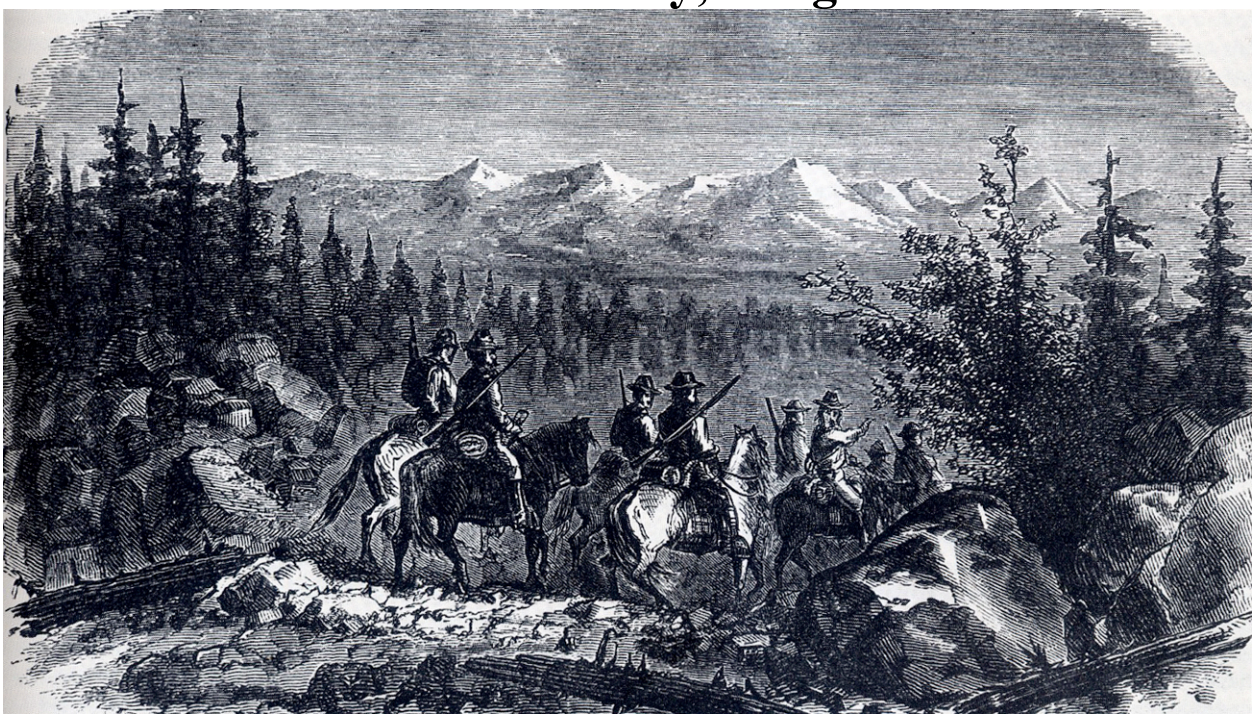
The 1855-1856 Oregon Indian War in Coos County, Oregon:



Eyewitnesses and Storytellers, March 27, 1855 – August 21, 1856

Report by

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Prepared for

Coquille Indian Tribe

Tribal Historic Preservation Office – Cultural Resources Program

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The 1855-1856 Oregon Indian War in Coos County, Oregon: Eyewitnesses and Storytellers, March 27, 1855 – August 21, 1856

This is the documented, and nearly forgotten, story of the systematic "ethnic cleansing" of the Coos, Coquille, Chetco, Umpqua, and Rogue River watersheds of southwest Oregon during the 10-month period from October 1855 through July 1856.

Coos County had been created in December 1853, and Curry County was subsequently subdivided from Coos County in December 1855, during time described in this report. In August 1857, the Oregon State Constitution was written by representatives from the Territorial counties in existence at that time. In February 1859, Oregon became a State, and in April 1861, the first battle of the Civil War took place. These are not unrelated events, but they are rarely acknowledged and are poorly understood as a result. This report is an effort to provide a better understanding of the people and circumstances that were involved in the Oregon (or "Rogue River") Indian War of 1855-1856, and to place them in better context to subsequent State and national histories.

This story is entirely told through the eyewitness accounts of more than three dozen participants and observers, and through the subsequent writings of three early historians; each of whom was alive at that time, personally interviewed many of the key people and local residents that were involved, and subsequently wrote books on these topics that remain standard references -- although nearly unknown – to the present time.

These people are listed and briefly described in the pages following the Table of Contents and, by design, are largely focused on the perspectives of people and events centered at Fort Orford and in the Coos Bay and Coquille River basins. The listed "Speakers" are those individuals directly quoted in the text; whether from their own writings as diarists, journalists, and correspondents, or as credibly quoted by others. Speakers, with the exception of two children (one Indian), two women (white), and Tyee John, are all healthy, mostly literate, white men, mostly young and in their 20's and 30's: miners, soldiers, land claimants, and businessmen.

The story begins with the opening of regular postal service at Port Orford, connecting the region for the first time to the current events in San Francisco, Portland, and Fort Vancouver, and by mail and steamship transport to the rest of the world. Local people were no longer completely isolated, but were now privy to the latest news, popular songs, and gossip shared by the rest of the world. And, conversely, the rest of the world was now informed as to what was taking place in Coos County.

For reasons of narrative, credibility, and respect, I have attempted to let each character speak for themselves and to let us know what they are seeing and thinking at that time; my contribution has been to seek these people out, and then only let them speak in turn and one at a time. Readers who stumble over references to "didappers" and "Fayaway," as I did, can now Google those terms in a few moments: an unprecedented luxury unavailable to past scholars. As a result of these considerations, I have kept parenthetical asides, footnotes, and personal text to an absolute minimum – no need for me to distract readers from the words and thoughts of the actual participants and observers of these affairs. They want to tell their own story, and it's a good one.

Bob Zybach
Cottage Grove, Oregon
May 15, 2012

Cover illustration is from Glisan (1874: 293) and depicts "Volunteers on the march."

The 1855-1856 Oregon Indian War in Coos County, Oregon:

Eyewitnesses and Storytellers, March 27, 1855 – August 21, 1856

Part I. Old Trails and New Arrivals: March 27 – October 7, 1855

Part II. Battles, Murders & Massacres, 1855: October 8 – December 31

Part III. Battles, Murders & Massacres, 1856: January 1 – May 30

Part IV. Leaving Town, Leaving Home: May 30 – August 21, 1856

Main Characters

Arrington, James M. Lookingglass Valley Donation Land Claim, "Minute Men" Private.
Augur, Christopher Colon. US Army Captain.

Bledsoe, Ralph. Captain, Southern Oregon Volunteer Militia.
Brown, Charley. Husband of Indian woman who negotiated release of Geisel family.
Buchanan, Robert C. US Army Lieutenant-Colonel.
Buoy, Laban. Captain, Southern Oregon Volunteer Militia.

Catching, Ephraim. Myrtle Point Donation Land Claim, Indian wife, Fort Kitchen.
Chadughilh, Tyee. "Washington Tom," Coquille leader, father of Coquelle Thompson.
Chance, William. Indian Subagent at Port Orford.
Chandler, James G. US Army Second Lieutenant.
Chash Yadilyi. Childhood name of Coquelle Thompson, meaning "make noise like a bird."
Cram, Thomas Jefferson. US Army Captain Chief Topographical Engineer, Pacific Dept.
Creighton, John. Captain, Port Orford Minute Men.
Curry, George Law. Governor of Oregon Territory, namesake of Curry County.

Dall, William Healey. Captain of the steamship Columbia.
Deady, Matthew Paul. Judge, Oregon Territory Supreme Court.
Dodge, Orvil Ovando. Indiana high school student, newspaper publisher, historian, gold miner.
Drew, Charles Stewart. Adjutant, southern Oregon militia.
Drew, Edwin P. Special Agent, Bureau of Indian Affairs, Umpqua District.
Dunbar, Robert W. US Customs Collector, Port Orford.

Enos. French-Canadian Indian War leader, hung at Battle Rock by vigilantes.
Evans, John, Dr., US Department of Interior Geologist.

Flournoy, Hoy Bernard. Flournoy Valley Donation Land Claim, namesake of Creek and Fort.

Gardener, Charles Kitchell. Surveyor General of Oregon Territory.
Giles, Daniel. Gold prospector.
Glisan, Rodney. US Army Doctor, Fort Orford.

Hall, David. Arago Donation Land Claim, Indian Sub-Agent.
Harris, William H. Captain, Coos Bay volunteer militia, founder Empire City.
Harry, John Alva. Myrtle Point Donation Land Claim.
Hathorn, Dennis. US General Land Office Surveyor.

Jackson, General. See: Yaksan.
Jenny, Chetco. Indian translator and negotiator for Benjamin Wright.
John, Tyee. War leader of the Rogue River Indians.
Jones, Delancy Floyd. US Army Captain

Kannasket. Muckleshoot war leader.

Kautz, Augustus Valentine. US Army Lieutenant, Commander of Fort Orford.

Lamerick, John K. General, Oregon Volunteer Army.
Lane, Joseph. Governor, Oregon Territory.
Lockhart, Esther M. Empire City Donation Land Claimant, wife and mother of two.
Lupton, James A. Major, Oregon militia, deceased.

Manypenny, George W. Honorable, Commissioner Indian Affairs, Washington D.C.
Martin, William J. Major, Oregon Northern Battalion volunteers.
Meservy, Elisha. Captain, Port Orford Minute Men volunteers.

Nesmith, James Willis. Colonel, Oregon Mounted Volunteers.

Ord, Edward Otho Cresap. US Army Captain.

Packwood, William. Captain, Coquille Minute Men, Fort Kitchen commander.
Palmer, Joel. Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Oregon Territory.
Parrish, Josiah Lamberson. Reverend, Methodist Missionary, Indian Agent.
Paull, John. Klickitat leader.

Reynolds, John Fulton. US Army Brevet-Major, Fort Orford.
Riley, Michael. Sheriff, Curry County.
Robbins, Harvey. Captain Volunteer Army.
Rowland, William. South Fork Coquille Donation Land Claim, Indian wife, Fort Roland.

Smith, Andrew Jackson. US Army Captain, Commander of Fort Lane.
Stoneman, George. US Army Lieutenant.
Sutton, James M. Private, Oregon Volunteers

Thompson, Coquelle. See: Chash Yadilyi, born ca. 1848, son of Chadulghilh.
Tichenor, William. Sea Captain, founder of Port Orford, Fort Point.
Tichenor, Ellen. Daughter of William, born September 10, 1848.
Tom, Washington. See: Chadughilh.

Victor, Frances Fuller. Nebraska homesteader, writer, historian.

Walling, Arthur G. Southern Oregon businessman, publisher, historian.
Washington, George. See: Chadughilh.
Wells, William Vincent. Traveling journalist, newspaper editor.
Wool, John Ellis. General US Army, Commander of Pacific Division.
Wright, Benjamin. US Indian Sub-Agent, Port Orford.

Yaksan, Tyee. "General Jackson," a Coquille leader.
Yoakum, John. Empire City Donation Land Claim, namesake of Hill and Point.

Zieber, John Shunk. Surveyor General of Oregon Territory.

SPEAKERS

Children
- Ellen Tichenor
- Chash Yadilyi

School Teacher
- Esther Lockhart

Journalist
- William V. Wells

Historians
- Orvil Dodge
- Lewis McArthur
- Frances Fuller Victor
- A. G. Walling

Geologist
- Dr. John Evans

Land Surveyors
- C. K. Gardener
- Dennis Hathorn
- John Zieber

Prospectors
- Charley Brown
- Daniel Giles

US Customs Collector
- Robert W. Dunbar

County Sherriff
- Mike Riley

Politicians
- Governor George Curry
- Judge Matthew Deady
- Representative William Tichenor

Indian Agents
- Subagent Bill Chance
- Subagent Edwin Drew
- Major Joel Palmer
- Reverend Josiah Parrish
- Captain Benjamin Wright

Indians
- Tyee John
- Kannasket

US Army
- Colonel Robert Buchanan
- Lieutenant James Chandler
- Captain Thomas Cram
- Dr. Rodney Glisan
- Captain Edward Ord
- Captain Andrew Smith
- General John Wool

Volunteer Army
- Captain Ralf Bledsoe
- Captain Laban Buoy
- Captain John Creighton
- Adjutant Charles Drew
- Captain William Harris
- General John Lamerick
- Major William Martin
- Captain Elisha Meservy
- Colonel James Nesmith
- Captain William Packwood
- Private Harvey Robbins
- Private James Sutton

Sources of Information

Archival Documents

National Archives (Hathorn 1855)
Smithsonian Institute (Evans 1856)

Books

"Journal of Army Life" (Glisan 1855-1856; Kannasket 1856)
"Coquelle Thompson, Athapaskan Witness" (Chash Yadilyi 1855-1856)
"An Account of the Indian War in Oregon" (C. Drew 1855-1856)

Magazines

Harper's Monthly
"Soldiering in Oregon" (Ord 1856; Brown 1856)
"Wildlife of Oregon" (Wells 1855-1856)
Oregon Historical Quarterly
"Oregon Conditions in the Fifties" (Zieber 1856)
"Journal of Rogue River War, 1855" (Robbins 1855)

Government Reports

General Land Office Survey Contract No. 57 (Gardener 1855; Hathorn 1855)
Topographical Memoirs (Cram 1855-1856)
1893 US Senate Ex. Doc. No. 25 (Palmer 1855-1856; Buchanan 1856; Chandler 1856; E. Drew 1856; Dunbar 1856; Wright 1855-1856)

Regional Histories

"History of Southwest Oregon" (Walling 1884: Deady 1853; John 1856; Martin 1855; Nesmith 1853; Smith 1856)
"History of Indian Wars in Oregon" (Victor 1893: Buoy 1856; Creighton 1856; Curry 1856; Hall 1855; Harris 1856; Meservy 1858; Packwood 1856; W. Tichenor)
"History of Coos and Curry Counties" (Dodge 1898: Chance 1855-1856; Eckhart 1854-1856; Giles 1854; Riley 1856; E. Tichenor 1855-1856)
"Oregon Geographic Names" (McArthur 1982)

Part I. Old Trails and New Arrivals: March 27, 1855 – Early October, 1855

Background: Treaty at Table Rocks in 1853 and Coos County Indian Lands in 1854

Table Rocks, September 10, 1853.

A. G. Walling [1884: 221-224]: *Reinforcements began to arrive from various quarters by the time the forces returned to the valley. Ettlinger had faithfully performed his duty, and presented the governor with memorials from citizens and officials of Jacksonville and vicinity, which set forth the dangerous condition of affairs and appealed for help. Among other things a howitzer was asked for, and this request was referred by the governor to the authorities at Fort Vancouver, who sent the weapon with a supply of ammunition, forty muskets with accoutrements, 4,000 cartridges, and some other articles. Lieutenant Kautz, since general, was sent in charge of the howitzer, with seven experienced men. Acting Governor Curry made proclamation for an armed guard of citizen volunteers to accompany the Lieutenant and his charge. In obedience to the call forty-one men volunteered, and led by J. W. Nesmith, with Lafayette Grover as lieutenant, hastened to the scene of hostilities. Lieutenant Grover went in advance with twenty men, and was joined at South Umpqua, on September first, by Judge M. P. Deady, who was on his way to Jacksonville to hold court. The next night they stopped at Levens' station, and a day or two later came to Table Rock, too late to be of service, but in time to assist at the peace talk. Joel Palmer, superintendent of Indian affairs in Oregon, and Samuel H. Culver, government Indian agent, successor of Judge Skinner, who had resigned his charge, also arrived. From Port Orford came Captain A. J. Smith, with his company of the first dragoons, sixty men in uniform, an imposing and unfamiliar sight to the people of the valley. These had slowly and laboriously toiled through devious trails, over fallen trees and through the almost impenetrable wildwood tangles along Rogue river to where their assistance might be needed, but only to find their services useless, unless it was to awe the haughty savage whose heart was yet divided in its councils. Owing to Palmer's failure to arrive at the time appointed, the peace talk was postponed until September tenth. Meantime the volunteers lay about headquarters talking over occurrences of the past fortnight and speculating upon those to come. They were 400 strong, and had little need to fear the results of future deliberations. Besides, Smith and Kautz were at hand and the former's sabres and the hitter's twelve-pound howitzer with its shells, spherical case shot and canister, would soon make short work of the comparatively defenseless aborigines. The latter, too, talked and thought of the new dispensation of affairs, and looked with wonder and awe upon such preparations for their injury, and begged General Lane -- "Tyee Joe Lane" -- not to have the hy-as rifle fired, which took " a hat-full of powder and would shoot a tree down."*

The inevitable war correspondent was abroad, even in that day, and under the title of ***"Socks"*** *wrote to the Statesman of his visit to headquarters:*

"Never having seen General Lane my curiosity prompted me to visit his camp day before yesterday. Having seen generals in the States togged out in epaulets, gold lace, cocked hats and long, shining swords, I expected to find something of the kind at headquarters. But fancy my surprise on being introduced to a robust, good-looking middle-aged man, with his right arm in a sling, the shirt sleeve slit open and dangling bloody from his shoulder, his legs incased in an old pair of gray 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 an old boot. His head was ornamented by a forage cap that from its appearance recalled remembrance 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 sixteen 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 the fancy silver-mounted sporting rifle, while in a third set a camp kettle, a frying-pan, a coffee pot minus the spout, 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 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 privates have fared in this war."

A pleasant incident of the stay at Camp Alden was the flag presentation. The ladies of Yreka had decided to honor the braves of that locality who had so promptly volunteered in defense of their neighbors across the line, and had prepared flags and sent them through Dr. Gatliff to Camp Alden. The doctor gave them to General Lane, and a ceremony was arranged for the afternoon of September first. The two companies of Rhoades and Goodall, escorted by Terry's Crescent City Guards (an independent organization which volunteered to fight Indians, but performed no service owing to the abrupt close of the war), were marched up, and with appropriate words the General presented the banners.

On the tenth of September the leaders of opposing races met at the appointed place on the side of Table Rock and discussed and agreed upon terms of peace. The occasion was a remarkable one; and brought together many remarkable individuals. Many of those who were eye-witnesses of the "peace-talk" still live, and several have attained to honor and distinction. From the pens of two of these we have life-like and intelligible accounts of that meeting which was in some respects the most remarkable occurrence that ever took place in Southern Oregon. ***Judge M. P. Deady*** *wrote concerning it:*

"The scene of this famous 'peace talk' between Joseph Lane and Indian Joseph -- two men who had so lately met in mortal combat -- was worthy of the pen of Sir Walter Scott and the pencil of Salvator Ross. It was on 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 a 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 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 comparatively handsome young woman, unstained with the vices of civilization. Around these sat on the grass Captain A. J. Smith -- now General Smith of St. Louis -- who had just arrived from Port Orford with his company of the First Dragoons; Captain Alvord, then engaged in the construction of a military road through the Umpqua canyon and since paymaster of the U. S. A.;

Colonel Bill Martin of Umpqua, Colonel John E. Ross of Jacksonville and a few others. A short distance above us on the hillside were some hundreds of dusky warriors in fighting gear, reclining quietly on the ground.

"The day was beautiful. To the east of us rose abruptly Table Rock and at its base stood Smith's dragoons, waiting anxiously with hand on horse 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 on 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**, who was present and quite prominent at the treaty, has left some additional particulars of interest. He says:*

"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, 1st Dragoons; Captain L. F. Mosher, adjutant; Colonel John Ross, Captain J. W. Nesmith, Lieutenant A. V. Kautz, R. B. Metcalf, J. D. Mason, 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 news 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 of September 10, 1855 [sic] contained the following provisions:
Article 1 defines the boundaries of the lands occupied by the Rogue River and related tribes. The principal geographical points mentioned as lying upon these boundaries are, the mouth of Applegate creek, the summit of .the Siskiyou mountains at Pilot Rock, the Snowy Butte (Mount Pitt), and a point near the intersection of the Oregon road near Jump-off-Joe creek. All Indians within these limits were to maintain peace with the whites, restore stolen property, and deliver up any of their number who might infringe the articles of the treaty. The second article provides that the tribes should permanently reside on a reservation to be set apart. According to article three they were to surrender all fire-arms except fourteen pieces, which were reserved for hunting. According to article 4, when the Indians received pay for their surrendered lands, a sum not exceeding $15,000 was to be set aside to pay for whatever damages they had caused. By

article 5, they were to forfeit their annuities if they again made war. In article 6 they agree to inform the agent if hostile tribes entered the reservation.

A supplemental treaty regarding the sale of the Indians' lands, was entered into on the same day. By it they ceded to the United States government all their right to the lands lying within these boundaries: Commencing at a point on Rogue river below the mouth of Applegate creek, thence southerly to the divide between Applegate and Althouse creeks; thence along the divide to the summit of the Siskiyou mountains; thence easterly to Pilot Rock; thence to the summit of Mount Pitt; thence to Rogue river; thence westerly to Jump-off-Joe creek; thence to place of beginning.

The Indians were to occupy temporarily a reservation on Evans' creek, west and north of Table Rock, until another residence was found for them.

In consideration for the transfer of their rights, the agents agreed to pay the Indians sixty thousand dollars; of which fifteen thousand were to be retained as provided in the treaty of peace. The damages caused by the Indians were to be estimated by three disinterested persons. Five thousand dollars were to be expended in purchasing blankets, clothing, agricultural implements, and other desirable and necessary articles. The remaining forty thousand dollars were to be paid in sixteen annual payments of live stock, blankets, necessaries of life, etc. Three dwelling houses, one for each of the principal chiefs, were to be erected, at a cost of not more than five hundred dollars each. The remaining provisos relate to the non-molestation of the whites passing through the reservation; to the referral of grievances to the resident Indian agent; to the discovery of thefts, murders, etc.; and to the ratification of the treaty by the president, at which time it would take effect. The treaty for the cession of lands bore the signatures of Joel Palmer, Samuel H. Culver, Joe Aps-er-ka-har, Sam To-qua-he-ar, Jim Ana-cha-ara, John, and Limpy.

Coquille River, June 1854.

Daniel Giles [Dodge 1898: 300-304]: *Johnson had discovered coarse gold on the headwaters of the south branch of the Coquille, and imparted his name to that tributary of the main stream, which was destined to yield a "million or more." Giles, leaving J. C. Fitzgerald, his partner, and the Indian boy, in charge of the schooner, joined two other men, procured the canoe, secured supplies and arms, and started for the new diggings. They glided up the romantic stream, dreaming of the glittering treasure which they expected to possess in a few days. The Coquille river, with its heavy foliage bending their graceful boughs over the placid waters, produced a scene of grandeur that was amazing. These beautiful pictures were fresh from the hand of nature. The woodman's ax had never marked the massive trunks of these mammoth forests. The wild birds were hopping from branch to limb, while their beautiful carols seemed to fill the air with nature's sweetest melody. No other sounds were heard except the dipping of their paddles, or an occasional splash when some member of the finny tribes would endeavor to jump from the surface of its habitation. The c mosses hung at least a half a yard below the tree branches in graceful fringe which added grandeur to the most beautiful scenes.*

As they left the Coquille bar and for a few miles inland, seals would seemingly follow their canoe, and occasionally lift their heads out of the water and gaze at them for a time, and then

suddenly disappear. Their appearance reminded the party of watchdogs as their heads resembled those of the canine family. The banks of the stream were covered with salmon bushes which were loaded with ripe and luscious fruits. At this time there was not a settler to be seen or heard above the ferry at the mouth of the river. The adventurers noted the immense growth of myrtle, maple and ash that covered the rich bottoms, and that game such as deer, bear, elk, beaver, otter, mink, squirrel and many other kinds of small animals, were in abundance and the country seemed to be a hunter's paradise; besides, the river was almost alive with eels and other fish, and the feathered tribes were at hand inviting the steady aim of the sportsmen. The first camp was made near the mouth of Beaver Slough. The next morning they tarried late, waiting for the tide to flood. Soon after passing the mouth of Beaver Slough a canoe was seen to shoot out from that stream, and it was soon followed by other like crafts, all containing four or five Indians, armed with their bows and arrows. These weapons were rather inferior, however, they were destructive at short range. The natives depended more on their rude knives that they had made from scraps of iron, picked up along the beach. They also had war clubs that they used in battles. As soon as Bill Woods, (one of the party of whites,) saw that the Indians had no squaws with them he knew that they were bent on mischief, and they accordingly decided to keep them some distance away, by threatening with their guns. The Indians soon paddled their canoes to the side of each other and seemed to hold a council of war, after which they followed them gaining fast, and some of them passed them on the opposite side of the stream. The whites had kept at one side hoping the savages would pass along peacefully. One large canoe started for the adventurers, coming up in the rear. Giles was in the middle of the canoe, Woods at the stern and Tom Hall in the bow. Woods told Giles to make them stop, he motioned to them to keep off, and addressing them in Jargon, forbade them approaching nearer. This had the effect to hasten them in their endeavors to come nearer to the whites. Woods instructed Giles to aim his double barreled shot gun at the necks and if they did not stop to get as many as he could. As Giles lifted his gun the savages slackened their speed, dropped back and held another talk with the Indians. They soon came on, and the same maneuver took place again, after which they all passed the adventurers and went on up the stream in advance. The whites took the precaution to keep in the middle of the stream to avoid being ambushed. The Indians were not seen again by the white men until after sun set, when they passed them about one mile below the junction of the Middle and South fork of the Coquille river.

The prospectors continued to the mouth of the middle branch of the stream, two miles thence, and to their great surprise, relief and joy they found old John Paull, a Clickitat chief, camped with about fifty of his men, having come from Willamette Valley for the purpose of hunting deer, elk, bear and other game. They were well armed with guns and revolvers and the Coast Indians were much afraid of old John and fortunately Giles was well acquainted with the chief, having met him in the Willamette Valley.

The party who had been kept in mortal fear all day, now felt that they had surely found friends when they were in great need. Chief John, after hearing the story of the adventures of the day, invited the prospectors to camp inside of his guard. He furnished his unexpected company with fresh elk meat and stated that he would protect them as long as he remained in the country, which would be two weeks or more as he expected to load every animal he had, 100 or more, with dried meat before he returned to his own hunting ground. Two of the savages visited old John that evening and informed him that they intended to have murdered the prospectors that

night as they did not know that the Clickitats were around. The chief advised them to go back to Coos Bay and not to molest the whites for he would kill any Indian who should murder white men, that he was a friend to them and would protect them.

It is worthy of note here that this interview took place two miles south of Myrtle Point at the Hoffman farm, and it will be seen in another chapter that quite a skirmish took place at this point between the U. S. dragoons and the natives a short time later. When the white men retired that night their new-found friends showed them where to make their beds.

They retired, leaving their guns sitting by trees, but when the old chief made his rounds at tattoo he placed their guns by their sides under the blankets remarking that they must not be careless though they felt safe, for their enemies might slip into camp, steal their guns and massacre them.

The next morning the men felt much refreshed by their rest, after their nerves had been strung to such an exciting tension the previous day. After a good breakfast they began to speculate upon starting into the wilderness, as this was the head of navigation. Mr. Giles admits that they felt some fears that their enemies would follow them. Chief John had a daughter with him who was dressed in calico. The prospectors had not seen that much civilization for a long time and they were loath to depart hastily. Of course she received continuous attention from their white visitors. The party purchased a young horse and pack saddle from their benefactor, packed it with blankets and provisions and under an escort of five warriors the party proceeded on their way and were cautioned against carelessness. The Clickitats went after elk across the prairie and Giles and party turned their course toward the mines. These men ever afterwards declared that Chief John had saved them from a cruel fate at the hands of the Coos Bay Indians, as those who had pursued them proved to be of that tribe. The next night they camped at the edge of the prairie but used every precaution to avoid surprise and resist attack. The wolves were howling and bear signs were plentiful but the party were not molested.

Fort Orford, July 10, 1854.

Reverend Parrish [Port Orford report to Joel Palmer (US Senate 1893: 28-32*)]: SIR: In obedience to your instructions, dated May 15,1854, I beg leave to submit the following report:*

In the Port Orford district, which includes all that part of Oregon south of the waters of Coos Bay and west of the summit of the Coast Range of mountains, I have found the natives all speaking one language, and from similarity of appearance, habits, and pursuits, consider them as being one nation or people, who, from their language, may be denominated To-to-tin, or To-to-tut-na; the latter appellation being applied to them by their early visitors.

They are divided into twelve bands; eight of them are located on the coast; one on the forks of the Coquille, and three on Rogue River. Each of these bands, or villages, acknowledge the authority of one or more chiefs, and have their separate territories, but their political distinctions appear to extend no further than the division of a State into separate countries, migrations, intermarriages, a common language, and common interests uniting them as a whole.

The number and other statistics of the different bands of the To-to-tin Indians are exhibited in the following table:

Census of the To-to-tin Indians, Port Orford district, Oregon Territory.

Name of band.	Men.	Women.	Male children.	Female children.	Sick.	Blind.	Guns.	Villages.	Name of chiefs.
Nas-o-mah	18	20	10	11	-----	------	------	1	John.
Choc-re-le-a-tan	30	40	18	17	-----	------	------	1	Washington.
Quah-to-mah	53	45	22	23	-----	1	3	3	Hah-hul-ta-cah. Tay-o-ne-cia.
Co-sutt-heu-tun	9	9	6	3	-----	------	------	1	Chac-tal-ka-le-ah.
Eu-qua-chee	24	41	18	19	-----	------	1	1	Ah-chess-see. Tus-lul.
Yah-shute	39	45	24	12	-----	------	------	2	Sin-hus-chaw. Enc-wah-we-sitt.
Chet-less-en-tun	16	15	11	9	-----	------	---- -	1	En-e-tus.
Wish-te-na-tin	18	26	12	10	-----	------	2	1	Nel-yet-ah-we-sha. Cha-hus-say.
Che-at-tee	117	83	22	19	-----	4	2	------	To-hush-ha-cue-lest-che-tets. Taw-chutt.
To-to-tin	39	47	22	12	-----	3	3	1	Am-ne-at-tee. Tal-ma-nat-e-see.
Mack-a-no-tin	85	58	17	17	-----	------	-----	1	Tal-le-all-tus. Yah-see-oe-we-see.
Shis-ta-koos-tee	------	61	23	16	-----	1	1	1	Yah-cham-see. Koo-oay-yah.
Total	448	490	205	168	-----	9	12	14	

LOCATION AND BOUNDARIES.

The Nas-o-mah band resides on the coast, at or near the mouth of the Coquille River. Their country is bounded north by the land claimed by the Coos or Co os Indians; east by that of the Choc-re-le-a-tau, and south by that of the Quah-to-mah. With the precise boundaries on the north and east I am unacquainted; but a small creek about 2 miles south of the Coquille River makes the boundary on the side of the Quah-to-mah.

The Choc-re-le-a-tau village is situated at the forks of the Coquille River; their lands are drained by the upper waters of that stream. There being mountain barriers between them and their neighbors, except the Coos, their precise limits are unsettled.

Proceeding southerly from the Coquille River, along the coast, we find the first village of the Quah-to-mahs near the mouth of a large creek called Quah-to- mah, or Flores Creek, the second at Sixes River, and the third at Port Orford, being 7 or 8 miles from the Coquille to the first village, and the same distance intervening between the villages successively. Hah-hul-ta-lah, the principal chief, resides at Sixes River, and Tay-o-ne-cia, subchief, at Port Orford. This band claims all the country between the summit of the coast range and the coast from the south boundary of the Nas-o-mahs to Humbug Mountain (a lofty headland, about 12 miles below Port Orford), where the lands of the Co-sutt-hen-tuns commence.

The Co-sutt-hen-tun village is at the mouth of a small stream which enters the ocean about 5 miles south of the Humbug Mountain. Like their neighbors, they claim to the summit of the coast range, and along the coast to a point on the coast marked by three large rocks in the sea, called by the whites the Three Sisters.

The country of the Eu-qua-chees commences at the Three Sisters, and extends along the coast to a point about 3 miles to the south of their village, which is on a stream which bears their name. The mining town of Elizabeth is about the southern boundary of the Eu-qua-chees, and is called 30 miles from Port Orford.

Next southward of the Eu-qua-chees are the Yah-shutes, whose villages occupy both banks of the To-to-tin, or Rogue River, at its mouth. These people claim but about 2 1/2 miles back from the coast, where the To-to-tin country commences. The Yah-shutes claim the coast to some remarkable headlands about 6 miles south of Rogue River.

South of these headlands are the Chet-less-en-tuns. Their village is north of but near the mouth of a stream bearing their name, but better known to the whites as Pistol River. The Chet-less-en-tuns claim but about 8 miles of the coast; but as the country east of them is uninhabited, like others similarly situated, their lands are supposed to extend to the summit of the mountains.

Next to the Chet-less-en-tuns on the south are the Wish-te-na-tins, whose village is at the mouth of a small creek bearing their name. They claim the country to a small trading post known as the Whale's Head, about 27 miles south of the mouth of Rogue River.

Next in order are the Che-at-tee or Chitco band, whose villages were situated on each side of the mouth and about 6 miles up a small river bearing their name, but their villages were burned last February by the whites. They consisted of forty-two houses, which were all destroyed; a loss which the scarcity of timber in their country makes serious. The lands of these people extend from Whale's Head to the California line and back from the coast indefinitely. The forty-two houses destroyed by fire, at the lowest estimate, were worth $100 each, for which I would here recommend that they receive a full indemnity.

The To-to-tins, from whom is derived the generic name of the whole people speaking the language, reside on the north bank of the To-to-tin River, about 4 miles from its mouth. Their country extends from the eastern boundary of the Yah-shutes, a short distance below their village, up the stream about 6 miles, where the fishing grounds of the Mack-a-no-tins commence.

The Mack-a-no-tin village is about 7 miles above that of the To-to-tins, and is on the same side of the river. They claim about 12 miles of the stream.

The Shis-ta-koos-tees succeed them. Their village is on the north bank of Rogue River, nearly opposite the confluence of the Illinois. These are the most easterly band within my district in the south.

As the Indians derive but a small part of their subsistence from the country, they attach but little value to the surrounding mountains, for which reason their boundaries, except along the coast and streams, are in many cases undefined, and in others vague and indefinite.

FACE OF THE COUNTRY -- ITS EXTENT AND VALUE.

Although the Port Orford district is but about one degree and twenty minutes in length, the line of coast will measure about 150 miles. Its eastern boundary is also very irregular, but may average 30 miles from the coast, which will give an area of about 3,000 square miles. Though much of this area is taken up by mountains too steep and stony for cultivation, yet they are not entirely without their value to civilized man. In the northern and eastern portions a growth of valuable timber covers alike valley and summit; whilst along the coast, and winding to the southward, the timber is displaced by a most luxurious growth of rich, nutritious grass, forming a region for grazing purposes scarcely surpassed.

Stretching along many of the streams are found prairies of the richest alluvial formations, as well as plains of considerable extent, well adapted to the cultivation of grain and vegetables.

I can not here forbear to speak of the floral beauty of these "oases" in the wilderness, exhibited at almost all seasons of the year. Besides beautiful varieties of the rhododendron, honeysuckle, acacia, tulip, lily, and many other flowering shrubs and plants. common to the United States, there are others of surpassing beauty, to which my knowledge of botany does not enable me to give a name. Being well stocked with nutritious roots and berries indigenous to Oregon, this section of the country, from the great variety of its climate, produced by the unevenness of its surface, or exposure to the sea, from the ripening of the early strawberry to the frosts of winter, at all times affords a variety of berries, ripe and wholesome for food, and of most delicious flavor.

Though this region, for its timber and agricultural productions, may justly be regarded as valuable, yet when its mineral wealth is taken into consideration its value in all other respects sinks into insignificance.

The beach, through the whole extent of the district, is a deposit of the precious metals, and is already dotted with towns and villages of miners, and it has been recently discovered that its mountains abound in placers equal in richness to those of California, whose fame has unsettled the world, and thousands are now rushing to offer their devotions at this nearer shrine of Mammon.

PHYSICAL AND MORAL CONDITION.

We find these tribes with a kind of patriarchal form of government, peculiar not only to themselves, but to most of the tribes west of the Rocky Mountains, and which is not very dissimilar to the tribes east, showing clearly one common origin. In their primitive state, nature has supplied them with a liberal hand, so that they may gather abundant subsistence.

Their country abounds with wild game; the coast with a great variety of shell-fish, together with the salmon and small fish, with which their rivers are supplied. If taken in the proper season they render them an abundant supply of food.

They seem to be free from diseases, with the exception of sore eyes (which is confined exclusively to the women) and the venereal, which has been recently introduced among them by their white neighbors. They show evident marks of smallpox having been among them about thirty years ago; also the measles, about eighteen years since, both of which were very destructive to them from their mode of treatment. As to medicines for treating these diseases, they have none; with their sick they practice necromancy, juggling, and conjuring of evil spirits. They also, like all the other tribes along the coast and in the interior, practice sweating in houses built expressly for that purpose, and invariably when they sweat themselves by this process they immediately plunge into cold water, and in consequence of treating smallpox and measles in this manner it proved fatal to most of them, so that many of their once populous villages are now left without a representative.

As, by their present localities, they are more or less exposed to the disease of smallpox by the landing of sea steamers at the various points on the coast, I would therefore earnestly recommend that the children and youths be vaccinated at as early a day as possible.

Their houses are constructed by excavating a hole in the ground, 12 or 16 feet square, and 4 or 5 feet deep, inside of which puncheons or split stuff are set upright, 6 or 8 feet high; upon the top of these boards or thatch are placed for the roof. In the gable end a round hole is made, sufficiently large for the entrance of one person; the descent is made by passing down a pole, upon which rude notches are cut, which serve for steps. These houses are generally warm and smoky. From this and the careless habits of the women at certain periods, I have no doubt arises the disease of sore eyes among them.

In the spring season they gather the stalks of the wild sunflower and wild celery, and eat them with avidity.

Tobacco is the only article cultivated by them; I presume it is indigenous to this country, for they always speak of it as having been always cultivated by their fathers. Many of them are now desirous of cultivating the ground: some few in the vicinity of Port Orford have fine patches of potatoes that bid fair to yield an abundant harvest.

Some of the young men are employed by the whites as domestics, and they are generally active and please their employers; in general they are apt and tractable, and I have no doubt, if properly cared for, they would be industrious and respectable.

In a moral point of view, I can not learn that they have any mode of religious worship. Their idea of a Supreme Being is extremely dark and vague; they are generally very superstitious; they are all friendly to the whites, and friendly and hospitable among themselves.

From the numerous miners and settlers that are pressing into their country they are suffering many grievous wrongs that call for the immediate interference of the Government. Within the

last six months four of their villages have been burned by the whites, the particulars of which, and its connection with the arrest of prisoners, I will send you in another report at an early day.

Many of them have been killed merely on suspicion that they would arise and avenge their own wrongs, or for petty threats that have been made against lawless white men for debauching their women; and I believe in no single instance have the Indians been the first aggressors.

I would therefore recommend that the Government treat them as wards: and as the guardian of the ward is expected to take charge of his estate and place him under the best tuition possible to train or apprentice him in the arts of civilized life, that he may be able to act his part in the drama of human affairs when he ripens into manhood, so should the Government at as early a day as possible treat with this people, purchase their possessions and remove them to some healthy part of the Territory, settle them upon land susceptible of cultivation, supply them with implements of industry, employ good men to assist them in opening small farms to instruct them in the science of agriculture, erect them suitable mills, have them instructed in the mechanical arts, apprentice their young men and girls to a manual-labor school, erect a hospital for their sick, and above all, make them amenable to the laws of the land (in which they may be instructed in a short time) so as to be able to appreciate their rights and the rights of their fellows and entirely do away with all their rights and forms of government, and as soon as consistent adopt them as citizens of the United States.

When this is done, there is hope of their salvation as a people, and not till then; and what is applicable to this tribe is, in these respects, equally so to all of the tribes west of the Cascade Mountains. Yet, I am aware, very unlike this has been the old plan of the General Government towards the Indian tribes. True, their rights in some respects as a people have been regarded; the Government has treated with them and paid them for their lands; but the very money they have received has, in general, rendered them more wretched and miserable. They have been left with a nominal form of government of their own: left to roam at large; to follow their wars and war dances; to prey upon their fellow red men whenever they found them the weaker party. And they, in their untutored situation, the very income they have received for their lands has proved a deadly canker to their best interests in time and led them to their eternal destruction in the world to come.

What the value of this region may be to the Government, or what it may yield to the world's wealth when tenanted and cultivated by enlightened industry, are questions which it may not be proper for me to introduce into this report. Its value to the Government may be inferred from what I have heretofore said of the inexhaustible mineral wealth of its mountain lands and the adaptation of its plains and valleys to the agricultural pursuits of the white man.

In conclusion, allow me to remark that I have personally visited these bands -- have taken a correct census of their numbers; and from personal observation I am led to the conclusion that their woes are daily multiplying in their present condition, surrounded as they are by the influence of bad white men, who are daily making inroads upon them and prostrating their highest virtues.

I would therefore beseech the Government, in their behalf, that the most efficient measures should be taken for their speedy removal to a place of quiet, and, if possible, to one of safety, in order to instruct them in the arts of civilized life.

All of which is respectfully submitted. With high esteem, I have the honor to be your obedient servant, J. L. Parrish, Indian Agent, Port Orford District.

December 1854.

Esther Lockhart [Dodge 1898: 350-354]: *Their advent in Coos had a peaceful one; the Indians satisfied and friendly. Caesar, the white man had come, had seen and had conquered. Soon the country round about bay had been explored, the desirable claims had been located and apportioned to different members of the company, and the first permanent white settlement was established in Coos county. Several of the newcomers had returned to the valley for their wives and children, and in the afternoon of the 18th day of October 1853, three families, namely: Dr. Overbeck's, Judge Tolman's and our own, arrived at Empire City. As my eyes first rested upon the beautiful blue bay that flowed so tranquilly along on its journey to the sea, my thoughts instantly reverted to my childhood's home in the State of New York on the shore of Cayuga Lake. We three were the first white women who had ever been on Coos bay, and our presence created considerable stir among the masculine portion of the Indian population. They gazed at our white faces with great admiration and anxiously besought our husbands to trade wives with them, offering innumerable blankets and baskets in addition to their dusky partners.*

Our method of reaching the bay was an entirely primitive one, riding over the mountains on mules until we reached Scottsburg, where we embarked on the little river steamer "Washington," which many will doubtless remember. Arriving at Winchester bay, we again mounted the mules. I had two little girls, one of whom I held on my lap, while the other rode behind me, clinging to a handkerchief tied tightly around my waist. The other ladies rode in the same way. Our husbands led the mules, fearful lest they should take fright and dash into the surf with their precious (?) burdens. In such fashion did we make our first pilgrimage along the wave-washed shore of the mighty Pacific.

On reaching Empire City, which consisted of one cabin and a rude hotel, we went at once to the latter place, kept by our genial friend Frank Ross, where we feasted on fresh salmon, clams and roasted wild ducks and geese. A few days after our arrival came Curtis Noble and family, his wife now being Mrs. M. A. Jackson of Empire City. Her daughter, now Mrs. Emma Saunders, was the first white child born in the county. Soon followed the families of Dr. Coffin, Samuel Dement, John Yoakam and Dr. Foley, nearly all of whom located at Empire City. The day after reaching the bay we set out for our new home at North Bend, that claim having been assigned to my husband. A valuable coal mine was supposed to exist there, and Mr. Lockhart was put under heavy bonds to hold it for the company. Our experience in this almost unbroken forest partook of both the comic and tragic elements of life.

As we had been traveling constantly for several weeks, and had been unable to have our clothes laundered during that time, I soon did a large washing which I innocently spread out upon the bushes around the cabin. On arising next morning imagine my disgust and indignation at finding

every article of clothing gone. The Indians had taken advantage of the unusual opportunity to replenish their scanty wardrobe, and I never regained a single piece.

For the first few weeks all went smoothly enough. The Indians were friendly, too friendly in fact, for their calls at the cabin with requests for food became too frequent. Gradually there came mutterings of discontent among them; they looked on us with jealous eyes and declared that we had stolen their "illihee" (land). Finally, one Sunday, about six weeks after our arrival there, a party of fifty or sixty Indians, dressed in warpaint and feathers and armed with bows and arrows, led by an old chief with an Umpqua Indian as interpreter, came to our cabins demanding that we give up everything and leave at once. We had no right there they said; we were frightening the fish away from the waters, and already there were fewer ducks and geese because of our presence. Soon there would be nothing left for the Indians -- the pale-faces would own everything. Mr. Lockhart listened quietly to their threats and complaints, and buckling his revolver about his waist, he mounted a stump and addressed them. He told them that we had come there to stay; that we wanted to help the Indians and would improve the land so that the country would be better; that the Great Father at Washington -- the president of the United States -- had told the white men to come and live there. He finally succeeded in pacifying the savages so that they said we might stay, but no other people could come.

The truce, however, was but a short lived one. Within a week the Indians were as hostile as before. At this juncture we had in our employ a man named Rohrer, a good hearted fellow but cowardly, who had for some time feared violence from the natives. One day as he, with two men that were up from Empire City for a few hours, were cutting fire wood near the cabin, a number of naked Indians suddenly appeared before him. In a mixture of English and jargon they informed Rohrer and his companions that they would be called upon the coming night to go to the Indian huts and that they must not refuse to obey the summons. Rohrer turned white with fear, which the Indians soon perceived. Stepping toward the terrified man, an Indian opened Rohrer's shirt and placing his hand upon the white man's breast felt the tumultuous beating of his heart. "Nica tum tum hiyu wawa!" (Your heart talks very much) he said scornfully. Giving the three men each an Indian name, and telling them to come when they were called, the savages departed.

I had been a listener to part of this strange conversation, and when a few minutes later, the men entered the cabin and begged the children and I to get into their canoe and go with them to Empire City, my inclination urged me strongly to do so. But duty was stronger still. My husband had gone to Empire City the day before to attend a company meeting, and I felt positive that he would be home that evening, besides we had large stores of provisions, such as flour, sugar and ham, and I felt that we could not afford to give them up to the Indians, without a struggle, especially, as supplies could not be obtained anywhere on the bay. So I stayed, and Rohrer remained with me. At 8 o'clock that evening, Mr. Lockhart returned, and after a hurried recital of the day's experience, he began preparations for an immediate departure. A little sloop, belonging to Marple, Harris and my husband, lay at anchor just below, and our goods were hastily transferred to it.

Day was just breaking as we disposed of our last load and stood out into the bay, bound for a place of safety for ourselves and little ones. As we glided quietly away from the unfriendly shore,

the Indians saw us and came rushing down to the banks. "Nica Clatawa" -- good-bye. A few arrows came whizzing through the air, but they fell harmlessly into the water near by. Two hours later and we were safe at Empire City and at Noble's hotel. We found considerable change in the little settlement we had left two months before; comfortable cabins had sprung up here and there, and the place really seemed quite civilized.

It was in December that we returned to Empire City, and early in the new year a sail was seen outside the harbor. Quickly the joyful tidings spread through the town that the long expected ship, bringing men and provisions, had at last arrived. Eager to welcome the vessel and her burden, six men of the village manned a boat and boldly sailed out toward the heaving bar. But their eagerness had not been tempered with judgment, and the six venturesome spirits found watery graves.

About this time great excitement was aroused by the discovery of gold at Randolph. For a time Empire City was deserted. Of course we went with the others to make our fortune, picking up nuggets of gold from the Randolph beach. But the mines failed to meet the expectations of the people, although a few men were fortunate there, and the majority of the gold seekers returned to Empire City, leaving Randolph a deserted village.

Thus far the sanguine hopes of the "Coos Bay Commercial Company" for the future greatness of their newly acquired territory had not been realized. Coal of sufficient good quality for shipment had not vet been disclosed, and it was a difficult matter to find owners of vessels willing to permit their ships to cross an unknown bar which appeared tortuous and often turbulent, especially as there was no cargo for them to take in return. In consequence of such discouragement, the organization was dissolved. Provisions continued scarce and high, but owing to the abundance of fish, game and berries, no famine occurred.

All of the pioneers today will doubtless remember that Coos bay at that time consisted principally of men, consequently the advent of a woman and particularly a young married one, was hailed with delight by both sexes.

March 27, 1855: First post office in Port Orford and tragedy at Empire City

March 27.

Lewis McArthur [1982: 599; 817]: *Port Orford post office was established March 27, 1855, with Reginald H. Smith first postmaster . . .*

John Yoakam settled in Coos County in the early fifties. He was the father of seven children, five of whom were killed by a large tree which fell one night, March 27, 1855, on the Yoakam cabin. This was the most unexpected and unusual tragedy in the history of the county. It took place at a point sometimes call Yoakam Hill southwest of Coos Bay town and west of Libby.

Esther Lockhart [Dodge 1898: 354-355]: *About this time a frightful accident occurred that is almost without a parallel in the annals of Coos county. John Yoakum and his wife Eliza, with their seven children had taken up a claim about six miles from Empire City, near what is now known as the Camman wagon road. The place where the house stood is often spoken of as Yoakum's Hill. They had been busily engaged in felling timber and burning brush around their cabin, and had at the time referred to a number of trees afire. One large tree not far away had given them considerable uneasiness, but after a careful examination about 9 o'clock in the evening they decided there was no danger of its falling upon the house. It was a calm and peaceful night; the stars shone brightly in the dark vault overhead, and the seven little children slept quietly in their beds, unconscious of the awful tragedy which was so soon to end their innocent lives. Scarcely, however, had Mr. and Mrs. Yoakum re-entered their cabin, were a fearful sound of splitting timber was heard. "Run for your lives!" shouted the husband and father, "the trees are falling upon the house."*

The four older children, followed by their father, rushed for the open door; the mother paused to snatch her baby from the cradle, and at that same instant the treacherous tree fell, with a terrific crash, upon the little cabin, shattering it almost into fragments. As the tree descended upon the house its heavy limbs caught and entangled the four children, killing them almost instantly. A limb struck the mother, injuring her shoulder and arm, but she thought not of her pain, believing that the babe in her arms was safe, and not till she reached the light did she know that her child was dead.

When the first horror and agony of the situation had passed away, the anguished parents searched for the two little boys, aged four and six, who had not escaped from the house. They expected to find their maimed and mangled bodies, but to their unspeakable joy they found them in their little trundle bed, alive and fast asleep. The limbs had fallen in such a manner as to shield their bed, and the commotion had not even awakened them. These two boys are now middle-aged men, known to us all as Jasper and George Yoakum.

April 4, 1855: John Alva Harry and Ephraim Catching claim The Forks

A. G. Walling [1884: 484]: Coos *county is divided naturally into two topographical sections, the valleys of the Coquille and Coos bay. The country drained by the Coquille forms about two-thirds of the total area of the county, and comprises the southern part. The tributaries of that river are its three branches, called north, middle and south forks; Russell, Catching, Hall, and other creeks, and many sloughs. The Coquille itself is formed by the confluence of its forks at the head of tide water near Myrtle Point and flows into the ocean sixteen miles due west of the point of junction, but forty-five miles, if the meanderings of the stream be counted. For all the distance it is navigable for small vessels, and for the lower twenty miles for craft of large size. Consequently the stream is of great importance to the county, affording a reliable and cheap means of communication. It serves the purpose of a highway, and nearly all traffic is carried on by means of boats borne upon its waters. It forms the longest navigable highway in Oregon south of the Willamette. The Coquille, as well as its tributaries, flows through a heavily wooded country. Splendid forests of fir, cedar, myrtle, maple and other beautiful and valuable woods adorn the banks, and cover the hills and valleys as far as the vision can extend. The soil that supports these growths is of a rich description, being composed of the finely divided particles of sandstone worn from the mountains which compose the Coast Range, and brought down by the torrents in winter and deposited on the lower part of their course, where, mingled with vegetable matter, they form a soil of a light, porous nature, easily worked but wonderfully productive of nearly every known crop. These are the myrtle bottoms, so styled by the settlers because the myrtle is found growing thereupon. The myrtle groves are extremely beautiful, the stately shafts of the trees resembling, with their spreading capitals of limbs and leaves, some imaginative picture of an ancient cathedral. The shade is very dense, nearly every ray of sunlight being interrupted by the thick crown of lance-shaped leaves interlocking from tree to tree, so that a sort of twilight always reigns. The usual height of the myrtle is about sixty feet and the trunk is bare of limbs for a great part of its height. The myrtle has great value as an ornamental wood suitable for cabinet making. It grows in such vast quantities in the low lands along the coast that no demand could ever arise which could not be fully met. It is said that under certain conditions of temperature that this wood is liable to decay, but that point is not yet fully settled. Aside from its value as fuel, this beautiful, hard, dense and finely-grained wood is not in extensive use or demand. The fir, of three species, yellow, red and white, is being converted into lumber as fast as circumstances require. Nowhere in the world does the fir attain a greater size than in Coos county. It forms a resource of great importance, though by no means an inexhaustible one. The same remarks apply to the white cedar, with the qualifications that this tree is more in demand, as its lumber brings a higher price, is less abundant and likely to become extinct in comparatively few years.*

Orvil Dodge [1898: 210-211]: *The location where Myrtle Point stands was selected by the natives as a central place, and here they congregated and established their villages, as they retired from the seashore and engaged in the chase for the elk which roamed the hillside and wallowed in the cool pools along the spacious and shady valleys. When Marple, Harris, Thrift and others first explored the valley, they camped at this place, but considering the wild and massive growth of timber and vegetation, it is presumed that they little dreamed that in less than two decades a thriving and bustling little village would crown the point which came so abruptly*

and formed the steep precipice at the foot of which the crystal stream glided so placidly through the myrtle and maple forests toward the sea.

The pioneer saw the beauties and natural advantages of the location, and E. C. Catching located a home under the donation act, and it became a rendezvous for pioneers, prospectors and natives. The creek which joins the river a few hundred yards above the townsite, was named after the locator, and a blockade was made at its mouth, as danger from an outbreak of the tribes was feared. Catching was a kind, considerate man and enjoyed the respect of his own people and also that of the natives, hence he became a favorite with the chiefs as well as their subjects, and the friendship formed caused a little romance of considerable interest. The daughter of one of the chiefs fell in love with Mr. Catching, who was then a young man in his prime. He soon found out that the charms of the girl, who is said to have been beautiful, had captivated his heart, but he had promised his mother when he started from home that he would never inter-marry with the Indian tribes, and he so informed the infatuated maiden. This seemed to crush the spirit of her ambition and she threatened self-destruction. The young man was in great distress. His fine sense of honor and filial regard for his beloved mother, restrained him, and although he was offered the hand of a maiden belonging to a royal family, not until the princess made an attempt to destroy her life did her lover at last consent to accept of her as his bride. The wedding was consummated and royal wedding feasts according to the custom of the natives were enjoyed by the tribe, and the beautiful maiden became the dutiful and even Christian companion of our hero. Those yet living, who knew of the circumstances and who were acquainted with Mr. Catching, assert that the princess ever afterwards performed her duties gracefully, receiving instructions from her liege lord in the culinary arts and general housekeeping. She became known as a virtuous and worthy matron.

April 12, 1855: Dennis Hathorn signs Oregon Land Survey Contract No. 57

April 12.

Dennis Hathorn: *Surveying Contract No. 57. Township and Subdivision lines of Township 11 S., 7 W., Townships 26 & 27 S., 7 W., Townships 28 & 29 S., 8 W., 6th Standard Parallel South through Ranges 8, 9, & 10 West, Exterior and Subdivision lines of 8 Townships lying in the Upper Coquille Valley.*

C. K. Gardener: *This Agreement, Made this Twelfth (12th) day of April, 1855, between Charles R. Gardner Surveyor General of the United States for Oregon Territory, acting for and in behalf of the United States, of the one part, and Dennis Hathorn of Benton County, Oregon of the other part,*

Witnesseth, That the said Dennis Hathorn, for and in consideration of the conditions, terms, provisions and covenants hereafter expressed, and according to the true intent and meaning thereof, doth hereby covenant and agree with the said Charles K. Gardener, in his capacity aforesaid, that he the said Dennis Hathorn in his own proper person, with the assistance of such chain-men, axe-men, and flagbearers, as may be necessary, agreeably with the laws of the United States, and with the General Instructions to Deputy Surveyors, and such special instructions as he may receive from the Surveyor General, survey and mark the 2nd Standard Parallel South, through Range seven (7) West and the 6th Standard Parallel South, through Ranges (8) Eight, (9) Nine and (10) Ten West if found practicable and fit for settlement, also the Exterior and Subdivisional lines of Tps. (11) Eleven South Range (7) Seven West, and (26) Twenty Six and (27) Twenty Seven South, Range (7) Seven West. Also the Exterior and Subdivisional lines of Eight Townships lying in the Upper Coquille Valley between the Sixth (6th) Standard Parallel South and the Southern boundary of Township (32) Thirty Two South, Ranges Seven (7) to Ten (10) West both inclusive -- these townships to be [illegible], and non other than those fit for settlement to be subdivided.

Estimated Distance Six Hundred Miles 600 Miles

and that he will complete these surveys, in the manner aforesaid, and return the true and original field notes thereof to the office of the said Surveyor General on or before the First (1st) day of January next ensuing the date hereof [acts of God excepted,] on penalty of forfeiture, and paying to the United States the sum mentioned in the annexed bond, if default be made in any of the foregoing conditions.

And the said Charles K. Gardener, in his capacity aforesaid, covenants and agrees with the said Dennis Hathorn, that on the completion of the surveys above named, in manner aforesaid, there shall be paid to the said Dennis Hathorn on account of the United States, by the Treasury Department, upon the receipt of his account at the General Land Office, properly certified by Charles K. Gardener, in his capacity aforesaid, and accompanied by the approved plats of the surveys for which the account is rendered, as a full compensation for the whole expense of surveying and making return thereof, Twelve Dollars ($12) per mile, for every mile and part of a mile actually run and marked in the field, random lines and offsets not included.

And it is further understood and agreed, between the parties to this agreement, that the said Charles K. Gardener reserves to himself in his said capacity, or his successor in said office, Twelve per cent of the whole amount accruing on the surveys aforesaid, to be applied in defraying the expenses and salary of a Deputy Surveyor to be appointed by Charles K. Gardener, in his capacity aforesaid, as his assistant for the purpose of a general inspection and examination of surveys, whilst in progress in the field, or after completion thereof. Provided, No member of Congress or sub contractor shall have any part in this contract, and that no payment shall be made for any surveys not executed by the said deputy surveyor, himself in his own proper person.

In testimony whereof, The parties to these articles of agreement have hereunto set their hands and seals, the day and year first above written.

Signed, sealed and acknowledged before us} C. K. Gardener, Surveyor General.
W. B. Thompson, of Salem, George H. Belden of Salem O. T., Dennis Hathorn, Deputy Surveyor.

Dennis Hathorn: *I, Dennis Hathorn, Deputy Surveyor, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully and impartially execute the surveys mentioned in the foregoing contract, to the best of my skill and ability.*

Sworn to and subscribed by Dennis Hathorn before me at Salem, O. T. in the Territory of Oregon this 12th day of April, 1885.
C. K. Gardener Sur. Gen. of Oregon, Dennis Hathorn, Deputy Surveyor.

C. K. Gardener: *Adenda to the Usual Special Instructions To Dennis Hathorn, Esq.*

Deputy Surveyor, As the extent and location of the lands fit for Settlement & Cultivation, within the district of County specified in the contract is unknown & can not definitively be determined in reference to the numbers and Ranges of Townships, you will be governed by the following special instructions --

Should it be deemed impracticable to extend the Sixth (6th) Standard Parallel west, you will make an offset South on Township lines and run standard line west on Township lines, from a point as far north as practicable, that the country surveyed may be between it & the South Seventh Standard Parallel South, denominated in contract as Southern boundary of Tsp. 32 South Ranges 7 to 10 West both included --

Should there be Townships desirable to survey lying North of this offset Standard line North of the extension of the Sixth Standard Parallel, you will commence at their most easterly side & run north & west, making closing corners as in other cases on the Standard Parallel lines.

As your surveying operations are to extend to a part of Oregon of which but little is known as to its correct geographical location & extent of country fit for settlement & cultivation you are expected not only faithfully to perform the conditions of your contract, but furnish this office with all useful information that may come to your knowledge and accompany the return of the field

notes of your extension lines, with a letter or statement setting forth the extent of the extent of the settlements & country fit for settlement in the vicinity of your operations, not included within your surveys.

April 21.

