by the reservation's west boundary. Here, if they are curious, they may see Soltouk, a little gray and a little bent, but proud of his army coat and his big silver star which proclaims him chief of police of all the Klamaths. Perhaps he might tell you of Celie—of her fate—and surely if you give him a good pipeful, or a generous tip, he may tell you of the prowess of his boyhood friend, Skookum John, of earlier days in the laughing valley country that both had so loved, and of all their people who loved it, too.

BREAKFAST FOOD FOR BRITONS

In the heart of this valley of the Rogue to-day—the old French Canadian trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company once called it Rouge from the color of its water, but later on for manifest reasons the missionaries thought Rogue more fitting—are three cities of pretensions and promise, to say nothing of thirteen or more smaller towns where a few years will work wonders. These three cities are Ashland, Medford and Grant's Pass. Fruit farming, mining, water power, and a climate worth talking about are making these gay blades of cities grow so fast that a daily directory is a crying need, like the handy slip that came to the city's help after San Francisco's great fire. Around Medford, pears are in the air and the talk—apples have been and are, but the generals of the troops predict an apple Waterloo unless some new Grouchy comes to help. It's about Medford that young Palmer tools his motor car for a few months every year. There are evidently others like him, for the motor car registry here August first last was just one hundred and thirty-seven. How's that for a city that is just beginning to make dents in the map, and to sigh for asphalt pavements and slot machines?



Just now Medfordians are shipping about half their apple crop to London, to make breakfast food for Britons. Just why over two hundred cars of seven hundred boxes each, or 140,000 boxes, or 7,000,000 pounds, or about 10,000,000 apples—that was the 1907 record—should be able to cross a continent and an ocean, and win their way to the favor of John Bull, seems one of the mystic results of modern trade.

But this demand is founded on the good sense, or at least the expressed sense of the Britons. When Mr. Day of Sgobel and Day, the New York commission men, started to send these apples across the ocean, he sent naturally the biggest he could get. Word came back that these jumbos were not salable.

"They are too large for breakfast and the Englishman won't cut them in half!"

"Help!" cried Mr. Day. The next shipment that went was of smaller fruit—technically four and four and a half-tier, all clear-skinned, with a sun-kissed spot of red on every apple.

"That's the sort," came back the reply. "Our people want a small apple: if we are very hungry for breakfast we'll eat two, but the large ones look too big to try!"

"God save the King—that's easy!" said Mr. Day, so he pressed a few buttons and wrote a few telegrams, with the result ever since that London pays a large price for small apples while New York pays a small price—comparatively—for large apples, and everybody is happy.

SOME APPLEPLEXY FIGURES

And some of these Roguish prices for apples would make a New England farmer with his Baldwins and Seek-no-farthers sit up straight and say "I swan!" In the first place all these apple eggs are, so to say,

in just two baskets—Spitzenbergs and Newtown Pippins being the only varieties grown and shipped, with just a sprinkling of Hoover Red to cheer up the Christmas market. These varieties are good keepers and answer all demands, and so they grow and go, and the Rogue river apple farmers sell and smile.

The ruling prices of the valley fruit growers' union last season ran from $2.25 to $2.50 a box f. o. b. the cars at Medford or Ashland or similar points. That is all there is to it under present methods. New York dealers send agents here each season and they buy on the cars and take chances of sales. There's no waiting for vexing tidings of fruit arrived in bad condition and of heart-breaking and bank-breaking prices. As any number of trees bear as high as twenty-five boxes, and an acre holds fifty trees, and as each box sold at $2.50 represents a net profit of at least $1.75, a typical and obliging acre of Newtowns means a profit of just $2187.50!

When I ranged through the orchards a few months ago—trailing Skookum John and the money makers who have followed him—I found no specific instances like this, for apple trees do not bear uniformly, and they do not always agree to keep a-living on the same acre. Pear trees are much more lady-like and tractable. But I found any number of men who frowned and showed their teeth at the same time when I asked them about profits—that's an unfailing sign of a healthy cash balance. The records of the dealers' union helped me trace some figures worth reading and some of the Medford bankers were surprisingly confidential, throwing off for the moment that look of hard, frozen sociability that bankers too often acquire from associating with their vaults. I heard of a certain nine acres of Newtowns, north of Medford, that in four years have yielded their owner a gross return of $16,620. From an acre and a half last year S. L. Bennett took in over $1400. Twelve acres of Newtowns netted f. o. b. orchard $1170 an acre. Seventy-one trees of Ben Davis apples yielded 700 boxes of fruit which sold on the ranch for $1 a box in 1907. One acre of six-year-old Newtowns netted $711. An 11¼ acre pear orchard netted $6600. 152 trees of Newtowns on a three-acre tract netted $3125.00 f. o. b. Medford. Fifty-five trees, also Newtowns, produced 815 boxes, which were shipped to the London market. In spite of the financial depression these boxes realized $1711.50 net. They were grown on less than one acre. From eight acres 6000 boxes of Newtown Pippin apples were marketed, netting $2000 an acre f. o. b. the orchard. For the past seven years this orchard has netted $791 per acre average.

SPROUTING FORTUNES

Everyone is taking a flyer in apples or pears. Not only are the valley lands becoming orchards, but far into the foothills the skirmishers of the fruit army are deploying. Off to the East, high in the hills, fully two hundred feet above the valley, midway between Ashland and Medford are the Westerlund orchards of nine hundred acres, all in pears and apples, and all in one cleared tract. No water is needed here, no irrigation—just sunshine and sense. One pair of laboring lads from Gold Hill have applied their surplus earnings from trade to developing a Newtown orchard in the foothills, and had the pleasure recently of refusing to consider an offer of $25,000 for their place. They know that it will bring them an income of $5,000 a year within two years more. Another firm of mechanics have developed a peach and apricot orchard in connection with a Newtown and pear orchard, and can sell half their holdings for $7,000. An implement dealer in the valley bought a cheap tract of bottom land five years ago, hired a competent man to supervise the tract, planted twenty-seven acres to apples and has received an offer of $14,000 for the orchard. He figures that in three years it will be bringing in that amount each year, and he is holding on and sawing much wood.

THE PATOIS OF THE PEAR

Down in Riverside or Porterville no one talks of anything much besides oranges. Valencias and navels become a part of one's daily bread. In the great Imperial valley, where the rebellious Colorado river has settled down to work, the lingo is all of 'lopes. But here in this Rogue country—this Skookum John land—the talk is all of Spitzs or Newts. When you meet a pear man you have to get a fresh grip on the words that profit a man, and then you hear of Bartletts and Boscs, or Banjos, Howells, Coms or Nells.

I ran down the etymology of some of these words—looked up their family tree of these lordly pears

ONE OF NATURE'S MONEY MAKING BANKS NEAR CENTRAL POINT. LAST SEASON 16½ ACRES OF PEARS NETTED ONE GROWER $19,000

whose crops are coin. Behind Banjo lurks the name that shows its Parisian ancestry—Beurre d'Anjou; for colloquial Com read Doyenne du Comice, and Nell is our old friend, Winter Nelis. But men who can find short cuts to fortune are never troubled about chopping language. Consider Siskiyou's Sis, or San Bernardino's Berdoo, or San Francisco's abominable Frisco!

SOME PEAR PROFITS

Old timers laughed at J. H. Stewart, a fruit-grower who knew, when he planted his experimental orchard of pears and apples near Medford twenty-five years ago. He did a lot of fancy things, including spraying for pests and fertilizing when needed. No one laughs at him now, but they may put up a monument to him some of these days. Everyone to-day is following where he led. He predicted more money in pears than apples and last year's record looks that way. Here are a few windfalls that came my way:

A single tree of "Banjo" pears produced $226. This tree has never failed to produce a crop in thirty years. A single acre of Bartlett pears yielded $2,250. A carload of pears from Lewis orchard brought $4,622.80 gross.

GOLD WASHING AT THE STERLING MINE, WEST OF JACKSONVILLE. THIS MINE HAS BEEN A GOOD GOLD PRODUCER FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY

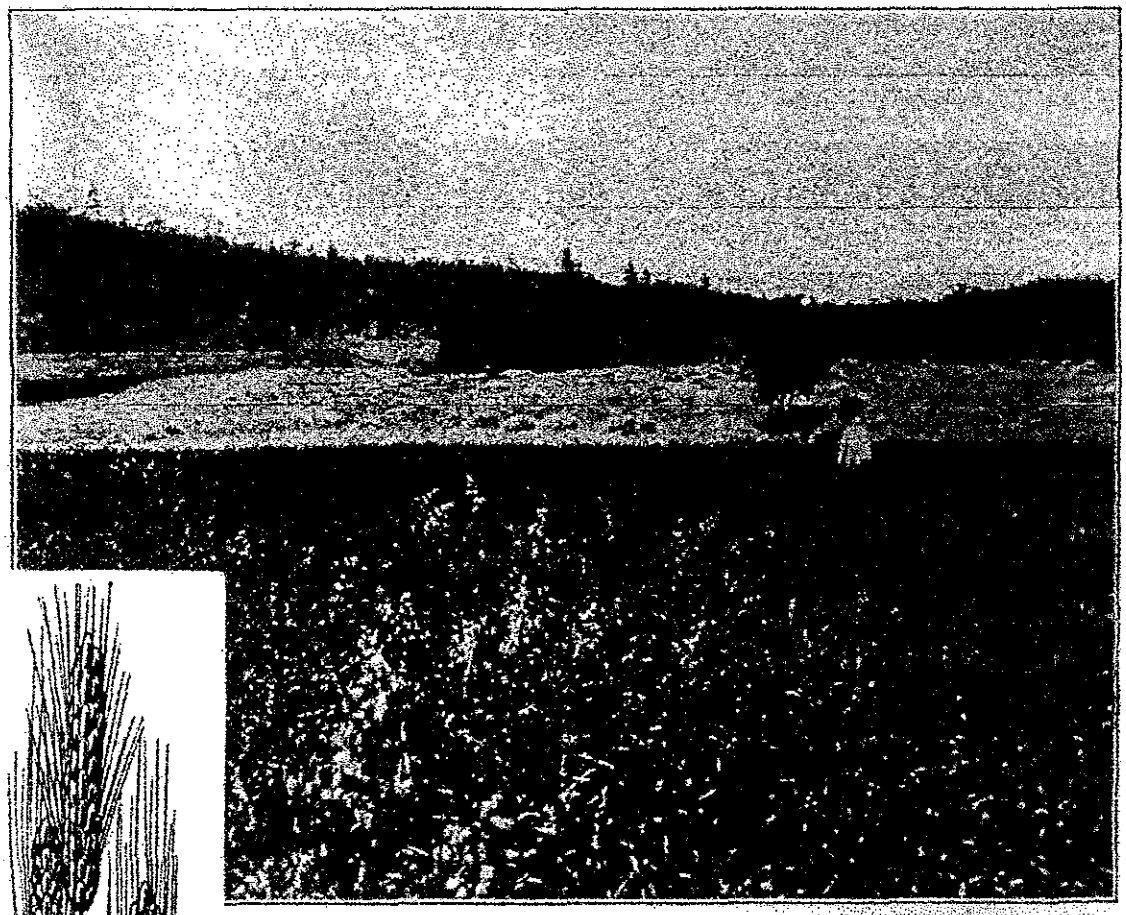
Sixteen and a half acres of Winter Nelis pears grown by F. H. Hopkins returned $19,000 net f. o. b. Medford. Just think of that! Comice pears from Medford sold as high as $8.20 a box in New York last autumn, and a carload brought the highest price ever received for a carload of fruit ($4,622.80). Another car from Medford sold for $4,558.

The fruit growers' union experimented by sending out Comice pears in half boxes, all alluringly wrapped and labeled, with fancy lace paper like a box of candy, and lo, the result was sale in the New York market at $5.40 a half box. New Yorkers will have a chance to buy more this present season. One shipment of ten half boxes of these Comice pears brought $46, giving the grower $4.60 gross. Out of this he pays commissions amounting to 46 cents, freight and refrigeration 45 cents, picking and packing and other expenses 59 cents, or a total of $1.50, *leaving a net profit for each of these half boxes of about 25 pounds of* $3.10.

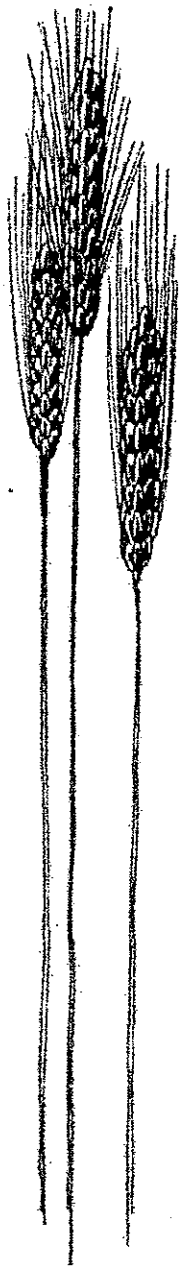
The Bartlett record price last season was $5.05 a box in Montreal for a shipment from the Burrill orchard of six hundred and forty acres near Medford. They sold for $3.59 a box at Medford. D'Anjou pears sold last year as high as $5.60 a box in carload lots.

NURSERYMEN KEPT BUSY

All the nurserymen are busy helping make trees grow where none grew before. Over

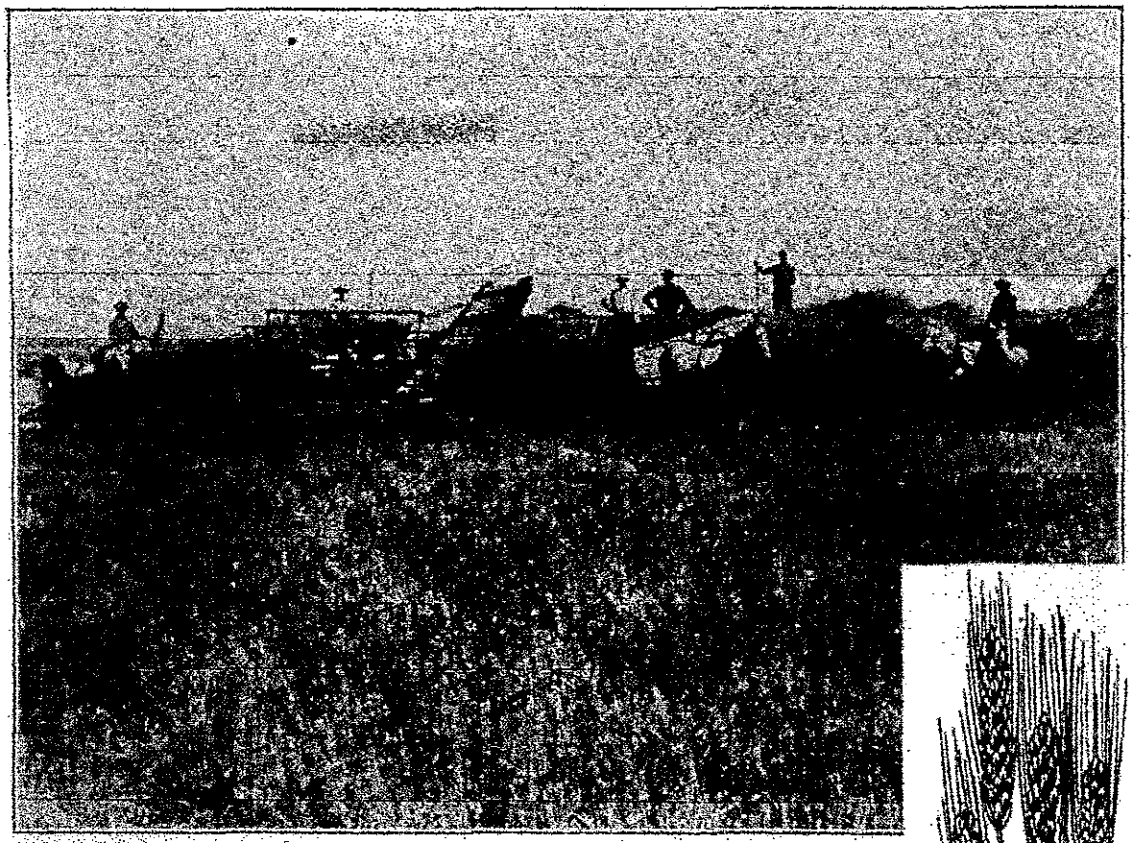


WHERE ONCE THE INDIAN HUNTED HIS FOOD, THE WHITE MAN'S BREAD-STUFFS RISE FROM WELL-TILLED ACRES

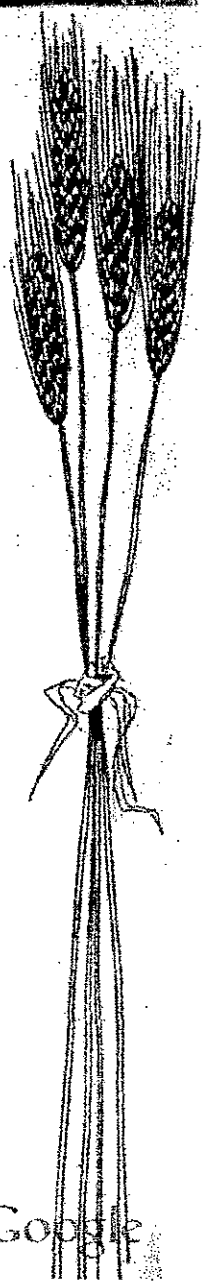


500,000 apple and pear trees were planted last year in this section and the coming season will far exceed that record. They brought $31 a thousand last year but contracts at $25 for this season are being made. Last year close to five hundred refrigerated cars of apples and pears left the valley; the present season the record will run up to eight hundred. The picking season begins in August and ends in November. White labor only is employed and good wages are paid. One woman packer last year made five dollars a day at five cents a box. Pears will run about five hundred boxes to a car, apples six hundred and fifty to seven hundred. Fruit is all wrapped and cardboard goes between each tier. Cherries grow wonderfully well about Ashland as well as peaches to say nothing of the staple apples and pears. Around Jacksonville, table grapes, especially the Flaming Tokay, are being planted extensively. Here, too, are vineyards where wine has been made for many years. The climate the year around is so genial that it encourages overwork on the part of Mother Nature. It is all reminiadful of that great garden of Alcinous when Ulysses inspected it:

> And there grow tall trees blossoming—pear trees and apple trees with bright fruit, and sweet figs, and olives and their bloom. . . . . Evermore the west wind blowing brings some fruit to birth and ripens others.



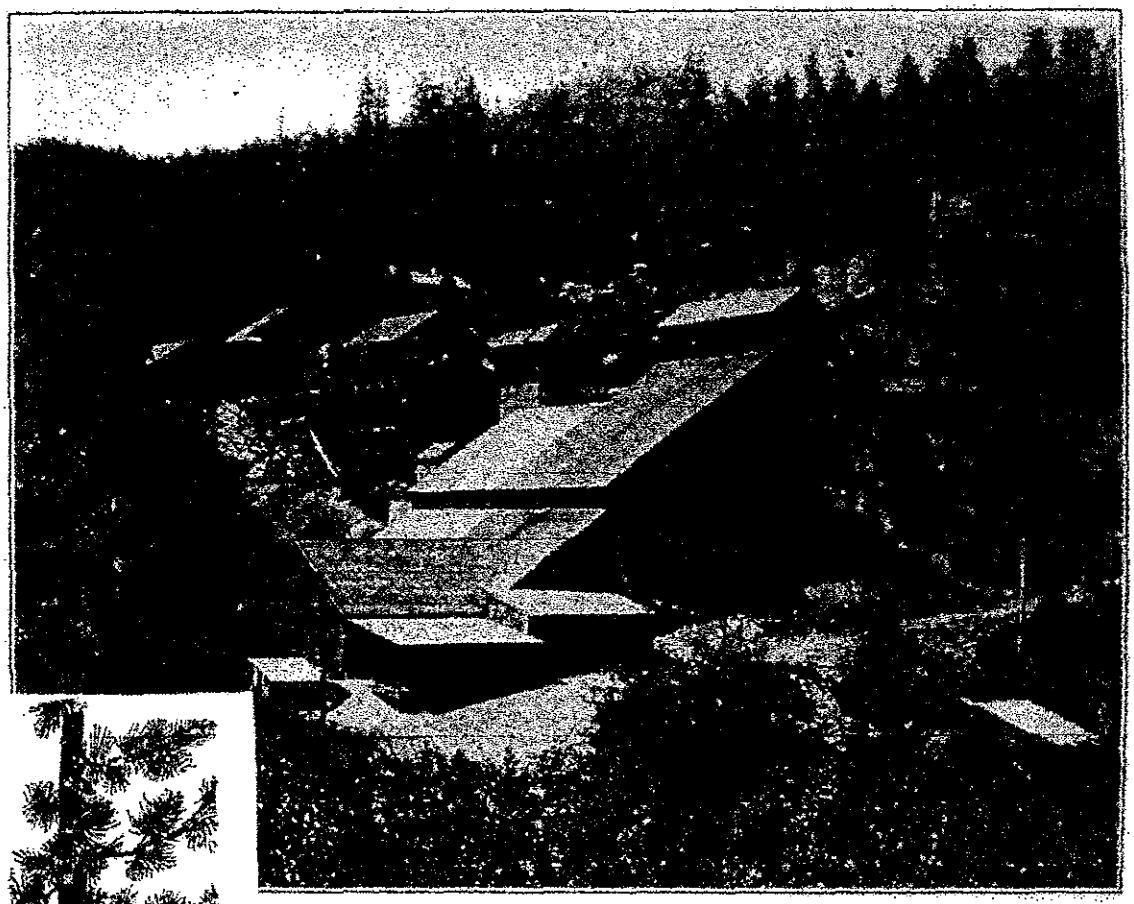
PEACEFUL SCENES OF HAYING TIME, WHERE NOT SO LONG AGO THE INDIANS RESISTED THE ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION



THE SIGNS OF PROMISE

This money-come-quick product means prosperity here—here on the crossed trails of Leylek and Skookum John. The oaks and madroño trees that once shielded the settlers from Indian bullets, that sheltered Celic and Skookum and Soltouk and their fathers in the days of their idyllic past, are still standing out bravely on many of these valley farms. But they will soon go for the timber and the firewood of the conqueror, and here will uprise at least one big city—perhaps three. Medford is planning and pluming itself to break into the metropolis class; Ashland has hopes, Grant's Pass is confident, while Gold Hill is coy, but sure. A big city water supply to be brought from Wasson cañon in the mountains to the East is already under way, while miles of paved streets and all kinds of electric power are assured. Only forty miles away from Medford, where the headwaters of the Rogue drop fully five hundred feet it is figured that fully 80,000 horsepower is waiting to help in development, while other falls would bring the total up to fully 300,000. Down the river at Gold Ray, the Rogue is already harnessed and is helping to light and power.

Off in the hills miners are busy—at the Blue Ledge copper mine, at the big Sterling gold placer mine, at the Opp quartz mine. They've been busy around quaint and quiet old Jacksonville since the early '50's. Several of these old timers are living yet in cabins on the hillsides. Once in a while they climb



IN THESE HILLS MINERS HAVE BEEN BUSY SINCE THE EARLY 50'S

down the cañon trail to town, cross under the boughs of the tree where Chief George gave up his life and drop a bit of treasure into Banker Beekman's strong-box. There have been many nuggets in that box and some are there yet. Seven hundred miners once washed wealth from that little cañon about the old county seat town. Since mining began here in this valley over $35,000,000 of gold have gone out to help the banks of the world.

And the men who know say there is more treasure yet—more than has ever been imagined, up in these hills—gold and copper and silver and onyx and jade and platinum and antimony. And the day is near when these treasures will be known, when far into the mountains and the forests the developing forces will go, joining hands with the city makers and the fruit growers in the valley, crossing and recrossing all of them many times, the well-worn, devious and romantic trail of Skookum John and his people.

1908 ON THE TRAIL OF SKOOKUM JOHN Rogue River Indian Wars, 1853-1856

As Honore Palmer, son of Chicago's one-time merchant prince, stopped his motor car recently beneath the shading branches of a certain big white oak on the rising hills to the west of the river Rogue, he crossed, all unconsciously, the trail of Skookum John. Just beyond, their roots firmly planted in gravel loam, waving their green plumes with the uniform precision of the King's Irish Rifles on parade, are the Palmer pear trees, humble helpers in adding more to the Potter Palmer dollars. When, a few years ago, the railway engineers zig-zagged and bow-knotted a route for steel to rest upon, across Siskiyou canons and beside Rogue rapids, they touched many times the Leaf-strewn pathway over which Skookum John's moccasined feet had often passed. Beside the railway now, between the shadows cast by Pilot Rock and Onion Spring mountain, are three cities, and a half dozen towns, all with mayors and ice plants and churches, and bands that play ragtime, and all the other signs of arrived civilization. When the locomotives whistle on these grades, when dynamite blasts gold rock from these mines, the echoes crash and carom among crag and pine top, with a ringing JOHN'. JOHN! John!

From east to west, from the show-topped Cascades to the ocean, from its source near Mt. Huckleberry's crest to its outlet near Humbug's frowning ridge, the Rogue River goes on its laughing way. a beautiful way and a beautiful land it is. It was all Skookum John's country once, but it's the fortune-making white man's now, with scarce a Notch in anyone's memory for Chief Skookum or his tribe. Over to westward, in Curry Co., a crest looms white and clear, and large and strong Skookumhouse Butte, that and a painted pine slab in the cemetery at Fort Klamath are Skookum John's only monuments.

Tragedies of the 60's

Every ridge and hill top and water course nearly every tree--in all this watered, forested sunshiny land, have had their part to act in the aboriginal life and the early Indianwars of this region. here in southern Oregon, the Rogues (Allied to the Klamaths) and the Klamaths, the Umpquahs, the Paiutes and the Modocs fought for their lands and their Homes; fought, too, for revenge and lust, and their daring and deviltry made Oregon Pioneering a fearsome thing. In the early 50's, following the discovery of gold in California, came the rush of miners to the placers of this region. Up from Yreka the poured in steadily, scattering among the water courses snd getting gold where they could find it. Reckless spirits there were among these, and their treatment of some of the peace-loving Indians soon made trouble. For over twenty years, up to the time of the General Canby massacre, in the lava beds in 1872, this irregular warfare continued, with right and wrong fighting on both sides until they became as well mixed as the ethies of a Kentucky feud. Skookum JOHN WAS A LAD IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THIS PITILESS WAR, WHEN SHOTS FROM BEHAND TREES AND LOGS AND HAY*STACKS FORMED THE COMMON HABIT. He was a son of Chief John, one of the tribe's great men, and a nephew of Leylek, who was a sort of Washington among the Klamaths and the Rogues. After old Chief John, had been captured and taken away to prison, Skookum became Leylek's right-hand man, and it was while so acting that he came to his death in Oct. 1863, under circumstances that have given him place in the Westminster Abby of the Rogues, in whatever somber forest aisle that temple may be.

Skookum John's Romance

It all happened here in this setting, long the country of Skookum John's forebears. The story is told in some of the pioneer books, but all the first-hand facts came to me one night from a man who was there, Judge W. M. Colvig of Medford, He was a soldier then, serving under Colonel Drew of the Oregon state troops, and he saw Skookum die. Soon after that he left soldiering for law, and to-day he goes about among the orchards and factories, occasionally drawing a complaint instead of a sword, or discharging a jury in place of a gun. There had been trouble over around Table rock above Jacksonville. Two or three Settlers had been killed and the troops went after big game. They cought George, a young chief, and a close friend of Skookum John, and they hanged him high at Jacksonville, on a big locust tree that grew thriftily there, just before the Starlight saloon doors. Now George was not only Skookum's goodfriend, but he was the brother of Celie, a maid of the tribe

for whom Skookum had plans that looked toward making her his squaw. Celie was evidently the Minnehaha of the Rogue. She was the fairest, fleetest, gayest, and brightest of all the women in any of the thousands of tepees between the great Goose lake and sea. She was well educated, too, for general Joe Lane had once sent her to a convent in California. But Celie liked not the white man nor his ways, and she went back to tribal customs and life the first chance she had. She dressed in deer skin leggins and wore moccasins and no one knew that English speech and Knowledge were hers. When Celie learned of her brother's sudden taking-off she lost no time in rousing her tribe to action. Old Chief Leylek was over in the Klamath country and Skookum John and many warriors were with him..Celie knew that Captain Jack, chief of the Modocs--he was afterward hanged for his part in the Canby affair--was a good friend of Skookum john, so she sped away through canon and forest, across the rugged country, to her warriors in the Klmamth, down below Crater Lake, a full hundred miles from Jacksonville where George's body was swinging, in the night wind. In that camp, too, she counted on Blow or Soltouk, a youg brave, for who she had great admiration, loving him as women will, even against the more ambitious claims of Skookum, Celie felt sure of getting the help of Captain Jack and his fighting crew of Modocs, and with such an array of hostiles the whites could be routed and killed and her brother's cruel death avenged

The Fight in the Tepee

At Fort Klamath was Captain Kelly, with forty men, and to him, soon after the hanging of Chief George, Colonel Drew sent a messenger of warning. The Colonel knew Celie's power and influence, and he knew that trouble was ahead. Fleet as was the messenger Celie was before him. The chiefs, five of them, including Leylek and Skookum John, met in hurried council in a tepee situated at a point remote from the rest of the village. The other fighting men of the tribe went silently from the village to meet at some forest rendezvous. Skookum John was the last to join the tepee conference. He had been out on a hunting trip and he went to the council fire accoutered as he was. Hurrying through the underbrush in his haste to reach the assembly he had fastened his long hunting knife securely to his belt and tied the blade to the sheath lest he lose it in speeding through the chaparral.
Posting his men outside, all with rifles bearing on the tepee, Captain Kelly, with drawn revolver and followed by only one of his men, Sergeant Underwood, broke Abruptly upon the council and demanded the immediate surrender of all present. It was a dramatic moment. The tent was lighted only by the fire in the center. The chiefs were stretched out about it, none of them armed but Skookum John. At Captain Kelly's words John jumped to his feet and lunged forward across the fire toward Kelly, pulling vigorously at his knife which he had forgotten to release from its sheath. At this action Kelly drew back and fired, and Underwood blazed away ober the officer's shoulder. Kelly's shot struck John under the right eye, while Underwood's entered his breast. The brave young chief fell forward across the fire partly extinguishing it and leaving the tepee in darkness. In the confusion Kelly and Underwood got outside, and one by one, as the four chiefs emerged, they were taken in charge. The prostrated form of Skookum John was lifted from the fire. His wounds were mortal, and he soon expired, amid the wailing of the few squaws who gathered about Celie, and listened to her words of lamentation and anger/
Captain Kelly promptly sent a detail of twenty men through the village to round up all the warriors, but it was too late--all had gone to the forest as soon as Celie had roused them--gone to await the awakening action of the Modocs and Paiutes.
The next day Colonel Drew arrived with a small force and took command. He promptly called for Chief Leylek, and told him that all the warriors of the Rogues and Klamaths must come in and lay down their arms.

The old Chief a Hostage

If your warriors are not all in by Saturday noon, said Colonel Drew to Leylek, you will be hanged from that tree. After delivering this ultimatum, he continued: Send to your men and tell them what I have said. Tell them to come in, not more than twenty at a time, and to put their guns at the foot of our flagpole. I will let all the chiefs go but you, and you must surely die if your braves do not come in.
Old Leylek moved not a muscle of his face as he heard this. When Colonel Drew had

inished, Leylek asked first to see Soltouk, then the other chiefs, then Celie. eylek, who was over seventy said at first that he would gladly die , if his people ight be free. Soltouk and the others protested, arguing that the white men were o strong that Leylek's death would avail nothing in the end. The old chief reluc- antly agreed. Then Celie came in and her passionate denunciation of the action roposed soon brought about her all the soldiers of the little post. Leylek asked er to go out and to use her power to bring in the warriors, and Soltouk also urged er to give her aid. You coward, she hissed out at the young chief. I thought you rave--I thought you a man--you are all cowards. We have talked it all over, nterposed Leylek, and we all agree it is useless to oppose the white man at this ime. Even if our warriors keep their arms we can do little except to provoke nd compel more blood-shed.

Celie's Plea for Her People

t this, this would-be Joan of Arc stood erect, folded her arms and answered scornfully: et Leylek go out and sit with the squaws--let him take my dress, and I will hang nd die gladly for my people. It shall then not be said that the Klamaths were owards, that they gave up when the white man beckoned. Where in the old-time pirit of my people? I would rather die and see them all die than to give up without ighting for their rights. My brother must be avenged. As the girl finished, old eylek shook his head sadly, and young Soltouk stole away from her scornful presence. ll this talk was translated in part to Colonel Drew, who then took Celie to one side o question her. She was well-known among the troops as an Indian maid who was "full f Ginger", and cared nothing for the blandishments of uniform or brass buttons. ven Joe Finnegan, the Irish corporal, and a premiom lady Killer, had found his rts useless with Celie. She never could understand the soldier language of love, nether in Chinook or English, or much less in Irish blarney. Through an interpreter olonel Drew explained to Celie that her brother had been executed because it was nown he was concerned in the killing of a settler, and that Skookum John brought is fate on himself/ Besides that Leylek had said that John had advised in council nat the Indians attack the post at Fort Klamath that night. To Colonel Drew's stonishment, when the interpreter had finished, Celie answered defiantly in clear, ood English: My People here are cowards--the chiefs are all squaws. Take care, elie, Colonel Drew answered, if you incite your people to revolt, we may hang you too. nd where did you learn English, and why have you not spoken it before? For answer, he Indian girl pulled out a bead chain from around her neck. To it was attached a mall crucifix. I listen better than I speak, she said.

Their Last Stand

But Celie's Passionate plea for her people was all in vain. Wiser counsel prevailed. She would not go to call her warriors in, but others went, and on the appointed Saturday she watched the Indians come in one by one, and sadly drop their arms by the pole where flew the stars and stripes. It was the last stand of the Klamaths and Rogues. Some years before old Chief Sam of the Rogues and his people had been moved by the wisely paternal government away to the north, to the Siletz country, near the mouth of the Yaquina. Skookum John was buried near where he fell, and to-day the reservation of his kinsfolk, the Klamaths, is all about his grave

PIONEER LIFE

BY

"UNCLE SAM" HANDSAKER

Pioneer '53

Private Co. B, 2d Regt, Oregon Mounted Volunteers

Rogue River Indian Wars, '55-'56

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

EUGENE, OREGON

1908

the victims numbered has escaped the writer's memory. It seems needless to say that the beautiful boat was a complete wreck.

"All the passengers and crew were accounted for except the chief engineer, and it was currently reported and believed by many, that a few minutes before the explosion of the boilers occurred, that he was seen to leave the boat in great haste and ran to the adjacent hills. If this was true, people naturally inferred that the engineer had been hired by owners of the other boats to destroy the beautiful craft.

"It was the intention of the writer and his partner, both emigrants of the preceding year, to make application on the Gazelle the fated morning for situations for work, but a slight indisposition on the part of the writer prevented this; otherwise this might not have been related."

REMINISCENSES OF ROGUE RIVER WAR

Written by "Uncle Sam" Handsaker to Lieut. Stephen Longfellow.

Dear Old Comrade:—It was all owing to an interview I had with Mrs. A. Martindale, of Camas Valley, Douglas County, Oregon, that I learned of your whereabouts, for we had not met since the day we were discharged from the service, on the 28th day of June, 1856, at Deer Creek, now and for many years the flourishing city of Roseburg.

A lady friend of yours from Southern Oregon, after reading the interview, wrote a brief note in which she said: "One of the men, Lieutenant Stephen Longfellow, is living, located at Henley, Cal. He is rather feeble from old age and the many hardships he has endured, but is still a kind-hearted, genial gentleman, with many friends who wish him a long and happy life."

Yes, old Comrade, I am sure the sentiment is true, every word of it, for it is not flattering to say that during the time we were in the service, whether on the march over rugged mountains, frequently covered with snow, and nothing but a narrow trail on which to travel, or on the battlefield with the murderous Indians, "Steve" was all right. I have the kind permission of the editor of the Plaindealer for use of its columns to publish a few reminiscences as they occurred to me [illegible] years ago and in which the Company of Captain Bruce, Company B, Second Regiment, Oregon Territory Volunteers, were actors. It seems needless to say that but a few of the old company of one hundred and twenty are, so far as I know, now living. Of these, I recall the names of J. J. Butler, and some of the Millirons, B. F. Powers, David Brace, William Kelsey, and the old surgeon, Dr. A. W. Patterson, who is now [illegible] years of age and has lost the use of his eyes. J. J. Hughes fills a soldier's grave in Florida.

I am sure you will remember the morning of [illegible] 1855, when we received orders to break camp at Roseburg and make a forced march to assist in the battle on Hungry Hill, then raging, with the odds, owing to their superior situation, in favor of the Indians. In going through the Big Canyon, a distance of eleven miles, we forded the creek twenty-two times. There were no bridges, so our horses had to swim frequently.

PLACED UNDER ARREST.

You will recollect we reached the "Six Bit House" on the evening of the 2d, just as they were coming in with the wounded men from "Hungry Hill," where a number of our brave soldier comrades had laid down their lives in defense of their frontier homes. The battlefield was eight miles away and was reached by a narrow trail through the mountains.

Here we had the first experience of standing guard, and the writer was one of the actors in the exciting scene that at that time was enacted in our camp. Manon P. Martin, [illegible] geant, was corporal of the guard, and when he gave the [illegible] guards the countersign, instead of giving each the same word he gave each a different one, and here the trouble began. When the writer was apprehended with the stern words, "Who goes there?" and answered "Friends," upon his advance to give the countersign, the word he gave was at variance with that given the challenger. At this, a call was made for the "corporal of the guard." At the bayonet's point and with the whole camp aroused, wondering what was the matter, [illegible]

to the Captain's tent to give an account of himself, but when the corporal of the guard explained how he had given each sentinel a separate password, the blame was at once placed where it belonged, and all was again serene. "Six Bit House" was a deserted and rather dilapidated affair, built of "shakes." It is said to have taken its name from the fact that an Indian who had transgressed the laws, was summarily hanged, but before he was sent to the "happy hunting ground" he "dunned" a spectator for "six bits" he claimed was due him.

We made our camp during the first part of the winter at Yoacum's, on the bank of the South Umpqua River, three miles from Canyonville. Our only protection was tents and they were of light material. On Christmas eve the snow began to fall, with a cold wind from the North, and by the time the snow was six inches deep the weather became very cold and remained so for some weeks. The rivers with the rapid current froze so much that it was with diffculty we could cross with the ferry boat. Some of the boys enjoyed their Christmas greatly by having a "stag dance" to the music of a squeaky dance violin, and the "ladies," boys in disguise, wore a blanket in imitation of a dress. Our rations of bread, bacon and beans were cooked in front of our tents, with log fires in the open air. Sometimes our menu was improved with vegetables bought from the farmers. Fruit was conspicuous by its absence, as but few orchards were bearing in those early days.

Our cooking utensils consisted of frying pans, in which we baked our bread and fried the meat, or in their absence a forked stick around which the dough was placed and set before the fire, a coffee pot and camp kettle. We "browned" our own coffee and in the absence of a mill would place the berries in a cloth and pound them.

The life of a soldier on the frontier is not all sunshine, neither is it all shadow. You will call to mind, old Comrade, the time we were camped at L. D. Kent's place, near where the town of Dillard, some ten miles south of Roseburg, is located, and how our old Captain, when about to make a trip to Roseburg, paraded the company, and made a special requst that for one night during his absence those of the boys who were fond of "tripping the

light fantastic toe" might remain in camp and give the girls a rest, for, strange as it may seem, the girls were fond of dancing too. During the day it was whispered around that the Captain's request would be ignored and the usual dance follow.

Some of the boys who did not care to pass away the time in this manner, decided they would have a share in the evening sports, but in another manner. One of them, who I am sure is one of the few now living, but who would blush to see his name in print, explained to the picket on duty and with his trusty rifle wended his way some distance above the camp, and soon after the dance at the house had begun, fired a number of shots, piercing the night air between the shots with the Indian war whoop. Let those who never heard one, retire to some secluded spot and while he is yelling at the top of his voice, strike his lips rapidly with his hand, and he will have a faint conception of what I wish to explain. While this part of the program was being enacted, another one of the boys, named Robert Clark, and who thought he had been slighted because he had not been invited to the dance, rushed to the door and at the top of voice yelled, "Indians! Indians!!" It is needless to say that the house was soon vacated by its evening visitors, who hastened pell mell down the hill towards camp, many of them falling off the narrow foot bridge that spanned a stream of water. When they reached camp and were given the ha! ha! they were, to use a slang expression, "hot." Lieutenant Jonathan Moore, the officer in charge, and one of the visitors at the house demanded the name of the culprit, but as may be sure it was not forthcoming. When Captain Buoy returned the following day, having heard in Roseburg that the Indians had made an attack on our camp, the nameless one "acknowledged the corn," and the decision was "You did just right."

INDIANS ATTACK CAMP AT NIGHT.

I am sure, old Comrade, you will recollect the time when a part of our company, with a detail of Bailey's company, was sent out to ascertain if any of the Indians could be found. After hunting for them a day or two without finding any sign of them they returned towards camp, and night coming on they made

their camp in an open space in the woods. After supper was over, it was decided by the boys that they should decide in a wrestling bout which was the best man for strength and agility. Fires were replenished, and Edward Gage of Buoy's company, and John L. Gardiner, of Bailey's company, both of them stout, rugged young men in the prime of life, and with no thought that within a few moments the wily foe who was then waiting for an opportunity to kill two of our best men, were so near at hand. But such is the fortune of war. Soon after our comrades had entered the ring, each one striving in a friendly manner to uphold the prestige of his company, a rain of bullets fired by Indians who had in some manner passed our sentinels, laid low the two contestants, who died the following day. One of the balls grazed the cheek of Lieutenant Moore, and another one entered the shoulder of Jerry Taylor of our company, who at the time was playing cards with a comrade. Jerry is yet living, an honored citizen of Lane County, and will carry the ball in his shoulder to his grave as a reminder of some of the pioneer days in Oregon.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN CAMP.

In the month of March, 1856, most of the troops marched to the Big Meadows, on Rogue River, near where most of the Indians had camped the greater part of the winter. Their camps were, however, on the opposite side in the heavy timber, and we had no way of crossing, so it goes without saying that during the many fights we had with them, they had the advantage of seeing us in the open, while they were sheltered by the timber. One afternoon the Indians fired on our pickets, when more men were sent to repel the attack. An Indian will never fight unless he has the advantage, and in this, as in many other instances, "they took leg bail for security," fleeing across the river in their canoes.

When the boys returned to camp and the roll was called, one of our company, F. W. Splawn, was missing. Volunteers were at once called for to go and search for our missing comrade, but as night was near and the distance was at least three miles away to where Frank was last seen, loading and firing at the

Indians with all the power he had for a brave fellow can do, he could not be found, it was decided to wait till morning before going to his rescue. Frank, by his manly bearing and well known courage, was a favorite with the whole company, and many of us retired to our blankets, not to sleep but to wonder if on the morrow we would find our comrade slain by the merciless savage and his body terribly mutilated, as is the Indian custom.

An abler pen than mine, perhaps, can portray the joy in our camp early in the morning when our outside sentinels announced at the top of their lungs:

"Splawn's in camp! Splawn's in camp!"

Sure enough, there was our old dear comrade, but as he related the ordeal through which he had passed in the last few hours, it was no wonder he looked to be several years older. He related how when the order was given to retreat to camp he was in front and did not know that he was left alone, but when the retreating Indians paid particular attention to him he sought refuge in a bunch of brush, into which were sent many rifle balls, but luckily they did not hit him. He did not expect to escape with his life, so after saving a part of the powder, balls and caps (for that was before the magazine rifles, or modern times were invented), he threw the rest away, so if the Indians got his body they should not get his ammunition. When darkness set in he emerged from his retreat and after wandering all night over the dark, pathless mountains, the most rugged and precipitous that can be imagined, he wandered into camp as related above.

SHOT FROM AMBUSH.

About April 15th, 1856, McDonald Harkness and another man, whose name I cannot recall, left Fort Leland for the meadows with express for our camp. When but two miles away they were fired upon by Indians in ambush, and Harkness was killed, his companion escaping. I am sure that not one of my many comrades who saw the horrible sights will ever forget when the nude body of Harkness, lashed on a pack saddle, was mutilated in the most horrible manner that fiendish ingenuity could devise. Never will we forget the sight the red devils had wrought.

This war was carried from start to finish, almost entirely, with volunteers, and in our ranks could be found beardless boys and old, gray-headed pioneers who had but recently left their homes "in the states," and with their families bundled into wagons drawn by the patient, plodding ox teams, made the trip to Oregon, after the lapse of six months or more. Near the last of April, some of the Indian chiefs, after a parley with Captain Smith, who had under his command seventy-five regulars, agreed to meet him at the "Little Meadows" at a certain time with a view of entering into negotiations for peace. When he arrived he made his camp in the timber, not thinking of treachery on the part of the Indians. After dark two squaws informed Captain Smith that the Indians would attack him early next morning.

Captain gave orders to move the camp a short distance to a bald, oblong hill, where he expected to have an even chance with the Indians, but did not seem to be aware that not a drop of water could be had for his men. At 10 o'clock the Indians made the attack, but with the assistance of a howitzer and the bravery of his men, the Indians, who were armed with better guns than the regulars, were prevented from massacring the entire company. At the first opportunity a courier was sent through the Indians' lines in the night to the mouth of the river for more troops, which fortunately arrived on the evening of the second day, just as the Indians were ready to make a charge on the men almost famished for want of water. More than a third of Smith's men were either killed or wounded. Our forces during this time were on the way down the river, but it was not until late in the day that we heard the howitzer, miles away. We at once started at the double quick, but when we reached the scene of their bloody fight a part of the Indian chiefs had surrendered. In conversation with some of the regulars, I was told that during the fight the Indians would creep near the soldiers and with forked sticks attempt to draw away the soldiers' blankets, and when the soldiers would raise their heads the Indians would shoot them.

This was the beginning of permanent peace. In a short time the various tribes surrendered and were at once taken to the

Grande Ronde and Siletz reservation[illegible] still exist.

I am sure, old Comrade, that [illegible] readers of the Plaindealer will [illegible] that my desultory notes of the [illegible] If, perchance, some may wonder why [illegible] of more of the battles during the [illegible] my answer would be, other and more [illegible] done this.

In conclusion, it seems unnecessary [illegible] rades that in the forty-eight years that have [illegible] met many of the old members of Company [illegible] final roll call and ere long, we too [illegible]

* * * * * Sustained
By an unfaltering trust approach the grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

PIONEERS OF UMPQUA

Oregonian, Jan. 15, 1903.

The writer first made his home on the [illegible] Valley in the spring of 1854, and resided [illegible] that time he made the acquaintance of many [illegible] and still numbers the few remaining old-[illegible] most esteemed friends.

I am not certain as to the exact date [illegible] early in the '40s, that the three brothers, [illegible] George Hall, came from Staffordshire, [illegible] what was then a very new country, with neighbors between," in Bureau County, Illinois. [illegible] they "started the plains across," using [illegible] the purpose.

Like many other of the emigrants [illegible] beguiled into coming by the middle [illegible]

O. Jacobs

Rogue River Indian War 1853

MEMOIRS

OF

ORANGE JACOBS

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

CONTAINING MANY INTERESTING, AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE INCIDENTS OF A LIFE OF EIGHTY YEARS OR MORE, FIFTY-SIX YEARS OF WHICH WERE SPENT IN OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

SEATTLE, WASH.
LOWMAN & HANFORD CO.
1908

I have been informed, are in the archives of Jackson County.

Two incidents occurred late in the fall of '53 which as they are somewhat historical in their character and results, may bear narration. Rogue River Valley was unoccupied and afforded abundant pasturage for horses and mules and horned cattle. Some enterprising fellow had just pre-empted all of that portion of the valley west of Bear Creek, and received stock for pasturage on that pre-empted domain, at so much per head. Late in the fall, four fine American horses had been stolen from this pasture. The theft was immediately attributed by the owners, and by the keepers of the stock, to the Indians. A party of hot-headed fellows, headed by the owners of the lost horses, went to the Indian Ranceree on Rogue River and took four of its younger men as prisoners, or rather as hostages—threatening to kill them if the stock was not delivered within a week. The hostages were brought to Jacksonville and strictly confined until the time should elapse. This action created great excitement among the Indians, and to save the lives of their companions they hunted for the lost animals in every direction, but could find no trace of them. The Rogue River Indians gave it as their opinion that a band of Klamath Indians but recently in Rogue River Valley, on a trading expedition, had stolen the horses and driven them across the mountains to the Klamath Lake country. The fatal day arrived and the horses were unfound; and the determination was expressed by a large party of miners, reinforced by the gambling element, to carry the threat into execution. One of the Indians asked that he might talk to the whites before he was led out to execution. His request, after some

considerable opposition, was finally granted. His speech was interpreted into English and ran, as far as I remember it, about as follows: He said that neither himself nor his companions had stolen the horses, and that they knew nothing about their loss; that the white man did not claim that they stole the horses, but they were to be killed because others had stolen the white man's horses, and neither they nor their friends were able to deliver them up to the white man; that the Indians had always treated the white man kindly—when he was hungry they gave him something to eat—but the white man had taken possession of their country, had driven the game far away into the mountains, had decreased the number of fish in the rivers and streams by muddying their waters, and had by the tramping of their horses and cattle destroyed the Kamas and Kouse upon which they largely subsisted and had entirely destroyed the grass and other seeds which they gathered in large quantities for food; that he felt like one wandering alone in the deep fog and dark timber on a mountain side, and he heard the voice of the spirits of his fathers calling to him "be quiet and brave; the Great Spirit will avenge you." He closed. Someone moved that the punishment be mitigated to whipping. I protested against any punishment at all, but voted for the mitigation. The motion carried; the poor innocent Indians were led away to receive the punishment; but I must say that the executioner of the sentence did not lay on the lash in a severe and brutal manner. The Indians were told to go; and they stayed not on the order of their going, but left with good speed. Such unjustified acts are pregnant with trouble, and the Indian war followed soon after.