Dennis Hathorn: *Know all Men by these Presents, That we, Dennis Hathorn of Benton County, Oregon Territory, as principal, and Wayman St. Clair, Abiathan Newton & Silas Newcomb, all of Benton Co. O. T., as sureties, are held and firmly bound unto the United States in the sum of Twelve Thousand Seven Hundred ($12,700) dollars, lawful money of the United States, (being double the estimated amount which would be due by the United States to the said Dennis Hathorn, on the completion of the surveys named in the foregoing contract;) for which payment, well and truly to be made, we bind ourselves, our heirs, executors, and administrators, and each and every of us and them, jointly and severally, firmly by these presents; signed with our hand, and sealed with our seals, this 21st day of April, 1855.*

The Condition of the above Obligation is such, That if the above bounden Dennis Hathorn shall well and truly and faithfully, according to the laws of the United States and the instructions of the said Surveyor General, in the manner and within the period required of him to be made by the foregoing contract, and return the field-notes of the said surveys to the Surveyor General, in the manner and within the period named in the said contract, then this obligation would be void, or otherwise it shall remain in full force and virtue.

Signed, Sealed, and Acknowledged Before Us.} J. R. Cardwell, Dennis Hathorn, B. R. Biddle, Wayman St. Clair, Abiathan Newton, Silas Newcomb.

****

You are to sign the foregoing contract, write your name in full over the opposite "Deputy Surveyor," before two witnesses, whose residence must be given immediately underneath their signatures, and fill the existing blank at the top thereof with the day and month in which you thus sign the same.

The BOND must be dated on the day it is signed by yourself and sureties. The remaining blank must be filled with the names and residence, written in full, of two sureties, whose sufficiency for the amount must be certified in the above blank, by the proper officer of a court having a seal. Yourself and sureties must sign the BOND, writing your names in full, in the presence of two witnesses, whose residence must be stated immediately below their signatures.

The officer who certifies as aforesaid, must fill the said blank with the style and location of his office, and accompany his signature in every case with an impression of the seal of the court. He may also administer the oath at the bottom of your contract, after you have signed the same, giving an impression of his seal in each case.

All erasures, mutilations, and interlining must be avoided.

May 7, 1855: Flanagan and Northrup claim Newport and Eastport Coal Mines

A. G. Walling [1884: 493]: *The first coal discovered was on the Lockhart claim, at North Bend. The seam was eighteen inches in thickness, and was deemed so valuable that the owner refused $40,000 for it. Veins were soon after found near Empire City and at other places, but none of them were immediately worked. The first coal shipped to San Francisco was mined on the Boatman claim, near Coal Bank slough, and brought a price of forty dollars per ton. A previous cargo had been lost with the vessel carrying it, on the Coos Bay bar. In 1855 the mines of Newport and Eastport were opened and during the next year shipments began to take place. These were rival properties, the Newport being owned by Flanagan and Rogers, while the Eastport belonged to Northrup and Symonds, who were succeeded by the Pershbakers, who sold to J. L. Pool, the present proprietor. A. J. Davis, who distinguished himself as one of the town proprietors of Marshfield, acting as agent for a San Francisco firm, opened a mine near the mouth of Isthmus slough, in 1856, expending money lavishly to construct a railroad, storehouses, wharf, etc., before the size of the vein and the quality of the coal were found out. The mine proved unsatisfactory in these respects and was abandoned after an expenditure of full seventy-five thousand dollars.*

June 16.

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 26 S., Rng. 7 W. – Ridgeline division of Williams River and Umpqua River, including Green Butte, Bear Ridge.]

Chains	West, between Secs. 25 and 36.
6.50	*Enter E. N. Thomas' field, course NW. and SE.*
12.00	*Leave same, course NE. and SW.*
16.00	*E. N. Thomas' house bears S. about 450 lks.* [300 feet]
22.20	*Road, course N. and S.*

Chains	North, between Secs. 23 and 24.
63.00	*Enter field, course E. and W.*
. . .	. . .
80.00	*Stanton's house bears S.35*E.*

June 18.

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 26 S., Rng. 7 W. – Ridgeline division of Williams River and Umpqua River, including Green Butte, Bear Ridge.]

Chains	West, on South boundary of Sec. 35.
1.18	*A pine, 36 ins. in diam.*
12.00	*Enter prairie, course N. and S.*
. . .	. . .
63.00	*Leave prairie and enter oak timber, course N. and S.*
66.00	*H. D. Bryant's house bears S. about 6 chains* [400 feet]

June 21, 1855: Dr. Glisan arrives at Fort Orford from San Francisco

June 24.

Dr. Glisan*: . . . As usual, we had some very pleasant, and a few exceedingly disagreeable persons aboard. There was a gentleman belonging to the profession of Civil Engineers, en route for Oregon, to secure a contract for surveying. Unfortunately for himself and for fellow-passengers, he was very much intoxicated, and, hence, disposed to give full play to the expression of his thoughts, which being sarcastic, and generally personal, rendered his society undesirable. He usually began his conversation by preaching forth his wonderful acquirements, which according to his own estimation, were vast indeed. He harped principally on the Government and her officials, civil, not military, and particularly the Surveyor-General of California, Major Jack Hays -- who came in for the largest share of abuse; but unluckily for his auditors, he was prone before the conclusion of his discourse to identify them with the perpetrators of all his wrongs. One unfortunate fellow was disposed to quiz him, and this brought down upon himself the most sarcastic abuse I had ever heard. This gentleman was bald-pated and small headed, and having just crossed the Isthmus, had his face burned to a blister. Mr. L -- consequently possessed a fruitful theme of discourse on phrenology. He began by asking his subject if he possessed any knowledge of this science or any other, and then laid down as his first proposition that men of his cranial conformation never had any intelligence; upon which he dilated with great volubility, to the merriment of everyone. We could only "laugh in our sleeves," as the fellow's abuse was intolerable, and ought to have been promptly checked by the Captain, in order to prevent a disturbance. Fortunately, the abused gentleman set it all down to King Alcohol, probably deeming himself a little to blame, and bore it like a martyr -- knowing, also, that a single word to Capt. Dall would have been the means of sending the intoxicated individual from the cabin to the steerage, as a nuisance. The Captain was on the eve of doing this anyway, as the man's impertinence ran wild; but he finally toned him down by taking away his liquor, and, giving him a dose of morphine, put him to sleep. Next morning he was sober, but awfully sea-sick; so we saw no more of his honor.*

Near the Golden Gate was pointed out to us the spot where a splendid steamer was wrecked in 1851, on attempting to enter the harbor of San Francisco in a dense fog. We touched at Trinidad and Crescent City; the latter is a thriving little village. It is about three hundred miles from San Francisco, and sixty-two from Fort Orford. We also passed the mouth of Rogue River, famous for its Indian war in 1853.

June 29.

Dr. Glisan: *Landing at this post on the twenty-first of this month, after a long and tedious sea voyage, via the Isthmus, and a short delay in California, I was vividly impressed with the exhilarating and health-inspiring influence of the air. The evergreen forests of spruce, for, and cedar, which are still standing in all their primeval loveliness and grandeur, associated in a few places with the beautiful rhododendron, and the sweet scented myrtle, covering mountains and vales, give a novelty and charm to the landscape unsurpassed by anything of the kind ever seen by me before.*

The summer months here are delightfully cool and pleasant, but the other three seasons are checkered with fogs, cold winds, and storms of rain, and occasionally of snow. The lightning's flash and the loud thunder's rattle are in summer unseen and unheard; but the intermitting roar of the old Ocean's waves dashing at regular intervals against the rock-bound shore, inspires one continually with the grandeur and sublimity of the scene.

The fort is in latitude, 42 deg. 44 min. 27 sec. north; and in longitude, 124 deg. 28 min, 52 sec. west. On reference to the Meteorological Observations of the post, I find there are in the course of a year 180 fair, 186 cloudy, and 122 rainy days, with one day of snow. The mean temperature of spring is 52 26/100 deg.; of summer, 58 21/100 deg.; of autumn 54 22/100 deg.; and of winter 50 18/100 deg.; and of the year, 53 71/160 of Fahrenheit. The average rainfall in spring – 16 71/100 inches; in summer, 3 33/100 inches, in autumn, 22 69/100 inches; in winter, 32 29/100 inches, and for the year, 75 02/100 inches. The thermometer ranges between 79 deg. in summer, to 30 deg. above zero in winter. The climate is remarkably healthy; there are no malarious diseases. The soil is good except near the beach, but not very productive of such fruits and cereals as require warm summers.

Such garden vegetables as cabbages and potatoes thrive well; tomatoes, melons and corn hardly ever come to maturity. Peaches, plums, cherries, pears, grapes and such like fruits can not be raised to advantage. To wild berries, fruits, game and fish I shall make allusion further on after a personal inspection of the country—grass in this region is green throughout the entire year.

The principal rivers near here are the Coquille, thirty miles north; Elk, four miles north; and Rogue River, thirty miles south. The second mentioned stream received its name from the large herds of elk which range along its bottom lands. Elk meat is more largely consumed here as an article of food than beef—it is nearly as good, and much cheaper; it sells at from twelve to eighteen cents per pound, whereas good beef is worth twenty-five cents per pound.

There are two traditions as to origin of the name of the last mentioned river. Some assert that it took its appellation from the roguish propensities of the Indians living on its borders; whilst others maintain that rogue is a corruption of the French word rouge (or red) signifying red river, because some of its principal head branches are always turbid from a mixture of reddish clay and sand stirred up in the mining districts.

Adjoining the Military Reservation of this fort, is a little village called Port Orford, which was located or laid out in 1850, during the mania upon the subject of town sites. Having the best port between San Francisco and the Columbia River, it was thought to be an admirable spot for a large city, but like many similar attempts, it has proven a failure. For notwithstanding the additional advantages of gold having since been discovered along the sand beach for many miles above and below the town, and of the touching here of a regular mail steamer every fortnight, it still numbers only about forty houses, and one-third of these are tenantless. It has a good summer harbor, as the wind during this season is from the northwest; but in the autumn, winter and early part of the spring, it is generally very dangerous for vessels to attempt to "lie to" in the harbor, or even to enter it, as the prevailing winds are then from the south, southwest, and southeast. The expenditure by the Government, some of these days, of a few millions of dollars,

for a breakwater, will make this magnificent harbor of refuge for our naval and merchant vessels, when overtaken by storms on the Northern Pacific coast.

Our post is nearly surrounded by a dense forest -- but has an expansive view of the Pacific Ocean in front. It is cut off from the beautiful Rogue River, and Willamette Valleys, by the coast range of mountains -- some spurs and peaks of which are very high. One of the highest points in our vicinity is "Humbug Mountain" -- receiving its name from a false report of the discovery of rich gold diggings on it.

This whole coast, from San Francisco to the Russian Possessions, is thickly wooded -- the principal trees are fir, cypress, and cedar; the latter is only found at intervals. It makes much the best lumber, as it does not shrink and swell alternately with the dry or wet weather so much as the other two kinds, and is more durable, and makes far the best finish. It is quite abundant near this place; its market value is three or four times as much as fir or spruce. There are three saw-mills here, only one of which is at present running -- the others are idle for the want of water. The one in operation is a steam mill, and turns out daily an average of fifty-five hundred feet of plank, besides many thousand laths; it employs twenty-five hands. Sawmilling is another example of our speculation. From 1847 to 1852, there was great demand for lumber, especially in San Francisco, which was then being built up of frame houses; but after the great fires there in '50 and '52, a more substantial class of buildings was erected of stone and brick—lumber was, consequently, in but slight demand. Its supply had, in the mean time, increased by twenty-fold, as a large number of persons had been induced by the enormous prices of two hundred and six hundred dollars per one thousand feet, to erect saw-mills; it is now a drug in the market.

Twelve months ago there was great excitement in regard to the discovery of gold near this place; as is usual under such circumstances large numbers of people flocked here—the majority of whim went away disappointed. The beach for many miles above and below this point has gold in it, and in some places "pays well." They who secure average claims, in point of richness, and work them properly, clear from two to seven dollars per day; but the great drawback to miners here is, that they won't let well enough alone—they are constantly leaving old claims that pay moderately well, to look out for better. Moreover, though naturally shrewd, they are easily humbugged into some castle-building, money-making, mining-operation, that promises everything and accomplishes nothing; particularly if the imposter be a foreigner, and possess some knowledge of chemical jugglery -- being able by a few tricks, to convince his dupes that he has discovered some wonderful method of separating gold dust from sand, by causing it to unite more readily with mercury than by the common process, he succeeds in organizing a stock-mining company, which is to give him one third or half of the profits; thus making a very profitable operation for himself, even by the ordinary methods of mining, so long as he can keep his dupes in the dark, and hold his company together. There is a Monsieur C. at present humbugging some twelve or fourteen persons in this way. The affair is, however, about reaching a climax, and he will doubtless soon have to leave "these diggings," as he did those of the Rogue River a short time ago. Vive la bagatelle.

Miners in this Territory and in California are governed in their operations by what is termed the Mining Law; which, although agreeing in its general features, varies somewhat in its details in different districts. This law is a system of regulations formed by the miners themselves, and at

one time governed them in almost everything criminal and civil, but is at present limited to a few points only -- such as the right of ownership to claims, and the extent of ground each man is allowed by pre-emption. At some places each person is permitted to take up a claim of three hundred feet front, by fifty or one hundred deep; in others, not more than one half of this extent is granted. This only refers to pre-emption right, that is, the title to mineral land conferred by virtue of having first "squatted on it." One has the privilege of buying as many claims as he pleases.

There is not a more healthy spot on the globe than Fort Orford -- the only diseases here are the result of some species intemperance. Indeed, were it not for an occasional accident, there would be no need of a physician at this post; more particularly as the command is so small -- being only a detachment of twenty-five men (Company M, Third Artillery), commanded by Lieutenant A. V. Kautz, Fourth Infantry. I had more cases of sickness to attend in one day at Fort Arbuckle, during the sickly season, than I would be likely to have here in a whole year.

June 30.

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 26 S., Rng. 7 W. – Ridgeline division of Williams River and Umpqua River, including Green Butte, Bear Ridge.]

Chains	North, between Secs. 34 and 35.
28.25	*Enter field, course E. and W.*
40.00	*. . .*
	*Joseph Atterberry's house bears N.43*W.*
43.40	*Leave field, course N.20*W. and S.20*E.*
43.40	*Same house bears N.55*W.*

Chains	West, between Secs. 14 and 23.
6.73	*Slocum's house bears N.56*W.*
16.80	*Same house bears N.20*W.*
18.40	*Leave field, course N. and S.*

July 3.

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 26 S., Rng. 7 W. – Ridgeline division of Williams River and Umpqua River, including Green Butte, Bear Ridge.]

Chains	South, between Secs. 1 and 2.
12.30	*Enter field, course E. and W.*
14.80	*Pierce's house, bears E. about 1 ch.* [66 feet]
23.15	*Leave field, course E. and W.*

C. K. Gardener: *Addenda to the special instructions to Dennis Hathorn Esq., Deputy Surveyor, Contract No. 57.*

In case of being able to make your work close within proper limits with the work of the Townships adjoining, which have been previously surveyed, and as you find erroneously, you will remeasure so much of the lines upon which you should close, setting the mile & half mile posts each in its correct position taking the usual bearing trees & otherwise perpetuating those corners the same as would have been done had they originally been carefully placed -- This instruction will apply to Standard Parallel Lines as well as to other exterior lines of Townships -- Keep full notes of these corrections, noting carefully the amount of error in each case, in the proper place in the field book --

Such lines of correction will be paid for at a rate agreed upon by yourself and the deputy in error, to be qualified by and if necessary controlled by the Inspector's report; The Inspector to be appointed by the Surveyor General at such time as is deemed proper.

The Subdivisions of the erroneous Townships to be matter of correction & adjustment, according to my future instructions.

Surveyor General's Office To bear July 3rd, 1855.} C. K. Gardener, Surv. Gen. of Oregon

July 4.

Dr. Glisan: *As Lieutenant A. V. Kautz is absent on detached service I am in command of the post, and have just had the pleasure of firing a national salute of thirty one guns. To be able to appreciate our national greatness, one should travel over the Union and behold for himself the immense extent of territory now embraced in our mighty Republic; which possesses every variety of soil and climate, and more natural resources, generally, than that of any other nation on the globe; and inhabited by a people vigorous, intellectual, brave and indomitably persevering. Our past history has been a miracle to the nations of the old world; and our prospects are still more glorious. Could our forefathers have seen the fruits of the glorious cause for which they laid down their own lives, their dying couches would have been replete with all the joy that earth can afford. May we never cease to commemorate this day, and to offer up thanksgiving to the Ruler of Heaven and Earth for his helping hand to our ancestors in the hour of their greatest distress. In the language of the poet I may conclude;*

> *"Lives there a man with soul so dead*
> *Who never to himself hath said,*
> *This is my own, my native land?"*

July 5.

Dr. Glisan: *We are hourly looking for the steamer "Columbia;" she always touches here, and leaves the mail, both going and returning. On her last trip down there were some four or five army officers on board—some of whom have recently received appointments in the new regiments. Among those were Captain Stoneman, Captain Whiting, and Lieutenant Williams. Major Henry Prince, with some two hundred and thirty-one U. S. troops, destined for Fort Vancouver, will probably be up on the next steamer. The one they started in, the "America," was*

burnt on last Sunday night week, whilst stopping for a short time at Crescent City. She was totally destroyed.

In order to protect our immense western frontier, Congress passed a bill last session, adding four new regiments to the army—two of cavalry, and two of infantry. These are being rapidly filled up, and will probably be ready for the field next spring. Our troops in New Mexico are kept constantly in active service—the Apache Indian being very troublesome. An expedition of several regiments, under General Harney, has been ordered on the plains west of Kansas and Nebraska to quell Indian depredations. The Sioux have been very troublesome there within the last twelve months.

In California and Oregon, disturbances occasionally occur between the settlers and the Indians -- a few years ago they were quite frequent. Then there were several fights in this vicinity -- Captain Aldin, U. S. Army, was wounded in one of those engagements near Rogue River. Six miners were killed in another encounter on the Coquille. Shortly after this last affair, the miners in a large body went against the Indians, and killed some fifteen of them.

Within a hundred yards of garrison, and a short distance from shore, is a rock known as "Battle Rock," receiving its name from a contest which took place there in 1850, between some Americans and Indians. The former had intended landing with the view of selecting a town site, but finding the latter hostile, took up their position on the above rock, whilst their vessel -- Captain Tichner's schooner -- returned to San Francisco for reinforcements. The Indians made numerous attacks on the place for ten or twelve days, but being repulsed with heavy losses, finally abandoned the idea of dislodging the whites from their secure retreat. The rock being some twenty yards from shore, was rather inaccessible. A small cannon that the whites had was used with much success; and assisted more than anything else in frightening the Indians. The loss of the latter was ten or twelve. None of the former killed—a few slightly wounded. The whole party, consisting of only nine men, finally made their escape into Umpqua Valley.

July 10.

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 27 S., Rng. 7 W. – Ridgeline division of Williams River and Lookingglass Creek, including Flournoy Valley, White Tail Ridge, Eagle Rock.]

Chains	West, on South boundary of Sec. 36.
0.00 [?]	*West, Peter Williams' house, bears N.23*E.*
	*West, Peter Williams' house, bears S.38*W.* [?]
. . .	. . .
80.00	*John Early's house, bears N.50*W.*
	*At the ¼ post, Peter Williams' house, bears N.57*E.*
	*The other W's. house S.51*E.*

Chains	West, on South boundary of Sec. 35.
40.00	*¼ post, established by Col. Ford bears N.15*W., 50 lks.* [33 feet]
40.00	*John Early's house, bears N.25*E.*

Chains	West, on South boundary of Sec. 34.
40.00	*¼ post, set by Ford bears N.15*W., 76 lks.* [50 feet]
49.00	*A road, course NW. and SE.*
56.50	*Daniel Huntley's house, bears South about 2 chs.* [125 feet]
60.00	*Leave prairie and enter timber*
60.50	*A creek, 25 lks*. [15 feet] *wide, course SE.*

July 11.

Dr. Glisan: *The "Columbia" passed up last Friday, and has just gone down -- having on board several army officers; some of whom are on their way to New York. Among others Lieutenant Myers and Dr. Luckley. A friend of ours, Mr. L. Blanding, of San Francisco, who has been spending a few days with us, also took passage in her this morning. Being a lawyer of some eminence, and possessing agreeable manners, his visit was very welcome to this lovely place. Our associates in this neighborhood are few indeed.*

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 28 S., Rng. 8 W. – Ridgeline divisions of Umpqua, Coos, and Coquille river headwaters, including Mount Gurney, Tioga Ridge Road and Sugar Pine Ridge.]

Chains	South, on East boundary of Sec. 7.
33.24	*A Road from W. E. Weekly's sawmill to Looking Glass Prairie, course East and West.*
33.24	*Summit of ridge, course East and West.*

July 13, 1855: Hathorn surveys Umpqua Valley to Coos River tidewater trail

July 13.

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 28 S., Rng. 8 W. – Ridgeline divisions of Umpqua, Coos, and Coquille river headwaters, including Mount Gurney, Tioga Ridge Road and Sugar Pine Ridge.]

Chains	West, on North boundary of Sec. 5.
56.00	*Summit of ridge c.N.25*W. and S.25*E.*
56.00	*A blazed line and dim trail leading to tide water on Coos River. This trail follows a ridge, which divides the waters which flow into Coos Bay from those running South to the Coquille. The head of tide water on Coos River is said to be about 25 miles distant by this trail. So said by those who marked out the trail.*

July 13 [?].

Dr. Glisan: [Note: published version gives date as "July 23th, 1855," but lists "July 22D, 1855 as the following entry. This is obviously a typo of some sort and I am guessing the actual date of "July 13th" -- which is in chronological order -- was intended instead.] -- *Lieutenant Kautz and I went a fishing yesterday in Elk River, and caught a lot of splendid trout. There are two species of this delicious fish in Oregon; one, called the mountain trout—being the same as the speckled or brook trout of the Northern States; and the other the salmon trout. The former abound in the clear mountain streams, and small fresh water lakes; the latter in the rivers and lakes near the ocean. The salmon trout are much larger than the mountain trout, and are very closely allied to the salmon itself.*

This being a heavily timbered country there are, of course, very few flowers. I see no familiar ones except the yarrow, wild tansy, and strawberry; there is also a specie of wild clover which grows very abundantly. Of fruits we have the salmon-berry, thimbleberry, and sal-alle berry. The latter resembles in appearance and taste a large variety of the huckle-berry, and affords a very delicious dessert. The thimble-berry is almost exactly like the raspberry in size and appearance, but grows on a larger and less prickly bush. Salmon-berries grow on very large shrubs, and are named for their color. They are similar in size and shape to blackberries, but not quite so palatable.

Game is very scarce in this neighborhood. The deer and elk have been frightened back into the mountains; there are a few, however, remaining. A friend has a very large pair of elk horns. It was a problem to me how the elk could run through the bushes with such immense appendages, but after seeing in what way they are adapted to the head I became convinced of their advantage -- they are sloped backwards so as to protect the head, neck and body from the thickets. A few panthers, martins, black bears, and otters, may be seen occasionally. There are two varieties of the latter animal -- the land and sea otter. The skin of the other is much more valuable. There are some wolves or coyotes, but they are not often seen, and are not very troublesome, except in winter, when they lurk around the dwellings. Two varieties of foxes are also occasionally seen -- the common gray and the silver gray; the last variety is prized very highly for its beautiful skin. A few squirrels, principally the small gray.

There are fewer birds here than at any place I have ever been. There are pine hens, quail, and partridges (Maryland pheasant) and pigeons -- and ducks and geese in winter. The harbor is dotted with white sea birds -- such as didappers, gulls and pelicans. There is also a large fishing hawk of the eagle species, with a white head, white on tips of tail and wings, and dark body. The pine hen is so called from always being found in the pine woods. It is almost identical with the prairie hen of the States immediately east of the Rocky Mountains; it is also known as the blue grouse. I have noticed a very beautiful bird called the blue jay—it resembles very closely the jay bird of the Middle States; but its plumage is of a much darker and more brilliant hue. The humming-bird, sparrow, cedar-bird and robin are also to be seen.

July 16

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 28 S., Rng. 8 W. – Ridgeline divisions of Umpqua, Coos, and Coquille river headwaters, including Mount Gurney, Tioga Ridge Road and Sugar Pine Ridge.]

Chains	South, on West boundary of Sec. 30.
12.25	*To summit of rocky precipice and South end of mountain ridge, overlooking the upper Coquille, and a large part of Umpqua valley.*

July 17

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 29 S., Rng. 8 W. – Camas Mountain, Camas Valley, Chimney Rocks, Middle Fork Coquille River.]

Chains	South, on East boundary of Sec. 1.
25.50	*SW cor. Of McCulloughs' pasture, course N.5*E. and N.80*E.*
27.35	*Creek, 15 lks. [10 feet] wide, course NE.* . . .
30.50	*Enter prairie, course E. and W.*
33.40	*Enter Waters' field, course E. and W.*
. . .	. . .
40.00	*Waters house bears S.79*W.*
44.50	*Leave field, course E. and W.*
53.50	*A road, course MNW and SE.*
	*Same house bears N69*W.*
	Leave prairie and enter oak timber, course W. and SE.

Chains	South, on East boundary of Sec. 13.
42.00	*An Indian trail, course NW and SE.*

July 18

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 28 S., Rng. 8 W. – Ridgeline divisions of Umpqua, Coos, and Coquille river headwaters, including Mount Gurney, Tioga Ridge Road and Sugar Pine Ridge.]

Chains	South, on the East boundary of Sec. 36.
2.25	*Enter prairie, course NW. and SE.*
12.0	*Enter field, course East and West.*
17.25	*Leave same, course NW. and SE.*
21.65	*Old ¼ post, bears West 77 lks.*
27.60	*"Kammas Valley" trail, course NE. and SW.*
30.00	*Leave prairie and enter timber, course East and West.*
. . .	. . .
42.00	*Enter Oak openings, course East and West.*
53.50	*A house, bears N.70*W.*
. . .	. . .
62.39	*Same house, bears N.50*W.*
76.50	*Enter prairie, course East and NW. . .*

Chains	West, on the South boundary on Sec. 36.
47.70	*"Kammas Valley" trail. Course NE. and SW. . .*

July 21

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 29 S., Rng. 8 W. – Camas Mountain, Camas Valley, Chimney Rocks, Middle Fork Coquille River.]

Chains	South, on West boundary of Sec. 19.
5.00	*C. B. Rawson's house bears S.79*E.*
14.70	*Branch, 12 lks. [8 feet] wide, course SE.*
14.70	*A. Reed's house bears S.53*W.*
. . .	. . .
50.00	*NE cor. wheat field containing about 5 acres.*

Chains	South, on West boundary of Sec. 25.
53.50	*John Storment's house bears SW.*
56.40	*Enter W. P. Day's pasture, course E and W.*
57.50	*Enter middle fork of Coquille River*
57.50	*Same house bears S.75*W.*
59.00	*Leave river, course SE.*
61.10	*Same, course SW (six inches deep), 30 lks*. [20 feet] *wide.*
62.00	*Enter prairie, course NE and SW.*
62.00	*W. P. Day's house bears S.50*E., about 31 chs.* [2,050 feet].

Chains	South, on West boundary of Sec. 31.
4.00	*Leave pasture, course E and W.*
4.00	*Leave prairie, course E and W.*
8.00	*Enter fir timber, course E and W.*

10.08 Trail, course E and W.
18.50 Branch, 8 lks. [5 feet] *wide, course NW.*
20.48 Trail leading to intersection of forks of Coquille.

A. G. Walling [1884: 421]: *Camas Valley. -- Camas valley, formerly known as Eighteen-Mile valley (being that distance from Flournoy's), lies in the extreme southwestern part of Douglas county. It lies at the head of the middle fork of the Coquille river, which drains the country round about. Camas valley is some seven miles in length and three in widths possesses a very fertile soil about 1,000 acres in extent, and has uncommon facilities for procuring timber. Some of the most productive ranches in Douglas county lie within this vale. Nearly all the valuable food products of the clime flourish in this out-of- the-way nook, and the inhabitants are self-supporting to a high degree. The first permanent settlement in the valley was made by William Day and Alston Martindale, March 8, 1853, and both of these pioneers still occupy the donation claims which they then took up. In the same year came -- Patterson, C. B. Kawson and Jesse Dryer -- A few others came within a year or two, among them Adam Day, but in 1856 there were but three women in the valley. These were the wives of Messrs. Day and Martindale and the daughter of Adam Day.*

July 22.

Dr. Glisan: *The steamer "Columbia" stopped here on the evening of the twentieth. Lieutenant G. H. Derby and Alexander Piper, U. S. Army, were on board en route for Fort Vancouver. The former gentleman belongs to the topographical engineers, and is quite celebrated as a witty writer. His productions are usually published in a California magazine called the "Pioneer." He informs us of the death of Captain J. L. Folsom, Assistant Quartermaster, U. S. Army. He died on last Tuesday evening. He leaves a large estate.*

Lieutenant Kautz has involved himself in a civil suit for putting a civilian, who had been creating disturbances among the Indians on the government reserve, in the guardhouse; he confined him six days. The civil authorities have brought a suit for false imprisonment against him. He left this morning to attend his trial at Coos Bay. I am consequently in command of the post. This not being a proper duty of the medical staff, we only exercise it in the absence of all line officers. Our rank avails us in everything else but commanding. It holds good on all councils, boards, court martial, and in selection of quarters, etc. Mr. Henry Tichenor and myself accompanied Mr. Kautz some ten miles up the coast. On Our return we passed Cape Blanco, the most western portion of the United States territory. There are some forty miners engaged in digging gold dust on the beach at that point.

The gold was found disseminated in finally divided articles in the sand; and is separated by running the latter through a machine, consisting of a "long tom," and "drop riffle." The former is a wooden trough three feet broad, six feet long, and two inches deep, with a plate of sheet iron at one end perforated with several hundred holes. This is placed so as to form an inclined plane. At its lower end, and partly under it, is the "drop riffle." This consists of two side pieces holding a number of open boxes, one above and behind the other, like a stairway. In each of these boxes is a gate corresponding to the "rise" in a step, which can be elevated or lowered so as to be brought any required distance from the surface of the mercury in the cell of the box. A stream of

water is let upon the "long tom," and carried over the surface of the mercury in the "drop riffle." The same being brought in close contact with the mercury by means of the sliding gate or drop-board, its gold dust is thus more readily united with this metal, forming what is called an amalgam. When the mercury is sufficiently impregnated, it is poured into iron pans and the gold allowed to settle. The sediment is then placed in a linen bag and compressed; thus separating another portion of the mercury. The remainder is termed "amalgam proper," which contains about forty per centum of gold. The final step in the process is to place this into a retort, and by means of heat evaporate all the mercury. By this process very little of the latter is injured by oxidation, and it can, of course, be used again.

A constant supply of water is, in this mode of mining, necessary; and when it cannot be obtained from a stream sufficiently high to be conducted to the "tom" through a wooden trough, it is got from a shallow well by means of a carrying pump, worked either by horse or steam power—usually the former. There are some claims at Cape Blanco which "turn out very well." The best belong to a Mr. Coffee, who is said to be running through one machine, where are employed only three or four hands, about fifty dollars a day. And this, too, a regular thing.

The sand beach differs materially from what are termed solid or quartz diggings in the regularity of finding gold. In the latter it is frequently necessary to work five and six months without getting a grain, then perhaps a vein is struck which turns out hundreds of dollars a day for a short time. But sometimes a shaft is sunk at an enormous expense without yielding anything. These shafts are usually sunk in the side of a hill, down to a level with the bed of a stream where gold dust has been found in the sand. The object is to strike the original bed of gold. The gold on the beach is also much finer than that found in the placer diggings in the interior of Oregon and California.

It is very easy to get up an excitement about gold diggings in this country. The last steamer was crowded with passengers for the newly discovered mines at Fort Colville in Washington Territory; they are represented as being vastly rich. There is doubtless much gold in that region, but, judging from the manner in which such things usually terminate in this country, about one half of those on their way there will return in a few months utterly disappointed; for the richness of mines is always exaggerated by speculators. Without going any further we will take Fort Orford as an average case, by way of illustration. About fourteen months ago a party of five or six men discovered gold at a place now called "Jackson's Diggings" some thirty miles from this place. They worked five or six weeks , but secured barely enough to compensate them for their trouble. However, they were determined on making a speculation out of it. So after securing their claims they managed to return here just about the time the steamer stopped on her way to San Francisco. Knowing that if they exhibited the gold publicly everybody would accuse them of trying to get up an excitement for speculation, it was at first confidentially shown to a few persons, who divulged the matter to their particular friends, and they in turn to theirs, until everybody learned the wonderful secret. It was represented that this gold was found after a single day's work. In a few hours everybody who could get away from Fort Orford were on their way to the mines. And 'tis said that the agents of the line got up flaming hand-bills, which were posted through the streets of San Francisco. It at least turned out gold for them; for their ship was crowded with passengers as long as the bubble lasted. Persons arrived here by the hundreds; purchased pans, shovels, and picks; and, for the want of other conveyance, started for

the magic spot on foot. The majority being city clerks, and others of that class, who had never walked a half day in their lives, soon began to break down, and consequently to throw away such articles as they thought could be best spared. About every third man would say to his party, "Well, we want only one pick, I am going to throw mine away."

On arriving they found gold, it is true, but not enough to pay the cost of the claims. So the little bubble bursted. The discoverers, the merchants, and steamship company, being the only parties who made anything. At the present time there are not more than a dozen persons working at the place. In the significant cant of the country the "diggings have gone in."

Now for a story somewhat different, but still illustrative of the ruse de guerre constantly practiced in the country. A party of three men came here a short time after the above excitement, and went to work at Cape Blanco, the place spoken of above being within eight miles of this place. After working a few days they came to the village and purchased a few articles on credit, with a promise to pay on the following week. At the appointed time the first bill was settled, and another contracted with the same limitation as to the time of settlement. Thus they worked on, as it were, from hand to mouth; and when asked how they were doing, replied, "wall, we guess we are making a living, but it is better to do this than to starve."

At the expiration of some seven months these men came to the village with thirty thousand dollars, which they had got out at that spot: sold their claims at an exorbitant price, and left the country. The purchasers found the claims pretty well exhausted; and by the process then in operation could not make them pay well. But since the introduction of the drop riffle they are made to yield, on re-working, pretty good wages. And, by prospecting in the neighborhood, some of the miners have found new places, which turn out handsomely. As, for instance, that of Mr. Coffee's, alluded to above.

July 23

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 30 S., Rng. 9 W. – Kenyon Mountain, Middle Fork Coquille River, Rock Creek, Signal Tree Road.]

Chains	South, on East boundary of Sec. 13.
.08	*Indian trail on summit of ridge, course N.65*W., S.65*E.*
14.00	*Enter fir grove, course E and W.*
18.00	*Leave same and enter oak and pine openings, course E and W.*
19.10	*A trail on summit of ridge, course N.80*E. and S.80*W.*

July 25.

Dr. Glisan: *The steamer "Columbia," Captain William Dall, touched here this morning on her downward passage; brings glorious accounts of the gold mines at Fort Colville. Almost all the settlers in the upper part of Oregon, and in Washington Territories, have started for the mines. Of course all the vessels bound from San Francisco to Oregon will, for the next four months, be crowded with passengers inflated with golden dreams.*

July 27.

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 29 S., Rng. 9 W. – Kenyon Mountain, Middle Fork Coquille River, Rock Creek, Signal Tree Road.]

About one fourth of this township is level and rolling country and includes what is known as "Camas Valley" 18 mile prairie, which will require to be subdivided. Balance of township is unfit for settlement and impracticable to survey.

July 31.

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 29 S., Rng. 9 W. – Kenyon Mountain, Middle Fork Coquille River, Rock Creek, Signal Tree Road.]

Chains	North, between Secs. 25 and 26.
7.25	*Enter Adam Day's pasture C. E. & W.*
20.70	*Leave same C. E.&W.*
20.70	*Adam Day's house, bears N.75*W.*

August 2.

Dr. Glisan: *There has been a coolness existing between Lieutenant K., of this post, and two persons in the village, named Smith and Sutton -- the former a lawyer, the latter Justice of the Peace. Lieutenant K. started for the town to-day after dinner, and being apprehensive of an reencounter, took with him a large cane. In a short time thereafter the constable of the place, Seth Lount, came running to garrison in great perturbation, begged me, for God's sake, to hurry down town, as the Lieutenant had been shot through the heart by Justice Sutton. My first impulse was to order a corporal's guard to assist in arresting the perpetrator of the deed, but as a few moments' delay might be the death of my friend, I of course hurried to him first. To my astonishment, on arriving I found him sitting up in a chair as composed as if nothing had happened. The whole town had concentrated there in the meantime.*

On inquiry, I learned that Sutton had commenced a quarrel with Kautz, and in the course of it had used language which the latter had construed into being called a liar, whereupon he raised his cane with the intention of striking the former, who drew a pistol and fired. Lieutenant K. immediately dropped on the floor, and on being picked up placed his hand over his heart. The bystanders, thinking the shot had taken effect in his chest, immediately sent for me. It was discovered in the meantime that the ball had not struck him – and, probably, not even grazed him. From where the ball hit the floor it is impossible that it could have passed higher up than the pelvis. Still, the expansive force of the gasses, generated by the combustion of the charge of powder in the gun, striking against the pit of the stomach, may have had something to do with the result. The most reasonable solution of the problem, however, is, that it was a nervous shock produced by the mental certainty that, if fired at with the pistol almost touching his body, death would be inevitable. The following is a case in point, taken from ***Guthrie's Military Surgery:***

"During a rapid advance of part of the British Army in Portugal, one of the skirmishers suddenly came upon his adversary, with only a small bank between them; both parties presented, the muzzles of the pieces nearly touching; both fired, and both fell. The British soldier after a minute or two, thinking himself hit, but still finding himself capable of moving, got up, and found his adversary dead – on the opposite side of the bank. I saw him immediately afterwards in considerable alarm, being conscious of a blow somewhere, but which after a diligent search, proved to be only a graze on the under side of the arm; yet the certainty he was in of being killed, from the respective position of the parties, had such an effect upon him at the moment of receiving this trifling injury, as nearly to deprive him, for a short time, of his powers of volition; whereas, had the wound been received from a concealed or distant enemy, it would in all probability have been little noticed."

August 4.

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 29 S., Rng. 9 W. – Kenyon Mountain, Middle Fork Coquille River, Rock Creek, Signal Tree Road.]

Chains	North, between Secs. 34 and 35.
8.30	*Clickatat Trail from Umpqua Valley to Fork of Coquille.*
. . .	. . .
42.00	*Enter oak timber. C. E. and W.*
46.50	*Old Indian trail from Umpqua to Fork of Coquille*

Chains	West, between Secs. 26 and 35.
40.30	*Indian trail. C. N.E. and S.W.*
44.00	*Leave Prairie and enter Timber. C. N. and S.E.*

Chains	North, between Secs. 26 and 27.
7.00	*Enter oak timber. C. E. and W.*
9.20	*Old Indian trail. C. E. and W.*
16.00	*Enter fir timber. C. E. and W.*

There are 5 donation claims taken in this township.

August 6.

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 30 S., Rng. 9 W. – Skull Ridge, Chipmunk Ridge, Middle Fork Coquille River, Bear Creek, Panther Creek, Twelvemile Creek, Battle Creek.]

Chains	West, on North boundary of Sec. 1.
2.06	*An Indian trail, course N and S.*
3.46	*An Indian trail, course N and S.*
. . .	. . .
56.27	*Main trail leading from Umpqua valley to the Fork of the Coquille, NE and SW.*
57.20	*A branch, 5 lks [3 feet]wide, course N.*
65.20	*Middle fork of Coquille, S.80*W.*

68.00	*leave same, course N.80*W.*
71.35	*Same trail, course NE and SW.*

Chains	West, on North boundary of Sec. 3.
8.10	*Clickatat Trail, course NE and SW.*
. . .	. . .
57.10	*Old Indian trail, NE and SW course.*
75.00	*Top of* [Kenyon] *mountain.*

August 7.

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 30 S., Rng. 9 W. – Skull Ridge, Chipmunk Ridge, Middle Fork Coquille River, Bear Creek, Panther Creek, Twelvemile Creek, Battle Creek.]

Chains	South, on West boundary of Sec. 6.
74.75	*Indian trail, on summit of ridge, course E and W.*

Chains	South, on West boundary of Sec. 7.
32.70	*Old Indian trail, course NE and SW.*
. . .	. . .
48.25	*Main trail, course E and W.*

August 8.

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 29 S., Rng. 8 W. – Camas Mountain, Camas Valley, Chimney Rocks, Middle Fork Coquille River.]

This township contains over half of what is known as "Kamas Valley" or "18 mile prairie," which is excellent prairie. It also has some prairie along the N Boundary. Balance, hilly and timbered with Fir, Oak, and Laurel. Most of the Tp. will require to be subdivided.

August 9.

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 30 S., Rng. 9 W. – Skull Ridge, Chipmunk Ridge, Middle Fork Coquille River, Bear Creek, Panther Creek, Twelvemile Creek, Battle Creek.]

Chains	West, on South boundary of Sec. 36.
10.25	*Indian trail, course N and S., on summit of ridge.*

General Description. This township is either hilly or mountainous, generally covered with fir, hemlock and cedar timber of good quality but difficult of access. The middle fork of the Coquille runs through this T. and any of the tributaries head in the same. The principal trails from the Umpqua to the forks of Coquille and Coos bay lead through it. Probably about one fourth of the Tp. will require to be subdivided.

August 11, 1855: Joel Palmer signs treaty with Coos, Nasomah and Kelawatsets

August 11.

Joel Palmer [There were 13 Articles of Agreement negotiated and signed by Palmer between the United States and several confederations of coastal Oregon Indian tribes and bands in 1855, but never ratified by Congress. For a complete text of the 13 articles to the signed treaties, see US Senate Ex. Doc. No. 25, 53rd Congress, 1st Session 1893: 8-12.]:

In testimony whereof, the said Joel Palmer, on the part of the United States, and the undersigned chiefs, headmen, and delegates of the said confederated bands, have hereunto set their hands and seals this eleventh day of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-five.

Signed in the presence of -- Cris. Taylor, Secretary to Treaty,
W. W. Raymond, Sub-Indian Agent,
R. W. Dunbar,
B. M. Palmer

Joel Palmer [L. S.], Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Oregon Territory

Loni, second chief, his x mark [L. S.]
Cal-he-na, his x mark [L. S.]
Tel-kite, his x mark [L. S.]
Albert, his x mark [L. S.]
Ki-hosi, first chief, his x mark [L. S.]
Sme-ka-hite, his x mark [L. S.]
Quink Ouse, his x mark [L. S.]
Kos-kup, his x mark [L. S.]
Que-mah, his x mark [L. S.]
Kle-ick, his x mark [L. S.]
Pah-hi, his x mark [L. S.]
Ha-ake, his x mark [L. S.]
Que-e-to, his x mark [L. S.]
Que-lis-ke, his x mark [L. S.]
Quo-ap-pa, his x mark [L. S.]
Jim, his x mark [L. S.]
Con-chu, his x mark [L. S.]
Toch-a-lie, his x mark [L. S.]
Pah-ni-ka-u, his x mark [L. S.]
Wo-cos-konts, his x mark [L. S.]
Tlate-hal, his x mark [L. S.]
He-a-kah, his x mark [L. S.]
Sam-may, his x mark [L. S.]
Ke-etch, his x mark [L. S.]
John, his x mark [L. S.]
Jim Selitsa, his x mark [L. S.]
Sis-nah-quo-lin, his x mark [L. S.]
Scho-jo, his x mark [L. S.]
Kle-con-outs, his x mark [L. S.]
Ton-ton, his x mark [L. S.]
Tlouched, his x mark [L. S.]
To-cot-so, his x mark [L. S.]
Jake, his x mark [L. S.]
Chah-quo-lah, his x mark [L. S.]
Chi-ni-co-wash, his x mark [L. S.]
Tu-e-uch, his x mark [L. S.]
Ah-sis-less, his x mark [L. S.]
Lu-con-in, his x mark [L. S.]
Is-han-na, his x mark [L. S.]
Yet-sit, his x mark [L. S.]
John, his x mark [L. S.]

August 13.

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 30 S., Rng. 9 W. – Skull Ridge, Chipmunk Ridge, Middle Fork Coquille River, Bear Creek, Panther Creek, Twelvemile Creek, Battle Creek.]

Chains	West, between Secs. 13 and 24.
19.00	*Summit of ridge, NW and SE.*
29.50	*Indian trail, course NE and SW.*

Chains	West, between Secs. 12 and 13.
.10	*An Indian trail.*

August 15.

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 30 S., Rng. 9 W. – Skull Ridge, Chipmunk Ridge, Middle Fork Coquille River, Bear Creek, Panther Creek, Twelvemile Creek, Battle Creek.]

Chains	North, between Secs. 11 and 12.
44.50	*A trail on summit of ridge, course E and W.*

Chains	West, between Secs. 1 and 12.
5.43	*Indian trail, course N and S.*

Chains	South, between Secs. 1 and 2.
5.00	*Main trail, bet. Umpqua and the forks of Coquille, course NE and SW.*

August 17.

Joel Palmer [There were 13 Articles of Agreement negotiated and signed by Palmer between the United States and several confederations of coastal Oregon Indian tribes and bands in 1855, but never ratified by Congress. For a complete text of the 13 articles to the signed treaties, see US Senate Ex. Doc. No. 25, 53rd Congress, 1st Session 1893: 8-12.].

We, the chiefs, headmen, and delegates of the Sueslan and Winchester Bay bands of the Kal-le-wat-set or Umpqua tribe of Indians, and the several bands of Kowes Bay Indians, after having fully explained to us the above treaty, do hereby accede to its provisions, and affix our signatures, or marks, this 17th day of August, 1855.

Signed in the presence of –
Cris. Taylor, Secretary,
R. B. Metcalfe, Sub-Indian Agent,
E. P. Drew, Sub-Indian Agent,
Jn. B. Gagnier, Interpreter,
John Fleet, Interpreter,
J. C. Clark, Interpreter,
R. W. Dunbar,

L. P. Brown,
M. H. Hill,
John Gale.

Eneos, his x mark [L. S.]
De-chaum, his x mark [L. S.]
John, his x mark [L. S.]
Peter, his x mark [L. S.]
Poscal, his x mark [L. S.]
Ha-lo-teeth, his x mark [L. S.]
Kal-la-hat-sa, his x mark [L. S.]
Ha-lo-gleese, his x mark [L. S.]
Bi-chauma, his x mark [L. S.]
Louis, his x mark [L. S.]
Lake-man, his x mark [L. S.]
Jerome, his x mark [L. S.]
Peir, his x mark [L. S.]
Wilson, his x mark [L. S.]
Tom, his x mark [L. S.]
Captain, his x mark [L. S.]
Stephen, his x mark [L. S.]
Cal-lolh, his x mark [L. S.]
Wal-lauch, his x mark [L. S.]
Loch-steh, his x mark [L. S.]
Wal-loch, his x mark [L. S.]
Pete, his x mark [L. S.]
Jackson, his x mark [L. S.]
Hal-lice, his x mark [L. S.]
Don-Quixotte, his x mark [L. S.]
Charly, his x mark [L. S.]
John, his x mark [L. S.]
Que-el-ma, his x mark [L. S.]
Qui-it, his x mark [L. S.]
Ha-lo-wa-wa, his x mark [L. S.]
Taylor, his x mark [L. S.]
Pee-lee-gray, his x mark [L. S.]
Joe, his x mark [L. S.]
Sam, his x mark [L. S.]
Charley, his x mark [L. S.]
Sam 2d, his x mark [L. S.]
Jim, his x mark [L. S.]
Johnson, his x mark [L. S.]
Charley 2d, his x mark [L. S.]
Oleman, his x mark [L. S.]
Jack, his x mark [L. S.]
Tom, his x mark [L. S.]

Jim 2d, his x mark [L. S.]
Tim, his x mark [L. S.]
Tom, his x mark [L. S.]
Sam, his x mark [L. S.]
Fat-tim, his x mark [L. S.]
Jim, first chief, his x mark [L. S.]
Bob 2d, second chief, his x mark [L. S.]
John, his x mark [L. S.]
George, his x mark [L. S.]
William, his x mark [L. S.]
Charley, his x mark [L. S.]
Dock, his x mark [L. S.]
Dick, his x mark [L. S.]
Ale-man-doctor, his x mark [L. S.]
Jim, his x mark [L. S.]
John, his x mark [L. S.]
Gabriel, his x mark [L. S.]
Cris, his x mark [L. S.]
Kah-tite, his x mark [L. S.]
Ne-ah-tal-woot, his x mark [L. S.]
Jake, his x mark [L. S.]
Quin-ultchet, his x mark [L. S.]
Yat-se-no, his x mark [L. S.]
Lalkt, his x mark [L. S.]
Damon, his x mark [L. S.]
Ka-ton-na, his x mark [L. S.]
Loch-hite, his x mark [L. S.]
Ten-ach, his x mark [L. S.]
Ki-hi-ah, his x mark [L. S.]
Hon-slach, his x mark [L. S.]
Ko-ah-qua, his x mark [L. S.]
Solomon, his x mark [L. S.]
Lol lotch, his x mark [L. S.]
Skil-a-milt, his x mark [L. S.]
Yah-who-wich, his x mark [L. S.]
Tes-ich-man, his x mark [L. S.]
Hon-nu-wot, his x mark [L. S.]
Squat-kle-ah, his x mark [L. S.]
Ki-u-ot-set, his x mark [L. S.]
Al-la-wom-mets, his x mark [L. S.]
Too-tee, his x mark [L. S.]
No whe-na, his x mark [L. S.]

August 18.

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 30 S., Rng. 9 W. – Skull Ridge, Chipmunk Ridge, Middle Fork Coquille River, Bear Creek, Panther Creek, Twelvemile Creek, Battle Creek.]

Chains	North, between Secs. 10 and 11.
14.70	*Ascend perpendicular rocks about 20 ft.*
29.60	*Indian trail, course E and W.*
	Summit of ridge, course E and W.
. . .	. . .
48.30	*Main trail, course NE and SW.*
56.00	*Middle fork of Coquille, 50 lks.* [33 feet] *wide.*

Chains	North, between Secs. 9 and 10.
24.35	*Main trail, leading from "Kammas Valley" to Forks of Coquille.*

Chains	South, between Secs. 3 and 4.
28.55	*Old Indian trail, course E and W.*
32.50	*"Clickatat trail", course E and W.*

. . . *There are no settlers in the township.*

August 23, 1855: The Observed Arrivals of Capt. Cram and William V. Wells

August 23.

Dr. Glisan: *Captain T. J. Cram, U. S. Topographical Engineer; Dr. Hubbard; and Mr. Wells, editor of the Alta California, arrived on the "Columbia" this morning. Mr. W. having travelled all over the world, is an exceedingly well informed and entertaining gentleman. Captain C. was a fellow passenger on our trip from New York, and we are, of course, highly delighted to see him. He has come up simply on a visit. The other gentlemen are engaged in a coal speculation at Coos Bay. This mineral has been found there in large quantities; and of very good quality. It has also been discovered in other parts of this Territory, and is likely to turn out a handsome speculation to those who first succeed in bringing it to market, as all the coal heretofore used on this coast has been brought from the Eastern States or England. I perceive that the rumor, heard here a few weeks since of Indian troubles on the Klamath River, has been confirmed. There were eleven white men killed by the Indians at last accounts. The origin of the difficulty was on the part of a few drunken Indians, who attempted to maltreat some white men.*

Joel Palmer [1855 Oregon Indian treaty agreements (US Senate 1893: 8-12)]:

We, the chiefs, headmen, and delegates of the Quans, Sake-nah, Klen-nah-hah, and Ke-ah-mas-e-ton bands of Nas-o-mah or Coquille tribe of Indians, after having had fully explained to us the above treaty, do hereby acede to its provisions, and affix our signatures or marks, this 23rd day of August, 1855.

T-sin-no-nas, his x mark [L. S.]
Pil-le-kio, his x mark [L. S.]
Klas-won-ta, his x mark [L. S.]
Sat-tae, his x mark [L. S.]
Wah-hench, his x mark [L. S.]
Tom, his x mark [L. S.]
Joe, his x mark [L. S.]
Mal-a-quack, his x mark [L. S.]
Won-na-tlos, his x mark [L. S.]
Mil-luck, his x mark [L. S.]
John, his x mark [L. S.]
Charley, his x mark [L. S.]
Che-kan-nah, his x mark [L. S.]
Kume-mas, his x mark [L. S.]
Tsha-san, his x mark [L. S.]
Kon-u-quan, his x mark [L. S.]
Sands, his x mark [L. S.]
T-sis-tah-noo-ka, his x mark [L. S.]
Mah-T-lose, his x mark [L. S.]
Chil-lah, his x mark [L. S.]
Hon-ouse, his x mark [L. S.]

Charles, his x mark [L. S.]
Lah-Lee, his x mark [L. S.]
Noch-to-soch, his x mark [L. S.]
O-Charley, his x mark [L. S.]
Klong-Kus, his x mark [L. S.]
Bill, his x mark [L. S.]
Other-tom, his x mark [L. S.]
Yohn, his x mark [L. S.]
Nelson, his x mark [L. S.]
Locks-ey, his x mark [L. S.]
Jo-Lane, his x mark [L. S.]
Frank, his x mark [L. S.]
John, his x mark [L. S.]
Jim, his x mark [L. S.]
George, his x mark [L. S.]
Bale, his x mark [L. S.]
El-Kah-hut, his x mark [L. S.]
Klo-Kat-on, his x mark [L. S.]
San-dish, his x mark [L. S.]
Kitchen, his x mark [L. S.]
Jim-too-Wah, his x mark [L. S.]

Signed in presence of --

Chris. Taylor, Secretary
John Flett, Interpreter
Jn. Bts. Gagnier, Interpreter
Joseph E. Clark, Interpreter
E. P. Drew, Sub-Indian Agent
R. W. Dunbar

Capt. Cram: *From Crescent City to Rogue river, thence to Port Orford, the shore is broken and divided by spurs of the mountains coming quite down to the water's edge, throwing the mule track back from the sea up the steep sides and over the sharp crests of the spurs, making the route a very difficult one for the animals to tread; and yet it is the only land route connecting the shore settlements. Indeed, in almost all the country adjacent to the coast, and back into the interior as far as the Oregon trail, the roads generally are nothing more than pack trails for animals or foot paths for Indians and their pursuers.*

With the exception of the valleys of the upper part of Rogue river, of the Umpqua, and of the Coquille, to which I have already made allusion, the whole country represented on map No. 9 is extremely forbidding to the eye of the farmer. Immediately on the coast the ground is covered with a dense forest of cedar, inferior pine, (called Oregon pine,) spruce, fir &c., of trees of such gigantic size as to preclude the idea of clearing the land for cultivation. Further inland the back ground of this natural amphitheatral picture, viewed from the sea, is a succession of hills, the mountains of volcanic origin, rising one above the other, presenting their rocky fronts and sharp summits in beautiful shapes and variety of color, and showing their well defined crest line in clear relief against the sky as far as the eye can reach; and, as long as it can endure to observe, as we steam along the coast of Oregon, it will meet pretty near the same picture. The forest lands, and mountain slopes of this coast will never be brought under cultivation. They are fit only for lumbering and mining, perhaps, in some places. To the botanist, the florist, horticulturist, mineralogist, and geologist, they afford fields of interest, and, if explored, would probably yield many new and valuable specimens to their respective cabinets.

At Port Orford, which is just immediately south and under the cape bearing this name, there is a tolerable harbor, or rather, a "Hole in the shore," into which steamers of the largest class can safely enter and approach to within a few hundred feet of the beach, when the wind don't blow too hard from the south or southwest, and the fog is not too dense. Under a north or northwest wind, once in, vessels may ride at anchor here in security. This is not only the best, but it is the only place entitled to the name of harbor on the whole Oregon coast. A coast so strikingly destitute of harbors as this can contribute very little to the commercial prosperity of the State upon which it may front, presenting, as it were, a barrier rather than affording entrances to the interior.

Lumber is extensively manufactured by steam mills near Port Orford. It is here that the Oregon white cedar is found of extraordinary size. Boards from three to five feet in width are produced of perfectly "clear stuff," and of such quality, for the plane, that this kind of lumber has, in a

measure, superceded the white pine for interior finishing; for exterior work, however, it is not so well adapted.

On former official maps Cape Orford and Cape Blanco are put down as one; but Cape Blanco, whose approximate longitude 124 [degrees] 45' W., and latitude about 42 [degrees] 45' N., is distant from the former about ten miles. Between the two capes there is a beautiful indentation, bordered by a continuous sand beach, passable for wagons at all times, and affording the only wagon road passing out of Port Orford; all other routes leading out of this settlement can only be traveled on foot or on the backs of pack animals.

August 26.

Dr. Glisan: *General Joel Palmer, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon, and Dr. Drew, sub-agent, arrived here on the twenty-fourth instant, and left this morning for Rogue River to hold a council with the Indians of this coast, with a view of forming a treaty with them for the purchase of their possessory rights to the soil, and their removal to an Indian Reserve to be set apart for them higher up the coast.*

August 27, 1855: The Buford Affair and south cost treaty signings

Capt. Cram: *In July, 1855, a council was to be held by the then superintendent of Indian affairs in Oregon with the tribes in this district, at a point about three miles up from the mouth of Rogue river. The Indians, on invitation of the superintendent, were assembling. On the day previous to that fixed for the treaty one, from provocation, wounded a white man before the detachment of troops that had been sent from Port Orford to keep order had arrived. The whites assembled to the number of sixty, and loudly demanded of the sub-agent the offender, to hang him. The summary process was stoutly opposed by that functionary, but on the arrival of the troops he agreed to allow him to be taken under their conduct before the justice of the peace for a hearing. The hearing bound the prisoner over for trial, and remanded him in charge of the corporal's guard to camp for safe custody. The corporal, with two privates, the prisoner, and another Indian as canoe-man, were returning in their canoe down the river, when they discovered a boat containing three whites in hot pursuit, and two others, containing whites, following. Soon the foremost came near the corporal's canoe and fired into his party, killing both Indians -- the prisoner and canoe-man. Notwithstanding, the council was held, and the Indians of Rogue river and Port Orford agreed to quit their native soil and go to reside on a tract that had been designated as the Coast Indian Reservation, further north, represented on map No. 14. It was the design to gather all the bands along the coast of Oregon and place them upon it, there to teach them agriculture and the arts, and to forever prevent whites from acquiring the rights of soil upon it.*

A. G. Walling [1884: 272-273]: *Another incident of importance has a termination somewhat different from the ordinary tale, but is itself very lamentable in its results. On August 26, 1855, James Buford, a miner living at the mouth of Rogue river, became involved in a quarrel with an Indian, and was shot by the latter, the bullet taking effect in Buford's shoulder. The native was arrested and brought before a justice of the peace, and after a partial examination it was resolved to remove him for the night to the council ground, and afterwards to Port Orford. There being a considerable number of Indians there-abouts, a squad of United States troops was detailed for the service of guarding the prisoner, who was taken in a large canoe with his guard. Shortly, another canoe ran alongside in the semi-darkness, and from it Buford and two friends, Hawkins and O'Brien, fired and killed the prisoner and an Indian who was paddling. Instantly the soldiers returned the fire, killing two and mortally wounding the other assailant, who retained only sufficient strength to swim ashore, where he died upon the bank. This incident, we need not add, created a great deal of excitement, and resulted in a war of words against the army which could so quickly take the side of the savages, and leave unavenged the wrongs they committed upon the whites. Nevertheless, the army was, from the nature of things, opposed to the whites, although they could not be said to favor the Indians. Departmental instructions leave the officer commanding a military post no option regarding the treatment of either savage or civilized persons, but require him to interpose to restrain, on the one hand, the violence of the nation's aboriginal wards, and on the other to resist the action of the whites who may interfere unlawfully with them. After the uprising of the Interior Indians under John, Limpy and other chiefs, the Coast Indians were solicited to join in the warfare against the whites, but the sentiment of the larger portion was for peace, and the overtures of those chiefs were rejected. The Buford affair may be allowed to have contributed somewhat to produce the hostilities which*

followed in the spring of 1856, but still greater weight is probably to be attached to the success of the malcontents on the river above in resisting the efforts of their opponents who sought to conquer them. During the early part of the winter of 1855-6 symptoms of increasing discontent were noticed among the natives, and the condition of affairs was pronounced grave enough to warrant immediate measures being taken to preserve peace. An Indian agent for the locality at the mouth of the river was considered indispensible, and Ben Wright, the celebrated Indian fighter, who had gained a vast experience in the management of the savages, and who had sustained intimate domestic relations with various tribes, was, at the solicitation of certain people of Yreka and elsewhere, appointed to that post as successor to Mr. Parrish, by Joel Palmer, superintendent of Indian affairs for Oregon. Wright began his ministrations under favorable auspices and for a time everything promised security for the whites, whose fears were not of the most serious cast. The military arm was present in the person of Brevet-Major Reynolds, U. S. A., who was stationed at Port Orford, the post bearing the official designation of Fort Orford. This force, though too small to be of much service in time of a real outbreak, still served to maintain order as between the whites and natives, and was much relied upon by the infant colony so far away from effective help, and so completely at the mercy of the savages. The settlers, of course, were almost entirely men in the prime of life; very few women and children had yet arrived in the country -- a peculiarly fortunate circumstance as we shall see. Only two or three white families were to be found at the settlement at the mouth of the river, called Gold Beach, but many miners abode in small cabins scattered along the banks of that stream for several miles upwards from the mouth, and along the sea-coast north and south, but mainly located near the present site of Ellensburg. Three miles up the river was Big Flat, where a considerable settlement had been formed, and some land brought under cultivation.

August 30.

Joel Palmer [1855 Oregon Indian treaty Articles of Agreement (US Senate 1893: 8-12)]:

We the chiefs, headmen, and delegates of the Se-quate-sah, Ko-se-a-chah, Euka-che, Yah-shute, Too-too-to-ney, Mack-a-no-tin, Kos-sul-to-ny, Mussle, Cos-sa-to-ny, Klu-it-ta-tel, Te-cha-quot, Chet-less-ing-ton, and Wis-to-na-tin bands of Tootootony tribe and Chet-co tribe of Indians, after having had fully explained to us the above treaty, do hereby acede to its provisions, with the following proviso:

That the canoes belonging to the members of our respective bands shall either be transported to the district designated as a reservation, or other canoes or boats furnished in lieu thereof, or the value of same paid the Indians by the Government of the United States, at the direction of the latter, and that means of transportation for the old, infirm, and children, with goods, wares, and chattels belonging to the members of the said bands and subsistence for the members thereof during time of removal, shall also be furnished by, and at the expense of, the Government of the United States.

In witness whereof we hereunto affix our signatures, or marks, this thirtieth day of August, 1855.

Signed in the presence of -- Cris. Taylor, Secretary, Jery McGire, R. W. Dunbar, August V. Kautz, 2d, Lieut. 4th Infantry, Dr. R. Glisan, U. S. A., E. P. Drew, John Flett, J. E. Clark.

Sins Band
Ta-Wos-Ka, his x mark [L. S.]

Too-too-to-ny
An-ne-at-ta, his x mark [L. S.]
Tal-ma-net-sa, his x mark [L. S.]
Ko-chil-la, his x mark [L. S.]
Hurt-la-no, his x mark [L. S.]

Chet-co tribe
Eu-tlach, first chief, his x mark [L. S.]
Too-Whus-ka, his x mark [L. S.]
Ka-tulch-Kla, his x mark [L. S.]
No-get-toe-it, his x mark [L. S.]

Jashuts
Sin-Whuss-Chan, his x mark [L. S.]
Eu-San-e-Klon, his x mark [L. S.]
Eu-nah-nese-tah, his x mark [L. S.]
Yah-Kat-chin-a-mah-tin, his x mark [L. S.]

Whis-to-na-tin
Nal-tah-wos-shah, his x mark [L. S.]
Cha-hus-sah, his x mark [L. S.]
Kos-sa-on, his x mark [L. S.]
E-ule-te-tes-tlah, his x mark [L. S.]

Coc-sa-to-ny
Ses-tel-tus, his x mark [L. S.]
Tat-sa, his x mark [L. S.]
Hus-to-Mat-say, his x mark [L. S.]

Chet-less-ing-ton
Mos-quot, his x mark [L. S.]
No-on-me-hos-quah, his x mark [L. S.]
Tac-qua, his x mark [L. S.]
Cosh-nul-see, his x mark [L. S.]

Ko-so-e-chah
Tag-o-ne-cia, first chief, his x mark [L. S.]
Loo-ney, his x mark [L. S.]
John, his x mark [L. S.]
Jim, his x mark [L. S.]

Se-qua-a-ch
Whiskus, his x mark [L. S.]
Ten-as-tic, his x mark [L. S.]
Eu-Wach-nah, his x mark [L. S.]

Port Orford band
Smut-tah-ta, his x mark [L. S.]
Too-Kus-Chol-nah, his x mark [L. S.]
Se-tah-Kue, his x mark [L. S.]
Scah-lah, his x mark [L. S.]

Euku band
Ah-Chase, his x mark [L. S.]
Tos-lon, his x mark [L. S.]
Quil-su, his x mark [L. S.]
Yo-Walt-Ma, his x mark [L. S.]

Kos-sul-to-ny
Mussles-Tie, his x mark [L. S.]
Too-Quot, his x mark [L. S.]

Klu-it-ta-tel
Non-Wholt, his x mark [L. S.]
Koose-tla, his x mark [L. S.]
Eu-til-Mus, his x mark [L. S.]

Te-cha-quot
Ult-sa-yah, his x mark [L. S.]
Yah-sun-su, his x mark [L. S.]
Ton-wa-nec-a-she, his x mark [L. S.]
Che-nun-tun, his x mark [L. S.]
Chis-tah-tah, his x mark [L. S.]

Mack-a-no-tin
Tut-tel-ol-tus, his x mark [L. S.]
Eu-Sol-Sun, his x mark [L. S.]
Squo-che-nol-la, his x mark [L. S.]
Shet-nul-lus, his x mark [L. S.]
Noch-was-su-yah, his x mark [L. S.]

September 1 (Saturday).

Dr. Glisan: *Having received a dispatch from General Palmer that a disturbance had occurred between the miners and Indians near the council grounds on Rogue River, Lieutenant Kautz and myself had repaired thither, and returned on the first instant.*

Leaving Fort Orford on the twenty-ninth ultimo, we arrived on the "ground" the same evening, after a journey of thirty miles over the roughest road I have ever traveled. For two thirds of the distance the rider is in constant peril of the neck and limb. Woe to him if his animal makes a misstep; his journey to the bottom of some gorge would excel the velocity of steam. At one place it is necessary to ride across a stream on a log—a short, broad one, it is true, but still a log, and should your horse make a careless step a heavy tumble would be the consequence at least. In traveling up one mountain gorge it is necessary to cross a creek seventeen times in a distance of about four miles. The trail then turns abruptly westward, and the broad Pacific lies before, and three hundred feet beneath us. Yes, literally beneath us; for its bank is perpendicular, and the trail within three feet of its brink. The view is grand. Niagara itself, of which the roaring breakers below remind us, is not more sublime.

Again the road meanders through the mountains for a few miles, and then descends to the water's edge. It now continues for a few miles along the sand beach, which is admirable traveling at low tide. Here are to be seen thousands of gulls, ducks and pelicans. We were much amused at some of the latter, who had gormandized to such an extent that they could scarcely skim the waves. One old fellow was unable to surmount more than a single breaker at a time, and would occasionally be struck by its foaming crest and launched far in the rear. There is some mining done along this portion of the beach, but not much, except at the mouth of the Rogue River. The gold is distributed in such minute particles through the sand that but little can be got out by the ordinary mining process. This whole coast for a hundred miles in extent will, however, be an immense field for mining some twenty years hence, when labor becomes cheaper, and machinery more perfect.

The council ground was located in a beautiful myrtle grove on the south bank of Rogue River, three miles from its mouth. The object of the council was to form a treaty with the various bands of Indians belonging to the Port Orford district, with the view of settling them, together with all other bands and tribes living on the coast of Oregon, on an Indian Reserve; that is, a tract of land set aside for them exclusively—on which the whites are not permitted to reside. This system of disposing of the Indians has been for many years adopted by our government. It is the only plan to prevent their entire extermination. The manner in which it is carried out is too well known to require description. That some system of this kind is requisite is but too painfully felt by every man of sensibility and intelligence, who has ever been in our new Territories and seen how badly the Indians and whites get along together, This is more apparent on our Pacific coast than east of the Rocky Mountains. For the excitement of gold mines has filled California and portions of Oregon more rapidly than any other parts of the United States Territory, and, consequently, brought the whites and Indians in more frequent conflict.

The donation act of Congress, which grants to actual settlers one hundred and sixty to six hundred and forty acres of land—the amount varying according as certain provisions in the Act

are complied with—when and wherever they choose to locate it, without having previously extinguished the Indian title, is another prolific source of trouble peculiar to the Oregon Territory; hence the difficulties are innumerable. And what makes matters worse, some of the rougher class of miners will submit to no control in their intercourse with the Indians.

If an Indian steals anything from, or hurts one of these persons, his life is generally the forfeit. The Indians around here formerly acted upon the same principle, but their frequent conflicts with the whites have so intimidated them that they are now generally inclined to peace. The have sufficient bad and desperate fellows among them, however, to keep their bands in constant difficulty.

An instance occurred during the session of the council of a most painful character—the more so as it terminated in the death of three American citizens, together with two Indians, and came within an ace of not only breaking up all further negotiations with Indians, but of bringing on another Rogue River war. The circumstances are these:

An Indian and a white man had a quarrel, which resulted in the latter being wounded in the shoulder by the former. The Indian fled. Captain Ben. Wright, a sub-Indian agent, being on the treaty ground for the purpose of assembling the Indians preparatory for the treaty, happening to hear of the difficulty, and wishing to prevent further bloodshed, went personally and arrested the Indian with the view of having him properly tried, and punishing him for his misdemeanor if found guilty. At night, whilst he, some others, and the prisoner, were lying asleep in a small shanty, a shot was fired by an unknown person, which shattered the prisoner's arm. Wright having dressed his wound, placed him between himself and the wall; thus, with his own person, affording protection to the Indian. The night passed off quietly, but as it was evident that the populous intended getting forcible possession of him in the morning with the view of hanging him, the Agent rose early and took his prisoner to the treaty ground, and there placed him in a small hut. He had scarcely done so, when the mob assembled to a number of sixty persons, armed with Colt's revolvers, and demanded the prisoner. Wright stood in the door, and by his determined manner and strong arguments, managed to keep them at bay until the arrival of a detachment of fifteen U. S. troops, who had opportunely reached the opposite side of the river; and for whom he secretly dispatched a messenger. The prisoner was then turned over to their protection. The crowd hung around for some time blackguarding the soldiers, but finally dispersed.

On the following day, the twenty-seventh of August, a constable took a prisoner in charge with the intention of taking him before a magistrate some three miles down the river. At the solicitation of the constable, the request of General Palmer, General Superintendent of Indians in Oregon, who had arrived in the meantime, a corporal's guard of troops was furnished by the prisoner. After the latter had been properly committed by the magistrate to stand his trial at the next term of court, he was remanded to the corporal for conveyance to prison. As the guard was ascending Rogue River late at night (moonlight) three men came alongside. The corporal ordered them to keep off, but instead of doing so they commenced firing into his boat, killing the prisoner, who was at the time between the corporal's knees, and another Indian rowing the boat.

The corporal then commanded his men to return fire. The three men were instantly killed, each receiving a ball through his chest. The five corpses were taken to camp. The Indians fled from the council ground in consternation. An attack was expected on the general's camp by the exasperated citizens. A gentleman was dispatched to the mouth of Rogue river to explain the matter to the Vigilance Committee. On arriving there he ascertained that the three men, who had met such an untimely fate by their rashness, were to have been supported by a strong party in another boat. But this party is said to have returned home and gone to bed, after hearing the fatal shots, without even ascertaining the fate of their companions. The miners composing the Vigilance Committee were, of course, much excited, but after understanding the matter thoroughly, came to the conclusion that the soldiers acted only in the discharge of their duty. This was also the verdict of the coroner's jury, held on the deceased the following day.

The event is to be deplored. But it will probably prove a lesson to a large class of persons in this community who wish to take the law into their own hands, and execute it in accordance to the dictates of interest or passion. It is probable that the Indian in this case was to blame; if so, he certainly would have met with a proper punishment when tried by a jury of Americans. Why then attempt to frustrate the ends of justice by mob violence?

The Indians returned to the ground again on the thirtieth to the number of twelve hundred and twenty, and after having signed the treaty, received from the agents various presents of blankets, calicoes, kettles, shirts, pants, coats, beads, knives, hatchets, tobacco, etc. On being told that these were given them by our great Ti-hee (chief), the President of the United States, they supposed he must be a very rich man, and, of course, have a great many wives. When informed that he had only one, they were very much surprised. Their chiefs usually have as many wives as they can care of—sometimes as high as fifteen or twenty. The men generally are permitted to have more than one. The women, on the contrary, were limited to one husband. As it is customary among all savage nations, the squaws perform all the drudgery; while the men either fish, hunt, or idle away their time smoking. The former are said to have been chaste before the whites came among them. If so, their principles have undergone a radical change. In number the females predominate—owing to the fact of the makes being killed in a larger proportion by the casualties of war, etc. They are all slaves in the strict sense of the word, and are sold like negroes among the whites. The nearest relative, such as the father, mother, brother, or husband, holds the rights of disposal. Two or three blankets, a canoe, or a horse, will buy any of them. Here is a wide field for the talents of the women's rights society.

I have never before seen a tribe that had not something characteristic in their dress; which usually consists of a buffalo robe, a blanket, thrown over the shoulders, buckskin moccasins, and leggings. Such is the dress of all the tribes that at present roam the prairies and deserts east of the Rocky Mountains. And such is said to have been the attire of the degenerated race of which we are now speaking. But these marks of distinction have passed away. In this whole council you couldn't perceive two Indians dressed precisely alike. One man's apparel consisted of simply a coat; another, of drawers; a third, of pants; a fourth, a jacket; a fifth, a soldier's uniform; a sixth, a pair of boots and a breech-clout, and occasionally you might see one dressed a la American. With the above articles they wring as many changes and combinations as the chimes of some of our fashionable church bells. One of the most amusing spectacles of all was that of a

little chubby boy with a soldier's jacket, reaching to his knees, and having down it's back seam a broad scarlet stripe.

The squaws adopt the same principles, or rather no principles at all, in their attire. Many of them, however, have learned to make dresses similar to those of the whites. Like all Indian women, they are passionately fond of ornaments. Some of the belles have as many as twenty strings of beads around their necks. There is a peculiar bead-like shell, about an inch long, obtained near Puget Sound, which is preferred to anything else. Instead of ear-bobs they wear dangling from the middle cartilages of their noses vari-colored shells and beads -- which may be termed nose-bobs. Some of the old spinsters substitute a long painted feather stuck transversely; signifying, perhaps, that they may be easily "caught."

At the Indian villages one may sometimes see the men, and frequently the boys, in puris naturalibus. Not so with the females. They are never, not even the little papooses or babies, without some substitute for the fig leaf of Mother Eve. The majority of both men and women go bareheaded; though a common headdress of the latter is a conical basket made of the inner bark of the birch tree. This also serves for them a pail, the slits being woven so closely that when swollen by moisture the vessel is perfectly water-tight. And, of course, it is also used as a basket proper—particularly to carry berries in. There are many varieties of the latter, and I am very fond of them; but to eat them when brought in these baskets sometimes requires more courage than I am master of; especially if I have previously observed the owner in the interesting occupation of searching for and eating pediculi yes, eating them, but it is said that they do it out of revenge.

Their staple article of food is the salmon, which are as plentiful in the Oregon rivers as herring and shad in the Potomac; Rogue River especially abounds in them. The agent issued them to the Indians attending the council as a substitute for beef. One haul with a seine at the mouth of the river, when the tide is setting in, is sufficient to last twelve hundred Indians a fortnight. They have some strange superstitions about these fish; and are never known to catch them until salmon-berries -- which are also an article of food -- are ripe; or to cut them open with a knife in dressing them -- for this purpose a sharp stone is used. An infraction of this custom is an unpardonable offense to the salmon Ti-hee -- chief or god. What they can't consume whilst fresh are dried for winter use. Their manner of cooking salmon is worthy of adoption by voyageurs. Having dressed it properly, it is laid open longitudinally, and spread out on two sticks, arranged in the form of a cross; the longer and larger one being sharpened at one end, and stuck in the ground at a convenient distance from the fire. It thus becomes broiled much better than when cooked on a gridiron; the use of which indispensible article of civilized cuisine is as little known among them as manufacture of flour, which they imagine is found by the white man in the beds of rivers. They usually catch salmon in weirs and cast nets. The latter is also employed in the sea in catching a species of small fish resembling sardines, which go in vast schools along the shore. Their presence is indicated by gulls and other sea-birds who hover in their vicinity. Swimming usually near the surface, they are readily secured by suddenly dipping the net under them and raising it up. But for sea-fishing a hook and line is commonly used. The latter is made of birch bark, and the former consists of a bone and nail bent at right angles to each other. When a fish is hooked he is gently drawn to the surface of the water, and a basket placed beneath to secure him.

They are also very fond of shell-fish, such as oysters, clams, muscles, [sic] etc. Their mode of cooking these, as well as their favorite kamas and cowas [lomatium, or "biscuit root," also spelled Cous, and found in abundance along the Oregon Coast and estuaries], *is to dig a pit into which wood and stones are thrown, and a fire kindled. When the wood is consumed the articles to be cooked are thrown in upon the hot stones and covered with dirt. They will eat any kind of animal matter, and are not particular whether it has been killed, or has died a natural death. The carcass of a sea-lion floated ashore near Port Orford a short time ago. Like buzzards they gathered around it from far and near, and had a glorious feast. At the proper season berries afford them a good substitute for bread; such as the blackberry, raspberry, strawberry, salalle-berry, salmon-berry, thimble-berry, and red and black huckleberries. Those of them not living immediately on the coast subsist in part upon elk, bear and deer. But as they are notoriously lazy, and have but few guns, in consequence of an Oregon law prohibiting firearms from being sold to them, their success in hunting is not very great. They are not such expert marksman as the Indians living east of the coast range of mountains—especially the upper Rogue river and Modoc Indians. My description had reference to the Indians living on or near the coast; and especially of two tribes residing in the Port Orford district, but will apply to all those on the coast west of the coast range of mountains from the northern to the southern boundary of the Territory. There are, perhaps, three thousand, all of whom, together with most of the upper Rogue river Indians, are to be moved on one reservation twenty by seventy miles in extent. They are split up into small bands from thirty to one hundred and fifty souls; each of which has a head man, called Ti-hee (chief), who gains control over them simply by his bravery or wealth. With few exceptions the position is neither hereditary, nor elective. Their language varies in different tribes; but there is a jargon, introduced among them by the Hudson Bay Company, that they all understand. It consists of about two hundred and fifty words, taken from the English, French and Chinook Indian languages. This jargon is to them what the pantomime is to the tribes east of the Rocky Mountains; but is not an entire substitute, for the latter is used to some extent.*

Like all Indians, they are very thriftless, and literally carry out the idea of letting the morrow take care of itself. Those around the white settlements will occasionally hire themselves out for a few hours or days at a time. But when eight or ten dollars are thus earned they are entirely too rich to work any more until that is exhausted.

A man is considered wealthy who possesses a few skins, blankets, a canoe, or a horse; very few of them own the latter, their usual mode of transportation being in a canoe. This is made of cedar, by first burning it out with hot stones and shaping it with a knife or hatchet. It is usually two feet broad by twelve long, but the Indians in the upper part of Oregon, and near Puget Sound, in Washington Territory, have much larger ones—some of them being sixty feet in length with a beam of eight, and are said to be beautiful specimens of naval architecture. There is nothing remarkable or peculiar in the general appearance of the coast Indians. Their height is rather below the medium. Heads will compare favorably in size with those of the Anglo-Americans; retreating foreheads; nose rather inclined to flatness; thick lips, high cheek bones—and dark eyes and hair, of course. The latter is long in both sexes, and allowed to dangle over their shoulders. The men don't seem so particular about abstracting their beards as most other Indians—some few of them even allow it to grow. Both sexes have small hands and feet. They follow the universal practice of tattooing and painting. But instead of trying to imitate nature like our belles, the squaws daub the paint on like a house painter. And when in full dress, which

approximates to no dress at all, as for a dance, all the primary colors are represented on one person. We witnessed several of their balls at the council ground. A most ludicrous sight. The spectators being seated on the ground, leaving an elliptical space in the middle for the dancers, some seventy or eighty persons will enter, and singing a he-ah . . . ah . . . ah, he-ah . . . Ah . . . ah, will commence a succession of bobbing up and down, both feet at a time, body slightly bent, and limbs as rigid as marble statues. They all spring in unison -- and keep pretty good time. The same dance is kept up the whole night, with proper intervals of rest. Their war dance is somewhat different.

Their houses are of the most primitive order. A single shed of bark, with a log or brush wall, and dirt floor; size usually about ten feet by twelve. In one of these are crowded about ten or fifteen persons; huddled, in bad weather, around a fire, which is invariably built in the centre of the building, with no particular outlet for the smoke. No wonder they suffer so dreadfully from sore eyes. But there is another prolific cause of this malady which needn't be mentioned in this unscientific sketch. They suffer much from consumption; and the small-pox and measles make a clean sweep whenever they appear among them. This is more owing to their method of treatment than any particular virulence of the disease. The patient is placed in a "sweat-house," and whilst reeking in perspiration is suddenly taken out and plunged into a stream of the coldest water that is to be found. Besides sweating, they use certain kinds of herbs. But incantations are their favorite remedies. If the patient has a snake in his stomach, or be possessed of a demon in the form of a rabbit or wolf, the doctor, with grave aspect, seats himself beside the couch, and with his hands under the blanket will commence a series of gesticulations, groans, howls, and screams, until the excitement is raised to a proper pitch, then, drawing forth his hands, suddenly throws upon the floor a dead snake, wolf, or other animal. The patient being now dispossessed is expected to recover. Should the laws of nature determine otherwise, the poor doctor's life pays the forfeit, unless he can compromise the matter with relatives by paying the value of the deceased. Being largely feed he is in honor bound to take the consequences. So it would seem that not even martyrdom itself will stay the current of quackery.

When an Indian dies he is thrown into a pit, together with all his goods and chattles. To prevent the grave from being robbed these are generally injured in such a manner as to render them useless to anybody but the dead, to whom they are supposed to be indispensable in their heavenly journey. As no attempts have yet been made to enlighten these tribes upon the glorious truths of Christianity, they, of course, know nothing of the promises of the Bible. They believe in a good and evil spirit. The former is called the great Ti-hee, and reigns in heaven. His wrath is signified by hard winters, scarcity of food, and epidemics. His satisfaction by a healthy season, mild winters, and an abundance of food. Besides him there are numerous subordinate Ti-hees inhabiting particular earthly localities, and having jurisdiction over certain animals, mountains and streams. Heaven is to them either a region covered with eternal verdure—its plains and mountains teeming with elk and deer, and its crystal streams abounding in luscious salmon—according as they happen to live on the coast on in the interior.

The Indians having signed the treaty, the council was dissolved, and we all started for home, where we arrived yesterday in the afternoon.

September 2 (Sunday).

Dr. Glisan: *Mob law seems to be the order of the day. La grande speculation of Monsieur Chevalieur having turned out a failure, as predicted, a crowd of some sixty or seventy persons assembled in front of his house in Port Orford, and divided his goods and chattles sans ceremonie, and then voted him sixty lashes, provided he does not leave this country by the next steamer.*

September 3 (Monday).

Dr. Glisan: *The noise was kept up in the village all night. It seems that after frequent importunities Mr. Dart gave permission to some of the crowd to be "treated" at his expense. When he went to foot the bill this morning he found that the mob had run him in debt one hundred and forty dollars. It has been raining all day. The first rain we have had since May, excepting a slight shower last week.*

September 8, 1855: Palmer signs treaty with Coquilles

September 8 (Friday).

Coquelle Thompson [Youst and Seaburg 2002: 36-37]: *"You say you take us to Willamette. What kind of place?" "Well," **Julian Palmer*** [sic] *say, "just like here, only more open place. The Willamette is a big river." Question again from **chief**, "I want to know, any deer in there?" "Deer? Of course there's deer in there. Lots of deer in there!" "Any fish in there?" "Oh yes! Lots of spring fish. All kinds of fish, just like you got here." "Any eels?" "Oh, Yes! Lots of eels, Oregon City. Big falls there! Lots of eels, hang that way!"*

Oh everybody glad now. Indians ready to give up now, ready to go. "Any elk there?" "Oh yes elk there! Everything you see here, everything there! Bear!" "Any berries there?" "Oh yes, everything you have here: strawberries, blackberries, salmonberries, everything you got here, just same there." That's all they want to know, you see. All leaders stood up before treaty people. They say, "We'll go now, we give up now." Oh Jerry Palmer [sic] *clap his hands. He was a middle-aged man.*

Joel Palmer [1855 Oregon Indian treaty Articles of Agreement (US Senate 1893: 8-12)]:

We, the chiefs, headmen, and delegates of the Cah-toch-say, Chin-chen-ten-tah-ta, Whis-ton, and Klen-hos-tun bands of Coquille tribe of Indians, after having had fully explained to us the above treaty do hereby accede to its provisions and affix our signatures or marks, this 8th day of September, 1855.

Signed in the presence of -- Cris. Taylor, Secretary
August V. Kautz, 2d Lieut. 4th Infantry
R. W. Dunbar
John Flett, Interpreter
Henry Hill Woodward

Washington, his x mark [L. S.]
Tom, his x mark [L. S.]
Chi-a-le-tin-tie, his x mark [L. S.]
Ni-ich-lo-sis, his x mark [L. S.]
Tu-si-uah, his x mark [L. S.]
Jackson, his x mark [L. S.]
David, his x mark [L. S.]

September 9 (Saturday).

Dr. Glisan: *Steamer arrived at four this morning. Brought Company H, Third Artillery, commanded by Lieutenant J. G. Chandler, to relieve detachment of Company M, at this post. Lieutenant A. V. Kautz is ordered to take the latter to the Presidio; thence proceed to Fort Jones on temporary duty.*

September 10 (Sunday).

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 29 S., Rng. 8 W. – Camas Mountain, Camas Valley, Chimney Rocks, Middle Fork Coquille River.]

Chains	North, between Secs. 33 and 34.
14.75	*Conical rock, about 30 ft. in diam., and 30 ft. high.*

Chains	North, between Secs. 9 and 10.
66.90	*Indian trail, course E and W.*

Chains	West, between Secs. 3 and 10.
62.60	*Indian trail, course NE and SW.*

Chains	South, between Secs. 3 and 4.
56.00	*Road, course E and W., on summit of ridge.*

Chains	West, between Secs. 9 and 16.
43.00	*Indian trail, course NE and SW.*
50.00	*A road, course NE and SW.*

Chains	East, between Secs. 30 and 31.
20.50	*Leave W. P. Day's pasture, course N and S.*

Chains	North, between Secs. 29 and 30.
40.00	*Geo. Day's house bears S.84*E., about 10 chs.* [650 feet].
41.20	*Enter Geo. Day's field, course E and W.*
45.60	*Dry bed of creek, 10 lks.* [6 feet] *wide.*
50.40	*Leave field, course E and W.*
50.40	*Leave prairie and enter oak openings, course E and W.*
65.00	*Enter prairie, course E and W.*

Chains	East, between Secs. 19 and 30.
83.82	. . .
	*At cor. Martindales. SW cor. bears S.62*E.*
20.00	*Same cor. bears S.27*W.*
38.90	*Middle fork of Coquille , course S., about 30 lks.* [20 feet] *wide.*
. . .	. . .
71.10	*W. P. Day's, NE cor. bears S.*

Chains	North, between Secs. 17 and 18.
	*Abraham Patterson's house bears N.27*W.*
40.00	. . .
	*Same house bears S.43*W.*
57.50	*Leave prairie, course NE and SW.*
. . .	. . .

73.80 *Enter Higginson's pasture, course E and W.*

Chains West, between Secs. 8 and 17.
70.40 *Indian trail, course N and S.*
70.40 *Leave prairie, and enter timber, course N and S.*

Chains East, between Secs. 7 and 18.
57.58 *Indian trail, course N and S.*
71.00 *Enter Higginson's field, course N and S.*
76.20 *Leave same and enter pasture, course N and S.*
Enter timber course N and S.
81.80 *Middle fork of Coquille, 25 lks.* [15 feet] *wide, course S.*

Chains North, between Secs. 7 and 8.
20.65 *Indian trail, course NW and SE*

Chains East, between Secs. 6 and 7.
69.62 *Indian Trail, course S and N.*

General Description. The W ½ of this township lies W if the ridge dividing the Umpqua from the Upper Coquille Valleys and extends across the middle fork of the latter stream, along which are a few sections of excellent prairie land . . .

There are six donation claimants in the Western and one in the NE part of the township.

September 11 (Monday).

Dr. Glisan: *Three men started out in the bay fishing is morning. A strong northwester springing up they were unable to manage their boat, which was gradually floating seaward. A party of staunch sailors in town perceiving their distress went to their rescue. They succeeded in saving the men, but left the boat adrift. The latter was afterwards secured by a schooner which was sent after it.*

September 14 (Thursday)

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 28 S., Rng. 8 W. – Ridgeline divisions of Umpqua, Coos, and Coquille river headwaters, including Mount Gurney, Tioga Ridge Road and Sugar Pine Ridge.]

Chains North, between Secs. 13 and 14.
50.00 *Enter prairie, course East and West.*
51.75 *R. W. Detons house bears East about 25 lks. [16 feet]*
57.50 *Enter field, course NE. and SW.*
62.00 *Leave same, course NE. and SW.*
77.50 *Enter timber (Oak), course NE. and SW.*

September 17 (Sunday)

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 28 S., Rng. 8 W. – Ridgeline divisions of Umpqua, Coos, and Coquille river headwaters, including Mount Gurney, Tioga Ridge Road and Sugar Pine Ridge.]

Chains	West, between Secs. 14 and 23.
61.00	*Leave Fir and enter Oak timber, course North and South.*
68.00	*Enter prairie, course North and South.*
71.50	*Robt. Gurney's house, bears South about 2 chs.*
76.00	*Road, course NW. and SE.*

Chains	North, between Sections 14 and 15.
.40	*Road, course East and West.*
.40	*Enter prairie, course NW. and SE.*
9.20	*Enter field, course East and West.*
9.20	*W. E. Weekly's house, bears N.25*W.*
20.00	*Leave field (R. Gurney's), course East and West.*
25.00	*Leave prairie and enter Oak timber.*
25.00	*Same house, bears N.50*W.*
38.00	*Summit of ridge, course NW. and SE.*

September 18 (Monday).

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 28 S., Rng. 8 W. – Ridgeline divisions of Umpqua, Coos, and Coquille river headwaters, including Mount Gurney, Tioga Ridge Road and Sugar Pine Ridge.]

Chains	North, between Secs. 21 and 22.
69.00	*Trail, leading from Umpqua Valley to tide water on Coos River, course East and West.*
73.50	*Summit of ridge, course East and West.*

Chains	West, between Secs. 15 and 22.
59.40	*Trail, leading to Coos River, course NE. and SW.*
69.00	*Summit of ridge, course NE. and SW.*

General Description. The surface of this Tp. Is very broken and the NW. portion, mountainous. A few little valleys are susceptible of cultivation. There are six claims taken in the Tp. and one sawmill in operation. The NW. portion of the Tp. is unfit for settlement or cultivation, and therefore not surveyed.

September 27, 1855: Hathorn surveys an "Indian burying ground"

September 27.

Dennis Hathorn: [Tsp. 27 S., Rng. 7 W. – Ridgeline division of Williams River and Lookingglass Creek, including Flournoy Valley, White Tail Ridge, Eagle Rock.]

Chains	West, between Secs. 12 and 13.
18.50	*Enter prairie, course North and South.*
18.50	*Labrie's house, bears S.35*W.*
30.00	*Leave prairie, course NE. and SW.*
32.20	*A branch, 20 lks.* [6 feet] *wide, course North.*
32.20	*A road and bridge and road over same.*
32.20	*Same house, bears South.*
33.20	*Leave same, course NW. and enter field.*
35.00	*Enter prairie, course NW. and SE.*

Chains	North, between Secs. 11 and 12.
80.00	*E. M. Moore's house, bears N.78*E.*
80.00	*J. T. Arant's house, bears N.15*E.*
	Land, level prairie.
	Soil, first rate.

Chains	West, between Secs. 1 and 12.
57.40	*A road, coarse NE. and SE.*
60.00	*E. M. Moore's house, bears N.15*E.*

Chains	South, between Secs. 1 and 2.
25.50	*Leave oak timber and enter prairie, course East and West.*
34.75	*A road, course East and West.*
. . .	. . .
41.67	*Wm. Cathcart's house, bears S.66*E. about 10 chs.* [660 feet]
43.75	*Leave prairie and enter Oak timber, coarse East and West.*
43.92	*A branch, 12 lks*. [8 feet] *wide, coarse SE.*
51.00	*Enter prairie, coarse East and West.*
52.42	*Leave field, coarse East and West.*
52.67	*A road, coarse East and West.*
53.00	*Enter Arant's field, course East and West.*
53.00	*J. T. Arant's house, bears S.80*E.*
73.25	*Leave field, course East and West.*

Chains	West, between Secs. 26 and 35.
80.00	*Mitchell's house, bears N.40*W., about 10 chs.* [660 feet]

Chains	North, between Secs. 26 and 27.
2.70	*Enter Mitchell's field, course East and West.*

18.20 *Leave same, course East and West.*
18.20 *Leave prairie and enter Oak timber, course NE. and SW.*

Chains North, between Secs. 14 and 15.
63.00 *Enter Ash swale, course NW. and SE.*
68.00 *Leave same, course NW. and SE.*
74.25 *A branch, 8 lks.* [5 feet] *wide, course NE. (nearly dry).*
75.00 *Enter prairie, course NE. and SW.*
. . . . . .
80.00 *A cor. H. M. Collver's claim, bears N.35*E.*

Chains North, between Secs. 10 and 11.
19.50 *Leave field at NE. cor., course SE. and SW.*
19.50 *A cor. H. M. Collver's claim, bears N. 80* E.*
24.00 *Leave prairie and enter Oak timber, course NE. and SW.*
32.00 *Summit of ridge, course East and West.*
38.70 *Enter H. M. Collver's field, course East and West.*
. . . . . .
40.00 *H. M. Collver's house, bears N.84*W.*
54.60 *Same house, bears S.60*W.*
54.60 *Leave field, course N.80*E. and S.80*W.*
66.50 *Enter Oak timber, course NE. and SW.*
71.15 *A road, course NE. and SW.*

Chains West, between Secs. 27 and 34.
9.00 *Mitchell's house, bears N. 30*E.*

Chains North, between Secs. 21 and 22.
17.90 *Indian Trail, course East and West.*

Chains West, between Secs. 10 and 15.
24.75 *Franklin White's house, bears North about 150 lks.* [100 feet]
26.30 *Leave White's field, course North and South*
. . . . . .
50.00 *Enter Oak timber, course North and South.*

Chains West, between Secs. 3 and 10.
12.00 *Enter prairie, course North and South.*
20.00 *SW. cor. J. T. Arant's claim, bears S.12*W.*
. . . . . .
40.05 *Same claim cor., bears S.51*E.*
74.50 *Leave prairie and enter Oak timber, course North and South.*

Chains North, between Secs. 28 and 29.
39.20 *Enter prairie, course NE. and SW.*
39.20 *Enter Newton's field, course NE. and SW.*

. . . . . .
40.70 *Leave field, course NE. and SW.*
43.00 *Leave prairie and enter Ash and Oak thicket, course West and SE.*
. . . . . .
52.25 *Enter Flournoy's field, course East and West.*
62.75 *A branch, 8 lks. [5 feet] wide, course East.*

Chains West, between Secs. 21 and 28.
62.00 *Enter prairie, course North and South.*
66.00 *Enter Ash swale, course North and South.*
66.50 *Leave same, course North and South.*
73.75 *Enter Flournoy's field, course NW. and SE.*

Chains North, between Secs. 20 and 21.
10.00 *Leave field, course NW. and SE.*
. . . . . .
40.00 *J. P. Bowyer's house, bears N.76*E.*
46.00 *Leave prairie and enter Oak openings, course East and West.*
65.00 *Summit of ridge, course East and West.*

Chains West, between Secs. 16 and 21.
13.15 *A road, course North and South.*
. . . . . .
46.15 *Enter field, course North and South.*
47.25 *Flournoy's NE. cor.. bears S.71/2*E.*
47.25 *Jones Flournoy's house, bears N.15*E.*
54.25 *Same claim, cor. Bears S.18*E.*
54.25 *Jones Flournoy's house, bears N.25*E.*
54.25 *Bowyer's house bears S.158E.*
61.35 *Leave field, course North and South.*

Chains North, between Secs. 31 and 32.
32.50 *Leave timber and enter prairie, course NE. and SW.*
32.50 *Flournoy's house, bears West about 5 chs.* [330 feet]

Chains West, between Secs. 29 and 32.
11.60 *Indian burying ground, bears N.26*E.*
11.60 *Leave Oak timber and enter prairie, course NW. and SW.*
18.87 *Indian trail, course North and South.*
18.87 *Same burying ground, bears N.54*E.*

Chains West, between Secs. 20 and 29.
29.75 *Leave Flournoy's field, course North and South.*
30.25 *A road, course North and South.*
32.50 *Flournoy's house, bears North about 8 chs.* [50 feet]
35.50 *Leave prairie, course North and South.*

35.50 Enter Oak timber, course North and South.

This Tp. has a few valleys of excellent land, occupied by about 20 claimants.

The Western and Northwestern portions extend on to a high range of the Coast Mountains; the balance is hilly and sparsely timbered with Oak and produces a fair quality of grass.

A. G. Walling [1884: 419]: *Through this valley runs Flournoy creek, a branch of Looking-glass. The valley was named for its first occupant, H. B. Flournoy, who settled there in 1850. Besides the individual achievements of its early settler the valley possesses somewhat of renown derived from various circumstances, more particularly in the Rogue river wars. Fort Flournoy is a wooden defensive work, built by the settlers in 1855 to protect the people of the vicinity against the savages, but never used as such. It still stands as a memorial of those troublous times, and may be seen now by the antiquary or the curiosity-seeker. It is built of hewed logs in the form of the block houses erected by our fore-fathers to guard against their vindictive neighbors, the Indians. Its size at the base is some sixteen or eighteen feet square, but after rising seven or eight feet the second story is considerably larger -- twenty-six or twenty-eight feet square -- projecting beyond the outside of the under portion. Loopholes provide opportunity for shooting downward upon opponents who may be engaged in forcing an entrance to the lower story.*

Early October, 1855: The claimed arrival of William V. Wells

William V. Wells: *Early in October, 1855, with an old companion of my peregrinations -- one of those golden-tempered, delightful traveling-companions with whom to associate is a perpetual treat -- I found myself on board the stanch steamship Columbia, bound from San Francisco to Oregon.*

On the evening of the second day we came in sight of Trinidad, a little hamlet located about two hundred miles north of San Francisco. It was quite dark as the steamer came to, near a black, sea-beaten rock, through whose caverns the sea roared with a dismal moan. An inhospitable coast is that of California and Oregon, from San Diego to Puget Sound, a distance of thirteen hundred miles, there is found but one port -- that of San Francisco -- to which the dismantled ship may fly for refuge in a gale from seaward. Trinidad is a "port;" but justly regarded with terror by the mariner in times of tempest. The fog limited our observations from the quarter-deck to a few dimly discerned huts far up the bank, and the only sound of civilization was the distant crying of a child ever and anon mingling with the surf's roar. Freight was discharged, and a speedy leave taken of sorry-looking Trinidad.

On the following morning the discharge of a gun from the bows brought us to the deck, when we found the steamer heading into the bay or roadstead of Crescent City. This, like most of the harbors on this coast, can only boast of its capacity. It extends from the houses of the inhabitants entirely across the Pacific. It is proposed to build a breakwater here, and so form a natural harbor. An infinite number of millions of dollars are named as an estimate of the cost. Crescent City is three years old, situated on the sea-beach, backed by a dense mass of pine and cedar forest, inhabited by several hundred traders, packers, Indians, dogs, and mules. A brisk ride to Cape St. George, taken during our stay here, satiated our curiosity. The country becomes uninteresting after the forest and green undergrowth of coast-trees have ceased to be novelties. The men were mostly "Pikes" of an exceedingly rough cast, and the Indians, who were the first specimens of the Oregon savage we had met with, were decidedly to us the lions of the town. Wandering out toward a rocky promontory north of the town, and designated as the Battery, we found an encampment of the Chetkoe tribe. Three old women among them were quite blind, and, squatting in the sand, were feeling nervously around for some bits of willow which they were fashioning into baskets -- time out of mind the Indian's occupation. Several young squaws accosted us in broken English. One of them was really pretty, and but for some barbarous tattooing, nose and ear pendants, and a villainous smell of decayed salmon, would have been a very Fayaway. This young lady was in dishabille as we passed, and, though making her toilet with otter fat, glass beads, and shells, did not shrink at the unexpected visit. The entire party wore a dress composed of equal parts of cheap blankets, cast-off coats and shirts, and the usual savage finery. The men sported the bow and arrow armor with a coyote or fox-skin for a quiver. All had the ears or nose slit, and one or two coquettish young jades of squaws wore fish-bones through their nostrils, and were otherwise scarified and marked.

On the same afternoon we bade adieu to Crescent City, and were quickly again on our way to the Northward. On the following morning the ship's reckoning showed us to be opposite Port Orford, and this being our proposed landing-place, we watched with some curiosity for the lifting of an impenetrable veil of fog which shut out all view of the coast. The speed was

slackened, and the "blue pigeon" kept constantly moving. Suddenly, on our starboard bow, appeared a lofty rock looming out of the mist. It was a grand and startling spectacle. Though the sea was comparatively calm, the ground swells surged up around its base in piles of boisterous foam, roaring among the caverns and gulches, and rushing up to the height of forty feet; then, as the swell receded, the whole surface presented a bold front of yeasty rivulets, white as milk, and trickling down the rough sides of the rock in hissing cascades, as one might imagine they would down the furrowed cheeks of some awful giant of Scandinavian romance. Clouds of birds hovered around the peak, screaming and dipping down to the waves, and scolding at our sudden intrusion. Our new acquaintance disappeared astern almost as soon as we had descried it. It is the southwestern point of Port Orford harbor, and is one of the enormous boulders rolled by some convulsion of nature from the steeps of Humbug Mountain, which rears its head far above the surrounding country. We could now run with some degree of certainty, and heading boldly in, a gun was fired, the echo of which had scarcely done rattling through the coast-range when it was answered from on shore. A moment after the shrill scream of a rooster came across the water, and the fog lifting, opened to our view a bluff bank, perhaps forty feet high, upon which was situated a small town, with some forty houses, half-deserted, and standing at the verge of a bank of lofty foliage, forming the great for and pine region which skirts the Oregon coast from the California line to Puget Sound.

From under the lee of a promontory known as "Battle Rock," and the history of which we shall presently review, a boat put forth through the surf, into which we bundled, and grasping the hands extended in kindly parting, we had soon made our first landing on the Oregon coast. As we rounded the point we looked back upon the steamer heading out to sea, and pursuing her way to the Columbia River.

We landed at a little lumber wharf, whence a short walk brought us to the United States Barracks; and entering the house of Dr. Glisan and Lieutenant Kautz, we were soon engaged in conversation with a party of educated gentleman, whose cultivated talents shone the more conspicuously in the wild region that duty had made their place of residence. About three hundred yards from the Government reserve, and hidden from it by an intervening range of hills, is situated the little town of Port Orford. Its history is that of the sudden and too ephemeral growth of the coast villages of Oregon.

Part II. Battles, Murders & Massacres, 1855: October 8 – December 31

Early October, 1855: The claimed arrival of William V. Wells (cont.)

William V. Wells: *In 1851, a party of men from Portland, Oregon, selected this spot for the site of a town, depending upon its roadstead and the facility of communication with the interior for the basis of its success and growth. The discovery of the auriferous sands of Gold Bluff, which were found to extend along the entire coast, from Rogue River to Cape Arago, also augmented the progress of the place. The original party consisted of eighteen men; but finding their stock of provisions had become exhausted, and there being no means of supplying the deficiency, half returned to Portland, leaving nine of their number to await their return. At that time the character of the country between the California line and the Columbia River was unknown. Its deep rivers, bays, tribes of Indians, and topography, were a sealed book, save to a few venturesome old hunters and trappers who had wandered down the coast even to the Humboldt; but their accounts, vague and uncertain, were unknown.*

This section of Oregon contained about two thousand Indians, divided into numerous tribes, who soon became aware that the whites had settled their country, and, with savage hostility, determined to crush the band at Port Orford. Their rapidly increasing numbers alarmed our little garrison, who retreated upon what is now known as "Battle Rock" -- a natural fort showing three precipitous sides toward the ocean, and only accessible from land by a regular causeway. The parapet of this fortification stands not less than fifty feet above the tide. Here they encamped, and barricading the only vulnerable point, they directed a brass six-pounder field-piece from a port-hole left for the purpose, and, loading their rifles, prepared for the worst. The precaution was well timed. The day following this removal, the tribes from the Umpqua, Coquille, and Rogue River, congregated, and mustered nearly a thousand braves. Armed with bows and arrows, and ignorant of the deadly qualities of the American rifle, they advanced up the passage-way with yells that made the little band within quail with apprehension. The besieged were under the command of a Tennessean, who restrained the men until their tattooed assailants had approached in a regular mass, four or five deep, to within a few yards of the field-piece, when the order to fire was given. My informant, who was one of the party, described the scene in Texan vernacular, which I regret I am unable to repeat. It would depict the scene a thousand-fold more graphically than I could write it.

In loading the gun, which was done with slugs, stones, and bits of iron, to the muzzle, they had exhausted their slender stock of powder to two rounds of pistol and rifle charges. As the eyes of the savages gleamed through the chinks of the brushwood barricade, the death-dealing discharge tore through their ranks. This, followed by a well-directed volley from the rifles and revolvers, of which every shot told, sent such of the Indians as were not wounded pell-mell back. What with the roar of the cannon, the cracking of the fire-arms, and the yells of the wounded, the whole mass took to their heels and fled affrighted into the forest. Numbers were dashed into the boiling surf below, or killed among the rocks in their descent. This was the first and last volley. No estimate was made of the slain. Indeed they staid not to count, but after a hurried consultation, and fearful of the return of the Indians in still greater force, and knowing their own want of ammunition, they abandoned the fort, and, taking to the forest, traveled for several weeks, entering the Willamette Valley, and so reaching Portland.

Capt. Cram: *Indian hostilities. -- This portion of southern Oregon has been the theatre of more Indian troubles than any other part of our Pacific possessions. The whole district represented on map No. 9 was full of Indians. Those more particularly occupying the valley of Rogue river have been regarded, since the first known to the whites, as treacherous, brave, and energetic; and if at that time they did not know they were soon taught, by the whites themselves, how to use the rifle and revolver to great advantage. Notwithstanding all the evidences of danger staring them in the face, the whites underrated the skill, bravery, and local advantages possessed by the several tribes who occupied this district, as was the case in other parts of Oregon, and the first conflicts, as might have been expected, proved disastrous to the Bostons. One, probably the very first of these conflicts, I shall briefly describe; the result emboldened these Indians to defy, and inspired them with a reliance upon their own strength to effectually resist, the obtrusion of the whites into their country.*

The scene of this reencounter was in the harbor of Port Orford. Between the mouth of Rogue river and Cape Orford there are scattered about in the bay many lofty rocks, towering high above the water in pyramidal form; isolated from each other by channels of deep sea water, they are the remaining solid portions, once of the land, that have been able to withstand the battering of the surf for ages. One of these is directly in the harbor, and possessed with historical interest. It is denominated Battle Rock, and stands so near in that at low tide it can be reached by wading; but it is only by one narrow face that it can be scaled, or its summit approached by the human foot. Once up, however, the top of the rock affords sufficient surface for a party of a score of men to stand on, or to ensconce themselves. It is probably 60 feet above the level of the sea. Usually upon a calm sunny day its summit is densely covered with a flock of sea birds, of all kinds, so different in color, shape, and size as to delight the ornithologist -- some sitting, some standing, some apparently sleeping, some hopping, others flapping, screaming, crowding, and fighting, seemingly, to secure, each for himself, a momentary resting place upon the rock; while high above all this din the atmosphere is darkened with myriads of the flock flying in all manner of gyrations -- now ascending, next descending, some enlarging, others contracting the orbits of their flight -- all looking down the while upon the angry strife of their fellows below, intently watching for the first vacant spot of the rock to suddenly dart down, seize, and perch upon it in turn, or contribute to the confusion. Such is but a feeble picture of the scenes with which the summits of these dark and towering pillars in Port Orford bay are daily animated. But upon the summit of Battle Rock a different strife from that of the birds was enacted.

In early times of the influx of population into California, immediately succeeding its acquisition to the United States, adventurous spirits to the number of a dozen or so chartered a schooner, and embarked at San Francisco, bent upon exploring the coast of Oregon, for purposes in general, and the purpose, in particular, of discovering a site for a town, to be laid out into lots for sale. Arrived off what is now Port Orford, then not known to the Bostons, and attracted by the favorable aspect the site presented through the medium of their telescope, the schooner's prow was turned to the entrance of the bay, and when sufficiently in (about 10 o'clock, or five bells a. m.) her anchor was let go, and she swung head to tide, then half ebb. The whole party, except the master and cabin-boy, were soon seated in the yawl, pulling ashore for a more minute examination. So engrossed were they in the discussion of speculative profits of "town lots for sale," little did they think there ever was such a thing as an ambuscade, or even dream of

anything more, in the shape of an enemy, than a grizzly bear being near the handsome site that lay so invitingly before them. No sooner, however, had the party safely beached and secured their only boat above high-water mark, crossed the beach and fairly reached the high plateau, and began to admire the advantages of the site, when all of a sudden they were startled by a terrific yell in the rear, discovering the horrible reality of being completely surrounded and cut off from all access to the schooner by a hostile band of Indians, one party of whom being already in possession of their boat, and in all outnumbering the little band of adventurous speculators in "town of lots for sale" ten to one. Here were the symptoms unmistakable of an enemy more formidable than grizzly bears; and if, perchance, if there was a doubt of the intention of the Indians towards our little party it was for a moment, as they were immediately saluted, in front and flank, by a shower of flint-headed arrows. This was promptly returned, but the Indians, nothing daunted, rushed furiously on, pouring in volleys of arrows as they advanced, and the fight soon became pressing. The little band of Bostons bravely and adroitly defended themselves, retreating until forced to the very water's edge, as it happened, directly under Battle Rock. The whites were not long in seeing that their last and only hope consisted in gaining its summit. In hasty council, amid showers of arrows poured in from their pursuers, it was decided to make the attempt to scale the rock. The effort proved successful, and, although possession was disputed by the countless number of sea birds which had held it undisturbed by any but their own kind for centuries, our friends, all eleven in number, thus separated from their schooner, some already wounded in the onslaught, found themselves on top of the citadel rock, and for a moment in comparative safety. The battle ceased, however, only long enough for the parties to survey their relative positions. The Indians, led on by their oldest chief, renowned in savage cunning, repeatedly attempted to scale the citadel, eager for the conflict hand to hand; but the Bostons defended the rock most successfully; every redskin venturing to scale it was a fatal mark for the unerring rifle or revolver. Their telling, well reserved fire and the flood tide at length gave the Bostons a respite, a breathing spell, for the first time since their surprise. It was not long, however, before they perceived their wily foe, the old chief, preparing to add to the attack a regular siege; and on looking for the schooner, with amazement beheld her fast sailing out of the bay. But before charging desertion, it must be told that the master, on discovering the ambuscade and becoming satisfied, although successful in baffling attempts of the Indians who has seized the yawl to board him, that he was powerless to render immediate aid by waiting, slipped his cable, and, by aid of his boy, hoisted sail and squared away before a fresh breeze for San Francisco, 375 miles before him, for assistance, that being the only point where it could be obtained. In this laudable undertaking we leave the schooner, and return to Battle Rock.

As soon as the ebbing tide would permit the old chief returned to the assault of the citadel, but with no better success. In the meantime he had sent the swiftest runners to the remotest of the band, who, to the summons, came swarming in to swell the number of the besiegers. Every morning's dawn revealed to the unfortunate besieged a prospect more gloomy for each succeeding day. It was only during high water that it was not necessary to stand by their arms to prevent an escalade, which was as certain to be attempted as that low tide would ensue. The ravenous flock so unceremoniously dispossessed of their perch came circling and screaming around, excessively annoying them during the day, and the coming of night only afforded time for sad reflection in reference for the morrow.

For three days and as many nights, with several of their number wounded and bleeding, the heroic little band of "town lots for sale" speculators held the citadel, without food, without water, without rest, in the broiling sun of the day and in the cold damp of the night, against fearful and increasing odds. On the eve of the last night, their ammunition being very near exhausted, a council was held; it resulted in the bold, unanimous resolve, to make, under the cover of the dark, at low tide, the desperate effort to abandon the rock by the same narrow face they had gained it, and each for himself to run the gauntlet through the enemy's ranks, to seek, as a last resort, his own safety in the dark recesses of the woods immediately in rear of the Indians. At the proper stage of water that night this desperate attempt was made, and none, save one, ever escaped to tell the story of their disasters; he was two years subsequently found a poor maniac prisoner, in possession of the Coquille band. But what of the master of the schooner? He, true to his friends, returned with a strong party, after a trip of ten days, only, however, to find Battle Rock again in possession of its feathered occupants, and his friends beyond the reach of human succor.

October 8-10, 1855: Lt. Kautz begins Fort Orford to Oregon Trail road survey

William V. Wells: *It was a bright sparkling morning, the sun pouring down a flood of radiance after the rain of the previous night, when we mounted two shaggy but strong Indian ponies, and set out for Empire City, at Coos Bay. Every leaf seemed to glitter in the light, and dew-drops sparkled in every bush. It was a morning to make one "love to live," as the lungs expanded with the respiration of the cold and bracing air. One rides through the undulating country of Oregon with an exhilaration of spirits like that following the inhalation of laughing gas. The characteristic dryness of the autumn months of California is not found among these verdant woods. Green and fragrant health-blossoms adorned the sides of the road, and at times we crossed some noisy rivulet, scolding its way toward the sea, half concealed by an overhanging drapery of verdure fed by its waters.*

This continued for some miles, when we came out upon the sea-shore; and now, joined by a couple of horsemen bound to some point above, we scampered over a hard sand beach, until we reached the Elk River. H-- having passed this way about a year before, and anxious to display his knowledge of the route, selected the ford, and dashed in, but was soon up to his middle, and reached the opposite banks having partaken of a cold bath much against his will. The rest, more cautious, mounted the tops of their saddles, and escaped with only wet feet. This river during the winter months is impassable. The distance from a log-house standing on the bank to the Sixes River is some six miles, the road leading through a thickly-wooded country. On the route we crossed Cape Blanco, which, until the completion of the recent coast reconnaissance, was supposed to be the most westernmost point of the United States. Cape Mendocino, however, in California, is believed to be a mile or two farther seaward. Our new friends had left us, and we galloped along the verge of the beetling cliff, where we paused to "breathe our horses," and gaze off into the blue ocean beyond.

Here, since the creation, these foaming breakers have chafed, and the rocks skirting the base of the precipice have dashed them defiantly back. From the pitch of the Cape a dangerous reef of rocks, standing high above the water, stretches out to sea; the rocks, as we stood and held our hats on in the face of the sea-breeze, were sometimes hidden in the toppling foam. A line carried directly west from where we stand would nearly touch Jeddo [Tokyo], *and meet with no impediment on the way. All is "deep blue ocean" between. Here the footsteps of Young America must pause a while. From this point we may look back upon the continent. The Cape is a prominent landmark to the mariner, and from here the land trends away to the northeast, giving to the headland the appearance of a shoulder thrust far into the sea. The bluff, crested with pine-trees, standing almost upon the very brink, and sloping thence inland, forms a plateau, or piece of table-land, finely wooded, across which the sharp sea gales whistle with unchecked fury. From the Cape to "the Sixes" is about two miles. The country slopes to the northward, forming a valley through which the river flows to the ocean. The Sixes has not yet been traced to its source, though it takes its rise not above forty miles in the interior. It can be ascended with canoes about twelve miles, and is said to wind among fertile bottoms and reaches of prairie land hitherto only traversed by Indians and wild beasts. It empties into the ocean under the lee of a huge rock, but the bar is impassable even for a canoe. From seaward no entrance can be discerned. At its mouth stands Dan's cabin.*

"Dan" is an old Norwegian sailor, whose half century of adventures have carried him thrice around the world. He has sailed under every flag in Christendom, has fought in numerous naval engagements, and has been often wounded. Among the otter and bear hunting community in which he is now located, and who never saw salt-water or ship until their journey across the continent to the Pacific shores, he is regarded as a curious ocean monster, to be listened to respectfully, and heeded with more than ordinary awe. His fearful oaths -- almost unintelligible, from the Dutch jargon with which he mingles them -- his rough, outlandish appearance, his undisputed courage, and kind simplicity, have made him notorious, and the traveler along the coast looks forward with sharpened appetite to the roasted salmon or broiled bear-steak at "Dan's."

We arrived at the ford at dead low-water, and H -- determined to push across, though the quicksands are said to be dangerous at that point. However, we plunged in, and by dint of spurring and shouting, reached the opposite side. Dan's hut is about two hundred yards from the northern bank. We rode up to the door of a log-cabin situated at the mouth of a ravine, and partly embowered in its tangled foliage. From this issues a rivulet discharging into the river; and here the old Northman has decided to pass the rest of his days, within hearing of the ocean's roar -- just near enough to be reminded of his many adventures, and yet secure from its dangers.

Dismounting, we tied our horses to a post, while the door opened, and a long-haired, sober-faced trapper, with a face like leather and with the seriousness of a parson, gazed out upon us with Indian stoicism. He was about thirty-five years of age. Around his head was a dirty handkerchief, the ends of which hung negligently down his face. Slashed buckskin pants, hunting-shirt, and moccasins, made up his apparel, while the short black pipe, which he held firmly between his teeth, showed that our arrival had disturbed him in the enjoyment of the hunter's Elysium [heaven"]. He regarded our operations with silent indifference, and when we inquired for Dan, replied by throwing open the door, which hung on wooden hinges, and re-entered the cabin, leaving us to follow if we pleased. After fastening our animals we entered, and found the trapper already stretched before the fire, gazing immovably at the smoky rafters, and pulling gently at the digestive pipe. It was evident that an attempt to disturb our new acquaintance again would be useless, so we shouted, "Dan! Hallo there, Dan!" where-upon a savage growl from one of the hide beds in the corner announced that the lord of the manor was taking an early snooze.

"Can you get us something to eat, Dan?" said I, in my blandest tone.

"Are you Coos Bay people?" asked the voice from the bed.

It flashed across me that a slight fib in such a strait would be excusable, and thinking that the Norwegian might have a peculiar regard for the denizens of Coos Bay, I replied "Yes!"

"Well, get out o' my cabin den, you bloody sneaks! Da don't no Coos Bay man get no grub in my cabin—they're mean enough to pack their own grub!"

It was evident I had made a mistake, and I hastened to explain, when H --, who had known Dan, came to the rescue.

"Dan! don't you know me? It's the Doctor; Dr. H --, that cured you of the rheumatics last year. Don't you remember me, old fellow?"

At this the heap of bed-clothes began to move, and the old Norwegian, grunting with pain, came out of his lair. He speedily knew the Doctor, and welcomed him, but without deigning me a word or look. The sight of a fat haunch of elk hanging from the ridge pole obliged me to smother my feelings.

Without a dozen words he got to work, and in another ten minutes was roasting several fine steaks before the fire, which crackled in a huge chimney of mud and stones. Silence seemed the order of the day in this hermit's abode, so, without saying, By your leave, I stepped over the prostrate body of the trapper, and took down from the fire-place notch a soot-begrimed pipe, half filled with the "dear weed," coolly lit it by an ember, and puffed away.