OVER FORTY YEARS AGO.

Old Account Book Recalls Incidents of Former Days.

MS 437 (oversize)

E. K. Anderson was in the city yesterday from his home, which is now at Ashland. A few days ago, while cleaning out a room at his old home near Talent, where he had lived since 1852 and which he recently sold, he came across an old account book in which he kept account with miners who worked for him in his mines in 1856. This book brought to his mind many incidents of the Indian wars in 1855-56 in this valley.

MM Oct 1, 1909, 6

INDIAN FIGHTER HEEDS LAST CALL

John R. Satterfield, Indian War Veteran, Dies at His Home at Rock Point—Came to Oregon in 1852 Across the Plains.

"I am smothering to death," were the words scrawled upon a piece of paper lying at the side of John R. Satterfield, who was found dead in bed in his house at Rock Point, two miles and a half south of Gold Hill, by Mrs. Lee Cook, a near neighbor. He was old and feeble, and the Cook family had been looking to his welfare for some time. They did not see the old gentleman out as usual, so they entered his house to investigate. He was in bed, apparently asleep, but the sleep was that of death.

Coroner Kellogg brought the body to Gold Hill. No inquest was held, as it was plain that death was due to old age, with perhaps dropsy, from which the deceased was a sufferer, contributing. Interment was made at Rock Point Thursday, a number of old friends, some of whom served with Satterfield in the Indian war, accompanying the remains to the cemetery.

John R. Satterfield was a native of Alabama, and had he lived till July 4 would have been 82 years old, as he was born in 1828. He crossed the plains with an ox team in 1852 and settled at Spencer Butte, in Lane county, near Eugene, where he lived until 1855, when he started for Southern Oregon. He was accompanied by a man named Bailey, who brought a drove of fat hogs, intending to sell them to the miners. But his enterprise was not to be rewarded, for at Cow creek hill the two men were attacked by Indians, Bailey was killed and his hogs driven off by the savages. Satterfield's gun was shot to pieces while he was in the act of leveling it at a red warrior, but he succeeded in getting away and reaching the mining camps. He spent the rest of his life in Southern Oregon, and, in fact, never was out of the state after he entered it in 1852. He served through the Indian war of 1855-6, but owing to the conditions under which he enlisted, never received pay or pension for his services. He offered himself for enrollment at Smith's ranch, near Cow Creek canyon, and just as his name was being taken news came of an Indian attack. The entire camp rushed off to the assistance of the people threatened, and in the confusion either Satterfield's name was not recorded or the record was lost. He served through the war, thinking he had been regularly enlisted, and it was not until years later, when he applied for a pension, that he found that so far as the government record was concerned, he had never been a soldier. He failed to obtain a pension, although at one time he was offered admission to the Roseburg soldiers' home, which he did not care to accept.

For many years he had a blacksmith shop on Rogue river a mile north of the present town of Gold Hill, but for the last 20 years had lived at Rock Point. He never married, and has no relatives in this part of the state, although it is said that some nephews and a niece live in Lane county.

RUN VISITED WITH

MMT Mar 8, 1910 p7

GREAT RESULTS OBTAINED BY PRECOOLING EXPERT

C. E. Whisler, manager of the Bear Creek orchards, who sent George H. Powell, the government's precooling expert, 24 boxes of pears last season for experimental purposes, has received the following report on them, which shows the quality of the Rogue River fruit:

United States Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Plant Industry, Washington, D. C., June 14, 1910.—Mr. C. E. Whisler, manager Bear Creek orchards, Medford, Or.—Dear Sir: You are correct in supposing that the pears sent us for storage experiments "have passed to the great beyond," but it was only the 25th of May that we turned off the last ones.

A report on them should have been made immediately after that date, but it has been overlooked in our rush of work. We thank you for calling our attention to this matter.

In order to give you in the most concise form the fullest report possible on this fruit, I am sending you copies of our notes made on the same. The fruit was stored with the Merchants' Refrigerating company of Jersey City, N. J., at a temperature of 32 degrees, and unless otherwise specified, inspections were made at the storage house. At the time of several of the later inspections it was impracticable to inspect the fruit at Jersey City, and some of the boxes were withdrawn and forwarded here.

As might be expected of the three lots of Bartletts, the one stored at the earliest date, August 31st, held for a longer period than the others. In fact, the third lot stored on September 17th, was in practically the same condition October 2d as the lot stored August 31.

The final inspection of Buerre d'Anjou was made February 5, when the fruit was in prime condition for immediate consumption. This inspection was made here and the fruit was held in a warm office for five days longer, when it was still in prime condition and of fine quality. Some of the spots which had been bruised in express shipment had begun to soften somewhat. At this time the fruit was distributed about some of the bureau offices and was greatly appreciated by all.

The last two boxes of Bosc were forwarded to this office April 5 when the fruit was still in fair condition, the flesh being quite firm, only slight shriveling being noticeable: One box was immediately sent to Center Market cold storage and was held there at a temperature of 32 degrees until May 25. The only change noticeable

INDIAN WAR VETERANS ARE AFTER PENSIONS

PORTLAND, Or., June 22.—Veterans of the Indian wars today are agitating a proposition tending toward placing them on the same plane of equality with civil war veterans in the matter of pensions.

The first gun in the campaign for increased pensions for the old-time frontiersmen was fired at the 25th annual grand encampment of Indian war veterans of the northwest which is holding sessions in Portland.

A committee of old fighters was appointed for the purpose of going before the state legislature to gain its support in the fight for pensions.

Letters were read from the Oregon congressman at Washington which showed apparently that the only drawback to securing recompense for the Indian war veterans was in the person of Speaker Cannon, who, it is said, has opposed the granting of increased pensions.

There were present at the gathering veterans from all of the states of the northwest, including Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and California.

Washington was especially well represented.

HERE WITH OUTFIT TO GET VIEWS

Director Boggs of the Selig Polyscope company, accompanied by 25 persons and a car of equipment arrived in Medford this morning for a month's stay in the valley. All points of interest in southern Oregon are to be taken and later will be exhibited to thousands of people in the moving picture world.

Some time ago a number of views were taken in this section and the company promised at that time to send someone in later when views of Crater Lake could be obtained. The party is here for that purpose now.

The large number of people with the representative of the company consists of actors and actresses who will stage plays in the mountains with natural scenery for the background. One set of views are to be secured in the neighborhood of the Mill creek falls.

The films will prove a great advertisement to this section, and it was through the efforts of E. C. Hubbard, manager of the Savoy theater, that they were interested in southern Oregon.

PEOPLE ASKED TO CREATE NEW COUNTIES IN OREGON

county; two taxation amendments to the constitution, referred by the legislature; an amendment allowing the state to build its own railroads; a bill for a constitutional convention and a bill for redistricting the state for representation purposes in the legislature, all proposed or referred by the 1909 legislature; a bill for the establishment of a branch hospital in eastern Oregon, also referred by the legislature; a woman's suffrage amendment; a state wide prohibition bill; an employers' liability act; a bill to abolish the poll tax and making other reforms in taxation; an act proposing to allow cities and towns to regulate the sale of liquors, and one measure providing for the maintenance and support of a state normal school at Monmouth, all by initiative petition.

W. S. U'Ren, through the People's Power league, is contemplating the initiation of several acts relating to appeals to the supreme court and a general centralization and simplification of the present governmental system in the state and counties. There will also probably be other normal school proposals which the people will have to meet in November. A bill to regulate fishing in the Rogue river is being circulated and will be filed in a day or two.

That is the situation that confronts the voters at this date, with more petitions probably coming not yet made known. The ballot two years ago was long, with 19 measures, but will be longer this year, with no less than 31 measures, which the people will be alled upon carefully to consider when they cast their ballot November 8.

boxes. After we had orchard and he had more closely he thou the figure. 'I'l take chard from now unti said one of the party, fruit man, 'for all o I get off it, and then ey.' The offer wasn gives an idea of wha be."

RUNS AWAY FROM NURSE

Left by the nurse few minutes in orde to permit her to be might be secured, patient in the South pital, escaped from day afternoon and m Jacksonville, where care of Tuesday nigh ly located Wednesday officials of the hospit covering all of the virons.

Mrs. Stevens gave an intention to escap quested the privilege open air, and, havin ly lft alone without symptoms, the nurse

SOUTH OREGON HISTORY

Interesting Reminiscences of the Life of Hon. C. C. Beekman.

(From the Semi-Centenary Edition of the Morning Oregonian.)

If a stranger should find himself on the main street of the quaint, historic mining town of Jacksonville, Ore., on some evening during the Fall harvest season, he should hurry along the dark thoroughfare until he spied an illuminated window through which he could see an aged, silvery-haired man busy over an antiquated shoulder high desk. This old gentleman, seen through the window throughout the day and, when the harvest rush demands it, late into the night, is C. C. Beekman, pioneer banker of Southern Oregon, and, as a young man, rider of the "pony express" into California.

Mr. Beekman, as the president and mainstay of his bank, is one of the few Oregon pioneers of the early 50s still at the helm in active business. Although the demands upon a banker in peaceful Jacksonville one would not suppose to be of the nature that wear and grind, you are apt to find Mr. Beekman too busy to talk if you come for the expressed purpose of interviewing him concerning pioneer days. But if you slip quietly into a chair by the stove in the back of the bank, where like as not a few old-timers are like-wise deposited, and listen to the talk, stimulated by a question now and then, you will learn much concerning the history of Southern Oregon, in the days of Jacksonville's mining prosperity, when pack train and "pony express" were in vogue rather than locomotive and automobile.

Mr. Beekman came from his home in the state of New York by way of the Isthmus in 1852, and in May 1853 was employed by Crane, Rogers & Co., a branch of the Adams Express Co., to carry gold dust from Jacksonville over the Siskiyou Mountains to Yreka, Cal. For ten years Mr. Beekman pursued this precarious and responsible business, and, although he made two round trips each week, and all told handled $15,000,000 worth of gold dust, never once was he molested by hostile Indians or criminal whites.

It was Mr. Beekman who carried the Civil War news dispatches from the end of the telegraph wire at Yreka to Jacksonville on their way to The Oregonian. The dispatches which reached Portland in this circuitous manner, when published in The Oregonian, gave Portland and the entire Northwest the first intelligence of the battles and campaigns of the war. The news of the Civil War which The Oregonian contained made it eagerly sought throughout the Oregon Country, and gave a tremendous boom to its circulation.

Two other papers, as well as The Oregonian, had been accustomed to receive dispatches from Yreka, but because of the unimportance of the news received prior to the breaking out of the Civil War, had stopped the service as not being worth the expense. Just six days before The Oregonian's own contract ended, Mr. Beekman hurried over the mountains with the startling news of the first battle of Bull Run. After this Civil War events came thick and fast and The Oregonian succeeded in renewing its contract.

The operator, who received $30 a month from The Oregonian and part of the time from the other two papers for copying the dispatches, was surprised to find out later that he was breaking the rules of the telegraph company employing him. He was discharged and sued for damages by the owners of the wire after he had been there if they could get flour to back-load" them with. As Mr. Beekman expresses it, Anderson and his partner, Hillman, suspected that there was "a nigger in the woodpile" and held for 15 cents a pound. The outcome of the matter was that the millers were forced to hold their flour until the next Summer, then pack it to Redding at the expense of 4 cents a pound, and sell there at 8 cents. This entailed to them a loss of nearly $7000.

When the Shastans or their neighbors the Rough River Indians were up in arms or in a quasi-rebellious state, Mr. Beekman was in the habit of traveling over the Siskiyou Mountains at night. This precaution is undoubtedly responsible for his freedom from redskin assaults, as it is against Indian nature to be astir in the dark. Mr. Beekman would ride from Jacksonville to the mountain house on this side of the Siskiyous, eat supper there and then saddle a fresh mount and make his way in the dark to Byron Coles on the California side, a distance of 14 miles.

The question has often been asked Mr. Beekman by those aware of the rock ruggedness of the Siskiyous, how he was able to find his way in the dark and escape falling over precipices, which were on every hand. His answer has been that the mules he rode, after once becoming familiar with the trail, would hold their heads next to the ground and follow it without fail.

Although Mr. Beekman usually traversed the mountains in the dark, this was not always the case. The narrowest escape that he had from the Indians was on September 25, 1855. At the summit of the Siskiyous he met 14 or 15 Indians, who allowed him to pass unmolested in order to surprise the drivers of three wagons loaded with flour from Watts Mill at Phoenix, which were within sound of a crack of a whip behind him. One of the three drivers, Calvin M. Fields, and an 18-year-old youth named Cunningham, who was passing with an empty wagon, were killed by the Indians. The youth, however, was only slaughtered by the Indians after a chase, his body being found next day in a hollow tree where he had vainly tried to hide. John Walker, who led a company of men after the Indians, found in Klamath County the body of a buck clothed with the hickory shirt which young Cunningham had worn at the time of his death. The redskin had been killed by his fellow tribesmen as the result of a quarrel. Ever since this particular region has been known as the Dead Indian Country.

The drivers of two of the wagons, Oatman and Brittain, escaped.

The men killed that day have been nearly forgotten and the survivors of the ambuscade, except Mr. Beekman, have since died, but the 9000 pounds of flour and the 14 oxen destroyed that day have not been forgotten, as is evidenced by the fact that the widow of their owner, S. M. Walt, is now preparing to demand that Uncle Sam pay for what his wards destroyed. Mrs. Walt, during the past month, went to Ashland from her home in Washington, where she has lived for 25 years, in pursuit of information up which to base her claim.

In 1860 the toll road over the Siskiyous had been built. In this year a stage line was opened between Crescent City and Jacksonville and the Oregon & California Stage Company began operating a line of coaches between San Francisco and Portland, making the trip in 11 or 12 days. The building of these wagon roads was a great boon to Jacksonville and the Northern California towns. Prices of imported foodstuff, clothing and other necessaries were greatly reduced. Glass, instead of cloth sorry. He was one of the charter members of the lodge at Jacksonville, from which all the other chapters of the order in Southern Oregon branched.

PORTLAND LETTER.

State Statistical Bureau Will Advance Oregon's Interests.

PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 7. (Special)—State development will receive a new impetus if House Bill No. 301, now before the Legislature, passes. This measure will create a statistical bureau and immigration agent and authentic statistics presenting the opportunities of Oregon will then be available for use by the various commercial organizations that are now without an official source for reliable data. A state booklet furnishing facts about Oregon in concise form, will be the basis of extensive advertising.

The Oregon Development League will reprint a state booklet in large quantities. It is felt that the thousands who are inquiring about the advantages this state offers can best be supplied with information if it comes with the official stamp of the state, indicdicating its authoritative character. The railroads, also, will duplicate such a booklet by hundreds of thousands.

The bill now being considered was framed by the Oregon Development League to meet a general demand for a state publication. The measure provides that the immigration agent shall serve without pay but makes an appropriation of $25,000 barely the cost of compiling and printing a limited original edition of the booklet. Once available, such a publication will be duplicated widely.

That Oregon will double its present population during the next ten years is the prediction of Dr. Joseph Schafer, head of the Department of History at the University of Oregon. He draws interesting parallels between the agricultural states of the Middle West and Oregon, which he says is now facing an era similar to that marking the period of heaviest settlement in the Mississippi Valley. He finds that Illinois, Iowa, Indiana and others doubled their population in ten-year periods, when people sought the cheap agricultural lands to be had there. He expects history to repeat itself in Oregon.

Pendleton is setting a good example of Western enterprise by starting early to put on a great show at the time of its annual "Round-Up." Liberal subscriptions are being made to build a race track and grandstands that will be ample for the occasion. A large tract of ground near the city has been purchased and the 1911 show promises to be a great success. Pendleton is attracting wide attention through its unique frontier celebration.

The double tracking of the O. W. R. & N. line down the Columbia River from Echo to Portland, as authorized this week by the Harriman directors in New York, will be of great benefit to the whole state. Improved transportation facilities will be provided, but perhaps best of all, is the confidence shown in the Northwest by the great railway system in authorizing this heavy investment.

Usual low-priced colonist rates to the Pacific Northwest from the East will be in effect from March 10th to April 19th and will, no doubt, re-

shland Tidings

Feb 9, 1911 p6

of the battles and campaigns of the war. The news of the Civil War which The Oregonian contained made it eagerly sought throughout the "Oregon Country" and gave a tremendous boom to its circulation.

Two other papers, as well as The Oregonian, had been accustomed to receive dispatches from Yreka, but because of the unimportance of the news received prior to the breaking out of the Civil War, had stopped the service as not being worth the expense. Just six days before The Oregonian's own contract ended, Mr. Beekman hurried over the mountains with the startling news of the first battle of Bull Run. After this Civil War events came thick and fast and The Oregonian succeeded in renewing its contract.

The operator, who received $30 a month from The Oregonian and part of the time from the other two papers for copying the dispatches, was surprised to find out later that he was breaking the rules of the telegraph company employing him. He was discharged and sued for damages by the owners of the wire after he had been the dispatcher for more than a year. By this time other and quicker lines of communication into the Northwest had been opened. During the middle of the Civil War the two ends of the first Northern continental railroad met at Ogden, and with it came the telegraph line to Portland.

Mr. Beekman's pay for carrying the dispatches consisted of the privilege of reading them. His arrivals at the scattered roadhouses and at Jacksonville during the war became events of great interest. Jackson county in prebellum days was Democratic "dyed in the wool" and during the war the secessionists were no mean minority. The issues were hotly contested and the wonder was that there was not open warfare. When Mr. Beekman carried to Jacksonville the sad news of the assassination of President Lincoln, ardent secessionists caused a riot by their hilarity. Peace was restored only after the miscreants had been lodged in jail.

In 1853, when Mr. Beekman first took up his duties as rider of the "pony express" between Yreka and Jacksonville, which were 65 miles apart, Cram, Rogers & Company had opened a line between Yreka and Shasta, now Redding, a distance of 116 miles. From Shasta through Sacramento to San Francisco the main express company, Adams Co., was operating a line. Before long, Wells-Fargo & Co. started a competing line between Shasta and San Francisco. In 1855 Adams & Co., with its branch, Cram, Rogers & Co., became bankrupt, and Wells-Fargo & Co. extended its line from Shasta to Yreka. Mr. Beekman operated independently between Yreka and Jacksonville after the decease of Cram, Rogers & Co., until well on in the 60s when Wells-Fargo & Co. extended its lines to Portland.

Mr. Beekman, of course, could not carry wheat along with his pack of gold dust to and fro between Jacksonville and Yreka, but he was called upon to do much dickering over this useful commodity for people at the California end of his route. One day in the Fall of 1854, riding to the door of the mill at Ashland, owned by his friend, E. K. Anderson, and W. Hillman, on behalf of the Roger brothers, who were operating mule trains between Yreka and Sacramento, Mr. Beekman offered them 13 cents a pound for 75,000 pounds of flour which they had stored in their warehouse. The Roger brothers desired to rest and fatten several trains of their mules which had become jaded from over work and knowing of the fine pasture that existed in the Rogue River Valley, desired to send them to Oatman and Brittain, escaped.

The men killed that day have been nearly forgotten and the survivors of the ambuscade, except Mr. Beekman, have since died, but the 9000 pounds of flour and the 24 oxen destroyed that day have not been forgotten, as is evidenced by the fact that the widow of their owner, S. M. Walt, is now preparing to demand that Uncle Sam pay for what his wards destroyed. Mrs. Walt, during the past month, went to Ashland from her home in Washington, where she has lived for 25 years, in pursuit of information up which to base her claim.

In 1860 the toll road over the Siskiyous had been built. In this year a stage line was opened between Crescent City and Jacksonville and the Oregon & California Stage Company began operating a line of coaches between San Francisco and Portland, making the trip in 11 or 12 days. The building of these wagon roads was a great boon to Jacksonville and the Northern California towns. Prices of imported foodstuff, clothing and other necessaries were greatly reduced. Glass, instead of cloth and oiled paper, came into use for windows. The opening of the stages caused as much excitement as did the coming of the railroad in 1883 and 1884.

The building of the wagon roads signaled the departure of the mule trains, with their Mexican drivers, and, of the heavy ox-drawn wagons, last but not least, of the "pony express." The brigade of Mexican drivers either left the country or changed their vocation to that of driving stages, the oxen were used for beef, and Mr. Beekman, within a year or two, forsook the saddle for the stage seat, and the "pony express" was no more.

It should be noted the express business carried on by Mr. Beekman for over ten years between Jacksonville and Yreka was a "pony" express in name only. The horses and mules which Mr. Beekman used were large, powerful animals, chosen for their ability to carry heavy loads, with considerable speed. Mr. Beekman himself weighed only 125 pound, but his pack generally contained 75 pounds of gold dust and other valuables. However heavy his load, in order to keep to his schedule of two round-trips a week, Mr. Beekman was accustomed to travel the 65 miles between Jacksonville and Yreka in one day, using three mounts en route. One large Spanish horse that he rode cost him $1000 and his other animals were of the same grade.

When Wells, Fargo & Co. continued its line from Yreka to Portland in 1863 it employed Mr. Beekman as its agent at Jacksonville, which was at that time the leading trade center in Southern Oregon. This position Mr. Beekman held continuously for 43 years.

As early as 1856 Mr. Beekman entered into the banking business. He would either store gold dust for safekeeping in his vaults at Jacksonville, charging the rate of 1 per cent a month for the service, or he would buy it outright and ship it to the mint.

Mr. Beekman, hale and hearty at the age of 84, is a remarkable character. He has been the recipient of many honors, all of which he bears in a modest way. At one time he was regent of the University of Oregon. While regent he established a fund, the interest of which forms a hundred dollars oratorical prize each year for the senior class of the university. In 1878 he was nominated for Governor by the Republicans. He lost by 41 votes on the official count by the board appointed by the Legislature. Mr. Beekman is a 32d degree Mason and takes an active interest in Masonic affairs.

sought the cheap agricultural lands to be had there. He expects history to repeat itself in Oregon.

Pendleton is setting a good example of Western enterprise by starting early to put on a great show at the time of its annual "Round-Up." Liberal subscriptions are being made to build a race track and grandstands that will be ample for the occasion. A large tract of ground near the city has been purchased and the 1911 show promises to be a great success. Pendleton is attracting wide attention through its unique frontier celebration.

The double tracking of the O. W. R. & N. line down the Columbia River from Echo to Portland, as authorized this week by the Harriman directors in New York, will be of great benefit to the whole state. Improved transportation facilities will be provided, but perhaps best of all, is the confidence shown in the Northwest by the great railway system in authorizing this heavy investment.

Usual low-priced colonist rates to the Pacific Northwest from the East will be in effect from March 10th to April 19th and will, no doubt, result in inducing many settlers to come West. Rates will be the same as last year, on the basis of $25 to the Coast from Missouri River terminals. Fare from other points is in proportion, for example, $33 from Chicago; $32 from St. Louis; $58 from New York City; $49.75 from Washington; etc.

Brave.

"You say you would do anything in the world for me?"

"Yes, darling. For your sake I would even consent to be your mother's partner at bridge.

GIVE A BETTER MAN A CHANCE.

VANCOUVER DAILY

Columbian

SDAY, JULY 6, 1911 223

SHAW WHO ES ENDEAVOR ENTION TODAY

ITY, July 6.—The versary of the Christ- ngtywill be held here r. Francis E. Clark, sident Taft, Booker T. Ballington Booth, Clark and William will be among the nventions. Mr. Shaw,

FIGHT WITH INDIANS 50 YEARS AGO RECALLED BY A PIONEER WOMAN

Mrs. M. L. Lockwood, who has been visiting her son, S. F. Lockwood left the first of the week for LaCenter where she will spend the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Chas. Crawford. Mrs. Lockwood is one of the oldest of Oregon pioneers, having come across the plains in 1852, when only 22 years of age. She is now 81, but carries her years as though they were twenty fewer.

While here Mrs. Lockwood related a story which is especially interesting inasmuch as it is something of a local story and as Mr. Lockwood himself figures in it. The incident of which Mrs. Lockwood told happened in the spring of 1853, just after the Rogue River Indian troubles. The Lockwood family, Mrs. Lockwood, her husband, little girl whose age is now Mrs. [illegible], of Portland, and S. F. Lockwood, a city, a baby fifteen months [illegible] aboard the steamer Columbia [illegible] route to San Francisco.

On board the same boat were Rogue River John and his son, who were being taken to San Francisco for participation in the massacres of the whites of that region. They boasted that they had exterminated twenty families.

The Indians were in irons until the bar at the mouth of the river had been crossed when the passengers prevailed upon the captain to relieve the prisoners by removing the irons. They were in charge of Sergeant David [illegible] from the garrison at Tumwater [illegible] who was taking them to San Francisco. There was no thought of escape on their part, being duly shackled and manacled. But the old warriors [illegible] plan which made [illegible]

[illegible] Continued on Page [illegible]

COMMERCIAL CLUB PAYS $500 ON DEBT LEAVING $400 YET

CONSTRUCTION [illegible] EARLY [illegible] TO

at November, 20.

FIGHT WITH INDIANS

(Continued from Page 1.)

eyes of which their palefaced captors never guessed.

When Humbolt Bay was reached the roughness of the water caused the anchor to be dropped. The crew and all on board with the exception of the watchman on deck went sound asleep. Just when the Indians thought all were wrapped in deepest slumber [illegible] stole from his cot [illegible] and crept from the pile of wood from [illegible] the hatch open [illegible] broke the [illegible] and left all in dark-

[illegible]

Collings, P. Hough. Inspector, T. H Eck.

Precinct B—Judges of election, A. W Calder, Elmer Barbeau. Inspector Steve Preston.

Precinct C—Judges of election, D. E Webster, A. J. Proebstel. Inspector, E Hilstrom.

Precinct D—Judges of election, R. A DeYarmon, M. G. Lisher. Inspector Tom Good.

Precinct E—Judges of election, G. E Percival, L. F. Bullard. Inspector, Gu Michler.

Precinct F—Judges of election, E. H Mackey, W. F. Peddicord. Inspector L. L. Hatch.

Section 6.

This ordinance shall be in effect from and after its passage and five day after its publication as provided by law.

Read first time July 3rd, 1911.

Read second time July 3rd, 1911.

Read third time July 3rd, 1911.

And adopted by the following vote viz: Ayes—Hardin, Ransch, Stones Swan, Weigel and Winters. Nays—None. Absent—Tenney.

Approved July 5th, 1911.

(Signed) JOHN P. KIGGINS, Mayor.

Attest: JAS. P. GEOGHEGAN, City Clerk.

RESOLUTION OF INTENTION.

Notice is hereby given that at a reg[illegible] meeting of the City Council of the City of Vancouver, Washington, held on the 3rd DAY of July, 1911, the following [illegible] was adopted, to-wit:

[illegible] Resolved by the City Council of the City of Vancouver, Washington, that it is their intention to [illegible] 7th street in said city, with [illegible] surface pavement, from the [illegible] line of Washington street to the east line of Columbia street, and the same [illegible] assessed on the property [illegible]

and the estimated amount of the cost and expense of such improvement, to be borne by each lot, tract, or parcel of land or other property.

Witness my hand and the seal of the City of Vancouver, this 6th day of July, 1911.

(SEAL) JAS. P. GEOGHEGAN,
City Clerk.

113-3

ORDINANCE NO. 888.

AN ORDINANCE adopting certain plans for a system of sewerage in the city of Vancouver, Washington, declaring the necessity of immediately proceeding with the construction thereof, and ordering the same to be made therefrom and thereby, and providing for the payment of the cost thereof by local assessments upon the property specially benefited thereby, and providing for the calling of a special election [illegible]

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF VANCOUVER, DO ORDAIN AS FOLLOWS:

Section 1.

That the corporate authorities of said City of Vancouver, Washington, deem it necessary that said city shall construct a system of sewerage within the limits of said city for the purpose of draining the territory [illegible]

[illegible]

Feb. 22, 1912 p. 6

NEW HOSPITAL WITHOUT PEER ON THIS COAST

COMPLETE in every detail, equipped with every device known to modern science, standing upon a site without an equal in the northwest, overlooking a landscape "as fair as the valley of the Lord" and one of the most progressive and cultured cities in the western country, conducted by the sisters of Providence, who have no equal for excellence and thoroughness in such work, Medford's new hospital, erected at a cost of $150,000, is without a peer on the Pacific coast. Each lesson taught by the erection of such buildings throughout the nation has lent its influence to the local structure and it is as near perfect as can be devised. Someone has said that success consists in never making the same mistake twice. Years spent in erecting hospitals have taught the sisters of Providence much. Here it is found applied.

Visitors Surprised.

Little has been said regarding the Sacred Heart hospital in this city, the sisters in charge of the work preferring that the building should be complete before entered and discussed by the general public. Therefore the hundreds of local people who made their way to the top of Nob hill Sunday to attend the dedication ceremonies and formal opening of the institution were little prepared for what they found. True it is that they expected a modern structure well equipped, but not one who was not amazed at the detail, the completeness with which the builders wrought. There seemed nothing to be desired. And yet, of course, those who had to do with the planning and erection of the building could point out errors which will not occur in later buildings. But those are few. It is an alien land to the germ, the microbe. There is no place in which they may hide. On all sides are seen little conveniences which mean much to those familiar with such institutions.

Rooms Splendid.

Medford's new hospital provides for 125 patients in private rooms. The wards will accommodate as many more. Each room is well lighted and at some time during the day, sunshine, that greate healer, will find its way into the apartment. Each room is conveniently and comfortably furnished. The antiquated system of electric bells or buzzers for summoning a nurse is done away with, electric lights being used instead. This does away with noise and at the same time the light stays on until the call is answered.

There is no place for dirt. Every room and Dr. Seely the other while Fathers O'Farrell and Van Nevel furnished statuary. A number of others are planning to furnish rooms.

DEDICATION CEREMONIES WERE VERY IMPRESSIVE

WITH simple ceremony, yet solemn and impressive, the Sacred Heart hospital, erected by the Sisters of Providence in this city, was on Sunday afternoon dedicated to Almighty God and to his work in caring for the sick and suffering. And it seemed that Heaven heard and was pleased, for the storm clouds which had hung over the valley for the past week broke away and the sun shone, softly, as a benediction.

Throughout the day hundreds of townspeople had made their way to the top of Nob hill to inspect the new building and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon the corridors and stairways of the new hospital were crowded with those who had come to attend the dedication ceremonies. The visitors were at that time requested to gather in front of the building and outside until it was blessed.

Father McDevitt Officiates.

Then followed the impressive ceremony of blessing the building. Father McDevitt, representing Archbishop Christie of Portland, who was ill and unable to attend, officiated, assisted by many other visiting priests. Slowly murmuring the words of the ritual the fathers passed about the building casting upon its sides holy water and then, after a brief delay, the speaking of the afternoon started directly in front of the edifice. Hundreds of people stood with bared heads and listened to the speaking.

Father O'Farrell of the local parish acted as master of ceremonies and prefaced his introduction of the first speaker with a few words relative to the works of the Sisters of Providence and something of what the building stood for. He also explained the absence of the archbishop. Then in a few words he introduced Dr. E. Barton Pickel, representing the medical fraternity, who outlined the advantages of such an institution in this city. Following Dr. Pickel, Mapor Canon was presented, who in turn introduced Porter J. Neff to speak on behalf of the city.

Mr. Neff Speaks.

Mr. Neff tendered the thanks of the city to the Sisters of Providence for the building and pointed to their evidenced great faith in the future of Medford. He then dwelt upon the fact that he was glad to know that the greatest institution in the city today—the new hospital—stood rather as a tribute to the higher thangs in [illegible] a tribute to the more

GOOD CROP OF SPUDS WERE GROWN FROM PARINGS

(Central Point Herald.)

Speaking of weather conditions in the Commercial club rooms Monday evening, Mayor Leever, a native son of the valley, told of his grandfather, Isaac Constance, who came to the valley with his family in 1852, and secured a donation claim on a portion of which part of this city now stands, and how, in February, 1853, he planted his potatoes and garden stuff, even beans and other tender vegetables. These all grew rapidly and were not injured in the least with frost.

Potatoes for the winter had been packed in from Oregon City and were so valuable that the parings were saved and planted. From these potato parings, planted in February, Mr. Constance raised a bountiful crop, having more potatoes than he could use. The following winter, however, a heavy snow fell, and the Rogue River Indians, who had failed to put up their usual amount of food, were starving. Mr. Constance supplied them with spuds from his bountiful supply and by this means their lives were saved. Two or three years later, during the Indian war, Chief Sam and his followers came down from the upper Rogue river in war paint and trappings intending to massacre all the whites in the country. They camped at Table Rock and while there old Sam remembered the Constance potato episode. "No killum Constance, no killum him neighbors," declared Chief Sam, and he forthwith sent his young daughter, Mary, to tell Mr. Constance that no harm should befall him or his neighbors' families.

The girl swam Rogue river in the night and walked to the Constance ranch, where she delivered her welcome message. The Indians continued on down the river to the Galice creek mines, where they planned to kill all of the miners, but fortunately the miners had been reinforced by soldiers, the Indians were repulsed and scattered. This raid practically ended the war. Mr. Leeves states that the story of the big battle at Table Rock which was said to have taken place at that time when romancers say many Indians threw themselves from the rock and were dashed to death 1000 feet below, is a pure myth. No battle occurred there and no Indians were killed in such a way. However, had it not been for Isaac Constance's potato parings it is difficult to tell what might have happened in this part of the valley during the war.

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Old Indian Wars

Interesting Account of the Early Troubles in Southern Oregon Remembered by Old Timers.

To the Pioneer Reunion of Southern Oregon, held at Ashland, Ore., on September 7, 1911, the writer, A. G. Rockfellow, submits the following statement of his services in the Indian war of southern Oregon during the war of 1855 and 1856:

After the Indian outbreak, Jacob Thompson and myself, two old friends from childhood, agreed that between ourselves we would keep one man in the service from that time until the close of the war, one of us only to serve at the same time, and it was decided that I should be the first one to take the field.

Accordingly, about the first of December, 1855, with my own gun bought for that special purpose at fifty dollars I mounted Mr. Thompson's horse and wended my way to Fort Vannoy, two miles below the present site of Grants Pass, where I was duly enrolled in Major James Bruce's command, under C. A. Rice as captain and J. S. Miller as first lieutenant. I cannot now recall the names of our lower officers, but we were all under Colonel Robert Williams (known in private life as Bob Williams) as the Southern Battalion of Oregon Mounted Voulenteers.

This organization constituted the army of the southern part of the state. But we were soon joined by a company from the northern part of the state under the command of Captain Rhinearson, making altogether quite an imposing army. And now under the leadership of Colonel Robert Williams, who was by nature both escort and leader, on the forgotten day of September we set out for the "cabins" in the Applegate country where the Indians were known to be encamped. On arriving there guards were promptly placed around the cabins to prevent any attempt the Indians might make to steal away under cover of night, while the command was waiting the arrival of a howitzer known to be on the way under the escort of Captain Judy of Fort Jones, California.

In the placing of the guards a young man by the name of Miller and called "Doc" Miller, from Crescent City, Cal., and myself were placed together at the edge of the water of the Applegate, with a bank about four feet high in front of us and between us and the cabins, and about fifty yards away from the cabins. Immediately on top of this bank of the river and between us and the cabins stood a pine tree large enough to shield one man as long as he kept it between himself and the enemy. But to do good duty as a guard he had to put his head out to one side of the tree so that he could see if the Indians were making any movement toward going away. I had just had my turn standing at that place and watching by putting my head out from behind the tree, when Miller came to [illegible] sive meadow, with a strong guard all round us to prevent any attempt of the cowardly foe, who, not now more than a mile distant from us, did not dare to attack us, but under cover of their heavily wooded and brush environed camp lay quietly during the night, wondering, I suppose, how we were on the morrow to cross the river and meet them face to face, and the sequel shows how vainly we strove to cross the river in the face of their well-selected place of defense.

On the morrow, at the sound of the bugle call, all hands were up and preparing the morning meal, with a noonday lunch, while engaged in an almost hand-to-hand encounter with the Indians in their stronghold. During the night, on our side of the river, the movements for the morrow were all arranged. Fully equipped for a day of hard work, the army, with the exception of a few campkeepers, were to march down to the river and of the drift logs that lay on the bank of the stream were to construct a raft on which the army could be rafted over into the timber, where it would have an equal fight with the redskins, and while the axmen were at work on the raft the balance were sitting on the high ground overlooking them. Very unexpectedly to all hands, a report as of the exploding of a gun cap was heard as if from across the river, and immediately followed by the loud report of a gun from the same direction. At once the whole force of the men on the side of the hill were on the run for the river, where they might find shelter among the rocks and logs and trees abounding there, a few of us stopping on the hillside to take advantage of the rocks and small trees there for shelter. Here myself and another young man took our chance for safety behind a tree whose body was not more than half as large as our bodies, and soon the rifle and yawger balls came whizzing past us and some lighting in rather ominous proximity to our faulty retreat, my partner left me and ran for a better shelter among the rocks and trees at the river. When about half way down, his arms flying high above his head, a yawger ball struck and broke one of them, when he tumbled over and lay there for a moment only. On seeing the man fall the reds on the opposite side of the river were made jubilant with the glad shouts of the happy Indians hidden among the trees over the river. Well, now I was left alone, sheltered only by that little tree. As long as I stayed there I was a standing target for the bullets of the enemy, and if I run I may get shot as my comrade did, or I may be killed, and I said I will run. And asking the protection of my Heavenly Father, which was my every day rule from childhood, I ran, not with Indians behind me, but with scores of them in front of me, all anxious to take my life, and I came out of the difficulty unscathed.

A few hours later myself and another comrade were sent as an escort with the broken-armed man to camp. And still a few hours later the whole command returned to camp. And why not? [illegible]

AT Oct 7, 1911 p 4

and called "Doc" Miller, from Crescent City, Cal., and myself were placed together at the edge of the water of the Applegate, with a bank about four feet high in front of us and between us and the cabins, and about fifty yards away from the cabins. Immediately on top of this bank of the river and between us and the cabins stood a pine tree large enough to shield one man as long as he kept it between himself and the enemy. But to do good duty as a guard he had to put his head out to one side of the tree so that he could see if the Indians were making any movement toward going away. I had just had my turn standing at that place and watching by putting my head out from behind the tree, when Miller came to my relief and took my place, while I was now crouching between the bank and the water. I think it could not have been more than five minutes after our change of places when a gun shot report rang out from the direction of the cabins, and simultaneous with the report of the gun, Miller fell over by my side dead, with a bullet hole through his head. Thus it can be seen how on many occasions one may barely escape the fatal shot that takes the life of another one. And why, you may ask, does it sometimes so happen? To this question I can only answer by saying I am not here to philosophize and can only answer you by repeating your own question, "Why?"

I cannot now recollect whether this circumstance transpired before or after the bombardment of the cabins, but I am quite sure that on the night after the bombardment the Indians made their way out of their perilous situation, through a dense growth of underbrush on the north side of the cabins.

But the question will be asked, "Did you follow them?" To this question the answer may be justly given. By the morning light of the next day the Indians were many miles away in a heavily timbered and brush covered mountainous country, where to have followed them now would have been to court death from behind every tree, every rock and every clump of brush, behind which an Indian could hide himself and, after shooting his man, slip away down the side of the mountain unobserved to a place of safety.

The army now returned to headquarters at Fort Vannoy to recruit and get ready for the next expedition, when our scouts, chief of whom is now again our late Colonel Williams (now only Colonel Bob), again located them in a heavy wooded country opposite the upper end of the Big Meadows on Rogue river. All ready now for the renewal of the conflict at the Meadows with our gallant Colonel Williams still at the head of the army, though just now fresh from the scenes of the scout We now move in warlike style for the scenes of the coming fray opposite the Big Meadows, hopeful of success this time. Arrived at the Meadows, we made camp for the night in the midst of that open and extensive [illegible] among the trees over the river. Well, now I was left alone, sheltered only by that little tree. As long as I stayed there I was a standing target for the bullets of the enemy, and if I run I may get shot as my comrade did, or I may be killed, and I said I will run. And asking the protection of my Heavenly Father, which was my every day rule from childhood, I ran, not with Indians behind me, but with scores of them in front of me, all anxious to take my life, and I came out of the difficulty unscathed.

A few hours later myself and another comrade were sent as an escort with the broken-armed man to camp. And still a few hours later the whole command returned to camp. And why not? Does any reasonable person suppose that under the conditions just now brought to light, the army could have crossed the river on an open raft with that band of Indians in front of them and perfectly concealed from view? It could not have done any such thing; for supposing that in its sheltered position, out of sight of the Indians, it could have completed the raft and, loading it with men, sent it afloat on the water, where it now floats out in full view of the Indians, before it could be landed on the Indian side of the river every man on it would be killed and the raft would become the property of the Indians, to be used in the defense of themselves. Such, doubtless, it seemed to the command of the army, and it returned to headquarters to think of the difficulties of waging an Indian war in a mountainous and heavily timbered and brush covered country, and in studying how best to keep the enemy quiet until peace could be brought about in some successful way.

I have written the foregoing movements of the army during the winter of 1855-6, for the remembrance of the old-time pioneers, of whom but a few remain to this present; but more especially have I written it for the later and younger pioneers—the second and third edition of them—and to the strangers also now among us, that all may understand what this now blessed and happy country cost the early pioneers, of whom, as said above, only a few of us now remain.

Thus ended my war experience in the Indian war of 1855 and 1856, when I turned over my war outfit to my friend, Jacob Thompson, with his own horse, to be by him used in the following campaign, when I returned home to look after business there and to prepare for the next call to arms, which never came and for which, in the name of a prosperous country and a happy people, I sincerely thank the Southern Battalion of Oregon Mounted Volunteers together with the wise conclusion of the war with the Indians of southern Oregon by a treaty of peace made with them by General Joseph Lane, governor of Oregon at that time.

ALBERT G. ROCKFELLOW.

The Union Stock Yards at Kenton has doubled the capacity of its pens.

be offered by Henry W. Savage at Page theater, Friday, August 1. his unique production, which has de an extraordinary success in don at the historic Drury Lane ater, has been witnessed by three lions of people during the two rs which have elapsed since its t performance, and it is now be- played in half a dozen countries. Everywoman" is a sort of non-cript in the matter of classifica-. It partakes of the nature of, ma, opera and musical comedy, yet, in reality, it does not be- to any one of the three classes. was suggested to the author by morality play, "Everyman," ch was performed throughout erica a few years ago by a band English players, yet the latter k was gloomy and morbid, while erywoman" is bright, witty and unds in comedy.

he work is on a vast scale and preparations for the production aged the various departments of Savage producing offices for rly a year. It represents a cash lay of upward of $60,000 and is sidered by Mr. Savage as his test triumph as a producer.

HERE IS VEIT? INQUIRES WIFE

hief of Police Hittson is in re- t of a letter from Mrs. Ellen B. of 1145 S. First street, San , Cal., seeking information of hubsand, Andrew Veit, a shoe- er, missing for over two months. ert met business reverses and left e May 11 saying he was going San Francisco to secure work. ctly afterwards his wife heard him in a letter that he had been ccessful and was going to leave. told her to sell the home and get t she could out of it and sent her unacknowledged deed, which is eless.

rs. Veit says there is a mortgage he place, the interest is due, and has no means of support, save t she can earn for the four chil- she has to support, and unless can hear from her husband, is in ger of losing everything.

WNWARD TREND ON STOCK MARKET

EW YORK, July 24.—The stock ket opened with the general trend ices downward. Can and Cana- Pacific fell a full point and by ping to 99, 3-4, the former lled its recent low record. e only exceptions to the rule Biscuit and American Tobacco, h rose ½ and 2 points, respec- lltimore and Ohio declined 1½, made partial recovery. Peopels was the strongest of the special- rising four points. Later Bis- beet sugar, American Tobacco Soo gained from 1½ to more 2 points. Before the close New rk dropped to 99⅜, a new low d. Baltimore and Ohio and ado Fuel were especially weak. nds were heavy. e market closed strong.

S UPON PAROLE FOR JULIAN HAWTHORNE

LANTA, Ga., July 24.—The fed- parole board, which convened today is expected within the few days to render a decision e request made by Julian Haw- e, son of the famous American or, for a parole. Hawthorne is ng a term of a year and a day fraudulent stock operations.

about and talk in real life.

Mr. John Mason is a real artist, a man of unusual personality who makes his presence felt at all times when he is on the stage, even though other actors may have the center and be at the time the principal actors in the scene. "As a Man Thinks" is a play that teaches a great lesson. This is an age of though; men are beginning to realize that success and failure and even bodily health depend almost entirely upon the mental attitude. Hate ad malice destroys the one who hates. It is after all "as a man thinks."

The supporting cast was unusually good. Miss Jennie Salisbury as Veta Seeling was well suited to the part. She has good stage presence and acts with intelligence, at no time overdoing her part. Julia Herne, as Mrs. Clayton, made a splendid impression and divided honors with the star. Miss Herne seems to have inherited the splendid talents of her father, who was an actor and playwright of more than national reputation. In fact, he was easily first in his style of drama, which was the rural New England play. His "Shore Acres" will survive the ravages of time. Mr. Richmond played the lover in a very refined and intelligent manner. He perhaps lacks a little in not possessing the romantic physique, but he is thoroughly scholarly in his work. Lyster Chambers was a good villain in something of a modified form. John Flood, as Frank Clayton, was the typical club man, good fellow withal, who expected perfection from his wife, while he himself tripped along the path of dalliance. George Gaston as Judge Hoover did full justice to his part. While we mention Grace Reals last, she was by no means last in the estimation of her audience. She is a thorough artist who has made a character of Mrs. Seeling that has left an impression with the people of Medford. Plays like the one last night leave a community better for having visited it. We will be glad to see a return engagement of Mr. Mason and his excellent company.

Throughout the first act ushers continued to seat late arrivals as if it were a moving picture show, and the noise therefrom both in this and other acts hampered the actors and rendered hearing difficult to the audience—for many spoiling the play. A baby cried throughout the performance, and in the last act, when the infant's cries spoiled the most effective scene, Mr. Mason halted the play and requested its removal, saying:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I am sorry to disturb you and I beg your pardon for this interruption. I love babies. I have one of my own. But there is a baby in the audience which has disturbed me all through the evening, and as this is my first appearance in Medford and as I wish to please you I will ask that the child be removed so that I may do justice to this part and your enjoyment may not be lessened. The father of the baby has been informed of the disturbance his child is causing and the box office has offered him his money back. He went to the foyer, but has returned to his seat. I again ask him in all kindness to remove the child so we may continue with the play."

The remarks were applauded as the father disappeared with the infant.

Davidson Confirmed.

WASHINGTON, July 24.—The senate has today confirmed Charles E. Davidson as surveyor general of Alaska.

DRY AND DUSTY IN CALIFORNIA

For the benefit of those people who are always looking just over the hill for something better, or who find fault with the weather and conditions generally, the following is quoted from a letter received by a Medford lady from her mother who lives at Hayward, Cal., about twenty miles east of Oakland.

"This is the hottest day we have had this summer and it is very dry and dusty. People who have lived here forty years say they never had their wells fail till now. Some are hauling water from town and some are digging their wells deeper. We have quite a little water yet but it is rain water that was run into the well, and with care it may last till rain comes again but we have none to water plants with and it can be used only for house work and washing. We drive to town morning and evening to water the horse and procure drinking water. It makes me almost sick to see my rose bushes and shrubs drying up for want of water. Nearly all the neighbors are hauling barrels of water from town every day."

ROGUE RIVER INDIAN DIES ON RESERVATION

TOLEDO, Ore., July 24.—Mose Lane, one of the very few remaining Rogue River Indians, died at his home on the siletz reservation near the agency, last Sunday, after a short illness and was buried yesterday. Mose was brought to the reservation with several hundred others of the Rogue Rivers forty years ago, and of this large number there are now but four or five left. Mose was 61 years old and had been a member of the Indian police force for many years. He was the "strong man" of the reservation and, while always a peacemaker, was feared by every would-be bad man on the reservation. He was of great assistance to the authorities and a tower of strength to the Indian police force.

PORTLAND I. W. W. SENT TO ROCKPILE

PORTLAND, Ore., July 24.—C. E. Peterson, an Industrial Worker of the World, is under twenty days sentence to the rockpile today following his conviction by a jury in the municipal court on a charge of creating disorder during the street fights which followed Mayor Albee's prohibition of street speaking.

GETTYSBURG PICTURES AT STAR THEATRE

The Gettysburg Reunion pictures, shown at the Star theatre last night, made a big hit, the different scenes are especially good and give a very good idea of the events held during the reunion. All the points of interest are shown, making it a very interesting picture. It will be shown for the last time tonight. The other numbers on the program are good including a very clever comedy in which some excellent views of the suffragette parade, held in New York are shown.

Showers Predicted.

PORTLAND, Ore., July 24.—Forecast: Oregon, showers tonight or Friday; southerly winds.

THE LATEST FASHION NOTE

Says: "It is a wise precaution against getting holes in delicate hosiery to powder the shoes before putting them on." Many people sprinkle the famous antiseptic powder, Allen's Foot-Ease, into the shoes, and find that it saves its cost ten times over in keeping holes from hosiery as well as lessening friction and consequent smarting and aching of the feet.

July 24, 1913 — Thursday — Medford Mail Tribune

Increased advertising
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SUP'T DAVENPORT TALKS TO PUPILS OF GRADE SCHOOLS

Superintendent Davenport in making inspection and observation of the elementary schools this week talked to the more than nine hundred boys and girls about the following points after again wishing them a Happy New Year:

That they as boys and girls enjoyed their vacation best because it had been preceded by a period of good, hard, conscientious study and work and that as a result of the recreation they had come back refreshed, glad, and with a renewed determination to do their work still better; that it was quite important and vital that boys and girls play when they play and work when they work, at the same time pointing out that older people play in some respects differently and yet in many respects similarly to boys and girls, and that the attitude of all toward their tasks should be so pleasant and agreeable that the work should be thought of as play.

The following program will be given at Phoenix, Oregon, January 10:

9:30 a. m. Violin solo, Alice Vandersluis.

10:15 a. m. Address, "Physical Training in the Public Schools", Supt. Wm. Davenport.

Discussion: (a) Supt. G. W. Ager; (b) Supt. Hedrick; (c) Supt. G. W. Milam; (d) Charles A. King.

11:15 a. m. "The Curtis Standard Tests," Gretchen Kreamer.

Discussion: (a) Miss Cox; (b) Mr. Hamby; (c) Mr. Godward.

Lunch.

1:30 p. m. Music, Phoenix schools

2:00 p. m. Business meeting.

2:30 p. m. Address, "The Opportunity of the Schools", Rev. C. A. Edwards.

3:30 p. m. Miscellaneous.

4:00 p. m. Smokes.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our sincere thanks to our neighbors and friends for their many acts of kindness and help during the last illness of our wife and mother, and for the many beautiful floral offerings received.

H. W. McDOUGALL.
CHARLOTTE McDOUGAL.
LEILA McDOUGALL.
ARTHUR McDOUGALL.

Notice to Rebekahs

All Rebekahs are requested to meet at the I. O. O. F. hall Sunday afternoon at 1:30 to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Ida Hall. By order of the Noble Grand.

HOW MANY OLD PIONEERS 1850 STILL IN VALLEY

In the death of Major James Bruce aged 92, at his home in McMinnville, December 22, Oregon lost another of her prominent state builders.

His grandparents were early settlers of Kentucky, his grandmother being a sister of Daniel Boone. His parents, John and Ellen Bruce, were pioneers of Harrison county, Indiana where James Bruce was born.

In 1850 he came across the plains to California and the next year to southern Oregon where he took an active part in helping to defend the homes of the settlers against the attacks of the Indians in the war of 1853 and the Rogue River war of 1855-56. In the last war he was commissioned captain and afterwards major.—Oregonian.

To the editor: The passing of Mr. James Bruce, one-time Indian fighter in the Rogue River valley, brings to mind the little appreciated fact that now, after the lapse of over sixty-four years, there are but few of those persons still living who participated in the stirring events of those pioneer times. It will be recalled that the Indian wars in the Rogue River valley took place between 1851-1856. In the latter year the remnants of the several tribes were removed from their various haunts to the government reservation on the coast near Port Orford.

On Aug. 11, 1853, a company of volunteers under Captain J. P. Goodall, was mustered in at Yreka, Calif., to help fight the Indians in the Rogue River valley. In this company Mr. James Bruce was listed as a private, in which capacity he served in the several engagements at Applegate, Little Meadows, Battle Creek and elsewhere.

At the battle of Bloody Springs (Josephine County), James Bruce was captain of one of the several companies of volunteers and regulars. On Nov. 10, 1855 the several companies occupying the district to the south of the Rogue river were organized into a battalion by the state, and Mr. Bruce elected major. A similar organization was effected with the volunteers occupying the Umpqua river district to the north. These two organizations conducted the campaigns against the Indians on the Little Meadows and the Big Meadows, which terminated in the end of the Indian trouble with their removal to the reservation above mentioned.

It was in one of these engagements and in response to Major Bruce's command to charge, that this rugged volunteers replied: "Yes, we'll charge and we'll shake you a good charge, major."

It is evident that there can be but few persons still alive who can recall the activities of the times of the Indian wars, the end of which was over 64 years ago; and those who were old enough to participate in those events would now have to be in the near neighborhood of the allotted "three-score-an-ten." It would be of great interest to all of us to know if there are many or any of the old pioneers of the 50's still among us.

M. A. YOTHERS.

Rogue River Indian Wars 1853-1856 Jacksonville Post August 7, 1920

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A large shark weighing 450 pounds was killed by a life guard on the bathing

A Well Remembered Incident of the Indian War of 1855 Graphically Related by Pioneer Newspaper Man. Fate of Little David Harris Yet Unlearned.

Through the kindness of Miss Alice Hanley we are enabled to republish a narrative of the tragic experiences of one family in the Indian war of 1855. This is but one of many similar episodes which darkened the early days for many pioneers and well illustrates the dangers and difficulties confronting them The following story, unlike many "thrillers" of less interest, has the advantage of being absolutely true.

This narrative was written shortly after the outbreak by William M. Turner, for many years editor of the Jacksonville, Oregon, Sentinel, and an old and highly esteemed resident of Jackson county. The tragic incident so pathetically related by Mr. Turner is yet fresh in the memories of the old pioneers of Southern Oregon:

It happened in early life. A heavy cloud had been gathering over the settlers of Southern Oregon. The fame of the lovely valley lying under the snow-capped "Siskiyous, threaded by sparkling streams, covered with luxurant grasses, the hiding place of antelope and deer, surrounded with hills that were yellow with gold" had attracted attention and immigration had poured fast into the Rogue River country from California and northern Oregon. It was the old frontier story—the white was crowding the red, and the latter was sullen and out of temper. Although the government had established a reservation in Rogue River valley and made fair provisions for the Indians; he was jealous of the encroachment of the civilization, and his discontent was manifested by the occasional murder of a white traveler or prospector. At last the cloud burst, and it swept over the outlying settlements like a whirlwind of death.

Murder by prowling bands of Indians had become so frequent that the patience of the whites was exhausted. A company of volunteers had been quietly organized and on the 8th day of October, 1855, they struck the first blow on a large band of Indians who professed the upmost friendship for the settlers. Those who survived the slaughter hastened to the reservation and persuaded the few who were remaining there to join, commenced their work of retaliation at this point, and then striking down the river continued it in their flight, and did it fearfully well. It is at this point out story commences.

In July of the same year George W. Harris, with his family, consisting of his wife and daughter about 11 years of age, and a bright manly boy of nearly nine, had come from the Willamette and settled in a little valley travel, lying about forty miles north of Jacksonville. Mr. Harris was a worth, industrious citizen, building a home for his family who were happy and contented with the fertile spot where their weary feet had found rest. The house, a log building, was beautifully situated and on every side except the south the ground was clean and open. Mr. Harris had felled several trees in the vicinity of the house and on the morning of October 9th was engaged in making boards of them, not having the slighest apprehension of immediate danger.

Under cover of a large copse of willow just out of range, a band of fifteen or twenty warriors, with the warm blood of the murdered Wagoner family, who lived two and a half miles to the southward, yet undried upon their brown hands, stole stealthily toward the doomed home. Some of the fiends were probably half crazed with liquor, obtained at the Wagoner ranch, and pressing too eagerly for a favorable position for the attack, which was made at nine a. m., were evidently discovered by Mr. Harris. Leaving his work he walked rapidly into the house, and setting his ax in the corner of the room he picked up his shot gun with out saying a word, stepped to the door and endeavored to close it. Little Sophia accompanied her father to the door looking in his face in a wondering, half frightened way but asked no questions, and just as they reached the door the Indians poured a volley of at least a dozen shots into and through it. Mr. Harris was struck fair in the breast by a rifle ball but stood firmly until he had discharged both barrels of his heavily loaded gun; then staggering backward he fell, never again to speak to those who sorely needed his protection. The daughter was shot through the left arm by the same volley that wounded her father, but the brave little maiden uttered no cry nor showed the slightest sign of pain, but bleeding freely ran up stairs and threw herself on the bed. It was now that the courage of the woman, that splendid quality that turns the fibers of the most delicate hearts to cords of steel, that mocks the valor of the sterner sex, was sorely tried. Mrs. Harris had observed her husband's movements, understood them and at once realized the situation. For a moment only was she appalled. Instantly recovering her self possession the brave frontier woman took the weapon from the grasp of her dying husband, closed the inner door, and rushing up stairs seized an "Allen" revolver lying on the roof plate and discharged it rapidly in the direction of the assailants through a hole in the chimney.

Jacksonville Post
August 14, 1920

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TRUE TALES OF PIONEER...

A Well Remembered Incident of the Indian War of 1855 Graphically Related by Pioneer Newspaper Man. Fate of Little David Harris Yet Unlearned.

(Continned from last week)

The act doubtless saved her life and that of her daughter, for the Indians, who had made a second rush, shrunk back under cover of a large pine tree which stood twenty paces from the door, not knowing that the house had but a single defender. Fortunately Mr. Harris had prepared a large number of cartridges for a possible emergency, and perfectly familiar with fire arms, his wife commenced loading and firing toward the tree, which was afterward found to be scarred with bullets. Changing her position from up to down stairs, always keeping one barrel in reserve, and carefully guarding all approaches to the house, Mrs. Harris kept up a steady fire for hours, and the Indians must have been convinced that the house was full of armed men, for they never exposed their cowardly forms. They returned the fire, however, sending their bullets through the chinking of the house, filling the room with splinters, but without effect. Just at two o'clock the Indians drew off in a body, striking for the Haines ranch about a mile to the westward, where they soon did some bloody work. Their retreat took a load from the mother's heart. Strung up to its utmost tension for five long hours, that seemed ages, it now relaxed, and she who had fought like a tigress for her offspring was now herself, but a sobbing child. Was it strange that the mother heart should be bursting. Trickling through the floor above were drops of blood, and Mrs. Harris ran wildly up stairs. Little Sophia, her lips pallid from the loss of blood, was lying on the bed in a fainting condition, and her mother learned for the first time she had been wounded. Carefully bandaging the wound and applying restoratives her next thought was for little David. Just before the attack the little fellow had accompanied Samuel Bowden, who lived about a quarter of a mile north, to his home, and as neither made their appearance the mother feared that they, too had fallen victims. Anxiously she waited, patiently she listened till evening fell and still the boy came not.

Evening came and a new danger threatened. Should the savages desire they could steal to the house under cover of darkness and fire it with perfect safety, so Mrs. Harris determined upon flight. Taking Sophia in her arms and giving a sad parting look at the white face of him who had given his life for them, she stole from the house to a bunch of chapparal.

Now and then the stealthy footsteps of a coyote was heard quite close to proaching within a few feet, one o them smelt the blood with which litt Sophia's close were saturated, and set up a howl that was answered fro hill to hill by others and the how rose and swelled in melancholy cadenc on the night air till the stricken woma feared they would gather and ten them to pieces. How she prayed fo morning unmindful of the dangers i might bring. Her mind was also ab sorbed by the fate of her little brigh eyed boy. He might have escaped t hide and perish from cold and hunger or be torn to pieces by the wolves. or he might have been captured t undergo tortures indescribable. Coul she have known that he had been kille outright it would have relieved he mind.

Again the morning dawned and commanding a view of the house she soon observed three persons boldly approach and break down the door. Supposing the savages had returned in force, Mrs. Harris now gave her self as lost, and to add to her terror, it was scarcely a moment till a band of mounted warriors poured down the valley. But a second glance disclosed the fact that they were in flight, and she knew that succor was at hand. Scarcely were the Indians out of sight when her quick ear caught the sound of heavier hoofs thundering down the road from the south, and in a few minutes a detachment of dragoons and a few volunteers under command of Major Fritzgerald, came sweeping across the valley. When Mrs. Harris recognized their uniforms she ran with Sophia in her arms to meet them.

Drawing rein suddenly the boys gathered around the fugitives, who, coverer with blood and blackened with powder, they were hardly recognizable, and the Major exclaimed, "Good God! are you a white woman?"

The pursuit of the Indians was at once discontinued. After attending to the immediate needs of the survivors and burying the dead, Major Fitzgerald ordered a diligent search for the boy, but not a trace could be found. Mr. Bowden, who fled toward Grave Creek on the first fire, stated that the little fellow had started home before the attack, and the most careful examination revealed no trace of his remains in the Bowden house, which was burned. There was but one hypothesis: the child had been captured and carried away, but this was abandoned. During the war that ensued captive squaws and strolling bands of Indians were closely questioned, but they denied any knowledge of the child.

DOUGLAS COUNTY.

LAKE COUNTY.

JACKSON COUNTY.

JOSEPHINE COUNTY.

CALIFORNIA.

Steamboat Cr.
Button Cr.
South Fork of Rogue River.
Big Butte Cr.
Grave Cr.
Pleasant Cr.
Jump-off-Jo Cr.
Beans' Cr.
GRANT'S PASS.
WOODVILLE.
Sardine Cr.
ROCK POINT.
TABLE ROCK.
Rogue River.
Little Butte Cr.
EAGLE POINT.
BROWNSBOROUGH.
Rogue River.
FORT LANE.
CENTRAL POINT.
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WILLAMETTE MERIDIAN
Antelope Cr.
South Fork Little Butte Cr.
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TALENT.
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WALLING - LITH - PORTLAND - OREGON.

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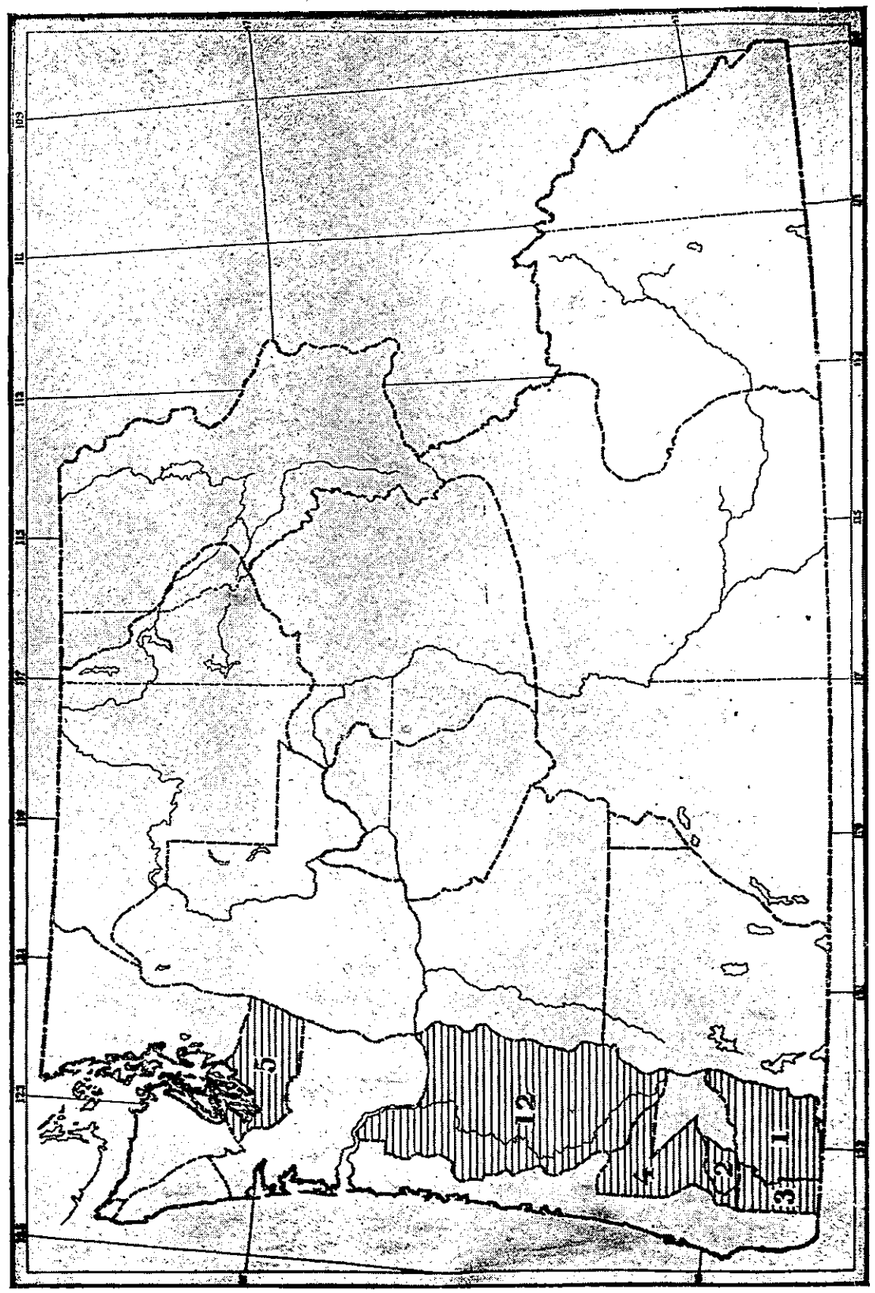

outrages committed by Indians on whites have not been taken into account by those who bleat about the 'poor Indian'."[62]

The new Indian policy adopted, in 1854, for the Pacific Northwest, was thus, put into effect by the negotiation of fifteen treaties. These provided for the cession of the greater part of the region; furnished reservations as homes for the Indians; and supplied twenty annual appropriations of, approximately, five hundred thousand dollars each, for the purpose of aiding the natives in becoming a settled people. This peaceful method of solving the problem did not satisfy some of the Indians, who, when settlers began moving into the interior in the fall of 1855, instigated a war, which, although it did not change the policy of the government, delayed the ratification of the majority of the treaties until 1859.

MAP I.

INLAND LAND CESSIONS PRIOR TO THE YAKIMA WAR, 1855.[1]

No. 1. 312—*Treaty with the Rogue River, 1853;* negotiated September 10, 1853, ratified April 12, 1854.

No. 2. 313—*Treaty with the Umpqua-Cow Creek Band, 1853;* negotiated September 19, 1853, ratified April 12, 1854.

No. 3. 343—*Treaty with the Chasta, etc., 1854;* negotiated November 15, 1854, ratified March 3, 1855.

No. 4. 344—*Treaty with the Umpqua and Kalapuya, 1854;* negotiated November 29, 1854, ratified March 3, 1855.

No. 5. 345—*Treaty with the Nisqualli, Puyallup, etc., 1854;* negotiated December 26, 1854, ratified March 3, 1855.

No. 12. 352—*Treaty with the Kalapuya, etc., 1855;* negotiated January 22, 1855, ratified March 3, 1855.

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62 Swan *op., cit.*, p. 429.

Note—The numbers designate either a cession, a region occupied by the government without a cession, a reservation, or a change in a reservation. The first numbers are consecutive for the Pacific Northwest. The second numbers are those adopted by Royce, *Indian Land Cessions in the United States.*

Indian Warfare in Jackson County

Interesting Accounts of Pioneer Struggle with Aborigines in Early Days Compiled from Historical Records by

ERNEST A. ROSTEL

Southern Oregon has a history replete with the hardships of the early pioneer struggles with the Indians and adverse conditions that prevailed during the 40's, 50's 60's and even 70's. Records and histories written at the time and later are veritable treasure books of pioneer lore.

Jedediah Smith, a sturdy trapper, is the first known white man ever to have passed through the fertile Rogue River valley. In 1828 that hardy pioneer with 40 men made an expedition from the headwaters of the Umpqua river to gather furs. In his overland journey he is said to have touched southern Oregon and there gathered rare specimens of gold and numberless furs in addition to the many he had gathered in California. He returned to his starting point successfully and there mingled with the hundreds of other trappers who would gather there every year at the meeting place known as Green river.

It was under such circumstances that southern Oregon first became known to the outer world. For many years it remained impervious to the attempts to be settled by civilized men. No man had ever dared to enter but with the purpose of gathering furs by trapping. The Hudson Bay company, taking advantage of the information brought back by Smith in regard to the country, quickly sent agents to explore the new country. But the efforts of the men extended no farther than the construction of a post where Elton is now situated, on the Umpqua river. The post was called Fort Umpqua, according to A. G. Walling, a historian of the "Eighties," and served as the headquarters for the company's employes in the Rogue, Klamath and upper Sacramento river countries.

Attack on Foots Creek

A party of whites, according to this historian, in June, 1836, were attacked at the mouth of Foots creek, near Gold Hill. Daniel Miller, Edward Barnes, A. Sanders and a man named Irish Tom were killed in the skirmish while the others, badly wounded made their way to the Umpqua valley. Two packers, Cushing and Pring, according to Walling, were killed during August, 1836, and their train taken and cargo destroyed by Shasta Indians. The killing took place on the banks of the Klamath river, where a ferry was later established. In January, 1851, a conflict occurred at another ferry on the Klamath in which several men were killed. The ferry owner and his wife defended their home until aid arrived.

2000 Miners at Yreka

The settlement of Oregon did not commence until 1851, when gold discoveries rapidly equaled attracted thousands of venturesome souls to the "promised land." It was not long after the precious metal was discovered that it became apparent that it could be found along many stream in the valley of the Rogue. With a full purse or with a despairing heart, numberless adventurers passed through from northern California to their home in the Willamette valley. At Yreka, estimates Mr. Walling, over 2000 miners were busily engaged along the fertile creek banks.

A comparatively large number of native Indians inhabited the new valley, of which 600 are estimated to have lived along the Rogue in favorable

share, both dividends payable November 1, 1926 to stockholders of record at the close of business October 20, 1926. The company reported that for the third quarter of its 1926 fiscal year, covering the three months of June, July, and August, after deducting expenses and providing for local state and federal income taxes the net income amounted to $1,613,553.66 as compared to $3,840,265.27 for the same period a year ago. Total earnings for the nine months of 1926 fiscal year amount to $14,741,994.27 as contrasted to $11,133,411.29 for the first nine months of the previous fiscal year.

Altho earnings for the third quarter of this year were somewhat below those of the second quarter, President Nash pointed out that they were quite satisfactory in view of the fact that because of unusual demand it had been necessary to arbitrarily curtail production during June and July in order to bring new models into manufacture.

"The company has entered the last with new styles and its backlog of orders is greater than it can fill although October production will surpass the best previous October by at least 50 per cent," President Nash says.

"As I view conditions there is every sound reason to anticipate continued good business throughout the remainder of the year and I believe we are justified in expecting the country's commercial activity to proceed through 1927

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escape.

No precautions were taken by the leader, J. Turner, who it is said, with his men was surprised by several hundred Indians suddenly surrounding the camp. The red men got three of the eight guns the party possessed and for a short while the trappers used tree brands for defense.

Two years elapsed before any additional travelers passed through the valley. They were driving cattle and, while enroute to the Willamette valley deliberately shot an inoffensive Indian in revenge for the Foots Creek episode. When the cattle party was encamped at the creek, they, too, were attacked but not with serious losses.

Although no further record exists it is said to be probable that more attacks took place, as such calamities are reported to have befallen various army exploring companies.

Fremont in Klamath County

An exploring party with J. C. Fremont as leader came to southern Oregon about May, 1845, following a route up from Sacramento and Pitt river valleys and by way of Goose, Clear and Tule lakes to the west shore of Klamath lake, where camp was made for a short time with his force of approximately 50 men. Indians attacked the party for invading their "happy hunting grounds."

Even prior to the Fremont explorations, maintains A. G. Walling, the historian, migrations from and to California took place thru southern Oregon. The journey, its dangers intensified by the Indian menace, increased with the thoughts of the time and distance of travel, required venturesome spirits and so naturally the journeys were not many. Travelers always went together in as large groups as possible and fully armed. Tradition has it that several men were once cruelly murdered near Grave creek and their camp robbed of a number of thousands of dollars.

"The Indians," said one pioneer, who was alive 40 years ago, "were all hostile from the Umpqua mountains to the valley of the Sacramento, and there was not a day during our march between these two points that we did not exchange shots with them, though we had no engagement that could be called a battle."

Indian Warfare in Jackson County

Interesting Accounts of Pioneer Struggle with Aborigines in Early Days Compiled from Historical Records by

ERNEST A. ROSTEL

The two chiefs of the Table Rock band of Indians, Sam and Joe, wielded a power among all the tribes of the valley and played a great part in the local Indian warr in the valley. Sam is said to have been a large man, while Joe was slender, but massive foreheads were a part of the makeup of both and were apparently intelligent and easy to be taught, according to A. G. Walling, a historian of 40 years ago.

A total of 647 Indians, in a census of 1854, were living in upper Rogue River valley and were divided into two parts—those who had accepted the provisions of the Lane Indian treaty in 1853 and those who had not. The Table Rock band, 76 members; John's band, 63; tribes of George and Limpy, and others comprised a total of 307 persons, who dwelt on the newly formed, at that time, Table Rock reservation in 1854. Out of the grand total only 108 were women. Other tribes consisted of Elijah's band, 94; Applegate tribe, 39; Taylor's band and Indians of Jump-off-Joe Creek. A number that seems to be out of proportion to the trouble they caused the anxious white settlers of the valley.

After the Indians found themselves surrounded by gold greedy men—men whose characters were not of the best and whose purpose in life was fulfilled without respect to the rights of their fellow men. It is said that a majority of the white persons came to the country with kind feelings for the Indians and not wishing to injure them; but there also came men with opposite sentiments.

Murder Near Phoenix

Perhaps what set a fire to the many hotbeds of struggle in the valley was the murder of a white trapper near the site of Phoenix. It was about May 15, 1851, according to Mr. Walling's history, that a party of three white packers and two seemingly friendly Indians camped near Phoenix. During the night the two savages arose and killed one of the white men and fled, taking the mules with them. The news was quickly spread north and south and a short time later men organized to avenge the crime. Meeting a party of Indians, they slew two and captured four.

Additional hostilities are said to have taken place near Phoenix, while other skirmishes took place in other parts of the valley. Such events, following each other so closely, made certain the hostile attitude of the Indians. Major P. Kearney, later a general in the Union army, with two companies of soldiers, United States regulars, arrived on the scene.

He had several engagements with the Indians and lost a number of men. Upon the arrival in the valley of the soldiers, one company commanded by Captain Stewart, charged upon the Indians gathered in a body on the banks of Rogue river 10 miles from Table Rock, near the mouth of a small creek. The charge was short, the Indians fled.

As Captain Stewart advanced near a wounded redskin, the savvalley near Ashland. Tipsu Tyee, an Indian chief of the Applegate, had become hostile, although no proof leads to the fact that he had taken part in the massacre. It is believed he influenced it primarily. The affair took place on Nell creek in the upper part of what was then called Bear Creek valley. Only one Indian was killed when the settlers attempted defense against the band under the leadership of a sub-chief, Sambo, when hostilities first opened, and no white men—but that was only the beginning of the end.

(To be continued.)

On the Air

KGO, 361 Meters, General Electric Company, Oakland—

11 a. m.—Calvary Presbyterian Church service, San Francisco; Rev. Ezra Allen Van Nuys, pastor; Earl Towner, organist.

2:45 to 4:15 p. m.—Simultaneous broadcast with KPO of the S. F. Symphony Orchestra; Alfred Hertz, conductor.

4 p. m.—Vesper service, Grace Cathedral, San Francisco.

6:30 to 7:30 p. m.—Stanislas BeRm's Little Symphony, Hotel Whitcomb, San Francisco.

7:30 p. m.—Weather Bureau report.

7:35 p. m.—Calvary Presbyterian Church service, San Francisco.

9 to 10 p. m.—Stanislas BeRm's Little Symphony, Hotel Whitcomb, San Francisco.

KGW, 491 Meters, The Morning Oregonian, Portland—

10:25 a. m. to 12 noon—Services from the St. Stephens Pro-cathedral.

7:30 to 9 p. m.—Services from the Hinson Memorial Baptist Church.

9 to 10 p. m.—Concert by the Chevrolet Little Symphony Orchestra.

KFI, 467 Meters, E. C. Anthony, Inc., os Angeles—

10 a. m.—Church services under direction of L. A. Church Federation.

2:45 p. m.—Simultaneous broadcast with KPO and KGO of San Francisco symphony Orchestra.

4 p. m.—Bethel Temple Young people, direction of Carl Edward Hatch.

6:30 p. m.—KFI nightly doings.

6:45 p. m.—Music appreciation chat and Father Ricard's Sunspot weather forecast.

7 p. m.—Jack Smith and his Dance Orchestra.

8 p. m.—Aeolan organ recital; Alex Reilly at the console.

9:15 to 10:15 p. m.—Simultaneous broadcast with KPO, San Francisco, of an Atwater-Kent program, originating at KPO.

10:15 p. m.—Packard Six Orchestra; Bill Hennessy, director; Dolly MacDonald, blues singer; Betty Arden, KFI girl.

KFSG, 275 Meters, Angelus Temple, Los Angeles—

10:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m.—Morn-

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valley of the soldiers, one company commanded by Captain Stewart charged upon the Indians gathered in a body on the banks of Rogue river 10 miles from Table Rock, near the mouth of a small creek. The charge was short, the Indians fled.

As Captain Stewart advanced near a wounded redskin, the savage drew his bow and lodged an arrow in his kidneys, a wound that proved to be mortal. And upon his deathbed the brave officer is said to have sorrowfully sighed: "It is too bad to have fought thru half of the battles of the Mexican war to be killed here by an Indian."

His grave was at first near Phoenix, where he was buried with full military honors upon the site of the old Culver home. Later the body was exhumed and taken to Washington, D. C., for permanent burial.

The Indians, as a result of Major Kearney's invasion, were defeated in every fight. Over 50 were killed and 30 taken prisoners by the victorious whites. The major was in the saddle for 10 days, scouring the country and "pouncing upon an Indian wherever found."

The campaign ended in June when the regulars departed for California. Governor Gaines arrived in southern Oregon and arranged a treaty of peace. That they be good Indians, not rob, steal, or kill, and stay on their own ground obeying the command of any white individual sent among them as agent, were the terms of the simple treaty. Eleven chiefs acceded to the demands, but the most troublesome did not.

About the fourth of August, 1854, hostilities broke out again in Rogue River valley with the murder of Edward Edwards, an old farmer on Bear creek about two miles below the present site of Phoenix. The murderers had secreted themselves in his cabin and upon his return at noon, according to Mr. Walling's vivid account, shot him with his own gun and fled to the hills after pillaging his house. The guilt was finally brought to bear on Indian Thompson who was hanged for the crime February, 1854. It also later developed that Edwards was killed in vengeance for an injustice done to an Indian squaw by a Mexican. Shortly after the murder others followed.

The following day, August 5, occurred the murder of one Thomas Wills, a Jacksonville merchant, shot on the Phoenix road, or now the Griffin Creek road, almost within the city limits of Jacksonville. Townspeople heard the report of the gun shortly before twilight and a few moments later saw Wills' horse with a blood stained saddle run into town. Excitement was intense in Jacksonville, over-crowded with miners. A temporary committee of safety was formed; each male member of the overflowing population armed himself with a gun or knife.

A third murder the next morning tended to make the increasing alarm more acute, when Rhodes Nolan, a miner on Jackson creek, was shot at sunrise while returning to his cabin from town.

From murder the train of events turned to massacre, which took [illegible] the southern part of the

Indian Warfare in Jackson County

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ERNEST A. ROSTEL

On the 12th of August, these savages who had opened hostilities against the settlers at Nett Creek, voluntarily surrendered. Including the chief, whose name was Sambo, a dozen Indians were the guests of the unsuspecting whites. Six days later, according to A. G. Walling, the Indians surprised their hosts and killed three and wounded over a half dozen.

A general fear was soon apparent all through the valley, the rumors on the street for days were from the only city, Jacksonville, rushed hither for protection from the apparently widespread impending outbreak of an Indian war. However, some settlers made preparations to defend themselves by making impromptu forts of their small cabins.

A military company was soon formed in Jacksonville with most well known of early pioneers as leaders, but in a few days this company ceased to exist, having become subservient to others. A large number of houses on the outskirts of Jacksonville were abandoned by the tenants who fled into the city proper for protection as did the miners. Assistance was called from northern California settlements and soon hastily organized troops arrived, while in southern Oregon six companies came to life against the imminent danger of an outbreak, and were stationed exclusively for the protection of Jacksonville.

The individual "soldiers" were in uniforms and were armed with a motley collection of guns and for mounts had horses and mules. The redskins in the meantime in their wanderings about the valley left a wake of ruin by burning homes, barns and other things of a combustible nature, but later gathered at Table Rock for security with Sam and Joe, chiefs, who apparently had not been on the war path. At the rock they fortified a strong position, with a wall of rocks and adobe, and are said to have numbered 300. Tipsu Tyee, an Applegate chief, who had often been known to visit the white settlements, refrained from entering the institution at the time when it was a general congregation that he would.

Alvin F. Sitton, pioneer, writes Mr. Walling in his history, the writer scouted about Table Rock to ascertain the position of the Indian camp and discovered that their original position had been abandoned, moving either to the north or west. While the settlers were in ignorance of the Indians' location they, however, were familiar with the whites' position by the reports of wary scouts.

In a boastful manner, the Indians are said to have declared they would fight until every settler had been driven from their "hunting grounds." This declaration naturally increased the fear of the settlers' families and added to the fighting morale of the soldiers.

The first engagement of the war was reported on Applegate river [illegible] where a small company under Lieutenant [illegible] Indians met in conflict. The battle took place after the lieutenant had destroyed an Indian village several miles distant and then followed the roving band of Indians. The skirmish lasted about three-quarters of an hour and was apparently evenly fought. Five Indians and one white killed were the results of the battle, but because of the enemies' better sheltered location, the soldiers were forced to retreat. The victory of the redskins has been attributed to the skillful leadership of the Indian chief, Old John, who had his 40 followers well in hand.

About August 10, two men, J. B. Harding and William R. Rose, were killed near Willow Springs from ambush while en route to Jacksonville. Harding was shot through the hips to die a few days later, while his partner was killed instantly. The body of the latter, which fell on the road, was stripped of clothing and in addition mutilated. His saddle horse was stolen and also $500 from his person.

The capture and shooting of a suspected Indian by Angus Brown and the hanging of an Indian child in Jacksonville were acts of violence that also occurred before General Lane's campaign. In addition five Indians were hanged to a tree which once stood near the David Linn residence in that city.

During the middle of the month a messenger was sent north to solicit aid from the governor. General Lane, at Deer creek, hearing of the condition of affairs immediately commenced to raise volunteers. With 30 men he arrived at Camp Stewart, a fort in the valley where the main part of the troops were already gathered.

Hardy Hillfe, a member of Lane's company, was sent to the rear of the Indians' supposed position behind Table Rock to make an encirclement possible, but was doomed to disappointment as the position had been deserted. Later 72 picked men, commanded by Lieutenant E. Ely, left to discover it. It was not long until success was met when they discovered the entire party on Evans creek, running suddenly upon them. In the engagement that followed several men were killed. The skirmish is said to have been one of the sharpest of the war.

The soldiers on the 17th of August stopped to partake of dinner two miles up from the mouth of the creek, near the present site of Rogue River. Suddenly a volley of shots were fired from the willows surrounding, killing a number of the unsuspecting men. The soldiers rushed to cover and fought in the style followed by the Indians—behind rocks and trees. Before the Indians, with their superior numbers, had surrounded them, two men managed to steal away for additional aid for the ten remaining men.

When the Indians became aware of the approach of aid, they quickly left the scene of hostilities, taking with them 18 horses, blankets and other equipment and leaving five white men killed, besides. The soldiers returned to headquarters at about the same time General Lane arrived.

The general was made commander-in-chief and divided his forces into various companies. Colonel John Ross, whose sons, John, George and Thomas, now reside in Central Point, was in charge of one battalion which proceeded down the Rogue river to the mouth of Evans creek and then up the stream in the supposed direction of the enemy. The trail of the battalion was scheduled to meet that of Captain Allen's company, which was ordered to proceed up Trail creek to the Indian ground where Ely was surprised by the redskins. On the first day, scouts reported that the enemy had gone into the seclusion of the nearby mountains. Therefore the general pitched a halt and the forces encamped for the night ready to take up the march the next day.

(To be continued)

Architect Bound Over

ST. PAUL, Minn., Oct. 30.—(AP)—Frank Lloyd Wright, architect was bound over to the federal grand jury on a Mann act charge at a preliminary hearing before United States Commissioner H. S. Abbott here today.

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Indian Warfare in Jackson County

Interesting Accounts of Pioneer Struggle with Aborigines in Early Days Compiled from Historical Records by ERNEST A. ROSTEL

But late in the afternoon of the next day, of which General Lane's command had expected eventful hours, after having crossed a high mountain, the soldiers reached a branch of Evans creek and camped for the night. The next morning, August 21, 1853, a shot was heard and shortly scouts arrived, reporting that the savages were encamped in a dense forest made more or less impenetrable by thick brush. General Lane, deciding to attack immediately, threw his entire force against the Indian's position.

The Indians, perhaps thinking the army was still in the valley, were apparently surprised by the sudden volley, but returned the shots with zest. Each side fought from behind trees, which fact held down the number of casualties. The battle was a bitter one for over an hour. General Lane, leading a small detachment directly against the enemy was wounded in the arm. Not daunted by the wound he continued to command by crawling behind a tree and therefrom issuing orders. The efforts of the soldiers to dislodge the Indians were fruitless.

The savages, upon learning that General Lane was in command, began to call to their enemy to call off the fight. A short time later the two sides began to treat for peace. General Lane went among the Indians with a coat hung over his shoulder to conceal his wounded arm and in spite of pain talked to the redskins through the long parley for peace. Peace terms were agreed upon but no definite arrangements were made. However, it was decided that Chief Joe, in charge of the savages, should go to Table Rock, where a final peace talk was to be arranged. The Indians were to deliver up their weapons to the general and reside on the reservation at Table Rock.

Mr. Walling, the historian, sets forth that the Indians by their apparent proposals of peace, meant to massacre the sleeping volunteer soldiers, had more Indian reinforcements arrived. However, as fate would have it, the possible massacre never took place.

The condition of affairs thereafter was peaceful between the former opposing forces. The livestock browsed together and the Indians and whites associated together freely. Captain Alden, who figured prominently at the Evans creek battle, died two years later from the wound he had received, while General Lane it is said, never did fully recover from the wound he had received in his arm.

After the first negotiations for peace many soldiers and volunteers had arrived in the valley from other sections of the state to be of assistance. Although their arrival was too late to be of assistance in warfare, the leaders of the various companies took part in the [illegible]

Judge M. P. Deady, who came to Jacksonville as a blacksmith and later took up the law, wrote an eye witness story of the event.

"The scene of this famous 'peace talk' between Joseph Lane and Indian Joseph, the two men who had so lately met in mortal combat, was worthy of Sir Walter Scott and the pencil of Salvator Rosa," wrote Judge Deady.

"It was called upon a narrow bench of a long gently sloping hill lying over against the noted bluff called Table Rock. The ground was thinly covered with majestic old pines and rugged oaks, with here and there a clump of green oak bushes. About half mile above the bright mountain stream that threaded the narrow valley below sat the two chiefs in council. Lane was in fatigue dress, the arm which was wounded at Buena Vista in a sling fresh from a fresh bullet wound received at Battle Creek. Indian Joseph, tall, grave and self possessed, wore a long black robe over his ordinary dress. By his side sat Mary, his favorite child and faithful companion, then a very handsome young woman unstained by the vices of civilization. A short distance above us on the hillside were some hundreds of dusky warriors in fighting gear reclining quietly on the ground.

(To be continued)

Behind the Bars

(By One Who Is There)

"Frisco Jack" arrived last Saturday evening from the Bay city to attendcourt and explain something relative to an automobile he purchased in this county on payments, and having the auto transport him to California some time since. It seems that he forgot the easy paymen plan now so much in vogue among automobile dealers.

—+++—

Mary, the "Female Impersonator," accompanied by one of his boy friends too an auto ride to Grants Pass from Medford for a week-end visit. Not owning a car of their wn they became attached t a flivver that seemed to belong to someone else. Hereafter they will "hit the grit" with their brogans.

—+++—

"Clarence gave a party to some of his old friends at Medford the other night. Being an old fashioned soul he sought to enliven the game of "Authors" they were playing by providing his guests with a beverage a trifle better than that purveyed by the municipality of Medford. The snelling committee got busy and the host of the party is now sojourning with us for a period of reflection anent the good old days when men were tipplers.

—+++—

Business has picked up considerable over the week-end at the Jennings hotel, a total of seventeen being registered Sunday morning, thus breaking the unlucky thirteen.

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cover from the wound he had received in his arm.

After the first negotiations for peace many soldiers and volunteers had arrived in the valley from other sections of the state to be of assistance. Although their arrival was too late to be of assistance in warfare, the leaders of the various companies took part in the big peace talk in September.

Even then the reporter was on the job, one having reported to the Salem Statesman the condition of affairs in connection with General Lane's camp on the banks of the Rogue River. He said, "Never having seen General Lane, my curiosity prompted me to visit the camp day before yesterday. Having seen generals in the states togged out in gold lace, epaulets, and long shining sword, I expected to find something of the kind at headquarters, but fancy my surprise on being introduced to a robust, good looking man, with his right arm in a sling, the shirt sleeve slit open and dangling bloody from the shoulder, his legs incased in an old pair of grey breeches that looked like those worn by General Scott when he was exposed to the fire in the rear. One end of them was supported by a buckskin strap in place of a suspender, while one of the legs rested upon the remains of a boot. His head was ornamented by a forage cap that from its appearance recalled memories of Braddock's defeat. This composed the uniform of the hero who never surrenders.'

"The 'quarters' were in keeping with the garb of the occupant; it being a rough log cabin about 16 feet square with a hole in one side for a door, and destitute of floor and chimney. In one corner lay a pile of sacks filled with provisions for the troops, in another a stack of guns of all sizes, from the old French musket down to a coffee pot minus the spout, or rather the silver mounted sporting rifle, while in the third sat the coffee pot without the spout with a dozen tin cups, four pack saddles a dirty shirt and a moccasin. The fourth corner was occupied by a pair of blankets said to be the general's bed; and on a projecting puncheon lay ammunition for the stomach in the shape of a chunk of raw beef and a wad of dough.' In the center of the 'quarters' was a space about four feet square for the accommodation of guests. Such being the luxuries of a general's quarters; you may judge how the privates have fared in this war."

One of the many pleasant incidents of the camp was the presentation of the flag, the women of Yreka having decided to honor the braves of that locality who had volunteered to the defense of the settlers in Oregon. No formality was observed at the services.

The terms of peace were discussed September 10; the chiefs of the Indians and the leaders of the whites meeting upon a designated spot on the side of Table Rock.

ford. The quelling committee got busy and the host of the party is now sojourning with us for a period of reflection anent the good old days—whoh—men—were—tipplers.

—++—

Business has picked up consblerable over the week-end at the Jennings hotel, a total of seventeen being registered Sunday morning, thus breaking the unlucky thirteen. By Wednesday we had twenty guests.

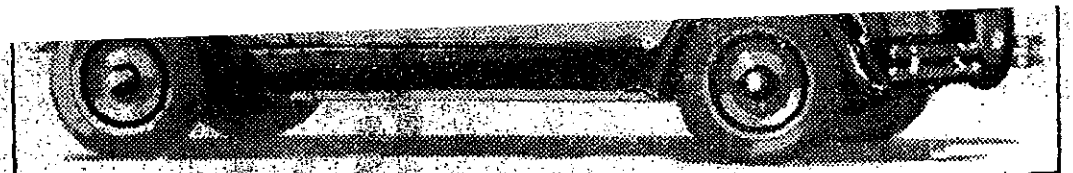
—++—

Perhaps it is a fact that anyone who gets into all is a fit subject for the "Nut College" at Salem. At least this was forcibly brought to our attention last week when "Jack, the Giant Killer" was adjudged insane and taken north.

—++—

"Ted" and "Bob" have decided to stay with us for sixty days. Their decision to do this was aided and abetted by the Judge and District Attorney—in fact, it was unanimous.

"Joe" and "Little Bob" were



NEW PAIGE 4 PASSENGER COUPE

Indian Warfare in Jackson County

Interesting Accounts of Pioneer Struggle with Aborigines in Early Days Compiled from Historical Records by

ERNEST A. ROSTEL

"The day was beautiful," continued Judge M.P. Deady in his description of the scene at Table Rock when the pipe of peace was smoked between General Joseph Lane and Indian Joseph at the close of the Indian war in 1853. "To the east of us rose abruptly Table Rock and at its base stood Smith's dragoons, waiting anxiously the issue of this attempt to make peace without their aid. After a proposition was discussed and settled between the two chiefs, the Indian would rise up and communicate the matter to a huge warrior who reclined at the foot of a tree quite near us. Then the latter rose up and communicated the matter to the host above him, and they belabored it back and forth with many voices. Then the warrior communicated the thought of the multitude on the subject back to his chief, and so the discussion went until an understanding was finally reached. Then we separated—the Indians going back to their mountain retreat and the whites to the camp."

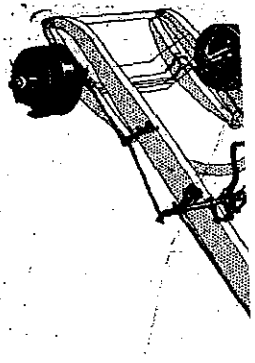
J. W. Nesmith, according to A. G. Walling, who wrote a history of southern Oregon from which these articles are taken, a prominent personage at the treaty, also wrote of the occasion.

He wrote: "Early in the morning of the tenth of September, we rode toward the Indian encampment. Our party consisted of the following persons: General Lane, Joel Palmer, Samuel Culver, Captain A. J. Smith, Captain L. F. Mosher, Colonel John Ross, Captain J. W. Nesmith, Lieutenant A. V. Kautz, R. B. Metcalf, J. D. Mason and T. T. Tierney. After riding a couple of miles we came to where it was too steep for horses to ascend, and dismounting, we proceeded on foot. Half a mile of scrambling over rocks and through brush brought us into the Indians' stronghold, just under the perpendicular cliff of Table Rock, where were gathered hundreds of fierce and well armed savages. The business of the treaty began at once. Much time was lost in translating and re-translating and it was not until late in the afternoon that our labors were completed. About the middle of the afternoon an Indian runner arrived, bringing intelligence of the murder of an Indian on Applegate creek. He said that a company of whites under Captain Owens had that morning captured Jim Taylor, a young chief, tied him to a tree and shot him to death. This caused the greatest confusion among the Indians, and it seemed for a time as if they were about to attack General Lane's party. The general addressed the Indians, telling them that Owens, who had violated the armistice was a bad man, and not one of his soldiers. He added considerable more of a sort to placate the Indians, and finally the matter of 'Jim's' death was settled by the whites agreeing to pay damages therefor in shirts and blankets."

The treaty of peace contained several articles among which was the payment of a sum not over $150,000 for surrendered lands. This sum, states Mr. Walling in his history, was set aside to pay for damage the Indians had incurred. The Indians were put in a reservation to hold their peace and surrendered all firearms with the exception of 14 pieces. In addition they agreed to notify the federal agent if hostile tribes entered the reservation and if they, themselves made war they would suffer the suspension of all annuities. The Rogue River tribe and related tribes, explained Mr. Walling, occupied the land lying between the mouth of the Applegate creek, the summit of the Siskiyou mountains at Pilot Rock, Mt. Pitt and to a point near the intersection of the Oregon road near Jump-Off Joe Creek. The Indians in this district, the treaty provided, must maintain peace with the whites, restore stolen property and deliver any member of the tribe who might violate the treaty.

Another treaty in regard to the sale of Indian lands was made at the same time and provided the cession to the government of the rights to lands in above mentioned boundaries. The Indians were placed on the reservation northwest of Table Rock in the direction of Evans creek.

The redskins were paid $60,000



The illustration at the right shows how Nash encloses the entire front wheel brake mechanism, thus excluding all water, ice, and dirt.

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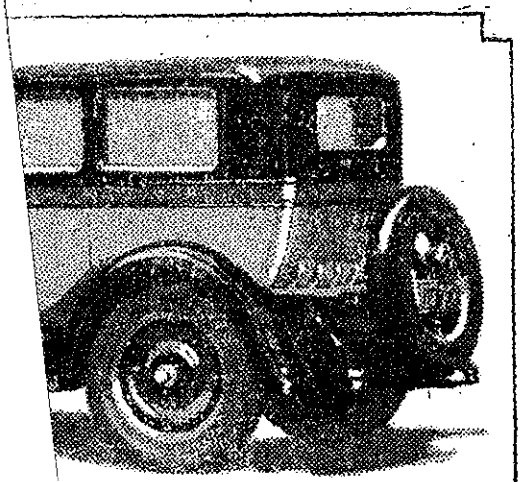
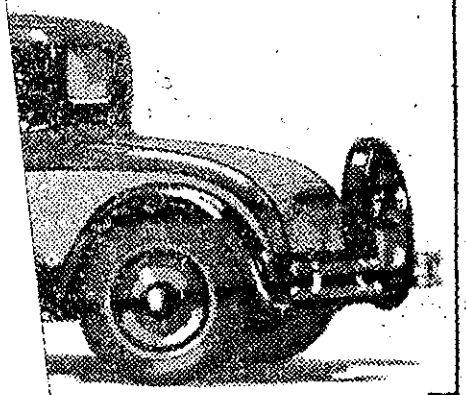


R SEDAN



COUPE

west of Table Rock in the direction of Evans creek.