Dan said nothing. Thus encouraged, I addressed a few words to him with a view of opening a conversation, but without success, and a garrulous attempt upon the still motionless trapper was equally without avail. Foiled so far, and determined to draw the old fellow out, as I learned he had a fund of anecdote, I produced a flask of brandy, saved as a precious relic of San Francisco, and taking a swallow to prove it was not poisoned, passed it silently to the old sailor. He smelt at the mouth, and immediately took a strong pull at its contents, uttering a prolonged and satisfactory "A—h!" as he returned it. The fountains of his loquacity were opened at once, and turning a curious glance toward me, he observed,

"You didn't get dat at Port Orford, no how!"

"You say right," replied H --.

And therewith commenced our conversation of an hour's duration; but the trapper, though paying his respects to the flask, said nothing. Throughout this class of men it will be observed, that being along and in the silent forests or mountain solitudes the greater part of their lives, they acquire a taciturn habit, which seldom leaves them.

We found, by actual experiment, that the sand in the bottom of the rivulet near the house contained gold in fine particles. Dan hobbled out and washed a pan of earth, in which were hundreds of minute specs of the precious metal. The whole ocean beach of Oregon is thus impregnated with gold, to a greater or less extent. Among other facts, Dan stated that a law went into operation last winter in Oregon, prohibiting the sale of liquors except by the payment of a quarterly license of fifty dollars. <u>NO</u> sooner had the law gone into effect than the deputy sheriff started from Coos Bay, and traveling rapidly through the country before the law could become generally known, had taken every place in his route where liquor was sold, and imposed the fine for selling without a license. Dan's was among the proscribed number, and to this day he heaps anathemas on Coos Bay and its entire population, not one of whom need apply at his door for entertainment. This explained his ominous question on our entrance,

"Are you Coos Bay people?"

We gradually grew to be good friends with both Dan and the trapper, and both took particular pains to direct us on our route. By the time our horses were rested we had learned all the necessary facts regarding the country, and paying our score, we mounted and started away to the northward, Dan's old white mare breaking away as we dashed past, and he and his companion performing a series of indescribable gyrations to arrest her evident intention of following us. We soon reached the ocean beach, where the nature of the sand admits of no faster motion than a walk. The sky to seaward began to thicken, and soon we were riding through a fog so dense that the banks of surf, a few hundred yards from us, were scarcely visible. After an hour H --'s black beard was sparkling like hoar-frost -- the glittering drops standing upon his mustaches as in a winter's morning in New England. The fog was driven inland by a keen wind that searched every seam and opening. It was like riding in the rain. Such weather may be counted on two-thirds of the year along the Oregon beach.

Capt. Cram: *Cape Blanco, although possessing no harbor or "Hole in the shore," is not destitute of interest geographically, it being, I shall believe until more accurate observations prove the contrary, the most western point of terra firma belonging to the United States; certainly it is the most western habitable portion; not only is it habitable, but it is actually inhabited, squatted upon, and claimed by the "Bostons." From the fact of Captain Gray, the discoverer of the mouth of the Columbia, and his crew having sailed from Boston, this appellative was given them by the Indians, and extended to those since coming from the east to distinguish them from the Hudson Bay Company's people. Within the recollection of many now living the term "far west" was applied to no further than St. Louis, then the most westerly settlement of civilization. After that it became to mean somewhere about Independence, Mo.; thence climbing the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains and looking over its crest we saw it applied to the Mormon settlements of the Great Salt Lake basin. But here it rested only for a brief period; seemingly weary of resting place or local habitation, it departed from the city of polygamists, and with more wonderful strides than ever, crossing entire ranges of mountains, scaling with a bound the Sierra Nevada and the Cascade, traversing California and Oregon, it came to the Pacific. And here it is on the very brink of this ocean; and "far west" at this moment may be most legitimately applied to Cape Blanco. It is here that the Anglo-Saxon is arrested in his onward march by the Broad Pacific. Westward the wheels of the emigrant wagon can roll no further. Another turn on their already well-worn axles and all are precipitated down the frightful steep of Cape Blanco a thousand feet into the deep bosom of the ocean. It is here at the cry of "Westward ho!" by land must cease; and if on reaching this point the proneness for migration be not satiated, the journey further towards the setting sun must be on the ocean wave; or if migrate still our people will, thence by land must their course be in retrogression. Further than Cape Blanco I doubt if "Westward the march of empire hath its way," unless the "Bostons" can invent a bridge four thousand miles in span, and whose abutments shall be Cape Blanco and Cape Lopatka. Although there is still an onward migratory wave from the east to the west, a return wave has already begun to roll backward; and between the two -- the direct and reflex -- if we ourselves are not, another less fortunate race will be crushed -- blotted out of existence -- to make the way clear for the "Bostons."*

October 8 (Monday).

A. G. Walling [1884: 243-244]: *On the seventh of October, 1855, a party of men, principally miners and men-about-town, in Jacksonville, organized and armed themselves to the number of about forty (accounts disagree as to number), and under the nominal leadership of Captain Hays and Major James A. Lupton, representative-elect to the territorial legislature proceeded to attack a small band of Indians encamped on the north side of Rogue river near the mouth of Little Butte creek a few miles above Table Rock. Lupton, it appears, was a man of no experience in bush fighting, but was rash and headstrong. His military title, says Colonel Ross, was unearned in war and was probably gratuitous. It is the prevailing opinion that be was led into the affair through a wish to court popularity, which is almost the only incentive that could have occurred to him. Certainly it could not have been plunder; and the mere love of fighting which probably drew the greater part of the force together was perhaps absent in his case. The reason why the particular band at Butte creek was selected as victims also appears a mystery, although the circumstances of their location being accessible, their numbers small, and their reputation as fighters very slight, possibly were the ruling considerations. This band of Indians appear to have behaved themselves tolerably; they were pretty fair Indians, but beggars, and on occasion thieves. They had been concerned in no considerable outrages that are distinctly specified. The attacking party arrived at the river on the evening of the seventh, and selecting a hiding place, remained therein until daylight, the appointed time for the attack. The essential particular's of the fight which followed are, when separated from a tangle of contradictory minutiae, that Lupton and his party fired a volley into the crowded encampment, following up the sudden and totally unexpected attack by a close encounter with knives, revolver's, and whatever weapon they were possessed of, and the Indians were driven away or killed without making much resistance. These facts are matters of evidence, as are also the killing of several squaws, one or more old decrepit men, and a number, probably small, of children. The unessential particulars vary greatly. For instance, Captain Smith reported to government that eighty Indians were slaughtered. Other observers, perhaps less prejudiced, placed the number at thirty. Certain accounts, notably that contributed to the Statesman by A. J. Kane, denied that there were any " bucks " present at the fight, the whole number of Indians being women, old men, and children. It is worth while to note that Mr. A. J. Kane promptly retracted this supposed injurious statement, and in a card to the Sentinel said he believed there were some bucks present. Certain "Indian fighters," also appended their names to the card.*

The exact condition of things at the fight, or massacre, as some have characterized it, is difficult to determine. Accounts vary so widely that by some it has been termed a heroic attack, worthy of Leonidas or Alexander; others have called it an indiscriminate butchery of defenceless and peaceful natives, the earliest possessors of the soil. To temporize with such occurrences does not become those who seek the truth only, and the world would be better could such deeds meet at once the proper penalty and be known by their proper name. Whether or not Indian men were present does not concern the degree of criminality attached to it. The attack was indiscriminately against all. The Indians were at peace with the whites and therefore unprepared. To fitly characterize the whole proceeding, is to say that it was Indian-like.

The results of the matter, were the deaths of Lupton, who was mortally wounded by an arrow which penetrated his lungs, the wounding of a young man, Shepherd by name, the killing of at

least a score of Indians, mainly old men, and the revengeful outbreak on the part of the Indians, whose account forms the most important part of this history.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 343]: *Early in October a party of roving reservation Indians were discovered encamped near the mouth of Butte creek, on Rogue river, and it was suspected that among them were some who had been annoying the settlers. Upon this suspicion a company of about thirty men, commanded by J. A. Lupton, proceeded before daybreak on the eighth of October to attack this camp, which was surprised and terribly chastised, twenty-three being killed and many wounded before it was learned that the majority of the victims were non-combatants, or old men, women, and children. The survivors took refuge at Fort Lane, where their wounds, and their wailings for their dead, excited much pity in the breasts of Captain Smith and his troopers, who went out to view the field after the slaughter, instead of preventing it. In this affair Lupton, who was major of militia, was killed, and eleven of his company wounded, a proof that the Indians were not all unarmed.*

This occurred on the morning of the eighth of October. It has been sometimes alleged that the events following on the ninth were the immediate outcome of the attack at Butte creek, but such could not have been the case. Savages do not move with such celerity. They could not have armed and organized in a day, and must for some time have been making preparations for war before they could have ventured upon it. Armed Indians were by the treaty made suspects, and to have been armed and supplied with ammunition evidenced a long period of looking forward to an outbreak. The reservation and Fort Lane favored such an intention. The former was a safe hiding place, and the latter a refuge in case of detection or pursuit.

October 9 (Tuesday).

C. S. Drew: *The massacre near Evans's ferry, (Rogue river) October 9, was a premeditated affair, whatever has or may be said to the contrary notwithstanding, and instigated chiefly by the Indians of Table Rock reserve, by whom it was consummated with the aid of Indians from the Umpqua and others that were not in annuity with the United States. All the chiefs, (except "Sam,") with their respective tribes, were absent from the Table Rock reserve at this time, and had been off and on, at will, for a long time previous. "Sam" remained upon the reserve even after the war that followed this massacre had become general -- not, however, because he was averse to it; but to play the spy upon the regular troops, into whose confidence he had succeeded in ingratiating himself to the fullest extent, and to direct the movements of those tribes who were openly prosecuting the war accordingly. As I have already indicated, the military and Indian departments had ceased some time previous to have any controlling influence over these reserve Indians, or any others, and so far as either of these departments were concerned, the Indians were the absolute masters of the country -- going when and where they pleased, murdering and plundering whom they pleased, and returning to claim and receive the protection of the authorities they had set at defiance, whenever necessitated to do so by the citizens, whom they had outraged beyond further endurance. That this was emphatically the case, is proved beyond all question, I think, by the facts I have adduced respecting the murders and other depredations these reserve Indians had previously committed, for which no punishment was inflicted, and no guarantee taken that such atrocities should not be continued. At different times and places during the four and a half months immediately preceding this massacre, be it observed, these*

Indians had murdered in cold blood not less than nineteen unsuspecting citizens, wounded many more and destroyed a no small amount of property. Yet they were represented as perfectly harmless and peaceable by those having them, or who should have had them in charge, and no means were taken to prevent the continuance of the atrocities just cited, on whose authors, except in the case of two who participated in the massacre on Klamath river, July 28, no punishment was ever inflicted. But to the massacre under consideration.

For several weeks prior to the 9th of October, such of the reserve Indians and others as were afterwards found to have been designated to commence the general slaughter of the settlers in and around Rogue River valley, were in the habit of holding nightly pow-wows, in different parts of the country -- off the reserve, of course -- and generally in pretty close proximity to the settlements; so near as to be distinctly heard, and to create misgivings as to their meaning. Very frequently, too, parties of them would visit the settlers in the daytime, and very often painted and otherwise decorated in their customary war style. But when interrogated as to the meaning of these warlike demonstrations, they invariably replied that they were merely on a hunting excursion, and that their pow-wows were simply meetings for the purpose of gambling. These representations seemed not altogether out of character, and for the time served to allay the suspicions of the settlers. But it soon became evident that the number of the Indians was increasing at such a rate as would soon place the destruction of the settlements in their power, if such was their design. Their meetings, too, became more boisterous as they grew larger, and the parties visiting the whites became more insolent and overbearing, and wore a more warlike appearance. Such was the state of things on the morning of the 9th of October, and such had been the state of things for some time previous in the very neighborhood in which the massacre took place.

In the execution of their bloody work, the Indians divided their force into several parties, and made their attack at different points in the neighborhood almost simultaneous. The chiefs, "George" and "Limpey" commanded in person along the road; but the leadership of the several parties designated to murder the families were delegated to such warriors as had either been in the employ of, or had been suffered to loiter about the premises of their intended victims until they had learned where and how to deal the surest and most fatal blow. Those who were foremost in the attack at Wagoner's, Jones's, Haines's, Harris's, and so on were well known to those families, had been in their service from time to time, and had often received favors and kindness from them when out of it. In the attack upon Jones's house, he was killed at the onset, and Mrs. Jones mortally wounded, though not utterly disabled for the moment. Seeing her husband dying, and the Indians cutting him in pieces, she fled towards some brush which was near by, whither she was immediately followed by an Indian who had been in the employ of her husband, and in whom she had placed the greatest confidence. Seeing none but this Indian following her, and thinking that perhaps he might still be her friend, she awaited his approach, and then implored his protection. His reply was, "You damned b--h, I'll kill you," and thereupon fired at her with his revolver. The shot took effect only in her arm, but she fell as if dead; and he, supposing his shot had been fatal, left her and returned to his companions. Mrs. Jones escaped to Vanoy's ferry, where she died the next day. At Wagoner's, no one escaped to tell the particulars of the attack there; but the Indians themselves, even now, boast of the affair, and do not hesitate to say who were engaged in it. Their story of the matter does not conflict with what I have stated. They state, also, the manner in which they accomplished their purpose. It seems that

the house was first set on fire, and Mrs. Wagoner and her daughter were then compelled to remain in it until burned to death. Their nearly consumed remains were found in the smouldering [sic] ruins of the house on the following day. The Indians were equally successful at Haines's. At Harris's, however, they were suspected before they could get possession of the house, and consequently their work was less complete. Finding themselves suspicioned, they commenced the attack somewhat prematurely, and consequently succeeded in killing only three of the five they intended. Mr. Harris received a fatal wound at the first fire; but falling partially into the house, his wife and daughter, the latter severely wounded, succeeded in drawing him inside and barring the door so effectually as to keep the Indians without. While dying, Mr. Harris instructed his wife how to load and use the rifle, and bade her defend herself to the last; an order that she most heroically obeyed. For nearly twenty-four hours she defended herself against the besiegers, and was then rescued by some volunteers from Jacksonville. Master Harris and Mr. Reed were in a field close by when the attack was made, and both fell a prey to the enemy. The other victims of this massacre were mostly travelers, some of whom belonged in the Willamette valley. Mr. Gwin was an employee of the Table Rock agency, and was killed on the reserve.

. . . Unlike their neighbors just mentioned, the citizens near Evans's took no measures to guard against the Indians, even those in close proximity to them, and therefore were easily overcome, as have shown in my statement respecting the massacre that there, (October 9) to which I need not refer in detail now. As to report, however, that this massacre was a "retaliatory act" -- the result of the affair with the Butte Creek Indians on the 8th -- I to say, that in truth it has no foundation whatever; that it with a clique of politicians, who had for their object the injury of few men whom they could not control in political matters, and for reason sought to render them odious to the community in which lived, by charging them with being the instigators of the various murders which the Indians had from time to time committed. I have referred to a couple of the representatives of this clique in my "remarks" upon the massacre here mentioned; they who counseled Mr. Wagoner and his family falsely on the morning of October 9th, and had also done the same at other points along the road they traveled the day previous. It was not until this report and these accusations had gained a wide publicity in Oregon, that they were appropriated by officers of the army and of the Indian department, and ingrafted [sic] in their reports. And it will here be observed, that the identical officers who have thus placed these misrepresentations upon record, are those who permitted the Indians to become their masters, and were solely responsible for the difficulties and enormities thereby engendered.

A. G. Walling [1884: 245-247]: *Immediately succeeding the event last detailed, came a series of startling and lamentable occurrences, which produced an impression on the community which the lapse of over a quarter of a century has by no means effaced. The ninth of October, 1855, has justly been called the most eventful day in the history of Southern Oregon. On that day nearly twenty persons lost their lives, victims to Indian ferocity and cruelty. Their murder lends a somber interest to the otherwise dry details of Indian skirmishes, and furnishes many a romantic though saddening page to the annalist who would write the minute history of those times. A portion of the incidents of that awful day have been written for publications of wide circulation, and thus have become a part of the country's stock-in-trade of Indian tales. Certain of them have taken their place in the history of our country along with the most stirring and romantic episodes of border warfare. Many and varied are this country's legends of hair-breadth escapes and heroic defense against overpowering odds. There is nothing told in any language to surpass in*

daring and devotion the memorable defense of the Harris home. Mrs. Wagner's mysterious fate still bears a melancholy interest, and while time endures the people of this region cannot forget the mournfully tragic end of all who died on that fateful day.

As the present memories describe it, the attack was by most people wholly unexpected, in spite of the previous months of anxiety. The recklessness of the whites who precipitated the outbreak by their conduct at the Indian village above Table Rock had left unwarned the outlying settlers, upon whose defenseless and innocent heads fell the storm of barbaric vengeance. Early on the morning of October ninth, the hands of several of the more warlike chiefs gathered at or near Table Rock, set out traveling westward, down the river, and transporting their families, their arms and other property, and bent on war. It is not at this moment possible to ascertain the names of those chiefs, nor the number of their braves; but it has been thought that Limpy, the chief of the Illinois band, with George, chief of the lower Rogue river band, were the most prominent and influential Indians concerned in the matter. Their numbers, if we follow the most reliable accounts, would indicate that from thirty-five to fifty Indians performed the murders of which we have now to discourse. Their first act was to murder William Goin or Going, a teamster, native of Missouri, and employed on the reservation, where he inhabited a small hut or house. Standing by the fire-place in conversation with Clinton Schieffelin, he was fatally shot, at two o'clock in the morning. The particular individuals who accomplished this killing were, says Mr. Schieffelin, members of John's band of Applegates, who were encamped on Ward creek, a mile above its mouth, and twelve miles distant from the camp of Sam's band.

Hurrying through the darkness to Jewett's ferry these hostiles, now reinforced by the baud of Limpy and George, found there a pack-train loaded with munitions. Hamilton, the man in charge of it, was killed, and another individual was severely wounded, being hit in four places. They next began firing at Jewett's house, within which were several persons in bed, it not being yet daylight. Meeting with resistance they gave up the attack and moved to Evans' ferry, which they reached at daybreak. Here they shot Isaac Shelton, of Willamette valley, en route for Yreka. He lived twenty hours. The next victim was Jones, proprietor of a ranch, whom they shot dead near his house. His body was nearly devoured by hogs before it was found. The house was set on fire, and Mrs. Jones was pursued by an Indian and shot with a revolver, when she fell senseless, and the savage retired supposing her dead. She revived and was taken to Tufts' place and lived a day. O. P. Robbins, Jones' partner, was hunting cattle at some distance from the house. Getting upon a stump he looked about him and saw the house on fire. Correctly judging that Indians were abroad, he proceeded to Tufts and Evans' places and secured the help of three men, but the former place the Indians had already visited and shot Mrs. Tufts through the body, but being taken to Illinois valley she recovered. Six miles north of Evans ferry the Indians fell in with and killed two men who were transporting supplies from the Willamette valley to the mines. They took the two horses from the wagon, and went on. The house of J. B. Wagner was burned, Mrs. Wagner being obviously murdered, or, as an unsubstantiated story goes, she was compelled to remain in it until dead. This is refinement of horrors indeed. For a time her fate was unknown, but it was finally settled thus. Mary, her little daughter, was taken to the Meadows, on lower Rogue river, some weeks after, according to the Indians' own accounts, but died there. Mr. Wagner being from home escaped death. Coming to Haines' house, Mr. Haines being ill in bed, they shot him to death, killed two children and took his wife prisoner. Her fate was a sad one, and is yet wrapped in mystery. It seems likely, from the stories told by the Indians, that the

unhappy woman died about a week afterwards, from the effects of a fever aggravated by improper food. When the subsequent war raged, a thousand inquiries were made concerning the captive, and not a stone was left unturned to solve the mystery. The evidence that exists bearing upon the subject is unsatisfactory indeed, but may be deemed sufficiently conclusive.

At about nine o'clock a. m., the savages approached the house of Mr. Harris, about ten miles north of Evans', where dwelt a family of four -- Mr. and Mrs. Harris and their two children, Mary aged twelve, and David aged ten years. With them resided T. A. Reed, an unmarried man employed by or with Mr. Harris in formwork. Reed was some distance from the house, and was set upon by a party of the band of hostiles and killed, no assistance being near. His skeleton was found a year after. David, the little son of the fated family, had gone to a field at a little distance, and in all likelihood was taken into the woods by his captors and slain, as he was never after heard of. Some have thought that he was taken away and adopted into the tribe -- a theory that seems hardly probable, as his presence would have become known when the entire baud of hostiles surrendered several months afterward. It seems more probable that the unfortunate youth was taken prisoner, and proving an inconvenience to his brutal captors, was by them unceremoniously murdered and his corpse thrown aside, where it remained undiscovered. Mr. Harris was surprised by the Indians, and retreating to the house, was shot in the breast as he reached the door. His wife, with the greatest courage and presence of mind, closed and barred the door, and in obedience to her wounded husband's advice, brought down the fire-arms which the house contained -- a rifle, a double shotgun, a revolver and a single-barreled pistol -- and began to fire at the Indians, hardly with the expectation of hitting them, but to deter them from assaulting or setting fire to the house. Previous to this a shot fired by the Indians had wounded her little daughter in the arm, making a painful but not dangerous flesh wound, and the terrified child climbed to the attic of the dwelling where she remained for several hours. Throughout all this time the heroic woman kept the savages at bay, and attended as well as she was able to the wants of her fearfully wounded husband, who expired in about an hour after he was shot. Fortunately, she had been taught the use of firearms; and to this she owed her preservation and that of her daughter. The Indians, who could be seen moving about in the vicinity of the house, were at pains to keep within cover and dared not approach near enough to set fire to the dwelling, although they burned the out-buildings, first taking the horses from the stable. Mrs. Harris steadily loaded her weapons, and fired them through the crevices between the logs of which the house was built. In the afternoon, though at what time it was impossible for her to tell, the Indians drew off and left the stout-hearted woman mistress of the field. She had saved her own and her daughter's life, and added a deathless page to the record of the country's history.

After the departure of the savages, the heroine with her daughter left the house and sought refuge in a thicket of willows near the road, and remained there all night. Next morning several Indians passed, but did not discover them, and during the day a company of volunteers, hastily collected in Jacksonville, approached, to whom the two presented themselves, the sad survivors of a once happy home.

When, on the ninth of October, a rider came dashing into Jacksonville and quickly told of the fray, great excitement prevailed, and men volunteered to go to the aid of whoever might need help. Almost immediately a score of men were in their saddles and pushing toward the river. Major Fitzgerald, stationed at Fort Lane, went or was sent by Captain Smith, at the head of fifty-

five mounted men, and these going with the volunteers, proceeded along the track of ruin and desolation left by the savages. At Wagner's house, some five or six volunteers who were in advance, came upon a few Indians hiding in the brush near by, who, unsuspicious of the main body advancing along the road, challenged the whites to a fight. Major Fitzgerald came up and ordered a charge; and six of the "red devils" were killed, and the rest driven "on the jump" to the hills, but could not be overtaken. Giving up the pursuit, the regulars and volunteers marched along the road to the Harris house, where, as we have seen, they found the devoted mother and her child, and removed them to a place of safety in Jacksonville. They proceeded to and camped at Grave creek that night, and returned the next day.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 343-346]: *On the night of the eighth two men were killed and another wounded, who were in charge of a pack train at Jewett's ferry. Jewett's house was fired upon, but no one killed. A considerable number of Indians had gathered, apparently by concert, near this place, who about daybreak proceeded down the river to Evans' ferry, where they found Isaac Shelton of the Wallamet valley on his way to Yreka, and mortally wounded him. Still further down was the house of J. K. Jones, whom they killed; also mortally wounding his wife, and pillaging and burning his house.*

Below this place was the house of J. Wagoner. On the way to it the Indians killed four men. Mr. Wagoner was absent from his home, having gone that morning to escort Miss Pellet, a temperance lecturer, from Buffalo, New York, to Sailor diggings. The fate of Mrs. Wagoner and her four-year old daughter, Mary, was never certainly known, the house and all in it having been burned. She was a young and beautiful woman, well educated and refined, and the uncertainty concerning her death or the manner of it was a horrible torture to her husband, who survived her. One story told by the Indians themselves, was that she fastened herself in her house, carefully dressed as if for a sacrifice, and seating herself in the center of the sitting-room with her child in her arms, awaited death, which came to her by fire. But others said, and probably with truth, that she was carried off, and her child killed because it cried so much. The mother refused to eat, and died of grief and starvation at "The Meadows." Captain Wallen has said that two scalps captured from the Indians at the battle of Cow creek in 1856 were identified as those of Mrs. Wagoner and her child, the mother's beautiful hair being unmistakable; and the Indian stories may none be the actual truth.

From the smoking ruins of the Wagoner home, the Indians proceeded to the place of George W. Harris, who being at a little distance from his house and suspecting from their appearance that they meant to attack him, ran quickly in and seized his gun. As they came on with hostile words and actions he shot one, and wounded another from his doorway, where he was himself shot down a few moments later, leaving his wife and little daughter to defend themselves, which they did for twenty-four hours, before help arrived.

Dragging her husband's body inside and barring the door, Mrs. Harris instructed her daughter how to make bullets, while she stood guard and prevented the Indians from approaching too near the house by firing through cracks in the walls at every one detected in the attempt to reach it. In this painfully solicitous manner she kept off the enemy until dark, when they withdrew. Alone with her husband's dead body, and her weary and frightened child, she spent the long night. Fearing that the Indians would return with reinforcements in the morning, towards dawn

she stole forth, locking the house behind her, and concealed herself and daughter under a pile of brush at no great distance away, where she was found, blackened with powder and stained with blood, many hours later by a detachment of troops under Major Fitzgerald.

The other victims of the outbreak of the ninth of October were Mr. and Mrs. Haines and two children, Frank A. Reed, William Given, James W. Cartwright, Powell, Bunch, Hamilton, Fox, White, and others on the road between Evans' ferry and Grave creek; two young women, Miss Hudson and Miss Wilson, on the road between Indian creek and Crescent City, and three men on Grave creek, below the road. It was altogether the bloodiest day the valley had ever seen.

When the news that the settlements were attacked reached Jacksonville, a company of twenty men quickly armed and took the trail of the Indians. They were overtaken and joined by Major Fitzgerald with fifty-five troopers from Fort Lane. On arriving at Wagoner's place they found thirty Indians engaged in plundering the premises, who, when the volunteers -- the first on the ground -- appeared, greeted them with derisive yells, dancing, and insulting gestures, but when they beheld the dragoons, fled precipitately towards the mountains. A pursuit of two or three miles proved unavailing, the troop horses being jaded by a long march, and after patrolling the road for several hours, Fitzgerald returned to Fort Lane and the volunteers to their homes to make ready for the prolonged contest which was evidently before them.

An express, carried by T. McFadden Patton, was already well on the road to the seat of government to inform the governor, the superintendent of Indian affairs, and the military authorities at Vancouver of the condition of affairs in the south. So far, however, were the latter from being able to afford any aid, that an express was at that very time on the road to Fort Lane with a requisition for troops to be used in the north as we shall see hereafter.

October 10 (Wednesday).

Mrs. Victor [1894: 346-347]: *On the tenth of October, Lieutenant Kautz had set out from Port Orford with a party of citizens and soldiers to make an examination of a proposed route for a wagon road from that place to Jacksonville. At the great bend of Rogue river, thirty miles from the coast, he found the settlers in much alarm at a threatened attack from the Indians on Applegate creek, and returned to the fort for a larger supply of arms and ammunition, to enable him to engage the hostiles should they be met with . . .*

It now behooved the inhabitants of southern Oregon to prepare to meet the emergency. Estimating the number of Indians who could be called warriors at no more than four hundred, four times that number of white men would be required to subdue them on account of their better knowledge of the country, their ability to appear simultaneously at several points, and of disappearing rapidly on the approach of troops, wearing out the horses and men engaged in pursuit. They were, besides, well armed and supplied with ammunition, whereas the volunteers had neither in any amount. The men mustered between the ninth and eleventh only numbered one hundred and fifty, because no more could be armed. The Indians had slyly bought up all the rifles and revolvers in the country, and were skilled in the use of them. The only thing that was attempted for several days was to protect the most exposed settlements, and keep open the roads north and south.

A company of which J. S. Rinearson was captain, was on the tenth, divided into squads, and sent, ten to the mouth of the Umpqua canon, five three miles south to Leving's place, five to Turner's, seven miles further south, and six to the Grave-creek house.

October 11 (Thursday).

Mrs. Victor [1894: 348]: *On the eleventh, thirty men made a scout down Rogue river to the mouth of Galice creek, twelve of them having no other arms than pistols. They were provisioned, blanketed, and sometimes armed by the settlers they served.*

The United States troops in southern Oregon at this time were two full companies of dragoons at Fort Lane, under Major Fitzgerald and Captain Smith, and sixty-four infantry at Winchester, in the Umpqua valley, under Lieutenant Gibson, escort to Lieutenant Williamson on his survey of a railroad route from the Sacramento to the Wallamet, and who now retraced his steps to Fort Lane. The small garrison at Port Orford was not available, and Fitzgerald's company was ordered north before troops were put in the field here, leaving one company of dragoons and one of infantry to defend the isolated southern division of the territory.

October 12 (Friday).

C. S. Drew: *On the 12th of October, Colonel John E. Ross, of the ninth regimental district of Oregon, by virtue of his commission, and pursuant to a resolution of the citizens of Jacksonville and that vicinity, assumed command in his district, and commenced the organization of a regiment of mounted volunteers for the defense of the settlements in the Rogue river country against the hordes of hostile Indians by which they were menaced on every hand. On the 14th he had nine companies, consisting of about 500 men, under his command, and on duty in the most exposed portions of his district, including the settlements of Rogue River and Illinois valleys, and those of Apple gate creek, Deer creek, Butte creek, Galeese creek. Grave creek, Cow creek, (in the adjoining county, Douglas) and Sterling. Several of these companies, however, had been organized and on duty at some of the points mentioned since the day of the massacre at Evans's. The regiment, between the 14th of October and 1st of November, was increased to fifteen companies, consisting, rank and file, of about 750 men. The almost instantaneous appearance of so large a force in the field disconcerted the plans of the Indians, and those under the chief "John" sought their mountain retreats to await a more favorable opportunity to carry out their cherished designs, but, in the meantime, continued to destroy such property, stock, &c., as they could get at without incurring too much risk. Those under "George" and "Limpy," however, who commanded at the massacre on the 9th, attacked the settlement at the mouth of Galeese creek on the morning of the 17th, but were repulsed by Captain Lewis, who had just been stationed there with a company of about forty men. The Indians kept up the attack during the day, and retired under the cover of night. The loss on the part of the volunteers was four killed and seven wounded. Among the latter was Captain Lewis himself. No whites were killed except such as belonged to the company. What the loss of the Indians was is not known; undoubtedly, it was considerable.*

Mrs. Victor [1894: 348-350]: *On the twelfth of October, Colonel John E. Ross of the ninth regiment of Oregon militia ordered Major James H. Russell to report to him without delay. Some captains of militia were already in the field, while other companies were commanded by any men who had the qualities of a leader, and on the application of citizens, these were duly commissioned. At the request of M. C. Barkwell, a company was raised by R.L. Williams for the protection of his neighborhood. The settlers at Althouse, on Illinois river, petitioned to have Theoron Crook empowered to raise a company to range the mountains in that vicinity. The settlers and miners of Phoenix mills, Illinois valley, Deer creek, and Galice creek, also petitioned for permission to raise companies for defense, and the outlying settlements prayed for guards to be sent them.*

The volunteer companies raised before the twentieth numbered fifteen. Of twelve of them the following information has been preserved T. S. Harris, captain of company A; James Bruce, company B; J. S. Rinearson, company C. Rinearson's lieutenants were W. P. Wing, I. N. Bentley, and R. W. Henry. R. L. Williams was captain of company D, E. B. Stone, first lieutenant, and E. K. Elliott, sergeant. W. B. Lewis was captain of company E, his lieutenants, W. A. J. Moore and --. White; his sergeant, I. D. Adams. A. S. Welton was captain of company F; Miles T. Alcorn, captain of company G, his lieutenant being J. M. Osborne. W. A. Wilkinson was captain of company H; T. Smith captain of company I. S. A. Frye, captain of company K, Abel George, captain of company L, and F. R. Hill, captain of company M. The names of Orrin Root, T. J. Gardner, M. M. Williams, M. P. Howard, and --. Hayes appear in official correspondence as captains, the names of Daniel Richardson, H. P. Conroy, and --. Morrison as lieutenants, and W. M. Evans as orderly sergeant. C. S. Drew was appointed adjutant; C. Westfeldt, quartermaster and commissary, and C. B. Brooks, surgeon. J. B. Wagoner and John Hillman were employed in the dangerous duty of express riding, Wagoner remaining in the service as long as the first volunteer organization lasted. Other names here preserved are those that have cropped up in the correspondence gathered to assist in the collection of Indian war claims by B. F. Dowell of Jacksonville, already referred to in a previous note.

October 14 (Sunday).

Dr. Glisan: *The "Columbia" arrived from Portland late yesterday afternoon. She brings an account of an outbreak among the Indians in Washington Territory. For the last few months we have heard floating rumors of preparations for intended hostilities by the large Indian tribes in that section of country, but as the border settlers are somewhat like the boy in the fable, always crying wolf, we have rarely been able to tell when they really were in danger. But at present there is no doubt of an Indian war having commenced. In consequence of the reports of various persons on their way to the Colville mines having been killed by the Indians, an agent was sent out by Superintendent Joe Palmer, to ascertain their correctness, and he himself was murdered by the Indians. On this news reaching Fort Dalles, Maj. Granville O. Haller, U. S. Army, who had just got in from his expedition to the Snake Indian country, where he had been to demand the murderers of the emigrants year, started out with a command of a hundred men to bring the murderers to an account for their atrocities. He had been out but three or four days, when a messenger brought the startling news of his command having been surrounded by Indians at a point about twenty-five miles from the Dalles. His position was upon a hill, with ravines and thickets around him. His troops and animals had been without water for forty-eight hours. The*

Indians were constantly firing upon them. He was enabled to send a messenger through the ranks of the Indians in the night, who reached the Dalles Monday, October 8th, at eight P. M. Immediately on the arrival of the express at the Dalles, Lieutenant Day started with the remaining troops at that post to the succor of Maj. Haller. Maj. H. calls for large reinforcements to aid him. It is reported that the requisition has been made to the Governors of Oregon and Washington Territories for volunteers. How many is not known -- some say one thousand, others five hundred.

The hostile feeling among the Indian is supposed to extend to several tribes. Proposals, it is said, have been made to all the Indians east of the Cascade range to unite in a general war of extermination against the whites. But the number that has really leagued together is not known. The Yakimas and Clikitats seem to be the prime movers in the affair. In order to induce a war spirit they report all sorts of Indian wrongs, and threaten hostilities against such tribes as will not join them. It is thought the disaffection is so widely diffused among them that one flush of victory on their part against the United States troops would induce nearly all of the tribes to unite in a general war. Hence much anxiety is felt in the result of Haller's expedition against them. They are abundantly supplied with arms and ammunition; and are thought to be good warriors; differing vastly in this respect from the Coast Indians of lower Oregon. We are expecting orders by the next steamer, which will arrive in a few days, to proceed to the seat of war.

October 15 (Monday).

Gov. Curry [Walling 1884: 253-254]: *Whereas, by petition numerously signed by citizens of Umpqua valley, calling upon me for protection, it has come to my knowledge that the Shasta and Rogue River Indians, in Southern Oregon, in violation of their solemn engagements, are now in arms against the peace of this territory; that they have, without respect to age or sex, murdered a large number of our people, burned their dwellings, and destroyed their property; and that they are now menacing the southern settlements with all the atrocities of savage warfare, I issue this my proclamation, calling for five companies of mounted volunteers, to constitute a northern battalion, and four companies of mounted volunteers to constitute a southern battalion, to remain in force until duly discharged -- The several companies to consist of one captain, one first lieutenant, one second lieutenant, four sergeants, four corporals, and sixty privates, each volunteer to furnish his own horse, arms and equipment's, each company to select its own officers, and thereafter to proceed with the utmost possible dispatch to the rendezvous hereafter appointed. It is expected that Jackson county will furnish the number of men wanted for the southern battalion, which will rendezvous at Jacksonville, elect a major to command, and report in writing to headquarters. It will then proceed to take effective measures to recover indemnity for the past, and conquer a lasting peace with the enemy for the future. The following-named counties are expected to make up the number of men wanted for the northern battalion: Lane county, two companies; Linn county, one company; Douglas county, one company; Umpqua county, one company; which will rendezvous at Roseburg, Douglas county, elect a major to command, and report in writing to headquarters. It will then proceed immediately to open and maintain communication with the settlements in the Rogue river valley, and thereafter cooperate with the southern battalion in a vigorous prosecution of the campaign.*

Given under my hand at Portland, the fifteenth of October, A. D., 1855.
By the Governor, George L. Curry.

Capt. Cram: *We now have some of the provocations that in reality gave rise to the Rogue river war, of 1855, which was first formally and officially declared against the Indians, in the proclamation of George L. Curry, governor of Oregon Territory, October 15, 1855 -- assigning as the casus belli that he had been informed "that the Shasta and Rogue River Indians in Southern Oregon, have, without respect to age or sex, murdered a large number of four people, burned their dwellings, and destroyed their property; and that they are now menacing the southern settlements with all the atrocities of savage warfare;" and by this same proclamation he calls out companies of mounted volunteers, to constitute two battalions -- one to be denominated the "northern battalion," the other the "southern battalion."*

. . . The governor says he was moved to call out this force "by a petition numerously signed by citizens of Umpqua valley," and ordered them to rendezvous at Jacksonville, which is the identical focus of the organization of General Joseph Lane's volunteers of 1853, who had been so liberally paid by the United States from an appropriation disbursed among them just previously to the getting up of this moving petition, which if granted would bring occupation for eight hundred men and as many horses for the ensuing winter, and they would only have to ride about and kill Indians until planting time next spring. These battalions, with the title of "southern army," were under the command of Brigadier General John K. Lamerick, and it is not surprising that with such an array and the well known hostility of many of the citizens, some of the Indians flew to their arms and others to the United States military posts for protection.

October 16 (Tuesday).

Dr. Glisan: *Lieutenant August V. Kautz. Fourth Infantry, who left here with ten men about eight days ago, to survey a road between this place and Fort Lane, returned last night about twelve o'clock to get arms and ammunition for his party. He reports that on reaching the big bend of Rogue River, forty-five miles from Fort Orford, he found the settlers making port-holes in their houses, preparatory to an attack from the Indians of upper Rogue River valley. He learned from them that being advised by some friendly Indians to leave the place, as the tribes above there were hostile, but not believing the reports they started up the river to ascertain the truth of the matter. On arriving in sight of a trader's establishment they saw the building in flames, and the Indians in a war dance around it and that they were further told by friendly Indians that all the tribes in upper Rogue River valley had united in war against the whites. This report, together with those received from Jacksonville last mail of the disaffection of the Indians in that region in consequence, of the hanging of several of their head men at Yreka for murder, indicates that trouble is brewing in lower Oregon also. These Indians had been arrested by the United States troops at Fort Lane, and turned over to the civil authorities of California, who, it is presumed, gave them a fair trial.*

Of course everybody in this section is excited -- all sorts of reports are circulation about small parties being cut off, but I have lived in an Indian country too long to put confidence in more than one twentieth part of the Indian atrocities that are reported.

Capt. Cram: *As soon as a military post was established at Port Orford attention was called to the advantage of having a direct communication with the Oregon trail. Several explorations were made with a view of finding a good route for a wagon road, but none were attended with favorable results for such a purpose. In the autumn of 1855 General Wool directed another effort to be made, and Lieutenant Kautz, 4th infantry, was put in charge of the party. The route which he reported most favorably upon as the least formidable in difficulties is represented on map No. 10.*

While about closing his field labors his party was attacked by Indians -- hostilities having commenced between them and the Oregon volunteers unbeknown to the Lieutenant.

From my own reconnaissance in this district of Southern Oregon, and other sources of information, I think the best system of roads that can be opened in order to bring the Rogue river, the Coquille, and the Umpqua valleys into communication with a sea-port would be --

1. To open a road in direct route seen on map No. 10, from Port Orford to the Oregon trail.

2. To open one from Cape Blanco to the navigable part of the Coquille; also one from the head of the navigable part of this river, following the middle fork, to the Umpqua valley.

With such a system well executed these secluded valleys could avail themselves of Port Orford, as there is already by nature a good wagon road from this to Cape Blanco.

Mid-October, 1855: Ben Wright returns to Port Orford; Wells visits Randolph

William V. Wells: *While on the route we met Ben Wright, the sub-Indian agent, an experienced hunter and trapper, whose life has been passed in the mountains and on the Western frontier. He was a man of some thirty-two years, with black curling hair, reaching, beneath a slouched Palo Alto hat, down to his shoulders; a Missouri rifle was slung across his back, and he rode a heavy black mule with bearskin machillas. Altogether, he was a splendid specimen of a backwoodsman, of noble stature, lithe as an eel, of Herculean strength, and with all the shrewdness and cunning acquired [sic] by a lifetime passed among the North American Indians. Almost disdaining the comforts of civilized life, and used to the scanty fare of the hunter, he seemed peculiarly fitted for the office he held. I am thus particular in the description of Ben Wright, as his name has just been published among those who were butchered by the Chetkow tribe at Rogue River in February last. He was in company, when we met him, with several others, any of whom would nearly answer to this description. Some of them have shared his fate in the massacre above referred to.*

Our next crossing was at Flores Creek, which we now easily forded; but in winter it becomes a formidable stream, and during the heavy rains is impassable. The ford is two miles above the mouth. This crossed; we again struck the monotonous ocean beach. The route for many miles is one of the most uninteresting that can be imagined. The scenery is the same for twenty miles. A shouting conversation must be maintained to be intelligible against the high wind. Even the romantic associations attending the tumbling in of a heavy ocean surf is in part denied—the mist often entirely hiding the outer breakers, and leaving one to imagine their force by the half acre of foam, which, rushing up the slant of the beach, expends itself in tiny ripples around the horses hoofs. [sic] Presently we observed something in the distance resembling machinery, and a nearer inspection introduced a veritable gold-beach washing apparatus in full operation, under the brow of a tall sand-bank, and superintended by three stout, contented-looking fellows, who assured us, in answer to our queries, that they were making from $12 to $25 per day "to the hand." Not unused to the "tricks of the trade," as practiced in the California gold regions, we were disposed to be incredulous until, by a few fair "prospects" of the gold sand, and an explanation of the modus operandi, we were finally convinced of the truth of the statement. In a word, the entire sea-beach, from Rogue River to Cape Arago, is more or less impregnated with fine gold sand, much of it an impalpable dust, and only to be extracted by the use of quicksilver. It is precisely the same thing as quartz mining -- minus the labor and expense of crushing the rock prepatory [sic] *to the amalgamating process. A stream of water, conducted from a neighboring ravine, is led through wooden flumes to the "tom heads," and the workmen "stripping," or clearing away the drift, leave nothing to do but shovel tons of the black sand into the sluices, the trickling stream performing the process of separation, the fine dust escaping over these miniature riffles being arrested and amalgamated in a series of quicksilver deposits below. The greater part, however, is caught in the upper riffles. The stream was stopped a few minutes for our accommodation, and we found the bottom of the trough sparkling with innumerable specks of gold, and in half an hour the quantity had so increased that we could distinguish the fine gold sand glittering through the volume of water. It was a crystal brook, with golden pavement.*

The sand from the beach, however, drifted rapidly over their works, urged by the diurnal gales which sweep with full force across the place, and obliging the miners to erect high brush and board fences to prevent being buried by a slow process. I had often heard and read of these diggings; but until now had never realized the fact of a "golden ocean beach." The Oregonians assert that, notwithstanding the constant working of these sands, they are found to be quite as rich the succeeding year -- a fact which we could scarcely doubt when we learned that the present is the third working over of the "Stacy claim."

Bidding adieu to our friends, and leaving them to their solitary fate of washing gold, we spurred onward, and another two miles brought us to the famous Coquille River, discharging from the southeast into the ocean. An abrupt descent brought us to the bank, where we found two log-houses of considerable pretensions, and owned by a Yankee and an Englishman, who have here established a ferry "for man and beast."

Descending the bank, we stopped at the house -- a couple of blooded dogs issuing from the yard and smelling suspiciously around our horses. The owners of the establishment made their appearance directly after, and the scow being hauled to the beach, we entered, horses and all, and were soon ferried across the river, which is about one hundred yards in width. The bar has about seven feet at low water. Availing ourselves of the directions given us by the ferrymen, we pursued out journey along a bluff bank overlooking the sea some fifty feet—occasionally getting close to the brink, where we looked down upon abandoned claims and gold-washing machines until, at nightfall, we came to the now deserted town of Randolph.

A few lines will suffice to narrate the rise and fall of Randolph. Captain Smith, U. S. A., while on a visit to this part of Oregon, in the winter of 1853, discovered gold mingled with the sands of the beach. The story got wind, and thousands crowded from all parts of Oregon and California to these shores of the latest El Dorado. On the bluff immediately above the most thoroughly worked claims, a town (Randolph) was commenced in the following June, and by the next winter about two hundred persons were located here, awaiting the breaking-up of the southeast gales to prosecute their labors. Their efforts, however, were not crowned with the success they had anticipated. Some abandoned the place and left for California; others went to Rogue River, and soon the place was deserted.

We found two or three disconsolate families collected in the public pound, or corral, making an "arbitration," as a very talkative lady informed us, of the cattle of a couple who, having been married a year, had found the hymeneal chains to hang heavily, and were about separating for life. Leaving nearly the entire population, consisting of nine men and women and a number of children, to this occupation, we drew up at the door of the least ruined house, and dismounted, to the satisfaction of a flock of flaxen-haired urchins, to whom our arrival was evidently a matter of great moment. A very pretty and interesting woman welcomed us, and was soon busily engaged in preparing our supper. Meanwhile we strolled out to see the lions of Randolph. Several vacant lots in a "streak" of deserted pine dwellings attracted my curiosity enough to inquire what had become of the houses; when our hostess responded that they had fallen a sacrifice to the fuel-gathering hands of the remaining population -- in a word, they had been used up as fire-wood. What a picture! A town springing from nothing – growing -- culminating in its career of prosperity, and burned as fuel in its decadence!

In another year not clapboard will remain to tell the whereabout of Randolph. Our hostess -- whom we thought far too pretty to be wasting the bloom of her beauty in this bleak corner of Oregon -- soon spread before us an excellent supper, to which we did such extreme justice that even she, not unused to the voracity of her Oregon visitors, stared up from her sewing at the rapid disappearance of the edibles. The master of the house announcing that our beds were ready, we tumbled into our blankets and slept soundly until daybreak, when the adjacent frizzling of some elk-steaks operating upon the olfactories of H--, he opened his eyes, sprang out of bed, and hastened to array himself. Breakfast dispatched and the bills paid, we remounted, and leaving the silent town to its requiem of the eternal surf, we struck off from the coast, and plunged directly into the woods. The most interesting part of our ride had now commenced.

C. S. Drew: *The appointment of Wright, at the instance, and during the administration of Indian Superintendent Palmer, whose sympathy for, and confidence in, the Indians was unlimited, is the most positive proof that the charge so often reiterated against him his entirely destitute of any foundation whatsoever. Instances are know where Superintendent Palmer took the word of a lying, thieving Indian in preference to that of one of his agents, whose statement could have been corroborated by the oaths of numerous respectable witnesses. It is a supposable case, then, that he would have been instrumental in getting the appointment to an agency of a man who treacherously murdered Indians by the wholesale? Certainly not.*

"It was the design to gather all the bands along the coast of Oregon and place them upon it (the coast reservation,) there to teach them agriculture and the arts, and to forever prevent whites from acquiring the soil upon it, it is certainly not to be denied that some of the Indians, especially in the upper part of the Rogue River valley, may have objected to the treaty, and evinced some reluctance to comply, but they had two years' time in which they were allowed in which to make preparations and go, and it is believed (by whom?) that the whites show patience, and forborne to interfere, the superintendent would have had them all removed within the time specified, and Oregon would have been saved the shame reflected upon her by the commission of those most outrageous deeds that followed, such, for example, as that perpetrated by one Lupton and his party, at Looking-glass prairie, in killing from eight to ten Indians, invited there by the settlers for protection and safety. From such acts of cruelty can it be at all surprising that a retaliatory spirit was manifested on the part of the Indians?"

These are the grounds upon which General Wool, Captain Cram, and their associates base their charge that the war in Southern Oregon in 1855-56 originated exclusively with the people there. The utter falsity of the accusation concerning "one Lupton and his party," I have previously shown. The story about "Hank Brown and his party" was trumped up by political demagogues who wished to oust Colonel Ross from the command in his regimental district, and first appeared in the "Oregon Statesman," a paper devoted exclusively the interests of the party in which these demagogues held prominent positions. It was nothing more than a sensation article, written for a specific purpose, and without the least regard to truth.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 371-372]: *At the breaking out of war in the interior, Ben Wright, in charge of the several bands below Coos bay, hastened to make them acquainted with the order issued by Superintendent Palmer, with whom they had made treaties, that in order to prevent suspicions*

concerning their intentions, and consequent collisions with white men they must remain upon their reservations and avoid every appearance of collusion with the Rogue-river bands. To those roving Indians from the interior whom he found on the coast he gave admonition, and ordered them back to their own reserve, otherwise to submit to arrest. They complied, although insolently, and the tribes in his sub-agency promised obedience and friendship. But on arriving at the mouth of the Coquille he found the settlers alarmed by appearances among these Indians. On conferring with them, however, they professed friendship, and ascribed their restlessness to the discovery of a camp of Rogue-river women and children in their vicinity, and to knowing that this circumstance might be construed against them. They also exhibited fear lest the volunteers operating in the Umpqua valley should come down upon them, to exterminate them, as they had been informed was their intention. Wright succeeded in quieting, as he believed, their apprehensions, and returned to Port Orford, appointing a local agent, David Hall, to look after them.

Hall was a member of a company on its way to the Coquille camp with the design of disarming or killing the Indians, who had been guilty of the death, in 1854, of two citizens, Venable and Burton, for which crime they had gone unpunished, and who now, according to their belief, were preparing for further mischief. But Wright succeeded in allaying this feeling, or at least in persuading them to trust their safety to the Indian department and the United States troops at Port Orford yet a little longer, and by making one of them local agent, left the management of affairs largely to his discretion. The settlers not being convinced of the good intentions of the Indians, soon after removed their families to Empire City, where a fortification had been erected. The miners at Randolph also concealed their portable property, and removed to Port Orford for safety; and at the mouth of Rogue river a fortified house was prepared for a refuge in time of trouble.

October 17, 1855: Skull Bar Massacre

October 17 (Wednesday).

Mrs. Victor [1894: 350-351]: *Considering the obstacles to be overcome, and the perils of the service, the organization of the ninth regiment by Colonel Ross was creditable to that officer and the men enlisted. As fast as they could be armed, men were sent to guard exposed settlements, and scouts were kept on the move, looking for the enemy, as well as detachments ordered to attend pack trains on the roads leading from Crescent City to the various mining camps, or from Jacksonville to the volunteer camps, for the Indians must now depend chiefly upon what they could capture for their supplies.*

The first engagement between the volunteers and Indians occurred on the seventeenth of October, at Skull bar of Rogue river, a short distance below the mouth of Galice creek, where company E was encamped. In camp were gathered all the miners from the diggings in the vicinity, including some Chinese who had been driven from their claims, besides some captive Indian women and boys.

Skull bar lay on the south side of the river and had for a background a high ridge, covered with a dense growth of hazel and young firs. The thickets had been cut away for some distance that no lurking places for the foe might be afforded within rifle shot of the camp, and a breastwork of logs thrown up on the side most open to attack.

It was discovered on the day above-mentioned that the forest on the hillside was swarming with Indians, and to drive them back J. W. Pickett, with six men, charged the bushes. He was received with a galling fire, and fell, his men being forced to retreat. Lieutenant Moore then took a position, sheltered by a bank on that side of camp from which attack seemed most imminent, where he fought for four hours under a heavy fire, himself and nearly half his men being wounded, when they also were compelled to retreat. Captain Lewis was himself three times struck and severely wounded.

The Indians discovering that the weakest point in the volunteer position was on its left, made a bold attack in that quarter, but lost by it one of their most powerful Shasta warriors, which incident for a brief space operated as a check. Then, finding that the volunteers were not dislodged with rifle balls, they shot lighted arrows into their camp, giving them much ado to prevent a conflagration. Indeed, during the fighting the mining town of Galice Creek was consumed, with the exception of one building, occupied as the company's headquarters. When night closed in, nearly one-third of company E were hors de combat. The killed were J. W. Pickett and Samuel Saunders; the mortally wounded, Benjamin Taft and Israel D. Adams; the severely wounded, Lieutenant Moore, Allen Evans, Milton Blackledge, Joseph Umpqua, John Ericson, and Captain Lewis. In his report to his colonel, Lewis boasted that he had "fought the hardest battle ever fought this side of the Rocky mountains." More than two thousand five hundred shots had the enemy fired that day, but his men had not flinched. Two facts are brought to light by this report -- one, that the camp was ill chosen, the other, that the Indians possessed an abundance of ammunition which they must have been a year in gathering.

October 19.

Agent Dunbar [Port Orford letter to Gen. Palmer (US Senate 1893: 40-41)]: *DEAR SIR: By the enclosed letter from Ben Wright, which I send that you may form some idea of the prompt and decided steps taken to prevent hostilities within this district, it may be necessary to give you some account of the news which has reached here and which induced Ben to leave the mouth of Rogue River, whither he has been for a time managing the Chetco band, amongst whom and some whites a difficulty had recently occurred.*

Lieut. Kautz with ten men and a guide, started nine or ten days ago on the examination of the proposed road from here to Jacksonville. He took a due east course, and in thirty miles reached the big bend of Rogue River; on his arrival he found the settlers in great alarm, leaving for protection from a threatened attack of a large body of hostile Indians from Applegate Creek Valley. It seems, from the news brought in by the lieutenant, that some friendly Indians had come down the valley from Grave Creek and warned the settlers to leave, as a large body of hostile Indians were coming to kill all the whites in Rogue River Valley and the valleys adjacent to it. The Indians reported that some twenty white settlers and a party of ten United States troops from Fort Lane were already killed, that the Indians had descended the valley as far as the mouth of Grave Creek and were going to burn the store or trading post of Dr. Reavis, having already murdered the doctor at his ranch 4 miles-above.

The settlers did not believe the report, and after awhile concluded to go. One or two, in company with the Indian who brought the report (they lived only a short distance below the store), went to see. Going upon a hill carefully and not far from the store, they beheld the house in flames and some sixty or more Indians dancing the war dance around it. The Indian told them that the war party, after killing the doctor, came on to the store, where was a young man whose name was known only as Sam, and one or two others about; that the savages told Sam that they had come to kill him. He thought them in jest and made no resistance to such a cool summons. They did as they had threatened, cut him in quarters and salted him. After taking what flour and other articles they wanted, they set fire to the building, the burning of which was witnessed by the party of whites above alluded to, who at once left and on their way down accidentally met Lieut. Kautz and his party at " big bend," who at once put his men in position in a good log house with nine guns and all the ammunition and stores he had, and in company of a guide left for the fort here, arriving at 1 o'clock in the morning of the 16th and left for the camp same afternoon with arms, etc., intending to reach camp the same night, preparatory to a resistance to the further advance of the hostile party, or, if necessary, to make a demonstration upon them.

What will be the result I know not. The Indians will be emboldened by the success they have already gained, and the arms and provisions they have taken will or may make them quite formidable. It is said that the cause of this outbreak is the taking from the reserve and hanging, week before last, some Indians near Jacksonville, for murders committed on Humbug Creek, near Yreka, last summer. Of course, nearly all the preceding is but report as yet, only as to the burning of Dr. Reavis' store, for its truth, I have seen and conversed with one of the men who says he was one of the party who went upon the hill and saw the store in flames, etc. In consequence of this, you see the course of Ben Wright; and I know of no better course he can

pursue. By the way, I think he deserves great credit for the coolness and calculation manifested in his plan.

If anything further occurs I will let you know. Your friend, R. W. Dunbar.

William V. Wells: *The forest we were entering extends along the Oregon coast from Rogue River to Washington Territory, except where broken by rivers or belts of other timber. It is composed of spruce, fir, and yellow and white pine, and forms a mass of motionless woods of giant growth and dark as a Gothic cathedral. Five minutes took us beyond the sound of the restless surf, and even the waving of the pines, as they wagged their tops in the gale, ceased as we penetrated deeper into the solemn silence of this grand old forest. The path, which had been cut through it at public expense, just wide enough to admit a horseman, was crossed in every direction with gnarled and crooked roots, forbidding our passage at a rate faster than a walk. The view, unobstructed by jungle or shrubbery, was bounded on every side by a perspective of great trunks, not twisted into knees, or protruding unsightly branches like the oak, but straight as arrows, and reaching, in some instances, an altitude of nearly three hundred feet.*

No sound save the rustling of our stirrups against the low whortleberry bushes and blackberry vines disturbed the impressive stillness of the scene. Here and there lay the decayed form of some ancient monarch of the glade, and of such age that the twisted roots of pines not far from a century old were straddled athwart their trunks, and which had evidently sprung into life since the fall of the older tree. We thus estimated the age of several fallen cedars, which must have been growing centuries before Columbus discovered the continent. The soil over which we were passing was a rich loam, extending to an unknown depth, and the face of the country slightly undulating, not unlike the surface of the Pacific still and heaving with the long swells of past tempest. Occasionally, in the deepest of these dells, appeared a growth of oak or myrtle, among whose more extended foliage the sunlight glimmered in fine contrast to the darkening woods around; but every tree grew straight upward, as if shunning the deep shadows below, and following their instincts by stretching their arms toward the only point where sun and blue sky were visible. As we got deeper into the timber we gradually ceased conversation, and each occupied with his own thoughts was speculating, perhaps, upon the probable time when the advance of civilization should sweep away this cloud of foliage, when we came suddenly upon a large tree lately fallen across the trail, its broken limbs piled high before us, and offering an impassable barrier to our further progress.

An impenetrable growth of thickly-matted bushes prevented our tracing the trunk to the stump, and thus regaining the path on the opposite side, while toward the left of the path, having been cut along the edge of a steep glade filled with young myrtle and hemlocks, gave little encouragement for our passage by that route. While we were calculating the chances of forcing a way through to the right, H—, who had ever prided himself upon his woodcraft, discovered a newly-made path to the left, which he at once pronounced to be the track of two horsemen whom our hostess at Randolph informed us had gone to Coos Bay some days before. "It is evident," said he, with a peculiar logical accent common to most professional men -- "it is evident that this tree has fallen previous to the passage of these two men, and, depend on it, we shall come out right if we follow their trail."

H -- was generally right in his conclusions, and as this appeared a reasonable one, and none better suggested itself, we spurred the unwilling horses down the descent, slowly breaking our way through the dense bushes, and following as near as possible the direction of the road. We were soon at fault, however, as the opening disappeared after a few yards, and my companion, who was in front, had just signified his intention of retracing our steps, when his horse suddenly started, and, with a snort of terror, reared into the air, and plunging up the hill at a pace which defied the impediments of brush or briars, dashed into the road, and back in the direction to Randolph, H— shouting,

"Good G -- d, see that bear! Whoa! Look out! Whoa, boy! Look out for yourself W --! he's coming this way!"

The whole occurred so quickly, that before I could collect my thoughts my horse had sprung up the hill, and now the animals, somewhat removed from the immediate vicinity of his bearship, stood facing the jungle, and with nostrils distended and ears erect, stared wildly at the spot where Bruin had been seen.

Neither of us were bear-hunters or trappers, and as little acquainted with the method of attacking so formidable an animal as any good citizens alone in an Oregon forest. In the few bear stories I could recall at the moment, the main feature which presented itself to my recollection was climbing a tree, but the enormous trunks around offered very dubious facilities for such an operation.

"Now then," said H --, "we must pass that tree, and how to avoid a fight is the question. I'd certainly rather retrace our steps than hazard a pistol battle with the monster I just saw."

For my part I had not yet seen the enemy, and with my rifle ready in my hand, was wondering where he would next make his appearance. Luckily, however, Bruin was as little disposed for a battle as ourselves, and probably overrating our forces, made his way out above us, and disappeared into the woods.