The redskins were paid $60,000 for their rights, with the exception of $15,000, which was kept as provided in the Table Rock treaty. The damages were estimated by three apparently disinterested persons and it was found, writes Mr. Walling, the $15,000 would have to be expended for blankets, clothing, agricultural implements and other necessary articles understood to have been destroyed by the Indians during the war. The remaining money was to be paid to the chiefs in periodical payments in livestock, blankets and other necessities of life. Three houses were also erected for each of the principal chiefs of the tribes.

The savages in return, agreed to molest no traveling white man.

Even though the Indians apparently accepted the terms of the treaty in good faith, the whites on the other hand time and again are said to have broken its provisions by uncalled for acts of violence. The Indians were at the mercy of hardened men, who had no scintilla of manhood about them. Murders were frequent, but these were by the irresponsible portion of southern Oregon's population at that time. A certain class are said to have declared that they would kill as many Indians as possible—in fact exterminate them.

Mr. Walling sets forth the act of an army officer, Captain Robert Williams by name. He is alleged to have attempted to kill two children of Chief Joe. However, this officer was soon removed to another post by General Lane.

Judge Deady again writes, but this time of an outrage that was committed at Graves Creek on Indians, while the treaty of peace was still in its formative stage.

"At Grave Creek," he writes, "I stopped to feed my horse and get something to eat. There was a house there called the "Bates House," after the man who kept it. It was a rough wooden structure without a floor, and had an immense clapboard funnel, which served as a chimney. There was no house or settlement within ten or twelve miles or more of it. There I found Captain J. K. Lamerick in command of a company of volunteers. It seems he had been sent there by General Lane after the fight at Battle creek, or Evans creek, on account of the murder of some of the Indians there.

"This is what he told me: Bates and some others had induced a small party who belonged in the vicinity to enter into an engagement to remain at peace with the whites during the war, which was going on at some distance from them, and by way of ratification of this treaty, invited them to partake of a feast in an unoccupied log house across from the 'Bates House,' and while they were eating, unarmed, of this proffered hospitality, the door was suddenly fastened upon them."

(The End.)

Nowadays an amateur is just a professional in training. — The Fort Worth Star Telegram and Sunday Record.

LONDON, Nov. 13.—(AP)—Delegates representing the striking coal miners, in conference here today, voted to refer the government's strike settlement proposal to the various districts, with the recommendation that they be accepted.

Many of the delegates were dissatisfied with the terms, and there was the possibility for a time that they might reject the proposals without carrying them to the districts.

The card vote of the delegates was 432,000 in favor of recommending that the districts accept the terms and 352,000 against the proposals.

MOSCOW, Russia, Nov. 13.—(AP)—There are 1,182,500 unemployed members of the soviet trade unions, President Tomski of the red trade union international announced today.

TRIBAL DISTRIBUTION IN SOUTHWESTERN OREGON

By LESLIE SPIER

Our knowledge of the ethnic geography of southern Oregon west of the Cascades is notoriously chaotic. This is largely due to the dislocation and rapid destruction of the Rogue River Tribes in the wars of the 'fifties, but in part to the then prevalent habit of referring to these Indians indiscriminately as "Rogue Rivers." Add the absence of sharply defined physiographic provinces and the reason for the confusion is obvious. Yet the Indians of this region spoke tongues belonging to at least four different linguistic stocks (Athapascan, Takelman, Shastan, and Waiilatpuan) and doubtless recognized sharp political divisions within each language group.

My attention was turned to this while engaged in an ethnographic study of the Klamath Indians living on the lake of that name east of the Cascades. I was told that the Ashland-Medford-Table Rock region was occupied in historic times by their enemies the Walumskni, who called themselves Hanis. As the name Walumskni was unfamiliar, I was lead to attempt an identification.

A Shasta claim to this region was accepted twenty years ago by Dixon who mapped it accordingly.[1] He frankly recognized the uncertainty of their claim, since the Rogue River tribes also ceded this territory in their treaty of 1853. The Shasta maintained that they had driven the Rogue River people from the country a century before and held it at the coming of the whites.

Merriam's recent attempt to show that the name Shasta was given the Rogue River by Ogden in 1827 confirms this by implication.[2] He further cites Framboise's list of tribes of 1835 which places the Shasta Indians on the river of that

[1] Roland B. Dixon: *The Shasta* (Bulletin American Museum of Natural History, 17, 1907), p. 386.
[2] C. Hart Merriam: *Source of the Name Shasta* (Journal of the Washington Academy of Sciences, 16, 1926, 522-525).

Takelma Indians

name west of the Klamath people. I have no intention of entering the controversy but by my reading of Ogden's Journal, like Elliott's,[3] Ogden's Shasta River is the Pit.[4] If my identification of the Walumskni is correct, Framboise cannot have meant that the Shasta tribe was located on the Rogue, merely that they lay in a westerly direction from the Klamath people.

There is little to be found in the early sources. I have made no very thorough search but have been unable to find anything explicit on this section of the Rogue drainage. The Indians are referred to indiscriminately as Tinneh (Athapascans), Rogue Rivers, or mixed groups including Shasta. The bands about Table Rock who took part in the Rogue River wars are known by the names of their chiefs, which does not help very much in isolating and identifying the units. During the period of concentration these included Chief John's band, the Ech-ka-taw-a, living on Applegate Creek, and Limpy's band, the How-quo-e-haw-took, on Illinois River. The native names of the chiefs of the Table Rock band are given as To-gun-he-a, Aps-er-ka-ha, and another Ana-cha-ara.[5] It is curious that Lindsey Applegate, who crossed this region in June, 1846 (from Rogue River to Emigrant Creek) saw hostile Indians but no settlements.[6] It is conceivable that the Indians were then summering in the mountains.

Information obtained from old Klamath informants about their western and southerly neighbors is quite explicit.

[3] T. C. Elliot: *The Peter Skene Ogden Journals* (Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society, 11, 1910, 201-222).
[4] I do not see how Ogden could have failed to note his crossing of the Cascades when he is so explicit as to every other identifiable range no matter how insignificant. My identification of his route is consistent with a journey into the Pit River country and a return without having crossed to the northern side of Klamath River.

I should like to acknowledge here my indebtedness to Mr. Charles L. Stewart for giving me the benefit of his inquiries into the name Shasta, and to Miss Marjorie Thole for searching the early literature on the Rogue River district.

[5] A. G. Walling: *History of Southern Oregon* (Portland, 1884), pp. 190, 191. Dr. Edward Sapir writes me that he cannot identify the language of these names.
[6] Cited in Walling, p. 304.

According to them the Shasta occupied the Klamath River as far upstream as Shovel Creek near the Oregon-California boundary. This was of course in addition to their territory on Shasta and Scott Rivers. North of the Klamath River they held only Jenny Creek. My informants were most certain that they were not north of the Siskiyous in Bear Creek valley, the territory in question. This, as I have stated, was Walumskni country. These people lived on both sides of Bear Creek for its whole length and on Rogue River about Table Rock.[7]

Rogue River above the Walumskni was occupied by Molala according to the same informants. These lived along the creeks of this high ridge country down to the canyon, that is to a little below Prospect or even as far as Trail Creek. The position of these Molala on the high ridge is so anomalous for an Indian group as to be suspected were it not that we have early confirming authority. Joel Palmer wrote in 1853: "While on my late expedition I came to the knowledge of the existence of a tribe of Indians inhabiting the country on the upper waters of the North and South forks of the Umpqua and the headwaters of the Rogue River called the wild Mo-lal-la-las. The name so nearly resembles that of the Mol-al-las of the Willamette that they have been confounded with that tribe; but the information I have obtained satisfies me that they are a distinct tribe, speaking an entirely different language, and having no connection whatever with them. They have had but little intercourse with the whites, being located in a mountainous region off the line of travel from Oregon to California. They roam sometimes as far east and southeast, as the headwaters of the Deschutes and the Klamath Lake."[8]

[7]Dama'djosksi, "a little mountain east of Medford," was named to me as one of their localities; possibly Table Rock was meant.

[8]*Annual Report of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon Territory for 1853*, quoted in C. F. Coan: *The Adoption of the Reservation Policy in the Pacific Northwest, 1853-1855* (Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society, 23, 1922), p. 34. See also Albert Samuel Gatschet: *The Klamath Indians of Southwestern Oregon* (Contributions to North American Ethnology, 2, 1890), part 1, p. xxxvi.

Nevertheless these are Molala, whose descendants still live among the Klamath of the lakes. The explanation of their peculiar position is to be found in a paper of James Teit, which is of the highest importance for tribal migrations in eastern Oregon and Washington.[9] It appears that in consequence of attacks by the Snake beginning about 1750, the Sahaptians of the upper Deschutes withdrew to the Washington side of the Columbia and the Cayuse to the east. The Molala were driven out of the lower Deschutes westward into the mountains and even beyond the Willamette valley. The best explanation of their presence on the very headwaters of the Rogue is that they drifted southward on the western side of the Cascades, safe from attack, occupying the ridges of the upper Umpqua and crossing the divide to the Rogue.

The occupation of the Rogue River below Grants Pass is clear in outline although obscure in detail. The coast and the river as far up as Illinois River was Athapascan territory. There were isolated Athapascans again on Galice Creek and Applegate River.[10] Above them were the Takelma. "To the north the Takelma certainly occupied the northern bank of Rogue River eastward of some point between Illinois River and Galice Creek, while they also inhabited part of the country on the upper course of Cow Creek, a tributary of the Umpqua. The middle valley, then, of Rogue River, the country on the southern bank perhaps as far west as Illinois River, its main tributary, the upper course of Cow Creek, and the interior of Oregon southward nearly to the Californian boundary, was the home of the Takelma proper."[11]

Of the territory in question, Table Rock and Bear Creek, Sapir observes "there was, moreover, still another tribe of the same linguistic stock [Takelman] that dwelt farther

[9]James Teit: *The Middle Columbia Salish* (University of Washington Publications in Anthropology, 2, No. 4, in press).

[10]J. Owen Dorsey: *The Gentile System of the Siletz Tribes* (Journal of American Folk-Lore, 3, 1890, 227-237). Leo J. Frachtenberg: *Shasta and Athapascan Myths from Oregon* (*Idem.*, 28, 1915), p. 224. Edward Sapir: *Notes on the Takelma Indians of Southwestern Oregon* (American Anthropologist, n.s., 9, 1907, 250-275).

[11]Sapir, *loc. cit.*, p. 251.

to the east, occupying the poorer land of the Upper Rogue, east, say, of Table Rock toward the Cascades and in the neighborhood of the present town of Jacksonville. These were known as Latgâwa', 'those living in the uplands,' but were also loosely referred to as Wulx, i.e., 'enemies', a name specifically applied to the Shasta, with whom the Takelma were often in hostile relations. . . . The Upland Takelma were much more warlike than their western neighbors, and were accustomed to make raids on the latter in order to procure supplies of food and other valuables. The slaves they captured they often sold to the Klamath of the Lakes, directly to the east."[12] This is reasonably definite, yet and the territory they occupied.

The question turns then on the identification of the Walumskni or Hanis. Walumskni clearly means in Klamath "those of Walums", which Gatschet identified as "Rogue River Butte, a mountain at the head of Rogue River Valley, almost due west of Fort Klamath,"[13] by which I presume he meant Table Rock. He however identified the Walumskni as Athapascan. "These Indians belong, like the Umpqua, to the Tinné family of aborigines; they formerly inhabited the largest part of the country drained by the Rogue River and its tributaries (Illinois River, Applegate Creek, etc.) and also held the coast of the Pacific Ocean between 41°30' and 43° of latitude. They are sometimes called Tototen or Tutatani after one of the tribes, which was settled at the mouth of the Rogue River." Yet it is clear from the form of this that Gatschet had no specific knowledge of the Rogue Tribes; was ignorant in fact of the existence of the Takelma.

There can be little doubt that the Walumskni were the Upland Takelma. I was fortunate in obtaining a few words of their language from an elderly Klamath woman who knew

[12]*Loc. cit.*, p. 252.
Sapir was none too certain of the character of the group.
[13]Gatschet, *The Klamath Indians*, part 2, p. 471.

them however only from hearsay. I give these with such Takelma cognates as I was able to find in Sapir's papers.

Walumskni	*Takelma*
hetcéga, he is mean	t'obagi, to lie like dead[14]
da'páqE, to kill	wulx, enemies[15]
wols, name for the Klamath	
hánis, name for themselves	

The word wols, enemies, is quite conclusive, for from the Klamath point of view their bitterest enemies were the Walumskni.[16]

The name Hanis adds an element of confusion. I was given this merely as an alternate appellation; the proper term is Walumski. Yet Hanis is the Coos name for themselves; that is, used by members of a different linguistic group. But in addition the Siuslaw call the Alsea Hanis hitch; the usage of still a third language group for a fourth.[17] All of these tribes of southwestern Oregon, or at least many individuals of them, have been concentrated on Siletz Reser-

[14]Edward Sapir: *Takelma Texts* (Anthropological Publications, University of Pennsylvania Museum, 2, 1909), p. 229.
[15]Sapir, *Notes on the Takelma*, p. 252.
[16]Dr. Edward Sapir has been kind enough to scrutinize these attempted identifications. He writes, "wols is exactly what it should be and proves that my upper Takelma (Latgawa') spoke the kind of divergent Takelma dialect Mrs. Johnson [his informant] said they did. For, from internal evidence and from Penutian comparisons (e.g. Takelma xi, "water": si—, Penutian stem), it is certain that Takelma x goes back to older s, while Takelma s goes back to older ts, which is no longer found . . . Now, as luck would have it, two of my poor Upper Takelma words entirely corroborate your wols. There t'eweks, "flea": Takelma t'ewex (↓ t'ewe.s ↓ t'eweks) and yegwetci, "he bit me" (assimilated from yegwekci ↓ yegwekwci): Takelma, yegwexi ↓ yegwegwxi (older —si) . . . Wols is ideal proof. Strange that this unknown tribe and language can be demonstrated by consistent evidence from scraps remembered by Indians west and east of it." The identification of da'pa'qE is not so certain. Dr. Sapir indicates that the form may have been misheard for or misremembered from t'obag—, but "the aorist stem of the transitive, which would be represented by your form, should therefore be t'obog—, which is pretty far from your form. Perhaps your Klamath got Shoshonean mixed with his Takelma. Southern Paiute has pakka—' "to kill"; perhaps your form is really tappakka, which might mean "to kill by stepping on."
[17]Leo J. Frachtenberg: *Coos and Siuslawan (Lower Umpqua)* (Bulletin Bureau of American Ethnology, 40, 1922, part 2), pp. 306, 441.

vation since the middle of the last century. Klamath have frequently visited Siletz in recent years and are quite familiar with them all. In fact, I was told of three old Walumskni women surviving there. Can it be that the name Hanis, properly Coos, has there come into general use for any tribe of western Oregon? It seems plausible that the name as applied to the Walumskni dates only from their residence on Siletz.

It thus seems certain that the Ashland-Medford-Table Rock region was the home of the Upland Takelma, not of the Shasta. It is indeed possible that the Shasta occupied the extreme upper end of the Bear Creek valley, the northern slope of the Siskiyous. But this is so anomalous a position for an Indian group whose prime dependence was on the major streams, that even this is doubtful. It is also possible that the Shasta occupied the greater part of the valley after having driven the Upland Takelma out of it, as their tradition tells, but my Klamath information is that the Upland Takelma were there, or at least about Table Rock, as late as 1850. That the Shasta were involved in the Rogue River wars and some of them later caught up in the movement that placed all of these peoples on the reservations of coastal Oregon, can hardly be adduced as proof that they were linked by joint occupation of this territory. As against their common cause against the whites is set off the Shasta tradition of earlier enmity of the Takelma, as well as Takelma statements to like effect.[15]

The indicated distribution of the tribes of southwestern Oregon is Athapascan on the coast northward nearly to the Coquille River and upstream on the Rogue to beyond the mouth of the Illinois. This is continuous with the occupation of Smith River in California by the Athapascan Tolowa. Isolated groups of the same stock were on Galice Creek and Applegate River. The middle Rogue was Takelman in speech. The settlements of the Takelma proper were from near the Illinois to about Grant's Pass and on the upper course of Cow Creek; thence southward the rough country

[15]Sapir, *Notes on the Takelma*, p. 252.

nearly to the Californian boundary was theirs. A small section in Oregon along the boundary may have been hunting land of the Karok, whose home was on the lower Klamath River directly south. Above the Takelma on the Rogue were the Upland Takelma about Table Rock and Bear Creek. Still further up on the very headwaters of the river were the Molala, whose main body lay along the upper reaches of the Umpqua and northward. North of all these, the upper Umpqua drainage and the upper Coquille were Athapascan, with the Coosan Miluk on the lower reaches of the latter river.

University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma.

enlisting. Their home was located near the foothills and they were in danger of Indians making a raid on their home at any time. My father said there was a squaw who used to come to their house every day and ask for something to eat. They thought she was a spy so the last time she came grandmother gave her something to eat. In the meantime they had been getting ready to go to Jacksonville to the fort, so they captured her and took her with them. Before they got out of sight of their place the Indians set fire to their house and killed some of their valuable stock.

My mother's people came to this country in 1852 and settled on a place about five miles east of Jacksonville. I was born in Jackson county and lived there until I was 15 years of age. My parents then moved to Josephine county, near Shan creek, which derived its name from a man, Shan Evans by name, who used to mine there.

Neighbors were scarce at that time and Wilderville, which was eight miles distant, was our postoffice. We were fortunate in having one a half mile from us. Kerbyville was the county seat and was 26 miles distant. Our nearest store was at Grants Pass, at least 18 miles distant, and we had to cross Rogue river at the Vannoy ferry and ford the Applegate.

Our first school was a subscription school of three months' term. A man by the name of William Stone taught and there were about 15 scholars who walked from one to three miles to school. Later after district was divided a Professor Farley, taught a three months' school in our neighborhood, I think the only school he ever taught in Josephine county, but he taught 26 years and three months in Jackson county. Mrs. Lou Wade Hood and Mrs. Lulu Day Caldwell were among our early teachers, although at this time there were enough children who drew school money, so we were able to have a district divided and, I think, a longer term.

The only amusement we had for several years was dancing. These were usually on the holidays and we had to go several miles to attend them. Often a crowd of young people would go together in a farm wagon.

In case we wanted to cross the river we had to cross in a small boat kept where the county ferry is now run by Billy Frankum. Two of my brothers crossed the river in a small boat to go to school and walked from three and a half to four miles. Malon Wheeler was the teacher.

Dec 31, 1927

Rogue River Indian Wars, 1853-1856

pers, who came here and faced the wilds and hardships of frontier life and made the country possible for the following generations to live in peace, plenty, comfort and security, but we will say of them like the fading roses:

"And this we know and this thing only
That in their time their hearts were lonely.
In their own time, in their own season
They lived, they died for some good reason.
They lived, they loved, they did their duty.
They made the summers full of beauty."

FATHER OF MRS. GROVE FOUGHT ROGUE INDIANS

12/31/1927

(By Mrs. S. A. Griffin Grove)

My parents were among the early pioneers of southern Oregon, my grandfather Griffin having crossed the plains in 1848. He stopped in the Willamette valley for a while, coming to Jackson county in March, 1852. He took a donation claim of 320 acres southeast of Jacksonville on a creek afterward called Griffin creek.

My father, William M. Griffin, enlisted as a volunteer in the Rogue River Indian War in 1852 and served until the war closed in 1856. My frandfather, Captain B. B. Griffin, was wounded in the war soon after enlisting. Their home was located near the foothills and they were in danger of Indians making a raid on their home at any time. My father said there was a squaw who used to come to their house every day and ask for something to eat. They thought she was a spy so the last time she came grandmother gave her something to eat. In the meantime they had been getting ready to go to Jacksonville to the fort, so they captured her and took her with them. Before they got out of sight of their place the Indians set fire to their house and killed some of their valuable stock.

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was declared to be serious.

PEACE MARKER IS DEDICATED

Treaty With Indians to be Recalled by Landmark

By JEUNESSE BUTLER

Standing on the spot where, 78 years ago, General Joseph Lane, illustrious figure of Oregon history, and his courageous soldier companions smoked the pipe of peace with Chiefs Sam, John, Jim, Joe and Limpy, Rogue River Indians, the children of General Joseph Lane Society, C. A. R., yesterday afternoon unveiled a marker which commemorated this occurrence, rightly designated the most historic occasion of southern Oregon.

Included in the large gathering which assembled to witness this ceremony were many distinguished visitors, the majority descendents of pioneers. There was present, for instance, the Right Reverend Monsignor Arthur Lane of Portland, grandson of General Lane, and his cousin, Miss Annie Blanche Shelby, granddaughter of General Lane.

Others present were Senator Garland, a direct descendent of the signer of the Declaration of Independence and a kinsman of Patrick Henry; J. O. Stearns, born and raised in Jackson county; Mrs. Mary Phelps Montgomery, organizer of the first D. A. R. chapter in Oregon; Lewis A. McArthur of Portland, grandson of Captain James W. Nesmith, interpreter at the peace conference, and Mrs. Gordon MacCracken, retiring state regent of the D. A. R. From Medford came Wm. Lyman, Commander Chester A. Arthur Post, G. A. R.; Mrs. Bert Anderson, organizer of Crater Lake chapter; Supt. E. H. Hedrick, John E. Ross, descendent of General John E. Moss; members of the D. A. R. chapters of Medford and Ashland, and many prominent local citizens.

The ceremony was opened by the children of the Table Rock school who sang America, all present joining in the concluding verse. Invocation was delivered by Monsignor Lane, after which Lucile Lowry, junior president of the General Joseph Land society, read a brief history of the organization.

Mrs. G. Q. D'Albini then spoke briefly, expressing appreciation to the following, who had aided in various way, toward the installing of the marker: Miss Annie Blanche Shelby, Mr. and Mrs. Wiatt, Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap of Portland, Mr. Freeman of Central Point, and the following from Medford: Murray Abstract Co., Attorney Gus Newbury, G. W. Newberry, John Ross, Paul Rynning, Bert Thierolf, Mrs. Schaefer, Mrs. J. H. Cochran, and Frank Bybee. W. E. Morris of Central Point was also mentioned in this connection. The societies planned to make the place a beautiful spot, with the aid of flowers and native shrubs and trees, said the regent.

John Ross then exhibited the pipe of peace used on the occasion being commemorated, and pointed out the exact spot where the treaty was signed. The pipe was hewn from a myrtle root by a soldier of Fort Lane, said Mr. Ross.

Mrs. MacCracken spoke briefly, telling the aims of the D. A. R., declaring it to be the largest patriotic educational society in existence. During the war, the D. A. R. was interested in conservation and thrift, and was now interested in the conserving of the natural resources. Markers, she said, were shrines for posterity.

Mrs. Montgomery, regent of Multnomah chapter, and for 11 years state regent, reviewed early Oregon history before and after Oregon became a state. It was her father who introduced the resolution which admitted Oregon to the states. He was also the first senator from Oregon.

The principal address of the day was given by Senator Garland of Lebanon, who spoke on "The Indians, a Vanishing Race." Senator Garland first paid a tribute to the D. A. R., stating it to be premier organization of America, instilling the love of the constitution and its principles. General Lane, farmer,

(Continued on page 4)

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Standing on the spot where, 75 years ago, General Joseph Lane, illustrious figure of Oregon history, and his courageous soldier companions smoked the pipe of peace with Chiefs Sam, John, Jim, Joe and Limpy, Rogue River Indians, the children of General Joseph Lane Society, C. A. R., yesterday afternoon unveiled a marker which commemorated this occurrence, rightly designated the most historic occasion of southern Oregon.

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(Continued on page 4)

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Honolulu Slayer's Trial Is Rushed

HONOLULU, T. H., Sept. 25—(UP)—Preparations for the trial of Myles Fukunaga, slayer of 10-year-old Gill Jamieson, were proceeding at a pace tonight that seemed certain to bring the young Japanese to trial within a few days.

A jury panel had already been prepared and it was belived the trial would start not later than Thursday.

Superior Judge Steadman today appointed Eugene H. Beebe, a prominent lawyer, and S. C. Huber, mentioned as a possible governor of the islands, to defend Fukunaga.

The family of the young slayer seemed assured of being able to return to their former home in Japan today. Japanese leaders out of sympathy for them started a movement yesterday to raise funds to pay their passage to their native land and tonight it was announced that the effort was meeting with rapid success.

PEACE MARKER IS DEDICATED

(Continued from page 1)

legislator, soldier, senator, congressman and territorial governor he declared to be prophetic of world wide peace.

"While he was undoubtedly a military genius, it was his tolerance, his diplomacy, that brought peace, rather than his military tactics," said the speaker. He drew a striking parallel between General Lane and Lincoln before continuing to the subject of the redskin.

To the early Americans, the Indians were often known as mystics, poets, and as having deeply religious natures. That the Indian worshiped a Deity was unquestioned, although he saw his Deity in the mighty mountains, the calm lake and the deep canyons. The senator repudiated the theory of the survival of the fittest, or that "might makes right." Making an example of the negro, he declared that if the redskin had been treated with the same humanity, he might have developed as the negro into a useful citizen, growing side by side with the white man. That part of early history, the treatment of the Indian by the whites, he called the "skeleton in the national closet," and a "blunder" which later generations had and would atone for, by their wiser methods of obtaining peace.

The last speaker was Mr. McArthur who emphasized the need of hundreds of markers in Oregon adding that the Oregon Historical society would be glad to assist the D. A. R. in this matter. Other numbers on the program was a recitation by Ellen D'Albini, the baby member of the local C. A. R., and a tribute to General Lane, written by Governor Patterson, and read by Mrs. J. H. Cochran, past regent. The exercises were concluded by the singing of the Oregon state song, "My Oregon."

SMITH HEADS TOWARDS EAST; IS CHEERFUL

(Continued from page 1)

The governor and his entire party rode through the streets of Butte, the center of a mining region, to receive a cordial western welcome from crowds along the street. The train stopped there for an hour. It arrived in Butte at 2 p. m., having left Helena at 11 a. m.

The democratic candidate, Mrs. Smith, their daughter, Mrs. John A. Warner, William F. Kenny and Mrs. Caroline O'Day stayed at a hotel in Helena Monday night but the rest of the party stayed on the train because of limited hotel facilities. Smith arose early this morning and took a brisk walk through Helena. He had breakfast at his private car. A small crowd saw him off.

The St. Paul speech will round up Smith's presentation of issues thus far. He will pay some attention to inland waterway development and the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway.

MARKETS

Angus Brown, Embittered Pioneer, Killed Many Redskins During Southern Oregon's Stirring Days

(By Ernest Rostel)

Not mentioned in histories of southern Oregon, compiled years ago and written largely by the few surviving pioneers, residents in this section before Medford was ever proposed and where Jacksonville had hardly begun, is Angus Brown, a pioneer of the early 50s, who is credited with the killing of more Indians single-handed than any other person in southern Oregon. His kin still resides in Medford and Central Point and are members of the best known pioneer families in the state.

Angus, who died only a few years ago in California, resided in southern Oregon only during the Indian wars of 1853 and of 1856, and during that time was one of the most active Indian fighters of this section. He was a nephew of Colonel John E. Ross, whose sons —Thomas, George and John—now reside in Central point, and often fought redskins with Colonel Ross, now regarded as one of the best Indian fighters the west had ever known.

At the age of 19 years, Angus was embittered against the Indians. Brought up in the crude environment of the frontier, he was hardened to life, and the killing of an Indian was hardly more than ordinary routine, according to Thomas Ross, his first cousin. In a reminiscent mood recently in recounting incidents of days long gone by. He was a big, powerful man; knew not the meaning of fear, and would attack a whole tribe of Indians if he had the slightest assurance of being successful in his attack.

Redskins Rampage

The Indians were on a rampage in the Grave Creek country above Grants Pass and, together with a group of Jacksonville volunteers, Angus was in that section to aid the panic stricken settlers, who were nearing their wits' end, following numerous daylight and night attacks, resulting in the deaths of entire families, burning of buildings and kidnaping of women. Angus was with a group which was trailing moccasin tracks mingled with the shoe prints of several white women, following an attack on a settler's cabin.

At this cabin the Indians had killed the men and taken the women alive, including a 14-year-old girl, after having taken two boys, possibly around 6 or 7 years old, beaten out their brains by whirling their bodies by the feet and hitting their heads on the side of the cabin. The little bodies were found by the rescuing party, which had then attempted to locate the women.

The party was making fair progress when it was overtaken by a messenger who told of the Indians' attack on the Harris cabin, which was the last one in the section. Mrs. Harris was the only white person left in the cabin, the men having been killed and the children taken away by the Indians.

Angus and his party hurried to the Harris cabin, but on arriving found that the Indians had been driven off by Mrs. Harris, who had fought them off with a gun. Mrs. Harris had been shot in the arm by an arrow, which was extracted by Angus, and the wound dressed. Mrs. Harris was the only survivor of the family, and was left in charge of the cabin by Angus, who with his party, started in pursuit of the Indians.

Fight Off Indians

Mrs. Harris, after the departure of Angus and his party, prepared for the return of the Indians. She had been told by Angus that the Indians would probably return to the cabin to get the gold which they had seen the men take from the cabin. Mrs. Harris, after the departure of Angus, loaded the guns and placed them in the loopholes of the cabin, and awaited the return of the Indians.

Shortly after dark the Indians returned and attacked the cabin. Mrs. Harris fired the guns in succession, and the Indians, thinking that there were several men in the cabin, withdrew. Mrs. Harris kept up a steady fire, and kept the Indians back by repeated firing of the gun, but the defense was interupted by first aid attention to a sister of the fallen member of the household. However, he died within an hour after being struck.

As the day wore on Mrs. Harris discovered her ammunition to be running low and it was not long until it was gone. Having a good supply of powder still on hand, she did not despair and, using paper for wadding, kept firing at the besieging Indians. They would fall back each time she fired, thinking she was still using bullets. Fearing that the repeated use of the paper wadding would set the house on fire, and also fearing that the Indians would set the building ablaze, she left her post in the second story of the house and managed to flee with her daughter into the brush without being seen by the Indians.

Brown Arrives

It was not long after she had made her escape that Angus Brown arrived on the scene. He rushed into the house, found Harris outstretched in a pool of blood on the floor and on the table found $200 in money the Harris family had gathered together in apparent preparation to leave the section. Angus took the gold and, becoming crazed with madness and revenge, routed a half dozen or so Indians who were sheltered behind the log. He rushed into the open, firing his pistol at the marauders, several of whom were struck by his accurately aimed bullets.

They fled and the mother and frightened daughter were then found by Angus and brought to Jacksonville. Mrs. Harris lived to a ripe old age and her daughter was married to a son of a southern Oregon pioneer family.

At the Harris cabin, after the Indians had been routed, Angus planned vengeance against the entire Indian race and swore he would kill every Indian he met. It was not long until he became known as a killer.

"Once Angus was riding down a trail," said Mr. Ross in telling of his Indian fighting cousin, "and saw a young buck. The buck made his friendly sign and Angus made his. The Indian dismounted and walked toward him, but before he'd gone far Angus whipped out his pistol and shot him dead. He took pride in telling of his killings, thinking he was avenging the massacres of Grave Creek.

"Another time there was a friendly Indian employed by the Beall brothers between Central Point and Medford," Mr. Ross continued, "and one day Angus, along with the Bealls and others, including the Indian, set out after range Indian was dead, but he soon received reports that the Indian was gone. That worried him more and he went and saw another Indian and bargained with him to find and kill the missing red man for a pony and a blanket. This offer was speedily accepted and for this proof the killer was to bring back his victim's scalp, cutting it around the place where Angus had two scalps from the back.

Slew 60 Indians

"I guess there were many other cases of Angus' killings," said Mr. Ross, "for he told me once when I was still a youngster that he had killed about 60 Indians. He killed five of these in a fight after he left here for California, where he married a Mexican senorita and resided at San Bernardino. He married a daughter of the governor of the state of Sonora in Old Mexico and raised a family of several children.

"My father, Colonel Ross, went all the way down to San Bernardino once to see his nephew, Angus, but it seems that Angus didn't want to see him feeling ashamed of himself for having married a Mexican. My father didn't care about that, but Angus took it seriously and I guess they didn't have another opportunity to see each other after that," concluded the speaker.

Angus was a miner as well as a fighter, but he didn't care for money. It was adventure and excitement he craved. He was truly a son of the western frontier. He braved the winter storms and lived in places where others dared not live, but despite that he died a number of years ago in sunny California from an attack of pneumonia, taking his place with the hardy pioneers who had gone on before him, after having prepared the way for the great west that was to come, with its big cities, fertile farms and contented people, free from the dangers of the Indian war drums and savagery of an age gone by.

Sports

SALEM FANS LIKE STALLING SYSTEM IF USED AT HOME.

The Salem high school basketball team, always contenders for state honors, promises to give the Medford five its hardest games of

Feb 7, 1929

...ing the Indian, not out after range cattle. Angus didn't like the Indian, although he had been a faithful employe. As they were riding along the Indian turned and started to go in an opposite direction. Angus asked him where he was going, and was told that he was going to join the Applegates, a treacherous Indian tribe. Angus didn't wait for another word and shot the Indian from the saddle, and put his gun up unruffled by the experience.

"The Heall brothers were angry over the ruthless killing, telling Angus that he was a good Indian and had no reason to die, but Angus told them he was a good Indian —now.

Had Close Call

"Once he nearly met his Waterloo, though, when he engaged in a fight with a husky brave, another friendly Indian. He was one of several redskins employed by some cattle owners to move cattle to another range. Angus was in the party when the cattle stampeded, frightening the savages, one of whom grabbed at him for protection, but he thought the Indian was attacking him, and immediately drew out his knife. With a mighty lunge he sent the knife into the region of the Indian brave's ribs, but the blade broke off.

"And then, you should have seen the fight," related Mr. Ross. "He killed that Indian with the broken off knife, but I was told by Angus himself that it was a fight if ever two men fought. Both were of the same weight and strength, with the only advantage held by Angus with the knife. The Indian was fighting for his life and the other was fighting to kill. The Indian fought hard, but in vain, and another redskin paid for the sins of his fellows.

"Even after the war with the Indians, Angus' vengeance did not die. There was a medicine man who made regular trips to Jacksonville, coming through the pine groves west of Central Point, and it seems Angus even bore hatred for him, peaceable and likeable man that he was.

Slayer Boasts

"The people of Jacksonville missed the old Indian and about a week after his disappearance Angus boasted to some one in a saloon that if he would go to a certain log in the grove he would find the missing man. The old Indian was found covered up with weeds and leaves, but Angus was never bothered for killing him.

"Another time," continued Mr. Ross, "perhaps it was several years earlier, Angus shot an Indian along a fence. The red man fell down and Angus rushed over and scalped him, taking his long black hair in one hand and the knife in the other and cut his scalp. This was hung on his saddle horn and he rode leisurely to Jacksonville.

"Other riders, possibly it was a pack train of ...s told the Heall brothers were in the party came riding by the same place, saw the Indian and thought they saw him move. When they arrived in Jacksonville they saw Angus' horse and

...paper was making fair progress in following the tracks when Angus was inspired to turn back in the thought that other cabins might even then be harassed by the murderous savages. He thought of the cabin of Mr. and Mrs. Harris, parents of two children and owners of a place large enough to employ the services of a hired man. He was joined by a friend, who, in fact, was his chum.

Cabin Besieged

They turned back and reached the Harris cabin at dusk. Indians were firing at the cabin under the protection of a log and had besieged the premises for hours. The Indians first killed the hired man and placed his body in a spot where it was not found until a year later. The Harris son had been sent into the potato patch for supplies, but after the arrival of the Indians he never returned and his body was never discovered. Mr. Harris was shot as he fled into the house with his wife and daughter, the latter receiving a wound through the arm.

Seriously injured, he told his wife to bar the doors and gave her instructions in using the shotgun, a cumbersome affair, which later considered a relic, was shot several times by Mr. Ross. She held

never intimated for killing him.

"Another time," continued Mr. Ross, "perhaps it was several years earlier, Angus shot an Indian above a ford. The red man fell down and Angus rushed over and scalped him, taking his long black hair in one hand and the knife in the other and cut his scalp. This was done on his hatillo horn and he rode leisurely to Jacksonville.

"Other riders, possibly it was a pack train (I was told the Houll brothers were in the party) came riding by the same place, saw the Indian and imagined they saw him move. When they arrived in Jacksonville they saw Angus' horse and on the saddle saw the fresh scalp, with blood still dripping. It was not so very long until they heard him boasting about killing another 'red demon'—and they told Angus about seeing the Indian along the trail and told him about seeing or thinking they saw him move.

"That worried Angus," continued Mr. Ross in his narration, "and Angus had someone go and see if the

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For the Love of a Lady

by Jeffery Farnol

SYNOPSIS—Tryfel, the gypsy, lays a plot to force a confession from Julian's murderer so that Sir Kirtland, his honor vindicated, may find happiness with Helen. D'Arcy Brocklehurst, who is plotting to abduct Helen, has brought three rogues to the village to aid him. The Marquis of Merivale finds Angela in tears—Helen's clever contrivance—comforts her tenderly and another romance impends. Helen receives a threatening note from Titus Oldcraft, demanding that she see him immediately at the inn. Unknowingly, Helen walks into their trap, and, alone, starts for the village.

Chapter 36

A PLOT FRUSTRATED

UPON a step deep-set in leafy hedge sat two men, black-avised fellows, whose rough garments smacked of ships and the sea.

"Sunset, Jonas!" said one, leaning to peer down the lane. "Sunset, Jonas, and she be nigh doo, I rackon! Get 'ee down and stand by wi' the cloak; 'twunt do to let 'er squeak."

"She ain't a-goin' to do no squeakin' once I gets my 'ands on 'er, Will, not she!"

Then, the better to listen, they stood mute in that place of deepening shadows, viciously alert, while from dry ditch at no great distance a pair of keen eyes curly, gypsy-black hair, a face that, stirring memory, was to follow her to bed and haunt her slumbers.

* * * * *

Captain Despard had manifested an unwonted restlessness all day. Towards sunset, Mr. Titus Oldcraft rode up to the inn and beheld the captain's comely, bewigged head leaning forth of the lattice above.

Mr. Oldcraft bowed. Captain Despard merely beckoned and Mr. Oldcraft betook himself upstairs forthwith.

"You dispatched your mission?" inquired the captain. "You bring me a message—a letter, perhaps?"

"Sir, I do," answered Mr. Oldcraft, "but first may I remind you as there was promised a small honorarium, a mere——"

"A bribe, Mr. Oldcraft, of 20 guineas to carry a letter to Viscount Brocklehurst since I knew not where to find him," said the captain, and tossed a purse on the table.

Oldcraft glared defiance, counted the coins, and handed over an envelop. At the captain's command, he sullenly left the room.

Despard carefully read the letter, then called the landlord, John.

"Landlord, read me this letter—aloud!"

So John took the letter and read as follows:

ASHLAND CITIZENS DONATE AUTOS ON GIRL SCOUTS TRIP

ASHLAND, Ore., Aug. 3.—(Special)—The Camp Fire Girls were taken to their own camp at the Lake of the Woods on Wednesday in cars furnished by Eric Weren, Charles Fortmiller, Otis Johnson, Henry Enders, M. C. Lininger, J. H. Hardy, Bertha Denton and Margaret Arnold. A truck was also sent to camp through the kindess of H. G. Enders to carry all the supplies and bedding. The Boy Scouts, who have been at the lake, came in with the drivers.

The Boy Scouts, who occupied the camp site left everything in fine shape for the girls. Tents were left and the whole camp was in perfect order. On Tuesday afternoon the boys got busy and provided a two weeks' supply of wood for the girls' camp.

Miss Frances Strange, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Strange, left Thursday for Portland, where she will visit until September, when she will go to Centralia, Wash., to teach school during the coming term. Miss Strange will be a special teacher in penmanship and music.

Mrs. Will M. Dodge, Mrs. A. F. Hunt and Mrs. R. C. McMillan visited in Medford on Thursday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barneburg.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Richards of Saratoga, Cal., and Sidney Gulic have been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leverett Davis on Fairview street for the past few days. The visitors have been spending some time at Diamond Lake. Sidney Gulic is a brother of Mrs. Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Mtichell and their daughter, Charlotte, left Wednesday for Bandon to spend a week at the seaside.

Dick ("Posey") Campbell is away on a fishing trip in the Green-

HOG BUYERS BUSY TABLE ROCK AREA

TABLE ROCK, Ore., Aug. 3.—(Special)—Parties from Medford were through here Thursday in search of feeder hogs, which they report to be very scarce in the valley.

The last few days of sweltering weather have been very oppressive to horses and harvest workers.

Frank Hart has sold his second crop of alfalfa to Mr. and Mrs. Hardman.

The Wright combine has finished harvesting the barley crop on the Morris ranch, which is reported as much lighter than usual.

C. C. Nicewood of Medford was a business visitor here Wednesday. He had just returned from Sprague River in Klamath county, where he constructed a house for Mel Atkins.

Those seeking relief from the heat wave find a sharp contrast in the cooling waters of the Rogue.

CANNON SEEKING SITE INDIAN TREATY SIGNING

TABLE ROCK, Ore., Aug. 3.—(Special)—Miles Cannon of Medford was here Sunday interviewing parties in behalf of the Oregon Historical society.

Mr. Cannon claims that according to army officers' reports which give descriptions of lands surrounding and distances in miles, the place where the Indian treaty was signed would be on the south side of Rogue river near what is now the Whetstone ranch. This he claims would be in sight of Fort Lane on the west and about two miles north of Camp Stewart, which corrsponds with ideas of one of the old historical writers.

VF Rogue River INDIAN WARS

MMT 8/4/1929

Extracts From a Pioneer's Diary Tells of Rogue Indian Uprising

The Arlington, Mass. Advocate, of July 19, last, published portions of the diary of Stephen P. Blake, depicting events of the pioneer in Jacksonville, the Applegate section, and northern California, which are well remembered by a number of local pioneers.

The extracts are as follows:

Aug. 8, 1853. Applegate Valley, 10 miles west of Jacksonville, Oregon. "Even though the Rogue River Indians were now definitely hostile, it was not certain that the Applegates were, but they were suspicious, evidently, that the whites would treat all Indians as being warlike. There was an old Indian, here, who had been with the whites for a long time and could speak English. He was called 'Old Grizz'. ... was tall and as straight as a candle. His hair and his beard,—which reached down on his breast,—was nearly white. It was decided by the miners at Applegate Valley, notwithstanding some opposition from those who would vote to exterminate, to send 'Old Grizzly' with the Committee of Four, to inform the Applegates that if they did not come back to their houses, they would have to be considered as hostile, and, therefore, enemies. They were to go to them, where they could be found in the mountains, the next day. As it was not safe for any companion and me to go on, alone, to Jacksonville, we waited to go with a party the following day."

Party Leaves Applegate for Jacksonville

Aug. 9, 1853. "The next morn, we started. There were 10 of us,—mostly well armed. We passed, on the road, dead horses which had been shot by Indians. Arriving at Jacksonville, we found the town in a state of alarm. The Indians had all gone to their strongholds in the mountains,—killing, burning and destroying as they went. Many settlers live in this valley; some with their families. From 15 and 20 miles away they came to Jacksonville for safety. Some had combined with neighbors and had fortified their homes, driving palisades."

"Jacksonville, in the Rogue River valley, has rolling hills, on the S. W. side, among and on which are rich 'diggings'. A trail from here to Crescent City makes easy communication with San Francisco, by schooners from C. C. There are nearly 1000 mules, packing, on the trails to C. C. and to Yreka."

Volunteers and Troops Sent For

"An express rider was sent off to Yreka for volunteers; and another was sent to Scott's Valley, to report to Col. Alden, commander of the U. S. troops who were stationed there. One great trouble was the want of fire-arms. There were not enough to arm one-third of the people; and as it was the dry season, there were but few miners,—who were always well armed, about,—about. Many who had been peacefully living at J. had sold their arms to the very Indians who were now making war upon them. It was known that the Indians had the best of rifles, and plenty of powder and lead. At the time I arrived at J., the hostile Indians were camped some ten miles North, near Table Rock,—so called because of its peculiar flatness on top. To all appearance it is level, with no timber on it. It is said that there are but two trails to the top. Everywhere else the sides are nearly perpendicular for several hundred feet in height. It is, probably, two miles in length. There is a never-failing spring on top. A small number there could hold a thousand at bay."

Indian Chiefs Were Well Posted

Their three great chiefs were called 'Sam, Yo and Jim,' as their Indian names were hard to pronounce by white men. These chiefs were well known by Jacksonville residents, as they had mingled freely with the miners for a long time. They knew that the whites had but few arms, and they vainly thought that they could rescue their valley from the intruders. Had they realized how many children Uncle Sam had, who could be called to arms, a good many Indians would have lived who were to fall by the rifle which was so deadly in the hands of the white man. The Indians had gone into camp, Aug. 8th,—committing depredations on the way."

Indian Prisoners Hung

"We two wanted to go to Yreka, but it was not safe to go alone, so we went to the Robinson House as boarders. There was a young man in the house who was wounded. He had a wife in the country. While on horseback, he was shot in the small of the back,—the ball going completely through him. Three Indians were taken prisoners, shortly afterward, and they were brought to Jacksonville, and hung without ceremony."

"A company of volunteers soon arrived from Yreka, and Col. Alden came from Scott's Valley with 9 men and 30 muskets,—being all the arms left in camp. Two companies from the U. S. Station had gone out to protect immigrants,—one from attacks by the Modocs, and another to Port Orford on the Coast,—about 60 miles North of Crescent City. During the day, more volunteers were coming in. They formed into a company under Capt. G. and mustered upwards of 80 men. Every horse or mule that could be found was taken. The Yreka men came mounted. All stock that could be driven in was corraled. During these few days while at J., I was a spectator, and unarmed."

Attempt Treaty with Indians Fails

"The attempt to make a treaty with the Applegate Indians failed. They had collected together, in the mountains, and were prepared to fight. A small party of 22 men under Lieut. E. was sent out to watch their movements. A day or two after the party had reached their vicinity, the whites were taken by surprise, after they had dismounted and were cooking their meal. They immediately rushed for bushes and trees, but they had to retreat for quite a distance before they could rally. 'Old Grizzly' was killed at the very first of the firing, and several whites were wounded. They dispatched a messenger to J. for assistance, as the Indians greatly overpowered the band in numbers. For 3 hours they fought the Indians after their own manner, from behind trees, when the noise of the firing brought a scouting party to their assistance, and the Indians then retreated. The messenger could not bring help in time, as the Company had gone North, towards Table Rock. The scouting party saved the whites, who reached Jacksonville at about 3 o'clock in the morning."

"I saw the wounded brought in. One man, with a ball in his hip, had the scalp of the Indian who shot him. I took the scalp and looked at it. I had never handled one before. Killing them is bad enough without the scalp."

U. S. Troops Collecting at Jacksonville, Ore.

Jacksonville, Ore., Aug. 11, 1853. "Another party now arrived from Yreka and from Hamburg Creek, under command of Capt. R. They went out to headquarters, near Table Rock. The Indians had abandoned Table Rock, and had gone farther North. The town of Jacksonville had now become pretty well waked up to a sense of its danger, as well as to its folly in letting the Indians have their rifles, powder and lead."

Accounts of other skirmishes follow. The Indians were watchful and would attack any stray families fleeing for safety. The whites now sent appeals for aid to Gen. Joe Lane, at Portland, Oregon.

Mr. Blake Takes Trip to Yreka, Cal.

Aug. 13, 1853. "A party of 18 men started for Yreka. My companion and I joined them, — as Yreka was our objective point, for mining operations. We depended mostly upon our number,—20 of us,— for protection, for not over half of us were armed. Our road lay through the valley and over rolling hills, wooded with oak, pine, ash, cedar, and other trees. We passed many deserted houses, many well cultivated fields or ripe grain,—some partly harvested. All were deserted. After traveling 12 miles we came to a house, situated well in the open, with no shrubs or trees near, which was being fortified. Palisades were being driven, and some seven or eight families comprised the party housed there."

Fortified House Holds Indian Prisoners

"Nine miles to the next fortified house. Again we passed large farms, some of them of 80 acres, under cultivation. Everything was left to go to ruin. Fences were knocked down, and the crops were being destroyed by stray cattle. Fowls and hogs were about, with no one to take care of them. Men used to a border life, do not thus desert their property except to save life. Life is more dear than property. We stopped a while at this fortified house, and found that they had 11 Indian prisoners there whom they were holding until they could take them to Jacksonville. This house was not well located for warfare purposes, as there were too many bushes and trees near, behind which the foe could be sheltered from view. In time of peace, however, it was a beautiful place for a home. There was a wounded man there, who received a ball in his shoulder when the brush occurred in which the 11 Indians were captured. I conversed for some time with an old lady of the family who was bitter against the Indians, and who was going to scalp the first one she could shoot. She little dreamed of the tragedy soon to be enacted there! We went on four miles to the Mountain House, at the foot of Siskiyou Mountain, where we spent the night. We had traveled 25 miles that day, and they were Oregon miles!"