By noon we had penetrated fourteen miles into the forest, sometimes crossing elk and bear trails, now cantering along an even tract of country, bereft of shrubbery, and overshadowed by the same huge trees, or plodding slowly through green copses of underbrush, the vines clambering up the mighty trunks, hanging in long green festoons from the branches, and forming natural arbors through which the path was barely discernible. A small log-hut, erected in an open space, and nearly in ruins, is known as the "Half-way House," and is the only sign of civilization along the route. Here we dismounted, and tying our horses by their riattas, allowed them to nibble a while at the grass, while we attacked the whortleberries, hanging in profuse clusters upon the bushes.

We were a month too late for blackberries, the vines of which spread in all directions, and showed traces of the visits of numerous beasts, who are decidedly epicures in their taste for fruit. Here we began to discover evidences of the great coal deposits, which are eventually to make this section of Oregon the Newcastle of the Pacific, and as effectually terminate the importation of that article around Cape Horn as has already nearly been done with flour.

Remounting, we struggled along through the labyrinth of trunks, until at sundown a slight rise in the ground gave us a glimpse of daylight through the forest. A citizen of Empire City suddenly appeared, and paused aghast in his route at sight of two strangers. The grip on his trusty rifle was a little tightened as we approached, but seeing we were immigrants, and probably not connected with any of the local issues of the Coos Bay country, he shouted,

"Dern my skin, but when I heered the brush a-crackin', I thought I had ketched that cow at last. How are ye strangers—bound to Coos?"

We replied, and after a brief interchange of news, we pursued our way. He pointed out, as we parted, the graves of five children who had been crushed by the falling of a tree some twelve months before.

After the discovery of the coal deposits, there was "a rush" of some twenty families to the mineral region, most of whom cleared and claimed, under the law of 1847, six hundred and forty acres of land each. To avoid the danger of falling trees, it is necessary to burn and fell all suspicious ones within a few hundred yards of the dwelling. One night the father heard an ominous crackling in the direction of a giant pine which had been steadily consuming under the action of fire for a week past. The family was asleep, but like lightning the danger flashed upon the settler, and arousing his wife, they seized two of the children, and hurried the bewildered little flock into the night air. But the warning had come too late. As they issued from the hut, the tree—a monstrous pillar of wood, little lower than the cross of Trinity Church in New York—toppled from its centre and fell to the earth. The cabin was directly in a line with its descent, and was smashed to atoms. A little mound, over which clamber a few blackberry vines, marks the lonely grave.

As we neared the edge of the forest, the regular strokes of an ax resounding in echoes through the shadowy silence, showed we were nearing our place of destination. The horses, now quite worn down with the wearisome route, pricked up their ears at the sound, and quickening their pace, we issued from the woods upon the banks of a beautiful and spacious bay, stretching some three miles directly beyond us, and about five to the right and left. The surrounding woods were clearly depicted in its glassy surface, while the swelling tide swept nobly up the spot where we stood. It was the famous Coos Bay, of which some indistinct accounts had reached San Francisco, but which, passed over in the reconnaissance [sic?] of the United States Coast Survey, had remained unexplored and almost unknown. Indeed no maps or charts, save the one afterward made by myself from rough sketches, exist of this fine sheet of water.

To the right lay the little town of Empire City -- every collection of dwellings in Oregon and California is a city -- composed of some thirty houses, mostly of boards, and from the midst of which a half finished wharf projected into the bay. A hasty glance at the scene sufficed; for our animals were already gazing wistfully at the place, with visions of corn or barley, doubtless, rising in the dim perspective. So with as brisk a gait as we could assume, we entered the town—the entire population completely electrified by our arrival, and crowding around us as curious specimens of humanity, which, in truth, we were.

Our friend, Mr. Rogers, hastened out to meet us; and, rescuing his visitors from the crowd, hurried us into his store, where we were not long in making ourselves at home.

Behold us now before a crackling fire of pine-knots, alternately sipping the contents of a copious bowl of whiskey-punch -- and such whiskey, shade of Bacchus! -- and detailing to the attentive listeners the news from "Frisco," as San Francisco is here familiarly termed. The mail facilities between Coos Bay and the great commercial metropolis of the Pacific are extremely uncertain and by no means regular; so our arrival was a matter of the greatest moment.

Mr. Rogers's store is the commercial and political head-quarters of Coos Bay. The stout proprietor himself, a rosy-cheeked, educated Vermonter, has held some of the most important offices in the gift of the people, and his hearty manners and good-natured laugh have won for him the reputation of the most popular man at Coos. The store is the resort of the inhabitants for many miles around on Sundays; when, seated on the counter, they discuss the most important topics, and select goods form the assortment of our host. A glance around the shelves revealed the extent of his stock, which, as a racy informant remarked in answer to my look of inquiry, consisted of "green groceries"—i. e., black thread and vinegar!

As the fire lighted up the interior of the rough dwelling, and brought into bold relief the stalwart forms of men whose tastes and occupations had led them into this corner of the world for a livelihood, it was difficult to realize that four years ago the bare existence of such a place as Coos Bay was unknown.

The evening wore away with songs and stories; jolly great pipes of tobacco black as "sooty Acheron" were smoked and refilled; more logs were piled upon the fire, and rough jokes flew around the merry circle. At last, weary with the ride, and perhaps a little overcome by the hospitality of our entertainers, we were shown to a species of shed, the sign over the door of which reads thus:

[Pioneer Hotel,]
[Donuts -- WomMeets.]

denoted the sole public house of Empire City. Here we addressed ourselves to sleep, and, after a round twelve hours, came out on the following day, brisk as larks and prepared to see the lions. Coos Bay is about twenty miles in length and from three to four in width. It is entered from the ocean—or, rather, the ocean discharges into it, as the inhabitants affirm—by a narrow channel, perhaps half a mile wide from land to land. The navigation is somewhat intricate, but not dangerous. There is a depth of water for vessels loaded to ten or twelve feet, and numerous cargoes of coal have been taken back to San Francisco—a distance of about four hundred miles. The mines are some twenty miles from the bar or entrance, and facilities already exist for the rapid loading of vessels. The coal, which extends over a country some thirty miles by twenty, is abundant, accessible, and of good quality. As yet only a few banks have been opened. An immense trade -- that of supplying the Pacific coast with coal – destined to spring up between this point and California.

October 28, 1855: Lookingglass Massacre

October 20 (Saturday).

Capt. Cram: *In confirmation of which we have the official letter of the* ***adjutant general*** *of Oregon, dated October 20, 1855, in which it says "information had been received that armed parties had taken the field in Southern Oregon, with the avowed purposed of waging a war of extermination against the Indians in that section of the Territory, and had slaughtered, without respect to age or sex, a band of friendly Indians on their reservation, in despite of the authority of the Indian agent and the commanding officer of the United States troops stationed there."*

Now, can any conscientious man believe that the intelligent, industrious officer, ***Captain Smith****, who was then, and who had been, in command at Fort Lane, in the very centre of these Indians during the period of more than two years previous, would not have known, and reported to headquarters, a necessity, if there was one, of more military force than that of the United States already there to meet the exigency in the district of which he was the responsible commandant? No report was made by him or either of the commandants of Fort Jones or Fort Orford expressive of any such necessity.*

October 22 (Monday).

C. S. Drew: *On the 22d of October the Indians attacked the settlements in Cow Creek valley, but, as Captain Rinearson, with about sixty men, was on duty in that quarter, they were unable to effect a very great slaughter of the settlers, but they destroyed a very large amount of property. In this affair, Captain Rinearson had one man killed and one wounded. Some of the settlers were wounded, and, if I remember correctly, several were killed.*

October 23 (Tuesday).

Dr. Glisan: *The "Columbia" stopped this morning on her upward trip, having on board a large number of passengers, and seventy United States troops, under the command of Captain E. O. C. Ord en route for the seat of Indian difficulties in Washington Territory. We are not ordered, for the reason, I suppose, that trouble is apprehended in this neighborhood. I see from a Yreka newspaper (Siskiyou County, Cal.,) that the Indians in that part of California and in upper Rogue River valley, are truly in open hostilities. That the United States troops under Brevet-Major Edward H. Fitzgerald, of the Second Dragoons, have had an encounter with them -- killing some thirty, with a loss of about ten of the soldiers. The volunteers have also had a fight with them. So it seems that a second Rogue River war is upon us. We will probably be unable to hear from the outbreak in western Oregon, and Washington Territory, until the return steamer.*

The Indians immediately around Port Orford are, so far, quiet. All the settlers within sixty miles of here have retired to the mouth of Rogue River and this place.

Private Robbins: *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, second lieutenant, Joseph Yates. We then marched out of town a mile and encamped for the night.*

Mrs. Victor [1894: 351-352]: *Such was the facility with which the Indians, knowing every part of the country, could move undetected from point to point, that while the regulars under Captain Judah, and volunteers under Bruce and Harris, were in hot pursuit of, without finding the enemy, they were appearing and vanishing in a manner so illusory as to bewilder the military authorities, whether local or national. At the very time that Colonel Ross announced his opinion, upon evidence, that the main strength of the Indians was centered at "The Meadows," -- a narrow stretch of bottom land below Galice creek, where mountains rise on either side of Rogue river high, craggy, timbered for the most part densely with live-oak, manzanita, chinquapin, and chaparral, with occasional bald, grassy, slopes, the meadows being covered with rank grass and shrubs, on which cattle could subsist even in winter, -- they were away on Cow creek committing depredations.*

On the twenty-third, while a party of wagoners and drovers were at the crossing, they were ambushed and attacked; Holland Bailey of Lane county being killed, and four others wounded. The remainder of the party retreated with all the haste possible, pursued and harassed for several hours. On the same day the houses of Turner, Bray, Redfield, Fortune, and others in Cow-creek valley were burned. It was impossible to guard every settler's home, but the families were gathered at a few fortified places, while the men were on duty elsewhere, and the Indians were destroying their property. Not a settlement but was threatened, not a pack train on the road but was liable to capture, nor any traveler's life safe.

This condition of affairs prevented any concerted action, had it been desired, between the regular and volunteer forces, or any massing of their strength, but kept both in rapid and exhausting movement.

October 24 (Wednesday).

Private Robbins: *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.*

A. G. Walling [1884: 257]: *On Cow creek quite a series of disturbances occurred during the winter of 1855-56. The first of these in brief was the attack on some hog-drovers from Lane county, who were traversing the road. H. Bailey was killed instantly, and Z. Bailey and three others wounded. The Indians burned on that day (October 24, 1855) the houses and barns of Turner, Bray, Fortune, Redfield and one other. Mr. Redfield placed his family in a wagon and started for a place of safety, but soon the horses were shot, and he took his wife upon his back and carried her to a fortified place. Mrs. Redfield was wounded, however, before reaching there.*

October 25 (Thursday).

Capt. Cram: *It has already been said that an immediate effect of the organization of the governor's southern army was to cause some of the Indians to stand their arms, one of their first acts afterwards was to attack the little party of 10 under Lieut. Kautz, 4th infantry, when about closing the exploration for a road from Port Orford to the Oregon trail in the direction of Fort Lane, (see maps Nos. 10, 12.)*

In this attack, which occurred on the 25th, October, 1855, at a point marked with that date on the map, the lieutenant made a successful defence without serious hurt, and the party made their way safely to Fort Lane, this officer having, in the mean time, discovered the position of the main body of Indians then under arms to be in the Grave Creek hills, about 45 miles from Fort Lane.

Private Robbins*: This morning our officers are busily engaged in making necessary arrangements for our trip. At 1 o'clock we paraded with Captain Buoy's 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 fork of the Willamett River. A middling poor show for cooking, owing to the scarcity of cooking utensils, which we will get at Roseburg.*

October 26 (Friday).

Private Robbins: *Today we traveled 25 miles and camped near the foot of the Calapooya mountains for the night.*

October 27 (Saturday).

Private Robbins: *Today we crossed over the Calapooya mountains, encamped for the night in the Umpqua valley after 12 miles march over very bad roads.*

October 28 (Sunday).

Dr. Glisan: *The steamer touched here on her downward trip this afternoon, and brings the news of Major Haller's defeat. After being surrounded by the Indians for twenty-four hours, he fought his way through their ranks -- but was pursued to the Dalles -- losing in the action five men, and having seventeen wounded; he also lost his howitzer. The fight lasted near1y three days. Lieutenant Day did not succeed in joining him. Success has thus added many others to the hostile tribes. It bids fair to become the greatest Indian war we have had for many years.*

The Governors of Oregon and Washington Territories have called out a thousand volunteers, who will be ready for the field by the fifth of November. These, with three hundred regulars, will make a force of thirteen hundred men. Major G. J. Rains, Fourth Infantry, with five hundred men, expects to take the field against the enemy about the fifth of November. The Indians are said to be posted in large numbers near the battle field of Haller, but they will undoubtedly flee to the mountains if hard pushed.

We have received preliminary notice to get our command ready by the next steamer, to proceed to the seat of war.

Capt. Cram: *Now, it is certainly not to be denied that some of the Indians, especially in the upper part of the Rogue valley, may have objected to the treaty, and evinced some reluctance to comply; but they had two years' time allowed in which they were to make preparations and go, and it is believed that had the whites shown patience and forborne to interfere the superintendent would have had them all removed within the time specified, and Oregon would have been saved the shame reflected upon her by the commission of those most outrageous deeds that followed; such, for example, as that perpetrated by one Lupton and his party, "who killed 25 friendly Indians, 18 of whim were women and children;" and that perpetrated by one Hank Brown and party, at Looking Glass prairie, "in killing from 8 to 10 friendly Indians, invited there by the settlers for protection and safety."*

From such acts of cruelty can it be all surprising that a retaliatory spirit was manifested on the part of the Indians?

Private Robbins: *Traveled 12 miles and camped for the night on the Chamas Swaile.*

A. G. Walling [1884: 257; 417-418]: *Some few of the peaceable, yet wretched and debased family of the Umpquas, resided in and around the pleasant vale of Looking-glass, and these, true to their harmless instincts, refrained from war throughout the troublous times of the conflict in the south, and sought by every humble act to express their dependence on and liking for the whites. When war broke out on Rogue river, these inoffensive people were gathered in Looking-glass valley, occupying a rancheria on the creek of that name, where they lived at peace with all the world, and ignorant and careless of everything outside of their own little sphere. Mr. Arrington was nominally their agent and protector. In an evil hour -- for them -- certain white people of that vicinity, who imagined that they were dangerous neighbors, organized themselves into a company, and fell suddenly upon the helpless little community, and scattered them to the four winds of heaven. Several men were killed; and one old squaw, in whom old age and*

rheumatic bones defeated nature's first law of self-preservation, died, a victim, unmeant perhaps, but still a victim, and slain by white men's bullets. The date of this transaction is at hand; and proof of all its particulars; but like other wrongs and much violence done that race, it best were buried, and only resurrected to serve the truth where truth needs telling . . .

Looking-glass valley, or prairie, as it is occasionally styled, obtained its name as follows: In 1847 a company of men was organized in Polk county, near the Luckiamute, to explore Southern Oregon. Colonel Ford, H. B. Flournoy, Thorp, and others belonged to this band. Going as far south as Rogue river, they returned; and traversing this valley they were impressed with its beauty, and Mr. Flournoy remarked that it looked like a looking-glass, upon which it received certain crops. Northwest stands Mount Arrington, 4,900 feet high, one of the most prominent peaks of the Coast Range, and so named by Evans, a geologist who visited the country in 1853. The first white settler in Looking-glass valley was Daniel Huntley, who came in the fall of 1851. During the previous year H. B. Flournoy had settled in the romantic and lovely valley which bears his name, and these two were almost the only residents of a considerable tract of country. The latter possessed the distinction of being the first white settler west of the South Umpqua river. Later came Milton Huntley, Joseph Huntley, Robert Yates, J. and E. Sheffield, who settled in Looking-glass in 1852. By the fall of the next year nearly the whole valley was covered by donation claims. There are nine sections of level plow land in the valley, all of which was taken up. The country west of the South Umpqua and embracing Looking-glass, Olalla, Ten Mile and Camas suffered considerably in the Indian wars. In 1855 there was a body of Umpqua Indians living on Looking-glass creek, three miles below the present village of Looking-glass. They numbered sixty-four persons, and were supposed to be under the care of J. Arrington. On the breaking out of hostilities to the southward, the settlers of the Looking-glass began to observe symptoms of uneasiness among the Indians, and determined to strike the first blow themselves. They organized themselves, and attacked the camas-eaters, killing eight of them, and drove the remainder to the mountains. These fugitives afterwards joined the hostile tribes on Rogue river. The attack was made October 28, 1855.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 352-353]: *However, on the twenty-eighth, Fitzgerald, being in the Grave creek hills, south of Cow creek, discovered an Indian encampment, and wishing to attack it sent a dispatch to Ross, who immediately ordered Captains Harris, Welton, George, Williams, and Lewis to reinforce him. Bruce and Rinearson coming in a little later, were also ordered to Grave creek, where on the thirtieth, were concentrated two hundred and fifty volunteers, and one hundred and five regulars, although on account of the illness of Fitzgerald, only a portion of his troops were available.*

When Ross arrived at the rendezvous late that night, he found Captain Smith of the first dragoons impatient to attack. Spies from his own and the volunteer force had found the enemy's position to be on a hill difficult of approach, and well fortified. A map had been made use by the officers, and Smith assumed command of the combined forces. Although it was already half past ten o'clock in the evening, orders were issued to march at eleven.

October 31, 1855: Battle of Hungry Hill

October 29 (Monday).

Private Robbins: *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.*

A. G. Walling [1884: 251-252]: *A few days subsequent to the fight at Galice creek, and while the whereabouts of the Indians was unknown, an opportune circumstance revealed their place of abode. Lieutenant (since General) A. V. Kautz, of the regular army, set out from Port Orford with a guard of ten soldiers to explore the country lying between that place and Fort Lane, thinking to find a route for a practicable trail or wagon road by which the inland station could be supplied from Port Orford instead of the longer and very difficult Crescent City route. The country proved even more rough, steep and precipitous than it had been reported to be; and the Lieutenant was many days upon his journey. Leaving the river near the mouth of Grave creek, he ascended the neighboring hills and, much to his surprise, came upon a very large band of Indians. As they proved hostile, there was no resource but to run for it, and losing one man by the savages' fire, the officer made his escape to Fort Lane, fortunate in getting away so easily.*

Having now, by this unlucky experience of Lieutenant Kautz, been made aware of the Indians' exact whereabouts. Colonel Ross and Captain Smith, combining forces as well as the mutual jealousies of regulars and volunteers would permit, began to plan an active campaign. All the disposable troops at Fort Lane consisted of eighty-five men and four officers: Captain A. J. Smith, first dragoons; First Lieutenant H. G. Gibson, third artillery; Second Lieutenant A. V. Kautz, fourth infantry; and Second Lieutenant B. Alston, first dragoons. These set out on the twenty-seventh of October, and on arriving at the Grave creek house were joined by Colonel Ross' command, of about two hundred and ninety men, besides a portion of Major Martin's force from Deer creek.

October 30 (Tuesday).

Private Robbins: *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.

A. G. Walling [1884: 251-252]: *From this point the combined forces moved on October thirtieth, to the Indian camp, arriving at daybreak at a point where Captains Harris and Bruce were deployed to the left, while Captain Smith, with the regulars, took the ridge to the right, with the expectation of arriving in the rear of the Indians' position, whereby they might be surrounded and captured. Captains Williams and Rinearson followed in Captain Smith's tracks. The country not being perfectly known by the whites, several mistakes followed in consequence, and Harris and Bruce came directly upon the Indian encampment, and were in full view of the savages before any strategic movement could be made, and no opportunity for surprising the enemy offered itself. The time was sunrise, and Captain Smith had gained his rear position and had built fires for his men's refreshment, at the place where Lieutenant Kautz had been attacked. By these fires the Indians were warned of the party in their rear, and prepared themselves accordingly. The regulars descended into a deep gorge, climbed up the other side and directly were engaged with the Indians, who advanced to meet them. The savages "paraded in true military style," but directly fell back to a ledge of rocks or to the brushy crest of a hill. From the crest of the hill for a mile or more in the rear of the Indians, was a dense thicket; on the right and left were precipitous descents into a gorge filled with pines and undergrowth, in which the natives concealed themselves almost perfectly from the view of the whites, who possessed no resources sufficient to dislodge them. The ridge being bare on top, the men were necessarily exposed to the enemy's fire, and some casualties resulted. Movements were made to get in the Indians' rear in this new position, but such attempts were futile. Several charges were made by the regulars but ineffectually, although the men were for considerable periods within ten or twenty yards of the hostiles. The latter fought bravely and steadily, picking off the whites by a regular fire from their rifles, which were pitied against the inferior weapons of the troops, or at least of the regulars, two-thirds of whom had only the "musketoon," a short, smooth-bore weapon, discharging inaccurately a heavy round bullet, whose range was necessarily slight. About sunset the commanders concluded to retire from the field, and did so, first posting sentries to observe the savages' movements. The united commands encamped for the night at Bloody Spring, as it was named, some distance down the hill.*

Mrs. Victor [1894: 353-354]: *Smith's plan was to plant howitzers on an eminence three-fourths of a mile from that occupied by the Indians, and having divided the companies into three columns, stationed so as to enclose the Indians, to open his battery upon them before he had been discovered. His design was frustrated through some one having set fire to a tree, and after a toilsome night march he was unable to surprise the enemy. On arriving on the edge of a ravine in front of the enemy's position, instead of shelling the Indians in their stronghold, a charge was ordered. The hill on which the Indians were fortified was bald on the south side, by which the troops were approaching, except for a short but tangled undergrowth with which also the ravine they had to cross was filled. On the north of the Indian position there was a heavy forest.*

It should be here stated that an unexpected reinforcement had arrived during the night, consisting of two companies of a battalion called out by Governor Curry, their captains being Joseph Bailey and Samuel Gordon. To these two companies was assigned the duty of flanking on

the north to intercept the Indians in the woods when the charging force should have driven them from their fortification.

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.

October 31.

Capt. Cram: *All the disposable troops at the fort were put in motion. The command of regulars consisted of 85 men and 4 officers: Capt. A. J. Smith, 1st dragoons; First Lieutenant H. G. Gibson, 3d artillery; Second Lieutenants A. V. Kautz, 4th infantry, and B. Alston, 1st dragoons. At Grave creek they were joined by 250 volunteers, under Colonel Ross. From this point they moved in three detachments by different routes towards the position of the Indians. Unfortunately, from an error of the scouts in regard to the location, all three detachments came up in front instead of on different sides of the Indian camp. About daylight 31st October the regulars, accompanied by two companies of the volunteers, after climbing very steep and difficult hills, came in sight of the Indians. Fires were then imprudently built, which gave the Indians warning. At this point the baggage and provisions were left in charge of Lieutenant Alston. The command descending a mountain gorge, and climbing the opposite acclivity, came upon the Indians, charged and drove them from the crest of the hill on which they were encamped and some 50 yards into the brush over the crest.*

From the top of the hill for a distance of 1 ½ mile it was a dense thicket; on left and on the right there was a precipitous descent into a gorge filled with large pines, and undergrowth, in which the Indians concealed themselves, and all efforts to dislodge them proved futile. Several charges were made by the regulars, but the men were picked off so effectually by the Indian rifles that but little advance was made into the thicket. The regulars stood their ground well, but the volunteers, with the exception of about fifty, were of no benefit in the action.

The troops continued to occupy this position until near sunset, now and then exchanging shots with the Indians. After posting pickets the troops descended to a spring to bivouac for the night, their loss during the day having been thirty killed and wounded.

C. S. Drew: *Finding their plans for the destruction of the settlements anticipated at every point by the volunteers, the Indians concentrated the greater part of their force in the Grave Creek hills, securing a position almost impregnable, and affording them easy access to several of the settlements. Here they were attacked on the 31st of October, by a considerable force of regulars and volunteers -- the former under the command of Captain Smith, United States army, commanding at Fort Lane, and the latter under Colonel Ross. In addition to these, however, there were two other companies of volunteers under the command of Major Martin, which were a part of a new organization that had been ordered by the governor to supersede Ross in the command in his district. The Indians, however, had secured a position so well fortified by nature that, without field-pieces, which the troops did not have, it was impossible to dislodge them. The siege was kept up for nearly two days, when the troops withdrew, having in the meantime become destitute of rations and short of ammunition. The loss in this affair on the part of the volunteers was seven killed and twenty-two wounded. Of the regulars several were killed and a number wounded, among the latter Lieutenant Gibson. What the loss of the Indians was is not known. They claim to have lost in killed not more than ten. Probably their loss was much greater. When the troops withdrew it was with the intention to return and renew the siege as soon as the requisite artillery and about ten days' rations could be procured. This, however, was prevented by the promulgation of the governor's celebrated "General Orders No. 10," which directed Colonel Ross to leave the field, so as to leave the way clear for the new volunteer organization to which I have already alluded. Some pretext for this action on the part of the governor being considered necessary by his political advisers, it was alleged in the same document "that armed parties (meaning Ross's regiment cooperating with the regular troops) had taken the field in Southern Oregon with the avowed purpose of waging a war of extermination against the Indians in that section of the Territory, and had slaughtered, without respect to age or sex, a band of friendly Indians, on their reservation, in despite of the authority of the Indian agent and the commanding officer of the United States troops stationed there." Not one of these allegations, however, was true in any particular -- a fact that was as well known to those who devised them as to those against whom they were directed. Never, in any instance, from the time it was set apart for the exclusive occupation of the Indians, did the whites, in any capacity, invade the reservation, or interfere with the Indians thereon, nor did they ever commence or contemplate a war of extermination.*

A. G. Walling [1884: 252-253]: *On the following morning Lieutenant Gibson, of the regulars, with ten men, proceeded up the hill to the battle-field, to secure the dead body of a private of his detachment, and when returning with it was pursued by the savages, who came down and attacked the camp in force, firing numerous shots. No damage was done by this attack except the wounding of Lieutenant Gibson, and after a time the savages were driven off. No further attempt against the Indians was made, and after advising with their officers the two commanders decided to remove their troops from the vicinity. Accordingly, orders were given and the retrograde march began. The total loss was thirty-one, of whom nine were killed, and twenty-two wounded. Several of the latter died of their injuries. The volunteers killed were Privates Jacob W. Miller, James Pearcy and Henry Pearl, of Rinearson's company; John Winters, of Williams'; and Jonathan A. Pedigo, of Harris'. The wounded were Privates William H. Crouch, Enoch Miller and Ephriam Tager, of Rinearson's; Thomas Ryan and William Stamms, of Williams'; L. F. Allen, John Goldsby, Thomas Gill, C. B. Hinton, William M. Hand, William I. Mayfield, William Puruell and William White, of Harris'; C. C. Goodwin, of Bruce's; and John Kennedy, of*

Welton's. The latter died on the seventh of November, and C. B. Hinton, in endeavoring to make his way alone to the Grave Creek House, lost his road and perished from exposure. This fight, occurring on the thirty-first of October and the first of November, is known by the several names of the Battle of Bloody Springs, Battle of Hungry Hill, and Battle in the Grave Creek Hills.

From these details, and considering that the Indians maintained their position on the battle-field, without great loss, it is evident that the campaign was an unsuccessful one. It is generally admitted by the whites who took part in the engagement, that the affair resulted in a partial defeat, and they ascribe therefor several reasons, either of which seems sufficient. The inclemency of the weather is set forth as a reason, and is doubtless an important one. It is known from good authority that one man perished from cold and wet, and that the bodies of those slain in the fight were frozen stiff in a few hours. This would indicate very severe cold, but from independent sources we gather that the weather throughout the winter was exceptionally severe. Troops, ill provided with blankets and clothing, stationed at the very considerable altitude of the Grave creek hills, were under the worst possible circumstances for continuing the attack. Besides, a still more serious reason presented itself. There was not a sufficient supply of food to maintain a single company of men. The commissariat was in chaotic condition, and supplies were either not sent out, or failed to reach the nearly starving troops in time to be of use. This is a notorious fact in Southern Oregon, but, singularly enough, fails to appear in the earliest published accounts of the affair. The commissary and quartermaster departments were at fault, nor do they appear to have been efficiently administered at any time during the war, although their expenses (duly charged to the United States) were preposterously great. Figures are at hand to show that the expense of the latter department exceeded, for a time, eight hundred dollars per day! And this for transportation alone. A large number of Mexicans were borne on the rolls as packers, whose daily pay was six dollars, and who had the care and management of about one hundred and fifty pack animals, which were used in carrying supplies from Jacksonville or Crescent City to the seat of war. They belonged to the volunteer service, and were entirely distinct from the trains by which the regulars at Fort Lane were supplied. It was to the mismanagement of the persons in charge of the trains that the failure of the campaign was attributed, and apparently with considerable justice. The charge of insubordination made against the volunteers in con- sequence of their conduct at Bloody spring, will be recalled when treating of the later events of the war.

As was customary with the regular army officials at that date, a great deal of blame was cast upon the volunteers for their alleged failure to properly second the efforts of the government troops. This charge is retorted upon Captain Smith's soldiers by counter-charges of similar tenor; and as neither side in the controvesy [sic] is supported by any but interested evidence, we cannot at this date satisfactorily discuss the question. The matter, however, is connected with the invariable tendency to antagonism of the two related, yet opposed, branches of service, which antagonism shows itself on every similar occasion, and is an annoying subject indeed. We see the spectacle of two different organizations, bent upon the same object and pursuing an identical road to the attainment of their object, but falling into bitterness by the wayside and continually reviling each other, and failing to lend their moral support and frequently their physical aid.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 354-355]: *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, W. H. Crouch, and Ephriam Yager wounded. Company D, John Winters killed, John Stannes, and Thomas Ryan wounded. Company F John Kennedy mortally wounded The company of Captain Bailey lost John Gillespie, killed; John Walden, John C. Richardson, James Laphar, Thomas J. Aubrey, and John Pankey wounded. Gordon's company had Hawkins Shelton J. M. Fordyce, and William Wilson wounded. The regular troops lost three killed in action, one by accident, and seven wounded, among whom was Lieutenant Gibson. The Indian loss could not be known, but was much less than that of the volunteers, as from the nature of their relative positions it must be. Thus the second battle with a considerable Indian force was fought with a great sacrifice of life, and without any gain in peace or possessions." God only knows," wrote a correspondent of the Oregon Statesman, " when or where this war may end." * * * These mountains are worse than the swamps of Florida.*

November 1 (Thursday).

Private Robbins: *Last night an express arrived here who brought the news that Captain Bailey's company and the Umpqua volunteers together with the southern battalion, and Capt. Smith 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, 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 ahead 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, as it has since been 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).

Capt. Cram: *The next morning Lieutenant Gibson, with ten men, was sent up the hill to bring down the dead body of one of his detachment; this had barely been accomplished when the Indians came in large force around, and after exchanging numerous shots, but with little effect,*

save the wounding of Lieutenant Gibson, for two or three hours, were driven off, and left the troops in possession of the field. At noon on the 1st November Captain Smith having found by his experience the day before that no confidence could be placed in the promised support of the volunteers, ordered a return to Fort Lane, which was reached the next day.
The number of Indians was estimated at 300. The number of troops actually engaged did not exceed 120, with every disadvantage of position. The Indian loss, according to their own admission afterwards, was 7 killed. The greater portion of the regulars were dragoons, and their musketoons proved utterly inadequate to cope with the rifles in the hands of the Indians.

No effort of Captain Smith could persuade the volunteers to go round and take the Indians in the rear, while the regulars would charge in front, and it seems only 50 out of 250 of the volunteers of the governor's southern army could be induced to take any part in the action, after coming to the point where, with resolution, they could have been instrumental in capturing the whole body of Indians in arms.

In the case of this southern army of Oregon we have the example of a governor of a Territory organizing a military force, with a general officer at its head, and sending it into a field within the command assigned by the President to a general officer of the United States army; the said governor in the mean while not so much as condescending to inform the President's officer of the measure, nor of the orders, it now appears, he issued to the volunteers which prescribed the relations they were to hold with the United States troops regularly stationed in the same field. It was only by accident, as it were, in the following month the United States officer commanding the department of the Pacific obtained knowledge of the governor's military measures. To say nothing of the question of the legality of those measures, one familiar with military usage cannot fail to perceive in them either a marked contempt of the authority of the President's commander of the department, or else a total want of knowledge of that courtesy which of right and by usage is due to such officer.

. . . The commanding officer at Fort Jones reported officially to the United States commanding general of the department, November 2, 1855, that "the recent murders by Indians of women and children in Rogue River valley, were literally retaliatory of, and immediately succeeded the massacre by Lupton and his party."

Private Robbins: *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' on Cow Creek. 40 remain here and the rest proceed to the canyon.*

November 3 (Saturday).

Private Robbins: *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).

Private Robbins: *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.*

Agent Dunbar [Port Orford letter to Gen. Palmer (US Senate 1893: 42-43)]: *DEAR SIR: By last mail I wrote you in reference to the Indian difficulties on Rogue River and the situation of matters in this district. I in that communication left Ben Wright with the Indians under his charge on Rogue River, since which he has returned, having advised with those upper bands, and put them on their guard. He found some of the hostile Indians amongst them, who were saucy enough to demand of him his business there, but who left before his small party could take them into custody. The agent learned that overtures had been made to his Indians to join the hostile bands, but either they were not disposed to do so, or his timely arrival put a stop to further negotiations of that sort. After advising with them he returned to the mouth of the river, where all was excitement; he gave the whites their orders for peace and left for home, having learned from rumor that danger was apprehended on Coquille. He hastened up there, found all quiet, though much fear existed in consequence of the alarm felt by the Indians from a report that armed whites were coming from Umpqua Valley to kill all of them, and from the circumstance of the Coquille, Indians having discovered while out hunting a large number of squaws and children guarded by four men secreted up the valley, supposed to be the women of the war party of Rogue River Valley, put there for safety.*

The Coquilles express great friendship for the whites, and say that they don't want the war party to be allowed to come amongst them. The agent advised with them and promised to send an agent to stay by them until the alarm should be over. On his way down he met a party of armed men from Kowes (Coos) Bay, who said they were going to protect the white settlers from what they supposed a meditated attack of the Indians.

Ben went back with them to the Indian camp, who were greatly alarmed, but he called them back, talked with them, and convinced the whites that there was no danger. He prevailed upon the men to return, and appointed Mr. Hall as a subagent to maintain quiet until he could send Bill "Chance" up.

When Ben reached the coast he found everything in the wildest confusion. At Randolph they had cached their effects and were leaving for protection; all down the coast the same excitement existed, and now there is but two white men between here and Coquille -- all have come to Port Orford for safety. At Rogue River those "fire-eaters" are in a perfect fury of excitement; have built defenses, armed, and threatens to attack the Indians, or to go by force and disarm them, and all this is kept up by a set of graceless scamps at Rogue River, who have no higher desires than to murder the defenseless Indians for pastime. Up to this time no act of violence has been done. By the advice of the cool minded they have been deterred. Ben goes at once to Rogue River, and if the whites will let his business alone he can maintain quiet in his widely extended district.

It is lamentable to see the uneasiness and fear of these Indians; they beg of Ben not to suffer the whites to kill them; that they will do anything rather than have the whites come and kill them and drive them away from procuring food for the winter.

Ben will go and take with him such help as he can not get along without and try to restore quiet and at all hazards prevent the whites from misusing the Indians of his district, and try to bring them back to their homes that they may not be deprived of the chance now offering to procure their winter food. If this is not done, they will, many of them, suffer. In some instances Ben has bought potatoes, and may give them more as they actually need. There is not a doubt but he can maintain peace in his district. Some expense must be incurred to do this thing, but nothing to compare with what it would cost to put them on temporary reservations.

I send you a copy of the authority which Ben gave to Chance, and if anything further transpires before the steamer comes I will give you the news. Ben is on the jump day and night. I never saw, in my life, a more energetic agent of the public. His plans are all good, there can be no doubt of it, that of maintaining the peace, and that of quieting the fears of the Indian, so that he and the white man may return to their usual pursuits.

Your friend, R. W. Dunbar.

P. S. -- I send you also a copy of a request to Maj. Reynolds, who is expected by steamer, to take the remaining troops from Port Orford for the northern campaign. Ben is going to station them for a time at Big Bend. All is quiet here. I do not believe that any danger need be apprehended.

November 6, 1855: Fort Kitchen established

November 5 (Monday).

Ben Wright [Port Orford letter to Maj. Reynolds (US Senate 1893: 43)]: *SIR: In consequence of existing excitement on the part of white citizens in this district, occasioned by the presence of warlike bands of Indians on our borders, I deem it expedient and necessary to request you to allow the present military force stationed at Port Orford to remain as a means of enabling me to carry out my plans for the preservation of peace amongst the Indians of my district, and for the security of the white citizens.*

Respectfully, your obedient servant, Benj. Wright, Sub-Indian Agent.

Private Robbins: *Nothing to do but cook and eat and escort travelling parties from this place to Fort Bailey.*

Orvil Dodge [1898: 94-100]: *At the breaking out in the interior, in 1855, Ben Wright, in charge of the several bands of Indians south of Coos Bay, made known to the natives that Superintendent Palmer, with whom they had made treaties, had commanded that in order to prevent suspicion as to their intentions, that they must remain upon their reservation, and thus avoid every appearance of their acting with the Rogue River bands, and further he ordered them back to their reservations or to submit to arrest. They complied reluctantly and with some insolence. On arriving at the mouth of the Coquille he found the settlers alarmed as the appearances of the hostiles were anything but encouraging, though the Indians professed friendship. On the other hand, the Indians exhibited fear lest the volunteers operating in the Umpqua Valley should endeavor to exterminate them, and they claimed that they had been advised that that was their intention. Wright succeeded in pacifying them and returned to Port Orford, appointing David Hall to look after them. Hall was a member of a company on its way to the Coquille camp intending to disarm or kill the Indians who had murdered, as he believed, Venable and Burton in 1854, mentioned elsewhere in this work, and who, it was believed, were preparing for more savagery. Wright used his best endeavors to quiet them and they professed to be willing to trust their safety to the Indian department, relying upon the Port Orford troops to protect them for the present. The settlers were not convinced of the good intentions of the savages, hence they removed their families to Empire City where Capt. W. H. Harris and others had erected a fortification. The miners at Randolph concealed their personal effects and repaired to Port Orford for safety.*

At the mouth of Rogue River now a fort had also been built as a precaution against an outbreak as the Indians in the interior, it will be remembered, were on the warpath.

On the fifth of November, 1855, ***Supt. Wright*** *wrote Major Reynolds at Port Orford "I deem it expedient and necessary to request you to allow the present force, stationed at Port Orford, to remain as a means of enabling me to carry out my plans for the preservation of peace among the Indians of my district and for the security of white citizens" and the request was granted.*

At this time the Coos county people felt apprehensive of danger, and they raised a company of nineteen men. Capt. W. H. Packwood, who asked Hall, the local Indian agent, for authority to defend the people of his district, the governor having discountenanced independent companies. Hall was then at Fort Kitchen, one mile above the present town of Myrtle Point.

November 6 (Tuesday).

Dr. Glisan: *A week ago news was brought here that Lieutenant Kautz and party, who were surveying a road between this place and Fort Lane, and a company from the mouth of Rogue River who were looking out a road between that point and Yreka, were cut off by the Indians, and that the hostile bands from above were within a day's march of the village at the mouth of Rogue River, which they intended to attack -- thence proceed to take Port Orford .*

This rumor created a universal stampede among the whites who reside at Port Orford, and the mouth of Rogue River. Their scare alarmed the friendly Indians around here, and the few acts of precaution they were induced to take from fear, were construed by the frightened whites as indications of hostilities. What would have been the result heaven only knows had not one of the supposed lost parties -- the one from Rogue River -- arrived safely home. The excitable public thus finding a part of the rumor false, were led to believe that it might all be so. The excitement has now greatly abated. It has been the cause of a good deal of inconvenience and distress to the settlers. One poor invalid, Mr. Long, was hurried down to Port Orford so rapidly that he died a few hours after his arrival. He was one of the oldest and most respected persons of this neighborhood. Everybody turned out at his funeral yesterday afternoon. There being no proper person to read the burial ceremony, I performed this solemn duty at the request of the relatives.

Private Robbins*: A large pack train arrived through the canyon loaded with provision.*

A. G. Walling [1884: 292]: *Port Orford Minute Men. -- Mustered March 26; discharged June 25, 1856. -- Captain, John Creighton; First Lieutenant, George Yount; Second Lieutenant, William Rollard; Sergeants, Nelson Stevens, Alexander Jones, Samuel Yount, Thompson Lowe; Corporals, Peter Ruffner, John Herring, George White, Thomas Jamison; Privates, E. Bray, George Barber, Edward Burrows, Preston Caldwell, E. Cutching, E. Cunningham, John T. Dickson, George Dyer, Aaron Dyer, H. M. Davidson, George Dean, Warren Fuller, Joseph Goutrain, Andrew Hubert, D W. Haywood, Joseph Hall, Thomas Johnson, Richard Johnson, T. G. Kirkpatrick, William Taylor, James Malcolm, L. Parker, James Saunders, Charles Setler, George P. Sullivan, Louis Turner, W. W. Waters, Charles Winslow, William White, John Wilson.*

Mrs. Victor [1894: 372-373]: *Early in November, the Coos county people, being still apprehensive, raised a company of nineteen men, who applied to the local Indian agent, Hall, for authority to defend the people of his district -- the governor having discountenanced independent companies. On his authority, and by agreement between the agent and themselves, they carried out their design, as shown in the following compact: --*

Fort Kitchen, Coos County, O. T., November 6, 1855.

Articles of agreement made and entered into between ***David Hall****, local Indian agent for the Coquille district, on the part of the United States, and the undersigned persons, to wit - We the undersigned, do hereby agree to serve and obey all orders given us by David Hall, local Indian agent for the Coquille Indians, for the purpose of promoting and maintaining peace between the Indians in his charge and the settlers, or citizens of the United States in this valley; also to prevent other Indians now at war with the United States from joining and forcing the Indians in this district into a war with the United States, and to serve until such times as peace may be declared, unless relieved or discharged, and to receive for such service such pay and emoluments as the United States may think fit to give us. (Then follow nineteen names, and the affidavit of the agent.)*

I certify, on honor, that believing the public tranquility required the measures I have adopted, I have contracted with and engaged the above-named men to assist me in promoting and maintaining the peace as above specified.

David Hall, Local Indian Agent, Coquille District, Coos County, O. T.

Witnesses: H. W. Sanford, Elijah Mouts, J. P., Coos County, Coquille Precinct, O. T.

November 10, 1855: "provided you take no prisoners"

November 7 (Wednesday).

Private Robbins: *Cold rain. The most of us without tents. 30 of our men that were detailed to guard Roseburg arrived this evening all safe and sound.*

November 8 (Thursday).

Private Robbins: *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).

Private Robbins: *Cold and raining. Some of the boys begin to shiver and wish themselves back home.*

C. S. Drew [Quoting **Capt. Cram**]: *"General Wool's presence in Southern Oregon at this juncture (November 9, 1855) was exceedingly opportune. He was personally in a position to enable himself to judge of the necessary measures to be taken for the future duties that would properly devolve on the troops under his own command in this district."*

Unless he had some of it in his shoes, General Wool, I believe, never set foot on an inch of Southern Oregon soil. His presence which was so "exceedingly opportune," and the "position that enabled him to judge of the necessary measures to be taken" was aboard one of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's fine steamers, which touched at Crescent City, California, and Port Orford, Southern Oregon, on her trips to the Columbia River. The scene of the war then raging in Southern Oregon, where troops were required, was about seventeen days march, including time occupied in preparations after landing, from either of the towns named. It what respect, then, did the deck of a steamer off the coast of Oregon afford a better "position to judge of the necessary measures to be" adopted, than the general's own quarters at Benicia?

November 10 (Saturday).

Private Robbins: *Snow fell last night to the depth of 3 inches in the valley and much deeper in the hills.*

A. G. Walling [1884: 254-255]: *John K. Limerick, received the appointment of acting adjutant-general for the volunteers on Rogue river, and was entrusted with the duty of mustering in and organizing the forces. He arrived at the seat of war several days after the fight at Hungry Hill, and immediately proceeded with his duties. Some twelve or thirteen companies, of from twenty to eighty men each, presented themselves and requested to be mustered in. Lamerick demurred to this, however, as under his instructions the services of only four companies could be accepted. He agreed in short, to muster the remaining companies into a separate battalion, who could then*

elect their own major. This proposition was not acceptable to many, who wished all to be in the same battalion.

On the tenth of November the volunteers being encamped at Vannoy's ferry, the companies of Bruce, Williams, Wilkinson and Alcorn were mustered in, and organized into a battalion known as the southern battalion, of which Captain James Bruce was elected Major, over Captain R. L. Williams his only competitor. The remaining troops were disbanded by order of Colonel Ross.

At the rendezvous for the northern battalion enlistments began early, and about the twentieth of October William J. Martin was elected Major. Quartermaster-General McCarver occupied an office in the court house at Roseburg, engaged in fitting out the troops. The strength of the companies, set originally at sixty-three rank and file, was increased by Major Martin to one hundred and ten. The Douglas county company called for by the governor, was easily recruited and held its election October 27, when Samuel Gordon was elected captain. The Linn county company was commanded by Captain Jonathan Keeney; the two from Lane county by Captains Buoy and Bailey; respectively . . . ***Major Martin's*** *written instructions to Captain Bailey at Camas prairie, given under date of November 10, conclude thus: "In chastising the enemy you will use your own discretion provided you take no prisoners." Captains Buoy and Keeney received similar instructions, the original order being now on file in the state house at Salem.*

November 11 (Sunday).

Private Robbins: *Marched to Fort Bailey and camped.*

November 12 (Monday).

Private Robbins: *Making preparations for building a fort. It is expected that this will be our winter quarters.*

Mrs. Victor [1894: 373-374]: *The same day on which the agreement was signed a site was selected on the Coquille river for the erection of a fortification, which was named Fort Kitchen, and which in a few days was so nearly picketed that it could be defended by half a dozen men. Captain Packwood then, with less than a third of the little force, made a scout up the south fork of the river on the twelfth of November to look after the property of several settlers who were absent from their places. They found that a house had been robbed of a large amount of flour, and thereupon Hall sent an express to Port Orford to notify sub-Indian agent Ben Wright of the absence of the Indians from the reservation, of the robbery, and other matters connected there with, and asking him to come to Coquille to settle with the Indians, and relieve the men he (Hall) had contracted with to aid him in keeping the peace, the settlers above having in the meantime returned and forted themselves at the place of a Mr. Roland, after leaving their families at Coos bay for safety.*

Orvil Dodge [1898: 97; 187-188]: *Captain Packwood had been selected as commander, and on November 12th taking less than a third of the little band he made a scout up the south Coquille. They found that a house had been robbed of a large amount of flour, and Hall sent an express to Port Orford to notify Sub-Indian Agent Ben Wright, of the absence of the Indians from their*

reservation, and of the robbery and other matters connected therewith, asking him to come to the Coquille to settle with the Indians and relieve the men he (Hall) had contracted with to aid him in keeping the peace; the settlers above on Johnson creek having in the meantime returned and fortified themselves at the place of William Rowland. Those who had families, however, had left them at Coos Bay . . .

The historical Rowland Prairie is the next place of importance reached after crossing the stream. Wm. Rowland settled here with his Indian woman before the Indian war. The dusky maiden was of the Umpqua tribe and there is quite a romance in her history in connection with her liege lord. The legend relates that Rowland was attacked by a bear in the vicinity of the North Umpqua and severely wounded. That Jane, the Indian girl, saved his life and nursed him through a critical period, after which Rowland took her to his heart. According to an obituary published elsewhere herein, her name was Mala or Mary but she was known as Jane during the last years of their wedded life. Rowland raised a large family, although he left a wife and family in the east to think of him only with disgust after learning of his downfall. It is asserted that Rowland and his squaw rendered valuable service to the whites during the Indian wars, and it is also related that he killed a Rogue River Indian at long range with his heavy rifle, which he boasted of as being a wonderful gun; but as to his great efforts to bless the white race, the historian has been unable to find wherein to credit the old man for his valor, and he is inclined to conclude that he obtained such a reputation among a few by telling stories, the half of which were no truer than his filial affection for the wife and children that he left in the eastern states.

A small fort or blockade was erected at Rowland's Prairie at the time of the Indian war and there are many stories yet being told of romances and casualties that happened at this place sufficient to fill many pages of this work. Press Caldwell, Harry H. Baldwin, William Rowland and some others figured as prominent pioneers of the prairie, and Bald Hill that lays back of the pretty and level stretch of land, is a short distance from the river and adjoining the bottom lands. Later on R. Y. Phillips and Chris Lehnherr arrived in this lovely valley and soon after William Warner came. Mr. Lehnherr erected a flouring mill, about 1860, and the country assumed an air of civilization. Warner superseded Rowland, who was uncomfortable no doubt when refined and industrious people began to settle around him, and he sought a more wild region with his dusky maiden.

November 13 (Tuesday).

Private Robbins: *All hands at work, each mess building their own house to winter in.*

November 14 (Wednesday).

Private Robbins: *This morning every man seems to be stirring and making all the noise possible.*

November 15 (Thursday).

Private Robbins: *Clear and pleasant.*

November 16 (Friday).

Private Robbins: *Rained all night. Quite a number of us are without tents yet, but there is no chance for dodging. Here we have to stand and take it or lay down to it as we choose.*

November 17 (Saturday).

Private Robbins: *This morning the sky is clear and the sun is just peeping over the mountain in all his beauty. An express has just arrived at our camp bringing the news of the Indians burning houses on Jump-off Jo, and a request from Major Bruce of the Southern Battalion to Capt. Keeney for his company to meet him there to try to take the rascals in. 4 o'clock P. M. We have two bears barbecued [sic] ready for the march, and the fighting too, if we get the chance. Capt. Keeney sent an express back to the Canyon for a pack train to follow on after us with provisions.*

November 18 (Sunday).

Private Robbins: *This morning by 8 o'clock we were on the march. We traveled 9 miles and met some men that informed us that Capt. Bob Williams had attacked the Indians 30 or 40 in number, and had completely cleaned them out, having killed 5 of them and put the rest to flight. 1 man wounded. They think that the Indians have retreated down toward the mouth of Grave Creek. We went back 3 miles to Grave Creek, thence down this stream 4 miles and encamped for the night.*

November 19 (Monday).

Dr. Glisan: *For the last fortnight, the weather has been exceedingly unpleasant -- raining almost incessantly, with strong winds from the southwest. We have been looking out for the mail steamer during the whole of this time, but on account of the storm she has probably been afraid to venture in. We have thus been entirely cut off from news; at least till last night; which is a great privation during these exciting times. However, the firing of cannon in the little village near here yesterday afternoon indicated something new; and on looking out of our window we found it to be a salute to return of Lieutenant Kautz and party, who had been reported lost. This was cheering news -- for we had grown very anxious about his safety -- particularly as he had gone through all the heart of a hostile Indian country with only ten men and a guide, and had overstaid his time three weeks.*

On his way to Fort Lane, and when within forty-five miles of that place, he accidently came upon a hostile band of Indians, who attacked him, and killed two of his men, and wounded another and himself. He made good his retreat to Bates Station, where he arrived on the night of the twenty-fifth of October. Leaving his men there, he immediately proceeded to Fort Lane for reinforcements. Brevet-Major E. H. Fitzgerald, with sixty men of that post, was ordered to proceed against the Indians; but, on arriving at the ground, he found them so safely posted that it would have been useless to make an attack upon them with his command.

After reporting these circumstances to the commanding officer at Fort Lane, Captain Andrew J. Smith, the whole of the force at that post, about one hundred and twenty men; and some two

hundred and twenty-five volunteers; were got in readiness, and marched against the Indians. They arrived on the ground on the thirtieth of October, and after fighting the Indians for nearly two days, and finding it impossible to dislodge them, gave up the attack. They intended making another effort on the ninth of this month. After this fight was over, Lieutenant Kautz and party, who had participated in it, returned to this post via Crescent City. He informs us that the mail steamer stood off that village for a short time on last Saturday, but, being unable to land either freight or passengers, proceeded on to Portland. He was informed that there were troops on board -- also General Wool and staff. And that orders have been issued for the troops at this place to proceed to the scene of difficulties in Washington Territory.

Our Indian affairs are assuming a serious aspect on the other side of the mountains as well as on the Pacific coast. General Harney, with some five companies of infantry, two of cavalry, and one of artillery, met with a party of Sioux on the Blue Water river, near Fort Laramie, and routed them completely -- having killed about ninety men, and taken several hundred squaws prisoners.

Private Robbins: *This morning Capt. Keeney having determined to proceed down Grave Creek to Rogue River on foot, we sent all our horses back to Fort Leland. Captain sent back 15 men to hurry up the muck-a-muck, our rations being already nearly exhausted. We traveled 12 miles down Grave Creek and camped. This is a rough and mountainous country. The creek winds its way through rocky canyons. There is some gold in these mountains. From the appearance of the labor that has been done along this stream I judge there has been several dimes taken out here.*

Mrs. Victor [1894: 374]: *Captain Packwood, while waiting for Wright's appearance, remained at Fort Roland to watch the Indians, and became convinced, although they pretended to be friendly, they were, if not in league with, at least very much excited by the visits to them of the hostile Indians from the Rogue-river camp. Pending Wright's arrival, Pack wood ordered the Indians off the reservation to be arrested, two of them, Elk and Long John, to be treated as criminals if attempting to escape, and shot. The whole band were notified of the order, and that those who peaceably obeyed would be treated as friends. John, however, managed to escape, and when the express returned from Port Orford it brought only the news that Wright was absent down the coast, and that a company of volunteers was gone up to the big bend of Rogue river, about twenty-five miles from Fort Roland, to watch the Indians. This dearth of news left the local agent without instructions, and Packwood released the prisoners he had taken, advising all the band to go on the reserve and remain quiet.*

Orvil Dodge [1898: 97-98]: *Captain Packwood remained at Fort Rowland to watch the Indians, and became convinced, although they pretended to be friendly, they were probably in league with the hostile Rogue-river savages, as they became much excited when visited by members of that band. Pending Wright's arrival, Pack wood ordered the Indians off the reservation to be arrested, two of them -- Elk and Long John, to be treated as criminals if they attempted to escape, and shot. The whole band was notified of the order, and that those who peaceably obeyed would be treated as friends. John managed to escape and when the messenger returned from Port Orford, he brought the news that Wright was absent having gone down the coast and that a company of volunteers had gone up the big bend of Rogue-river, about twenty-five miles from Fort Rowland, to watch the Indians. This unexpected information changed Packwood's*

plans, and he released the prisoners he had taken, but advised all of the band to go to the reservation and remain quiet.

November 20 (Tuesday).

Private Robbins: *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).

Private Robbins: *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).

Private Robbins: *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.*

Mrs. Victor [1894: 374-375]: *On the twenty-second of November sixteen men from Coos bay joined the Coquille guards at Fort Kitchen. On the same day the local agent, Hall, was relieved by William Chance, who accepted the services of the guards and the sixteen recruits on the same conditions as those agreed to by his predecessor, certifying on his honor that he believed the public tranquility required the measures adopted. The instructions issued to Packwood after the flight of Long John directed him to treat all Indians, in future, without a pass, as enemies, those belonging to chief Washington's band having commenced hostilities by burning the house of a Mr. Hoffman, robbing the house of J. J. Hill of four hundred dollars worth of provisions, robbing the house of Mr. Woodward, cutting adrift the ferryboat at the crossing of the Coquille, with other similar acts of enmity.*

Orvil Dodge [1898: 98]: *Sixteen men from Coos bay joined the Coquille guards on the 22nd of November at Fort Kitchen and on the same day Mr. Hall was relieved of his charge by Wm. Chance who accepted the services of the guards and the sixteen recruits on the same conditions as those agreed to by his predecessor. The instructions issued to Pack wood after the flight of Long John, directed him to treat all Indians in future without a pass as enemies those belonging to Chief Washington's band having commenced hostilities by burning Mr. Hoffman's house, robbing the house of J. J. Hill of four hundred dollars worth of provisions, robbing the house of H. H. Woodward, burning the residence of Harry Baldwin, cutting adrift the ferryboat at the crossing of the Coquille with other similar acts of enmity.*

November 23 (Friday).

Private Robbins: *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 with 50 regulars, one canon.*

Mrs. Victor [1894: 375]: *On the twenty-third Chance took a party of the guards and went to the forks of the Coquille to try to persuade Washington to go upon the reservation, but found the chief had erected a barricade on the point between the two branches of the river where he could only be approached by water at a great disadvantage. As the party came in view he stationed himself, gun in hand, behind a myrtle tree, and twice raised it to fire, but seeing several rifles pointed in his direction refrained.*

Chance hastened to send a friendly Indian to invite Washington to a conference, which, after some parleying, he consented to. Rumors were then sent to inform the Indians up the river that they must go upon the reservation if they would not be treated as suspects; after which the agent returned to Fort Kitchen, while the guards with him continued on to Fort Roland under their captain, Packwood.

Orvil Dodge [98-99]: *On the 23rd Mr. Chance took a part of the guards and went to the forks of the Coquille for the purpose of persuading Chief Washington to go upon the reservation, but found the warrior had erected a barricade on the front between the two branches of the river where he could only be approached by water unless by much difficulty. As the party came in view he stationed himself gun in hand behind a myrtle tree and twice raised it to fire but seeing several rifles pointed in his direction refrained from discharging his rifle Mr. Chance quickly*

sent a friendly Indian to invite Washington to a conference which he reluctantly consented to. Runners were also sent to inform the Indians by the river that they must go to the reserve if they would not be treated as suspects. The agent then returned to Fort Kitchen while the guards with him continued on to Fort Rowland under their captain, Packwood.

November 24 (Saturday).

Private Robbins: *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.*

Mrs. Victor [1894: 375-376]: *On the following day, having received such orders, this detachment, after allowing time for the Indians to move as directed, marched down the north and east side of the south fork, and meeting two Indians, one of whom was armed with a gun, and who either through fear or hostility made as if he would have used it, shot them, killing one and wounding the other, who escaped. Near the forks of the river another Indian was wounded, after which the company returned to Fort Kitchen.*

*Concerning these acts of the guards, **Packwood** explains, in a report to Governor Curry, in which he relates with great candor all that occurred, that the Indians had been warned by sub-agent Wright in October to keep upon the reservation; also by David Hall, local agent, and by his successor, William Chance, and that "it would have been madness and folly to use gentle means any further," but that force was necessarily resorted to. The order to the Indians to remain on the reservation was given in their own interest, as when the hostile Indians from the interior made incursions into their country and committed depredations, they were likely to be suspected and treated as enemies, all of which they perfectly understood, and in despite of which they continued to roam about the settlements.*

December 2, 1855: Battle of Olalla and murder of Long John

November 25 (Sunday).

Private Robbins: *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 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).

Private Robbins: *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, 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.*

November 27 (Tuesday).

Private Robbins: *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).

Private Robbins: *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).

Private Robbins: *Continues blustery weather. Our company is out of flour, nothing but beans without salt, and coffee to eat.*

November 30 (Friday).

Private Robbins: *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.*

A. G. Walling [1884: 254-255]: *On the last of November, Major Martin moved his headquarters from Roseburg to a point forty-eight miles south of Roseburg, and seven miles north of Grave creek, calling his new location Camp Leland. Here for a few days the companies of Buoy and Keeney lay, while Bailey moved to Camas valley, and Gordon, dividing his company, posted a part in Cow creek valley and the Canyon, and the remainder on the North Umpqua, where a few stray Indians had made hostile manifestations. Some fifty men of the Umpqua company were sent to Scottsburg, near the mouth of the river, where, as before remarked, some anxiety was felt regarding an attack by the savages*

December 1 (Saturday).

Private Robbins: *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).

Private Robbins: *Snow fell last night to the depth of 6 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 14 miles.*

A. G. Walling [1884: 257; 418]: *The various detachments arrived at the Grave creek camp (on November twenty-first, and the companies were separated, being sent to guard the more exposed places and endeavor to keep the savages from making forays upon the inhabited country lying to the westward of their position. The weather came on exceedingly cold and nearly put a stop to all military operations for a time. The various companies went into winter quarters, but a few events took place in December to prove to the citizens that a state of war existed. The first of these was the descent of some twenty or thirty Indians upon the Rice settlement at the mouth of Looking-glass creek, eight miles south of Roseburg. The hostiles burned the Rice house, and*

captured some firearms and did other damage. A small company of men, commanded by J. P. Day, went from Deer creek to the scene and engaged and defeated the Indians, killing three, it was said. The stolen guns, horses, etc., were recaptured. Castleman, a member of the company, was slightly wounded. The affray occurred on the second of December -- The Indians were probably Cow Creeks, a band of disaffected natives, who were actuated by hostility to the whites, but did not, it appears, feel sufficiently warlike to join Limpy and George on the banks of Rogue river . . .

Joining the other Indians, these now ill-diagnosed and perhaps justly revengeful savages came back with a strong party the following December, and burned houses and destroyed property from South Umpqua to South Ten Mile, where they were stayed in their work of desolation. The settlers uniting and being joined by volunteers from various localities, met the aborigines and fought what is known as the Battle of Olalla. In this affray James Castleman was wounded, it being the only casualty sustained by the whites, while the Indians lost one of their principal men, Cow Creek Tom, and seven or eight more died of wounds received in the fight, according to the Indians' own account. This fight took place on the land now belonging to W. R. Wells, Esq. The result was a complete rout of the Indians and recovery of the stock that they had captured.

December 3 (Monday).

Private Robbins: *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 4 miles and encamped for the night.*

Agent Drew [Umpqua City letter to Gen. Palmer (US Senate 1893: 43-44)]: *SIR: By the mail of October 28 I informed you that I did deem it absolutely necessary to carry into immediate effect the regulations and precautions set forth in your circular of October 13, 1855.*

Since that date affairs in this district have assumed a different aspect, and on the 14th of last month I found it necessary to act under the general orders therein contained, and accordingly collected the Umpqua band of Kal-la-wot-sets in a temporary reservation near this agency -- appointed John W. Miller local agent during my absence, and immediately started for Kowes (Coos) Bay.

On my arrival at Empire City in the evening of the 16th. I found the citizens from the Upper Coquille and on Kowes Bay and river had brought their families to Empire City, anticipating an immediate outbreak. Their suspicions were aroused from the fact that all the Kowes band of Indians had moved up the river, taking with them all their effects, and demanding and unceremoniously taking away all the Indians who were in the employ of the whites. Connected with this was a well-confirmed report that the Cow Creek or Rogue River Indians were in the mountains at the headwaters of the Coquille and Kowes rivers, etc.

I immediately started up river and found Taylor's bind and a part of Tyee Jim's band encamped at the mouth of the north fork of Kowes River, about 2 miles above the mouth of what is termed the Isthmus Slough (slew), connecting with the waters of the Coquille. The remainder of Jim's band were encamped at the head of a slough leading toward the Umpqua.

In a word, these camps were so arranged that they kept up a constant communication from the Umpqua to the Upper Coquille. I thought it advisable to break up this line of communication, and proposed to them to come down the bay about 4 miles below Empire City and there camp all in one body, which proposition they told me they would not accept immediately. I gave them twenty-four hours to decide. At the expiration of that time they decided to move down. They are now on a temporary reservation and Socrates School field appointed local agent.

A few days after they were all encamped the Coquille Indians commenced hostilities by burning Mr. Hoffman's house, near the council grounds. I also learned by a dispatch from the Upper Coquille, received last evening, that the settlers had an engagement near Dulbey's, at the lower fork; that three Indians were shot and one taken prisoner and hung.

Hoping that my movements thus far will meet with your entire approval, I await further orders.

Respectfully yours, E. P. Drew, Sub-Indian Agent.

Coquelle Thompson [Youst and Seaburg 2002: 40]: *At Coquille City they fixed it up for that boy who was killed. The **white men** said, "We made a mistake." They issued white blanket, red blanket, white blanket -- they satisfied the Coquille Tribe so they had to forget this trouble. Of course they didn't want to fight but the white people were afraid they might, so they issued blankets. **The chief** said "no more trouble."*

December 4 (Tuesday).

Private Robbins: *Raining today. We arrived at the 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).

Private Robbins: *Continues to rain. Going to remain 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).

Private Robbins: *Cold and snowing. Captain Keeney's company went mostly for Capt. Williams for Colonel and Major Martin for Lieutenant-colonel.*

December 7 (Friday).

Dr. Glisan: *Since last writing, very little of importance has occurred in this vicinity. The Indians of this district arc quiet, except at the Coquille, where there are slight indications of an outbreak. But if the settlers there act prudently they need fear no trouble for the present. We heard nothing*

from the war in Washington Territory since the thirtieth of October. The troops were then on the march against the Indians, who had taken their position near the ground where Major Haller was defeated. A great fight was expected in a few days. We, of course, feel anxious to learn the result.

A mail is usually received here once a fortnight from that section of country; but an accident has occurred to the mail steamer "California, " which should have been down three weeks ago. Rumor has it, that she collapsed a flue, and caught fire in the Columbia River. The extent of the damage is not known. Not returning to San Francisco in due time, the steamship company sent another vessel, the "Columbia," Captain Leroy, after her. This vessel passed here last Sunday week, and should have been down six days ago. She has probably gone in a gale. For six weeks there has scarcely been a day without a storm of wind and rain from the southwest. During the last few days it has stormed almost incessantly -- accompanied by hail, thunder and lightning. The latter we have here mainly in winter; thus differing from every other climate I have ever been in. The thermometer at present ranges between thirty-five and forty.

Private Robbins: *Continues to snow. Today received the returns of the election from the South. Williams elected Colonel.*

December 8 (Saturday).

Private Robbins: *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 2 ¼ feet deep. We think that we made a lucky escape in getting out of the mountains before the storm.*

December 9 (Sunday).

Private Robbins: *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).

Private Robbins: *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).

Private Robbins: *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.*

Mrs. Victor [1894: 376]: *No news being received from Wright, and the local agent being reluctant to undertake disarming the Indians, the Coos bay men becoming alarmed for their families returned home December eleventh, leaving the guards as first organized. The weather*

being now very cold in the mountains, which were covered with snow so that emissaries from the Rogue-river Indians were believed to be barred out, the white people in Coos county recovered somewhat from their apprehensions, and the guards being stationed in three several detachments among the settlements, allowed themselves to hope for peace.

On making a visit to the beach where their provisions were stored, two of the guards from Fort Leland found Long John in the cabin cooking, and other Indians on the outside peering through the cracks. They demanded an explanation, which John endeavored to avert first by lying, and then by giving the war-whoop apparently to summon others to his aid, when he was shot. The men fearing an attack, hastened back to camp, and again quiet reigned in the Coquille region.

Orvil Dodge [1898: 99]: *On the following day this detachment met two Indians who threatened to open hostilities as the volunteers were traveling on the south side of the river and they shot one to death and wounded the other who escaped. Near the forks of the river another Indian was wounded and the company returned to Fort Kitchen. No news being received from Wright and the Coos bay men becoming alarmed for the safety of their families returned home December 11th, leaving the Coquille guards as first organized. The white people in the valley having recovered somewhat from this apprehension and the guards being stationed in three several detachments, allowed themselves to hope for peace.*

On visiting his mining cabin on Johnson's Creek Iredel Bray found Long John in full possession of his home, busily engaged in cooking a meal while other Indians were peering through the openings between the logs from the outside. Bray knew that John was a bad Indian and bringing his rifle across his left arm while parleying with the insolent rascal he cocked the gun and turning on his heel the weapon was soon brought in range of John's head at which time the rifle was discharged, killing the Indian instantly. Bray and his one companion dragged the body from the cabin and rolled it off a steep precipice, it fell into a prospect shaft at the foot of the hill and disappeared. The other Indians took to the woods and Bray and his companion took an untraveled route and after much hardship arrived the next day on the prairie near where Eckley is now located and fortunately fell in with some white men who had camped at that place. The settlers were glad that Long John had gone to the happy hunting ground for the many depredations lately committed were supposed to have been done under his management.

December 18, 1855: Curry County created from Coos County.

December 12 (Wednesday).

Private Robbins: *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. 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).

Private Robbins: *A rainy and disagreeable day. This morning the pack animals that were laying here started north for supplies of provisions for ourselves and forage for our animals.*

December 14 (Friday).

Private Robbins: *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).

Private Robbins: *Continues to rain. Cold and disagreeable weather.*

December 16 (Sunday).

Private Robbins: *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).

Private Robbins: *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).

Private Robbins: *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.*

Lewis McArthur [1982: 202-203]: *Curry County was created December 18, 1855, and was taken from the south part of Coos County. It was named for George Law Curry, who was born at Philadelphia July 2, 1820 . . . it was first proposed to name this county Tichenor, for Captain William Tichenor of Port Orford, a member of the legislative council from Coos County. Tichenor declined the honor saying that his constituents wanted the new county named for Governor Curry.*

December 19 (Wednesday).

Private Robbins: *This morning Lieutenant McKiney started back to Fort Leland. This evening a pack train arrived with clothing.*

December 20 (Thursday).

Private Robbins: *Cold and snowing. The pack train that came here yesterday said that he would stay here but 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 out of provision and destitute of clothing and consequently in a state of suffrance.*

December 21 (Friday).

Private Robbins: *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).

Private Robbins: *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).

Private Robbins: *Continues to snow, but melts pretty near as fast as it falls.*

Mrs. Victor [1894: 368-369]: *During all the time since the battle of Hungry Hill, the companies which constituted the northern battalion under W. J. Martin, major, and later lieutenant-colonel, were occupied in scouting and guarding settlements, or escorting trains and travelers. The stations in this part of the field were Camas Valley, twenty miles southwest of Roseburg, at the head of the Coquille, where Captain Bailey had his winter quarters, with orders to furnish unprotected families in his vicinity with a sufficient force to render them safe, Fort Smith, at the house of William Henry Smith, on Cow Creek, where twenty-five men were stationed to escort trains between Umpqua canon and Fort Leland on Grave creek; Camp Eliff, at the south end of the canon, the station of Captain Buoy, who was instructed to protect families and keep open the road between this point and the crossing of Cow creek; Fort Bailey, five miles south of the*

crossing of Cow creek, where Captain Keeney was stationed to protect the road from there to Grave creek; and Camp Gordon, where Captain Gordon commanded, eight miles above the mouth of Cow creek. Captain W. W. Chapman was ordered to divide his force, about fifty men being at the mouth of the Umpqua, to keep a lookout on the reservation at that point, and also on the Coos bay settlement, while thirty men were encamped on Ten Mile prairie, near the house of L. D. Kent.

To his captains, Major Martin issued the order to "take no prisoners," yet about Christmas time he had quite a number of prisoners, chiefly women and children on his hands, whom he directed Captain Buoy to escort to the Grand Rond reservation in Yamhill county. Agent Metcalf, however, refused to let them go, for the reason that they were nearly related to the Indians on the Umpqua reservation, and if moved before the main body of the Indians, would make trouble, and defeat the plans of the Indian department, which had trouble enough already to reconcile the people of Polk county to the contemplated reservation of their western border for Indian uses.

December 24 (Monday).

Dr. Glisan: *We have had no mail from Portland later than the twenty-eighth of October, and no news from San Francisco since the arrival of the "Columbia" on the twenty-fifth ultimo. As these are the only two sources through which news can reach us, we have consequently been entirely cut off from the world for nearly a month. There has been more stormy weather within the past five weeks than I have ever experienced in the same length of time -- in fact it has been storming almost incessantly -- at least until day before yesterday. The rainfall this month is already 19.6 inches -- an unusual quantity even for this country. The largest measurement in any previous month, for the last three years, is said to have been sixteen inches. Last night was also colder than it has ever been -- thermometer twenty-five degrees. There has been considerable hail, and even a little snow. The mountains near here are covered with the latter. But, notwithstanding the cool state of the atmosphere, everything around looks green. The forest trees of course do, as they belong to the pine genus; and as to grass, it is even fresher than in summer. I shouldn't be surprised, however, if the frost has nipped the blossoms of the salalle, and strawberries which were blooming a few days ago.*

The storm has now lulled, and we may look for fine weather for a few days. To-day is beautiful. All nature seems to be reanimated. The larks and robins seem to enjoy it wonderfully; even the monsters of the mighty deep appear to be aware that the elements have ceased their warfare, for they may now be seen in large numbers sporting in the harbor. 'Tis wonderful how high a whale can spout the water.

Private Robbins: *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.*

A. G. Walling [1884: 258]: *The people on Butte creek, in Jackson county, had, with the first alarm of war, sought safety in a camp of log houses on Felix O'Neal's donation claim. Several families -- in fact, nearly the whole population of the country adjoining -- made their residences*

there for a time, and carried out measures of defense. Alcorn's company was recruited among the hardy settlers thereabouts, and subsequent to their return from the first meadows campaign, were posted in part at this fortified camp, and served to restore public confidence. Jake, a well-known chief of a small band of Indians, with his braves had long inhabited that portion of the country, and had refused to go on the reservation. The Indian agent, owing to the smallness of their numbers, had never thought it necessary to compel them to go there, and so they were suffered to remain, a nuisance, if not a positive danger to the whites. They were said to steal, and were not supposed to be above the crime of burning buildings. They dwelt in a rancheria, between the Butte creeks. On the night of December twenty-fourth, Captain Alcorn, with a part of his men, marched to the rancheria and camped within a mile of it, in the cold and snow. At daybreak the next morning the troops moved within rifle range, and began to fire. This they kept up until the natives were killed or dispersed, their loss being eight "bucks" killed, and the remainder wounded. One squaw was wounded in the jaw, and two men were captured. Only four guns were taken, but no ammunition, and three stolen horses were recaptured. Old Jake, the chief, was not in the fight, and was reported killed by the Shastas.

A similar affair occurred at the same date between a detachment of Captain Rice's company, numbering thirty-four men, and the Indians of a rancheria four miles from and on the north side of Rogue river, and just below the mouth of Big Butte creek. A night march and an attack at daybreak formed the salient features of this affair also, which was likewise completely successful. The Indians were taken by surprise, and after several hours' fighting eighteen males were killed, and twenty squaws and children captured and the rancheria burned. The Indians, finding themselves surrounded, fought bravely to the last. But one female was injured in the fight.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 363-364]: *But the companies were not permitted to remain in quarters. During the absence of the volunteers early in December, some roving bands of Indians were devastating the settlements on the west side of the south Umpqua, destroying fifteen houses, whose inmates had been compelled to take refuge in the forts.*

On the twenty-fourth, Captain Alcorn discovered and attacked a camp on the north branch of Little Butte creek, killing eight warriors and capturing some horses. At about the same date Captain Rice found another band on the north bank of Rogue River, and attacked with thirty men, fighting six hours, killing all the adult males, and taking captive the women and children, who were sent to Fort Lane to be guarded.

"These two fights," wrote a correspondent of the Oregon Statesman, "have blotted out Jake's band." That they had done so was a cause of congratulation to the white settlers, who could nevermore hope for security of life or property while they were alive and free. But General Wool in his official report stigmatized their proceedings as murder, and drew a pathetic picture of the women and children of the slaughtered Indians making their way to Fort Lane "for protection," with their limbs frozen. That some had frozen limbs was probably true, for the winter was an unusually cold one, a circumstance as injurious to the volunteers, many of whom were ill-clad, as to the Indians. But war is a trade, whose masters cannot show mercy, even to themselves, peace being obtained only through relentless strife.

December 25, 1855: Fort Kitchen and the Coquille River Christmas Party

December 25 (Tuesday).

Dr. Glisan: *Christmas! This day of all others reminds us of home. Oh, how our hearts yearn for those fond ones left behind; for the many fireside reunions of our childhood; when we felt supremely happy if our kind mothers allowed us plenty of gingercake and lemonade. If our wants were as simple how much happier we might be; yet, after all, there are a few of us, I presume, who would be willing to exchange our present pleasures with the accompanying sorrows, for the happiness of childhood -- for though our sorrows are greater our sense of pleasure is also enhanced.*

'Tis curious to look back even a few years, and see what a checkered life one leads. Two years ago I ate my Christmas dinner at Fort Arbuckle, C. N. -- last year on the steamship "Empire City," in the Atlantic ocean, off Cape Hatteras -- and to-day on the western confines of the United States Territory. What had probably conduced more than anything else to our happiness of to-day is the arrival of the steamship "Columbia," bringing us news from the States and Washington Territory. That from the former is rather of an exciting character -- as a rupture with Great Britain is seriously apprehended. The precise cause of the quarrel is not known, but from the London Times we learn that the British West India fleet has been suddenly increased with the ostensible purpose of preventing a filibustering expedition, said (by the Times) to be fitting out in the United States against Ireland. If this be the real cause the British government is acting under a great mistake, as there is no such expedition fitting out in this country. It is to be hoped that the British and American authorities will act with prudence, and not involve the two greatest countries in the world in a protracted war.

The troops in Washington Territory have had several skirmishes with Indians since the twenty-eighth of October, routing them in every instance, but not ki1ling many. Several officers have been killed; among others Lieutenant Wm. A. Slaughter, of the Fourth Infantry. He had a skirmish with the Indians, whom he defeated. A few days thereafter, whilst in a hut near Fort Steilacoom, not dreaming there were any Indians near him, his small party was unexpectedly fired upon by the savages, killing him and several of his men.

It appears that the steamship "California" had a very hard time of it in her trip up the coast. The rumor of her having caught fire in the Columbia river is confirmed by Captain Wm. Dall, who was in command of her at the time. It seems that directly after crossing the bar at the mouth of the Columbia, she collapsed a flue, which accident caused the water from the boiler to leak into the furnace, thus suddenly generating so much steam that the door of the latter was forced open, and the fire was scattered in every direction. They succeeded in extinguishing the fire before much damage was done; but the ship, in the meantime, came within an ace of stranding. After being repaired at Astoria, and completing her trip to Vancouver, she was engaged by General Wool to take troops to Steilacoom -- whence she proceeded to San Francisco. On her downward trip she encountered on the twenty-seventh of November , a terrific gale on the mouth of the Columbia; and came very near being foundered. The gale was from the southeast, and lasted with unabated fury for seventy hours. The engine being disabled, the ship was put under sail, and

reached San Francisco after an extremely long passage of twenty-one days. Only one person drowned -- the third mate.

William V. Wells: *For some weeks previous to Christmas great preparations had been made for the observance of that time-honored anniversary. Now, in Oregon, where people reside ten miles apart, and call a man a neighbor who lives half a day's journey away, it is not so easy to make up a fashionable party, for sundry reasons, as in Fifth Avenue, or any other of the "close settlements" in New York. If a hop is to take place, weeks must be given to prepare in; the "store clothes" taken out, aired and brushed, old bonnets furbished up, horses driven in from distant pasture, and saddles made ready. Then the nearest settlement must be applied to for a proper amount of whiskey and sugar, raisins and flour. But on the occasion above alluded to, great efforts were made to have matters go off with éclat. Deacon L—, residing on the ocean beach, about twenty miles to the southward of Coos Bay, and known as the most liberal, warmhearted old gentleman of Southern Oregon, had appropriated, some time in advance, the right to give the Christmas ball. It was to last two days and two nights. Oceans of whiskey, hills of venison and beef, no end of pies and "sech like." The ladies of all Coos County were to be there, and a fiddler from the distant point of Port Orford itself engaged. To this feast did all hands look forward with secret longing and hope. Two days beforehand the exodus for Deacon L—'s began to take place, and among the invited guests were the two "Frisco chaps," i.e., H— and myself. And on Christmas-eve the ball commenced. There were gay roystering blades from Port Orford, gallants from Coos Bay, select men and distinguished individuals from all over the country, and belles from every where. Such a recherche affair had not occurred since the settlement of the Territory. For two nights and days the festivities continued; and after all the dancing, riding, drinking, singing, and laughing -- and all this without sleeping, and with a determination to "never give up" -- there were buxom forms with brilliant eyes that dared us to another break-down!*

I snap my fingers at all civilized Miss Nancys henceforth and forever. Give me, for the essence of fun and the physical ability to carry it out, corn-fed, rosy-cheeked, bouncing Oregon lass, with eyes bright as the rivers that sparkle merrily on their way to the sea from those snowclad mountains, and hearts light as the fresh breezes of that northern climate! I may forget the Central American excitement; sooner or later I shall have forgotten the birth of an heir to the French throne; the siege of Sebastopol may fade away, but that Oregon ball will be ever fresh in my memory.

Private Robbins: *This morning the quartermaster of this place brought out a bucket full of brandy and treated our company.*

December 26 (Wednesday).

Private Robbins: *Last night 9 of the men that went to escort the pack to Renoise arrived.*

A. G. Walling [1884: 259]: *Toward the last of December some scouts who happened to be near the forks of the Applegate discovered that a body of Indians probably twelve or so in number had taken possession of two deserted miners' cabins and had gone into winter quarters there, preparing themselves for a state of siege by excavating the floors of the houses and piling the*

dirt against the walls so as to form a protection against rifle bullets. The scouts withdrew unseen, and going to Sterling told the news. A body of sixty or more miners and others went immediately to watch the cabins and prevent the Indians from escaping, while word was sent to various military companies who began to repair to the spot. Captain Bushey arrived, and finding the position too strong for his small force to take, awaited the arrival of others. Captain Smith sent Lieutenants Hagen and Underwood with twenty-five regulars and the inevitable howitzer, with the design of shelling the savages out; but the fortune of war was unpropitious. The mule carrying the ammunition was so heedless as to fall into a deep creek and be killed, while the powder was ruined. More ammunition was sent for, and Lieutenant Switzer with sixteen regulars brought it on a mule. This animal was more fortunate; and the regular army drew up in front of the cabins and at a safe distance fired a shell which passed into or through a cabin and killed, as the records say, two savages. But before the howitzer's arrival the Indians had signalized themselves by a strong resistance. They had killed a man by a rifle-shot, at a distance of 500 yards -- a display of marksmanship equal to the best known among the whites. Five whites had been wounded.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 376]: *On the twenty-fourth of December, Wright arrived at Fort Kitchen, spending three days with the Indians, who laid the blame of all the disturbances which had happened upon the white people. They promised to remain quiet and obey orders. Wright accepted the Indian protestations of innocence, and informed the guards that their organization must be approved by the governor in order to secure any compensation for their services to his department, whereupon Captain Packwood discharged his company, and made a report in due form of his operations and expenses, which was forwarded to the executive, who was asked to recognize them as volunteers under his proclamation of November fifteenth. It was, however, only at a later period, when Packwood reorganized his company under a proclamation of the executive as the "Coquille Minute Men," that they came to be recognized as belonging to the volunteer service, their muster roll dating back to November sixth.*

Orvil Dodge [1898: 99-100]**:** *On the twenty-fourth of December Wright made his appearance at Fort Kitchen, stopping three days with the Indians, who insisted that the whites were to blame for all the disturbances which had happened. They promised to be quiet and obey orders. Wright accepted the Indians story, and informed the guards that their acts must be approved by the governor, or they would not receive remuneration for their services, to this department. Capt. Packwood then discharged his company, and made a report of his whole operations to the executive, and under the governor's proclamation they were afterwards recognized as the Coquille minute men. There were some statements made by persons not fully acquainted with all of the circumstances that brought reproach upon the service of these men, but Capt. Packwood made a lengthy statement in his report to the governor, that was so manly and convincing that it is now admitted that it was necessary to raise that company; and that it was equally necessary that they should not hesitate to prosecute their duties with vigor, and thus convince Chief Washington that they were in earnest. This same autumn a company was sent out from Empire City to punish the savages for fresh depredations. An attack was made on the lower Coquille; four were killed, and four captured and hanged. This seemed to quell the desire of these Indians to resort to savage warfare, and they remained quiet, being closely watched by the settlers.*

December 27 (Thursday).

Private Robbins: *This morning we left the canyon.*

December 29 (Saturday).

Private Robbins: *Left Roseburg.*

December 30 (Sunday).

Private Robbins: *Crossed the Calapooya mountains.*

December 31 (Monday).

Private Robbins: *Arrived at Eugene.*

William V. Wells*: The wolf of Southern Oregon is the fiercest animal—not even excepting the bear -- to be found in the country. These prowling fellows, when driven to extremities, will approach a herd of cattle, and a band of three or four spring upon a cow, and in a short time completely devour the victim. The white wolf, which is considered the most dangerous, is about five feet in length, and nearly as high as a yearling calf. The strength and ferocity of this beast is wonderful, and many a mortal struggle has occurred between the wounded white wolf and the hunters. On two occasions, while at Coos Bay, we heard of the depredations of wolves, and joining parties to start in chase, were disappointed by the incredible cunning which seems to guide them from all pursuit. Once a party of four left Empire City, in a small sail-boat, for Wappalo, or Isthmus Creek, in the upper part of the bay, where two large wolves had been seen for several days.*

With plenty of provisions and ammunition, we shot away from the wharf, and, giving the sail to the wind, were soon scudding "like mad" before a staggering westerly breeze, rapidly passing the wood-crowned headlands, and awakening the echoes with an occasional rifle-report, at which some doomed pelican or eagle came tumbling from their proud elevation. Arrived "at point proposed," we found a couple of friends awaiting us, and swelling our number to six. The chase lasted all night, but was unsuccessful. We had just seated ourselves under an immense pine, and had commenced an assault upon the eatables with all the earnest vigor of hungry men, when F—, one of the best hunters in the bay, suddenly sprang up and whispered "Silence!" But we needed no such admonition, for already the ground had began to tremble beneath us with the tread of an approaching band of elk. Quick as thought we had dispersed to a distance of two hundred yards apart, and, squatting low in the underbrush, had scarcely time to breathe free before the low growth of trees toward the mountains separated, and the form of a noble elk appeared, advancing proudly toward the stream we had just left. He stopped as he thrust his head from among the leaves, snuffed and stamped impatiently, and evidently smelled danger; but he had already passed our most distant outpost, and to return was equally hazardous. With daintily lifted feet and nose protruded he brushed past, and in another moment was followed by a herd, one two, six, ten -- it was impossible to count them. I had determined to await the signal of F -- have shot, and had my own target singled out when the sharp ring of a rifle awoke the forest

echoes. The herd started and dashed past the ambush, while the woods resounded with five reports in quick succession. Like light the beautiful animals vanished, but with the thundering tread of a troop of cavalry. Two of their number lay plunging on the earth and a third, grievously wounded, was making a succession of agonizing springs to follow in the path of his companions. Another shot brought him down, and now dispatching the others, we felt that at least our wolf-hunt had not been in vain.

My companions had promised me a shot at an elk, but even they had not anticipated such luck. The meat was soon packed to the boat, and at midnight we were again in Empire City.

Marsh bird-shooting is mere slaughter, though J -- was "innocent of duck blood" to the last. We once loaded a boat with water-fowl, the result of but two hours' shooting. Starting at early dawn, we sailed rapidly toward a creek extending several miles inland from the bay, and reaching its head-waters, drifted leisurely down. The stream, some two hundred yards wide, dimly reflected in its bosom the somber shadows of the pines and firs skirting its margin. An intense silence reigned. The cry of the sedate crane, as he stood "knee-deep: in some shallow pool watching patiently for his prey, or the quick twir-r-r of a flock of blue-winged teal or mallard cutting hurriedly through the air, and settling quietly on some reedy shore below, alone disturbed the stillness. We landed on a grassy meadow, and leaving one in the boat to follow the stream, the others occupied the space between the two lines of woods. The first shot fired rolled with a thousand echoes through the forest, and in a moment arose ten thousand winged creatures from the "splashy brink" of creek and bayou, embracing every style of marsh bird and duck that can be mentioned. With every discharge these flights from place to place continued. At times they would settle down in our immediate vicinity, and apparently offer themselves voluntary sacrifices. Unable, owing to their low flight, to pass beyond the woods guarding the banks, they followed the line of the water, and never failed to pass over the ambush below. We only ceased this "pot hunting" when, weary of the slaughter, we found our boat loaded with game.

The hunters in this vicinity seldom use the shot-gun, and consider such shooting as the above quite unworthy the waste of powder.

Part III. Battles, Murders & Massacres, 1856: January 1 – May 31

January 7, 1856: Lt. Kautz transferred to Washington Territory

January 2.

A. G. Walling [1884: 259-260]: *After the shell was fired, the regulars postponed further operations until the morrow, as night was near. When they arose the next morning their birds had flown and the cages were empty. Quite a force of volunteers had gathered upon the scene. There were Captain Rice and his company, from the upper end of Bear creek valley; some men of Alcorn's company, a few volunteers from Jacksonville, and a delegation from the Applegate. A much regretted event occurred during the day; this was the killing of Martin Angell, of Jacksonville, who set out to accompany the regulars to Starr gulch, the scene of the siege. When two and a half miles from Jacksonville, on the Crescent City road, Angell and Walker, who were about two hundred and fifty yards in advance, were fired on by Indians concealed in the brush beside the road. Angell was killed instantly, four balls passing through his head and neck. Walker was not hit, but escaped death narrowly. When the troops came up the Indians had stripped the dead man and were just retreating into the brush. On the same day (January 2,) Charles W. Hull was killed on the divide between Jackson and Jackass creeks, his body being soon found by scouts. Deceased was hunting, but becoming separated from his friends, was waylaid and murdered by Indians. These occurrences, happening so near to the principal town of the whole region, made a very deep impression, and there were those who apprehended the greatest dangers from the "red devils." But happily these were not realized; and the clamors of war died from the listening ears in Jacksonville.*

January 3.

Dr. Glisan: *The steamer "Columbia" passed down last Sunday, having gone no further than Astoria in consequence of the Columbia River being frozen over; this is an unusually severe winter. The back country is covered with deep snow -- and we have even had a few spits at this point, and the thermometer one night as low as twenty degrees above zero, Fahrenheit. The weather however, for the last eight or ten days, has been beautiful. Exactly twenty inches of rain fell last month. No wonder the rivers have been unusually high.*

The Indians in this district, with one exception, have remained quiet during the present war. The imprudence of the whites came near rendering the bands of the Coquille hostile. It seems that a rascally Englishman (Woodruff) endeavored to incite the Indians to war by telling them the Americans intended killing them all off, and succeeded in getting them to steal some flour which had been placed in his protection. He subsequently fled to Rogue River valley. The whites on the Coquille and Coos Bay then formed a volunteer company and killed four Indians. Indian agent Ben Wright, from Port Orford, arriving in the meantime, managed to quiet the matter, and it is hoped that it will end without further bloodshed. Were it not for the untiring energy of the Indian agent here, supported by a company of United States troops, the Indians of this district would ere this have joined with the hostile bands in the valley.

January 7.

Dr. Glisan: *Steamer "Columbia" arrived just after dark; news from the States is unimportant. Brevet-Major John F. Reynolds, of company H, Third Artillery, was a passenger. He relieves Lieutenant A. V. Kautz, in command of this post; the latter is ordered to join his company at Fort Steilacoom.*

William V. Wells: *On recovering from this, we had made up our minds to start for California; but one day, while firing at a target -- the same being a tenpenny nail driven half way to the head in a pine tree -- a long, lanky Missourian informed me that a whale had drifted ashore near the Heads, and that the Indians, agreeably to their custom, had commenced devouring him.*

"That's very extraordinary," said I.

"Wal, hoss," replied my informant, "jest you mount and ride thar, and ef you don't see 'em eatin' that that leetle fish, thar's no snakes;" and his nostrils dilated with anger at my look of incredulity.

So we mounted and rode, and after an hour's scamper along a level ocean coast, a vile smell began to demonstrate the truth of at least one of my friend's information. At a distance, and forming a hillock on the white beach, lay an unwieldy mass of something, around which we could see at least a hundred Indians hasting from place to place. We clapped spurs to the horses, and arriving at the spot, found a scene which I almost despair of depicting. The whale, which I believe was a large "humpback," had, as is often the case on this coast, got into shallow water, and in his struggles and alarm presenting his body broadside on, had been rolled by the mighty surf high up the beach, like a cask or log of wood. He must have lain there some time, as all the air was a putrid stench, such as I hope to never again to inhale. The huge creature lay on its side, and the sand had already buried a portion of the carcass so as to render it immovable. The surf at high-water had broken entirely over it, but now there remained a considerable space of bare beach outside.

This space, and the ground for twenty yards around, was occupied by the Indians, who seemed to consider this some dispensation of the Great Spirit in their behalf. A deafening row disputed possession of the air with the stench. Nearly all were naked, and attacking the whale like ants. Here appeared a little, pot-bellied child, whose limbs seemed scarcely capable of sustaining the swelling paunch that overtopped them, staggering up the beach with an armful of putrid blubber, the oily substance trickling down over his little body in a hundred glistening streams; there a lusty fellow with a knife, carving away as for dear life -- dissecting a huge subject for him -- cutting his way into the interior. Farther on are two squaws, fighting for the propriety right to a square chunk of whale, in shape something like a cake of ice as sold in New York, the said chunk coated with sand half an inch thick, as the delicious morsel had been rolled about in the squabble. Beyond, an old creature has overburdened herself with the treasures of the deep, and, in pure exhaustion, decides to rest awhile, seated upon the jealously-guarded prize. Still another group represents the Laocoon, the father and sons being three members of a family, and the avenging serpent a long string of the unctuous blubber, under and with which they are struggling

up the beach. Every body is busy. Even the chiefs have thrown away their dignity in the excitement of the moment, and join the general assault.

We proceeded up the beach to where some fires were burning, near a few temporary huts. Here several women were roasting the fish, which they devoured apparently before it was well warmed through. No fair in England ever produced, in proportion, a greater noise. My companion said they would stick by the wreck until not a plank (nautically speaking) remained, when, gorged with marine matter, they would take to the mountains, and diet on berries and young hornets. I saw the latter cooked and eaten, which is done in the following manner: A hornet or wasp's nest, perforated, as usual, with hundreds of little cells, where the young are deposited, is obtained from the hollow of some decayed tree, where they are easily found. My lady Squaw brings this cake, which is nearly a foot in diameter, to the fire, and deliberately roasts the juvenile occupants of the cells alive. She concludes by turning the cake upside down, patting it briskly on the back, and eating the baked tenants, like whortleberries, as they tumble out! This is considered an excellent corrective after over-indulgence in blubber. Pike, who spoke the jargon, attempted to get into conversation with some of these Indians, but they only replied with gestures. The occasion of a whale ashore was too rare and momentous for frivolous discussion.

January 14.

Dr. Glisan: *Day before yesterday Captain Poland, commanding a company of volunteers at the big bend of Rogue River, sent an express to the Indian agent of Port Orford, stating that a party of hostile Indians had been seen in the vicinity of his fort (a block-house), and that he was nearly out of provisions. In the absence of the Indian agent, the commander of Fort Orford sent his company twenty days rations, and lent them mules to pack them.*

January 25, 1856: Enos' Story, otter hunting, and salmon fishing

January 25.

Dr. Glisan [Fort Orford]: *An express has just arrived from the mouth of Rogue River, bringing the news that a party, consisting of two white men and a Canadian Indian, left that place day before yesterday for the volunteer encampment at the Big Bend -- and that yesterday morning within eight miles of the latter place, they were waylaid by a band of hostile Indians, wo fired upon them, killing the two white men, and a Shasta-Kostah Indian, who had been hired to row them up the river. The Canadian Indian made his escape, and brought the news to the mouth of the river.*

It thus appears that the hostile bands of upper Rogue River are moving in this direction, and are already in the Port Orford district. As they got the better of the troops in upper Rogue River in almost every engagement since the beginning of the war, notwithstanding there were at one time twelve hundred volunteers and regulars in the field, and three hundred and fifty engaged in one battle, it is not likely we shall be able to do much with them, should they come among us full force -- at least until we are reinforced -- for the whole white male population of this district, including the settlement at the mouth of Rogue River, the volunteers at the Big Bend, citizens of Port Orford, and garrison of Fort Orford, is not more than one hundred and eighty men. A small force, even were they all prepared to fight, to act upon the Indians, except in the defensive. However, it is hoped that we may maintain the position at the Big Bend, and also be able to get the friendly bands of that neighborhood to move nearer the coast. We may thus be enabled to prevent the hostile tribes from forcing them into service.

January 30.

Dr. Glisan: *This morning Lieutenants John G. Chandler and Drysdale, of the Third Artillery, with seventeen men, will leave this post for the mouth of the Illinois River, to remain there in charge of the provisions, and other stores until the arrival of Captain Poland's volunteer company from their present fort at the Big Bend, which they are to abandon, in order to secure a more useful position at the mouth of the Illinois, on Rogue River, some seven miles below the Big Bend. Then Lieutenant Chandler's detachment is to proceed to the mouth of the Rogue River, to assist the acting Indian agent, Jerry McGuire, in collecting all the friendly Indians in that part of the district, and removing them to Fort Orford. This is done in accordance with general instructions from the superintendent of Indian affairs of Oregon, who, foreseeing that many of the friendly tribes might be forced to take sides with those that are hostile, has ordered his assistants to keep the former separated from the latter, and even to being the friendly bands in, and feed them if necessary.*

To-day is exceedingly stormy -- a strong southeast wind and rain. The troops will have a disagreeable march. I may here remark that the Indians, after killing those three men near the mouth of Illinois River the other day, made a night attack on the fort at the Big Bend in the absence of a portion of the garrison, but after shooting in the window a few times, and attempting to fire the house, went away. Two days thereafter some of the volunteers came across a few of these Indians, and firing into them, killed one man, the others retreated.

February 1.

Dr. Glisan: *The detachment under Lieutenant Chandler left here day before yesterday at one P. M. -- the weather being exceedingly stormy. Yesterday morning an expressman arrived from Lieutenant C., bringing an Indian prisoner and a letter. Lieutenant C. reached Half Breed's House, some twelve miles from here, the first day, with his men and animals much fatigued in consequence of the miserable roads and inclemency of the weather. At that place he met Jerry McGuire, the assistant Indian agent, with the above mentioned Indian prisoner, whom he requests shall be kept in custody for awhile, as he is suspected of being a spy. Mr. McGuire thought it better for him to accompany the troops, otherwise the friendly Indians, on seeing them, might flee to the mountains, and give much trouble. Of course his wishes were gladly complied with, as he is the best Indian interpreter on the coast, and knows all the head men belonging to the different bands. From his representation of the really serious condition of things at mouth of the Illinois, the detachment of regulars, and the volunteers at Big Bend, will undoubtedly unite before reaching the latter place, and march together; for Mr. McGuire says the hostile Indians are already some fifty strong in that neighborhood, and still coming down from their headquarters further up the river.*

In regard to the Indian prisoner, I may remark that he was a partner of Enas, the Canadian Indian who was with the party that was cut off near the mouth of the Illinois a few days ago. I have already mentioned that Enas brought the news of this misfortune to the mouth of the Rogue River. On his arrival at the latter place the citizens were induced to let him carry an express to the volunteers at the Big Bend, informing them of what had transpired, and that a hostile band was in their vicinity. They also let him have about sixty dollars worth of gunpowder, which he said the captain of the volunteers desired him to get -- for which he paid in gold slugs. Several persons offered to go with him, but he declined their company, saying that he could go more expeditiously and safely alone. Jerry McGuire (acting Indian agent) has since been at the Big Bend, and gave Captain Poland the first information concerning the action of the hostile Indians in his vicinity. Enas had not arrived. Captain Poland denies having requested him to buy ammunition, or giving him any gold slugs; and as Enas ***possessed non himself,*** *it is believed that he has been double dealing, and that the ammunition was purchased for the hostile Indians. Another way the latter have of getting ammunition is from the squaws kept by some of the miners.*

February 2.

Dr. Glisan: *This afternoon the steamer "Columbia" very unexpectedly arrived from Portland on her downward trip. We are under the impression that she passed here in a storm; but it seems she was detained for several days on a sand bar in the Columbia River. As her arrival was so unexpected and her stay so brief, Major Reynolds was unable to transmit a communication to the headwaters of this department, informing General Wool of the excitement in this vicinity; and as we have no other mode of communication we shall have to wait for the return steamer; unless the commanding officer writes by a schooner now lying in the harbor, and bound for San Francisco in a few days. But as the prevailing winds at this season are from the south and southeast, there is no telling when she will get there. The harbor is so rough at present that she*

will be unable to take her cargo of lumber for some days to come. The roughness of the harbor, cause by a southeaster, is the reason why the steamer stopped so short a time.

Ben Wright, our Indian agent, arrived on the steamer this afternoon. His return will have a beneficial influence on the Indians in this district. He says that Captain Poland's volunteer company has been properly organized, and called into service by the Governor. Its strength is to be sixty men -- at present it is only about twenty-two.

February 4.

Dr. Glisan: *The storm has subsided. The wind has changed to the north; the sky clear and beautiful. Many unknown species of plants are to be seen blooming on the sunny slopes of the coast. The snow has disappeared on the neighboring mountains. No news from Lieutenant Chandler yet. The troops in eastern and southern Oregon are in winter quarters. They number two regiments, or twenty companies, of volunteers; and two or three companies of regulars. This number has been in the service since November last. In Washington Territory there have been seven companies of regulars (portions of the Fourth Infantry and Third Artillery) and eight companies of volunteers. In January the regular force was increased by the arrival of the Ninth Infantry, which will take the field during the ensuing spring campaign in Washington Territory and Eastern Oregon. At present the main body of them are at Fort Vancouver, and the remainder at Fort Steilacoom, Puget Sound. Since the arrival of the Ninth, Captain Keys and Ord's companies of artillery have been ordered to Benecia and the Presidio, in California. The force of regulars and volunteers left Fort Dalles about the first of November, under Major Raines, with the hope of bringing on an engagement with the Indians near Haller's battle ground, returned after being out several weeks, in consequence of the severity of the weather. The Indians had fled from their former positions, and were not to be found in any large bodies. Some detachments of the troops, however, had a few skirmishes with small parties of Indians.*

Colonel James K. Kelly, commanding another body of troops (volunteers) was more successful. He came upon a large number of Indians near Walla Walla, in the Snake River country; and had an engagement, which lasted four days, when the Indians fled, leaving some thirty-five dead on the field, among others the famous chief of the Walla Walla's, Pee-peu-mox-a-mox. Colonel Kelly says in his report that there were probably some seventy-five of the enemy slain, as they were known to carry off many of their dead. His own loss was five or six killed and several wounded. While the difficulties were going on there, the Indians in the vicinity of Puget Sound broke out and killed some fifteen or twenty settlers. Portions of the two companies of the Fourth Infantry, stationed at Fort Steilacoom, and one or two companies of volunteers went out against them, and finally succeeded in driving them from the neighborhood. In the several skirmishes that they had with the Indians some twelve or twenty men were killed, and several officers, among whom was Lieutenant Slaughter, Fourth Infantry, as before mentioned.

Whilst these difficulties were going on in Washington Territory and Eastern Oregon, the Indians, who had broke out in Rogue River valley, were doing a great deal of mischief; and although the number of their warriors has not at any one time been over two or three hundred, and there have been from twelve to fifteen hundred volunteers and regulars (a small proportion of the latter) in the field against them, yet they have in no instance been fairly whipped, except when their

number was infinitely less than the whites. The fact is, the troops have insurmountable difficulties to contend with in fighting Indians in Southern Oregon. The country is so mountainous and thickly timbered that the Indians can take their position wherever they please, which is generally impregnable, and if pushed too hard are sure to find a way of retreat. They also have many good marksmen. In a late skirmish on the Applegate, a white man, Dr. Myers, was shot at the distance of three hundred yards. In this affair the troops had, to all appearances, made sure of their foe, by surrounding a log house, in which they had secreted themselves. The former succeeded in dropping through the roof a shell, which killed two Indians; but night coming on, they concluded to keep the house surrounded till morning, and then renew the attack.

During the night the Indians broke through the picket line and made their escape. On examination of the house it was found that the latter had dug pits under the floor, thus, in a measure, protecting themselves from the explosion of the shell. In almost every instance the Indians of that section have managed to evade the utmost vigilance of the troops. They came off first best at the engagement near Cow Creek, when the troops, under Colonel Ross and Captain Smith, attacked them with a force of nearly four hundred men, as mentioned on a preceding page; then again at the crossing of Rogue River, where a plan had been arranged to surround them; and lastly on the Applegate, where they certainly had them in a better position to be cut off than will soon be possessed again. Yet they have managed to kill a good number in all; and it is thought that one of the most troublesome bands has been entirely exterminated.

If these same Indians are really coming among us in main force, it remains to be seen whether we shall meet with any better success than our fellow soldiers above. All we can do until reinforcements arrive, will be to keep the friendly Indians separated from the hostile Indians as far as practicable.

I may here remark that the regulars in Washington Territory and Eastern Oregon are at present commanded by Colonel George Wright -- General Wool having gone to Benicia. The volunteers in Eastern Oregon have elected T. Cornelius as their colonel; Colonel Kelly, who had command whilst Colonel Nesmith was attending the Legislature, having declined a nomination. In Middle Oregon Colonel Martin commands, and in Southern Oregon the volunteer battalion have elected Bob Williams as their colonel. The appointment of Colonel Martin was made by the Governor. The elections of Colonels Cornelius and Williams have yet to receive his approval.

To-day an express was received from Lieutenant Chandler, dated February 3d, fourteen miles from the mouth of the Illinois. He had sent a request to Captain Poland for a portion of his command to join him, when they would march on to the mouth of the Illinois together. Mr. McGuire, the assistant Indian agent, was fearful all the friendly Indians would not come in. It is to be regretted that a larger force could not have been sent into that neighborhood; for the Indians of that portion of the district, seeing that the hostile Indians are the stronger party, will be induced to join them. They are totally ignorant of the power of the United States, and imagine that we are the only whites in this part of the country with whom they will have to contend.

February 7.

Dr. Glisan: *I went out this afternoon and secured a fine mess of rock oysters. They are found on the seashore imbedded in solid rocks, generally of the gray sandstone species. The little cavities containing them have no communication whatever with the atmosphere except, perhaps, through the pores of the rock; unless the oyster is dead. In the latter event there arc external openings. Insects probably destroy them. Their average size, shell and all, is about that of a pullet's egg, which they also resemble somewhat in shape, except they are flatter, and have a much sharper little end. I have never seen them anywhere but on this coast. They taste very much like the Chesapeake oyster, and have as fine a flavor. They are obtained by shivering the rock with a hammer.*

In the cove where these oysters were obtained the sea otter is occasionally to be seen. In fact I wounded one there myself a few weeks ago, which ultimately died, and was found by the Indians. It must have died shortly after it was shot, and was then carried ashore by the tide. It is possible the one found was not mine, but as its skin had been pierced by buckshot, and I am the only one, as far as can be ascertained, who used the latter, it seems pretty evident that I killed it. But the finders are, of course, the owners.

The sea otter (enhydra marina) which abounds on the Pacific coast from California to Behring's Strait, is much larger than the common otter found in Europe and the eastern part of North America. Its body is about three and one half feet long -- its tail fifteen inches. The general color is a beautiful maroon brown, with a brownish silver-gray to the head, neck under part of the fore legs. Its skin is considered the finest of all furs, both in texture, softness and durability; and commands as much as a hundred dollars in the markets of China, Japan, Europe and America. It lives in the ocean near the shore in winter, but in summer ascends the rivers and enters the fresh water lakes. It lives on fish, crustacea, and sea weed.

The sea otter is essentially an aquatic animal, though it can live in both air and water; although it may be found with its head, and even its body, resting on a rock, it never ventures on the dry land. When cracking a mussel shell, or playing, it swims on its back. The same position is assumed by the female whilst nursing her young, which are held pretty much as a woman holds her baby when nursing it while lying down. Her breasts also resemble the human female's. When dead the sea otter floats on the surface of the water. Many persons follow hunting it as a profession on this coast.

William V. Wells: *During our four months' stay at Coos and vicinity, we took frequent advantage of the numerous offers of our acquaintance to make excursions across and up the bay—sometimes to join in the excitement of the chase, salmon-fishing, or surveying the interesting country about us. The scenery around the bay so made up of deep, silent pine and fir forests, often relieved with the gayer-tinted foliage of the birch and maple. Toward the ocean, where the north-west winds prevailing in the summer months have heaped up symmetrical mounds of sand, all traces of vegetation disappear, and a desolate expanse of white mingles in the horizon with the blue line of the sea. An incessant roar, mellowed by the distance into a hoarse murmur, marks where the surf chafes among the rocks skirting the entrance to the bay.*

Days and weeks may pass away, and of you go beyond the small circle of civilization around the town, you will meet with no living thing buy the passive Indian squaw dragging her load of fish to the cabin, or some startled wild beast, quickly darting out of sight into the depth of the woods.

Early one morning I was roused by the appointment, to join in a tramp to the South Heads in search of otter. This trade has already assumed an importance among the whites of Lower Oregon, who purchase these and other peltries of the Indians. We made a party of three, and taking a narrow path, which to me became utterly lost in five minutes, we were soon traversing a dense mass of woods, in which the crinkling of our steps among the leaves were the only disturbing sounds. An hour's walk brought us out upon the coast, which here makes into numerous tiny outlets and bayous, formed by the large rocks around, and among which the sea lashes with resistless fury. Beyond us the surf made out in high successive banks of foam, any one of which would have approved the death-warrant of the stoutest ship afloat. A stiff breeze blew from seaward, and as the roaring walls of water toppled inland before the increasing gale, I could scarcely imagine how otter or any other living creature could be shot, much less captured in such wild commotion.

My companions, among whom was an Indian known as Chu-wally, stripping himself to the buff, crawled to the ledge and looked over into the little calm space of water under the lee of the rocks. For some moments he remained motionless, and then, without changing his position, raised his hand to signal us. "Down! close down!" whispered Billy Romanes, the best rifle-shot in the country, as we moved silently toward the spot. Slowly he crept up the steep crags, the booming surf wetting us to the skin as we ascended.

We reached the summit, and peering over the brink, gazed down upon four beautiful otter sporting in the little nook beneath. A single unguarded motion would have alarmed these timid creatures, and the utmost caution was necessary; for while the deafening roar of the ocean is a noise they are accustomed to, the click of a lock, or the bungling hitting of a riflestock against a rock, sends them out of sight in an instant. There were apparently two old females, each with a young one, though the difference in size was scarcely perceptible to a novice. At times, in the long smooth swell of the cove they would gracefully throw their entire forms out of the water; but this is rare, and the hunter is only too glad to get a moment's sight at the head above the surface. These appeared to be in a frolicsome mood, chasing each other about, now swimming rapidly on their backs, and disappearing to shoot up again in another moment. We lay perfectly quiet until both could bring our rifles to bear, when, as the two appeared together, they received our fire. Simultaneously with the flash of our rifles they disappeared, but leaving a streak of blood to prove the accuracy of one or both of us.

After a few moments we were gratified to observe one of them floating dead upon the water, and scarcely had we reloaded when a second, badly wounded, showed his head; both fired, and the game was our own, and Chu-wally plunged in and dragged them successively to the shore. They were of the silver-gray species, the most valuable fur, except that of the marten, taken in this section of Oregon, and worth in San Francisco about $35 each. We soon had them skinned, and throwing away the flesh, which is unfit for eating, we trudged homeward, quite satisfied with our good fortune. These furs, which, when dressed, are extremely beautiful and soft, are fast

becoming rare and more valuable. The Chinese in San Francisco pay the highest price for them for shipment to the celestial regions, furs being a mark of dignity and power in China.

On the smooth ocean beach the marksmen of Oregon sometimes shoot the otter through the surf. As the bank of water moves majestically toward the shore, the otter, who understands better than all other animals how to manoeuvre in the breakers, spreads himself flat on the outer or seaward side, and moves rapidly in to the land. His form is plainly visible through the thin water, as through a plate of glass. The hunter stands beyond the force of the surf, and when the game has been borne to within rifle-shot, the unerring bullet cuts through the transparent element, and it is rarely that the shot is not rewarded with the much-coveted prize. The land otter has a smaller and less valuable fur, and, like the beaver, is often taken in traps on the Coquille, Umpqua, and Rogue rivers. The rifle, however, that unfailing reliance of the frontiersman, is the common weapon used against the entire brute creation in Oregon.

The world offers no better hunting-grounds than these wild woods of the North. Here are found a variety of deer, and the brown and black bear (the grizzly is not seen north of the California line). The stately elk, with such antlers as the hunters of the Eastern States have no conception of, runs in bands of hundreds in the interior; the black, gray, and white wolf, and the numberless little delicately furred creatures who are made to contribute their soft coverings to the rich robes now so fashionable in the Northern United States, are all found in this region.

In mid-winter, when the huntsman plods his way amidst the world of pines, bending their lofty tops beneath a continuous roof of snow, the muffled echo of a rifle will sometimes indicate the presence of man, when no other sound than the hungry howl of the wolf, or the sudden rush of the elk, disturbs the silence. Let the wanderer issue from the forest, and climbing the nearest hill, gaze through the rarified atmosphere toward the north. If he is beyond the Sciusclaw, he will see a blue cone far away, rising into the clouds, and traced in feathery outline against the sky. It is Mount Hood, the fourth loftiest peak in the world. Apparently near by, but yet weary days' travel apart, as the traveler will find, should he make the journey, stand two others, Adams and Jefferson. At early dawn these huge landmarks present a deep indigo color; but as the ascending sun flashes against their steep declivities, the blue suddenly changes into a glitter of eternal ice, white as a glacier, and of all spectacles in the great north the most splendid. But let not my unworthy pen desecrate these grand old mountains with an attempt at description. Descend we go again into the game.

Partridges, quails, woodcocks, or prairie hens have never yet been seen, but the clouds of curlew, snipe, teal ducks, and geese, greedily feeding along the marshes and river banks are incredible. Some sportsman deny the existence of the canvas-back duck on the Pacific coast; but the punt loads which carry our party slaughtered last winter would soon convince them of their error.

The Indians of this section of country are by no means the fierce and warlike race found further to the northward in Upper Oregon and Washington Territory. Although viciously disposed, they have long since learned to estimate the character of the whites at its proper value. Under the protection or rule of the Indian agents they are furnished with a certain amount of blankets and

food throughout the year, and from their association with the whites, have lost much of their savage ferocity.

February 10.

Dr. Glisan: *This afternoon Lieutenant Chandler arrived, having left his detachment in camp, under the command of Lieutenant Drysdale, on Rogue River, about four miles from its mouth. He, in conjunction with Captain Poland's company, and Indian agent J. McGuire, succeeded in inducing the Shasta-Costahs, and other friendly Indians in the vicinity of Big Bend, to move further down Rogue River. On the first appearance of the troops at the mouth of the Illinois, the friendly Indians took to the thicket, but were finally all got in. They reported that the hostile Indians had moved with their families up the Illinois. They will probably make that their headquarters, and thence proceed in different directions to cut off small parties. It is important that they be followed up at once, whilst their provisions are scarce, but it will be almost impossible for troops to pursue them far up the Illinois, as its banks and mountain gorges are woefully inaccessible. However, so soon as we receive reinforcements we shall doubtless take a trip against them.*

February 15.

Dr. Glisan: *Lieutenant Drysdale and detachment returned yesterday. The weather for the last few days has been as beautiful and mild as I ever experienced. The thermometer being generally about fifty at seven A. M., and sixty at two P. M. -- wind N. W. to-night, however, the latter has changed to the S. E., and will probably give us another storm.*

Major Reynolds and myself caught fourteen beautiful salmon trout in a lagoon in this vicinity yesterday; but they are not very good at this season; their flesh being soft.

William V. Wells: *The salmon fisheries of Oregon are yet scarcely known. Even in San Francisco, where the resources of the Pacific coast should be well understood, there seems to be but little attention given to this subject. There are two "runs" of salmon every year in all the rivers and bays of Oregon, from the Chetkoe to the Umpqua inclusive. But one attempt has been made in Oregon to use the seine, which was on the Rogue River. With imperfect apparatus and every disadvantage to work against, above five thousand of these fish were hauled from the river in two days with the assistance of the Indians. These were packed with refuse salt, and in so hurried a manner that the fish were not cured, and hence the statement, believed by many intelligent persons, that salmon can not be salted on the Pacific coast owing to certain atmospheric causes. The English, however, with a better knowledge of affairs, have already sent two full cargoes from Vancouver's Island to China, for the salmon are found as far north even as the Russian possessions. These form the chief article of food for the Indians in Coos Bay as well as on the entire coast, and their method of catching them with hooks and spears is often an interesting spectacle.*

I had intimated to my friend, Mr. Rogers, my desire to witness a torchlight salmon excursion, and with his usual courtesy he organized an expedition for my special benefit. The Indians collected at a point a mile below Empire City, and were nearly one entire day making their

preparations. The canoes were first cleaned out and furnished with a barbed spear of wood tipped with iron or glass. A pile of pitch-pine knots were also placed in each, and other arrangements made, the nature of which I did not understand. Determined to see the whole performance, I embarked in a frail affair—a species of dug-out—having for my crew an old squaw, whose bleared eyes and skinny, wrinkled hideousness, illuminated with the glare of the torch she had stuck in the bow of the canoe, reminded me of the gaunt features of some foul witch from regions damned. But I soon found that my female Charon was not to be despised, for she plied her paddle with the dexterity of a—for aught I know—century's experience. We soon reached a little bend in the bay where the fleet was congregated, and the sport commenced.

The operation was simple enough. Each canoe contained two persons, a squaw squatting in the stern to take fish from the spear and replenish the fire; and an Indian, who, from the bows, darted his weapon with absolute certainty at the fish. The light of the fire seemed to possess some attraction for the finny denizens of the bay; for as the glare passed along the surface of the water, they would dart upward toward it and become the sure prey of the spearsman. In a trice, the drumming of captured salmon was heard from a dozen boats, and my crew became so excited thereat that she nearly threw me out of the cockle-shell in gesticulating and screaming to her grandson, who was not displaying any remarkable dexterity on that night. The cold was severe, my hands and feet were soon benumbed, and yet this apparently bloodless old creature, almost naked, showed no signs of suffering.

The scene was one of the most remarkable I ever witnessed, and but for the cold would have been superb. At my request the squaw paddled me alongside a canoe, the proprietor of which lent me a spear; but though he pointed out dozens of salmon, some of them glorious fellows, three feet long, my unpracticed hand met with no success.

In an hour the novelty of the thing had passed, and I gave the signal to return. There were about five hundred fish taken in that time.

Another method is to use the common fish-hook. The fleet of canoes start for some favorable locality where the bight of the land leaves the water free from the action of the current, and the surface is speedily covered with dozens of little reels, on each of which are wound about ten yards of line. There are generally about half a dozen hooks attached to the end, which are allowed to hang from ten to twelve feet below the surface, being suspended at that gauge by a float. The salmon bite greedily at the bait, and swim away, unwinding the line as they go. The reel spins around with great velocity, which is the signal for the proprietor to paddle up, haul in the captive, and administer a stunning tap on the head with a small stick provided for the purpose. There are often a dozen canoes engaged at once in this fishery -- all gliding swiftly about, and more than busily engaged by the rapidity of the bites. These salmon are, beyond comparison, the most delicious in the world, even surpassing the most famous ones taken in the Sacramento River in California.

The coal deposits of Coos Bay should be the subject of a separate article, and require more space than could be devoted to them in the limits of these pages. A report, recently published by myself in San Francisco, contains the outlines of what will doubtless become hereafter widely discussed. That the importation of coal to California via Cape Horn, from Europe and the

Eastern States must eventually cease, few who are acquainted with the facts will deny. A space of country about the size of Rhode Island is a solid bed of coal, outcropping wherever a ravine or break occurs. The veins are from six to ten feet thick. The coal has been repeatedly and satisfactorily tested, and proved to be well adapted to steamship purposes. It is in quality not unlike the Scotch cannel, but lighter, and when unmixed with foreign substances, burns to clear red ashes. But these are only a few of the boundless treasures of the unexplored regions of the Pacific, and which, as the country becomes populated, are destined to teach the inhabitants of the extreme West to rely on their own resources. California and Oregon produce nearly every article necessary to the comfort and subsistence of the great avenue of population -- the national railroad -- to bring the country to the pinnacle of greatness and wealth. Shall we live to see it built?

February 22, 1856: Rogue River Massacre and murder of Ben Wright

February 22.