Over Siskiyou Mountain

"The next morning we started early, to get over the Mt. before the heat of the day. The rise is gradual at first, then up over some rather steep benches, nearly level at their top, through thick forests of pine and fir trees,—the trail full of bear tracks. Many grouse were about. In two places before reaching the top, the road is very steep, and it requires no small amount of 'wind' to get up, without stopping several times. On our right we saw a high peak, covered with snow, like a tall watch-tower, to guard the scene, and it looked beautiful. From the top to the Eastward, was a grand view, far as the eye could reach, as if the Earth were an enormous sea, and the dark mountains it waves. At the foot of the mountain, on the southeast, we came to a house where there was a cool spring of water. Farther on, in open country, we reached a house where lived a man with his family. Two young deer, here, had become so tame that they would eat out of the hand of the 18-yrs-old daughter of the family. After crossing the Klamath River at the ferry, we 'came to' for the night."

Whites Live on Deer Formerly Indians' Food

"At this house the folks seemed to live on deer altogether. They used their skins for clothes, be coverings for saddles, and me other things. I saw piles of th in and about the house. Before white men came, these deer w the main stay of the Indians. ter that, the Indians would bri salmon from the rivers and change for beads, etc. Since trouble with the Rogue River I dians began, many Indians in t vicinity had left, even tho' th were well acquainted, personal with most of the whites. T whites, on this S. E. side of t Siskiyous, had not destrted the homes, altho' there were India living on Cottonwood Creek and the Klamath River. It was t Rogue River Indians they we afraid of."

An Indian Spares An Unarmed White Man

"One man told me that as he w riding along the road, he met Indian whom he knew well, a the latter immediately cocked h rifle. The man prepared to di mount to talk the better with t Indian, when he was told to g his way, but that if he put his fo on the ground he would shoot hi He was very much surprised, for h was unarmed himself, and he ha befriended the Indian many time at his home. The Indian told hi that War was on between the whites and the Rogue River In dians, and that white men woul kill any Indian, and that he spare him only because he was unarm ed." Quite a fair mental attitud for an Indian!

BIRDSEYE LOG HOME, HISTORIC SPOT OF SOUTHERN OREGON, FILLED WITH RELICS OF EARLY DAYS, SITE OF D.A.R. MARKER

Log House Built by David Birdseye in 1855, Shrine to Be Dedicated by Marker at Ceremony Monday Afternoon

View of the David N. Birdseye Pioneer home on the Pacific Highway as it stands today, uncarred by the ravages of time, and hallowed by stirring early day memories.

(By Lucile Hostel)

Just as it was built in 1855 upon the close of the Rogue River Indian wars, the David Nelson Birdseye home of long ago stands today two miles south of Rogue River on the Pacific Highway—a reminder of southern Oregon's early history. In keeping with the part it played in the early days of Jackson county, a fitting marker is to be unveiled there tomorrow afternoon by the Crater Lake chapter of the D. A. R. A short program will be given when the unveiling takes place.

A recent visit there revealed how well the old building has withstood the ravages of time and interesting bits of its history were disclosed by Mrs. Effie Birdseye, daughter-in-law of David Nelson, who resides there with her three sons, the eldest of whom, Victor, a graduate of the Oregon State College, operates the ranch.

The house was constructed shortly after the Indian war of 1855 and 1856 and stood and was built of hand hewn logs. During the entire of its construction, the Birdseye family continued to live in old Fort Birdseye, which had been erected during the heat of the conflict, when residents of all that section of the valley came to the fort for protection.

So thorough was the construction that there never has been repair work to any large extent with the exception of the roof, replaced with a new one three years ago, when winter rains persisted in leaking through. The old roof was liberally covered with vines interwoven with ancient moss and they presented a problem, as Mrs. Birdseye, having become attached to the greenery, was reluctant to have it removed, but after much planning, the vines were carefully taken down. They were replaced when a new roof had been completed and now they are even thicker than they were before.

The same floor that served the builder is serving still and has shown but little wear. The fireplace that threw out heat before Medford ever had thoughts of being established is still in use, much the same as it was when built, with the exception of a few repairs made 19 years ago by Mrs. David Birdseye, now dead for 16 years. An old Chickering piano brought to southern Oregon from around the "horn" and by pack train from Crescent City holds a place of honor, and its mellow tones still come forth in vibrant melodies.

Old chairs, hand made book cases, old fashioned beds and crazy quilts are other old articles sure to attract the attention of the visitor. The rose lustre vases, brought across the plains in the early 60's as wedding presents for David Birdseye, are holding places of honor on a wall shelf, keeping company with old-fashioned candle molds, patiently watched by a picture framed with pine cone burrs.

An old brass bucket, another survivor of a long trip across the plains, occupies a stand alone, perhaps thinking of the days when it was used by brave pioneers coming through hostile Indian country and finally to beautiful southern Oregon where more Indian wars were to follow.

Showing interesting facts about this place, Mrs. Birdseye pointed out a log that had been converted into a soap manufacturing trough. came to them, talked for a short time and disappeared. One of the squaw wept about her mistress' neck, as she was about to leave, but refused to tell the cause of her grief. She left and never returned, as the Indian massacres began the next day. For some reason or other, the Birdseye family was saved.

Up until this time, the Indians had been peaceable and things went on smoothly. The redmen whiled away hours in the woodlands hunting for deer that were plentiful and other times fishing in their primitive way by driving willows into the sandy bottom of creeks flowing into the river. The willows were set close together and the fish would swim into them, but could not go clear thru and could not retreat because they were caught by their gills. Three depressions near the creek bank, spaced evenly apart, can still be seen on the ranch, and Mrs. Effie Birdseye is of the opinion that once Indian wigwams were built over them while their owners spent idle hours fishing. One depression in the center, is deeper and larger than the other two, and this she believes was the wigwam of a chieftan.

Travelers made their slow way thru the valley by stage coach and horseback and hardly ever were they molested. The Indians had almost accepted the whites as their friends. They mingled together and suspicion between the two races was apparently allayed, but out of the clear sky came tragedy—death came stalking thru the peaceful valley of the Rogue slumbering beneath its autumn tinged leaves of October.

It was the Lupton affair, condemned by army officers but said to have been upheld by many of the early pioneers. It was on the seventh of October, 1855, of thereabouts—early historians not sure of the date—that a man, Major James A. Lupton, thought he had a grievance against the Indians and he found but little trouble in organizing a band of 40 men or so in Jacksonville and proceeding against a peaceful Indian camp near the mouth of Butte Creek on the Rogue river.

It has often been said that Lupton's military title had never been earned and that perhaps he thought the attack on the Indian camp would bring him into popularity with the populace. The party of armed men proceeded to the scene and arriving there fairly early in the evening did not choose to attack then, but remained in hiding until dawn when they fired volleys into the camp, followed by a baud to hand to hand struggle. In telling of the Lupton Massacre, Judge William Colvig, familiar with early southern Oregon history, said men, women and children were killed. Twenty-three fell victim to white man fury, which resulted in nothing else than a general Indian uprising.

Lupton failed to learn the result of his mis-deed, an Indian arrow fatally wounded him. It had penetrated his lungs.

The attack was like match to tinder and within two days the Indians had begun their work of vengeance, killing, burning and destroying whatever they could whereever they could. The uprising has furnished much material for tales of varied nature and in many cases facts have been garbled thru the course of generations that have followed.

Several bands of the Indians met at Table Rock on the ninth and began a westward journey down the river, taking their families and property, with killing of the whites their only object. Perhaps around 50 Indian warriors took part in the killings, including several Indian chiefs, possibly Limpy of the Applegate section and George of the lower Rogue river.

A. G. Walling, who spent several months in southern Oregon in 1884 compiling a history, declares it was William Goin who was the first to lose his life and that was on the Table Rock reservation of 100,000 acres extending down toward Evans Creek. He was shot at two o'clock in the morning while sitting in front of a fireplace talking with a friend.

Enthused further by the first murder, the savages hurried on and killed here and there. They attacked the Jewett ranch, but meeting with some resistence went on down the river and at Evans Ferry, where they killed Isaac Shelton, a Willamette valley resident en route to Yreka, Jones, a rancher, was their next victim, whose body was devoured by hogs and his house destroyed by fire. Mrs. Jones was pursued by an Indian, who clubbed her and left her for dead, but she lived another day before joining her husband in the list of martyrs of southern Oregon.

Others were killed in the path of the Indians' vengeance. Little children met death and sick old men, with nothing to defend themselves, alike perished. It was during this time that the Indians attacked the Harris home in the Grave Creek section—a tale that has been told and retold; how the mother and daughter defended the house from attacking Indians while the husband and father lay mortally wounded.

She held them at bay all day and finally slipped out under the cover of darkness.

Soldiers, stationed at Fort Lane, took part in the campaign, leaving their quarters at Tolo, where a large marker, commemorating the fort site was recently unveiled by the Crater Lake Chapter of the D. A. R. Formation of volunteer army units was immediately begun and by the first of November, 1855, there were approximately 750 men under arms; with most of the soldiers mere youths, only a few being older than 21 years. They rode nondescript animals, recruited from pack trains, farms and towns, including in some cases a few mules.

It was during this time that Fort Birdseye became the haven for the settlers of the surrounding community and also became the headquarters for soldiers. General Joseph Lane, leading the Indian campaign and who had also married into the Birdseye family, made frequent visits at the fort and looked upon it nearly as a home.

The entire force at Fort Lane, consisting of 85 men and four officers, under the command of captain A. J. Smith of the First Dragoons, left October 27 for Grave Creek, where they were joined by the men under the command of Colonel John Ross, whose sons, John, George and Thomas, now reside in Central Point. Colonel Ross had approximately 200 men, all recruits, farmers, miners, business men and youths.

In the Grave Creek region, it is related, a battle ensued, but it was unsuccessful for the volunteers, nine of whom were killed by bullets of the savages. The Indians maintained their position with small casualties and the whites retreated, bad weather also playing a part in the misfortunes. The fortunates of war were much like a pendulum swinging relentlessly to and fro, with the Indians steadily growing weaker and weaker. The main body fled from the Rogue River valley and around March, though Indians were still in conflict further down the river and in the Curry county country, Fort Birdseye was no longer deemed necessary as a protection, and the stockades were taken down.

However, the family remained to live in the fort buildings while the present house was under construction, going up, that through the help of the settlers, who joined together to effect early completion. The Indian camp fires were gone; the danger signals of ribbons of smoke ascending peacefully to the sky while a dusky warrior manipulated their ascension, were no more, and war whoops of their last attempt to stamp out the whites was forever stilled.

David Nelson Birdseye lived happily on the place, reared a good family from whom death called him in the 90's, leaving Mrs. Birdseye to guide their early years. Wesley was the youngest of the sons and he lived on the home place after others had gone—and took onto himself a wife who resides there still, the mother of three fine sons. Victor Calvin and David Nelson, who lost their father by death only a few years ago. Mrs. Effie Birdseye is proud of the home place and tomorrow it shall be marked for posterity as a spot where pioneers concentrated some of their efforts to make what is southern Oregon today.

ROGUE RIVER WOMAN'S RECOVERY IS DELAYED

ROGUE RIVER, Ore., Nov. 2.—(Special)—Mrs. Eliza Goodale, who recently underwent a major operation, is not doing well, according to last reports. Her many friends hope for her speedy recovery.

Nov 3, 1929

the Oregon historical society has made offers for the trough, but so far has not been able to procure it.

It is less than 200 yards from the present house to the site of the old fort, which served settlers from October, 1853 to March, 1856. A stockade, 10 by 10 feet, protected the buildings and the logs were all two feet thick and 14 feet high. Behind those logs settlers felt safe while Indians prowled about outside ready to scatter death and destruction. During the time, the Birdseye family was "forted up," a baby was born and she was destined to be the wife of Judge William Colvig and the mother and grandmother of a line of descendants well known and respected citizens of southern Oregon.

Mrs. Effie Birdseye is familiar with the history of the place and told of events in which the elder Birdseyes took part—how one evening before Indians began a rampage, the Rogue river was covered with Indian canoes and how they disappeared before the light of the next day. Grandma Birdseye never feared the Indians and she often declared the white men brought on the troubles by breaking faith of the red men, who wanted only a just and square deal.

Once when they had just arrived on the place, several years before the fort was built, Indians came near her one-room cabin, located in a different part of the field than either the house or the fort were built, tore the waxed and oiled paper windows, looked through and a short time later lifted up the latch and came into the little room to seat themselves about the fireplace. They did not offer to molest her and did not offer to talk and then silently took their leave. That was the only time, she confessed, she was ever seriously frightened.

When the fort was about to be constructed, Grandma Birdseye always had two Indian women to assist her with work of the house and one evening both of them continued to stay with her though dusk had fallen, and dusk had always found them before in the shelter of their own wigwams [illegible] On this evening, [illegible] to leave [illegible] [illegible] an Indian back

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE 3 NOVEMBER 1929

BIRDSEYE LOG HOME, HISTORIC SPOT OF SOUTHERN OREGON, FILLED WITH RELICS OF EARLY DAYS, SITE OF D.A.R. MARKER BY Ernest Rostel

Just as it was built in 1856 upon the close of the Rogue River Indian wars, the David Nelson Birdseye home of logs stands today two miles south of Rogue River on the Pacific highway reminder of southern Oregon's early history. In keeping with the part it played in the early days of Jackson county, a fitting marker is to be unveiled there tomorrow afternoon by the Crater Lake Chapter of the D.A.R. A short program will be given when the unveiling takes place.

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Old Jacksonville Citizens Speedily Avenged When Indians Practiced Murder

"Recently received a letter from John B. Griffin, city marshal of Trinidad, Cal.," says Fred Lockley in the Portland Journal. "He was born at Jacksonville, Ore., in 1853 and was one of the family of 11 children of Burrel B. Griffin of Kentucky, who with his family — at that time consisting of a wife and eight children — crossed the the plains to Oregon in 1845. In 1853, not long after Burrel B. Griffin had moved from the fertile of the Santiam in Linn county to a donation land claim four miles southeast of Jacksonville, he was elected county commissioner of Jackson county.

"The other two commissioners were Martin Angell and John Gibbs. The total vote of Jackson county at that time was 1191. This large vote was accounted for by the fact that Jacksonville was almost at the height of its fame as the metropolis of southwestern Oregon. Millions of dollars were being taken from the gulches in and about Jacksonville and that city as a consequence was booming. At this same election of 1853, C. S. Drew was elected county auditor, William Galley sheriff and Dr. E. H. Cleveland county treasurer.

"Less than two months after the elections or to be exact on August 4, 1853 — Richard Edwards, who lived five miles from Jacksonville, was killed by Indians. The next day a public meeting was held at the Robison hotel in Jacksonville and a company of volunteers was formed to punish the Indians. On the day following the killing of Edwards, Burrel B. Griffin and a man named Davis were both attacked by the Indians, Mr. Griffin being shot through the shoulder with an arrow and Mr. Davis in the thigh.

"That same night Thomas J. Wells, a Jacksonville merchant, was shot and killed. The following day Rhodes Nolan was killed as he entered his cabin on Jackson creek. The citizens in scouting around the outskirts of Jacksonville, found an Indian chief and he was at once hung from the limb of an oak tree. During the day three other Indians were captured and hung. The citizens were very much excited and didn't take time to find out if the Indians captured were guilty. They were guilty of being Indians and that was enough.

"Within a few days six companies of volunteers were raised, commanded by J. K. Lamerick, John F. Miller, R. L. Williams, E. A. Owens and W. W. Fowler. S. S. Ettinger, I. B. Nichols and James Cluggage started for Salem and reached the home of General Joseph Lane at 1 o'clock in the morning of August 17, and told him that the Indians were on the warpath. General Lane had just been elected to congress and was preparing to leave for Washington, but instead he started for the Rogue River valley, gathering volunteers as he went southward. Meanwhile, Lieutenant B. B. Griffin of company A and Captain J. F. Miller, with 25 men, had some time prior to this time attacked Chief Elijah, who with his people was camped on Sterling creek.

"The next day they met the Indians under Chief John and in the ensuing skirmish Francis Garnett was killed and Lieutenant B. B. Griffin was shot through the leg. Two of Lieutenant Griffin's sons, William and Joseph, had volunteered for service against the Indians and took part in a number of skirmishes, serving until the hostilities were over.

"A brother of John W. Griffin, Burrel W. Griffin, who was born in Missouri in 1840 and who was eight years old when he came across the plains with his parents to the Willamette valley, will be remembered by all old-time residents of Pendleton and other pioneer residents of the Inland Empire. Burrel W. Griffin received most of his education from Orange Jacobs, at one time teacher and lawyer of Jacksonville, but later chief justice of Washington territory.

"In 1862, when he was 22 years old, Burrel W. Griffin decided to try his luck as a prospector, so he went up to eastern Oregon and was a member of the party that discovered rich pay dirt on Granite creek in the John Day river district."

MMT 12-16-1930 P 8

Battle of Table Rock Told by Mrs. Sargent

The Battle of Table Rock, which was not fought on the top of the rock, according to Mrs. Alice Applegate Sargent, is reviewed in this chapter of her history of southern Oregon and the Indian war. Establishment of the first pack train through the valley by Pool and Cluggage, who in 1851 discovered gold at Jacksonville is also told, followed by a thrilling story of the gold rush of 1000 men, the selecting of Jacksonville, Ashland and surrounding communities.

This attack was made on the 23d of June. The Indians, who fought behind stone fortifications, were under the command of Chief John, the great war chief of the Rogue Rivers. The attack was renewed on the 24th. This fight was a desperate one and the Indians suffered severely. Major Kearney offered to treat with them but they scorned his offer. He prepared to attack early on the morning of the 25th, but the Indians fled from their stronghold during the night. Although they were pursued they escaped to the timbered hills and only thirty women with their children were captured. These were held as hostages. Indian war veterans have told a thrilling tale of an Indian woman, who during this fight stood high on a ledge of rock and gave commands to the Indian warriors in clarion tones which could be heard above the din of battle. This woman was known to the whites as Princess Mary. She was the wife of "Tyee Jim," a brother of Chief John. Unfortunately the Indian names of the savages prominent in the war in this valley have been lost to history.

Right here let me stress the fact that no battle was ever fought on the top of Table Rock. The Indians were too cautious and understood strategy too well to be caught on the top of the rock from which escape would have been impossible.

In 1851 two men, Cluggage and Pool by name, equipped a pack train at the mining town of Yreka, California, and carried supplies between Yreka and towns in the Willamette valley. They followed the narrow trail across the Siskiyou mountains and along the bank of Bear creek. It was their custom, when they reached this valley, to stop to rest and recuperate their animals. The wild grass grew so high in the valley that the man who herded the mules, had to stand on the back of his horse in order to locate the rest of the herd.

Cluggage had worked at mining and one day while they were in camp in the valley, went up into the hills where Jacksonville now is.

Following up a gulch or ravine, he came to a place where the heavy rains had washed the soil entirely away, leaving a ledge of rock exposed. Taking his bowie knife from his belt he dug around in the rocks and sand and found nuggets of gold. He returned to camp and reported his discoverd to Pool; together they went back to the spot and staked out their mining claims.

Returning to Yreka they bought a camp outfit and mining tools and returned to work their claims. They had kept quiet in regard to their discovery, but in two months from the time Cluggage found the nuggets of gold a thousand men were on the spot. Claims were staked out and every man went to work to dig out the gold. No time was spent in building cabins. A man would throw his saddle blanket over a manzanita bush and put his bed under it; some built shelters of bark and brush, while others put up tents. Fortunes were taken out that winter and many who had families in the east and elsewhere went back in the spring and summer and brought them to the Rogue River valley. This was the beginning of the settlement. Some took up land in the valley while others settled in Jacksonville and Ashland. The county of Jackson was organized by an act of the legislature on the 12th of January 1852. Until 1853 there were but four white women in Jacksonville, namely Mrs. McCully, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Lawless and Mrs. Gore.

The winter of 1852 was an exceptionally hard one. Snow fell until all trails were completely blocked; flour rose to one dollar a pound, and salt was priceless. Some adventurous men went to California on snowshoes to buy salt. Provisions gave out and towards spring the people had to live on wild game, meat cooked without salt. The summer of 1852 was very dry, about such a summer as the one just past, and the wheat and potato crops were not a great success, but the following season was more favorable.

Ashland was founded in 1852 by Abel D. Helman and Robert Hargadine. A saw mill was built on Mill creek, and in 1854 a big flouring mill was built there, the first in the Rogue River valley. Ashland was named from Ashland, Ohio, Mr. Helman's native town, and called Ashland Mills. The town was known as Ashland Mills for many years.

The first school in the Rogue River valley was taught by Mrs. McCully, who taught a subscription school in Jacksonville.

The first white child born in the Rogue River valley was Walter Gore, who was born in December, 1852.

MMT Jan 3, 1932 p 3

War With Indians in '53 Followed Slaughter of Miners on Rogue River

The campaign of 1853 and the treaty with the Indians are the subject of this week's chapter of Mrs. Alice Applegate Sargent's story of southern Oregon and the Indian wars, many stirring events are reviewed, which illustrate the hardships encountered by the early settlers in Jackson county.

In 1853 several miners who were prospecting on Rogue river were murdered by the Indians. A call was made for volunteers and quite a body of troops was rushed to the scene, but the Indians fled along the high mountain tops towards Evans creek, firing the forest behind them as they ran. The soldiers followed in the face of all obstacles and overtook the Indians in the mountains above Evans creek. Here a desperate fight took place; the savages finally begged for a truce and after a conference agreed to meet the soldiers at the base of Table Rock to make a treaty of peace. This conference between the whites and Indians came near ending in tragedy for a young Indian, naked and covered with perspiration, burst into the circle and fell upon the ground gasping for breath. He told a weird story of how he and a companion had been captured by two white men who had killed his companian. He had in some way made his escape. Immediately all was in confusion, the Indians muttering angry threats of vengeance. General Joseph Lane, courageous, cool and diplomatic, soon quieted the angry Indians, promising them these men should be punished and the Indians protected. During all of this uproar the soldiers with their officers in command stood quietly at their posts. Captain Smith and his troop of the 1st U. S. Dragoons sat quietly on their horses where they were drawn up in line at the foot of the slope but all were in readiness for any emergency which might arise.

Here on the 3rd day of September, 1853, the treaty was made at the western base of Table Rock on the spot where the two days' desperate fighting had taken place in 1851. A fitting setting for both battle and Table Rock Sentinel" printed in 1855. The editor was G. W. T. Vault. (A complete file of this newspaper is to be found in the rooms of the Historical Society in Portland).

Jackson county in 1855 was the richest and most popular county in Oregon. But in that year Indians again began war. The 9th of October, has been called the most eventful day in the history of southern Oregon, for on that day nearly twenty people were murdered by the Indians and their homes burned. The settlers were totally unprepared and taken by surprise. A Mrs. Haines was taken prisoner and her fate is still wrapped in mystery, although the Indians claimed she died a week later; her husband and two children were killed. Mr. and Mrs. Jones were killed. The next family in their path was the Wagners. A woman had made her way to the Wagner home, who wished to go to Jacksonville. She spent the night at the Wagner home and next morning Mr. Wagner agreed to take her to Jacksonville as he had a span of horses and a wagon. On his return two or three days later nothing was found of his home but a heap of ashes. Long afterwards, when the war was over and the Indians had become friendly towards the whites, some member of this war partly told of Mrs. Wagner's fate. When they surrounded the home she barricaded as best she could. The Indians wanted to get possession of her and tried to induce her to come out of the house, fearing to try to enter, as they knew she was armed. Finally they set fire to the house, hoping to drive her out and then capture her. While the house was burning she stood where they could see her. Taking down her long hair, she combed it out before a mirror and then sat calmly in a chair until the flames closed around her. Her little girl had been captured and died soon after, so the Indians claimed.

At the Harris home were Mr. and Mrs. Harris, their two children, a boy age ten, and a girl twelve, and a man who was employed about the place. This man was in a field and was

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Here on the 3rd day of September, 1853, the treaty was made at the western base of Table Rock on the spot where the two days' desperate fighting had taken place in 1851. A fitting setting for both battle and treaty with the gray stone walls of Table Rock towering above and the Rogue river flowing at the foot of the slope.

Officers prominent in the campaign of 1853 were General Joseph Lane, Major Alvord, Captain Alden, commanding one company of the 4th U. S. Infantry from Fort Jones, California; Captain Smith commanding one troop of the 1st Dragoons, U. S. Army; Colonel Ross, Major Mosher, Captain Miller, Captain Goodall, Captain Rhodes, Captain Martin, and Captain Lindsay Applegate, in command of one company of mounted volunteers from Douglas county.

Stockades were built at different places in the valley for the protection of the settlers. Fort Lane was built in 1853-54 on a hill facing Table Rock and occupied by regular troops for three years. The old site is on a hill west of some old buildings at Tolo and south of Gold Hill.

In 1853 many immigrants came into the valley. Many buildings were erected, but as all supplies had to be brought from Crescent City by pack animals, not a pane of glass could be had that year for window lights; cotton cloth stretched over the openings was used instead.

During the spring steps were taken to found a Methodist church in Jacksonville. The pastor was Rev. Joseph S. Smith. The church was built and used jointly by Methodists and Presbyterians for many years.

The town of Phoenix was founded in 1854, the land being donated by Samuel Culver, whose old dwelling still stands by the road side. The town was named originally Gasburg.

The first newspaper printed in southern Oregon was called "The

they could see her. Taking down her long hair, she combed it out before a mirror and then sat calmly in a chair until the flames closed around her. Her little girl had been captured and died soon after, so the Indians claimed.

At the Harris home were Mr. and Mrs. Harris, their two children, a boy age ten, and a girl twelve, and a man who was employed about the place. This man was in a field and was killed. Mr. Harris was shot while on the porch near the door. Mrs. Harris dragged him into the house, bolted the door and collecting a number of fire arms prepared for defense. The daughter was shot in the arm and disabled and Mr. Harris died in about an hour. Mrs. Harris continued to fire at the Indians through crevices between the logs. After a time an Indian messenger arrived with some message to the Indians who all immediately ran towards the river. As soon as they had disappeared Mrs. Harris and her daughter fled from the house, knowing the Indians would set fire to it on their return. They hid in a thicket of willows until they were rescued by a company of troops the following day and taken to Jacksonville. When Mrs. Harris ran to meet the soldiers, carrying her little girl in her arms, covered with blood and blackened by powder, Major Fitzgerald, the officer in command, cried out "Good God! Are you a white woman?" while tears ran down the cheeks of the bronzed and bearded men.

The little son of Mrs. Harris had disappeared. Every ravine and thicket for miles around was carefully searched by men aided by the soldiers but not a trace of the missing child was ever found. What pen could picture the grief of the sorrowing mother as the long years rolled by bringing no solution of the awful mystery. I have not the time to go farther into details. The war was brought to a close in 1856 and the Indians taken to the reservation in the Willamette country.

Canyon City. — C. C. C. Co. store being remodeled.

EARLY DAYS IN JACKSONVILLE HILLS EXCITING

Seven Killed, Seven Wounded in Surprise Ambush on Nearby Creek

Editor's Note—This article, a chapter lifted from "Reminiscences of An Old Timer," tells in true style one phase of Jacksonville's early life.

On our arrival at Humbug, we found the miners "up in arms" and organizing a company of volunteers to go to Jacksonville, in the Rogue River valley, Oregon, 75 miles north, a courier having brought in word that the Rogue River, Shasta and Klamath Indians had "broke out," and were killing, pillaging and burning everything before them; and it was believed that the Indians who had just escorted us had killed eight or 10 men at the mouth of Humbug a few days before.

I joined Captain Rhode's company of "Humbug boys" as also did John Scarbrough, one of my former partners; and we proceeded to Jacksonville, as did Captain Goodall's company of "Yreka boys" and seven or eight soldiers from Fort Jones, under Colonel Aldrich (if my memory don't fail me as regards the name). Reaching Jacksonville without adventure, we went into camp near Table Rock on Rogue river.

From here, 21 men, including Crosbie and myself, John Melvin (Greasy John), "Grizzly," and others, whose names I have forgotten, were sent out as scouts. We were each armed with a muzzle-loading rifle, a brace of Colt's navy revolvers and a knife—except Crosbie, who had a patent gun with two cylinders, which he could fire 16 times without reloading. We crossed the mountain to Evans creek, 20 miles distant, where we struck the trails of Indians.

We followed these trails up the creek some miles, until we were satisfied that the Indians had very recently passed up into the mountains.

We knew their fighting qualities, Old John's and Sam's bands of Rogue Rivers being said to be the bravest Indians and the most stubborn fighters in the northwest. That the reader may form some idea of their bravery, I will here relate that when one of these renowned chiefs was being taken to the military prison at Alcatraz, near San Francisco, on an ocean steamer, he actually captured the vessel, having no other weapon than a capstan bar; and held the deck for some time before he was overpowered, then as he lay on the deck in irons, he said, grating his teeth, that if he had had one of his warroirs to assist him, he would have kept the "hy-as kanim" (big canoe). Then many of the brave (?) white men on board wanted to hang him, but the captain told them that an Indian who could do what that one had was too brave a man to suffer such an ignominious death. This is told as a fact, and I have no doubt of its truthfulness.

But to my storys: we returned down the creek a few miles and being hungry made a stop, to let our horses graze awhile, and to partake of such provisions as we had with us.

Some of us picketed our horses and others "hobbled" theirs on the creek bottom, which was covered with luxuriant grass. We then fell stretched ourselves on the grass under a few pine trees that grew in the bend of the creek, to rest while our horses fed. The bottom here was three or four hundred yards wide and the creek running through it was fringed on each side with willows and other brush. From the willows to the foot of the hills, or mountain spurs, was level prairie. The foothills were studded with sugar and bull pine trees, and were clear of underbrush. The bend in the creek where we rested was in something the shape of a horseshoe, and our shade trees stood near the ceter of this bend.

While resting here, some lying down, others sitting up talking, our horses quietly grazing, none of us suspecting any danger, or that there was an Indian within miles of us, we were suddenly saulted with a volley, and the unearthly yells of hundreds of Indians from the bushes which almost surrounded us. Our horses stampeded, and scattered excepting one that was being held by one of the boys. This he immediately mounted, and struck out for our camp on Rogue river. The first glance showed us that we must retreat to the foothills; this we did as fast as we could, assisting our wounded along, leaving our dead as they lay.

Reaching the timber, we found that seven of our comrades had been killed and that seven more were so badly wounded that they could not stand up after we got them there.

The one on the horse we believed—and it was soon proved—had escaped and gone after the rest of the company. Our wounded had retained their arms and ammunition.

The Indians first proceeded to mutilate our dead after their most inhuman fashion, cutting, stabbing and gashing, all the while yelling in the most fiendish manner that the mind of man could conceive. Then, after securing our animals, they swung around on to the mountain above us, so as to work down on us from tree to tree. A few well-directed shots had convinced them that it would not be a healthy undertaking to follow us across the bottom. These movements on their part gave us sufficient time to select our fighting ground. This we made on the first high ground out of gunshot of the bushes along the creek. As good fortune would have it, a log lay across the narrow ridge. Behind this log we laid our wounded, among whom was Greasy John, severely wounded in the hip, of our log and trees, but here they met such a withering fire from our Colt's revolvers, that those who were able were only too anxious to retreat to a more respectful distance, and for awhile contented themselves with firing on us from trees behind which they had taken cover. On this first charge there were but five of us on our feet—Crosbie lying by the wounded as dead. Greasy John and one or two others would from time to time raise on their elbows or to a sitting position, and over their log fire a few well-aimed shots, then sink back faint and exhausted, soon revive, reload, struggle to a position and blaze away until their strength failed. This they repeated during the entire fight. The wounded would load our revolvers and pitch them to us as fast as we emptied them, when we were being pressed by these charges.

(To be continued)

ITEMIZING THE ELECTRIC LIGHT BILL FOR MONTH

If a customer of an electric light company were to demand an itemized bill in place of the one he usually receives each month, specifying the number of kilowatt hours and the total cost of same to him, the items would look something like this:

To paying local, state and federal taxes and insurance.

To maintaining forces of men 24 hours a day to operate power plants.

To maintaining standby plants for emergency service.

To allowing for wear, repair and replacement of costly plant, transmission and distribution equipment.

To maintaining offices and trouble departments for the convenience of customers.

To paying dividens on money put in by stockholders from their savings.

PERSONAL NEWS NOTES
Both from Jacksonville and Over the Hill

● Mrs. Olive Gaylord and daughter Elsie were visiting friends here Saturday.

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● C. A. Zigler and business associates of Portland are in Jacksonville for a few days.

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● Mr. and Mrs. Charles Whitney and son Garland are spending a short time in Seattle.

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● Mr. and Mrs. Don Colvig and children of Weed were among the many to attend the jubilee here Saturday.

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● Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Jerome of Medford were business callers at the Sunamit service station Tuesday evening.

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● Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Garner left Tuesday morning for a short camping trip in the hills of the Wolf creek country.

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● V. J. Emerick of Medford was visiting Applegate friends Saturday. He is leaving soon for a week's trip to Santa Ana.

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● Charles DeArmond of Beagle, accompanied by Miss Jeanette Gore of Medford, was visiting Applegate friends Tuesday.

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● Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jordan and son and Walter Miller of Applegate motored to Murphy Saturday evening to attend grange there.

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● Ethel and Irene Bagley and Amy Dow were three of Medford's pedestrians Wednesday. Irene is here from Weed, Calif., visiting.

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● At a meeting of Applegate grange held recently Frank Knutzen was elected master to succeed A. S. Edwards, who resigned.

* * *

● Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sleep of Fort Jones, Calif., were guests of Mrs. Sleep's mother, Mrs. Anna Coffman, Saturday and Sunday.

* * *

● Mr. and Mrs. William Fields of Ashland are visiting the latter's father, George Meek, in the Murphy section, who is suffering from a long illness.

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● Mrs. Leslie Rogers and sons Don and James of Klamath Falls were calling on relatives and friends in Applegate and Jacksonville this week.

* * *

● Ray Toft has been busy this week repairing his residence on North Fifth street. He has been replacing an old porch with a new cement structure.

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● Mr. and Mrs. Will Copple of Murphy visited Mr. and Mrs. Fred Copple on Big Applegate Sunday, as did Mr. and Mrs. Dave Jones of Little Applegate.

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● Marie Woodson, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Chris Keegan of Jacksonville, returned to her home in Ashland Tuesday of this week after several days stay here.

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● Miss Florence Griebe of Portland, college friend of Miss Naomi Hohman, nature study counsellor at Camp Willpea Pines, is visiting "Katydid" at camp this week.

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● Earl Stanley and four children and Clyde Bertram expected to leave Monday for their home at Pacific Grove, Calif., having spent five weeks on lower Applegate.

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● Mrs. Mamie Venable of Neil Creek near Ashland spent the week-end with her daughter, Mrs. Ralph Smith, at Ruch. The two ladies attended Jacksonville's jubilee Saturday.

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● Mr. and Mrs. Leonard McKee are employed in picking fruit in the Prospect vicinity. Mr. Scislowski, camper on the Applegate, is caring for their ranch during their absence.

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● Jacksonville hill claims the honor of winning at least one event among the contests held at the Gold Rush Jubilee at Jacksonville. Lloyd Wright "brought home the bacon" by catching the greased pig—and keeping it.

* * *

● Donaldson Selby, at one time a resident of Jacksonville and Sterling, died at Yosemite park a few days ago, according to word received here. He had visited with old-time friends in Medford and this city early in the month.

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● Although still very ill, Mrs. Fred Straube is recovering from a serious operation performed at the Sacred Heart hospital last Friday afternoon. Dr. James C. Hayes is the attending physician.

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● Miss Alice Gunn and daughter Nan and James Nickelson left Saturday for their home at Des Moines after spending two weeks visiting Jess Townsend on Big Applegate. They expected to go via Portland.

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● Frank Copple has returned to his home at Gazella after spending a short time visiting Applegate relatives. Miss Wilma Copple of Murphy returned to Gazella with her uncle to remain for a short visit.

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● Recent guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Peckham on Applegate are Bert Griggs, nephew of Mrs. Peckham, from Long Beach, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Scoffield and Phillip Mulldrick, who are camping on Little Applegate.

* * *

● Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Wertz of Anderson, Calif., accompanied by their granddaughter, Miss Martha Porter of the same place, are visiting their son, Vester Wertz, on Applegate. The Californians also have been visiting Lester Wertz at Climax.

* * *

● J. J. Skinner and Mr. Runyard of the Medford Copco office were transacting business on Applegate Monday. Circus day caused an interference with their business on the Applegate, due to the fact that the two men visited the community on that day and found part of the Applegate folk absent.

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● It is expected that hop picking will begin at the Clute yards on lower Applegate about September 1. Around 80 pickers will be employed this year, and only two of the dryers will be used owing to the light crop. Mildew which affected the hops last spring was given as the cause for the decrease in the harvest.

* * *

● While on a trip to Oregon, during which they are visiting numerous relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Anderson of Los Angeles visited Mr. Anderson's cousin, Mrs. A. S. Kleinhammer Friday. Mr. Anderson, who is a retired farmer of Merril, Klamath county, liked Applegate, commenting particularly upon the alfalfa and water. The couple also visited Tillamook.

* * *

● One example of folks who have faith in conditions of the future is seen in the lower Applegate country where three log cabins are going up to shelter families who are "holding up for the winter or until times are good." Some of the people are recently from Michigan, the rest having been here for some time. The strangers obtained a small piece of land and are erecting their homes on it.

* * *

● Mrs. Agnes Hines and daughter Margaret were expected to be on the Applegate this week on their return to Forest Grove from the national convention of the League of Western Writers at San Francisco, to which Mrs. Hines was a state delegate. During the trip south Judge L. D. Mahone of Portland, president of the League of Western Writers, and Mr. Grewel, Portland mining engineer and film operator for Mrs. Hines, expected to visit their gold mines in Mexico.

EARLY DAYS IN JACKSONVILLE HILLS EXCITING

Seven Killed, Seven Wounded in Surprise Ambush on Nearby Creek

Editor's Note—This article, a chapter lifted from "Reminiscences of An Old Timer," tells in true style one phase of Jacksonville's early life.

(Continued from last week)

About this time Crosbie raised to his feet, having got over his "scare" (as he afterwards acknowledged for he had lain unhurt all the time). There he stood, his face flushed, his eyes flashing with daring and his repeating rifle firmly grasped, and as his glance took in the position of the five who were stationed around the wounded, under such cover as was most convenient, and our poor and wounded comrades, who in different positions were either engaged in reloading pistols, or helping one another dress their wounds, using pieces of torn skirts or drawers for bandages; then at the few "good Indians" that had fallen so near our log that their friends dare not attempt to remove them, all this time standing in open view amid the firing, and while friendly voices were calling to him to "take cover," his voice rang out clear as a bell and above all other sounds, as he started up the comical song, Jordan is a hard road to travel." In all my life, I have never heard but few voices that could equal his for power and sweetness, and as he leisurely walked to a tree he sang:

"I looked to the east, and I looked to the west,
And I saw a chariot coming
With four bay horses running their best,
To tote you to the other side of Jordan."

Then his gun sprang to his shoulder, there was a flash, a report, and an Indian's heel flew up.

Again his joyous voice rang out clear and sweet:

"Haul off your jacket,
Roll up your sleeves,
For Jordan is a hard road to travel I believe."

to the accompaniment of cracking rifles and pistols, our defiant shouts, and the hellish yells of the infuriated Indians; then flash, bang!—another Indian called for. Then, as

"Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden,
Viewing the beauties of nater"—

Bang!—

"The devil stuck his head
Through a gooseberry bush,
And hit 'im a whack with a tater."

And again the trusty rifle would speak its warning, notifying the Indians that we had been reinforced by a giant.

To try to describe this man, as he jumped from tree to tree, firing, singing, and by turns calling to us to fire "slow and sure," that our friend would soon come back with the rest of the company, would be a difficult undertaking. "Save your bullets, boys," he would say, 'till you have a dead thing, then sling 'em in."

As the Indians would at intervals attempt, in various ways, to get to us under cover, Crosbie's voice would again ring out: "Haul off your jacket," etc. This song he continued to sing, from time to time, for hours, to the strange accompaniments described. The "chords were jarring," but they beat none at all.

Some time after he had come up to the fighting point, and while resting a moment, one of the fingers of his left hand was shot clean off at the second joint. Coming to the tree that I stood behind, he pulled the handkerchief from his neck and one from his pocket, and said, as he looked at the blood spurting from the artery, "Buckeye, tie that up," and again commenced his song, "Jordan is a hard road to travel."

Suffice it to say, that for some four or five long, weary hours (long they certainly were to us six surrounded men), we struggled to save ourselves and wounded comrades from these inhuman fiends. It would require a more able pen than an old-timer's to portray the scene. At every respite we would gaze at our wounded, then across the flat at the dead, and wonder how much longer we could hold out; then, at the warning of Crosbie or some other watchful comrade, we would turn to repulse another attack. Greasy John would load a revolver, then grit his teeth and say: "I wouldn't care a d—n if they hadn't shot me" (where it will make riding uncomfortable).

At last we heard a cheering far above the Indians on the mountain, which assured us that the long looked for help was at hand. The ground was not to the liking of the Indians for a general fight. So they at once decamped being warned by the shouts of our advancing friends or by their own lookouts. In a few moments there came dashing among us some dozen or so old miners who had rode their horses till they fell dead or gave out in climbing the mountain, then outstripping the rest on foot, rushed over and down the mountain, the sweat streaming from every pore. In all my life I never saw a more completely given out lot of men than these, the first to reach us, were on their arrival. They cried, hugged and patted us on the back by turns. But few words were said until the rest of the command arrived. Then after examining the ground fought over, looking at our dead and caring as best we could for the wounded, came questions from all quarters regarding the fight. All wished to know how the boy Buckeye stood fire. I was accorded the praise of having saved the party in the first and most desperate charge. The others saying that I stod uncovered, shooting right and left, apparently as cool as though I was shooting at pigeons. But all agreed that it was Crosbie's cool fighting, cheering words and above all, his joyous song during all the other desperate charges, that saved the devoted few from despair and final destruction.

I mention these facts to show how a scare will act on different persons.

And so ends just one thrilling true story of life in the early days of Jacksonville.

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JOURNAL OF ROGUE RIVER WAR, 1855

By HARVEY ROBBINS

THE ROGUE River War of 1855 was the most sanguinary in the history of Oregon. During the summer there were numerous acts of mutual hostility. Attacks and counter attacks, reprisals and counter reprisals followed each other until the murderous outbreak of October 9. Small bands of Indians, acting simultaneously in different parts of the settlements, killed 16 persons. The alarm in the Rogue River and Umpqua vallies spread to the Willamette Valley and throughout the territory. The only military protection in the vicinity consisted of the troops at Fort Lane, numbering 90 dragoons. Formation of volunteer companies began immediately, and on October 15, Governor Curry issued a proclamation calling for five companies of mounted volunteers to constitute a northern battalion and four companies to form a southern battalion. The northern battalion was composed of two companies from Lane County and one each from Linn, Douglas and Umpqua counties. It proceeded to Roseburg and on October 30, elected William J. Martin as major. The temper of the campaign is shown by Major Martin's instructions that "in chastising the enemy you will use your own discretion provided you take no prisoners."

The journal here presented was kept by Harvey Robbins, a volunteer from Linn County, who had come to Oregon from Indiana in 1852 and settled on a donation land claim near Harrisburg. He served also in the Yakima War in 1856.

JOURNAL

OCTOBER 23, 1855, TUESDAY. Lynn County, O. T. The Indians of Rogue River Valley having broke the treaty of 1853, and commenced hostilities against the whites by breaking out about the 10th of this month and killing a great many citizens and miners of that valley, and destroying a great deal of property by fire, and stealing such stock and property as they could take with them, killed a large amount of stock and burned the houses and grain, spreading death and desolation over the land, the citizens of that valley have become much alarmed and sent petitions to the Willamett praying for assistance, the Governor

immediately issued a proclamation calling for 3 companies of mounted volunteers from Lynn and Lane counties to go and chastise the savage murderers, which call was readily responded to, the southern counties furnishing their quota also, the northern counties having already turned out their brave and noble hearted boys to quell the savage and indiscriminating murderers of the North, who have been for years past perpetrating their bloody deeds on the emigrants while passing through their country and there has been many bloody deeds committed by them on explorers, traders, and missionaries. Nothing but a severe drubbing will ever quell them. Today by order of our enrolling officer, Colonel Helms, we met at Harrisburg, elected our officers. For Captain we elected Jonathan Keeney, first lieutenant Stanard,[1] second lieutenant, Joseph Yates. We then marched out of town a mile and encamped for the night.

OCTOBER 24, WEDNESDAY. This morning we were on the line of march by 8 o'clock. We arrived at Eugene City at 1 o'clock P. M. and were mustered into service and our animals and equipage appraised. We then camped near the town on the Willamet River.

OCTOBER 25, THURSDAY. This morning our officers are busily engaged in making necessary arrangements for our trip. At 1 o'clock we paraded with Captain Buoy's[2] company of Lane county, and Mr. Michel of Lane co. and Mr. I. N. Smith of Lynn Co. delivered us a very patriotic speech, each. We then traveled 10 miles and camped for the night on the coast for of the Willamet River. A middling poor show for cookin owing to the scarcity of cooking utensils, which we will get Roseburg.

OCTOBER 26, FRIDAY. Today we traveled 25 miles and campe near the foot of the Calapooya mountains for the night.

OCTOBER 27, SATURDAY. Today we crossed over the Calapoo mountains, encamped for the night in the Umpqua valley aft 12 miles march over very bad roads.

[1]A. W. Stanard.

[2]Laban Buoy, captain of company B, second regiment of Ore mounted volunteers.

OCTOBER 28, SUNDAY. Traveled 12 miles and camped for the night on the Chamas Swaile [Camas swale].

OCTOBER 29, MONDAY. Last night at about 12 o'clock a messenger appeared at our camp with an order from Roseburg, which is headquarters, calling for a detachment of 30 men to go and quell some Indians on Cole's prairie, who had been making hostile threats towards the citizens of that place. The 30 men were detached immediately under Lieutenant Stanard, the remainder of the company marched to Roseburg, 18 miles, against 6 o'clock A. M. We camped near the town to remain until our detail of last night comes up. The citizens of this place seem to treat the volunteers with but very little respect. One man has even forbade our cutting wood on his claim. We just went to his wood that was already chopped and helped ourselves. At 3 o'clock in the evening our detachment arrived with 10 Indian prisoners, which were taken without the firing of a gun. They were delivered up to the authority of the place. About night there was a guard called for from our company to protect the Indians from the violence of the citizens, some threatening their lives, others threatening to release them. Captain told them that if they would bring them back to his camp he would guard them.

OCTOBER 30, TUESDAY. Rained all night. We have no tents yet. The citizens will not even let us sleep in their barns. A person may very easily imagine what kind of respect the volunteers begin to have for Umpquaians. Today have to elect a superior officer to command the whole battalion. We hope that we may make a wise choice, knowing that the glory of the war depends entirely on the superior officers. It seems that Captain William Martin is the choice of all. He was unanimously elected, having no opposer at all. He runs a very strong race. We left Roseburg at 4 o'clock, traveled 5 miles and camped for the night.

OCTOBER 1, THURSDAY. Last night an express arrived here who brought the news that Captain Bailey's[3] company and the Umpqua volunteers together with the southern battalion, and Capt.

[3]Joseph Bailey, captain of company A, first battalion.

Smith[4] with his regulars had attacked the Indians. By daylight we were on the march through the canyon. We traveled 20 miles and arrived at the Six-bit house,[5] which is a house in the Grave Creek hills. It is now called Fort Bailey. When we arrived here we were informed that they were fighting the Indians about 15 miles from this place. They are in the mountains between Grave Creek and Cow Creek. Captain Keeney wanted to push a head to their assistance, but Major Martin would not permit him to go. At 4 o'clock P. M. some of the volunteers arrived from the field bringing the news that the whites were all retreating with 40 killed and wounded. They had fought two days without any provision, consequently they were obliged to leave the field to the Indians. It is not known how many Indians killed, neither is it known how many were engaged in the fight. There seems to be a diversity of opinion as to the number of Indians, some say from 200 to 300, others as high as 500. I guess them that was not there has about as good an idea of the number of Indians engaged as those that were there. They had taken a position on the top of a high mountain, which was covered with timber and a thick growth of chaparral and manzanita brush. The thickness of the brush would not admit of a charge and whenever attempted by the whites they were repulsed with a heavy loss. They kept themselves close concealed until an opportunity presented itself for them to make a sure shot, then the keen crack of the rifle would warn the white man that Mr. Indian was close at hand. And so was fought the battle of Hungry Hill,[6] as it has since been

[4]Andrew Jackson Smith, (1815-97) commander of Fort Lane, Jackson County; graduated at West Point in 1838, served with distinction in the Mexican and Civil wars; in May, 1869, resigned from the army and was appointed postmaster at Saint Louis.

[5]According to William Hanley the name was derived from the price of accommodation. A less pleasing origin is given by George W. Riddle, who says that an Indian boy was wantonly hung by some lawless whites, but just before the execution the tavern keeper demanded six bits from the victim in payment of a debt; *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, XXXIII, 126, note; Riddle, *Early Days in Oregon*, 57.

[6]For account of battle, with names of killed and wounded, see Walling, *History of Lane County*, 251-53 and Victor, *Early Indian Wars*, 353-54.

named. 40 of us went to assist in the wounded to this place, it being one of the nearest rendezvous to the battle field. They were carried in on litters by hand.

NOVEMBER 2, FRIDAY. This morning we are under orders to return back as far as Cow Creek, and guard the few citizens of that valley that have not been murdered by those treacherous villains. There are but 3 houses left standing in this valley, the rest have all been burnt by the Indians, the stock all killed and stolen and farms laid waste. 11 o'clock P. M. arrived at Smiths[7] on Cow Creek. 40 remain here and the rest proceed to the canyon.

NOVEMBER 3, SATURDAY. 20 of us escorted a pack train to the canyon. As soon as they return with ammunition we expect to give the Indians another round.

NOVEMBER 4, SUNDAY. This morning 20 of us went out on a scout. We went to the summit of a high peak on the west side of the canyon. Returned in the evening without making any discovery.

NOVEMBER 5, MONDAY. Nothing to do but cook and eat and escort travelling parties from this place to Fort Bailey.

NOVEMBER 6, TUESDAY. A large pack train arrived through the canyon loaded with provision.

NOVEMBER 7, WEDNESDAY. Cold rain. The most of us without tents. 30 of our men that were detailed to guard Roseburgh arrived this evening all safe and sound.

NOVEMBER 8, THURSDAY. We drove our horses off into the mountain about 3 miles to grass. The grasshoppers destroyed nearly all the grass out here last summer, and the Indians burnt all the grain so our feed has to be brought from the Willamet.

NOVEMBER 9, FRIDAY. Cold and raining. Some of the boys begin to shiver and wish themselves back home.

NOVEMBER 10, SATURDAY. Snow fell last night to the depth of 3 inches in the valley and much deeper in the hills.

NOVEMBER 11, SUNDAY. Marched to Fort Bailey and camped.

NOVEMBER 12, MONDAY. Making preparations for building a fort. It is expected that this will be our winter quarters.

[7]William Henry Smith.

NOVEMBER 13, TUESDAY. All hands at work, each mess buil
ing their own house to winter in.

NOVEMBER 14, WEDNESDAY. This morning every man see
to be stirring and making all the noise possible.

NOVEMBER 15, THURSDAY. Clear and pleasant.

NOVEMBER 16, FRIDAY. Rained all night. Quite a numbe
us are without tents yet, but there is no chance for dodgi
Here we have to stand and take it or lay down to it as
choose.

NOVEMBER 17, SATURDAY. This morning the sky is clear a
the sun is just peeping over the mountain in all his beauty.
express has just arrived at our camp bringing the news of
Indians burning houses on Jump-off Jo, and a request fr
Major Bruce[8] of the Southern Battalion to Capt. Keeney for
company to meet him there to try to take the rascals in
o'clock P. M. We have two bears barbacued ready for
march, and the fighting too, if we get the chance. Capt. Kee
sent an express back to the Canyon for a pack train to fol
on after us with provisions.

NOVEMBER 18, SUNDAY. This morning by 8 o'clock we
on the march. We traveled 9 miles and met some men
informed us that Capt. Bob Williams had attacked the Ind
30 or 40 in number, and had completely cleaned them out,
ing killed 5 of them and put the rest to flight. 1 man woun
They think that the Indians have retreated down toward
mouth of Grave Creek. We went back 3 miles to Grave C
thence down this stream 4 miles and encamped for the nig
NOVEMBER 19, MONDAY. This morning Capt. Keeney h
determined to proceed down Grave Creek to Rogue Riv
foot, we sent all our horses back to Fort Leland. Captain
back 15 men to hurry up the muck-a-muck, our rations b
already nearly exhausted. We traveled 12 miles down G
Creek and camped. This is a rough and mountainous co
The creek winds its way through rocky canyons. [illegible]
some gold in these mountains. From the appearance

[8]James Bruce, captain of company D, second regiment of O
mounted volunteers.

labor that has been done along this stream I judge there has been several dimes taken out here.

NOVEMBER 20, TUESDAY. This morning all hands complain of being sore, after climbing mountains all day yesterday and lugging their knapsacks. Half rations for breakfast; a little dough wound on a stick and baked, and a small slice of beef constituted my meal. Having concluded to remain in camp today to wait for provision, Capt. ordered 40 men out on scout; 20 to proceed down the creek to its mouth to see if there have any Indians passed down that way on foot; the other 20 to go on to a high peak that lay to our north, to see if there could be any discovery made in that quarter. While on the summit of this peak we were startled by the firing of guns up Grave Creek, also the report of 3 guns some distance to the west. We supposed that the Indians had attacked our pack train. We went back to camp with all haste. We all gathered up and marched up the creek with the expectation of having to fight. We marched 4 miles and met 8 of our men with some of our horses packed with provisions. It was Capt. Buoy's company that we heard firing up the creek. We halted and cooked and eat our dinner. Send 10 men back to make another trip for pack animals, as all attempts had yet failed; thence up a mountain 2 miles. Camped with grass, plenty of water.

NOVEMBER 21, WEDNESDAY. Remained in camp today, except 30 men on scout. We went to the summit of the mountain that we were camped on 3 miles where we could see all over the whole country. Many of the snow capped peaks presented themselves to our view. Indians in this country have all advantage on the army. They have spies all over the mountain that see the army wherever they go. I think that it may safely be termed the Indian's home. Deer, bear and elk abound in these mountains.

NOVEMBER 22, THURSDAY. This morning we took up the line of march for Rogue River, down Grave Creek 4 miles, thence over a mountain 8 miles, which the boys named Mount Rubbing in honor of a young man [illegible]. 15 of us volunteer to go down Grave Creek to the mouth, thence down Rogue River to where the pack trail strikes the river, which is 6 miles of a deep

canyon, and entirely impassable for anything else but a foot man and so near impassable for them that I never want to try it again. Where the trail strikes the river there is an Indian ranch or village of about 25 huts, which we burnt. From appearance we supposed the Indians had been gone about 2 days. We think that they were probably frightened away by our first day's travel down Grave Creek. Had we not gone back when we heard Capt. Buoy's guns, we would I think have given them a close chase. There had some 30 or 40 Indians come down the river, supposed to be mostly squaws and children. They were undoubtedly badly frightened. Children and all had been running with all haste. We camped here this evening. Capt. Buoy's company arrived here and camped with us. We were out of meat. They had two beeves killed, one divided with us.

NOVEMBER 23, FRIDAY. Today lying still. Myself and 2 other men follow an Indian's track 4 miles where he had gone last night. Major Martin arrived this evening with about 150 volunteers, 10 days provisions and Capt. Juday[9] with 50 regulars one canon.

NOVEMBER 24, SATURDAY. Today Major Martin with about 400 men marched 15 miles over a mountain. Snow 12 inches deep for 3 miles. Encamped on the meadows. Excellent grass. 3 o'clock in the evening the vanguard discovered an encampment about 4 miles distant in Rogue River Canyon, which after examining with a glass were thought to be Indians, though not positive; as Capt. Williams is expected down on that side of the mountain it may be he.

NOVEMBER 25, SUNDAY. 2 men started at 2 o'clock last night as spies to see whether it was Capt. Williams or Indians that we had seen on yesterday evening. 12 o'clock today spies of last night not returned yet. 1 o'clock Williams arrived, came down on the same side of the river on which we did, which confirmed us that it was Indians that we had supposed to be Williams. Capt. Judah and Major Bruce went on to a mountain to take another look with the glass. Returned, report that the Indians

[9]Captain H. M. Judah, of the regular army. He used a 12-pounder howitzer in the campaign.

have burnt their village. Capt. Keeney with his footmen marched down a deep ravine 2 miles to the small creek, thence down the creek 1 mile to the river. On this creek a short distance from the river, John Rogers, a young man in our company discovered something under a large rock, which after examining, was found to be a cache either put here by Indians or miners; supposed to be miners. It consisted of flour, 50 lbs., coffee 40 lbs., salt 10 lbs., 1 valise, 1 peck of chestnut acorns, several books many other articles too numerous to mention. Camped, 6 men in each, 50 yds apart for the purpose of cutting off any Indians that might attempt to pass down the river.

NOVEMBER 26, MONDAY. This morning the Southern battalion came down the river. The spy of yesterday morning arrived at camp, reported that the Indians were, he thought from all appearances, preparing to fight. He said that he could distinguish one amongst them that was Charco Boston. Capt. Keeney's company was ordered to cross the river with Southern battalion. While preparing rafts to cross the river we were attacked by the Indians from the opposite side of the river. Killed one man,[10] wounded 22 more, Capt. Keeney's company. The river runs here in a deep canyon. The side on which the Indians were is covered with fir timber and brush so thick that we could not see them. The side on which we were was open with the exception of a few scattering trees. As soon as the firing commenced Capt. Keeney ordered his men, every one to choose a position behind something to shelter us from their sight. 10 minutes before he advised us, all that were not at work, to get behind something and keep a close lookout for Indians, but the boys were disposed to laugh at him. The firing commenced at about 1 o'clock, continued till 8 o'clock at night, when seeing that it was impossible to accomplish our object or even do any good in any way, we left the field, carrying our killed and wounded with us to our camp. Of the 25 it is not known whether any were killed or not, though some of the boys say they are certain they killed some.[11]

[10]William Lewis; Walling, 256.

[11]"At least one Indian bit the dust, for George Cherry killed a brave and carried his scalp tied to his horse's bridle;" Walling, 257.

NOVEMBER 27, TUESDAY. This morning a melancholy duty remained for us to do, that was the burying of our dead man, which we did with the honor due to him who had lost his life in defense of his country. Major Martin and Major Bruce, seeing that their forces were inadequate sent for reinforcement, also for supplies and provisions.

NOVEMBER 28, WEDNESDAY. Very cold, snowing and raining all day. This morning, seeing our 10 days' provisions were going to fall short, we were put on half rations.

NOVEMBER 29, THURSDAY. Continues blustery weather. Our company is out of flour, nothing but beans without salt, and coffee to eat.

NOVEMBER 30, FRIDAY. It still continues to rain and snow. The Indians still hold their position. They fire on every man that gets within 6 hundred of them.

DECEMBER 1, SATURDAY. Quite pleasant. Today we obtained from the Southern battalion a few bushels of wheat which we cooked and eat. This evening a small pack train arrived with provisions.

DECEMBER 2, SUNDAY. Snow fell last night to the depth of inches. This morning Major Martin and Major Bruce seeing that we were in danger of being bound in here by snow, deeming it unwise to remain here longer, ordered their forces to march back for the settlement. By 8 o'clock we were on march carrying our wounded men on a litter, all but the ones who were able to ride horseback. We had a mountain of 16 miles to cross. Today beginning snow on the summit 18 inches deep. We camped within 2 miles of Whiskey Creek, having traveled miles.

DECEMBER 3, MONDAY. Cold and snowing. This morning we started early. Traveled to Whiskey Creek 2 miles, thence over Mount Robin to Grave Creek, 8 miles, thence up the creek miles and encamped for the night.

DECEMBER 4, TUESDAY. Raining today. We arrived at Grave Creek House or Fort Leland with our wounded man having carried him 40 miles in two days and a half over mountains and through snow and rain. Encamped at Fort Leland.

DECEMBER 5, WEDNESDAY. Continues to rain. Going to

main at this place until after the election of Colonel and Lieutenant-colonel which will come off on Thursday. The candidates have been shouting here today, telling us their views and what they would do if elected. If they make their words good, woe unto the Indians.

DECEMBER 6, THURSDAY. Cold and snowing. Capt. Keeney's company went mostly for Capt. Williams for Colonel and Major Martin for Lieutenant-colonel.

DECEMBER 7, FRIDAY. Continues to snow. Today received the returns of the election from the South. Williams elected Colonel.

DECEMBER 8, SATURDAY. Continues to snow. Today we were ordered to march back into the Umpqua to where we could obtain sustenance for ourselves and animals as we could not get either one here. Snow on the hills where we had been herding our horses is about 2¼ feet deep. We think that we made a lucky escape in getting out of the mountains before the storm.

DECEMBER 9, SUNDAY. This morning we started on the march for the Umpqua leaving our wounded man in the hospital with 3 men to take care of him. Rained all day. Snow melting very fast. The creeks all very full, some of them swimming our animals. Camped at the canyon for the night.

DECEMBER 10, MONDAY. Today we marched through the canyon, the roads very muddy. Encamped on Canyon Creek, 1 mile from the mouth of the canyon in Umpqua Valley.

DECEMBER 11, TUESDAY. Remain in camp today. Provision scarce. We have no flour, we are living now on rice and meat. Capt. Buoy's Company is camped here with us. They have provisions plenty, but take care to eat it themselves.

DECEMBER 12. WEDNESDAY. This morning we had half rations of flour for our breakfast. We do not know when we will get any more. It seems as though the quartermasters and packmasters are trying to manage so as to starve us out.[12] There are several pack trains here idle and have been 5 or 6 days and nothing to hinder them from going back.

DECEMBER 13, THURSDAY. A rainy and disagreeable day. This

[12]The quartermaster and commissary departments were inefficiently administered throughout the war; Walling, 253.

morning the pack animals that were laying here started north for supplies of provisions for ourselves and forage for our animals. [Remainder illegible.]

DECEMBER 14, FRIDAY. Continues to rain this morning. The mountains all around are covered with snow. General Barnum and Colonel Martin passed here today on their way to Deer Creek. This morning we were out of meat, and the quartermaster would not get any, so there being some very fine hogs running about the camp, we just killed one.

DECEMBER 15, SATURDAY. Continues to rain. Cold and disagreeable weather.

DECEMBER 16, SUNDAY. This morning we are out of meat, and having made several applications to the quartermaster for meat and could not get it, Captain had discovered in the quartermasters house a keg of syrup which he called for, and the quartermaster swore that he should not have it. Captain swore that he would. He came to camp and took a few boys with him and just walked in, carried it out, and said, "Here boys, take it," and Mr. Quartermaster took care not to cheep.

DECEMBER 17, MONDAY. Cold and disagreeable this morning. Mr. Bolen sent out 4 men to hunt up what government cattle he had in his care, going to take to grass, as they had got so poor that the volunteers would not eat them. The cattle are about 4 miles distant. After they had gone a while they returned very much frightened with only a part of their cattle and said that they had heard a cap snap near them which they supposed to be an Indian. We think that they are afraid and want us to hunt the cattle for them.

DECEMBER 18, TUESDAY. Today Captain Keeney received a letter from Lieutenant Yates at Grave Creek. He says he does not expect to get here for something like a week.

DECEMBER 19, WEDNESDAY. This morning Lieutenant Kiney started back to Fort Leland. This evening a pack train arrived with clothing.

DECEMBER 20, THURSDAY. Cold and snowing. The pack train that came here yesterday said that he would stay here a few days till after the storm, but Captain Keeney told them that they must go on to Fort Leland, for his men that were there were

of provision and destitute of clothing and consequently in a state of suffrance.

DECEMBER 21, FRIDAY. The weather very disagreeable. This morning Capt. Buoy's company left here, a part of them to go down toward Deer Creek to take some squaws that the citizens had become much alarmed about. The remainder of the company moved some 4 or 5 miles for the purpose of getting a better camp.

DECEMBER 22, SATURDAY. Snowing this morning. Today 2 of the men that were detached to go with the pack train came back. One of the men was sick. They only went as far as Cow Creek in 2 days.

DECEMBER 23, SUNDAY. Continues to snow, but it melts pretty near as fast as it falls.

DECEMBER 24, MONDAY. Very cold, the ground frozen hard. Today there is considerable of murmuring in camp about the way we are getting treated here. We are very poorly clad, and in fact we have no suitable equipment for a winter campaign and it seems that there is no exertion used for our relief with the exception of Captain.

DECEMBER 25, TUESDAY. This morning the quartermaster of this place brought out a bucket full of brandy and treated our company.

DECEMBER 26, WEDNESDAY. Last night 9 of the men that went to escort the pack to Renoise arrived.

DECEMBER 27, THURSDAY. This morning we left the canyon.[18]

DECEMBER 28, FRIDAY. Arrived at Roseburg.

DECEMBER 29, SATURDAY. Left Roseburg.

DECEMBER 30, SUNDAY. Crossed the Calapooya mountains.

DECEMBER 31, MONDAY. Arrived at Eugene.

JANUARY 10, 1856, THURSDAY. Met today at Calapooya, according to the orders of our Captain, made our monthly re-

[18] Captain Keeney's company were dissatisfied and homesick. He asked for a furlough, and being denied, broke camp and left for Roseburg. Charges of disobedience were preferred against him and he was suspended by the governor. Later, however, he and his company were restored to all rights and privileges; Walling, 261.

port, returned home with orders to meet at the same place the first day of February.

FEBRUARY 1. Met today at Calapooya and was discharged from the service by order of the Governor.

VOYAGES OF

WE GOT along ve
tion,[2] and had a v
Port George on th
the land to be co
raspberries as big
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ence in regard to
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1933, pages 2
for the Colu
[2]There were 37
ture of all
expected, as
[3]Brother of the

Southern Oregon Cabin Scene Pioneer Tragedy

—Britt Photo

Pioneers attracted to southern Oregon by the discovery of gold and later by possibilities of agricultural development, pioneers of 1850 to 1860 were faced by many hardships in laying early foundation for the establishment of statehood in 1859, the 75th anniversary of which is the inspiration for Oregon's Diamond Jubilee celebration in Medford and Jacksonville next June 3 to 9.

Indians provided the greatest danger for heroic pioneers who forsook the comfort of established homes in the middlewest and east to build a new country. Historians say the aborigines in the beginning courted the friendship of the whites but in 1853 began a series of depredations which constituted the first Rogue River Indian war.

The fourth of August of that year witnessed the opening acts of hostilities, centering about the cabin, similar to the one shown above, of Edward Edwards, an old farmer residing along the banks of Bear creek not far from the present site of Talent. Edwards, a harmless settler, was absent from his cabin. While he was gone, Indians secreted themselves in the cabin and upon his return at noon pounced upon him. They shot him down with his own gun, pillaged the house and fled to the hills.

The Indians had apparently been wronged by other whites, but chose the luckless Edwards as their first victim on the trail of vengeance. A white man had stolen a squaw, particularly angering her lover, Pee-ooso-cut, who found no trouble in organizing a marauding band which began its operations by shooting cattle and then murdering the settler. After these depredations, other savages quickly took to the warpath. More killings followed.

Tipsu Tyee went on the warpath and attacks were made on settlers in the vicinity of Ashland. Settlers gathered for protection in improvised forts, resisting discouraging Indian forays. However, it was not long until volunteer soldiers were in the field and for weeks fought the savages, who finally yielded to superior numbers. Their battles form numerous pages of Oregon's colorful history.

During Oregon's Diamond Jubilee, Oregonians will be given opportunity to pay tribute to these heroic pioneer fathers and valiant pioneer women whose struggles will never be dimmed by the passage of the years.

chases. If the state is successful in

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MMT June 4, 1934

MEDFORD MAIL

Old Peace Pipe at Jubilee

Nearly a hundred years old but still usable, the old peace pipe used at the end of the first Rogue River Indian war in 1853 tasted pretty good to George Herschberger, pioneer southern Oregon miner, shown receiving a light from Miss Arvilla Burns, who with the miner will take part in program events of Oregon's Diamond Jubilee celebration in Medford and Jacksonville next June 3 to 9, observing Oregon's 75th anniversary of statehood.

as thick as garages and filling stations are today, but there was a total of 775 men listed for those jobs. The largest number were blacksmiths, 343 of them, but there were 135 wheelwrights, 119 teamsters, 58 saddlers, 49 harness makers, 27 drivers, 15 livery stable keepers, nine coach makers, six hostlers, five horse dealers, four curriers, and two farriers in the state.

In 1930 there were 19,277 men getting their living from forest work, while in 1860 there were only 74 lumbermen, 45 sawyers, and 21 wood cutters. The forests were not yet the important source of income to the people of the state that they became in later years.

People baked their own bread when the state was young and only 29 bakers found work to do. When the last census was taken there were 2,280 of them. The improved methods and machines used in 1930 had so increased the amount of work that each man could do that every worker probably put out as many loaves of bread a day as the whole 30 did in 1860.

Increase in Hotels

A traveller in the early days had 74 hotels to give him sleeping room for the night. There are 300 hotels in the state now, and he would have a much easier time of it since there are now enough rooms for more than 52,000 people—the entire population of the state in 1860. This traveller would find that he had to use some other way to travel than the steam railroad since the only piece of track in the state was three miles long and ran around a rapids in the Columbia river. At the present time there are 3,456 miles of track and 14,979 men working for the railroad companies.

Other figures for the first and seventy-fifth years of the state's history would show many more changes and they could all be traced to the same cause. In 1859 Oregon was a frontier state, but the years between then and 1934 it has grown up.

territory of the Shasta Costa tribe, but the exact position of this boundary is a matter of uncertainty. The Shasta Costa settlements centered around the mouth of the Illinois River, probably occupying the lower courses of that stream. They have sometimes been called Illinois River Indians. The upper courses were probably Takelma territory, as Dorsey locates one of their villages there. The same authority stated that the Takelma occupied only the south bank of the Rogue River, while the entire north bank above the Illinois was claimed by the Shasta Costa.[7] Sapir, however, obtained evidence to the contrary, and by reason of the greater completeness of his study, which was undertaken with a fuller knowledge of the languages and culture of the area, his data is deemed the more reliable. His informants claimed for the Takelma both banks of the Rogue River as far downstream as Leaf Creek.[8] He has definite evidence of their villages on Cow Creek and Jump-off Joe Creek, which are north of the Rogue, and hence in contradiction to Dorsey's information. Moreover, the Shasta Costa informants always spoke of the Takelma as being upstream from them.[9] He considers it probable that on the south side of the river they extend farther downstream, perhaps nearly to the mouth of the Illinois, which circumstance might have led to Dorsey's conclusions.[10] Within the Lowland Takelma territory were two isolated bands of Athapascan speaking peoples discussed below.

ATHAPASCAN

This linguistic stock has a wider distribution than any other in North America. Its northern division, often designated as Déné or Tinneh, extended over a large part of northern Canada, with the exception of the Pacific coast tribes. A considerable area in Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and northern Mexico contains the southern division.

The Pacific division, in which the Oregon tribes fall, consists of a number of bands in southwestern Oregon and northwestern California, as well as two isolated groups near the mouth of the Columbia, one in Oregon and the other in Washington. The Athapascan tribes of southwestern Oregon occupied the upper courses of the Umpqua and Coquille Rivers and the Rogue River below the Takelma, as well as the coast as far north as the Kusan tribe on the lower Coquille. In this area may be

[7] Dorsey, *Gentile System*, pp. 234–35.

[8] I am unable to identify this stream. It must be Howard Creek or in that neighborhood, as Dorsey (*loc. cit.*) says it is the next below Galice Creek on the south side of the river.

[9] Sapir, *Notes on the Takelma*, p. 253.

[10] Essentially Sapir's arrangement has been used here, although it seems quite unlikely that the Rogue River should have served as a tribal boundary. See note 5 (p. 11) of this paper.

distinguished at least six distinct tribal groupings besides two isolated bands in Takelma territory. One of these has seven fairly distinct subdivisions which perhaps deserve separate tribal rank.

The dialect spoken on the Umpqua is almost unintelligible to other Athapascan tribes, and the Coquille and Galice Creek tribes speak fairly distinct dialects. Others of the area are said to vary slightly, shading into one another from north to south.[11]

Galice Creek and Applegate Creek. Wholly within the Lower Takelman territory were two isolated Athapascan bands who probably deserve classification as a single tribe. They were the Galice Creek band, designated by Dorsey as Taltuctuntude, and the Applegate band, designated as Dakubetede.[12] The two bands were not contiguous in territory, but they spoke the same dialect, which was quite distinct from other groups. Their actual relationship to each other is not known, but their linguistic similarity may indicate that it was close. The *Handbook* conjectures that they were intruders among the Takelma.[13]

Shasta Costa. The next below the Takelma on the Rogue River was the Shasta Costa, an Athapascan tribe.[14] The eastern boundary and extent of this tribe has already been discussed. Their chief settlements seem to have been about the mouth of the Illinois River. Mooney lists Illinois Indians as another name for this tribe.[15] It is probable that they occupied the lower courses of that stream, both sides of the Rogue for some distance above its confluence with the Illinois, and the north bank somewhat farther. The western boundary of this tribe is also not definitely known but it probably extended little below the mouth of the Illinois River, as Schumacher states that a hunting tribe, the Mekaneten, occupied the river nearly up to the Shasta Costa villages at this point.[16] Dorsey lists thirty-three Shasta Costa villages in this area, which would indicate a considerable population.[17]

Upper Coquille (Mishikhwutmetunne). Practically all that is known of this tribe is the information obtained by Dorsey in 1890. He obtained

[11] On Athapascan family see Boas, *Handbook of American Indian Languages*, Pt. 1, pp. 85–158; also Powell, *Indian Linguistic Families*, p. 51 *et seq.*

[12] These names are simply place names, meaning people living on a certain creek, and hence may not have tribal significance. See Dorsey, *Gentile System*, p. 235; Sapir, *Notes on the Takelma*, p. 253.

[13] Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians*, Pt. 1, p. 380; Sapir, *loc. cit.*

[14] Shasta Costa is our modern spelling of their own tribal name. The *Handbook* gives it as Shista Kwusta (Hodge, *op. cit.*, Pt. 1, p. 236).

[15] Mooney, *Aboriginal Population*, p. 17; Schumacher, *Researches*, p. 28.

[16] See this paper, p. 32; also Schumacher, *op. cit.*, p. 29.

[17] Dorsey, *Gentile System*, p. 234.

OREGON INN-SIDE NEWS

PHIL METSCHAN, *Editor*

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HEPPNER STORY
My First "Skip"

By PHIL METSCHAN

In 1903 the late Sam Jackson had a representative in Heppner taking subscriptions for The Journal. He stopped at the Palace Hotel, ate three meals a day, and occupied a good room. One morning just after the train had departed, Nels, the bus driver, reported, "That fat newspaper man left on the train."

Finding he had not paid his bill, I phoned Lexington, 9 miles away. He was there. Hiring a livery rig, I reached Lexington about 11 o'clock and found my hotel "skipper." He was broke.

"How are you going to pay this bill?"

"I get $1.50 for each subscription I sell."

"Go out and sell one, and come back here." In a few minutes he came back with $1.50. He owed me $9.00. I said, "Have a drink," and invited up several others. "Go out and sell another one." We proceeded along these lines until I had increased the Journal's list at Lexington by ten or twelve, spent $9.00 and then some, and had everybody in Lexington feeling fine.

I drove home that night, out $3.50 for the livery team, $2 or $3 on the entertainment fund, but I had the satisfaction of demonstrating it was serious business to attempt to "jump" a bill at the Palace Hotel.

Sam Jackson of The Journal never knew I was his "salesmanager". Every prospective subscriber whom his representative sold in Lexington was due to my effort. One of these was N. A. Leach, a prominent merchant of that town. Mr. Leach, retired, now resides in Portland.

It is obvious to the reader that Dan Doherty's establishment did a record business on that day.

(*Continued on page* 8)

TALES OF JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

Eleanor J. Newcomb Kubli, Mrs. Metschan's mother, pioneer of 1852, told me many stories of Jacksonville's early days. As she sat in my automobile in 1914, parked just below Table Rock, on the south side of the Rogue River, she said: "Here was the Fort in which we went for protection during the Indian War of 1855. I was one of the cooks. General Lane was in command. Food was so scarce that I recall cooking a chicken hawk for General Lane and he ate it with relish.

"On the other side of the Rogue, the Indians were hid in the timber and the brush. My father, Daniel Newcomb, was sent by General Lane to visit the Indians with whom he was friendly, to learn their strength and how well they were armed. Father always said that was the meanest thing that he had ever done, for he had many friends amongst them, but his duty as a citizen came first. The story that the Indians jumped over the cliff above (looking at the great rock) is not true. In that great oak tree across the river an Indian hid himself in a large clump of mistletoe from which point he was sniping at our men and he wounded one or two. I saw him tumble out of the tree when one of our sharp shooters located him. General Joseph Lane was a grand man."

Rogue's Pioneer Landmarks Like Those in Coming Film

Old Fort Birdseye, the Firs. Protestant church in Jacksonville, Beekman's old bank building, the Blueflower lodge of Phoenix, the first stagecoach stop in the lower Oregon area, will relive again in their original glory next week with the advent of the world premiere of James Fenimore Cooper's famous leather-stocking tale, "The Prairie," which opens on May 19 at the Craterian theater.

"The Prairie" is the story of the famous pioneers who risked Indian tribes, the perils of the wilderness, herds of stampeding buffalo and hunger and thirst to cross the great American plains and homestead and settle in the far west in just such places as Jacksonville and other prominent pioneer communities in this section.

Like Magruder

Ishmael Bush the God-fearing, Bible reading pioneer who lead his wife, a few friends and his five sons from Kentucky into the land of opportunity is but a parallel story to that of Edmond Magruder, who left Kentucky also and settled in the Jacksonville area in the 1850s and dug for gold with a pocket knife and put it in a tin cup for safe keeping.

The war that Cooper's pioneer family waged against the savage Sioux as they came through Indian country is similar to the Indian war fought by Colonel John Ross in and around Table Rock when the descendants of the Shasta Indians who had settled in the Rogue river basin attacked the early settlers.

John Ross, son of the famous colonel, now in his eighties, is still here to tell some of his father's daring exploits today and how Captain Alden and Captain Lane and Oregon's Governon Gaines quieted the Indians after battling them and agreed that the north bank of the river would be for the Indians and the south for the settlers.

Mrs. Effie Birdseye tells the story of what followed:

"Peace continued for a short time until renegade whites among the packers and freighters who followed on the heels of the gold rush did things they shouldn't do and the Indians retaliated. Guns and liquor were traded for squaws but when the white men abused the squaws and they came back to their chiefs and complained of their their treatment the Indians once again took to the warpath."

Mrs. Birdseye says that the Indians themselves wanted to keep the peace and she and her mother had many squaws do housework for them and they were always willing and hard-working.

When war was reopened this time there was no stopping it. It began in September 1855 at Evans Creek and continued on at Battle Mountain where Captain Alden and Captain Lane took up their stand.

Kofoed Named As General Chairman Of May 28 Concert

E. E. Kofoed has been named by Medford Kiwanis club as general chairman for the concert of the Eugene Gleemen here May 28 at the senior high school auditorium.

The Kiwanis club is sponsoring the songmen's Medford appearance for the second consecutive year. Sub-committee chairmen are L. A. McCormick, advertising; Chet Hubbard, tickets; Ron Rice, staging; Jack Fitzgerald, housing, and Ray Baker, publicity.

Ticket sale team captains are Gus Bergklint, Eugene Ferreli, Harold Hulse, Richard Payne and Brad Pritchett.

Wall Street

Closing Dow-Jones averages Saturday noon: 30 industrials 190.25, up 1.65; 20 rails 62.18, off 0.06; 15 utilities 35.79, up 0.25 and 65 stocks 70.70, up 0.41.

CALENDAR

Sunday

10:45 a.m.—Job's Daughters

mail 5-16-1948 p11

Rogue River Valley's Early History Reviewed

By Venita Daley

Part III

Rogue River Indian Wars and Military Garrisons

About 1850 the Rogue River Indians, a well-scattered, superior tribe, were roughly estimated at 600. They were under four chiefs and three principal sub-chiefs, namely: "Old John," head of the Applegate river band; "Joe," also called "Yo," and "Ive," the peace chief, and "Sam," the war chief, heads of the larger bands who had their camps in the valley center and between the Table Rocks; and "Limpy," head of the lower Applegate and Illinois valley band. Those four were thought to be brothers.

Sub-chiefs "Jim," head of the Big Butte creek band, and "Jake," head of the Little Butte creek band, were thought to be their cousins. Another tribal branch, under "Tyee Tipsu," lived in the Siskiyou range and between Bear creek and the Applegate river to the south, north and east, their neighbors with whom they bartered, councilled, and sometimes warred were the Shastas, the Umpquas, and the Klamaths and Modocs.

Lived Near Streams

The Rogue rivers lived near the streams. Their homes were wigwams, conical and inverted bowl-shaped, over a circular hole from two to five feet deep and for varied width around, which poles driven in the ground served as rafters and were covered with animal skins in winter, grass and tule matting, ferns and sometimes brush in summer.

The men were expert hunters and fishermen living in a region that abounded with bear, elk, deer, antelope, cougar, wolves and smaller game animals and many birds which they snared or shot with bow and arrow. The streams were full of salmon and trout, which they caught by wigdam, gigs and nets or speared by torchlight.

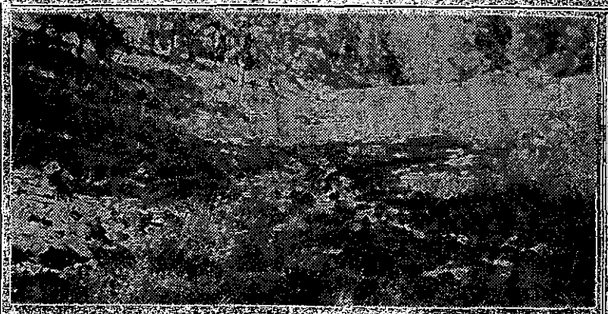
They made canoes by hollowing out trees. They made rock mortars and pestles, jasper and agate knives and implements and traded for obsidian (natural glass) among their neighbors to the east. Most of their activities were in pursuit of food or their enemies. They held secret councils and fairs and were brave and steadily pursuant in warfare. The skin of the albino deer and the scalp of the red-headed woodpecker were among their most prized possessions.

The women gathered roots, berries and seeds in this valley which abundantly produced acorn, camas, epua, wocus, various grass seeds, huckleberries, blackberries, raspberries, elderberries, serviceberries, manzanita berries and other fruits including the wild plum, crabapple and cherry. They wove grass, tule and willow baskets and mats. They made the clothing, cooked and prepared the foods, dried and smoked meats and fish, tended the camps, gathered firewood and cared for the children.

White Man Comes

From 1849 to 1854 a great and rapid change took place in Rogue river valley. The Indians' primitive wilderness and hunting grounds became the white men's stamping grounds, nearly over night. A roadway for hundreds of emigant caravans, a gold rush stampede grounds, mushroomed settlements and towns and a scramble for donation claims.

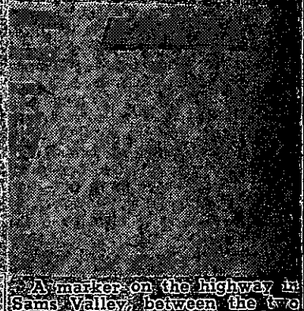
All these rapid changes met with the resistance of the Indians, who were pushed from their homes and hunting grounds and saw their game driven away or killed off.



A natural salt lick which attracted deer on the old Indian campsite on the bank of Lake Creek in the Little Butte district. Five wigwam holes near the lick are still visible today.

Stone mortars, pestles, arrowhead shapers, jasper ... hoe arrowheads, knives, Hudson's Bay Trading company's ... bone beads, a wild boar's tusk necklace charm ... All are relics of the Rogue R... Indians and are owned by the author.

The Birdseye house and marker at Birdseye creek on Highway 99 north, Fort Birdseye once an army hospital, occupied the site during the Rogue River Indian wars. The house is now owned and occupied by Mrs. Effie Birdseye.



A marker on the highway in Sams Valley, between the two Table Rocks, is on the site of the signing of a peace treaty during the Rogue River Indian wars between General Joseph Lane of Oregon and the regular and volunteer armies of the United States and Chief Joe of the Rogue River Indians. The marker was placed by Crater Lake chapter, D.A.R.

Two other crime suspects were ... arged there and Tyee George ... as shot at Camp Baker.

Peace Council Places

The peace council and confer... e places:

...ly, 1851—Gov. Gaines' treaty ...ion set aside the north bank ... Rogue river as Indian terri... ...y, took place at Rogue river ... crossing.

1852—Meeting near Ambrose ...nch, Big Bend on Rogue river ...ing which the Indians present ...eed to stop molesting whites ...d to remain on their territory.

1853—Celebration in Jackson... ille honoring the soldiers' fac... ...ompishments. It was attended ... Chiefs Sam and Joe and many ...embers of their tribe.

August 24, 1854—Armistice at ...ble Rock.

September 10, 1854—Signing ... the peace treaty, Gen. Lane ...d Chief Joe, principals.

1856—The council of Oak Flat ... ...n the left bank of Illinois river ... three miles above its mouth in ...uxury county. Final peace ar... ...angement and surrender of ...ms at Port Orford.

Forts and fortified buildings:

May, 1851—Camp Stewart ... ...near Bear creek and Phoenix.

July, 1851—Army headquar... ...ters for this district on the coast ... miles north of the mouth of ... Rogue river, then supposed to ...e accessible from the Table ...Rock battle area.

1852—Fort Jones in Siskiyou county, Calif. Army headquar... ...ters at Myrtle Point for mi... ...litary road project from Scotts... ...burg into Cow creek canyon ... Yreka Volunteers' headquarters ... Yreka, Calif. Jacksonville ... Volunteers' headquarters in ... Jacksonville. Fortified stockades ... Tolman, Angell and Wagner ... places in Upper Bear creek valley. ... Vaults place at The Dar... ...enelles, N. C. Dean's place at ... Willow Springs.

Fort Lane (not existing today) was a log stockade enclosing quite a spacious area in which there was a parade ground, barracks for private soldiers, houses for officers, an armory, a hospital and other necessary buildings. In 1852 William Hughes erected a small sawmill using water power to saw the lumber for Fort Lane, for which he received $1.25 per thousand feet. Fort Lane continued to be military headquarters of the forces in this region for three years and at the end of the last Indian war was abandoned.

A partial list of the army officers, state officials and distinguished soldiers and volunteers of the Rogue River Indian war includes:

Governor Gaines of Oregon, General Joseph Lane of Oregon, Judge A. A. Skinner, Indian agent, Samuel Colver, the second Indian agent, Elijah Steele, of Yreka, Calif., General Hitchcock, Commissioner of Pacific department of Indian affairs, Port Orford, Oregon coast, Judge M. P. Deady, first county judge in Jackson and Josephine counties, Joe Palmer, superintendent of Indian affairs in Oregon, Dr. Anson Dart, superintendent of Indian affairs in Oregon, Brevet Major P. Kearney, Captain Stewart, who died of wounds and was temporarily buried in Phoenix, Maj. or B. R. Alden, 4th U. S. infantry of Fort Jones, Calif., Colonel Fraener, Colonel John Ross and his Jacksonville Volunteers, Captain A. J. Smith and company of First Dragoons from Port Orford, later called Port Orford Minute Men.

Halstead and his mounted Volunteers, Terry's Crescent City Guards, Captain Alvord of the Military Road company, Captain Larrowick and company, Captain John F. Miller and company, Captain J. W. Nesmith and company, the Humbug Volunteers of Siskiyou county, the Althouse Mounted Guards of Illinois valley, Prather's Spy company, the Looking Glass Guards, the Coquille Guards, Captains Scott, Vault, Pleasant, Armstrong (killed in battle), Blanchards, Boon, R. L. Williams of Jacksonville, L. F. Mosher, J. P. Goodall and Jacob Rhodes of Yreka, Captain Walker of the Rifles, Lieutenants Irvin (kidnapped by Indians), E. Ely, A. V. Kautz, R. B. Metcalf, J. D. Mason and T. T. Tierney, Cor. Bill Martin, Privates John Scarbough and Isaac Bradley (killed), and the hospital attaches B. B. Griffin, Abel George, W. W. Fowler and Elia A. Owens.

The Port Orford Minute Men accomplished a feat yet considered nearly impossible. That of matching through the Rogue river canyon country to the Table Rock area.

Graves of a few of the soldiers who were buried here as well as district, Jacksonville Pioneer cemetery in Jacksonville, Butte Falls Pioneer cemetery near Butte Falls, Pioneer cemetery in Illinois valley, Josephine county, Yreka Pioneer cemetery near Yreka, Calif.

Local legend tells of three soldiers who were killed on Battle Mt. in Evans district and were buried there.

There are a few cases of unmarked graves of soldiers of the Indian wars.

Indian Graves Remain

There are a number of Indian burial grounds known to still exist in the valley. Some have been accidentally opened in cultivating or high water in creeks have washed over and exposed them. They were never marked. One, of great antiquity, was opened in recent times during plowing on the William Little farm near Echo Mt. and Gold Hill. It was in a rounded knoll near Rogue river bank. A large number of beads, spear points, Indian pipes and other artifacts and a couple of Indian skeletons were unearthed under the able direction of Dr. Luther Cressman, professor of Archaeology of the University of Oregon, who was called to take charge of further excavations of historical value.

Along the banks of the streams where the earth is not under cultivation Indian mounds and wigwam holes still plainly show, having survived nearly a hundred years.

(Continued Next Sunday)

Court House News

Divorce Complaints

Landing, Catherine D. vs. Charles T.

Kohn, Emma T. vs. Jesse C.

Dead line on Classified Ads 5:30 p.m. for following day; 10 a.m. Monday for Monday noon Saturday for Sunday a.m.

Notice to Creditors

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Jackson County

In the Matter of the Estate of Katie Ingalls, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the above entitled court has appointed me administrator of the estate of Katie Ingalls, deceased, with will annexed. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same with proper vouchers within six months of this date to me at One Colby Building, Medford, Oregon. Dated the 20th day of September, 1948.

Hugh B. Collins
Administrator with will annexed.

Notice to Creditors

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Jackson County Probate Department

In the Matter of the Estate of Earl Neally Frazier, Deceased.

The undersigned, having been appointed Administrator of the above estate by the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon in and for Jackson County, and having qualified, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against said estate to present them at the office of the undersigned attorney at 126 East Main Street, Medford, Oregon, properly verified and with proper vouchers within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice which is the 20th day of Sept., 1948.

Opie E. Frazier, Administrator.
O. H. Bengtson, Attorney for Administrator.

...guese and Indian subjection was reenacted here as it had been in the middle and eastern parts of the United States.

At first there were many encounters between the whites and Indians, and retaliations were carried out by both sides. Then, as these affairs increased, volunteer armies were organized among the whites. Lindsay Applegate organized the first emigrant-caravan guard of 42 men, armed, mounted and equipped. Later, when open warfare began, the establishment of fortified camps and armies became necessary.

Rogue War Long

The complete details of the Rogue river war are too long to enumerate here and many of the more specific details are still missing. However the numerous and hard fought campaigns started about May, 1851, and lasted until September, 1856. The battles ranged from brief skirmishes involving a few soldiers against a "hand-ful" of Indians to long engagements involving several armies against several Indian tribal branches united. These wars were interspersed by sometimes several months of compartive peace by signed treaty, and then resumed with added vigor and great loss.

The list of battlefields in the valley and the nearby localities are:

May, 1851—Along Bear creek near Phoenix.

June, 1851—"Green Willow Springs," 20 miles the other side of Rogue River Crossing.

June 26-27—On right bank of Rogue river, 10 miles above Table Rock and above Little Butte creek.

July, 1851—Big Bar on Rogue river. Also at the three ferry crossings: Vannoy's (near Grants Pass) later Perkinsville, Perkins, and Evans' (mouth of Evans creek).

Autumn, 1851—At Battle Rock, Oregon coast.

Autumn, 1851—Along the Siskiyou trail.

1852—At mouth of Galice creek in Josephine county.

1852—Near the Dardenelles (Gold Hill).

Massacre of a large emigrant caravan took place at Bloody Point near Tule lake, northern California. While not a part of the Rogue river war area, it called out Col. John Ross and the Jacksonville Volunteers and vol...

...Josephine county.

1856—Deer creek at its junction with the Illinois river. At Fort Hayes in Illinois valley. General depradations on Galice creek and Graves creek in Josephine county. Cow creek canyon in Douglas county. Skirmish at Vannoys ferry.

February 26—Battle at foot of Eight-Dollar mountain, Illinois valley. On Deer creek, Illinois valley.

Spring campaign—First battle of The Meadows. On Little Butte creek. On Big Butte creek. Cow creek in Douglas county. Murphy in Josephine county. Battle of Oak flat in Curry county. Second Meadows campaign.

April—The Ledford massacre at Rancheria Prairie, Big Butte.

May and June—The business of rounding up the Indians to be placed on reservations. Difficulty with Chief Jake at Wasen conyon, Little Butte creek.

July—1,300 Indians of various tribes, including Chief Murphy's band and sub-chiefs, John's and George's (coast tribes), were placed upon a temporary reservation at Port Orford.

September—2,700 Indians, including Chief Sam's band, were placed on a 70-mile long reservation extending from Cape Perpetua. The Umpqua tribe was also removed to that place.

Become Farmers

Upon that reservation Chief Sam learned to raise apples and onions which he disposed of to his less provident subjects for exorbitant prices.

Chief John, after two years inaction at Yaquina, tried to instigate a revolt. He and his son, Adam, were assigned to Alcatraz prison. En route they attempted to take over the ship. In the melee Adam lost a leg. Hospitalized in San Francisco, he recovered. A trial held here pardoned them and they were returned to Klamath reservation in eastern Oregon. There Adam became a chief. The final fate of John is unknown.

The other chiefs and sub-chiefs lived peacefully in exile.

A marker on the Tolo road just off Highway 99 north shows the site of Fort Lane. The fort was built by order of the government in 1853-4 and was occupied by troops of the regular army for three years. The marker was placed by Crater Lake chapter, D.A.R. in 1929.

Chief Joe had died a natural death at his lodge near Big Bar on Rogue river during the war and shortly after signing Lane's treaty.

An accurate census of 1857 placed the Indians living on the coast reservation at 2,048 souls from 14 different tribes.

There were a few remnants of the Rogue Rivers against whom no charges were placed who preferred to remain there. At the end of all hostilities a few robberies were committed on Sucker and Althouse creeks in the Illinois valley, on the Camas Prairie road near Big Meadows in Cow creek canyon and on the Siskiyous, but by the early part of 1857 these troubles had all stopped and thus closed the Rogue River Indian war.

A few war trials and punishments for crimes were held up until November, 1864, when Skookum Jim was tried and hanged at Fort Klamath for instigating the Ledford massacre.

...Rogue river and Table Rock.

1855—J. A. Brunner and Bro. building in Jacksonville where the townspeople and nearby settlers took refuge. Block house near Phoenix, manned by 15 men who withstood a seige there. Later Camp Baker. The Colver house in Phoenix, Forest Dale farm, a barracks, stables and other buildings for the military in Jacksonville, Fort Birdsey built of square hewn logs on highway 99, near mouth of Birdsey creek, Fort Briggs on Sucker creek, Illinois valley, Fort Hayes also in the Illinois valley, Fort Vannon at Vannoy's ferry, Fort Lamerick in Big Meadows area, Fort Lane (Gen. Lane's headquarters). Marker on Tolo road.

...killed during the Indian wars, are still in the pioneer cemeteries of the valley, namely:

The Isaac Hill cemetery on old highway 99, about four miles south of Ashland. Logtown and Sterling cemeteries in Applegate.

The Surrender of Chief John

By R. M. DeMILLE

In this second article on the early pioneer history of southern Oregon, Mr. DeMille completes the story of the last battle of Chief John and records some of the many incidents which led up to the great Indian wars. Next week more of the Indian battles will be described.

The Indians continued to attack all day on May 28, 1856. All sorts of insulting remarks in English were hurled at the soldiers from the nearest patch of timber. This terrible strain continued until four o'clock the second day of the battle, when one-third of Capt. Smith's command was killed or wounded.

About sundown the Indians held a council and, relying on the exhausted condition of the white men, planned to charge Capt. Smith's camp in full force.

"It was an hour never to be forgotten," says the letter from one of the soldiers. "A silent and awful hour, in the expectation of speedy and cruel death." Suddenly an infernal chorus of yells burst forth from Chief John's camp. The whole Indian army, joining in one blood-curdling roar of demoniac fury, rushed [illegible] from all [illegible] white [illegible] Ambush [illegible]

The [illegible] pursuit for the [illegible] had prevented [illegible] from discover[illegible] instead [illegible] a group of [illegible] Captain [illegible] had [illegible] the surrounding [illegible] as the Indians [illegible] beleaguered whites [illegible] men rushed the rear of [illegible] Indian attack, firing [illegible] and then charging [illegible] bayonets. The battle was [illegible] in fifteen minutes.

The Indians fled in all directions, [illegible] their camp entirely. [illegible] May 28, 1856, ended the [illegible] battle of Chief John and [illegible] Rogue Indians.

There is [illegible] monument marking the [illegible] battle grounds on the spot where the old fort used to stand [illegible] 1935. This monument [illegible] in honor of General [illegible] and the soldiers and [illegible] were killed on [illegible] battlefield at Tolo.

Samuel [illegible] grandfather of Vern Smith, [illegible] police chief here in [illegible] part as a volunteer [illegible] fight against the Rogue [illegible] Indians in 1855 [illegible] command of General [illegible] A. J. Smith and [illegible] West Com[illegible]

At the [illegible] of the Indian uprising [illegible] in the Rogue River valley, the Snake Indians, Klamaths, Modocs, Cayuses and Umatillas staged similar wars, and their murdering in cold blood and destruction continued even after the peace was settled.

Chief John was a very unusual Indian. He is described as bolder, braver and more intelligent than any chief west of the Cascade mountains. When dressed in white man's costume he might have been easily taken for a hard-working sunburned farmer of the western states. He had slight resistance after his last battle. He, with all his warriors, came in and surrendered to Capt. Smith and Joel Palmer, superintendent of Indian affairs, on June 1, 1856. Thus ended the Rogue River Indian wars for all time.