A. G. Walling [1884: 273-274]: *Something had been done in the way of protection against possible outbreaks by the formation of a small company of volunteers who were under the command of Captain Poland. This company numbered thirty-three men and had been called out by the agent and stationed at the Big Bend, some fifteen miles up the river, where they served to separate the hostiles above from the peaceful Indians below. Here they had a strongly fortified post and were deemed secure from defeat or capture. These troops maintained their station until about the first of February, 1856, when they abandoned it and joined the main body of citizens at Gold Beach. Wright; observing the growing discontent of the natives at this time, put forth every effort to induce them to go peaceably on to the temporary reservation at Port Orford, where they would be safe from the attack of ill-disposed whites and the solicitations of hostile Indians. It was still thought notwithstanding hints of an outbreak, that the Indians about the mouth of the river would be induced to submit to the authority of the superintendent and would eventually, without trouble or bloodshed, be removed to some distant reservation. It has always been supposed that it was owing to the intriguing of one man that this effect was not brought about. This man was an Indian of some eastern tribe -- Canadian, it was said -- and had been with Fremont on his last expedition ten years before. He possessed great experience of savage warfare and savage craft and duplicity, of which latter qualities he was certainly a master. Enos, called by the Indians Acnes, had become a confident of Wright's to the extent of knowing, it is said, all his plans for the peaceful subjugation of the Indians. We must confess Ben Wright changed from what fact and tradition have described him, if instead of meditating a mighty coup-de-main to destroy them, he relied upon negotiations, squaws' enticements and the persuasions of an Indian renegade to accomplish what his arms alone had been want to do. Enos, nominally for Wright, constantly entered the Indian camps, in one of which his wife dwelt; and laid with the braves of these coast tribes a far-reaching plan to destroy utterly and beyond regeneration the small colony of whites; and this done, to join the bands of savages who were waging war along the upper reaches of the Rogue, and at one fell swoop to defeat and drive from the country the invaders who so harrowed the Indian soul. Thus large they say his plan was; but not larger, doubtless, than those of other savages, but more nearly being executed than most others because laid by a brain that could contrive and a disposition that made bloody deeds and violence like balm to his feelings. Many a dangerous and rough enemy the whites had in Southern Oregon, but none more dangerous nor capable than this planning and contriving, smiling and hating foreign Indian, whose treachery cost the sea -- cost colony many valuable lives and nearly its whole material wealth.*

The first step in Enos' portentious plan was to slaughter Wright and the settlers along the coast. On the evening of February 22, having completed his arrangements, Enos with a sufficient force of his Indians fell upon the scattered settlement at the south side of the mouth of the river, and finding Agent Wright alone in his cabin, entered it seen but unsuspected by him, and with an axe or club slaughtered this hero of a hundred bloody fights. So died perhaps the greatest of the Indian fighters whom this coast ever knew. Concluding this villainy the Indians sought new victims, and during the night killed mercilessly, with shot or blows, twenty-four or twenty-five persons, of whom the list is here presented, as given by various authorities: Captain Ben Wright,

Captain John Poland, John Geisel and three children, Joseph Seroc and two children, J. H. Braun, E. W. Howe, Barney Castle, George McClusky, Patrick McCollough, Samuel Heudrick, W. K. Tullus, Joseph Wagoner, Seaman, Lorenzo Warner, George Reed, John Idles, Martin Reed, Henry Lawrence Guy C. Holcomb and Joseph Wilkinson. Three prisoners they took -- Mrs. Geisel and her remaining children Mary and Annie, the three of whom, after suffering the worst hardships at the hands of the Indians, were delivered from them at a later date, and now live to recount with tears the story of their bereavement and captivity.

February 23.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 379-381]: *So quiet had been the coast tribes for some time that suspicion of their intentions was almost forgotten, and on the night of the twenty-second of February an anniversary ball was given at Gold Beach, or Whaleshead, near the mouth of the river, which was attended by Captain Poland and the majority of his men, a few being left to guard camp. Early on the morning of the twenty-third, before the dancers had returned to camp, the guard was attacked with such suddenness and fury by a large number of Indians that but two out of ten were able to escape. One of these, Charles Foster, being concealed in the woods near the scene of the massacre, was witness of much of the terrible slaughter and mutilation, and able to identify those concerned in it, who were seen to be such as lived about the settlements, and were professedly friendly.*

Ben Wright was then at the house of J. McGuire, about four miles from the coast, and between the volunteer camp and Whaleshead. Early in the day, and while Captain Poland was with him, Wright received a visit from some Indians of the Mackanotins tribe, who had a village on the south side of the river opposite McGuire's, who came ostensibly to inform him that Enos, a notorious half-breed, who had been with the hostile Rogue-rivers, all winter was in their camp, and they wished to have him arrested.

Without a suspicion of treachery, Wright and Poland repaired to the Indian village, where they were immediately seized and killed, with the most revolting blood thirstiness, being mutilated beyond recognition. Wright's heart, as subsequently learned from the Indians themselves, was cut out, cooked and eaten, in admiration of his courage, which they hoped by this act of cannibalism to make themselves able to emulate.

Every house on the river below big bend, sixty in all, was burned that day, and twenty-six persons killed. The persons who suffered were Ben Wright, Captain Poland, Lieutenant B. Castle, P. McClusky, G. C. Holcomb, Henry Lawrence, Joseph Wagoner, Joseph Wilkinson, Patrick McCullough, E. W. Howe, J. H. Braun, Martin Reed, George Reed, Lorenzo Warner, Samuel Hendrick, Nelson Seaman, W. R. Tulles, John Idles, Joseph Leroc, and two sons, John Geisell and four children, while Mrs. Geisell and two daughters were taken into captivity. Subsequently to the first attack, Henry Bullen, L. W. Oliver, Daniel Richardson, John Trickey, and Adolf Smoldt were killed, making thirty-one victims of this massacre. Seven different points on the south side of the river were attacked within twelve hours, showing how well concerted was the outbreak.

When the alarm was given at Gold Beach, some of the officers of Captain Poland's company were still there, and Relf Bledsoe, first lieutenant, was at once chosen to command. He concentrated the men, women, and children to the number of one hundred and thirty at the unfinished fortification known as "Miners Fort," which they hastened to complete and to stock with the provisions at hand, and otherwise to prepare to stand a siege -- for siege it was likely to be, with no force in that part of the country, either regular or volunteer, sufficiently strong to deliver them.

William V. Wells: *An Indian dance or merry-making having been announced near the bay, the whole available population turned out to "assist" at it. Entering an open space in the woods toward midnight, we found about thirty braves and squaws gathered around an immense fire of pine logs, the flames of which lit up their grotesque accoutrements and hideously painted faces, while the surrounding forest echoing their monotonous chants, was dimly illuminated with the red glare. For a space of twenty yards around the fire the scene was a blaze of light, but from that point the woods receded into an impenetrable gloom. We dismounted, and fastening our horses to the limbs, entered at once among them. Here an old squaw, whose leathern hide, naked from the waist up, lay like the folds of oiled parchment over her attenuated form, sat rocking herself to and fro, mumbling an indescribable jargon. She was stone blind. There a bevy of young ones, tattooed and bedaubed beyond all description, joined their voices to a jumping, jolting dance, hand in hand, back and forth, toward and away from the fire. Beyond, were seated as near to the flames as the heat would allow, a row of Indians all fantastically dressed, beating time to the chant with sticks, which they held crossways in their hands, and at given signals rattled nervously together.*

Several old chiefs seemed to act as leaders in the festivities, and at their signal a wild, unearthly yell arose, which, but for the presence of my companions, I might easily have construed into a war-whoop. All were in motion; rocking, dancing, jumping, or stepping, in uncouth gait, to the time of the music or chant. Perspiration flowed in streams, and the decidedly careless display of female animated nature would have driven less interested, and perhaps more scrupulous, spectators than ourselves from the scene. As the flames roared their chorus with the hideous noise of these creatures, it seemed like a dance of fiends incarnate in some orgie of Pandemonium. Hanging up in elongated wicker-baskets, so closely woven as to be water-proof, were some dozen papooses strapped to the straight back of these portable cradles, and nothing but the head of the little imps visible from among the firs and dirt.

An Indian burial is scarcely a less remarkable scene. Formerly the body was burned, and the wife of the corpse killed and interred with the body. This, and numerous other like horrible practices, have been summarily abolished by the settlers. When one of the community begins to show signs of dissolution (which is usually hastened by the sweating or other sanitary process to which the sick are submitted), the whole tribe commences a terrible outcry, which generally lasts through the dying agony of the sufferer. The body is then stretched upon the ground and sprinkled with sand and the ashes of sea-weed or kelp. the legs are forcibly doubled up toward the head, and the ankles tied as closely as the rigidity of the corpse will permit, to the neck. The relatives of the deceased shave their heads and place the hair upon the body—thus rolled into a heap—together with some shells and nutritive roots for the dead to subsist upon. The body is then lowered into the grave, which is made of a length to accommodate the diminuation of size to

which the defunct has been submitted. The earth being thrown in, the whole tribe jump alternately upon it until the ground becomes solid. The baskets, clothing, spears, and all personal property, is formed into a heap, packed upon the grave, and covered securely with sticks and stones. With a chief, the ceremonies are no more impressive and lengthy.

February 24 (Sunday).

Agent Dunbar [Port Orford letter extracts to Gen. Palmer (US Senate 1893: 46)]: *10 o'clock at night.*

*GENERAL: I have just returned from a meeting of the citizens called together by the startling intelligence from Rogue River. The volunteers, having moved down from the Big Bend, were camped near the spot on which we rested last before leaving the treaty ground. A part of them only were in camp; the balance were at the mouth of the Rogue River. At the dawn of day on the 22d instant the camp was surprised and every man killed, as now believed, but two, one escaping to the mouth and one to Port Orford on foot through the hills, arriving here to-night. The one who came in (Charles Foster) escaped by crawling into the thicket and there remaining until dark, and there had an opportunity to witness unperceived much that transpired. He states that he saw the Too-too-to-nies engaged in it, who sacked their camp. The party was estimated by him to number 309. Ben Wright is supposed, with Capt. Poland and others, to be among the killed. Ben and Poland had gone over to Maguire's house (our warehouse). He had word from the Mack-a-no-tins that the notorious Eneas (half-breed) [sic] was at their camp, and that they wished him to come and take him away, and he was on that business. Foster distinctly heard the time of the attack and murder of the camp. * * **

*My opinion is that Wright is killed. * * * Every ranch but Sandy's has been sacked and burned, and all still as death. * * * Dr. White saw many of the bodies lying on the beach (bodies of white men), and went by Gisle's ranch and found the house burned and the inhabitants killed. * * **

Our town is in the greatest excitement. We are fortifying, and our garrison being too weak to render aid to Rogue River, the major (Reynolds) is making arrangements for protection here, and has sent Tichenor with a request that all abandon Rogue River and ship to Port Orford.

*** * Many strange Indians have made their appearance, well armed, and have actually committed many depredations. * * **

*We build a fort to-morrow, on which all are engaged in good earnest. All have enrolled themselves for self-protection, and a night patrol is set. * * **

Yours, in haste, R. W. Dunbar

February 25 (Monday).

Dr. Glisan: *Indian troubles are augmenting. Captain Ben Wright, the Indian sub-agent, Captain Poland, several volunteers, and all the settlers between this and Rogue River, except those immediately at the mouth, making about twenty-eight in all, have been massacred by the Indians.*

As previously mentioned, the friendly bands from the vicinity of Big Bend of Rogue River, had been brought lower down the river, so as to keep them separated as far as possible from the hostile tribes above. Provisions were also issued them by the agent, whose intention it was to remove them, together with all the tribes in this district, to the Indian reserve selected by the superintendent last summer. The Indians seemed delighted at the idea of going on the reservation. About fifteen of Captain Poland's volunteers were kept in the neighborhood to watch their movements. On the twenty-second instant five of those attended a ball at the mouth of the river. On the same day the Indians (those brought from the Big Bend) sent a message to Captain Wright that Enas (the traitor) was at their camp, and desired Wright to come up immediately, as he wished to have a talk with him. The latter returned answer that he would meet Enas at a half-way house; and accordingly left the same day with Captain Poland for the place of assignation. That night the ten volunteers, who were quartered in a shanty directly across the river from where the Agent and Enas were able to meet, heard a very suspicious noise in that direction, but did not know anything was wrong till the following morning, when their party was attacked whilst at breakfast by an overwhelming body of savages. They immediately broke for the thicket. So far but one of them (C. Foster,) has been heard from -- and he managed to reach this place. He lay secreted in a thicket near the attacked house all day Saturday, and saw sufficient of the Indian movements that day to satisfy him that all the coast range Indians in that vicinity had risen against the whites. Foster says he killed two Indians with his revolver, and could have killed a third, but was afraid the report of the pistol would endanger his life. On Saturday night he left the thicket, and came as far as Euchre Creek. On coming near the ranches there he discovered them burnt, and the Euchre Indians holding a war dance. Last night he reached this place. Shortly after, a schooner arrived from the mouth of the Rogue River confirming the report of the outbreak. She left yesterday morning; she brought a list of the missing, twenty-eight in number. The nearest house burned is within fifteen miles of here.
As the Indians are vastly stronger than the whites, even though the bands between this place and the Coquille do not join them, and as they are elated by almost unprecedented success in upper Rogue River, and led on by that rascal Enas, who, from having been employed so much by the army as guide, has a perfect knowledge of this country and its most assailable points, it is feared an attack will be made on the citizens in the temporary fortifications at the mouth of Rogue River, and perhaps on this place.

***12 o'clock** -- Two men, supposed to have been killed, have found their way in -- Dr. White to Rogue River, and Mr. Smith to this place. The latter states that late on the afternoon of the twenty-second, the Euchre Indians, whose encampment was near his house, came there, and told them that Seaman (both the latter and Dr. White were there on a visit), had killed two otter, and wished Warner, a partner of Mr. Smith's, to come down there immediately, and bring him two rifles. Warner, though not suspecting anything, for the Indians had been perfectly friendly, and he knew that Seaman was otter hunting, still declined to go. Shortly thereafter, the Chief came to him and said that he had found a dead otter, which had floated ashore, and wished Warner to come down and see whether it was the one which he had killed a few days previously. Warner went. Mr. Smith and the Doctor heard a shot shortly afterwards, and suspected what was up. They ran into the house, which was immediately attacked by the Indians, and set on fire. Thus was extinguished several times, but the latter finally succeeded in getting it in a full blaze. The two gentlemen then broke for the bushes. The bullets rattled around them, but they made their*

escape. Mr. Smith was from Friday night till Monday 12 o'clock M., reaching Fort Orford, a distance, by the usual trail, fifteen miles. Of course he kept the thicket all the way.

February 27.

Dr. Glisan: *For the last few days we have been endeavoring to put our post in a condition for defense against the enemy should they attack us. Most of the buildings are made of cedar plank, and are consequently very inflammable, and afford only protection against balls. One half of the fort is surrounded by a dense forest, through which the Indians can come within pistol shot of garrison. Should the enemy arrive before we get ourselves in a defensible condition, it will be a serious matter.*

Last night there were two alarms -- the first one false -- the second caused by a shot from a sentinel down town at four strange Indians seen hovering near. Things in this district at present are calculated to cause much vigilance and anxiety, especially as we have no chance of securing aid from a distance for some time. If the steamer gets in to-day or to-morrow, we may be able to report our condition to Col. Wright, who has probably not yet left Fort Vancouver with all of the Ninth regiment.

We feel much anxiety to hear from Rogue River, as large columns of smoke are plainly to be seen rising up from the vicinity of the fort erected there by the whites of that place.

February 28.

Dr. Glisan: *The steamer Republic arrived here last evening. She was bound for Portland, and had gone twenty-five miles beyond Port Orford, and would not have stopped had she not caught fire, when this port was made, as it was the nearest. The fire caused but little damage. A large quantity of ammunition, intended for Vancouver and this place, was thrown overboard. By her we were enabled to inform Col. Wright of our critical position.*

This morning a row-boat was dispatched to Rogue River, to learn how the settlers, who are there besieged, are getting on. With a spy-glass, we yesterday thought we could see their fort still standing; but the shanties all along the coast seemed to have been burnt to the ground. We think that the settlers will be able to hold out till the arrival of assistance, yet it is strange the schooner has not returned.

March 1.

Dr. Glisan: *This morning Mr. McGuire and another gentleman, reached here from the mouth of Rogue River. They ran a narrow escape, but the critical condition of the citizens there, rendered it absolutely necessary for an express to come through. The former states that Captain Tichenor, who left here for that place last Sunday night, was unable to get in, on account of a strong wind blowing at the time. He has probably gone to Crescent City for aid. The boat that left here day before yesterday, was capsized in attempting to land, and eight of her ten men met a watery grave. He says the Indians have burnt and destroyed all the houses and other property in that neighborhood, except the fort in which the citizens are now protected. This has been attacked*

several times, but as it is a good building, and situated on the sand beach, over a mile from any timber, they will probably be able to sustain themselves until the next steamer, if any are sent; if not, the steamer may stop there and take them away.

The Indians are represented to be very numerous. All the upper Rogue River bands, that have given so much trouble near Jacksonville, are believed to be present, together with those who have joined them in this district. There is not a doubt from what has come to light, that the rise of all the Indians in this district has been determined on. The only thing to prevent the few bands yet professing friendship from joining the enemy, will be the timely arrival of reinforcements. We now have three small bands on the military reserve, who will remain peaceable just so long as the enemy keeps away, and no longer. But what can we do? They still profess friendship, and say they wish to live in peace with us. Surely we can't, under the circumstances, treat them otherwise than as friends. It is a difficult matter to get along with the Indians when a thirst for revenge has been awakened in their breasts, for then they know no distinction between foes or friends. All whites are then alike to them, and deep, hellish treachery and revenge becomes the mother powers of all their actions.

A. G. Walling [1884: 274-275]: *A large portion of the inhabitants thereabouts had gathered on that fateful night at the Big Flat to attend a dance given there, and so failed of death; and on the morrow these set out for the ransacked village, and arriving there found that the Indians had gone, leaving the fearful remains of the butchery. The corpses were buried; and the remaining population, numbering perhaps 130 men, scantily supplied with fire-arms and provisions, hastened to the north bank of the river, and sought protection in a fort, so-called, which quite providentially stood there, having been constructed previously by some whites in anticipation of such need. Here the survivors gathered and for a time sustained a state of siege with the added horrors of an imminent death by starvation. Their only communication from without was by means of two small coasting schooners which made occasional trips to Port Orford or Crescent City. At the former place lay Major Reynolds with a force scarcely sufficient to maintain order; and when the messengers from Gold Beach arrived and told their direful tale, the citizens of the post with their families and most valuable goods took refuge at the barracks, whence the commander refused to move. He advised an entire abandonment of the settlement at Gold Beach, but as the Indians surrounded it and commanded all approaches by land, it was obviously impossible for the beleaguered citizens to escape, unless by sea, and that recourse was also cut off. Meantime the now aroused savages were not idle. Every dwelling and every piece of property of whatever description that fire could touch was destroyed. The country was devastated utterly, and only the station of Port Orford remained inhabited, if we except the fort at the mouth of the river. The buildings at Gold Beach were all burned, and an estimate of the property destroyed along the coast fixes the damage at 125,000. Subsequent to the first attack a number of other persons were killed by the Indians, these being Henry Bullen, L. W. Oliver, Daniel Richardson, Adolf Schuioldt, Oliver Cautwell, Stephen Taylor, and George Trickey. By an unhappy chance H. I. Gerow, merchant; John O'Brien, miner ; Sylvester Long, farmer; William Thompson and Richard Gay, boatmen, and Felix McCue, were drowned in the breakers opposite the fort, while bringing aide and provisions from Port Orford.*

March 4.

Dr. Glisan: *Yesterday, Roland, a celebrated hunter, came in from the Coquille is very inimical to the Indians, who have frequently endeavored to kill him; that is, even those now professing friendship, and for several months past there have been a few of the hostile Indians spying around in his neighborhood, three of whom followed his trail the other day.*

The way he caught them in their own game is worthy of record. As has always been his custom during dangerous times, he traveled five or six miles on a certain trail, and then went off to one side and struck the same again a mile or two back, and examined it to see if he was pursued. In this way he soon discovered that three Indians were on his trail. Moving along carefully he came up behind them and shot one; the other two broke and ran. The story is believed, because, independent of the old fellow's credibility the action is in accordance with his character. His age is about sixty-five, and yet he can shoot better than any man in this country. A rifle in his hands is held as steadily as though it were in a vice. I could relate many daring adventures of which he is the hero, but shall conclude by simply remarking that he is a second Daniel Boone. The Pioneer of Kentucky must have been just such an eccentric specimen of humanity.

False alarms are the order of the night down in the village; but last night one of the sentinels there did really get a shot at an Indian spy; he was within twenty feet of him. It is not known whether he was within twenty feet of him. It is not known whether the fellow was struck or not, but, judging from the manner in which he threw himself over the bank, it is thought some of the Buckshot hit him. His tracks were plainly to be seen on the sand beach the next morning; also a large knife, which he had dropped, was found.

We are now enclosing a row of our principle houses in a picket fence, made of upright posts, eight feet apart, placed around in the form of a rectangular parallelogram. Board are nailed to these both inside and outside, thus leaving a space of six inches between them, which is filled with dirt. At intervals of about thirty feet port-holes are cut to fire through; and also at suitable places there openings of two by two and a half feet for the howitzer. A glacis will be thrown up on the outside of the fence. The latter will be completed in a few days, when the ordnance and commissary stores will be moved inside, and thus be kept secure from the enemy, who will then be unable to burn us out; and, in fact, I have no idea that they will make an attack when they perceive that we are ready for it.

The steamer is looked for to-morrow. If she brings troops they will be immediately dispatched to the relief of the besieged garrison at the mouth of Rogue River.

March 5.

Capt. Cram: *On the 9th of the same November, while Major General Wool, United States army, in command of the department of the Pacific, was at Crescent City, on his way to the field of Indian hostilities, which had broken out in the preceding month in the Yakama country to the north of the Columbia, he received the first intelligence of the fight just described, and it was then that he also first received authentic information of the governor's declaration of war, and of the southern army of his volunteers being in existence.*

General Wool's presence in southern Oregon at this juncture was exceedingly opportune. He was personally in position to enable himself to judge of the necessary measures to be taken for the future duties that would properly devolve on the troops under his own command in this district. Accordingly, acting upon the basis of humanity towards the Indians, and at the same time having a due regard to the safety of the settlements, the commanding officers of the United States army in this district were instructed during the winter to receive at their posts and protect from violence all friendly Indians who would come in and express a willingness to go in the following spring on the reservation set apart for them.

In spite, or more probably in consequence, of the operations of the governor's southern army during the winter, it turned out in the spring that the number of Indians in arms had increased; that they had the entire command of the lower part of Rogue river; were besieging a block-house filled with citizens near the mouth, and were really threatening the destruction of all the whites there; while many of the friendly Indians had repaired to Crescent City, Fort Orford, and Fort Lane for the promised protection, and to be ready to move according to the terms of the treaty.

Several bands, deemed unfriendly, were in arms at different places in the valley above; among these was that of Old John, who said "the whites are determined to kill me and my band and we may as well die fighting as in any other way." Indeed, this band alone had become so formidable as to defy the "southern army;" and finally it became necessary for the superintendent of Indian affairs, and for the safety of the settlers, to call upon the regular troops to end the troubles on Rogue river.

Accordingly, General Wool, being previously well advised of the topography of the district, and the probable positions of the bands in arms, devised and put into execution the following plan of military operations for ending this Rogue river war by the United States troops. After sending a detachment of troops from Fort Lane to guard and conduct the friendly Indians waiting there to the reservation, there was left a small disposable force under Captain Smith, 1st dragoons.

One company (Captain Augur's, 4th Infantry) was ordered down from the Columbia river to Port Orford where Captain (Brevet Major) Reynold's company, 3d artillery, was already stationed; as soon as Augur's could arrive there would be troops enough to protect the friendly Indians and public stores collected here, and leave another small force disposable for the field.

Captain Floyd Jones' company, 4th infantry, was ordered from Fort Humboldt to Crescent City, to protect all supplies and public property that might be landed there, also to guard the friendly Indians who had been gathered there by the superintendent of Indian affairs in Oregon.

Captain Ord's company, 3rd artillery, then stationed at Benicia, was ordered to be in condition for field service, and in readiness to embark at a certain time in the steamer from San Francisco to Oregon.

Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Buchanan, junior, major 4th infantry, was selected by the general as the commanding officer to execute the plan of field operations.

On the 5th of March the general himself embarked with Ord's company, Lieutenant Colonel Buchanan, and a few officers of his staff; Captain Cram, Corps Topographical Engineers; Lieutenants Bonnycastle and Arnold, aids-de-camp, and Assistant Surgeon Milhau, for the field of operations; and while on his way up explained very fully to Lieutenant Colonel Buchanan the plan he desired him to execute. Lieutenant Bonnycastle subsequently relinquished his appointment as aid, and joined the force in the field.

Ord's company was to land at Crescent City, and the movement to commerce from there as soon as it would be judged that the force from Fort Lane under Captain Smith, he having been advised, should be able to reach the Illinois river, see map No. 9; and the force at Port Orford was to proceed towards Rogue river, all three being subject to the orders of Lieutenant Colonel Buchanan.

The general believed that by starting the three forces, all tending ultimately to meet somewhere near the mouth of the Illinois river, that from Crescent City moving towards the mouth of Rogue river, that from Port Orford towards the same, or to a point higher up, and after uniting both to ascend the river, while Captain Smith's would be descending the valley. all the hostile bands would most likely to be encountered or ferreted out. He was aware of the natural difficulties of the ground, and of the severe labor the troops must apply to the task.

The field of operations is represented on map No. 12, and the points where engagements occurred are designated by the symbol of two swords crossed.

A. G. Walling [1884: 275-276]: *The operations of the regular army which resulted in freeing Curry county from the presence of hostile Indians, are thus alluded to by Captain Cram. On the ninth of November, 1855, General John E. Wool, in command of the military department of the Pacific, while on his way to the Yakima country where war had broken out, arrived at Crescent City, and there learned of the existence of hostilities in Southern Oregon, of the formation of the "southern army" of volunteers, and of the fight at Hungry hill. Deeming the volunteers, with the assistance of the few regulars at Forts Lane and Jones, sufficient for the occasion, and there being no regular troops available for service in this district, General Wool gave himself no further concern about the matter, being averse to winter campaigns. General Wool's presence in Southern Oregon, says Captain Cram, was exceedingly opportune. He was enabled to judge of the measures necessary to be taken by his own command, and acting upon the basis of humanity for the Indians and with a due regard for the safety of the settlements, he instructed commanders of posts to receive and protect such friendly Indians as chose to come in and remain at the military posts. These were the precautions taken in consequence of "a due regard for the safety of the settlements" Captain Jones, who was posted with his company of fifty men at Fort Humboldt, received orders some time during the war to proceed to Crescent City and protect all supplies and public property, also to guard the friendly Indians gathered there by the superintendent of Indian affairs in Oregon;" and Major Reynolds with his company of just twenty-six artillerymen was ordered to remain at Fort Orford, ninety miles above Crescent City and thirty miles from Gold Beach, the spot where the Indians' blows must soonest fall, and only distant some forty or less miles from the common rendezvous of all the hostiles. It would require no generalship to ascertain the unprotected state of the settlements along the coast. Absolutely no protection, military or national, existed for the community at Gold Beach, excepting that*

these people had raised, as before mentioned, a small company, part of whom were stationed at the big bend of Rogue river, some fifteen miles above its mouth and a strategic point, where they acted as a guard to prevent the hostiles commanded by John, Limpy and other chiefs from communicating with or annoying the Indians of Gold Beach district, as before mentioned. Had those indomitable warriors been disposed to attack the coast people, there was absolutely no power at hand capable of making a successful resistance. The garrison at Big Bend would have been crushed, the friendly Indians scattered, and scenes of blood enacted similar to those we have recounted. Why the hostile Indians made no such attempt is a subject for speculation; certainly the regular army did nothing to prevent it. When spring came, General Wool, "being previously well advised as to the topography of the district and of the probable positions of the Indians," and having been informed of the imminent danger of the coast settlements, proceeded, leisurely enough, to "put in effect a plan for terminating the Rogue river war by United States troops. " Which war he proposed to terminate thus is not known; but it is plain that two separate wars had gone on during the weeks succeeding the "Ben Wright Massacre" -- the one being by the Coast Indians against the coast colony, the other by John and Limpy and their bands against the volunteers of the southern army. From and after the arrival of the United States troops at the mouth of the Rogue, we can only recognize a single contest, the exigencies of war having brought about an alliance of the savages, and the mutual though reluctant cooperation of the regulars and volunteers.

The general's plan is thus outlined in reports of the war department: A detachment of one hundred men had been sent from Fort Lane to guard Sam's band to the coast reservation, which left a very small number there for offensive operations. Captain Augur's company of the fourth infantry was ordered down from Vancouver to Fort Orford to reinforce Major Reynolds, which would afford troops enough to protect the friendly Indians and public stores collected there, and leave another small force disposable for the field. Captain Ord's company of the third artillery, stationed at Benicia, California, was ordered to be in readiness to embark on the steamer for Oregon. Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Buchanan, major in the fourth infantry, was selected to take charge of the field operations. On March fifth the general embarked at San Francisco with Ord's company, Lieutenant-Colonel Buchanan, Captain Cram, Lieutenants Bonnycastle and Arnold, and Assistant-Surgeon Milhau, for the seat of war.

March 6.

Capt. Ord ["Sgt. Jones"]: *"SERGEANT JONES, Third Regiment U. S. Artillery," sends us a huge bundle of manuscript, with sundry rough sketches, from the "Camp at the Mouth of Rogue River, Oregon." It is a portion of his daily journal, written in camp on the top of a bread-box instead of a table; the sketches, which are anything but artistic productions, having been made with the stump of a pencil about an inch and a quarter long, as the Sergeant tells us.*

These rough jottings give us an idea of the life of our soldiers in Oregon, more accurate, probably, than we could gain from more pretending sources; and we must introduce the Sergeant to our readers.

"Uncle Sam makes a few soldiers go a great ways," he writes, in a desponding mood. This is true in more senses than one. Company B. had just returned to California from a scout up the

Columbia River, a thousand miles and more to the north, where they had tramped over snowy mountains and forded icy rivers; and now, before they had done limping, orders came that they must set off for Gila River, almost a thousand miles to the south, "across a desert plain where it is so hot that one can make the mercury in the thermometer fall by breathing on the bulb."

Uncle Sam made these soldiers, at all events, "goes a great way."

Just then Indian hostilities broke out on Rogue River, and Company B., with several other companies, among which was the "Third Artillery," were ordered to proceed thither at once. "That dreadful Rogue River country," exclaims the Sergeant, "away up in Oregon, among bleak forests and wild mountains and wily savages. I wish we had gone to the Gila instead."

In due time the troops, some hundreds in number, were packed away, as thickly as books on a library shelf, on board a little steamer, which was to land detachments of them at various posts from San Francisco to Puget's Sound. The Sergeant jots down a wish that it may not rain for a few days, as most of the men sleep on deck.

March 7.

Dr. Glisan: *The steamer from above has not yet arrived. She is two or three days behind her time. Night before last we were all put under arms about three o'clock in the morning, as it was believed by many that Indians were in the thicket just back of the garrison. When daylight broke nothing could be seen. Last night there were two false alarms down town, and one at the mill. The first was caused by a sentinel shooting at another coming to relieve him -- the second by one of the pickets shooting a cow, which he mistook for an Indian -- the third was the accidental discharge of his gun by a sentinel guarding the saw-mill in the vicinity of this post. This morning sixteen men arrived from Coos Bay -- a coal mining region, some seventy miles up the coast. They learned something had occurred down here, and came to find out the particulars. They will probably return soon to put the other settlers on their guard.*

March 8.

Dr. Glisan: *A row-boat has just arrived from Fort Miner, the temporary fortification of the besieged citizens at the mouth of Rogue River, and brings the following news:--*

On the third or fourth instant a party of seventeen men left the fort to bring in some potatoes, about a mile distant. They had no idea that the enemy was near enough to do them any harm. A sentinel was posted in a commanding position, whilst the others put the potatoes in the wagon. Before they had finished loading, a party of Indians made an attack by first shooting the sentinel. A running fight ensued -- the whites, being overpowered, were driven to the fort, with the loss of four, and two wounded. They think several of the enemy were killed; one of the chiefs among the number.

On the sixth instant an exchange of prisoners took place; the Indians giving up Mrs. --, and her two daughters, and the whites four squaws. Mrs. -- says the Indians put her two sons to death, but treated her and daughters well. From what she was enabled to gather from the Indians, a

large number of them were killed in their attack and massacre of the volunteers. The besieged are represented as being still about one hundred strong; and have provisions for two weeks. Their fort consists of two log houses, surrounded by a high embankment of earth. They will, no doubt, be able to hold out till we can reinforce them.

It is feared an accident has occurred to the "Republic," or she would have been here several days ago, with reinforcements. The steamer from below is also due. If neither of them come in we shall be in a perilous position; for our provisions are growing short from having to supply the distressed citizens of Port Orford, as well as the friendly Indians now on the reserve. If the latter are not fed they will leave here, and probably join the enemy at once. They say they don't wish to unite with the hostile Indians, if the whites can give them protection.

Joel Palmer [Dayton, Oregon letter to Hon. Manypenny, Washington DC (US Senate 1893: 44-46)]: *SIR: On the morning of the 3d instant I received letters by express from Port Orford, under date of 24th and 25th ultimo, informing me of an outbreak among the Indians in that district, the substance of which is as follows: That a party of volunteers who had been encamped for some time at the Big Bend of Rogue River (which is distant about 30 miles from its mouth) returned and a part of them encamped near the Too-to-to-ny village, 3 miles above the coast, the remaining portion having passed on to the mining village at the mouth of the, river. On the morning of the 22d ultimo, at daylight, the camp near the Indian village was attacked by a party of Indians supposed to number about 300, and all but two, it was supposed, put to death, one man making his way to Port Orford and the other to the village at the mouth of the Rogue River. With one exception all the dwellings from the mouth of Rogue River to Port Orford have been burned, and the inmates supposed to be murdered; five persons, however, had made their appearance who at first were supposed to have been killed. Benjamin Wright, the special Indian agent of the district, is believed to be among the killed.*

I enclose here with extracts from the letter of R. W. Dunbar, esq., collector of the port, with copies of letter from Maj. Reynolds, the commanding officer of Port Orford, and of my letter to him.

Up to the last advices from that quarter, Mr. Wright expressed a confident hope of being able to maintain peace among them, but the extraordinary success of the hostile bands in whipping the forces brought against, and the ease with which they had invariably gained a victory over them, inspired a belief that they were abundantly able to maintain their position and rid themselves of the white population. In every instance when a conflict has ensued between volunteers and hostile Indians in southern Oregon the latter have gained what they regard a victory. It is true that a number of Indian camps have been attacked by armed parties, and mostly put to death or flight, but in such cases it has been those unprepared to make resistance and not expecting such attack. This, though lessening the number of the Indians in the country, has tended greatly to exasperate and drive into a hostile attitude many that would otherwise have abstained from the commission of acts of violence against the whites.

The avowed determination of the people to exterminate the Indian race, regardless as to whether they were innocent or guilty, and the general disregard for the rights of those acting as friends

and aiding in the subjugation of our real and avowed enemies, has had a powerful influence in inducing these tribes to join the warlike bands.

It is astonishing to know the rapidity with which intelligence is carried from one extreme of the country to another, and the commission of outrages (of which there have been many) by our people against an Indian is heralded forth by the hostile parties, augmented, and used as evidence of the necessity for all to unite in war against us.

These coast bands, it is believed, might have been kept out of the war if a removal could have been effected during the winter, but the numerous obstacles indicated in my former letter, with the absence of authority and means in my hands, rendered it impracticable to effect. It is hoped the condition of things is not really so bad in that district as the letter referred to might seem to imply. Enough, however, is known to convince us that a considerable portion of the coast tribes below Port Orford and extending eastward to Fort Lane, and very likely those on Upper Coquille (for they are adjacent), are hostile and indisposed to come to terms, and doubtless will remain so until they have positive demonstration of the folly of attempting to redress their own wrongs.

Measures have for some time been preparing to remove these Indians, and such as still remain friendly will be collected and placed on the military reservation at Port Orford until the requisite arrangements can be perfected for their removal to the coast reservation.

I have in contemplation the assignment of Agent Nathan Olney to this service, and, as I propose repairing to The Dalles of the Columbia with the view of perfecting arrangements in Mr. Thompson's district for the removal and settlement of the Indians of that vicinity on their reservation, I shall visit Mr. Olney in person and satisfy myself in regard to certain rumors indicating improper conduct on his part, to which I referred in my letter of 11th of February.

* * * * *

In the event of finding these reports well founded, I shall suspend Agent Olney from the service, however efficient he may be in other respects; and in that case we will be compelled to rely upon a special agent to take charge of and remove the coast tribes.

By a letter of the 23d ultimo, received here on the 6th instant from Agent Ambrose, I learn that he had started on the journey from Fort Lane encampment with the friendly Indians under his charge for the Grande Ronde encampment. Subagent Metcalfe was dispatched on the 27th ultimo with funds to Subagent Drew and Agent Ambrose, with instructions to remain with and aid Ambrose in the removal, unless some unforeseen obstacle should arise. I look confidently for the arrival of those Indians upon the Grande Ronde Reservation within ten or twelve days.

Active operations are going forward upon the reservation. Considerable progress is being made in putting in wheat crops, rendered more necessary by that sown in the fall having, with nearly the entire fields in the country, been killed by the severity of the frost in early January.

Small tracts of land are being designated and marked off for residence and cultivation by the respective members of the bands, and, with but few exceptions, they appear to enter into the arrangement with spirit and determination to do something for themselves. It must, of course,

take time, and an almost unlimited share of patience to reconcile the superstitious and ignorant notions and whims of these people, and introduce anything like system or order among them; but I have confidence in the belief that with efficient agents and the means provided by the treaties, we will be able to greatly better their condition and convince the skeptical of the practicability of carrying out the humane policy of the Government in civilizing and enlightening the Indians of Oregon Territory.

I am, sir, with great respect, your obedient servant, Joel Palmer, Superintendent Indian Affairs, Oregon Territory.

March 9.

Dr. Glisan: *The steamer "Columbia" arrived last night at twelve, and brought us forty-one recruits. Major-General Wool and staff were on board. The General has ordered three bodies of regulars to proceed against the hostile Indians at Rogue River, from three different points. One hundred men, under Captain A. J. Smith, to leave Fort Lane on the eleventh instant -- one hundred Crescent City on the twelfth, and seventy from this point on the thirteenth. From our proximity we shall undoubtedly reach the ground first, and may have a hard fight; for the enemy are the same (only doubly reinforced) who stood their ground against four hundred volunteers and regulars at the battle of "Hungry Hill," in upper Rogue River valley, last November.*

March 11, 1855: Governor Curry establishes Oregon Volunteer Militia

March 10.

Capt. Harris [Victor 1893: 395]: *On the first day of March I set out with twenty men of my command from Empire City to Port Orford, in view of forcing open a communication between these two places. Every citizen on the coast between Empire City and Port Orford had fled to one or the other of these places, leaving their homes and property unprotected. From best information I was advised that a party of Indians on the Coquille were then preparing to make a descent upon this helpless section, thus forsaken of its inhabitants, in view of seizing the unprotected property of our citizens as the spoils of the enemy. After cooperating with the forces at Port Orford in such a way as would best prevent a catastrophe thus fatal, I returned with my command to Empire City, where I arrived on the tenth of March.*

Capt. Ord ["Sgt. Jones"]: *The Third Artillery is dropped at Crescent City, a half-moon of shanties drawn up on the shore, with the eternal surf of the broad Pacific beating forever in front, and dense forests darkling [sic] in the rear. Six months before it had been a busy place. Long trains of mules set out thence for the diggings, some ten or twelve days' journey among the mountains. Then arose the quarrels with the Indians. Smith's Valley, the home of a coast tribe, was "taken up" by the settlers, who stole the squaws and ordered the men to betake themselves forthwith to other quarters. But there was no place to which the poor fellows could go. The Coast Indians are fish-eaters, and can not get a living by hunting among the mountains; besides, the mountain Indians kill them whenever they catch them. If they were to be killed, it might as well be one place as another. So they took to threatening the whites, and slaughtering their cattle. The settlers retaliated by killing the greater portion of the tribe; and the miserable survivors came in and surrendered themselves to the soldiers, in order to save their lives -- for a while at least. In the mean time the business of mining was ruined, the prosperity of Crescent City was destroyed, and the traders migrated to the quarters.*

The Indians, naked and without weapons, were encamped on a rock near the city, where they received rations from the Government. The soldiers remained at Crescent City for a few days, in order to drill the fresh recruits. One day, while practicing with the howitzer, a shell burst in front of the Indian camp, and a fragment fell plump among a group of the savages, who were squatted on the ground, engaged in their gambling game, played with bits of stick. They thought that their last hour had come. It was affecting to see how hopelessly they crowded around the officer who had them in charge, crying, "We thought you told us you wouldn't kill us." They could hardly be persuaded that they were not to be massacred on the spot.

March 11.

Dr. Glisan: *The "Republic" arrived from above on the afternoon of the ninth. She brought Captain C. C. Augur's company, seventy-four men, Fourth Infantry. She was detained three days in crossing the bar of the Columbia.*

March 13.

A. G. Walling [1884: 292]: *Gold Beach Guards. -- Mustered March 13, 1856; discharged, -- -- ,1856 -- Captain, Elisha H. Meservey; First Lieutenant, Joseph McVey; Second Lieutenant. Joseph Griffith; Privates, W. Allen Thomas Baker, Frank Bugy, Joseph Cruse, C, Claser, D. R. S. Daley; J. L. Garrett, E. A. Lane, Simon Lundy, S. Monte, John O'Regan, August Richards, J. W. Sykes, W. Smith, John Thomas, J. K. Vincent, O. W. Weam, Fred Wellor, John Wilson.*

March 14.

Dr. Glisan: *Portions of Company H, Third Artillery, and G, Fourth Infantry, in all one hundred and two men, under the command of Captain Christopher C. Augur, left Port Orford this morning to act against the Rogue River Indians. The officers are Captain C. C. Augur, Fourth Infantry; Bat.-Major John F. Rignod, Third Artillery; Lieutenant Robert Macfeeby, Fourth Infantry; Lieutenant John Drysdale, Third Artillery; and myself -- and some fifteen guides and packers.*

It having rained on the thirteenth, and also some little to-day, the trail is muddy and slippery. It is also exceedingly hilly and rough, and lined the most of the way with thick timber. The command are obliged to march in single file. Having to wade streams, (one, Bush Creek, seventeen times) they are kept wet up to their knees.

We arrived in camp at the Half Breed's House," (now vacant) ten miles from Fort Orford, about sundown. Not being able to get a good supply of pack animals, and not knowing how long we should be in the fiel, we have brought with us nothing but absolute necessaries -- not even tents. The latter will be considered necessary before the trip is over, for I have no idea that we shall be able to return from the field for several months -- in the meantime we shall probably be able to get tents. For the present, however, we must endure the weather whatever it may be. On arriving here we captured a squaw, who says she is on her way to join her tribe near Port Orford. She further states that the upper Rogue River Indians, and the coast tribes, have been quarreling, and that the former have gone up the river, taking most of the plunder with them; and that the traitor Enas is yet with the latter. Her report is considered suspicious. She will be sent to Fort Orford -- to be kept awhile in custody.

March 15.

Dr. Glisan: *We came about fifteen miles yesterday over an exceedingly rough trail. The first three miles of our way lay through thick fir timber -- then seven miles of dense undergrowth of chinkepin, whortleberry, large or true laurel, and rhododendron -- the remainder of the trail ran through a dense growth of fir, with the exception of half a mile of peculiar species of oak, on the south hill of Euchre Creek.*

The march was a hard one -- several of the men and animals giving out in ascending Euchre hill, the ascent of which is three or four miles. Six mules and packs left behind; also one man. We sent back last night for the latter, but he had risen from the spot he was last seen lying. We shall

remain in camp at this place to-day, and endeavor to find the man as well as the mules. The latter are probably several miles in the rear. Yesterday our hunters killed a fat deer.

Our camp is some three or four thousand feet above the ocean, which lies plainly in view some fifteen miles to the west. The surrounding landscape is very picturesque. Some of the mountain peaks are whitened with snow, others covered with green grass. The highest points seen yesterday were Iron Mountain to the east, Bald Mountain west, and Illinois Mountain southeast. Portions of the first and second can be seen from this camp.

March 17.

Dr. Glisan: *After a diligent search yesterday, we were unable to find the poor fellow we left behind. The packers were more successful, however, having found all their mules and packs, otherwise many of the command would have had no blankets to protect them from the inclemency of the weather. As it was, we all got wet from the rain. The act of sleeping on the ground of a rainy night, without tents, is not the most agreeable thing in the world.*

We left the Bark Shanty camp this morning at 10 o'clock, and reached our present one at 3:30 P. M. The ascent on the side of Lobster Creek is about three miles, and so steep that pack animals can scarcely climb it. We have come eight miles, most of that way through a forest of fir timber. From our present position, we could see Rogue River and the ocean, were it not so foggy. The fog, which lies along the water-courses many hundred feet below us looks yet beautiful, as the sun, which is setting clear, adds to its charms. The snow-capped mountains of the Illinois shine with brilliant splendor. Altogether, it is the most beautiful landscape I have ever seen.

March 20, 1856: Col. Buchanan and Capt. Ord arrive at Rogue River

March 18.

Capt. Ord ["Sgt. Jones"]: *A detachment of the troops were soon on their march for Rogue River. A portion of the way lay through a forest of huge red-wood trees. "No one," says the Sergeant, "who has not seen them can form any idea of these wonderful forests. The ground is covered with great dripping green ferns upon which no sun has ever shone. Gray, mouldering columns of fifty, sixty, seventy feet in circumference, tower up, choking the space above and around. The eye follows these columns for hundreds of feet aloft. Then they divide into great branches, and these again into hundreds and thousands of lesser limbs, upon the extremities of which grow millions of minute needle-like leaves -- the only green thing in all the structure. I measured some of these trunks, and found them five-and-twenty feet in diameter, twelve feet above the ground. I counted the rings in a small tree, four feet in diameter, and found about one hundred and eighty; so that these giants must have been growing more than a thousand years."*

In default of words, the Sergeant tries a sketch of one of these trees. The huge trunk occupies the whole breadth of the sheet of paper, and by it, as a sort of measure, is a horseman, depicted on as small a scale as his blunt pencil will permit. "It won't do," he writes under the picture, by way of note -- "the tree doesn't look big enough." The trail through this forest was a bed of soft mud, winding around the trees, through which the plodded wearily, each loaded with rations for three days.

At length they came to a river which must be forded. When the thick woolen trowsers of the soldiers become saturated with water, they are so heavy as to interfere with the marching. So the Captain ordered every man to strip off his lower garments, keeping his coat on. Clothing, rations, and ammunition were then hoisted upon their shoulders to be out of the way of the water, which was waist-deep, running with great velocity, and as cold as ice. The Captain and another officer stationed themselves in the deepest part, so as to help anyone who might be swept from his feet. In plunged the bare-legged troops, and with infinite plashing and oh-oh-ing buffeted their way across. A couple of the "little uns" lost their footing, and disappeared for a moment under the water; but were fished up by the officers. Only four men had their ammunition wet.

After a while they struck the coast, and marched along it, over cheerless bluffs and naked sand-hills. Near a small creek they found a spot where settlers had "located." The burnt rafters of the huts, the pigs and poultry running wild, and a new-made grave, told the story of the little settlement and of its destruction by the savages. At another place, two graves were pointed out near a picket. Here a couple of squaws were buried. They had approached the post to talk with the whites, who, thinking they might be spies, had shot them on the spot. There is a fearful account in barbarity open between the settlers and the savages. Who can tell on which side the balance lies?

A. G. Walling [1884: 265]: *On the eighteenth of March, 1856, an election was held in the various camps of the second regiment, and John Kelsey became colonel of the regiment in place of Williams, W. W. Chapman succeeded W. J. Martin as lieutenant colonel, and James Bruce*

and W. L. Latshaw were elected majors of the two battalions. The respective positions of the battalions remained unchanged or nearly so, that of Bruce being stationed in the Illinois and Rogue river valleys, while that of Latshaw occupied various posts in the southern part of Douglas county, notably Fort Sheffield, so-called, on Cow creek, a post in Camas valley, Fort Leland, on Grave or Leland creek, Fort Relief and other points considered to be of strategical importance. The total force of the second regiment, as appears by the rolls, was 807 non-commissioned officers and men, commanded by fifty-one commissioned officers inclusive of the staff.

March 19.

Dr. Glisan: *Camp on north side of Rogue River, opposite the mouth of the Illinois. We arrived here yesterday at 4 P. M., having traveled fourteen miles, the most of the way through timber and dense undergrowth. On descending the mountain, immediately on Rogue River, we passed around a hill with a slope so steep, that the least misstep would have sent the rider one thousand feet below. Fortunately, no accident occurred at that point.*

The view from the crest of the mountain was grand. From there we could, with our spy-glasses, see the mouth of the Illinois, on the east bank of which, near its junction with Rogue River, we also beheld Indians. We moved cautiously forward, and arriving at our present camp, and tying the animals, three detachments were sent to attack the enemy, who were seen on the opposite bank of Rogue River, only two hundred and fifty yards from our camp. One of the detachments went as close as the river would permit, and opened a fire of small arms, which was followed in a few seconds by a howitzer, under Major Reynolds. The Indians fled across the Illinois in canoes. When they got across the river in the thick timber, on the opposite side of Rogue River to us, they commenced a random fire upon us while we were burning their ranches, which were mostly on our side of the river. Much dried salmon and acorns were destroyed in these ranches, which constituted the Macanuteeney village. The Indians, feeling themselves secure for the time in the forest on the opposite side of the river, which is at this point only about seventy-five yards wide, and which we had no means of crossing, kept up occasional fire during the evening, and then again early this morning, but are poor shots, or else they would have done us some injury. A few of their balls came whizzing by uncomfortably near us while we were at breakfast.

It is supposed we killed four in the skirmish yesterday. The ranches on this side of the river had every indication of having been hastily abandoned, and as there was a canoe of provisions lying on the opposite side of the river, it is thought the Indians were aware of our approach. They probably saw us when we were passing around the steep slope a few miles back. It is here we were to join the troops from Crescent City, under the command of brevet-Lieut. Col. R. C. Buchanan. He should have arrived four days ago; but from all we can now learn, it is highly probable that he has been unable to take the route indicated in General Wool's order, and has likely marched directly for the mouth of the river.

The Indians have been firing upon us this morning from the opposite side of Rogue River, and we have returned their fire. It would be impossible to route them from that position, unless we had some means of crossing the stream. And as we are not aware how long the besieged citizens can

hold out without assistance, it is thought imprudent to tarry here three or four days in building a flat boat to cross the river, and then probably be unable to bring the enemy to a fair fight.

Afternoon, March 19th, 1856. *-- Camp four miles from mouth of Illinois. Got here at three P. M.; men and animals nearly worn out. The hill we have just climbed is about three miles long and very steep. Just before reaching the foot of it, there was a very high bluff bank of a ditch to ascend. Many of the pack animals fell and rolled down into the ditch, the mule on which the howitzer was packed, being among the number. Some of the saddle animals, with their riders, met with the same accident.*

Capt. Ord ["Sgt. Jones"]: *On the banks of the River Chetkoe the soldiers found the ruins of a hut. It had belonged to an adventurer who had established a ferry across the river. The Indians ferried people across at a lower price than he demanded. He maltreated them, and hence arose the troubles in this region. Here the troops happened to find a cache of potatoes and cabbages that had belonged to the late ferryman. "This was a God-send to us poor soldiers," says the Sergeant, "for Uncle Sam doesn't furnish them with anything of the sort better than rice and tough old beans. Every man was busy at the cache in a moment, eager to lay in a stock of 'praties' for supper. The ferryman's fence, which made capital fuel, suffered some -- and so did we, for it began to rain, and kept it up all night."*

Hereabouts an expressman met them, urging the Colonel to hurry on to a point twenty-five miles distant, where fighting was going on. Twenty-five volunteers had fortified themselves on a sand-bank, where they were surrounded by the Indians. Off went the soldiers, up hills and down precipices. One of the mules slipped going up a steep ascent, and in his struggles to regain his feet, kicked a nugget of pure gold out of the hill-side. It was picked up by the man who happened to be next behind the long-eared quadruped, It weighed two and a half ounces.

They kept a sharp look-out for Indians -- a little too sharp, as one fellow found to his cost. He saw something -- or thought he did -- and gave the alarm -- " Indians!"

"Charge -- double quick!" shouted the Colonel, and the soldiers dashed into the woods. But not an Indian was there, much to the wrath of the officer.

"Where's the man that cried Indians?" he exclaimed. "Send him here. So you are the fellow that saw Indians when there were none! How dare you give a false alarm? I'll give you Indians next time you play such a trick! -- Move on!"

March 20.

Dr. Glisan: "Soldier's Camp." *This is the same camp we made on the evening of the 17th. Indians have been seen in our rear to-day, watching our movements. The hunters killed two deer yesterday and the same number this morning.*

Late this afternoon dense columns of smoke have been descending from the south bank of the mouth of Rogue River; and just at sundown two flames were observable, one succeeding the other in quick succession, and followed in about three minutes by reports like those of a cannon.

Colonel Buchanan has probably arrived at the mouth of the river, and had a fight with the Indians. The flashes and reports were perhaps from his howitzer, and the smoke from the burning Indian ranches. But as Captain Augur is not sure of this, he will move from here to-morrow to where the Rogue River trail turns off, and thence send an express to Fort Orford, to learn, if possible, the whereabouts of the Colonel, who may have sent some orders to the post for him.

Capt. Cram: *On the 8th of March Lieutenant Colonel Buchanan landed at Crescent City, and in one week after had his command in motion. The force from Crescent City left on the 15th and encamped at the mouth of Rogue river (Ord's company skirmishing there with the Indians) on the 20th of March.*

Capt. Ord ["Sgt. Jones"]: *When they reached the volunteers, they found that they had had an unpleasant time of it. They had been shut up in a sort of pen, only two or three logs high, and these were stuck full of arrows and bullets. One man lay dead inside. The Indians had stolen all their horses, and kept up a constant firing from behind a row of sand-hills, fifty yards off. One cunning fellow annoyed them much. He would lift his bat over the ridge, and when he had drawn the fire of the whites, would spring up and discharge his piece. At last his trick was found out; one of the volunteers reserved his fire, while the others blazed away as usual at the hat. No sooner did the top of the Indian's head appear then a bullet from the unerring rifle" took the top of it clean-off'; next mornin' we saw the blood and har on the spot," said one of the volunteers. They thought they had picked off six or eight of the besiegers.*

As they approached Rogue River, they now and then got a shot at a red-skin. At the mouth of the river they came upon the ruins of the huts and flumes which the miners had deserted. They had been attacked by surprise a month before, and those who had escaped crossed the river and built a mud fort, where they had held out against the savages. All around lay the proofs of attack: mangled and putrefying bodies, half devoured by crows and gulls. Some had been tied fast, and their throats had been cut; the heads of others had been crushed in by blows from hatchets; the bodies of others were riddled with bullets.

As the soldiers approached the deserted huts, they saw a few Indians running out, and making off for the woods, after having set fire to the buildings. They were about to pitch their camp, when the fog lifted from the river, and they saw a body of whites on the opposite bank. One of these swam across on a plank, and told the Colonel that it would be dangerous to encamp there, for the adjacent woods were full of Indians, who would be able to pick them off at pleasure. So they moved down to the beach and encamped on the bare shore.

The Sergeant happened to be peering at the distant woods through a spy-glass, when he caught a glimpse of a couple of dark visages, half a mile off, rising from the bushes, and evidently on the look-out for something in the neighborhood of the camp. They remained as immovable as though cast in bronze, little dreaming that the whites had a "medicine" which brought them in full view. What they were looking at was soon apparent. There was an old miners' ditch running down from the hills to the neighborhood of the camp. This made a capital covered way, and a gang of the Indians had crept down in the hope of picking off a straggler or two, and their friends up in

the bush were watching the execution of this plan. One of the whites had strayed off toward the ditch, when three or four simultaneous shots came near finishing him.

"Indians! Indians! Turn out, double quick time!" was the cry, and a party started for the ditch.

"Almost all our men were raw recruits," says the Sergeant, who, being a veteran himself, feels no little contempt for recruits and volunteers; "and when the bullets began to whistle about our head they would dodge. But dodging or no dodging, the Captain cussed ns forward, and we ran at full speed for the ditch. But the Indians ran faster than we could, and got off."

"How the ugly, naked red devils run," said a Hibernian soldier to his comrade, as they made their way back to camp."

"An' did ye see that old sinner jump up as high as ever he could, an' make faces at us?"

"Yes, an' I got a pop at him, an' give him something to jump up for."

Night fell, and the only sound was the hollow beating of the surf upon the shore. The sentinels lay crouched under the bushes or in shallow pits dug in the sand. The mist fell coldly, and the Sergeant had given his blanket an extra fold, and was half thinking half dreaming of a bright fireside and loving faces far away -- for peaceful visions will now and then flit before the memory and fancy of the sternest old veteran -- when a shot, and another, and another, was heard from the direction of the line of sentries. In a moment one man and then another staggered forward and fell to the ground.

All rushed to arms, expecting an attack; but none came. The fallen men were brought in. The first proved to be the corporal of the guard. He had been making the round of the sentries, one of whom -- a raw recruit, as the Sergeant is careful to mention -- mistaking him for an Indian, had fired upon him, and given a mortal wound. The other fallen man was one of the sentinels, who had rushed toward the camp as soon as he heard the firing, and had tumbled down in sheer affright."

So much," comments Sergeant Jones, "for sending recruits fresh from an emigrant ship, to fight Indians in the woods. This is the third corporal of the guard whom I have known shot by green sentinels."

A. G. Walling [1884: 277]: *On the twentieth of March Lieutenant-Colonel Buchanan, with the regulars from Crescent City, arrived at the mouth of Rogue river, having left Captain Abbott at Pistol river to keep open communications with Crescent City, the base of supplies -- Operations on the lower Rogue began by an assault upon the Makanootenai rancheria, about ten miles upstream and four or six below Big Bend. Captains Ord and Jones took the town, killing several Indians and driving the rest to their canoes. One man, Sergeant Nash, was severely wounded.*

March 21.

Capt. Ord ["Sgt. Jones"]: *The next day, after burying the corporal, the soldiers managed to rig up an old flat-boat, and crossed the river to the mud fort where the settlers had taken refuge.*

"A queer place it was, and queer people they were in it," says the Sergeant, who was among the first to enter. The children were playing outside, glad of a chance to get out after their month's confinement. There were rough buckskin-clad miners and mule-drivers, thick-lipped flabby squaws, delicate-looking American women, and dirty, noisy children, and a general mixture of all the mongrel and nondescript races of the mines, crowded together in the little fort.

Entering the best looking cabin, he found it full almost to suffocation. The people had evidently got accustomed to close quarters. Some were smoking, some sleeping; one was frying pork over the fire. A pretty young woman in one corner was putting the finishing touches to her toilet. The white women, who had kept the squaws at a respectable distance, in a separate hut, were full of what they had suffered, and eager to tell all the news. There had been a succession of fighting and parleying. At one time a party of fourteen, who had gone out to dig potatoes, fell into an ambuscade, and had lost six of their number. A boat from Port Orford, which had attempted to bring provisions to the fort, had swamped in the surf, and six of the crew were drowned. Among the prisoners who had been taken by the Indians, was a Mrs.Geysel and her three daughters -- her husband and three sons were killed. They had succeeded in inducing the Indians to give up Mrs. Geysel and her children, though they were loth to part with the eldest, as one of the chiefs wished to keep her as his wife.

Mrs. Geisel was there, a stout buxom woman, with a strong German accent and pronunciation. She and the othcrs -- three or four talking at a time -- commenced telling what had happened. "Dey give us blenty to eat, and blenty of hard work to do," said Mrs. G. "Dey kills ever so many cattle -- sometimes two, dree in von day."

"Yes, our cattle everyone of 'em; and a nice time the rascals had of it, too," chimed in another.

"An' they didn't want to let Mrs. Geysel go," said a third; "an' they wouldn't a-let her ***dartel'*** *there off any way, if it hadn't a-been for Charley Brown an' his squaw."*

"Charley an' his squaw went right out among 'em; an' the chiefs came up an' shook hands with Charley."

"Yes, an' Charley's squaw had to go out more'n once," broke in another good dame.

"She's a real good squaw, she is," certified a tall raw-boned dame, "a sort of a she-General Jackson in looks" --so the Sergeant describes her -- who had seen much of life in the diggings, and hated squaws in general most devoutly.

"Yes, she's a real good squaw, if there ever was one; an' Miss Geysel would a-had to stay with the Indians if it had'n't a-been for her,"

"They e'enamost had a fight about it; an' old Josh -- he's one of the chiefs -- like to got killed 'cause he wanted to let her go, an' the others didn't."

"We had to give 'em ever so much for her more'n twenty blankets, and lots o' provisions an' clothes."

"Yes, an' a'ter all, they would have that handsome head-dress."