The final result was that about 2,700 Indians, old and young, were removed from the southern Oregon country to the Siletz and Grand Ronde reservations.

Showing that before the war commenced there must have been a population of fully 5,000 Indians in this region, many minor events—bloody reprisals, and isolated murders on both sides — have been recorded. These have been collated by the Hon. Wm. M. Colvig and were given to present-day readers in an address at the reunion of Indian War veterans at Medford on July 26, 1902. All of the Indian war history compiled in this address, which has not already been recorded in these articles, will now be given and credited to the careful work of Mr. Colvig.

First Recorded Fight

The first recorded fight between the Indians and the whites in any portion of southern Oregon occurred in June, 1828. Jebediah S. Smith, and seven other trappers were attacked by the Indians on the Umpqua river and fifteen of the whites were slain. Only Smith and three of his companions escaped. The next fight of which we have any account of was in June, 1836 at a point just below the Rock Point bridge where the barn on the W. L. Colvig estate now stands. In this fight were Dan Miller, Edward Barnes, Dr. W. J. Bailey, George Gay, Sanders, Woodworth, "Irish" Tom, J. Turner and "Squaw." Two trappers were killed and nearly all were wounded. Within my recollection, Dr. Bailey visited the scene of the fight and pointed out to my father its location.

In September, 1837 at the foot of Foots creek a party of seven men, who had been sent in to California by the Methodist mission to procure cattle, were attacked on their return by Rogue River Indians and had a short, severe fight in which several of the whites were badly wounded and 12 or 14 Indians were killed.

In May, 1845, J. C. Fremont had a fight with the Indians in Klamath county. It may have been a little over the line in California. Four of Fremont's men and quite a number of the Indians were killed. Kit Carson was a prominent figure in this battle.

Travelers Attacked

A few bold adventurers had settled in the Rogue valley as early as December, 1851. During the spring, summer and fall of that year there was a considerable amount of travel by parties from northern Oregon going to and returning from the great mining excitement in California. Fights between these travelers and the Indians were frequent occurrences. On May 15, 1851, a pack train was attacked at a point on Bear creek where the town of Phoenix is now situated and a man by the name of Dilley was killed.

At the massacre of emigrants at Bloody point, Klamath county, in 1852, 36 men, women and children were murdered. Capt. Ben Wright with 27 men from Yreka and Colonel J. E. Ross with some Oregonians went out to punish these Modocs. Old Chief Sconchi, who was afterwards hung at Fort Klamath in 1873 at the close of the Modoc war, was the leader. Capt. Wright gave them no quarter. He and his men, infuriated at the sight of the mangled bodies of the emigrants, killed men women and children without any discrimination.

I cannot give you the names of all who were killed in the Rogue River valley during the years 1851 and 1853. I will mention some who were killed in 1853. In August of that year Edward Edwards, was killed near Medford; Thomas Wills and Rhodes Nolan at the edge of the town of Jacksonville; Pat Dunn and Carter were both wounded in a fight on Neil creek near Ashland.

In a fight with the Indians on Bear creek in August, 1853 Hugh Smith was killed and Howell Morris, Hodgins, Wittemore, and Gibbs were wounded, the last named three dying from their wounds soon after.

(To be Continued)

Rigid Educational Standards Met

August 30, 1951

[illegible]
Wars 1853-1856

1951

OLD TIMERS

Rogue River Indian Wars

By R. M. DeMILLE

The first treaty of peace made by Gen. Lane with the Rogue River Indians, was respected by the Indians for about one year.

Then, they started fighting with the miners and immigrants coming in and travelling over their Indian country.

They also kept on with their day and night raids and stealing stock from the settlers. This kept on from bad to worse, making raids on the settlers' homes, killing and butchering them without respect of nature. So in 1853, all the tribes of the Rogue valley region were again on the war path.

Volunteers Formed

The settlers got together as best they could and formed a body of volunteers. Gen. Lane, hearing of this second outbreak, immediately answered the call where he was stationed on a farm of his own in the Umpqua valley and hastily brought a company of soldiers.

Col. John Ross, Jackson county, and Capt. Alden, of the regular army, serving under Gen. Lane ("Old Jo," named after Jo Lane.) Chief John and Chief Sam were the leaders of the Indians, who had collected a large number of warriors, and made their headquarters in the rough timber nearby in the mountains on Evans Creek.

Whites Make Charge

Here they felled timber to make a fortified camp, stocked with plenty of guns and ammunition, making a hard one to attack. Nevertheless, on reaching the ground on Evans creek where the Indians had barricaded themselves Gen. Lane charged the breastworks and received a shot wound in the left arm, and Capt. Alden received a wound from which he never fully recovered.

Several other volunteers were badly wounded and some died. And one volunteer, by the name of Pleasant Armstrong, an old and respected citizen of Yamhill county, was shot dead on the ground.

Truce Obtained

In this fight ,the Indians and the white men were so close together in the charge on the log fort, that they could easily talk back to one another, and the Indians bitterly reproached Lane for the attack, and asked him to come into their camp and arrange for another peace. And surprising as it was to all his men, Gen. Lane stopped the battle, and in his wounded condition, marched alone into the Indian stronghold, where he saw many dead and wounded Indians, showing clearly that they had suffered defeat. After a talk with the chiefs, it was agreed that both whites and Indians should go back to Table Rock and there make a permanent peace.

And upon that temporary arrangement, both sides retired from the Evans creek battlefield and went back to Table Rock, both parties marching over the same trail. The Indians were guarded from both the front and rear. When this outbreak occurred, couriers were sent off for aid by the regular army soldiers and volunteers.

To this appeal, Col. James W. Nesmith responded with 75 volunteers raised quickly in Polk, Marion and Linn counties. Capt. A. Smith marched at once with Company C of the first U. S. Dragons, while Capt. August V. Kautz, then just out of West Point and afterwards a major-general in the union army, brought up the rear, with a 12-pound howitzer and fixed ammunition.

[illegible]

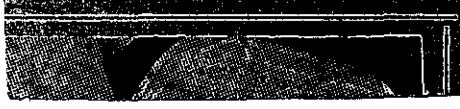
The forces all met at Ft. Lane on Rogue river, Sept. 19, 1858, making a combined force of about 250 men as against an estimated Indian force of 700 warriors.

The encampment of the Indians was on the side of the mountain (Table Rock) which forms the summit. At night, the whites could see their campfires, while they could look directly down at the volunteers. The whole command was anxious and willing to fight, but Gen. Lane had pledged to the Indians that an effort would be made to treat for peace. Supt. Palmer and Agent Culver were upon the ground. The council had not yet convened, and the [illegible] was fixed for the time of the council.

Agent's Account

"On the morning of that day, Gen. Lane sent for me (Agent Culver) and desired for me to go with him to the council ground inside the Indian encampment to act as interpreter as I was master of the Chinook jargon. I asked the general on what terms we were to meet the Indians. He replied that the [illegible] meeting should take place within the encampment of the [illegible]."

(To Be Continued)



Elks Lodge Plans Family Pot Luck

Achland's Elks lodge will hold its first big activity for the fall season with a pot luck dinner for all Elks and their families on September 19, 6:30 p.m.

After the dinner the men will attend the first initiation of the fall season while the ladies play bingo.

[illegible] lodge will furnish coffee.

OLD TIMERS

Rogue River Indian Wars, 1853-1856.

By R. M. DeMILLE

(Continuing Culver's Account)

"Then I used a few English words, not likely to be understood by the Indian interpreter, such as 'disperse' and 'segregate,' in fact, we kept so close to the savages and separated from one another so that any general firing would have been nearly as fatal to the Indians as to the whites.

"While I admitted that I thought that my time had come, and hurriedly thought of my wife and children, I noticed nothing but coolness among my companions. Gen. Lane sat down on a log with his arm bandaged in a sling, the lines about his mouth rigidly compressing his lips, while his eyes flashed fire. He asked brief questions, and gave me sententious answers to what little the Indians said to us.

Smith's Eyes Snap

"Capt. A. J. Smith, who was prematurely gray haired, and was afflicted with a nervous snapping of the eyes, leaned upon his cavalry saber and looked anxiously down upon his well formed line of dragoons in the valley below. His eyes snapped more vigorously than usual, and muttered words escaped from under the old dragoon's mustache that did not sound like prayers.

"His squadron looked very beautiful, but alas, they could render us no assistance. I sat down on a log close to the old Chief Jo, and having a sharp sheath knife under my hunting shirt, I kept one hand near its handle, determined that there would be one Indian to make 'good' about time the firing commenced.

Lane Dampens Tempers

"In a few moments, Gen. Lane said, 'Owens, who has violated the armistice, and who has killed Jim Taylor, is a treacherous bad man. He is not one of my company soldiers. When I catch him he shall be punished. I promised in good faith to come into your camp with 10 other unarmed men to secure peace. Myself and men are placed in your power; I do not believe that you are such cowardly dogs, as to take advantage of our unarmed men's condition. I know that you have the power to murder us, and you can do it as quickly as you please but what good will our blood do you? Our murder will exasperate our friends, and your tribes will be hunted from the face of the earth.

"Let us now proceed with the treaty, and in place of war let's have lasting peace.' More was said in this strain by the general, and the excitement gradually subsided, after Gen. Lane promised to give a fair compensation for the defunct Jim Taylor in shirts and blankets.

Two Years Peace

"The treaty of the 10th of September, 1853, was completed and signed and peace restored for only two years, from 1853 to 1855-6. After the treaty was signed on the east slope of Table Rock, our party descended down the slope over the rocks and boulders, through the buck brush down to where our horses were tied at the foot of the mountain below, and there we mounted at the sound of the bugle.

"Old A. J. Smith galloped up to his squadron and gave a brief order. The bugle sounded again and they all wheeled and headed for camp. As Gen. Lane and the party rode back across the valley, we looked up and saw the rays of the setting sun gilding its precious hues of color on the fringe and outline of that famous old Table Rock.

Luck Better

"I drew a long breath and remarked to the old general, the next time he wanted to go unarmed into a hostile camp, he would have to hunt for some one else besides myself, to act as an interpreter. The old general responded with a brilliant smile, he said 'God bless your luck is better, than science'."

Old Chief John and Adam, and all the others except Jo's and Sam's people, fought hard; but the Rogues proper never forgot the impression we made on them in the last great council of Sept. 10, 1853. It was a grand and successful council (the Rogue Indians fought us no more; and they did not forget their promises to us).

From the shelf of that old Table Rock mountain, peace was achieved and won for all times, carved into the monuments of granite and written in that great book (Oregon's History) as the battle of Table Rock.

(Continued Next Week)

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1951

OLD TIMERS

Rogue River Indian Wars

By R. M. DeMILLE

(Continued)

To comprehend the historical view of the Indian wars in the Rogue valley, the reader should "put himself in their place."

The Rogue Indians had been living in this beautiful valley maybe for hundreds of years, which was untouched by the hands of white man for thousands of years. His untutored mind seeing his God only in the clouds, or hearing Him only in the wind, could no more comprehend the white man's desire for land to dig gold out of, or produce food from, than he could explain the apparent daily round of sun, moon and stars.

White an Intruder

Lee, Whitman, Walker and Spalding had laboriously sought to enlighten that untutored mind in the Cayuse and Nez Perce, and in a little measure prepared the Indian to comprehend the white man. But the Rogue River Indian had received no such light; and all he knew of the white man was as an uninvited intruder on his peaceful home, and a taker of his land and game.

The white intruder started taking the Indians' land without his consent or without even asking for it. From then on, the Indian fought for his rights, and that struggle continued for many years till the Indian had to sacrifice to the white man's peace terms for all time to come.

Lane Arrives

On March 2, 1849, when Gen. Lane reached Oregon City, he found the Cayuse War was practically over. Whitman's murderers had been captured but had not yet been tried for murder. The deadly border warfare between the miners and the settlers of southern Oregon had been going on for years. On different occasions they had attacked and murdered several immigrants on the trail and in the settlements, both in Oregon and in California.

Gold had been discovered before Lane reached Oregon, and he quickly sized up the importance of peace with the Indians of the southern Oregon valleys, through which the gold seekers must pass and repass with their pack trains and treasures.

Miners Attacked

A pack train and a party of gold miners were returning from California and they were attacked at Rocky Point on Rogue river and barely escaped with their lives into the woods.

After the miners had gained refuge in the woods and were trying to keep out of sight of the savages, the Indians ransacked their pack outfits and stole everything that amounted to anything and also their pack animals.

The miners had a considerable lot of gold in their pack outfits, besides what they carried in their buckskin pouches and in their money belts. That which they carried, the Indians did not get.

Gold Thrown Away

The Indians, after ransacking the packs on the animals, found the gold the miners had hidden away in their blankets and dumped it into the river. They were too ignorant to know the valuation and what it was good for.

Gen. Lane was not a man to jump to conclusions or halt between two opinions quickly calling to his aid 15 experienced white men and taking along with him also, Kilorital Indian Chief Quadley and 15 of his warriors, the expedition set out for the Rogue River valley, in May of 1850, reaching the neighborhood of the Indian village at Sams Valley not far from Rock Point, in about the middle of June, 1850. Lane sent a message to the Indian chief to come to his (Lane's) camp for a talk as he had come to make a treaty of peace and friendship. The Indian returned an answer that he and his people would come unarmed as directed in two days.

Indians Arrive

And, according to promise, the two principal chiefs and 75 warriors came and crossed over the river to Lane's camp. Lane had already coached Chief Quadley and his warriors as to what they were to do, which was to help to make a treaty of peace, and not to fight unless fighting was really necessary.

A circle was formed, with the Rogue river warriors forming one half the circle and the white men and Quadley and his warriors forming the other half. With General Lane and the Rogue river chiefs in the center. But before these high contracting parties got down to business, a second band of Rogue river warriors as large as the first appeared on the scene, fully armed with bows and arrows, and the outlook was much more like fighting than peace making. There were 150 Indian warriors on one side, and 16 white men and 15 Klickitats on the other side.

(To Be Continued)

Sept 20, 1951

OLD TIMERS

Rogue River Indian Wars

By P. M. DeMILLE

(Continued)

This Indian war took superb courage and plenty of foresight to handle and know the tactics of those Indian war days and face the situation. Yet "Fighting Joe Lane" proved his generalship equal to the occasion.

The first move was to order the Indians' second band to deposit all their guns and fighting equipment outside of the outside circle, and take their positions sitting on the grass.

Stations Klickitats

Then Gen. Lane directed Quatley with two of his men to take a position next to the head Rogue River chief, and be ready for an emergency. Gen. Lane then made an address to the Indians, through his interpreter, in which he explained his position as head man of the whites, and reminded them of their acts in killing and robbing white men, and that he wanted all such conduct stopped, and he wanted the whites and Indians to live in peace as brothers.

Also, if the Indians respected his wishes and advice and behaved well, they would be paid for their land, and have an agent and teachers to instruct them in all the ways and knowledge of white men.

Action Breaks Talks

In reply to this, when Lane was done speaking, the Rogue Indian chief addressed his warriors in a loud voice in deliberate words with menacing gestures, when all in a moment's notice every Indian sprang to his feet, and in a flash every warrior grabbed up his weapons and gave the hideous war cries.

Klickitat Chief Quatley instantly seized the Rogue River chief and held him fast. And Gen. Lane, ordering his men not to fire, [illegible] in hand, dashed at the armed Rogue Rivers and [illegible] their weapons out of their hands, commanding them to sit down again. And as their chief was a prisoner, [illegible] Quatley's knife at his throat, [illegible] quickly obeyed Lane's orders.

Chief Kept Captive

Lane then commanded the captive chief with orders to send his warriors away or they would be shot on the spot, and not to come back for two days, while their big chief was retained in Lane's camp as a prisoner.

During the absence of the warriors, Lane used every means to impress the chief with the power of the white man—their great numbers of guns etc. He convinced him that it was best to make a treaty of peace. And when the warriors returned at the end of the two days, the chief advised them to accept the terms which the great white chief offered them. They finally agreed to this.

Talisman Peace Papers

The treaty being concluded, Lane gave the Indians slips of paper announcing the fact, and warning white men to do them no harm. These little slips bearing Lane's signature, became a talisman among all the Indians, who on meeting a white man would hold the paper up, crying out "Joe Lane, Joe Lane." These were the only English words they knew.

The treaty was fairly well kept by both sides for about two years. The old chief and Lane became great friends. So the old chief wanted Lane to bestow his name upon him, saying he had seen no man equal to "Joe Lane."

General Bestows Name

The General consented to give the Rogue chief half of his name and thereafter went by the name of Joseph. The general also named the chief's wife Sally. And these royal heads of the Rogue River nation had a son and daughter, which Lane gave the names of Ben and Mary. The latter is represented by Lane to have been quite a queen in beauty and manners.

This unusual squaw never married into the tribe and when after five years of war the remainder of the tribe was placed on the Siletz reservation and after another five years on the reservation, Mary chose her life to be with the white people of the Rogue river valley, and here in this beautiful valley, which was her birthplace, she lived and died w[illegible] whites. She was well gowned in her gorgeous dress of beads, silks and lace that she had made with her own hands, and in which she was buried.

This old Chief Joseph was, in shorter words, called by his people, Chief Jo. They were very proud of this name, given to him by the General Joseph Lane.

Also, Chief Jo's wife, daughter and son were named by Gen. Lane, Sally, Ben and [illegible] thereafter were called Lane names to the end.

Sept 27, 1951

Old Clipping Tells Of Early Rogue River War Hero

A hero of the battle of Willow Springs and the Rogue River Indian wars of 1853 is the subject of a clipping owned by Mrs. Lora Young, Jacksonville.

The clipping, published in the Cottage Grove Sentinel of April 19, 1918, tells the story of Dr. W. W. Oglesby, 81, who was then living in Cottage Grove. Dr. Oglesby was an uncle of Mrs. Young.

Of particular interest to Rogue valley residents is a reference to the battle of Willow Springs, about four miles west of Central Point. It says:

Tells of Battle

"He (Dr. Oglesby) was 40 years of age when he captained the band of 55 volunteers who at the now historic battle of Willow Springs for 12 hours held at bay some 1,000 blood thirsty Redskins. He can still tell, as if it had happened but yesterday, of how, with his trusty needle-gun (a weapon now long out of style) he brought down at the first shot Chief Buffalo Horn, who was chasing one of the pickets of the volunteer band down the mountain side.

"A sheep corral was the only fortification the white men had, but with butcher knives and other crude entrenching tools they 'dug in' and set a style of warfare that has since been imitated on European battlefields.

"Charmed Life"

"The captain seemed to bear a charmed life and though constantly exposing himself in passing back and forth directing his men, he was not touched by a bullet until the party was discovered at daybreak the next day while trying to make their escape. His knee was seriously crippled, but none of his men knew of that fact until the arrival of a regiment of regulars."

Medical Society Sets

Mail Tribune, June 7, 1953, p. 15

Captain Edward O. C. Ord in the Rogue River Indian War

BERNARR CRESAP

THE FIRST schooling in the profession of arms for most of the great military leaders of the Civil War was provided by the United States Military Academy. However, the course offered at West Point was more theoretical than practical. The graduates emerged from the Academy equipped only with rudimentary instruction and then usually entered the more practical school of the soldier—the Indian wars. In this rigorous discipline many destined for future prominence learned at least the essentials of generalship which they were later to employ in the great intersectional conflict. One who followed this pattern of development was Edward O. C. Ord who commanded a battalion of artillery in the Rogue River Indian War in Oregon in 1856.[1] This article is an account of Ord's activities in that war.

Ord was born in Cumberland, Maryland, in 1818 and graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1839. As a young second lieutenant he was first assigned to duty with the Third Artillery Regiment, then serving in the Seminole Indian War in Florida. Two years of service there provided him with his first experience in Indian fighting and brought a promotion to first lieutenant. From 1842 to the outbreak of the Mexican War he served at various posts along the Atlantic Coast.

In 1846 Ord was dispatched to the West Coast on the store ship *Lexington* to take part in the conquest of California, but arrived too late to participate in the fighting. In 1850 he was promoted to captain. Ord remained on the West Coast during

1. In the Civil War Ord served successively as brigade, division, and corps commander before being appointed to the command of the Army of the James in Virginia on January 8, 1865. He commanded this army under Grant at the siege of Petersburg and Richmond and took a prominent part in the pursuit and capture of General Lee's army. For a sketch of his life see *Dictionary of American Biography* (New York, 1928-1944), XIV:48-49.

most of the 1850s, being on detached service with the Coast Survey from 1853 to 1855.[2]

In May, 1855, having been relieved of Coast Survey duty, Captain Ord joined and assumed command of Company B of the Third Artillery at Benicia Barracks, California. The monotony of garrison life at Benicia was interrupted only a few months later by an outbreak of Indian hostilities in Oregon and Washington territories.

The great influx of American immigrants into Oregon in the 1840s and 1850s brought about a situation which had existed many times in the past as the American frontier moved westward. The white man moved in to dispute the Indian's claim to the land. The Indian objected to the loss of his hunting grounds and resisted the occupation of the steadily encroaching whites. It is difficult, if not impossible, to fix responsibility for the clash between the races. No doubt both sides were to blame, and the old pattern of outrage and retaliation was followed once again on an American frontier.

Ord was first called into action for a brief period in 1855, as he participated in the abortive expedition under Major Gabriel J. Rains in the newly created Washington Territory. This campaign under incompetent leadership was a wretched failure,[3] and in January, 1856, Ord was ordered by General John E. Wool, commanding the Pacific Department, to return to Benicia. The General intended to send Ord's company to the Colorado River where another Indian war was threatened, but gave up this intention, and the Captain and his company remained at Benicia.

The abandonment of the Rains expedition left Washington Territory in turmoil from the recent murders and depredations of the Indians. Meanwhile, to add to the difficulties of the people of the Pacific Northwest, the Rogue River Indians in southern Oregon went on the warpath. To meet the danger there were in addition to the Regulars several companies of Oregon and Washington Volunteers in the field.

2. For accounts of some of Ord's California activities see Bernarr Cresap, "Early California as Described by Edward O. C. Ord," in *Pacific Historical Review*, XXI (November, 1952), 329-340; W. W. Robinson, ed., "Story of Ord's Survey as Disclosed by the Los Angeles Archives," in Historical Society of Southern California *Quarterly*, XIX (December, 1937), 121-131.

3. Captain Ord, highly exasperated at Rains' conduct, preferred charges of incompetency against him. See Philip H. Sheridan, *Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan* (2 vols., New York, 1888), I:63-69.

The situation was complicated by friction between the territorial authorities and the officers of the United States Army. The officials of the territories supported an energetic prosecution of the war and were severe in their criticism of General Wool and his officers. The failure of the Rains expedition did nothing to enhance the General's reputation in the Pacific Northwest. In January, 1856, the legislature of Oregon Territory adopted a memorial to the President calling upon him to remove General Wool.[4] On the other hand, letters and reports of Wool and his officers were replete with accounts of alleged outrages against the Indians by the Volunteers and charges that the territorial governors desired to prolong the war and exterminate the Indians.

The San Francisco press stood loyally by the General in reporting the Indian wars, treating him with marked respect. Quite in contrast, the territorial press denounced Wool furiously for his conduct of the war.[5] The Olympia *Pioneer and Democrat* listed among his other sins the dispatching of Captain Ord and his company to California, while troops were desperately needed in the Pacific Northwest.[6] Ord managed to get into the affray by writing a letter to the New York *Herald* in which he came to General Wool's support, intimating that the Indian wars were brought on by the ill-treatment of the Indians by the whites.[7] The letter came to the attention of J. Patton Anderson, delegate in Congress from Washington Territory, who was attempting at this moment to secure a congressional appropriation to pay the expenses of the Indian wars. Anderson felt that the letter had embarassed his efforts, and wrote to the editor of the Olympia *Pioneer and Democrat* bewailing the hindrance. The editor published the delegate's letter, adding suitable comments of his own, exonerating the whites of Ord's insinuations and lambasting the San Francisco press and "hostile" reporters and newspapers in general.[8]

But a war is not prosecuted by the pen, but by the sword, and Ord was soon ordered to take his company by steamer to Cres-

4. San Francisco *Daily Herald*, February 22, 1856.

5. For examples of these attitudes see the Olympia, Washington Territory, *Pioneer and Democrat*, October 26, 1855, and the San Francisco *Daily Herald*, November 7, 1855.

6. *Pioneer and Democrat*, February 15, 1856.

7. New York *Herald*, February 17, 1856.

8. *Pioneer and Democrat*, April 11, 1856.

cent City, California, to join the command of Colonel Robert C. Buchanan for service against the Indians on Rogue River. Ord with his company left Crescent City on March 15, 1856, for the overland journey northward along the sea coast to the mouth of Rogue River in Oregon. He described the march in a letter to his father, mentioning in particular the "huge red wood trees, which appeared to have been growing since before the birth of our Savior." The party passed the mouth of Smith's River and the Chetco, being met near the latter by Colonel Buchanan. Keeping to the coast, the force reached the mouth of Pistol River and was joined by a small detachment of Volunteers. On March 20 the group reached the mouth of Rogue River and prepared to encamp.[9]

Colonel Buchanan, though certainly more capable than Major Rains, showed some lack of military sense. In choosing a camp site he placed the troops in an exposed position. Ord remonstrated with him, and the Colonel moved. The force was still exposed, and Ord objected a second time, and again the Colonel moved. A party of men cooking supper at the second camp site were fired upon by Indians, with one man wounded, and Ord had to turn out his men to drive the attackers from cover. To complicate matters further, during the night a corporal was shot by a recruit on guard. Several shots followed, and the camp was in panic. Ord brought in the wounded soldier and went around reassuring the men. "Very bad practice sending recruits to fight Indians," wrote the Captain. "Generally do more harm than good."[10]

On March 25 Colonel Buchanan instructed Ord to lead an expedition from the camp at the mouth of Rogue River upstream a few miles to destroy the Macanootenay village of the Rogue River Indians. The force was made up of Ord's company under Lieutenant John Drysdale and a company of infantry of Captain Delancey Floyd Jones, totaling 112 men. Setting out on the morning of March 26, the battalion reached the village about 2 P.M. "after a hard march (especially on the recruits)."[11]

9. Ord to James Ord, March 23, 1856 (copy), in Alexander Collection of Ord Papers (in possession of Mrs. Vida Ord Alexander, Washington, D. C.).

10. E. O. C. Ord's Diary (1856), March 20, 21, 1856. A photostatic copy of this diary is in Bancroft Library, Berkeley, California.

11. Report of Ord, March 27, 1856, in Letters Received (1856), Adjutant General's Office (in War Records Office, National Archives). All records of the Adjutant General's Office hereinafter cited are in the War Records Office of the National Archives. The account of the Macanootenay expedition is from Ord's report except where otherwise noted.

The deserted village was located in a small and almost inaccessible river bottom with protection on all sides. To the south was the Rogue River, wide, rapid, and deep; to the north, thickly wooded steep slopes; to the west a thick growth of swamp willows; and to the east—where Ord's party entered—were steep wooded spurs. Into this box-like trap Ord boldly moved his troops and prepared to put the torch to the thirteen houses along the river.

At this moment the Indians appeared on the opposite side of the river upstream in some force and began crossing in canoes, obviously intending to attack from the wooded spurs and slopes to the north and east. To meet the attack Ord had a force composed of "mostly raw fellows and many who had never handled a musket before leaving Crescent City."[12]

Ord had disposed his troops at four points: Captain Jones and his company in the willows to the west, Lieutenant Drysdale along the wooded slope to the north, a small guard for the baggage and mules on a spur to the east, while Ord himself with a small advance guard was under cover of the burning houses watching the river crossing. Realizing that the Indians would attack from the east and north, Ord quickly ordered Captain Jones to charge the wooded spurs to the east. Though the Indians had already reached there, Jones attacked and drove them before him. Ord then directed Drysdale to strike the Indians by a flanking movement to the north of the baggage from which the Indians had driven the guard. This movement was quickly executed. A few Indians had penetrated inside the box-like bottom, and Ord and the advance guard, joined by the baggage guard, charged them. These Indians were driven into Drysdale's crossfire, and several were killed. A few more rushes into the wooded knolls to the east and the Indians were driven back to their boats. Ord now commanded their crossing, and as the Indians were paddling to the other side of the river three more were killed.

The entire action had lasted an hour and a half, and Ord estimated that 60 to 100 Indians had been engaged against his force. Ten Indians had been killed and several wounded, while Ord had amazingly suffered the loss of only one man wounded. The men were "fagged out, and I was very tired," said Ord, but there could be no rest in such an enclosure. The column was

12. Ord to James Ord, March 28, 1856 (copy), in Alexander Collection.

put in motion again for a march to a suitable camp site about two and one half miles from the village.[13]

Ord had considerable difficulty urging on his nearly exhausted troops and gave up his saddle mule to a broken down soldier who had fallen behind. As First Sergeant Nash of Ord's company was putting the man on the mule, the pursuing Indians fired upon them, wounding the sergeant severely. The trail was so rough that a litter proved ineffectual, and it became necessary for Ord to carry the wounded sergeant before him on his mule.[14] A trying march of six hours was required to cover the two and one half miles to the camp site. On the following day the expedition returned to the mouth of Rogue River.

"Officers all congratulated me & think I will get a Brevet," Ord wrote.[15] Indeed, Ord had shown considerable skill and daring in the Macanootenay fight; his direction of the affair was admirable. The effect of the action was to raise his prestige considerably in the army as well as among the people of the Pacific Coast. But the importance of the fight was more than personal. The San Francisco *Daily Herald* evaluated the action in the following terms:

> This is regarded by the people of Rogue River as the first regular defeat of the Indians since the beginning of the war. It is the first time the whites have charged the Indians after having been attacked by them. . . .
>
> This, with a little more powder and ball is expected to bring them to terms . . . .[16]

Late in April Buchanan directed Ord to proceed with his company to the mouth of the Chetco River to meet a supply train enroute to Rogue River from Crescent City and to escort the train to its destination. Ord in approaching the train from the north surprised a body of Chetco Indians lying in ambush to intercept the caravan. A skirmish ensued in which five or six Indians were killed or wounded and several captured along with a quantity of provisions, while one soldier was killed and another wounded. The train was escorted without further incident to the mouth of Rogue River.[17]

13. Ord to James Ord, March 28, 1856 (copy), in Alexander Collection.
14. E. O. C. Ord's Diary (1856), March 26, 1856.
15. E. O. C. Ord's Diary (1856), March 27, 1856.
16. San Francisco *Daily Herald*, April 18, 1856.
17. Rolls and Returns of the 3rd Artillery Regiment, 1856, in records of the Adjutant General's Office.

By the beginning of May, General Wool reported Buchanan's successes as highly gratifying and believed that the Indians would soon sue for peace. "The only obstacle in the way of entire success," he continued, "is the determination of the citizens and Governor Curry's troops to exterminate the Indians."[18]

During May Buchanan's command marched and countermarched through the Rogue River country, attempting to persuade various parties of Indians to give up the fight and skirmishing where persuasion proved ineffective. Late in the month Ord stated that he was gratified at having seen some service, but believed the war was almost over, since nearly all of the Indians were sending in delegates to talk peace.[19] Soon the Indians began surrendering themselves, though a recent battle in which Captains Smith and Augur were engaged had so angered the soldiers that receiving the Indians became a delicate task. "Tis difficult to show any quarter; the men are disposed to kill all," Ord wrote.[20]

On May 30 at the bend of Rogue River Ord received "George" and his people—100 women, 35 men, and several children. These people had to be conducted to Port Orford, and for Ord this proved to be an unhappy assignment. He described the Indians as "poor devils" and sympathized with them in their suffering—particularly the women and children. "It almost makes me shed tears to listen to their wailing." No wonder their men fight so desperately, he thought.[21]

On the march the Indians presented a pitiable spectacle, which touched Captain Ord deeply. He described a portion of the march in the cryptic language of the diarist.

> We marched down river 2 ms. & turned up a steep hill; rather rough on the old squaws. One old fellow & his blind wife already behind. Poor old woman begins to fall down before we begin to climb the mountain, and she broke down completely short distance up. . . .
>
> Went & got a horse. Old squaw fell off. I then took her in front of me. Pretty hard to stand it. . . .
>
> Gave up my mule to lame girl & broken down old squaw. Girl quite childishly happy; first time maybe in her life she has had so much kindness shown her.[22]

18. John E. Wool to Lorenzo Thomas, May 4, 1856, in Letters Received (1856), Adjutant General's Office, 122P1856.
19. Ord to James Ord, May 23, 1856, in Alexander Collection.
20. E. O. C. Ord's Diary (1856), June 6, 1856.
21. E. O. C. Ord's Diary (1856), June 8, 1856.
22. E. O. C. Ord's Diary (1856), June 10, 1856.

Ord was next ordered to the mouth of Rogue River to receive other Indians who desired to surrender and to conduct them to Port Orford. Upon his arrival he found many already there, and during the following week many others came in. On June 23 Ord reached Port Orford with 242 Indians.[23]

Among the last of the Indians to surrender was the notorious "Old John" with his people. Ord was directed to proceed to a camp near Rhinehart's to await the arrival of this group and to conduct them to Port Orford. Old John and his party about two hundred strong came in on June 28. "I advanced a short distance up hill from camp & shook hands with him," Ord wrote. The warriors one by one gave up their rifles, "some rather with a look of defiance." The Captain then took the chief into his tent "and gave him a drink." The Indians were conducted to Port Orford where Ord remained a few days and improved his acquaintance with Old John by having him to Sunday lunch and dinner.[24]

The Rogue River Indian War was now over. For the people of Ord's time in Oregon and Washington such conflicts had been and would continue to be battles of civilization against savagery. It was a bitter struggle in which drastic measures were taken by the whites to subdue the Indians; both sides suffered severely. Victories for the whites meant that the Indians must give way and in time relinquish the land to the white invaders. To Ord the beaten Indians were objects of pity, and he had the magnanimity to sympathize with them in their sufferings of defeat. But there was for Ord also in Indian fighting a valuable period of preparation for later important responsibilities in preserving the Union.

23. E. O. C. Ord's Diary (1856), June 14-23, 1856; Robert C. Buchanan to David R. Jones, June 24, 1856, in Letters Received (1856), Adjutant General's Office.

24. E. O. C. Ord's Diary (1856), June 23-July 6, 1856.

Number 14974 Price 35 Cents

G.P. Courier
4-2-1960

Country

108 Victims Listed in Rogue Area

Of the 242 Oregon emigrants who fell victim to the massacres of Indians in the territorial settlement period throughout the State of Oregon, 108 are directly attributable to the Rogue River Indians of Southern Oregon—or to immediate allies, who waylaid their unfortunate prey in the general area of Southern Oregon.

The official reports of the Territorial Committee on Military Affairs is authority for the foregoing summary, and their complete record of the ill-fated settlers whose lives were lost is presented herewith, from official copies of the territorial records of 1958 now in the possession of Marjorie Neill Helms, Ardenecraig, Grants Pass, Oregon.

The entire report is given, with a star (*) preceding each paragraph referring to the Southern Oregon Indian fatality incidents.

"Your committee, to whom were referred the governor's message and resolution No. ——, relative to the protection of immigrants—in 1854, with instructions to report, as far as practicable the number, date, places, and names of persons killed by Oregon Indians and their allies in times of peace, and those killed in times of war by Indians supposed to be friendly submit the following report:

The deadly hostility of the Indians inhabiting the extreme northern and southern portions of our Territory may be traced back to a very early period. As far back as 1834 a party of about thirty persons, under the control of Captain Smith, were massacred near the mouth of the Umpqua river.

*In June, 1835, George Gay, Daniel Miller, Edward Barnes, Dr. Bailey, Mr. Sanders, John Turner, John Woodworth, and an Irishman called Tom, were attacked by Rogue River Indians near where Mr. Birdseye now lives in Rogue River valley and Mr. Miller, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Sanders and Tom were killed. The other four were badly wounded but made their escape.

In August, 1838, as a party of citizens of Oregon were driving the first cattle from California to this Territory, they were attacked near the same spot where the party was attacked in 1835, by the same Indians, and Mr. Gay, who was of the party of 1835, was again wounded.

In the fall of 1846, a sick immigrant was killed on the southern Oregon immigrant road, near Lee river, by Modoc Indians.

On the 29th of November, 1847, Dr. Whitman, a Protestant missionary, his wife, two orphan children, a Frenchman, and about eleven immigrants were massacred at or near the mission in Walla Walla valley by Cayuse Indians. This was the commencement of the Cayuse war.

*In 1851, an exploring party of eight or ten men were attacked near the mouth of Coquille river, in southern Oregon, and six of the number were killed.

*In 1851, two men were killed on Grave creek, and one or two more on Rogue river, by Rogue River Indians, for which they were chastised by Major Kearney, United States army. It was in some of Major Kearney's engagements with these Indians that Captain Stewart, United States army, was killed.

*In May, 1851, Mr. Dilley was killed near Camp Stewart, in Rogue River Valley, by Rogue River Indians; and

*In October, 1851, Mr. Moffitt was killed near the same place by the same Indians.

*In June, 1852, Calvin Woodman was killed in Scott's valley, California, by Rogue River Indians.

In June, 1852, James L. Tresner, John Brando, "Cayuse" Jackson and "Adobe" John, a Mexican, were killed by Pitt River Indians, in the valley of that name, while viewing a wagon road from Sacramento valley to the southern boundary line of Oregon.

In August, 1852, Mr. Coats, John Ormsby, James Long, and thirty-three immigrants were murdered by the Modoc Indians on the southern Oregon emigrant road.

*In December, 1852, William Gundage, Peter Hunter, James Bacon, and brother, Mr. Brewer, William Allen and Mr. Palmer, were massacred by Rogue River Indians on Rogue river, near the mouth of Galese (Galice) creek.

*In 1853, August 4, Edward Edwards was killed by Rogue River Indians in his own house, on Stewart's creek.

*August 5, 1853, Thomas Wills was mortally wounded by Rogue River Indians within three hundred yards of the town of Jacksonville.

*August 6, 1853, Richard Nolan was killed by Rogue River Indi-

(Continued on next page)

VF. Rogue River INDIAN WARS

River Area Wars Listed

(Continued from Page 1)

...s on Jackson creek, one mile ...om the town of Jacksonville.

*August 17, 1852, John Gibbs, William Hugdins and three others whose names are not known, were killed in Rogue River valley by Rogue River Indians. (Ed. Note: Two of these were later presumed from other records to be John Gardin and William R. Rose).

*October 6, 1852, James C. Kyle was killed by Rogue River Indians two miles from Fort Lane and about six from Jacksonville. The actual murder of Mr. Kyle and those who murdered Edwards and Wills were subsequently arrested, and were tried for their offenses before the Hon. O. B. McFadden, in the spring of 1854, and were convicted and hung. These three Indians, with those chastised by Major Kearney in 1851, are the only ones ever punished for crime by either the civil or military authorities in southern Oregon.

*In January, 1854, Hiram Hulen, John Clark, John Oldfield, and Wesley Madden were killed between Jacksonville and Yreka by Rogue River, Shasta and Modoc Indians.

*April 15, 1854, Edward Phillips was killed on Applegate creek, near Fort Lane, by Rogue River Indians.

*June 15, 1854, Daniel Gage was killed while crossing the Siskiyou mountains, between Jacksonville and Yreka.

*June 24, 1854, Captain McAmy was killed at DeWitt's ferry, on Klamath river, by Shasta and Rogue River Indians.

August 20, 1854, Alexander Ward, his wife, and seven children, Mrs. White and child, Samuel Mulligan, Dr. Adams and brother, William Babcock, John Frederick, and Rudolph Shultz, Mr. Ames and a Frenchman, name unknown, were massacred by Snake Indians on the northern emigrant road, near Fort Boise.

In September, 1854, Mr. Stewart was killed by Indians on the middle route to Oregon, via the plains.

*May 8, 1855, Mr. Hill was killed on Indian creek by Rogue River Indians.

*June 1, 1855, Jerome Dyer and Daniel McKero were killed by Rogue River Indians, on the the road between Jacksonville and Illinois valley.

*June 2, 1855, Mr. Pinkpat was killed in Deer creek valley by the same Indians, next above mentioned.

*July 27, 1855, Mr. Peters was killed on Humbug creek by Klamath, Shasta and Rogue River Indians.

July 28, 1855, William Hennessey, Edward Parihs, Thomas Grey, Peter Highnight, John Pollock, four Frenchmen, and two Mexicans, names unknown, were killed by the Indians next before referred to, at Buckeye Bar, on Klamath river.

*September 2, 1855, Mr. Keene was killed by Modoc Indians, on the southern emigrant road, near Rogue River valley.

In September, 1855, Mrs. Clark and a young man were killed in Yamhill county by Coast Indians.

In September, 1855, Elisha Plummer and four others, names unknown, were killed at Grand Ronde, east of the Blue mountains, by Cayuse, and Walla Walla Indians.

In September, 1855, Indian Agent A. J. Bolan, —— Matteese, and two others were killed by the Yakima Indians, east of the Cascade mountains.

*September 24, 1855, Fields and Cunningham were killed by Rogue River Indians, on the Siskiyou mountains, between Jacksonville and Yreka.

*September 25, 1855, Samuel Warren, killed by the same Indians next above referred to.

*October 1, 1855, Mrs. J. B. Wagoner, Mary Wagoner, Mr. and Mrs. James, Mr. and Mrs. Haines and two children, George W. Harris, David W. Harris, F. A. Reed, William Gwin, James W. Cartwright, Mr. Powel, Busch, Fox, Hamilton, and White, were killed by Umpqua and Rogue River Indians near Evans ferry, on Rogue river. This is known as "the Wagoner massacre."

*October 10, 1855, Misses Hudson and Wilson, killed by Rogue River and Klamath Indians, on the road between Crescent City and Indian creek.

*October 14, 1855, Holland Bailey was killed by Umpqua and Cow Creek Indians in Cow Creek valley.

*November 6, 1855, Charles Scott and Theodore Snow, killed on the road between Yreka and Scotts Bar, by messengers from the Rogue River to the Klamath Indians.

*February 23, 1856, Captain Ben Wright, Captain John Poland, H. Brann, E. W. Howe, Mr. Wagoner, Barney Castle, George McClusky, Mr. Lara, W. R. Tullis, James Saroe, and two sons, Mr. Smith, Mr. Warner, John Gaussell, and three children, S. Hendrick, Patrick McCullough and four others, whose names are unknown, were killed by Indians in charge of agent Captain Ben Wright, near the mouth of Rogue river.

March 26, 1856, George Griswold, Norman Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. Watkins, James St. Clair, and eleven others, names unknown, were killed by Cascade Indians. This is known as "the Cascade massacre."

June, 1856, Charles Green and Thomas Stewart, killed on McKinney's creek, near Fort Jones by Shasta Indians.

January or February, 1857, Harry Lockhart, Z. Rogers, Adam Boles, D. Bryan and "John," a German, killed in Pitt River valley, by Pitt River Indians.

It will be seen by the foregoing list that prior to 1851, upwards of 50 citizens were murdered by Oregon Indians. Since 1851, upwards of 140 citizens have been murdered by the Indians of Southern Oregon and their immediate allies: and about 50 by the Indians of northern Oregon and their allies, since 1851. Many more names could be obtained from papers and living witnesses, but your committee have not time to investigate further.

(A recapitulation of the fatalities by year dates is stated as follows: Killed in 1834, 30; 1835, 4; 1846, one; 1847, 16; 1850, 6; 1851, 6; 1852, 47; 1853, 8; 1854, 8; 1855, 51; 1856, 43; and 1857, 5—a total of 242 fatalities.)

TERRITORY OF OREGON:

I, B. F. Harding, secretary of the Territory of Oregon, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and perfect copy of the original now on file in my office.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto signed my name and affixed the seal of the Territory this thirtieth day of March, A. D., 1858. (L. S).

B. F. HARDING,
Secretary of Oregon Territory.

Umpqua Joe

(Continued from Page 1)

Umpqua Joe. Peco shot the animal on his return from town on a drunken spree. Among Indians the worst insult that they could pay another was to kill their adversary's dog.

Dog Returns

The dog, a beautiful St. Bernard, had been owned by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Simmons, parents of Mr. Riddle's wife, the former Marguerite Casey. Mr. Simmons at that time owned and operated a mine in the lower Rogue river country. With the family's removal to Grants Pass around 1884, the dog was brought along, but was never happy "in town." He made frequent trips by himself down to the Galice country, and finally took up his home with the old family friend, Umpqua Joe.

It is recalled that the dog, "Faust" by name, had unusual intelligence, and he could be sent to market with a basket and a note to procure needed supplies for his mistress at home. If molested by other dogs en route, he was known to put down his basket, administer the necessary thrashing to his canine tormentors, take up the basket, and continue on his errand. This example of his intelligence well demonstrates the reason for the high regard felt for him alike by his white owners and later his Indian master, whose sorrow at his untimely death brought about a double tragedy.

During the quarrel between Umpqua Joe and Albert Peco over the killing of the dog, Umpqua Joe went into his house, closed the door, seized his rifle and shot through the closed door at the exact moment that Peco fired from the outside into the house through the same door. Both shots found their marks; and brought instant death to each.

few days Mrs. N... children were sent ... on Cow Creek. The... only a few days whe... began to murder t... Cow Creek valley, ... were only four men ... they all went to F... distance of three mi... only just arrived at ... the Indians began ... There were only ab... defend them.

Mrs. Niday Aid

One of them, Mr. ... ister, being so fright... not shoot, Mrs. N... gun and helped th... the fort. While she ... the Indians, her l... Mary, took suddenly ... in the room that h... helping defend...

After shooting n... the Indians began ... brands onto the ro... ably would have ... burning the fort b... break a company ... from Rogue River ... their rescue and dr... off. After this fig... returned to Fort ... mained there unti... over.

In the spring of 1... returned to her fa... the Indians had s... and burned her ba... nothing but the ... went to work c... build new buildin... and began life o...

In 1857 Mrs. ... David H. Sexton, ... had become adjus... Indian war, and t... old farm at the ... mountain until th...

Mrs. Sexton die... at the age of 85 ... days. Her husba... in death, dying a... on February 3, 19...

(See David Se... where in this secti...

Two Kill... Indians ... Point In...

The banks of ... Rock Point, nea... Foat's Creek we... the second India... counter, as is ... in a number of n... Walling has re... report ... lows:

'In J... e, 185... told, a ... ily of ... George ... gen's e... er. Edw... J. Turn... ers and ... known ... attacke... Creek ... Rogue ... Barnes ... ed, whil... ed, mar...

J. W. ... tions of ... credited ... details ...

"The ... ship of ... ping ex... of June ... the Poi... on the s... Several ... into ca... ing the... precaut... unexpec... with ch...

They ... the eig... whites ... time th... with fi... and wh... a big K... limb ... lustily ... held ... finally ... from ... another ... the sp... were ... The ... without ... all the ... fighting ... ing ... northe... Turner ... Bailey ... settlers ...

Rogue River Indian Wars, 1853-1856

June 17, 1952,

Dear Mary;

I have just completed a little paper for Harry Barneburg which he wanted in connection with some Boy Scout work.

Since the paper is involved with a study of the exact location of the Table Rock Treaty site, and since there has, in the past, been some confusion as to this, thought perhaps you might like a copy of this at the Museum, where such questions are often referred.

These separate descriptions of the site by Nesmith and Deady, are, in so far as I know, the only original sources we have on the subject.

These have been taken in a reconciliation study with present day topography. It is noteworthy how they fit in with each other and both with the topography of the area in pointing to a definite spot as the treaty site. This spot is that bench of land lying against the northeast face of Lower Table Rock. Or rather, we should say that this bench of land was the old Indian camp ground; it involves several acres. The actual treaty ground was apparently on the eastern edge of this camp ground, on the brow of the hill.

Sincerely,

E. A. Hedrick

THE TABLE ROCK TREATY,

By E. H. Hedrick,

In presenting an account of this famous treaty it would be well to recall some of the immediate events leading up tp it. The reader should bear in mind, however, that these events of the summer of 1853 were neither the beginning of Indian troubles in the Rogue River Valley nor the end of them.
The beginning of trouble with these Indians was when white explorers and trappers began passing through the valley, in the early part of the 19th century. The end of trouble with the Rogues was not to be reached until after the bloody Indian Wars of 1855 - 56 and the removal of the Indians and their placement on the Siletz and Grand Ronde Reservations.

. . . . . .

By the summer of 1853, the Rogue River Indians were growing bolder and more threatening in their attitude toward the white population which was rapidly increasing. Behind it all, of course, the Indians saw that the time was fast approaching when the white people would have taken over the land they had always thought to be theirs. In a common cause, these Indians, some times called the Takelmas, were moving toward a closer alliance with the Shastas and some other tribes of Northern California. Chiefs Jo and Sam of the Table Rock band were still trying to maintain some semblance of friendship with the whites but matters were getting out of hand.

On the other side of the picture there were bad white men who were ruthless in their treatment of the Indians, Treaties previously made were being broken on both sides. Robberies, house burning and murder were common. During the summer of 1853, a number of happenings in fast succession served to ignite the situation into all out was.

Early in August, Edward Edwards, a farmer living about 2½ miles below Phoenix was murdered in his residence by an Indian. About the same time, Thomas Wills a merchant at Jacksonville,

was ambushed and killed on the southern edge of that place. Some people heard the shot and saw his mule return to town with blood on the saddle. Two Shasta Indians were rounded up and publicly hanged for the crime. At this hanging, according to some historians, as an innocent spectator, was an Indian boy. So infuriated were the whites at Indians in general that when an irresponsible suggestion was made to hang the boy also to keep him from growing into a murderous Indian, the mob acted upon it. Resentment of this on the part of the Indians, reportedly, set off a wave of house burning of settler homes.

Near the mouth of Williams Creek, on the Applegate, a sharp ~~fight~~ fight took place between some Indians under Chief John and a small group of settlers led by Burrell Griffin with the Indians having somewhat the advantage.

South of Ashland, the families of Patrick Dunn, a Mr. Alberding and some others had forted up in a stockade they had constructed. After a little brush or two with the surrounding Indians they had received a few Indian women and children into their stockade to protect them. Soon a group of warriors belonging to Typsu-Tyee's band but led by sub-chief Sambo presented themselves at the stockade, under the pretense of surrendering themselves. The whites took them in. In a few days when the guard over the Indians was relaxed they broke out in a murderous masacre in which one white man was killed out right and five wounded, three so severely that they died within a few days.

The white inhabitants of the valley knew by this time that all out war had begun. Calls for assistance were sent out by runners, both north and south. Families were forted up in

Jacksonville and in the homes of some of the settlers where defenses could be provided. Companies of troops were being organized to fight the Indians.

First aid to arrive from outside the valley was Captain Bradley Alden from Fort Jones, northern California, bringing with him 10 regular soldiers and a quantity of muskets and ammunition. With him also came two companies of northern California settlers, from around Yreka, one company of about 90 men under Captain Goodall and another of 60 under Captain Rhodes.

Captain Alden at once began to expedite the formation of local companies. Several were formed; one under command of W. W. Fowler was detailed to guard Jacksonville. The other companies, under the general command of Col. John E. Ross were to rendezvous at Camp Stewart which was in what is now the northwest part of Central Point, in the area around the intersection of Scenic Avenue with Upton Road. All of this preparation, directed by Alden was causing the main body of the Indians to withdraw from the floor of the valley to mountain retreats, although roving Indians in pairs aor groups were continuing the atrocities of robbery, arson and murder.

At this point, General Joseph Lane who had received the news at his home near Roseburg, arrived on the scene with Captain Pleasant Armstrong and 10 or 12 other men. Captain Alden now turned the whole command over to Lane. To scour the country better in search of the main body of the Indians who had deserted their Table Rock headquarters he sent out patrols. He also divided the combined force into two battalions, one composed of the local settlers in two companies under J. K. Lamerick and John F. Miller, led by Ross. the other made up of the two Califor-

nia companies under Goodall and Rhodes, the ten regular soldiers and the Lane party was led by Alden but accompanied by Lane.

On or about the 15th of August, a detachment of volunteers under Hardy Elliff had been sent to attack the Indian encampment behind Table Rock but found that the Indians had left it. On the 17th, one of the patrols under Lieutenant E. Ely, in the Evans Creek area, was surprised by a large group of Indians while at a noon day meal. A sharp fight ensued in which five out of the 22 men in the patrol were killed or wounded. The others took positions behind trees and logs and managed to hold the Indians at bay while runners were sent back to Camp Stewart for reinforcements. Before these could arrive the Indians had left the scene.

Lane now felt sure that the main body of the Indians, under Chiefs Jo and Sam was some where in the Evans Creek area. He sent Col. Ross with his two companies down Rogue River to the mouth of Evans Creek, to what is now the site of the town of Rogue River. From there, he was to proceed up Evans Creek and to engage the Indians if found. Aldens battalion with Lane, was to move into the Evans Creek country higher up. It was about the 20th of August. The weather was hot. To cover their trail, the Indians had fired the country and hills and valleys were enshrouded with smoke. For three days, the troops under Lane and Alden moved slowly forward, hindered by oppressive heat, thick smoke, steep hills, brush and down timber. On August 24, scouts brought word that signs of a recent camp had been found. Soon, the crack of a rifle was heard and the sound of voices about 400 yards away. The command was halted, ordered to dismount, tie their horses and prepare for the encounter. The Indians were high up on what is today called Battle Mountain, on the head water of Evans

Creek. They were in a rather densely wooded area which was in 1959 (and perhaps still is) a virgin forest of mostly Douglas Fir, some cedar and a little scattering pine higher up. As was later revealed, the Indians, about half the main body that had left Table Rock were under Chief Jo. in a temporary camp they had fortified the best they could. The remainder of the band was temporarily away, under Chief Sam, reconnoitering for a permanent camp.

Alden with Goodall's company was to attack the enemy's front while Rhodes' company was to execute a side movement to turn the enemy's flank. When Alden's men opened fire the Indians were taken by surprise but quickly rallied and put up a stiff fight. Both white men and Indians were firing from behind logs and trees. After about an hour's fighting during which Alden was badly wounded and Pleasant Armstrong killed(1) Lane took over personally and with the

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(1) Armstrong was struck in the breast by a ball and as he fell he is said to have exclaimed "A dead center shot" He was a prominent citizen of Oregon, living in Yamhill County but was with Lane in the Roseburg area when the call for assistance came from the settlers of Rogue River valley. He was one of the builders of the ship "Star of Oregon" and was a participant in the 1843 meeting at Champoeg which helped to decide the fate of Oregon. Both a valley and a creek in the area not far from the battle scene have been named in his honor. He with two others killed in this battle were rather hastily burried at the site. Some time afterward, his people sent a zinc coffin to have his remains returned to his home. Col. John Ross is said to have guided a party to the remote spot where the bodies were interred but things were in such shape that identification was impossible. so the party left the coffin at the site to report back for further orders from relatives which apparently never came. Before leaving, the coffin was trussed up in a pine tree where it hung for many years, occasionally to attract the attention of a hunter or prospector and became the inspiration for the "Coffin Tree" mystery legendary with younger generations. According to one report, it fell to the ground some time prior to 1917. Apparently, it was later cut up and carried away by parties unknown. Some of the smaller pieces left from the cutting were left on the ground. These were found by Jack Sutton in 1929 and deposited with the Jacksonville Museum.

rear guard which had come up by that time led a charge on the Indian position. He was wounded again in the same arm that had caught a ball at Buena Vista in the Mexican war. Loss of blood soon so weakened him that his men carried him to the rear where his wound was dressed. About this time, Chief Jo having learned that Lane whom he knew and trusted was with the whites, asked for a cease fire conferense. Lane then ordered the fighting stopped. Robert Metcalf, sub Indian agent with the troops and James Bruce were sent among the Indians to see what was wanted. The Indians insisted upon seeing Lane who threw a cloak over his shoulders to conceal his wounded arm and followed. The Natives told him they were tired of war and wished to make peace. They agreed to go back to their old camp on Table Rock and there meet with peace negotiators in seven days. Lane, convinced of their sincerity, took the son of Chief Jo as a hostage and returned to his men who were caring for the wounded and burying the dead. In addition to Pleasant Armstrong, two men, John Scarborough and Isaac Bradley were killed in the fight. Three of the volunteers were seriously wounded. Of these, Charles C. Abbot is reported to have died of his wound ~~of~~ September 2d. The Indians admitted losing 8 killed and 20 wounded.

Col. Ross arrived in the evening with his battalion, also Chief Sam came in with the other band of the Indians but since Lane and Jo had agreed upon an armistice and a peace parley there was no further fighting. That night, the warriors of both races camped about a fourth of a mile from each other. According to Lane's report, the Indians demonstrated their good faith by allowing their women to carry water to the wounded whites.

Lane went among the Indians again the following morning, convinced that they meant to honor their pledge, allowed them to depart. He states in his report that on advice of the surgeon his command laid over a day and a night before starting the return trip. It is not stated whether Ross' command laid over also, but by the 29th of August, both the contending hosts were back in the valley; the Indians in their old camp ground and the whites in an area a few hundred feet below the present Bybee Bridge and abutting on Rogue River. J. W. Nesmith says it was about two or two and one half miles from the Indian camp and in sight of it. In honor of the wounded captain, Lane gave the place the name of "Camp Alden" and heads his report of the campaign to Brigadier General Hitchcock, in Washington D. C. as from "Camp Alden, Rogue River"

As already stated, it had been agreed between Lane and the Indians that there would be a peace parley in seven days. It seems there was a meeting between the principals on September 4 and some contacts on other days. In fact, the actual treaty instrument as filed in Washington is reported to be dated September 8, 1853. There is little doubt but what Lane was stalling for time. He was waiting both for the arrival of Joel Palmer, Superintendent of Indian Affairs and for reinforcements which were on the way. The number of Indian warriors gathered within the encampment by this time considerably out numbered his men. Many of the Indians were bitter over wrongs done them by the whites and were not in favor of the treaty. Without the presence of a sufficient showing of troops on the ground there might be some question whether

Lane could enforce his will and compel the Indians to accept the terms being decided upon by the high contending parties. Chiefs Jo and Sam were apparently in a frame of mind for submission to the demands of the whites but many of the Indians were not. Limpy, one of the sub chiefs was among those resisting and is reported to have spoken out very bitterly during the meeting of September 4th.

During this waiting period, Lane's command was considerably increased. Lieutenant August V. Kautz with a small detachment of regular soldiers came from Vancouver, bringing a supply of musket, ammunition and a howitzer. With him came a volunteer group of 41 men, led by James W. Nesmith with Lafayette Grover as lieutenant. Grover with 20 men went ahead. At the South Umpqua River, (present day Roseburg) they were joined by Circuit Judge M. P. Deady who was on his way to Jacksonville to hold the first court session at that place. From Port Orford, came Captain A. J. Smith with his company of 60 dragoons; they had come through the wild and difficult trails up Rogue River. Joel Palmer Superintendent of Indian Affairs and Samuel Culver, Indian Agent had also arrived. Lane now had at his disposal about 400 men.

From the accounts we have it appears quite probable that the terms of the treaty had been pretty well determined and agreed upon by the contracting parties in preliminary meetings before September 10., and that the main purpose of the latter meeting was to make sure they were understood by all the Indians and impressed upon them.

Lane had agreed with the Indians that he would come into their encampment for the treaty talk with ten unarmed men. Nesmith whom Lane desired to use as interpreter objected to this as dangerous

but when Lane questioned his bravery he overcame his objections and agreed to go to what he says "I believed to be to our slaughter" Col. John E. Ross and some others also are reported to have aided in the interpreting.

The men selected by Lane to accompany him were; Joel E. Palmer, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Samuel Colver of Phoenix, Indian Agent, Capt. A. J. Smith of the 1st Dragoons, L. F. Mosher, Adjutant, Col. John E. Ross, Capt. J. W. Nesmith, Lieut. A. V. Kautz, R. B. Metcalf and T. T. Tierney.

For some reason, there has been considerable confusion among writers and speakers on the subject as to the location of the treaty site. It has been put in a number of places; "Between the Rock and the River" - "On the floor of the valley", not far from the present marker, and "On the southwest slopes of Upper Table Rock" Fortunately, we have from original sources fairly good descriptions of the treaty site by two creditable men who were there when the treaty was made. One of these is James W. Nesmith who was the interpreter. The other was Judge M. P. Deady who was a spectator on the ground that day. A careful reading of the descriptions given us by these two men, in connection with a present day viewing of the topography of the area leaves little or no doubt that the actual treaty site was on the eastern edge of the old Indian camp ground located on the bench of land, at the base of the perpendicular cliff, on the northeast corner of Lower Table Rock. (1)

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(1) It is interesting to apply the descriptions given separately by these two men with the present day topography of the area which, of course, is practically the same today as it was then. The difference now is in the growth of vegetation. "The majestic old pines" are gone now and in their place is quite a thick growth of young trees and under brush encumbering the site.

Footnote from p. 9, continued.

Nesmith says, "The encampment of the Indians was on the side of the mountain of which Table Rock forms the summit, and at night we could plainly see their camp fires while they could look down upon us" - - - and - - "Early in the morning of September 10, 1853, we mounted our horses and rode out in the direction of the Indian encampment" "After riding a couple of miles across the level valley we came to the foot of the mountain where it was too steep for horses to ascend. We dismounted, hitched our horses and scrambled up for half a mile over rocks and through brush, and found ourselves in the Indian stronghold just under the perpendicular cliff of Table Rock and surrounded by 700 fierce and well armed savages. Further, he says, "Captain Smith had drawn up his company of dragoons and left them in line in the plane below. It was a bright, beautiful morning and the Rogue River Valley lay like a panorama at our feet; the exact lines of the dragoons, sitting statue like upon their horses, with their white belts and burnished scabbards and carbines, looked like they were engraven upon a picture, while a few paces in our rear the huge perpendicular wall of Table Rock towered frowningly many hundred feet above us"

NOW, If we grant that the camp of the troops (called "Camp Alden" by Lane) was where the reports of that day say it was, - near Hailey's Ferry, some little distance below present day Bybee Bridge, - and there is no reason to doubt it, - then Nesmith's description fits the geography of the country quite well. The camp of the Indians, the eastern edge of it, at least, could easily have been in sight of the whites, camped below. Also, the Indian encampment would have been roughly 2½ miles from the camp of the whites with the last half mile or so, up a slope "too steep for horses to ascend" This is true of the slope up to the Indian encampment on the east side, which is the direction ~~direction~~ from which the treaty party would naturally have approached it. The slope on the north side, however, (or northwest) is comparatively gentle and the approach to the Indian camp ground on that side is not difficult.

The perpendicular cliffs of Table Rock do rise very abruptly from this bench of land and are quite high, possibly 250 or 300 feet.

Now, let us look at the description given us by Judge Deady. He was not in the Indian camp ground but viewed the treaty making process from below, near where the troops were stationed. He says; "It (speaking of the treaty site) was on a narrow bench of a gently sloping hill lying over against the noted bluff, called Table Rock. The ground was thinly covered with majestic old pines and rugged oaks, with here and there a clump of green oak bushes. About half a mile above the bright mountain stream that threaded the narrow valley below sat the two chiefs in council"

Here, a very significant and identifying feature in the picture he presents is the bright mountain stream he mentions, This is, no doubt, present day Snyder Creek. It is probably less than a fourth of a mile from the foot of the slope at this point. It is the only such streak in the whole area, for miles around and Deady's reference to it does much in helping us to be doubly certain as to the site of the treaty council.

This bench of land, once the encampment site and head quarters of

Footnote from p. 9, continued.

the RRgue River Indians, and the eastern edge of which, no doubt, the site of the treaty council of September 10, 1853, is, in truth, a most beautiful and interesting spot. A visitor to it, in looking it over, can not help being impressed by what an ideal camp site it must have been. High above the valley floor, it affords a splendid view of upper Rogue River Valley, Table Rock and Sams Valley country. By the high cliffs so abruptly rising, it was well protected on the south and west both from the weather and the approach of an enemy. At that time, there was only one or two known places where Table Rock could be scaled. One of those and possibly the only usable one, was from the west edge of the camp grounds and controllable from the camp. To the best of our khowledge, the Indians never camped on top of the Rock and no battles were ever fought there, but for signaling and long range observation there was no better place in the whole Rogue basin.

The writer ventures the hope that some day, this old camp ground and treaty ~~xight~~ site may be acquired, cleaned up and made into a public park, commemorating some of the history of this Rogue River Valley.

(End of foot note)

Continued from page 9,

James W. Nesmith was a very important citizen of early Oregon. Among other services performed and positions held, he was a United States Senator from Oregon during the Civil War period, (1861-67)

Years after the making of the Table Rock treaty he wrote a very vivid account of it which he submitted to General Lane for criticism before publishing it. It is printed in the Oregon Historical Quarterly, Volume VII, p. 211. It is available at the Medford Public Library and is a reading "must" for any one interested in the subject.

Judge M. P. Deady, mentioned earlier, was a distinguished judge in early Oregon. He was in Jacksonville at that time, holding the first civil court ever held at that place. He relates how he rode out (presumably from Jacksonville) "12 miles" he says, to Lane's camp to accompany him to the council "but finding him already gone followed alone" He viewed the treaty activities with other spectators, from the foot of the slope, along present day Snyder Creek. Here also, were drawn up Smith's dragoons for the pur-

pose of impressing the Indians.

The business of the treaty was long and tedious, lasting from early morning to late in the afternoon. Long speeches were made by Lane and Palmer which had to be translated into Chinook and from that into the Rogue River tongue. When the Indians spoke it was the reverse. An Indian warrior seems to have been the "loud speaker" of the day who communicated the treaty talk to the Indians, spread out on the hill side. Deady says; "A short distance above us, on the hill side, were some hundreds of dusky warriors in fighting gear reclining quietly on the ground" - - - "After a proposition was discussed and settled between the two chiefs (Lane and Jo) an Indian would rise up and communicate the matter to a huge warrior who reclined at the foot of a tree quite near us. Then the latter would rise up and communicate the matter to the host above him and they belabored it back and forth with many voices. Then the warrior communicated the thought of the multitude on the subject back to his chief; and so the discussion went on until an understanding was finally reached"

About the middle of the afternoon, an episode occurred which came near terminating the treaty and might have meant the masacre of the treaty party. According to Nesmith, "A young Indian came running into the camp stark naked, with perspiration streaming from every pore. He made a brief harangue and threw himself upon the ground apparently exhausted. His speech had created a great tumult among his tribe. General Lane told me to inquire of the Indian interpreter the cause of the commotion; the Indian responded that a company of white men down at Applegate Creek and under the command of Captain Owen had that morning captured an Indian known as Jim Taylor, and had tied him to a tree and shot him to death. The hubbub among the

Indians at once became intense and murder glared from each savage visage. The Indian interpreter told me that the Indians were threatening to tie us up to trees and serve us as Owens men had served Jim Taylor. I saw some Indians gathering up lass ropes while others drew skin covers from their guns and wiping sticks from their muzzles" "There appeared a strong probability that our party might be subjected to a sudden volley. I explained as briefly as I could what the interpreter had communicated to me. In order to keep our people from huddling together and thus make a better target for the savages, I used a few English words not likely to be understood by the Indian interpreter such as 'disperse' and segregate! In fact, we kept so close to the savages and separated from one another that any general firing must have been nearly as fatal to the Indians as to the whites."

"While I admitted that I thought my time had come and hurriedly thought of wife and children, I noticed nothing but coolness among my companions. General Lane sat upon a log with his arm bandaged in a sling, the lines about his mouth rigidly compressing his lips, while his eyes flashed fire. He asked brief questions and gave me sententious answers to what little the Indians said to us. Captain A. J. Smith who was prematurely gray haired, and was afflicted with a nervous snapping of the eyes, leaned upon his cavalry saber and looked down upon his well formed dragoons in the valley below. His eyes snapped more vigorously than usual, and muttered words escaped from under the old dragoon's mustache that did not sound much like prayers. His squadron looked beautiful but alas, it could render us no assistance. I sat down on a log close to old Chief Jo, and having a sharp hunting knife under my hunting shirt, kept one hand near its handle, determined that there would be one Indian made 'good' about the time the firing commenced.

"In a few moments General Lane stood up and commenced to speak

slowly but very distinctly. He said 'Owens who has violated the armistice and killed Jim Taylor is a bad man. He is not one of my soldiers. When I catch him he shall be punished. I promised in good faith to come into your camp with ten other unarmed men to secure peace. Myself and men are placed in your power; I do not believe you are such cowardly dogs as to take advantage of our unarmed condition. I know you have the power to murder us and you may do so as quickly as you please, but what good will our blood do you? Our murder will exasperate our friends and your tribes will be hunted from the face of the earth. Let us proceed with the treaty and in place of war have lasting peace! Much more was said in this strain by the general; all rather defiant and nothing of a begging character. The excitement gradually subsided after Lane promised to give a fair compensation for the defunct Jim Taylor in shirts and blankets."

"The treaty of the 10th of September, 1853 was completed and signed and peace restored for the next two years"

The treaty provided that all the bands of Indians living in the area roughly described as the Rogue River basin from the mouth of the Applegate and Jump of Jo Creek, south to Pilot Rock and the Siskiyous agree to cease hostilities and live in peace with the white settlers. That all property taken from the whites be returned to the Indian agent. Further, that the several chiefs agree to deliver up to the Indian agent any one of their people who may by any crime committed disturb friendly relations between the whites and their people.

Article II stipulated that all the different bands of Indians residing in the area "shall hereafter reside in the place to be set aside for them.

Article III required that all fire arms except seven for Jo and

five for Sam be delivered to General Lane or the Indian Agent and that the Indians be paid a fair price for them in blankets and clothing.

Article IV stipulated that when the rights of the Indians to "the above described country (that is roughly the Rogue basin) was paid for by the Federal Government that an amount not to exceed $15,000 be withheld to pay for property of the whites destroyed by the Indians during the war.

Article V provided that in case the Indians again made war upon the settlers they would forfeit all right to any money to be paid them for their land.

Article VI provided that if any outside Indians entered the territory of the Rogues for the purpose of committing hostilities against the whites the chiefs should immediately inform the Indian agent and render him such assistance as in their power.

Article VII stated that another Indian agent shall be named to reside near the Indians to enforce the above stipulations and to hear complaints from the Indians of any injuries done to them.

To serve as a sort of bastion helping to keep both whites and Indians in control, Captain A. J. Smith began the construction of Fort Lane that fall. It was south of Table Rock and across the River from it.

This treaty marked the end of open hostilities for a time but it did not mark the end to Indian troubles in the Rogue Valley. That end was not to be attained until after the bloody Indian war of 1855 -56. Old Jo and Sam, however did do what they could to keep faith. Lane made note of this. In the closing paragraph of his letter to Nesmith he states; "and as you know, when the great Indian war of 1855 - 56 broke out and you were again on the field fighting them poor old Jo was dead and you or some other commander, at old Sam's request, sent him and his people to Grand Round Reservation.

Old John, Adam and all the others, except Jo's and Sam's people fought you hard but the Rogues proper never forgot the impression we made upon them in the great council of September 10, 1853. It was a grand and successful council, the Rogues proper fought us no more; they did not forget their promises to us.

Very truly your friend and obedient servant,

"Joseph Lane"

Rogue River Indian Wars, 1855-1856

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An Ohioan's Role in Oregon History

THOMAS H. SMITH

Early in 1849 the news of J. W. Marshall's discovery of gold on the south fork of the American River in California caused much excitement in the eastern portions of the United States. Thousands of individuals were traveling over numerous routes to the Pacific Coast in hopes of finding vast personal fortunes. By 1851 gold was discovered in Oregon and miners from California, joined by countless others from the eastern states flooded into the newly established Territory. The Middle West's contribution to Oregon's early population has been estimated as fifty per cent.[1] The number of Ohioans who journeyed to Oregon rose from 653 in 1850 to 3,285 in 1860.[2] The letters presented below were written by one of those Ohioans, Charles Blair, who, by his twentieth birthday, had left home hoping to create a future which he believed his native state no longer offered. He made his journey in advance of those who moved West in answer to the lure of gold, however, and was in Oregon by late 1847. He wrote to his brothers in Ohio about his participation in the Rogue River Indian War (1854), commented on Klamath River mines (1855), and later on his activities in 1862.[3]

Charles Blair was born on a farm near Mt. Vernon, Knox County, Ohio, on December 7, 1827. Little is known of his parents, Joseph and Rebeccah, except they were of Scottish descent, and of their nine other children only Elizabeth, Abraham, and Elias reached adulthood. The Blair farm was an economic failure as indicated in later correspondence between Elias and his family when the homestead was threatened with public sale to satisfy creditors. Both Charles and Elias abandoned the farm to seek a new life elsewhere. Elias traveled to Bucyrus, Ohio, where he entered the hardware business and later became president of the local Second National Bank. Charles, however, accepted the challenge of the American mining frontier.

1. Walter C. Woodward, "The Rise and Early History of Political Parties in Oregon," *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, XI (December, 1910), 324.

2. F. G. Young, "Financial History of Oregon," *OHQ*, VIII (March, 1907), 139.

3. The letters, the most interesting from a small collection, are in the possession of the author.

He traveled west over the Oregon Trail, and though the precise date of his arrival in the Oregon Territory is undetermined, he was in Oregon City by December 1847-January 1848.[4] Charles Blair is listed as serving as a Cayuse War volunteer in 1848. Probably he went to the newly-discovered California mines when the news reached Oregon in 1848.[5] What his adventures were between that time, and February, 1854, when he wrote his brother from the Siskiyou mines, are unknown.

Siskyous Cy. Calafo[rnia]
February the 7, 1854

Dear Brother,

I take this opturnety to inform Father and mother that i am Sound and hearty as a Indian. As i am a giting very anxious to heare from home. I Write the Second time Without answer. . . .

Times is very dull, duller than i ever Saw it in this cuntry before. Miners has bin laing idle for Seven months Spending what they maid for the Want of water.

Las Summer i dun very well a mining. two of us made Six hundred dollars a week regler. When the Rouge [Rogue] River War[6] broke out We sold out fore Fourteen hundred dol-

4. His name appears in S. W. Moss' Oregon City store ledger (Ms. 84-C, p. 95, Oregon Historical Society) under date of December 25, 1847, and January 8 or 9, 1848. Blair does not appear in the index to the Oregon Provisional and Territorial Government Papers, nor in the 1845, 1849 or 1850 censuses for Oregon Territory.

5. See Frances Fuller Victor, *Early Indian Wars of Oregon* (Salem, 1894), 504; *Oregon Spectator* (Oregon City), April 6, 1848, p. 1, col. 5; *Oregon Statesman* (Salem), March 18-April 15, 1856 (advertisement). The *Spectator* of January 24, 1850, p. 2, col. 5, noted that Charles Blair had arrived at Fort Victoria from San Francisco on the *John W. Cater*.

6. Charles Blair's pension application for his Rogue River war service is on file at the Oregon Historical Society, No. 078. It includes information on his place and date of birth, his war service in 1853 under Captain Jacob Rose (*sic*); his occupation (mining); his personal appearance (five feet eight, brown eyes and hair); and his subsequent places of residence (Yreka, California, Jacksonville, Oregon, and Klamath County, Oregon). At that time (probably the late 1890s, though the application is not dated), he was living in Klamath Falls. He was unmarried.

lars. And i of[f] to the wars And that is what plaid thunder and broke up the hens nest.

Rouge River is about Sixty-five miles from here Acros the Siskyeu [Siskiyou] Mountains. And the cuntry on this Side of the mountains is claimed by the Shasty tribe a much Smaller tribe. The Sitizens of Rouge rive Valle cald on us For help. While our indians of this place Left the Cuntry excepting a few old Squas. We raised a comptney of humbag volinteers under Capt. Rhodes[7] and Lieutenant Charles Blair. Well armed with riffles and Colts revolvers. And Horses and mules to ride and each man a pare of blankets to Sleep under.

We Started for rogue river wars, every man anxious to kill the first indian.

Well we got to Jacksonville rogue river valle Where the idians was gist a plain thunder Chargin through the valle burning houses barnes and wheat Stacks and hay Stakes Whilst Sum famles was forting up others runing for Jacksonville.

It would put you in minde of a thundern big hurricane much with thunder and lighten From the houses own fire and a flash of blaze runing through the prarea and thousand of Cattle and horses runing before that, made a perfic hurri[?]caine.[8] I haven't got time to give you any pertlers of the war excptin in the last fight whch wasent quite so harde as Sum Suremishes we had. that is bullets Didn't fly quite So harde.

Capt Alden, Cpt of the Dragoons, as he wasent experinced

7. Oregon raised volunteer companies under the commands of R. L. Williams, J. K. Lamerick, J. F. Miller, E. A. Owens and W. W. Fowler. Additional forces were sent from Fort Jones in California under the command of Captain B. F. Alden of the 4th U.S. Infantry. Accompanying the federal detail were two volunteer companies under Captains James P. Goodall and Jacob Rhoades. Captain Alden was placed in command of the entire force. William M. Colvig, "Indian Wars of Southern Oregon," *OHQ*, IV (March, 1903), 233.

8. On August 11, 1853, the Indians raided throughout the valley, causing the Oregon volunteer force to return and defend their homes. By August 16, the men were again assembled to pursue the Indians. The Indians had retired to the mountains and set fire to the pine forest in order to hinder the advance of their pursuers.

in indian Fighting.[9] after General lain[10] came in from oregon give him charge of one battalion and Colonel Ross the other[11] Then we Started out all volinteers, that had good horses, for a great many had give out from harde travling and starvevation.

We started on the Directin of old Jo and Sam[12] Tribe wich amounted to about Seventyfive men in each battalion besides the packers wich pack our grub. We tak two Diferent routs. We went under General lain. And wich ever Struck the Trail of the indians first was to Send and express to the other. But luckey we Struck the trail first but So ancious to overtake them, dident Send no express. But travled own up into the mountains cros criks up revines Follern there trail like hellhouns. Every once and a while we would come to a deep gulch growed up full of bushes, where we expected serttenly to find them full of indians. We would all dismount leave a garde with the horses take it afoot through the bushes. And come out on the other side disepointed. With our fases scrached and our clothing torn with briers. Finley night come on we made our camp on a crick where the Indians had camped about three days before us. we onsadled our horses, Cut Them Sum brush with our butchernives for there was no sine of gass in that cuntry. Bilt our fires rosted sum meet and stoed it away as fast as possible for they was perty wolfish

9. James W. Nesmith in his "A Reminiscence of the Indian War, 1853," *OHQ*, VII (March, 1906), 213, claims that Captain Alden was an experienced soldier in Indian warfare.

10. Joseph Lane of Indiana was appointed governor of the Oregon Territory in 1848. He had served in the Mexican War with the Second Indiana Volunteers and was brevetted to Major General in 1847. In 1860, Senator Lane of Oregon was nominated vice president by the Southern faction of the Democratic Party to run with John C. Breckinridge.

Lane joined the expedition with fifty volunteers from his home in Douglas County on August 16, 1853, and assumed command of the volunteers and the federal contingent.

11. Lane's personal command consisted of companies under Alden, Goodall and Rhoades. Blair was a volunteer lieutenant in Rhoades' company. The other battalion was commanded by Col. John E. Ross of Jackson County, Oregon.

12. Chief Joe, called Apso-kah-hah, led the Upper Rogue River Indians and Chief Sam, called Ko-Ko-kah-wah, led the Lower Rogue Rivers.

after travlin all day and bushwackin. I felt considerible So myself. And i was onluckey anuff. Become officer of the gard that night and came very near brakin my neck. Thr brush was very thick one could scarsely walk through in the daytime let aloon that dark night. As i was a little sispisues of indian that night i got up five or six times and went around to See if the gard was all awake. On one of my rounds i got i got [*sic*] a big log that fell in my direction and had Smashed the bushes down. i walk Sum hundred feet along that log and about thattime my foot Struck a nott and away i went fourteen feet struck into a hole about 6 feet and bouned out. i felt whether i was injun ruber or not and found i was then i nowed i was all right.

Next morning[13] we Sadle up our brass fed horses By daylight and Started on our trail wich was getting fresher. We travled a 3 miles and come to A well fortfide camp ground. There they kild a mule that they had taken in a fight before[14] this for to eat. we had Some troble to finde there Trail leding out from this. finley we Struck it Folered it up a Steep mountain for about 6 miles which was very Steep and groad So thik with brush that the indians cut ther Road through thez bushes in order to pack Ther litters of wounded men up. We folerd over that mountain and up another not quite So large onto a backbone or rige we cept the rig about 3 miles Came to another defensif Camp ground. There they had kild a Elks hornes and Scull War rared up in thez trail looked like Sum scragy bush with the barke pealed of[f]. Here the Sine was very fresh. We travled two or three miles furder and came to a thick under brush here they indians had got it a fire the hole mountains was in a perict uprore under brush craken and Snapin Trees falling in every direction which made it very dangers travlin.

Housever we warked or [our] way along without any thing very exiting untill we come to kind of Shoulder or a offsett where it broke of[f] into a hollar wich had a hevy groath pine

13. August 24, 1853.

14. Blair could have reference to the Battle of Little Meadows which occurred on August 16. The white forces retired from the battle leaving the Indians in command of the field.

and fur Timber besides a dry branch that headed up in the hollar that was groad up full of bushes But when we come to this Shoulder or jump off We had a indina boy about thirteen years old He pointed dow in the hollar and seiz (Hyeu Siwash)[15] From that it apeards as tho there was a thousand Devils had come in combat with that many bloodhounds mixed up with that many Keyotoes.[16] The old General [Lane] motion to the men to be as quick as poseble and as Still as poseble hitch their horses Examin your guns put on fresh caps. We wasent more then a minute about it when All was ready The General told me to take Ten men go down on the left. I took ten and Started While he with about fifty Started on the right. Sum few was left to take Care of the pack anmels. We charged down on to them at the Same time the mane party charged up[17] The first fire from the Indians kild two men Shot one through the brest he throed his gun and Spat Said that is a Senter Shot died[18] the other was Shot through the brains.

We came up withen twnty yds, took tras and logs but the indians was about one hundred and fifty Strong all well armed and had a kind of a brest works of logs wouldent give a inch.[19] Whilst the chief old joe roerd like a lion An Seze in the Chenoke [Chinook] tungue This is my land my cuntry and we are a going to Fight Till we di for it, com on. com on. It was nine oclock when we comensed and about Three when we quite the indians wanted to have a talk after Sum Strong orders they All Stop firen. By this time General lain and

15. "Many Indians," in Chinook jargon.

16. This is known as the Battle of Evans Creek which occurred on August 24, 1853.

17. This particular incident can be found in J. P. Dunn, *Massacres of the Mountains* (New York, 1886), 199; Ray H. Glassley, *The Pacific Northwest Indian Wars* (Portland, 1954), 72; F. F. Victor, *Early Indian Wars of Oregon*, 311.

18. Blair had reference to Pleasant Armstrong of Yamhill County, Oregon. According to Nesmith in "A Reminiscence," *OHQ*, VII:214, Armstrong was "shot through the heart, and died instantly."

19. Nesmith said "The Indians had fortified their encampment by fallen timber, and being well supplied with arms and ammunition, made a vigorous resistance." "A Reminiscence," *OHQ*, VII:213.

Colonel Alden Servel more was packed of[f] Wounded.[20] They wanted to talk in the morny We agraded to for we was nearley choked for the want of water the indians had all the Spring there was clost by the indians had there camp round the Spring wouldent alows to come up but if we would lay our guns down we might come up close an the Squas pack water to us they went to packing in baskets and kittles untill dry.[21]

After we got our thirst quinshed we gethered our gunes and went back to camp or to the pack anmels wich was about a quarter of a mile of[f] we had nont bin there more than fifteen minuetes before here come Colonel Ross with his battaion come a rushing as hard as they could come. They had Struck our trail and folerd on untill they herd our guns then they com a tarin. But the fun was all over, if you could call it fun. For we had agread to have a talk in the moning.

So we went to riging things in camp order and fixing the wounded as comferteble as posible. Which was Seven one moartly wounded had a gash cut with a bullet in his scull left his branes exposed[22] General Lane was Shot thrugh the arm Dident hinder him from riding. Morning Caime Sent the indians word that we was a comin To have the talk. General lain, Colonel Ross, Sum three or fore other with mySelf left our armes and went into the Camp as they had moved there Camp Sum two hundred yds from ther old one we had to pass right through there Battle here was a Sight to See the old Squas Burning there ded Twelve or forteen firs a ded injun in each one and the old wimmen a cring thoring on Stikes. We pased on up to the Camp. It wasent a minute untill we was completely Serounded By them bloody looking Savegges each man had his gun in his hand and his bow and quiver on his back. Here you could See a fare Spesemon Wild Savege warrer wayer in his full rig and that us nothing more

20. Lane had received an arm wound while directing the assault upon the Indian fortification and had retired to have his wound dressed. It was during this time that the Indians demanded to speak with Lane.

21. According to J. P. Dunn, "So great was their personal regard for Lane that the Indians carried water to the wounded whites." *Massacres of the Mountains*, 74.

22. Lane's force had four killed and three wounded while the Indians suffered eight killed and twenty wounded.

then his britch clont and his riffle Shotpatch butcherknife and quiver full of arroes We and the three chieves, Tie Joe, Tie Sam, Tie Jim Curled down on our hunkers [haunches] and had a talk for Three ours. Dident come to any conclussion. But they agread to come down to table rock in Roge River valley in eight days[23] for he Said he wanted to have a longe talk, That the indians clear from the Calopoy mountains oreg to Sacremento river Had declared war with the whites

So we come back to Camp that eavning we fixed our Litters out of pooles and blankets. Next morning earley we Started four men at a litter at a time Five men we had to pack Back the Same trail we come Over hills and dales and over a mountain near Six miles to the top. But we worried it through With our horses nearley Starved to death. Made head quarters down on rogue river. Caried the wounded into the hospital at Jacksonville Hosemever We laid at head qarters About twelve days Sum of the boys got the Chiles and Feaver. We finley got our discharges. And come Back to Yreka and Humbag. An Sum with the calation of never goin Indian fighting a gain.

Right oftner and more ovm Cant come to fast a Direct you letters to Yreka Cty. Syicue Cy, Calafernia. Then i will be more apt to get your letters

Charles Blair

Blair was discharged from the volunteers in 1853 at Yreka, California. He returned to his occupation of mining and established a claim on the Klamath River in northern California.

Siskieu Cy Calafornia
March the 1 1855

Dear Brother

I rec your letter and one from Father the Same time about three weeks a go And This is the first Day i have had to answer Them. I have bin on a prospection expedion for Some time and have finley Settled on a large Bar on the Klamath river Where i expect to Stay for Some time.

23. The council was held at Table Rock on September 10, 1853. The Indians relinquished 2,500 square miles of the upper Rogue River Valley to the United States government and were compensated $60,000 in return.

If we can rig Som purches to Save the golde We will make a good thing of it yerstday we Got very near riged to wash But last night the River raised took of[f] a Sluce Box with about Ten lb of quicksilver. But next time I write I can tell you more about the bar and the pay. We have got a very Beautiful place to live. Altho it is hemed in with mountains Plenty of game in about three miles up the mountains Dear and grisley Bare. We have plenty of Close neighbors A village of indians within a Hundred yds[24]

This has bin a very dry winter as well as last winter And miners in dry digins has eat up there clames And left in disgust. As i did not depend on Rain this Season i was not disapointed for we have got a good a water privilege as ther is in the cuntry.

Tell Father that i am a coming home As Soon as posable I expect to come Through mexico when I get ready . . . .

Your Brother
Charles Blair

By 1862, Blair was settled in Umatilla County in northern Oregon. Eventually he abandoned his search for gold. According to the 1870 Oregon census, Blair was employed as a farm laborer and was living in Jacksonville, Oregon. His last recorded residence was in Klamath Falls, Oregon, in the late 1890s. The final correspondence in the collection was undoubtedly addressed to Blair's brother, Abraham, who remained in Knox County, Ohio. The tenor of the letter conveyed to Abraham the optimism that Blair had in the future of the Far West. It was emphasized that the journey across the continent was difficult and toilsome but the rewards of the mining frontier were worth the inconveniences. To Charles Blair, Oregon represented opportunity to any ambitious and ingenious adventurer.

[April, 1862][25]

You can see that I am behind hand now But I have hopes that Fortune will favor me yet. Wages Since i have been in the valley has been 50 dollars a month. But i beleeve there is

24. An Indian reservation had been established on the Klamath River by Thomas J. Henley, Superintendent of the California Indians, in 1854.

25. The first four pages of this letter are missing.

not mutch doing now. Apon the acount of a Scarcety of teems, Freight For halling from the old Fort which lais on the Colomba River 30 miles from here[26] is 5 dollars a hundred. Provision ar nearly all used up There is no more Beef to be had and only one Store that has Bacon, That is 62½ cts lb. Flour is 12 dollars a hundred. Coffee 50 cts a lb Everything high in preportion. But a Short time will make a great change here. If you was here now to take the times as they open out and kept you health you could most undoubtdly do well. There is not only a chance to do well a mining But there is buisness of verious kinds of which is as good as mining Perhaps. 40 miles from here across the Blue Mountains devid lais Grand Ronde Prairie ov which i Supose you have heard me Speek of before. Ever Since i first came to Oregon, The People have been talking of Colonizing that Country But now Since the Gold has been discovered around it Borders, The grund rush will take plaice. Before Fall I think all vailueble Claimes will be taken up, As well as a great portion of the Powder River valley which lais Across a Small divide East the Grand Ronde Prairie.[27] The Snow is from 8 to 15 feet deep in the Blue Mountains, So that it is imposible to get there now, without Crossing on Snow Soes then you couldent Pack Provison enough to last a Peson any lenth of time. The Spring Seems to be tremendious backward after the hard winter. Farmers are making gardin. But it Seems rather cold for Seed to grow But if they are lucky enough to rais good Crops, I think they will have pretty good Gold mine, in the Fall.

As Soon as i can Settle up my debts here, and get a little ahead I will Send Some money If you don get off before I can. If you want to come, the Sooner the better of cours, But, I think that there will be a better chance of making money here, fore many years to com. Then they will be there. Better late then never. I supose, But you must make up your

26. Blair had reference to Wallula Landing, the old Hudson's Bay Company's Fort Walla Walla.

27. In 1861 gold was discovered on Orofino Creek in Idaho. Miners from all over the country poured into what became Idaho Territory and eastern Oregon. Pack trains, farmers and cattlemen followed.

mind to Stand Some hardships, of a wild frontier country. As for Crossing the Plains, I wouldent advise anybody to come that way, As long as there is any other way to come unless it would be by Stage, And there is no Stage line astablished to this Country yet. As mutch as I am acusam [accustomed] to a camp life, I would conciderate a hard taske. If I was a going to Cross the Plains again, I Should go in Pardnership with one man get a lite Strong wagon, with Springs, Sompthing that two good muels ov which would be preferible to Horses, can draw over Sandy Deserts and tremendious mountains. Then you want 2 or three extra ones, in cace you Should loose Some of them which would be more then likely. You want your Bed to the Wagon long enough for you and your pardner to Sleep inn, then you want a covring, So that you can roll the sids up and get all the air you can in hot wether. And get a Pretty early Start.

This paper that is Published here, States that there will be a line of Steamers established from St. Lousis to Fort Benton [Montana]. And from there there is a Military Road to this Plaice.[28] It is about five hundred or a little more from Fort Benton to this plaice. A Portion of the mines lies directly between here and there, about a hundred an so miles nearer Fort Benton. That is the way I think will be about the quickest and the easest way to come here, I dont know whether it will be any cheaper then by Sea or not I dont know the Fare that way now. Neather do i know what it will be by Steam Boat up the River, I Supose a bout 50 dollars to Fort Benton, From there its likly they will [have] a line of Stages astablished through to this Plaice. If not you can By a Poney, Roll your Blankets up, tie them bhined you Sadle with a little grub and Start, you aught to get into the mines for 6 or 7 days From Fort Benton.

Write an direct you letters to this Plaice untill you get an other letter from me, I ma be in the Mines or Some other Plaice, I can get them by express. It will cost you Sompthing

28. The Mullan Road from Fort Benton to Walla Walla was built between about 1859 and 1862 by Lt. John Mullan. An estimated forty-two days were necessary to travel the 624-mile road.

concidreble to come here you hadent better get wild and Start with half money enough.

If Passag is down Pretty low it mite be cheaper to come by water. That you can find out by writing to New Yourk. If you come by Sea you will get off at Portland Oregon there take a Steam Boat for Fort Wallule[29] From there its 30 miles to Walla Walla Cty Stage runes up from there here . . . .

I cant think of anything more just now it is getting dark So I will quit. But write as Soon as you git this. For your letter come to hand Pretty old.

Your Brother
Charles Blair

P. S. When you come, and if you com by the way of Fort Benton, more then likely you will hafto Start in the Spring. When the River is up. I don know wether they will hage Shole water Boats Runing any time of the year or not.[30]

Apr. the 5th

Jist Before going to the office to mail your letter I rec [eived] one from Thomas Wyatt Dated 10th of Nov. 1861.[31] Tell him that i will write to him Som other time. After I get a little better posted on the Subject. But he can read your letter And get Some of the facts, Conserning this Country And Crossing the Plains. And about the amount it will cost him, to come to this Country I think that it will cost him at least two hundred an 50 dollars. He mite get in with Some men that is bringing Stalks [stock] and not cost him more than 50 dollars from Omeha.[32] I came across the Plains from Omaha and dident cost me a Sent. The man that I came through

29. That is, Wallula Landing.

30. A shoal boat was designed to navigate in shallow water. The Missouri River between St. Louis and Fort Benton was not a dependable route to the mines. Due to the shallowness of the river, steamboats could not ascend the route every year. Leslie M. Scott, "The Pioneer Stimulus of Gold," *OHQ*, XVIII (March, 1917), 147.

31. It is interesting to note that it required five months for a letter to travel from Ohio to Oregon.

32. The original eastern terminus for the Oregon Trail was Independence, Missouri. As the population increased around Independence the starting point of the trail moved northward along the Missouri River. Blair was no doubt referring to one of these starting points near Omaha, Nebraska.

with had one four Hours [horse] team and one mule team and one Buggy espresely for his Wife to wride in. Besides two fine riding Horses. He took turn about with me. Half the time he would wride a horse back and I in the Buggy, When at the camp I and the women would do the kooking, while the other Boys took care of the horses and muels.

As a general thing men get very Sulky on the Plaines after travling two or three months. they get tired Peavish, and Sulky to mind the matter they quarl a little. Neighbors at home that made up companeys to gether and Started to gether in great trains To Oregon and California, All of them quarel and Split up Before they get one fourth of there way through. Eaven the companey that I travled in ware most all Church members at home, And had the old Deacon along with them. Finer people then they ware I thought that i had never Seen. They fell out and Seperated Sometime before i left them. Tell Thomas If he Starts across the Plains he must not get in a company where there is many wimen. If he does they will put him to a tremendious Site of unnecessary trouble. Finely in the end they will pull all the hair out of his head.

It Seems to be a general complaint of all the Boys after talking a while about travling on the Plains. They all Swere they will never Travil in a Train where there is any wimen. I bleive the magority were wimen in our California train. As for my part I had no trouble with them, instid of that they were great companey, always jovil and lively when Such a thing was posible. But there is a fieuw times Joyelty is imposible. Espisiely when there is talk of Indians atacking camp. I came with my California train about two thirds or a little more of the way through, as fer as Raft River, At the forsks of the California and Oregon Road.[33] From ther I did not get a long quite So well. I joined a kind of a Husier [Indiana Hoosier] train Bound for Oregon.

I Blieve i told you Before to get and earley Start. In Starting Early you will have the Stormes on Platt To incounter, Wind Rain and Hail And tremendious, muddy Roads While you are not travling over Some of them Sand Banks, of 8 and 10 mile Streches where the wagon wheel runes down in the Sand, about two thirds of the way to the hub. You can Start late anough to escape the Stormes on Platt. But then you will ha for too contend with the drouth a dry, parched up plain before you, And the Black Hills[34] Some of the worst Road you will have For the want of grass for your Stalk [stock]. When you get there it Seems that the Stalk wil actuley Starve too death. With the exceptions of that, the Road is pretty good, Considring Roads a thousand mile a head of you.

You ma think when you [are] through them, that you have come over an awful Road, And when you get along this side for Some distance, You will finde the Road is ten times worse then the Black Hills. Ocaisonley you will have pritty good Roads thinking By the time you must be giting pretty near through and you cant Sertainley have any more as Bad Road When about that time you come into the Green River Mountains, where you wouldent have an idea, that wagons could travil over. If you couldent See wagons tracks a head that caps the Climix you think now But travil on for two or three months longer untill you Strike Snake River. When you are about chalked too death with alkli dust, and about wore out up too the knees, a waiding through Grees wood, Sage Brush and Prickly Pears, Great God of Heavens, you are atacked about the Sametime With an armey of muskitoes ten times more then the whole world could produce In human flush. Tell Tom, If he has not any Blood to Spare he had better turn back. Or if he wants Bleeding rite bad, get a Sage Brush in Boath hands and run the guantlits.

But take the hole Road through and you will find the last End of the Road the wrost. after you get in you wilnot feel like doing anything for a month or two. Comin wages here is

33. At the Raft River, approximately 1,334 miles from Independence, Missouri, the traditional starting point of the Oregon Trail, the California Trail turned south through Nevada into the Sacramento Valley and California.

34. Blair's reference to the Black Hills was not inaccurate. The name then applied not only to the mountains in South Dakota but included several ranges on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains which extended through Wyoming to northern Colorado.

50 dollars. But in the mines they are generaly double to what they are here. Last fall they were paying 10 dollars per day on Sa[l]mon [River]. But you need not come with the expitation of making that ahiring out the caus of that was rich claims and a scarcity of hands. A man with two yoke of oxen and a wagon here now can perhaps [earn] 30 or 35 dollars per day, a halling teeming will not be worth so much after while. But it will be good for many years to come.[35] I dint care what a man goes at here, If he is industerous and stick to his business he is bound to make money he can go to raisen chickens and make money Hens Sells for 12 dollars per dozen Egss one dollar.

C. BLAIR

35. Freight rates were extremely high in Oregon during the early 1860s. It would cost forty dollars to haul one ton of freight from Portland to The Dalles, a distance of approximately seventy miles. From The Dalles to Wallula the shipper paid fifty-five dollars per ton of freight. See P. W. Gillette, "History of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company," *OHQ*, V (March, 1904), 120.