"They would have that," said the pretty young woman, who had by this time arranged her attire to her satisfaction. " 'Twas a beautiful head-dress, with ever so many feathers and ribbons. One of the chiefs took a likin' to it, and wanted to wear it himself."

So the poor women gossiped, as though they had not been for a month shut up, in peril of their lives, in a little mud fort, with hundreds of wild Indians prowling around eager to get a shot at them. There was an aristocracy here as well as elsewhere. The white women were awfully severe upon the five poor squaws who had come to the fort with their mining protectors, who were contemptuously styled "squawmen."

The General Jackson-looking Amazon, who had dropped a word in favor of Charley Brown's squaw, was especially severe upon the poor Indian women; and took an early opportunity to tell the Sergeant that she hoped they "were a-go in' to kill all the squaws and copper-colored young ones." She was hugely disgusted when she was informed that no such measure was in contemplation; and in Lady Macbeth style offered to do the bloody work with her own hands, "if they dass'n't."

March 22.

Dr. Glisan: *We are now encamped at the junction of the Rogue River with the Illinois trail. This morning, at four A. M., an express of two men -- Walker and Middleman -- arrived from Colonel Buchanan, who is, with his command of one hundred and twenty men, at the mouth of Rogue River, on this side, having arrived there on the morning of the twenty-first. He had reached the opposite side on the previous evening, and had a slight skirmish with the Indians. We were right in our conjectures about the burning ranches and firing of the howitzers -- it was dark, however, at the mouth of Rogue River where the latter had fired, although only sundown to us on the mountains -- hence the flashes of light so plainly visible.*

It appears that the Colonel's command did not leave Crescent City until the fifteenth, instead of the eleventh, as directed by General Wool; and deeming it impracticable to reach the Illinois by the route directed by the General, he marched directly for the mouth of Rogue River, where he arrived on the evening of the twentieth.

On the third day out he relieved a company of thirty-three volunteers, who, being mounted, had gone in advance of the regulars, but were attacked by the Indians, and retreated as far as they could, and then threw themselves in a temporary breastwork, made of driftwood, on the sand beach. The Indians surrounded them there, and approached the men by means of logs, which they rolled before them. They came boldly up within thirty yards of the volunteers, and stole all

their horses. The company we kept in this perilous position for nearly two days -- numbers of the enemy constantly increasing. On the approach of the regulars the Indians retreated, having no dead on the field. The volunteers think they killed ten or fifteen; they lost one man.

The advance guard of the regulars met with a few Indians on the next day, and wounded one so badly that his comrade had to lash him on the horse. They saw no more of them after this until reaching the mouth of the river. There the main body of Indians had taken a position in a deep ditch, dug by the whites for mining purposes. Their presence was not known till they commenced firing upon the Colonel and his staff, who had gone a little in advance to select a camp. The surgeon, Dr. Hillman, had his hat knocked off, and his coat cut in two places; but no one was hurt. The troops, who had in the meantime come up, were ordered to make a charge. After the firing of a few shots, and the discharge of one or two howitzers, the enemy fled. One of the privates of the command found on his way up a piece of gold worth forty-five dollars. It was picked up on a hillside just below Pistol Creek, some twenty miles from the mouth of Rogue River.

The Colonel thinks we are at the mouth of the Illinois, and has ordered us to join him at the earliest moment -- Tuesday, if possible. Captain Augur will send the express back to-night to inform the Colonel of our proximity, and that we shall march from here at twelve to-night, and endeavor to reach the point where the trail turns off to the Macanuteneey ranch by six to-morrow morning, and there await his orders. As the main body of Indians are supposed to be between that ranch and the Tutuuteeney village, four miles below, we may have a fight before making a junction with the Colonel.

March 24, 1856: Battle of Camas Valley

March 24 (Monday).

Dr. Glisan: *Camp mouth of Rogue River. Three expressmen have been sent forward on the night of the 22nd instant. to inform Col. B. of our intended movement to the vicinity of the Macanuteneey village, and our hope of hearing from him there by six A. M. of the 23rd. We took up our line of march at 1 ½ A. M., and reached the spot designated, by 7 A. M., and not yet hearing from Col. B. The commanding officer sent forward another expressman (McGuire), with instructions to return if possible by 10 or 11 A. M. We consequently remained there without unpacking our mules until 12 M., and receiving no information, Captain Augur ordered his command to start on for the mouth of the river. Our road was as mountainous as usual, but not so thickly timbered; the day warm; many of the men gave out. I let one of them have my horse, and consequently, had to walk ten miles over the roughest portion of the road, and in the hottest part of the day.*

We passed several houses which had been plundered and burnt by the Indians, in the massacre of the 22nd and 23rd of February, and saw several dead bodies of the unfortunate settlers who had been so brutally murdered.

On reaching the Colonel's camp, we were informed of his intention to have sent the express back last night, and that he intended making a conjoined movement against the enemy early this morning; but as our detachment is pretty well worn down by hard marching, the movement will be postponed a day or so.

Capt. Harris [Victor 1893: 395]: *Believing that a party of disaffected Umpquas were scouting between the waters of Coos and Coquille, in view of enlisting the Coos bay Indians, I set out from Empire City on the fourteenth of March with a detachment of twenty-one men. I proceeded with my command up Coos river, and thence southwardly to the north fork of the Coquille. At Burton prairie I saw the old camp of the Indians I was in search of, but they had taken the alarm some days previous, and had tied to the mountains. The exhausted state of my men and supplies would not admit of pursuit, and I returned with my command to Empire City on the twenty-fourth.*

A. G. Walling [1884: 258; 421]: *Late in March Major Latshaw, of the second regiment, set out on an expedition against the Cow Creek Indians, taking with him a portion of the companies of Robertson, Wallan, Sheffield and Barnes. On the twenty-fourth of the month some Indians were found at the big bend of Cow creek, and were attacked and routed. Several of them were killed or wounded, and one white man. Private William Daley, of Sheffield's company, was killed, and Captain Barnes and Privates Andrew Jones, A. H. Woodruff and J. Taylor were wounded. The Indians disappeared from the vicinity after this defeat, and did not return for a considerable time. These incidents comprise the principal hostile acts which took place in Douglas county . . .*

In March, 1850 [sic], an Indian raid took place. Coming into the valley by way of the trail leading from the Big Meadows, the savages burned the houses of William and Adam Day, drove off their stock and did other damage. A volunteer company was collected, and, pursuing the

Indians, came up with them on the twenty-fourth of March, and had a running fight, wounding several of them, but failing to recover the stolen property. Previous to this the alarmed settlers had been obliged to gather in a stockade which was built of logs, and was about one hundred feet square. Here the nonmilitant portion of the community existed, the others sallying out in quest of the necessities of life.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 393-394]: *On the twentieth of March, Captain Buoy resigned, when P. C. Noland was elected captain of his company. The first return of Captain Noland has this by* ***Captain Buoy****: -- On twenty-fourth of March just as a small detachment of my command were ready to make an excursion into the adjacent mountains (from Ten Mile prairie), a messenger came running, stating that the Indians were in Camas valley. Forthwith we repaired to said place, and found the beautiful little valley enveloped in a cloud of smoke. The Indians had burned several houses, and killed some stock, but had retired to the mountains. We followed, found and chastised them, killing two, and wounding others. They stole nine of our horses on the rounds.*

With the corning of spring the Indians became more active, although the weather was still unusually severe; appearing occasionally in force, but more often in raiding parties, which had the mysterious power of vanishing when the volunteers came in sight, and generally of carrying with them some property not their own. It was only by the organization of independent companies that it was possible to guard the settlements at a distance from headquarters, although detachments were stationed at certain points, as at Illinois valley, and at Hayes' place in Deer-creek valley.

Lewis L. McArthur [1982: 44]: *Battle Creek, Douglas County. This tributary of Twelvemile Creek south of Camas Valley was named for one of the many skirmishes between settlers and Indians in the early days. The trouble was precipitated when local braves stole a horse belonging to Nancy Martindale, the daughter of a Camas Valley founder. The renegades were overtaken at this creek as they fled south towards Rogue River.*

March 25

Dr Glisan: *In consequence of stormy weather, we are still in camp. Small parties were sent out this morning to bury the bodies of those persons recently murdered; and the little schooner "Gold Beach" has been chartered to convey the females belonging to the Citizen Fort, to Port Orford. She left here at eleven A. M., having on board twenty-two adults and fourteen children.*

Capt. Ord ["Sgt. Jones"]: *Before long a little schooner from Port Orford came down, and the Colonel proposed to send all the women and children up by her. The squaws were to be sent to their tribe, who had "come in," and all were to go on a "reservation." Then came a storm. The women wouldn't go in the schooner if the squaws went -- the good-for-nothing hussies. The Colonel said the squaws should go at any rate; and if the white women did not choose to go with them, they might stay at the fort.*

The "squaw-men" were also unwilling to give up their dark favorites, and to suffer them to go back to their tribe. Foremost among these was ***Charley Brown****. "His squaw was a good one --*

every body said so; she was, besides, the mother of his child, and before she should go on the reserve, he'd marry her off-hand. If he wouldn't he'd be -- !" We omit the clincher which honest. Charley put to his determination, trusting that the Recording Angel performed for his expletive the same kindly service which he did for Uncle Toby's oath. Charley meant what he said, and did actually marry the woman. We must let the Sergeant describe the wedding:

"The five squaws were brought down to the camp. Three of them were young, and not bad looking, and had learned to dress in frocks. Two were old and ugly, with blue tattooing around their mouths. One of them -- Charley's squaw -- had a child in her arms. These seemed sad at the prospect of being sent away; but the younger ones squatted down before the Colonel's tent, chattering and sewing, as though they didn't care whether they staid or went."

"Charley now made his appearance, accompanied by the guide, who happened also to be a member of the Oregon Legislature, and a justice of the peace. The pair held a short consultation with the Colonel; and then the woman was called forward, and there, on the banks of the Rogue River, by the shore of the great Pacific, with a circle of rough-looking miners standing around, the marriage ceremony was performed, Charley promised to have her, and her only, for his lawful wedded wife, and then translated the words of the ceremony for the benefit of his dusky tattooed bride. She grunted out some rough Indian gutterals in reply, and the knot was tied. There was no kissing the bride, and no wedding feast. Some of the by-standers were inclined to make light of the ceremony; but Charley, growling out an oath or two, dandled his baby, and looked defiance at the mockers and starers. I could not help thinking that his determination to cling to the poor brown woman for better or worse, while the prospect before them was all 'worse' and no 'better; showed that there was some honest manhood in the rough fellow."

So says Sergeant Jones, and so say we.

After Charley's marriage, another hard-looking fellow stepped forward, looking terribly frightened, and was in like manner wedded to the other old woman. But the men to whom the three younger squaws pertained, declared, with more oaths than the occasion demanded, that they "would'n't marry 'em any how."

March 30, 1856: Creighton's Coquille River Massacre

March 26.

Capt. Ord ["Sgt. Jones"]: *But there was fighting as well as marrying to be done. One day the Colonel determined to send an expedition some ten or a dozen miles up the river, to destroy "Mackanootenay'sTown." Some hard fighting was anticipated, and the party was a strong one."*

"Climbing up these hills," says the Sergeant, "with blankets, overcoats, muskets, ammunition, and two days' rations strapped on our backs, made some of the new hands swear as well as sweat." In course of time they came within view of the Indian village, hid away in a quiet and peaceful nook. Steep hills and thick jungle shut it in on three sides, the fourth being covered by the river, sixty yards broad, running with a rapid current. Thirteen huts stood in a row near the river. They were not the slight lodges of the nomadic tribes of the prairie, but were excavations six or eight feet deep, and eighteen or twenty feet broad, lined with boards and skins, and covered with clap-boards and thatching. The coast Indians do not wander from their own valley, for there is no unoccupied room, and if a tribe does not confine its fishing to its own home, a fight is the consequence. A few horses were quietly grazing on the green; but the village was deserted by its human inhabitants, though the embers still smouldering in some of the huts showed that their occupants had but just left. A band of the Indians were seen on the opposite side of the river, watching the proceedings of the soldiers. Their suspense was of short duration. Orders were given to shoot the horses, and set fire to the huts; and in a moment all were in flames, the light thatch blazing up like paper. The sight of their burning homes decided the course of the Indians, and they began to cross the river, some distance up -- stream, and advanced toward the troops. Then ensued a light, which we must permit the Sergeant to tell in his own way:

" 'Lieutenant D., face your company about, double quick, through the timber to the rear of the blankets!' (We had left our packs behind when we rushed into the village.) Captain J., face your company to the left, double quick, Sir, for the timbered ridge. Advance-guard, forward !' shouted the Captain, making for the mound and ridge which covered the village. The Indians were pouring down upon us. From rock, tree, and mountain-spur rang their warwhoops and cracked their rifles. As we ran, the advance-guard, with which I was, met the guard who had been left behind with the packs. The Indians had come down upon them, and they didn't like to stay. We turned the fugitives back with us, and drove out the Indians who had taken possession of the mound. Lieutenant D. had reached the packs just in the nick of time to save them, drove off the Indians there, and helped us to 'give fits' to those who ran from the mound. Captain J. had a harder road to travel; he had to run two hundred and fifty yards up-hill, over bare ground, and the Indians got to his station before he did; but we helped him drive them out. Luckily these Coast Indians are bad shots, and though the balls flew about us, and cups, canteens, and clothes suffered some, we had but one man tumbled over, and he made no fuss.

"When we had driven the Indians from this ridge, there was another mound which they still held. We turned this, and attacked them in front; and then the red scoundrels -- (see how I abuse them for defending their village!) -- ran down to the river, jumped into their canoes, and paddled off. Our position commanded the crossing, and we made out to kill three as they were crossing,

besides the five that they left on our side of the river. Very likely we killed some on the opposite side, for we fired into the groups over there. One old woman kept up a terrible screeching. The guides said it was because we had killed her baby.

"When all was over, we gathered up our racks, and commenced our march back to camp. Tired and hungry were we, for we had fought an hour and a half, after marching for six hours over the roughest road I ever saw -- and I have seen some rough roads in my time.

"When the excitement of the fight was over, the men began to give out. One fellow fell behind, and the sergeant stopping to help him, received a horrid wound from the woods. Broken-down man jumped up and ran for dear life. We had all to stop in the rain, and rest for a couple of hours. Then we mounted the wounded sergeant on a mule, with a man behind to hold him on. The poor fellow groaned in agony, and begged to be left behind to die. So fearful were his cries that the man with him on the mule grew nervous, and couldn't hold him on. Then we stopped in the dark and made a litter, and lugged the sergeant over the logs and through the bushes. His head soon got under the bar of the litter, and we had to stop again. The Captain then took the wounded man upon his mule, and so carried him, in spite of cries, entreaties, and fainting fits. Once going up a mountain the saddle slipped, and all came to the ground. It was a terrible night march – men every moment getting lost in the darkness. We made two and a half miles in five hours.

A. G. Walling [1884: 296]: *Port Orford Minute Men. -- Mustered March 26; discharged June 25, 1856. -- Captain, John Creighton; First Lieutenant, George Yount; Second Lieutenant, William Rolland; Sergeants, Nelson Stevens, Alexander Jones, Samuel Yount, Thompson Lowe; Corporals, Peter Ruffner, John Herring, George White, Thomas Jamison; Privates, E. Bray, George Barber, Edward Burrows, Preston Caldwell, E. Cutching, E. Cunningham, John T. Dickson, George Dyer, Aaron Dyer, H. M. Davidson, George Dean, Warren Fuller, Joseph Goutrain, Andrew Hubert, D W. Haywood, Joseph Hall, Thomas Johnson, Richard Johnson, T. G. Kirkpatrick, William Taylor, James Malcolm, L. Parker, James Saunders, Charles Setler, George P. Sullivan, Louis Turner, W. W. Waters, Charles Winslow, William White, John Wilson.*

March 27.

Capt. Ord ["Sgt. Jones"]: *"Next morning we managed to get to our camp. The wounded are getting well; and soon we shall have another turn with the Indians. It has rained nearly all the time, and we are about as dirty and tired a set as ever dug on a canal.*

"I can't help thinking," concludes the Sergeant, "that if a few adventurers will go so far ahead of all civilization, and scatter themselves through the labyrinths of these mountain fastnesses, where the elk, the grizzly bear, and the Indians have retired to make their last stand against gold-hunting, bear-shooting, and Indian killing white men, that these said white men have no right to expect Government to send soldiers to war against such an awful country, and such well-wronged Indians. I wish Uncle Sam would end the war by putting all the gold hunters on a reservation, and paying them roundly to stay there, leaving this God-forsaken country to the Indians. As for the economy of paying the gold-hunters to stay away, our one company costs the country 800 dollars a day. You may reckon up what the whole thirty-two companies now on the

coast will cost at the end of the year -- when this miserable Oregon War will hardly have begun! No one who has not traveled there can imagine the wilderness of mountains, jungles, and forests that covers all the country for hundreds of miles between the valleys of the Sacramento and the Willamette and the Pacific coast. Fremont had to go around it. There are no roads, and only here and there trails have been cut, where mining parties have found themselves near streams leading to the coast. They have spent months in cutting a track just wide enough for pack mules. The names of some of the places will indicate the character of the country. There are 'Devil's Gulch, and 'Devil's Staircase,' and 'Jump-off-Joe,' and other break-neck designations. Ah, well; we poor soldiers have no votes, and must go where honor calls." Such is a single glance at "Soldiering in Oregon," as it seems to Sergeant Jones, on the spot.

A. G. Walling [1884: 277]: *Captain Smith set out from Fort Lane with eighty men -- fifty dragoons comprising his own company, and thirty infantrymen. All of these went on foot, and the former carried their musketoons, "an ill-featured fire-arm that was alike aggressive at both ends " and which contributed to the inefficiency of that branch of the service as much as any cause. However, it is a matter of fact that the United States government is always at least a score of years behind the age in the armament of its troops, so the reader should not be surprised to learn the peculiarities of the musketoon, the principal weapon of mounted troops in that decade. Captain Smith marched down Rogue river, up Slate creek to Hays' farm, from thence to Deer creek and thence down Illinois river to the Rogue, and encamped a few miles further down that stream, having come to his destination.*

Negotiations had been in progress for a few days, thanks to the exertions of Palmer, superintendent of Indian affairs, and it was hoped that an agreement would be reached, at least with the Coast Indians who were now much scattered. Enos, with quite a number of his followers, had joined the up-river bands who were lying on the river above the Big Bend. Some others had gone to Fort Orford and placed themselves under the protection of the military there, and no malcontents were left upon the coast save a few Pistol river and Chetco Indians who had not yet been sufficiently pacificated. Several actions had taken place at various points along the coast, the results of which were calculated to humble the Indians. On the twenty-seventh of March a party of regulars were fired upon from the brush while proceeding down the banks of the Rogue, whereupon they charged the enemy and killed eight or ten savages, with a loss to themselves of two wounded.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 406]: *The volunteers had at no time ceased operations, their intention being to force the Indians upon the regulars, who would deal with them according to the laws of civilized warfare. Captains Harris, Creighton, and Bledsoe continually scouted in the mountains and along the streams, giving the coast tribes no rest. Lieutenant Abbott surprised a party of Coquilles on that river in two canoes, and killed twelve, including one woman. Twice had the Coquilles agreed to go and remain on their reservation, and twice ran away before they could be disposed of. It seemed as if extermination was to be their fate, for in no other way could they be subdued. Emissaries from chief John of the Rogue-rivers, and Enos, his half-breed ally, continually alarmed and agitated the fickle and ignorant creatures, who acted without knowledge or reason, and were governed by fear, first of one and then another calamity; the worst of all being that of having to leave the country where they were born.*

March 28

Dr. Glisan: *On the afternoon of the twenty-fifth, Lieutenant Drysdale, with a small detachment, was ordered up the opposite side of the river a short distance, to reconnoiter the enemy, but returned without being able to see any Indians.*

On the morning of the twenty-sixth, a detachment of troops were ordered on each side of the river, to proceed as far as Macanuteneey village, and after burning it, to return to camp. If either party fell in with the enemy, it was to have been aided, if possible, by the other.

The command on the north bank consisted of Captain E. O. C Ord, Third Artillery; Captain Delancey F. Jones, Fourth Infantry; Lieutenant Jno. Drysdale, Third Artillery; Dr. Hillman and 115 men, being B Co. Third Artillery, and F Co. Fourth Infantry. On the south bank, Capt. C. C. Augur, Fourth Infantry, myself and about seventy men.

As it was supposed Captain Ord would have several miles further to go than Augur, the latter started an hour or two later than the former. Captain Ord's command reached the Macanuteeney village about four P. M., and not seeing any Indians proceeded at once to burn the ranches. This being accomplished he marched his men a few hundred yards up the hill; that is, back from the village, which is situated immediately on the river; and the dividing his command in two or three detachments, kept them on the lookout for Indians. A few of the men, and the guides, in the meantime endeavored to catch some horses near by, supposed to belong to the enemy. Suddenly a party of Indians rushed out from the thicket towards the troops' blankets, and fired at the men guarding them. Fortunately Lieutenant Drysdale's party, whim the Indians did not seem to be aware, was near by, met them with a heavy discharge of small arms. The enemy faltered and fell back a short distance, when Captain Ord ordered a charge, with the view of driving the enemy from their position. This was a difficult maneuver, but was handsomely accomplished. The Indians were evidently surprised at this movement -- it being so different from what they had ever seen done by Americans before. So, after they were driven from their hiding places a few times, they sprang in their canoes, and crossed the river; leaving eight dead on the field. The Indians fought bravely, but are evidently bad shots; as up to the time of their retreating, they had only wounded one soldier. The enemy being defeated, Captain Ord left for the camp at the mouth of the river, but intended going but a short distance to encamp that evening.

After marching a little ways, Sergeant Nash of B company, whilst helping one of the men who had lagged behind the command, was fired at by an unseen foe, and wounded in the left hypochondrium. Of course no Indians could be seen. The Sergeant's wound was so dangerous as to determine the Captain to continue on to the main camp, to have him properly cared for. In the meantime Captain Augur's command proceeded up the other side of the river for four miles, when some Indians were spied a few hundred yards off, who immediately commenced whooping and yelling. We confidently expected to get a fight from the main body, whom we suspected to be lying in ambush for us. So throwing out flankers, and advance parties well as the nature of the country would permit, for we were marching through dense timber, we moved along briskly, but cautiously, until we got opposite the Macanuteneey village, which was seen to be burnt. We could then see a few Indians several miles ahead of us, on a high hill, but deemed it useless to

attempt pursuit. Having heard a few shots in the direction of the burnt village, when we were four or five miles back, and afterwards observing a smoke rising from its site, and now seeing it burnt, we very naturally concluded that Ord had had a skirmish, and having defeated the enemy, and burnt the ranches, had returned. It was then nearly dark, we having marched ten miles instead of five -- in other words the distance was just twice as far as the Colonel had been told it was. So having accomplished our orders we captured a canoe, and sending three men to camp with it, we countermarched about a mile, and then encamped for the night -- with neither tents, blankets or overcoats. The clouds indicated a heavy rain, which commenced about midnight, and drenched us thoroughly. We had brought in our haversacks a cold snack -- after devouring which, we slept moderately well. Our day's march on foot had been a hard one, and gave a zest to rest of any kind. Being chief of the medical staff in this command, I am, of course, entitled to horses -- but the nature of the service is such as frequently to deprive everybody of the privilege of riding -- thus in my case several times. About eleven o'clock at night the sentinel (and whole picket guard in that direction) hearing some one stealing up to camp, challenged and fired. Whatever, or whoever, it was, ran off -- thus making a narrow escape.

Leaving camp at daylight the next morning, we reached headquarters, at the mouth of the river, by noon; and then learned that Captain Ord had arrived but a few hours previously, and had had a fight. This fight of his is the most interesting which has occurred during the Southern Oregon war -- as it is the first time that Indians, when in a good position in the timber, have been driven back. It has been the custom heretofore, with the volunteers especially, on meeting with the enemy, behind trees, to take to the latter also, and pop away at an unseen foe, until all the ammunitions, or perhaps provisions, were exhausted, and then to withdraw; it being considered impossible to drive the Indians from a good position behind logs and trees.

A. G. Walling [1884: 277]: *A few days later a detachment of Captain Augur's company reached the mouth of Illinois river and found some ten or twelve Indians belonging to John or Limpy's band, and fought them. The Indians strove desperately and five of them fell dead before the conflict was decided. Captain Augur had thus far failed to effect a junction with his superior officer and after the fight found it necessary to return toward Gold Beach. The Indians of the up-river band followed him closely, entering his camp as soon as he had abandoned it and whooping, burning loose powder and dancing to testify their joy at his presumed defeat.*

March 29 (Saturday).

Dr. Glisan: *As it is thought Captain Smith may be at the Big Bend of Rogue River by this time, an express of two men, Oliver Cantle and Charles Foster, was sent a few days since to communicate with him if possible; it is time they had returned. Yesterday a train of eighty pack animals, escorted by Major Reynolds with twenty men of company H, left for Fort Orford to bring provisions. Lieutenant McFeeley and Dr. Hillman accompanied them, and are to remain at Fort Orford. The former relieves the A. A. Q. M. there, Lieutenant Chandler, who will act as Colonel Buchanan's Aid. The Colonel and Lieutenant D. also went along, but will return.*

The officers who have thus far reported for duty, the field with this command are: -- Brevet Lieutenant Colonel R. C. Buchanan, commanding district of Oregon and Northern California; Captain E. O. C. Ord, Third Artillery; Captain C. C. Augur, Fourth Infantry; Brevet Major John

F. Reynolds, Third Artillery; Captain Delancey Floyd Jones, Fourth Infantry; Second Lieutenant George P. Ihrie, Third Artillery; Second Lieutenant John Drysdale, Third Artillery; Dr. Hillman and myself. Dr. Hillman has been relieved from duty.

Yesterday, the little schooner "Gold Beach," from Fort Orford, being unable to enter the mouth of Rogue River, was beached a few hundred yards from camp on the opposite side of the river. Forty men were detailed to get her off, but have been unsuccessful thus far. They will, no doubt, succeed in the course of the morning.

March 30 (Sunday).

Dr. Glisan: *The "Gold Beach" was got off yesterday, and it is now safely anchored in the mouth of the river. The wind, which has been blowing from the southeast for the last few days, has increased to a perfect storm, accompanied by frequent showers of rain. Thanks to Colonel B., we are now permitted the shelter of tents, brought from Crescent City. It is amusing to observe the numerous seals "skylarking" and feeding in the mouth of the river; their bark is very similar to that of a dog. Sea otters may also be seen in the surf.*

The expressmen sent to the Big Bend returned yesterday afternoon, not having seen or heard anything from Captain Smith's command. Their mules gave out a few miles from here, and they had to go all the way on foot. This was fortunate, perhaps, as they might otherwise have been pursued; a party of twelve or sixteen Indians on horseback having passed by them at night. As this was the night of the same day of Ord's fight with the Indians, and as they were on the trail towards the mouth of the Illinois, it is possible they were fleeing from the troop.

Capt. Creighton [Victor 1893: 397]: *In consequence of depredations committed by the Coquille Indians deserted from the Port Orford reservation, I called out my company of minute men for the purpose of chastising them, and to induce them to return to the reserve at this place. On the twenty-seventh of March I proceeded to the Coquille river, meeting some Indians on the route, who fired on us and fled. Upon reaching the mouth of that river, I found one tribe of Indians encamped there, and attacked them on the morning of the thirtieth, routing them with the loss on their part of fifteen men, all their canoes, arms, provisions, etc., and took thirty-two women and children prisoners. The latter I have sent to Port Orford, where they have been taken in charge by Mr. Olney, Indian agent at that place. Learning that there was a party of Indians near the forks of the river, I started the same day for that place, and succeeded in killing three men belonging to the "Jackson" tribe, also taking several prisoners, principally squaws and children.*

April 1.

Dr. Glisan: *Yesterday was bright and sunny; to-day the wind and rain comes in fitful blasts from the southeast, making everybody uncomfortable. We may bless our stars that we have tents -- though the wind seems intent on dashing them down -- the raindrops tumble through occasionally, to let us know they are knocking without. But, after all, we feel as happy as usual. Happiness consists of a strange compound of elements. For my part, I am in as fine spirits as ever in my life. Not that I am fond of the hard and toilsome marches we have to make over these mountains, but the appreciation of rest and food afterwards is so keen and delightful. We can*

now enjoy a slice of ham, or even pork, with as much gusto as the idle loafer in our large cities does his daintiest bonnes bouches.

Capt. Harris [Victor 1894: 395-396]: *On the twenty-fifth of March I sent a detachment of ten men to the upper Coquille to act in concert with Captain Creighton's company in view of securing the friendly Indians in that quarter to the charge and control of the Indian agent. This detachment was under command of Lieutenant Foley, whom I joined in person at the scene of action on the twenty-sixth. Having secured the pledge of the friendly Indians in that quarter to submit to the agent, and remove at his instance to Port Orford, I returned with my command to Empire City on the first day of April.*

A. G. Walling [1884: 277-278]: *On April 1, 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. These Indians had been under the care of the government authorities at Port Orford until a few days before the fight and only left that place because some meddlesome whites had represented to them that it was the soldiers' intention to kill them. Consequently they left, and Creighton with his men pursued and attacked them. Again, a party of volunteers intercepted several canoe loads of Indians near the mouth of the Rogue river and killed eleven males and one squaw; one male and two squaws only escaped.*

April 5.

Dr. Glisan: *The storm has intermitted -- the wind being this morning from the north. 'Tis pleasant to see the sun once more. We learn that Captain Smith's command has reached Fort Orford, totally without provisions, and nearly naked. He reached the mouth of the Illinois, on the south side of Rogue River about the twenty-second of March, and had a skirmish with a small party of Indians -- probably the same Indians we drove across the river. He destroyed several ranches, and everything in them. The Indians had evidently been surprised, and ran off leaving everything behind. Two sacks of Oregon flour, and many other articles stolen by them in the massacre at the mouth of the river, were found in their huts. I feel more confident now than ever that the Indians saw our approach on the nineteenth of March, and had succeeded in conveying across the river much of their plunder before we reached the ground.*

The "Columbia" touched at Port Orford on her upward trip on the morning of the ninth, at two o'clock, having on board General Wool, Colonel Ripley, Colonel Nauman and Lieutenant Arnold.

Our expressman, Captain Tichenor, on reaching Euchre Creek, eight miles from here, saw a body of Indians ahead of him -- he returned to the "Half Breed's House" and got some volunteers, who happened to be there, to accompany him to within a few miles of our camp. Yesterday Captain Bledsoe, who was in Fort Orford, dispatched a messenger to tell the volunteers, who were waiting for him at the "Half Breed's Shanty," to return to Rogue River. The expressman having communicated his orders, and started on his return to Port Orford, saw lying in the trail a spur, which he dismounted to pick up, when several shots were fired at him. Jumping on his horse he hurried back and overtook the volunteers about halfway between there and the Miner's Fort, which is now occupied by them. He believes he saw forty Indians. Captain

Ord's company was dispatched this morning to break up this ambuscade, as it is on our only road of communication between this place and Fort Orford. The part of the trail infested by them is only seven miles from the latter fort, and consequently Captain Smith might clear the trail if we could get an express to him -- but this is difficult. Captain Smith's company will be ordered to leave Fort Orford on Monday for our camp.

Major Latshaw, with one hundred volunteers, met the enemy on the twenty-third of February, on the head waters of the Coquille, and killed ten of them, with a loss of three of the former. On the twenty-third of March, Major Bruce, with two companies of volunteers, had a skirmish with the Indians between Deer Creek and the Illinois River, killing four, and losing no men. The above news comes in a Jacksonville paper, called the Table Rock.

The Indians have lately cut off a pack train between Crescent City and Jacksonvi1le -- killing one or two men, and taking mules, provisions and everything else -- twenty-five pounds of powder included. At another point Captain George's company of mounted volunteers went out to chastise a body of Indians, whom they expected to surprise in a good place for fighting. Leaving their animals tied without any guard, they marched quietly up a hill, expecting to fall upon the enemy on the other side. After proceeding a short distance, and looking behind, they beheld the Indians running off with the troops' horses.

On the first of March a command of one hundred regulars, under Captain E. D. Keyes, Third Artillery, had an encounter with a body of Indians near Muckle Chute Prairie, on White River, in the vicinity of Puget Sound, Washington Territory. It was with the same Indians that attacked Seattle a few weeks ago. The expedition was fitted out under Lieutenant Colonel Silas Casey, of the Ninth Infantry, who commands this district. He commanded the main force on this occasion, but sent detachments out in different directions, to concentrate near Muckle Chute Prairie.

Lieutenant A. V. Kautz, with a detachment of company A., Fourth Infantry, and H, Ninth Infantry, (the latter under the immediate command of Lieutenant D. McKibbin) fell in with the enemy. He immediately dispatched an express to Colonel Casey, who was supposed to be several days off. Kautz had his men in the driftwood, and the Indians theirs in the timber, until the arrival of Captain Keyes' Third Artillery, with a reinforcement of fifty men. The troops then charged, and drove the Indians from all the positions taken by them, and gained a complete victory. The regulars had one man killed, Lieutenant Kautz, and eight men wounded. The Indians carried off their dead -- but the friendly Indians say the troops killed seventeen and wounded twenty -- among the latter their principal chief, Leshi.

The Indians fled, and appeared to have left the neighborhood entirely. But about the tenth the picket perceived an Indian crawling up with the view of firing into camp. He fired whilst the latter was in the act of beckoning to his men to go back, and wounded him in the shoulder. He was brought into camp, and recognized as one of their principal chiefs -- ***Kannasket****. On being asked if he were not, he answered "yes, I am Kannasket, and I hate you." Soon after this firing was heard, and the troops, supposing an attack, one of their men shot the chief dead.*

About the fifth of March, the volunteers were attacked by the Indians in the vicinity of White River. The Indians were defeated, leaving one man dead on the field. The particulars I have not learned.

On the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth of March the Cascades, on the Columbia River, were attacked by the Indians. Some twelve of the inhabitants were massacred; the others took refuge in a blockhouse, and were relieved in the course of two days by Colonel Wright's command of United States troops. Sixteen of the Indians were captured, and fifteen of them were to be hung. All the plunder was retaken. Two soldiers were killed and several wounded.

The Cascades is a very important place between Fort Vancouver and the Dalles. The Indians had planned their attack well, as Colonel Wright with the Ninth Regiment, had left the Dalles but a few days previously, expecting to find the enemy in an entirely different direction. The Indians, however, supposed the troops were further off than they really were.

April 12, 1856: Lookingglass "Minute Men" formed

April 12.

A. G. Walling [1884: 292; 418]: *Looking-glass Guards. — Organized April 12, 1856 — Captain, Daniel Williams; First Lieutenant, William K. Stark; Second Lieutenant, William Cochran; Privates, James M. Arrington, Samuel W. K. Applegate, Willis Alden, John P. Boyer, Levi Ballard, William Cochran, Roland Flournoy, Jr., Jones Flournoy, Samuel S. Halpain, John H. Hartin, Nathaniel Huntley, Joseph Huntley, Daniel Huntley, Alexander M. Johnson, Frederick Mitchell, Hilry A. Mitchell, Franklin Mitchell, Edmund F. McNall, Ambrose Newton, Abbot L. Todd, Franklin White, George W. Williams, Jefferson Williams, Milton W. Williams, Peter W. Williams . . .*

Later, on the twelfth of April, 1856, a company of "minute men" was organized, by authority of the proclamation issued by Governor George L. Curry on the eleventh of March. The company was organized at the school house in Looking-glass, and contained the following members: David Williams, captai ; William H. Stark, first lieutenant; William Cochran, first sergeant; Privates, James M. Arrington, John P. Applegate, Willis Alden, Samuel W. K. Applegate, John P. Boyer, Levi Ballard, William Cochran, Roland Flournoy, Samuel S. Halpain, John H. Hartin, Nathaniel Huntley, Daniel Huntley, Joseph Huntley, Alex. M. Johnson, Fred Mitchell, Hilry A. Mitchell, Franklin Mitchell, Edmund F. McNall, Ambrose Newton, William H. Stark, Abbott L. Todd, Franklin White, George W. Williams, David Williams, Jefferson Williams, Milton H. Williams, Peter W. Williams.

April 13.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 405]: *Captain Smith moved with his eighty troopers from Fort Lane about the thirteenth of April, a few days before the volunteers marched to their destination at the meadows. At the crossing of Rogue river, which was effected on a raft, he found a camp of Indians, which he attacked and destroyed. Traveling through the mountains in rain and snow was exceedingly trying to dragoons, whose horses often were unable to carry them up the sharp and slippery ascents, compelling them to climb on foot. Wrote* ***one of them****: "We suffered much on the march. There was a thick fog on the mountains, and the guide could not make out the trail. We were seven days straying about, while it rained the whole time. Our provisions ran out before the weather cleared and we arrived at Port Orford." The experience was at least useful as showing what the volunteers had endured ever since October.*

April 14.

Dr. Glisan [Fort Orford]: *Orders being issued for my return to Fort Orford to take charge of the General Hospital at that post, I left camp at the mouth of Rogue River at six P. M. yesterday, in the schooner "Gold Beach," and reached here last night about ten o'clock.*

The trip was unusually disagreeable, owing to the vessel being so exceedingly small, and so crowded with passengers, besides the sick and wounded men I was taking to the General Hospital. The weather was unusually stormy and squally, and everybody seasick. This was

rendered more unpleasant by the captain's keeping us all below, on account of the rain, and our being in the way on deck. The most perilous part of the trip was in coming over the bar, and through the breakers at the mouth of Rogue River. The course of the river at the mouth having changed greatly in the previous few days, it was considered a very hazardous undertaking to cross the bar for the first time, besides we were all kept below and the hatches closed , thus cutting off all chance of life to even good swimmers, in event of striking the bar and being capsized by the breakers, which were unusually heavy on account of the storm that was rising. Our captain knew nothing about sailing, never having had charge of a vessel before.

On reaching Fort Orford (eighteen miles), the captain commenced firing guns to let the people know of our arrival, so that a boat might come to us. After a few shots our signal was answered from the fort. The people down town hearing the firing, and not knowing its origin, betook themselves to their block-house, thinking the Indians close upon them.

Captain Andrew J. Smith's company,1st Dragoons, will leave this afternoon for Rogue River. He has with him Dr. Charles H. Crane, United States Army, and First Lieutenant N. B. Sweitzer, First Dragoons. These will join Colonel Buchanan's command. Lieutenant C. Bonnycastle, Fourth Infantry, and Assistant Surgeon J. J. Milhau, United States Army, are now at Crescent City under orders also to join the command.

A. G. Walling [1884: 266]: *With a portion of this force General Lamerick set out in April for an active campaign to the Big Meadows, on Rogue river, then recognized as the rallying point and base of supplies of the entire horde of hostiles, known to number at least 250 and popularly supposed to be twice as numerous. Having collected all his available force at the mouth of the Applegate, the General appointed a day of parade, and fixed upon the fourteenth of April as the day for setting out upon the proposed expedition. On the morning of that day the army set out, under the immediate command of Lieutenant Colonel Chapman, who proceeded in advance with one hundred men, guided by the scouts of Lewis and Bushey. A very long pack-train came next, and Major Bruce brought up the rear with the remaining volunteers. A herd of beef cattle was driven along as a part of the commissariat, to be drawn upon as occasion required, and ample provision had been made for anticipated emergencies, even to supplying a couple of canvas boats, portable and collapsable, to be used in crossing the river. Shovels for constructing roads were supplied, and twenty-five days' rations were taken, besides 100 rounds of ammunition for each soldier. General Lamerick announced his intention to remain out until the Indians were completely conquered, or until the army had to return for provisions.*

April 27, 1856: Battle at Little Meadows

April 15.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 398]: *As late as the fifteenth of April the weather was still cold, with rain and snowfalls of considerable depth on the mountains. But Lamerick and Kelsey had determined upon concentrating the regiment at or near the main camp of the Indians at Big Meadows, and attacking them in force.*

April 16.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 399]: *On the sixteenth, Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman and Major Bruce moved with the entire southern battalion down the south side of Rogue river towards the meadows; the northern battalion passing down the north side entire, with the exception of Captain Thomas W. Prather's spy company, provisioned for thirty days, with Colonel Kelsey and Brigadier-General Lamerick in the field, Lamerick having declared to the governor his intention to stay with the enemy until they were subdued or starved out.*

April 21.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 399]: *On encamping at Little Meadows on the twenty-first the picket guard was fired upon. A force of forty men, ten each from the companies of Noland, Sheffield, Robertson, and Wallen, was ordered out to engage the Indians, who, however, fled before them down a deep canon under cover of the thick underbrush, and were soon beyond reach. Captain Barnes then went out with twenty-five picked men to reconnoiter, and found that the Indians were encamped in considerable numbers on a bar on the south side of the river between Little and Big Meadows.*

April 22.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 399-400]: *The effective force in the camp of the northern battalion numbered two hundred and ten men. With a detachment of fifty men, Colonel Kelsey made a reconnaissance on the morning of the twenty-second, having to cross a deep canon and ascend a high mountain densely timbered with fir and underwood, but having near the summit a small prairie, near which he halted his command and sent forward spies. They immediately returned with the information that the enemy's camp was in plain view from the prairie. Kelsey then moved forward to ascertain whether or not the Indians were fortified, and was fired on while taking observations. He drew up his men in order of battle, but after a few shots exchanged, the Indians suddenly disappeared. A few moments later, however, the pickets reported the Indians crossing the river in strength, and it was thought prudent to retreat to camp.*

April 23.

A. G. Walling [1884: 266]: *Captain Barnes, of the spy company, reconnoitered during the halt at the Little Meadows, and found the Indians in large numbers, scattered in the rough, mountainous and brushy country between the camp and the Big Meadows, which lie below the*

Little Meadows, and also the north side of the river. Major Bruce being communicated with, his battalion was ordered up, and he joined forces with Colonel Kelsey, the total force gathered there being 535 officers and men. The camp was on a high bench or terrace, two miles north of the river and a thousand feet above it. A breastwork of pine trees was formed, enclosing a space sufficient for camping purposes, and there being an abundance of grass and water near, the locality was well adapted for that purpose. The Indian encampment was found to be on a large bar on the south side of the river and some three miles below. The Big Meadows were deserted by them, and the intervening country contained none except those doing duty as scouts. On the twenty-third Colonel Kelsey with 150 men made a reconnaissance toward a suspected point, but without results, and on the same day Major Bruce at the head of a like force, started to descend the slope toward the bar. At a distance of a mile from camp a creek was arrived at, beyond which were collected a considerable number of Indians, but these being beyond rifle range, and Major Bruce's instructions not allowing him to attack, no fighting was done, and the detachment having plainly seen the Indian village on the bar, returned to camp.

April 24.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 400]: *Colonel Kelsey on the twenty-fourth, assisted by Major Latshaw, led one hundred and fifty men of the northern battalion towards the enemy, using a detachment of fifty as a decoy to draw him into an engagement, when he was fired on. At the same time, Major Bruce, assisted by Adjutant J. M. Cranmer, led an equal number of the southern battalion down to the Big Meadows to make a reconnaissance of that favorite position of the Indians, but found none there as expected; nor were the volunteers able to discover them that day.*

April 25

Dr. Glisan: (”Fort Orford”). *The steamship "Columbia" arrived yesterday morning at daybreak, and discharging about one hundred and fifteen tons of freight, most of which were army supplies, left for Portland.*

Mrs. Victor [1894: 398-400]: *The murder and mutilation of McDonald Harkness, about the twenty-fifth, two miles from the meadows furnished fresh incentive to the volunteers in that neighborhood to strike back. The time seemed propitious, for the Indians, so continuously harassed by them, had begun to show signs of weakness, some of the poorer bands being not unwillingly taken prisoners and sent to Fort Lane, where they were fed and protected . . .*

Again, on the twenty-fifth, twenty-five men from the northern battalion were sent to take a position on the high ground northwest of camp, to note whether the enemy passed up into the mountains to the west, and to discover, if possible, what he was doing. At the same, time twenty-five men from the southern battalion took a station on high ground southeast of camp, to observe the enemy's movements during the day. Nothing was discovered beyond what was known, that the Indians numbered several hundred men, women, and children.

April 26.

Capt. Cram: *And now it was that most of these Indians began to show signs of yielding, but their chiefs were tardy in coming in. The McAntooteney band were obstinate; their town was 11 miles above the mouth, on the right bank, (seen on the map,) at the entrance of a small stream from the west. On the 26th of April [sic] Ord's and Jones' companies, 112 men, Captain Ord, Captain Jones, Lieutenant Drisdale, and Doctor Millman, were sent up to raze that town; it was destroyed, but not without obstinate resistance. The Indians were in force, and, having the advantage of descent and cover, attacked the troops in flank and rear. It was a spirited fight, resulting in the Indians being driven up and across the river; then the troops withdrew in good order, losing Sergeant Nash, however, who was shot from the bush, and arrived in camp the next night.*

Mrs. Victor [1894: 400]: *About sundown on the twenty-sixth, the picket guard observed Indians firing on some cattle belonging to the regiment, which had strayed three-quarters of a mile from camp, when Colonel Kelsey with one hundred men, immediately pursued them, they fleeing before him. It looked, indeed, as if they could not be brought to battle, so easily did they elude pursuit, and so difficult of access was their encampment.*

April 27.

A. G. Walling [1884: 266-268]: *During the following days until the twenty-seventh, considerable reconnoitering was done, and a brush with the enemy took place, without result. The Indians were thought to number several hundred, including women and children, and were found to be as actively employed in scouting as were the whites themselves . . .*

The southern battalion marched down the south side of Rogue river, and in two or three days reached Peavine mountain, some twelve miles from the Little Meadows of Rogue river, the objective point of Colonel Kelsey's command. This latter division fitted out at Fort Leland, on Grave creek, and set out on or about the seventeenth of April and arrived safely at their destination within two or three days, having come via Whiskey creek. No enemy was met upon the route but shortly after halting at the end of their march the pickets were fired upon by concealed Indians, whom a diligent search failed to discover. The country over which each detachment passed was thoroughly " scoured" by large numbers of scouts, and Indian "sign" in abundance was found, but the wily savages retired secretly before the army, and made no stand.

On April twenty-seventh, three men, McDonald, Harkness, and Waggoner, express riders between Lamerick's command and Fort Leland, were attacked by Indians at Whiskey creek, and Harkness, a partner of James Twogood, in the Leland Creek House (otherwise called the Grave Creek House), was killed. His body was found horribly mutilated.

At a council of war ordered by General Lamerick it was resolved to attack the enemy in his stronghold on the bar; and to do this effectually and at the same time prevent the Indians from escaping over the mountains in their rear. Major Bruce was ordered to cross to the south side of the river and march to a point where they could be intercepted in case of flight. The other battalion under Colonel Kelsey in person was to proceed westward from the encampment, and

gaining the summits opposite the Indians' position, was then to march down the steep declivity directly in their front and attack them from across the river. The southern battalion duly arrived at the point where they were to cross, but the two canvas boats being launched, the men declined to enter them, alleging that the Indians might easily sink them by rifle shots, or failing in that, might massacre the few who would be able to land. Major Bruce's authority was insufficient to compel them to obedience, and the plan was abandoned. It does not appear that any Indians had been seen by the battalion on their march to the river, nor does it seem likely that any considerable number of them, if any, were in the neighborhood, their total force probably having been at that hour at their rendezvous on the bar, three miles below. This is a fair example of the difficulties met with by the officers at that time. Such a state of insubordination prevailed that it rendered all plans nugatory. Every private thought himself entitled to reason upon his superior officer's commands, and to refuse compliance if they seemed injudicious. Under such circumstances it is no wonder that such a large force accomplished so little.

Major Bruce being compelled to remain on the north side of the River, concluded to move down stream and join Colonel Kelsey at the bar. Meanwhile, this commander had reached a point on the declivity nearly opposite his objective point, and started directly down hill, following a ridge which afforded comparatively little obstruction to his advance. In this he was much favored by a heavy fog which rested upon the hills, utterly obscuring his every movement from the Indians. Thus he was enabled to arrive nearly at the river before they discovered his whereabouts. The detachment was now formed in order of battle, and all rushed down and took position on the bank of the river facing the Indian encampment on the bar, and opened a continuous fire upon the enemy. The savages were thrown into confusion by the sudden attack, and did not return the fire for some time. The women and children, the former carrying heavy packs, soon left the camp and passed up the hill toward the Illinois river, while the greater part of the males sought shelter in the edge of the fir woods behind their encampment, and watched the movements of the whites. Major Bruce arrived with his command, and taking a position on the left of the northern battalion, began firing at the enemy, who, however, were in positions of comparative safety. Desultory and ineffectual firing was kept up all day, but no means of crossing the river being at hand, nothing could be done to complete the victory. It is supposed that quite a number of Indians were killed, while the only loss to the whites was the severe wounding of Elias Mercer, of Wilkinson's company, who, on being removed to Roseburg, died upon the way. John Henry Clifte also sustained a severe wound, but recovered.

In the evening the whole force went into camp at the Big Meadows, on the north side of the river and six miles below the former camp.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 401-402]: *On the twenty-seventh, however, Kelsey and Latshaw took out another detachment of one hundred men from the northern battalion, twenty-five of Captain Wallen's company, under his command, twenty-five from Robertson's company, under Lieutenant Phillips; and the same number each from Sheffield's and Noland's companies, under their proper commanders. The sortie was made before daylight in order to take possession of a deep canon a mile west of the Indian camp, if possible, undiscovered, and to bring on a battle by annoying the enemy from this position, and decoying him into attacking on the east (the river here running north for some distance) side of the river, which the spies had discovered to be well guarded and*

dangerous to cross for several miles above and below. Besides the hazard of crossing, the steep and rocky hills on the west side left no room for the passage of troops.

Major Bruce and Adjutant Cranmer led forth another detachment of one hundred and fifty men, from the southern battalion, and took a position on the elevated prairie before mentioned, in order to be in the way of a retreat should the Indians attempt it. This movement was also made before daylight. With the coming of day a heavy fog arose which concealed either of these forces from the view of the enemy, enabling Kelsey to pass the only exposed point on his route without discovery, but which cleared away suddenly soon after he had made the passage, leaving the river in full view.

Contrary to expectation no Indians were found in the canon, and in accordance with the determination of the colonel in command, with the concurrence of the major, and the volunteers, who were anxious to get at the enemy they had pursued so toilsomely for months, this detachment made but a short pause, but proceeded another mile and a half, under cover of fir and oak timber, to a ridge running down to the river, and sparsely covered with trees, immediately opposite the bar on which the Indians were encamped.

When the Indians discovered the troops they were within three hundred yards of their camp, with the river between them. Instead of showing a disposition to fight, the Indians were thrown into confusion. Many had not yet come out of their wickiups. The women and children were running hither and thither, in alarm. To escape the heavy fire of the volunteers, these hid themselves in the timber in the rear of their camp, while a portion of their fighting force stationed themselves behind rocks and trees and fought in defense of their camp, and another portion took to the cover of the trees lining the river out of range of the volunteers' guns, to watch the movements of the attacking party.

So interested were they in these, that they failed to discover Major Bruce's detachment which had hastened to support Kelsey, until Captain George's company had delivered a fire into their midst. Bruce was then stationed on Kelsey's left, and firing was kept up all day, with the result of a very considerable loss to the Indians. Apparently, nothing saved them from a total rout but the river, and on the other hand the river cut off their retreat. The loss to the volunteers in this engagement was one man wounded in Wilkinson's company -- Elias D. Mercer. That night the regiment encamped at the Big Meadows.

April 28.

Dr. Glisan: *Yesterday, Captain Augur's company escorted a mule train to this post for provisions: a train had also left for Crescent City for supplies, escorted by Captain Floyd Jones' company. Captain Ord's company was dispatched from the mouth of the river on the twenty-seventh, to reinforce Floyd Jones before he should have arrived at the most dangerous point. He did not start, however, until the return of Captain Smith and Brevet-Major Reynolds, who, with their respective companies, had been ordered up different sides of Rogue River to scout and spy out the enemy. On the third day's march, snow storm caught them, and the snow falling in places a foot deep, they were compelled to return to camp. A party of twelve volunteers accompanied Captain Smith on the north side of the river, some of whom left camp at daylight on the morning*

of the second day, and approaching Rogue River at the mouth of Lobster Creek, about one half mile from camp, perceived two canoes, with, as they supposed, twelve "bucks" and two squaws, moving down the river. The Captain (Bledsoe), ordered his men to secrete themselves behind a large rock on the bank, and fire at the Indians as they came alongside. Fortunately for their purposes, the river forms at this point a sort of eddy, which the canoes took, thus approaching within a few yards of the volunteers, and moving slowly through the eddy, they were fired upon, having several of their number killed, and the others capsized. The volunteers reloaded and killed several more, they think in all, eleven men and one squaw. The Indians' guns were lost in the water, and their canoes floated down the river, one of them lodging but a short distance below. Bledsoe, of course, desired to secure the latter, but as his detachment was too small to cope against a large body of the enemy, he prudently retired before the latter was reinforced, and joined Captain's Smith's command again, having already accomplished sufficient for one day.

A. G. Walling [1884: 268]: *On the following morning Colonel Kelsey and Major Latshaw with 150 men went to a point on the river two miles below the bar, with the expectation of crossing to the south side and "scouring" the country thereabouts. At the same time Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman with 100 men marched to the battle-ground of the previous day to engage the enemy if they were still there, with the object of diverting their attention from the movement below. The former command found Indians scattered along the shore, who showed fight and "moved further into the brush and set up a considerable hallowing," consequently the detachment did not cross. The casualties of the day were, as might be judged, very light. A private of Sheffield's company was wounded, and one or two Indians were thought to be hit, but the latter is very doubtful. About twelve o'clock the Indians "withdrew beyond range of our guns, and deeming it impracticable to cross the river at this point we drew off the command and returned to camp. Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman had found no Indians at the bar, so he returned, probably also thinking it impracticable to cross. Major Bruce had "scoured" in the direction of John Mule creek with 100 men and he also returned unharmed.*

Mrs. Victor [1894: 402-403]: *The following morning Colonel Kelsey and Major Latshaw took one hundred and fifty men and two canvas boats two miles below the battle ground to look for a crossing of the river, with the design of scouring the mountains in the vicinity of the enemy's camp, while Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman with an equal force took up the position occupied the previous day, to prevent the escape of the Indians, as well as to divert their attention from the movement below*

When the colonel's command reached the river, however, he found that his purpose had been divined, and the Indians were stationed in the thick timber ready to receive him. He could only fire on them across the river, while they were sheltered by trees; and after three hours of ammunition wasted, the volunteers returned to camp, with one man wounded of Sheffield's company -- John Henry Clifton. The Indian loss, so far as known, was two killed.

April 29.

Dr. Glisan: *The bands of Indians in Southern Oregon, at present in open hostilities against the whites, are: First -- in the Port Orford district, the Shasta-Costahs, Casataneys, Tootooteeney's,*

Chetcos, Euchres, Joshua band. Second -- on upper Rogue River, Taltassaneys, Applegates, (Old John's band) Shastahs, Galisecreeks, (pronounced Galeescreeks) George and Limpy's bands. The following tribes in Washington Territory and Eastern Oregon, are hostile: -- the Cayuses, Clickitats, Yakimas, Chowchillas, Yumatillas, Walla Wallas, and the Pelouses.

In regard to the causes of the present general Indian war in the Territories of Washington and Oregon there are, and will probably always be, two opinions. Several of the Indian agents are disposed to lay the blame mostly on the whites -- while the latter think that the Indians are the guilty parties. In support of the first belief, so far as it relates to the trouble in Southern Oregon, Indian agent Ambrose reports to Superintendent Joel Palmer, that the immediate cause of the outbreak was the killing, by a party of men calling themselves volunteers, of a number of friendly Indians. This statement, going broadcast over the land, is calculated to give a wrong impression as to the character of the settlers of Oregon. The truth is, that the permanent residents of the latter, and her sister Territory, Washington, have always, so far as I can learn, been particularly kind and considerate toward the red men. Being mostly frontiersman from our Western States, having their families with them, they, aside from the moral considerations, know the danger of maltreating the revengeful savage.

The Indians have among themselves a large number of reckless and bad men, who, disregarding the restraints of their chiefs, are constantly stealing from them, and committing other lawless acts upon, their white neighbors, who sometimes are forced, in self-defense, to put a stop to their aggressions in other modes beside moral suasion. It is, nevertheless, undeniable, that among the large floating population of miners in the two Territories, there are a few vagabond whites, who treat the Indians harshly. It is probable that the party referred to by the Indian agent were of this class. Still there is no reason for attaching the blame to either party exclusively; for the notions, habits, and moral relations, of the Indians and whites are so diametrically antagonistic that it is simply impossible for them to live side by side for many years without contentions. This has been the case ever since the earliest settlement of North America.

Whilst acts of brutality, between two races, are usually the proximate cause of most of the disturbances, yet there are predisposing agents behind all these. Such, for instance, on the northwest coast, as the donation laws of Congress, giving away to white settlers -- half breed Indians included -- all of the most valuable lands in the Territories of Washington and Oregon, without first extinguishing by treaty the possessory rights of the aborigines. So long as the latter were permitted to retire in peace to good fishing and hunting grounds, they yielded without much grumbling. In course of time, however, their new abodes became desirable to the whites, and the government was induced to make the Indians move again by offering them a moderate consideration, and future partial support for a certain number of years.

Is it not the most natural thing in the world for the red man to chafe under these repeated efforts at changing his abode from the homes and graves of his kindred? It requires but a little cruel treatment under these circumstances to kindle in his savage breast a relentless thirst for blood. When once aroused he falls upon every white person he chances to meet; treating both friend and foe alike; thus often exhibiting one of the most human of all traits – base ingratitude. Worse, if possible, than that other ignoble constituent of the Indian character -- treachery. The various massacres that occurred in Southern Oregon alone, at the outbreak of the present disturbance,

where so many victims fell by the hands of the savage fiends, are almost enough to stifle the sympathy of philanthropists for the Indian race. Yet, as these poor heathens are not educated to the high sense of right and wrong possessed by our more enlightened people, we ought to make some allowance for their barbarous acts.

Capt. Cram: *On the 29th of April Captain Ord's company moved from camp at an early hour and encountered the Indians on the Chetco river, where he found them in force on the right bank. A running fight ensued; the Indians, running faster than the pursuers, succeeded in crossing the river and dispersing themselves in the hills.*

Captain Smith's force had descended the valley from Fort Lane, and the chief in command had consented to hold a council, he, as well as the superintendent of Indian affairs, hoping that all now standing aloof might be induced, after the lessons already received, to come in, lay down their arms, and go upon the reserve.

A. G. Walling [1884: 268; 278]: *On the twenty-ninth Captain Crouch, with his company, left for Roseburg, via Camas valley, to escort the wounded to the hospital. The remainder of the regiment broke camp and occupied the bar where The Indian encampment had stood, and met with no resistance in so doing. The scouts reported that the Indians had all left the vicinity and that the remains of seventy-five campfires existed on the mountain side above the bar, making the spot where they encamped on the night following Colonel Kelsey's attack . . .*

On the twenty-ninth of April a party of sixty regulars, convoying a pack-train, were attacked near Chetco by the remnant of the band of savages of that name, supposed to number about sixty, but probably less, and two or three soldiers were killed or wounded. The battle ended by the defeat of the natives, who lost six braves killed, and several wounded. In the month of April three volunteer companies operated on the coast, and did much service in spite of their being badly armed and equipped. These were the Gold Beach Guards, the Coquille Guards and the Port Orford Minute Men.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 403]: *On the twenty-ninth of April the wounded having been sent to Camas valley under a heavy escort, and the Indians having abandoned their position on the opposite side of the river, the regiment crossed over and occupied it, finding seventy-five deserted camp fires, indicating a large number of occupants. This was, indeed, the refuge to which, during the winter, the predatory savages had escaped after their successful raids into the settlements and their robberies of pack trains. Here were found the bones of numerous oxen slain, and the remains of hundreds of broken packages of provisions and ammunition. The Indians had fared better than the volunteers, many of whom were at that moment almost barefoot, with only a blanket betwixt them and the weather, which still continued stormy and cold.*

May 8, 1856: A Coquille man is hung at Battle Rock

May 1

A. G. Walling [1884: 268]. *"The provisions now being nearly exhausted, and the weather continuing so unfavorable, it was considered impracticable to follow the enemy over the rough ground before us, which was covered with snow, and many of the soldiers were already nearly barefooted." On the first of May, the troops re-crossed the river, Captains George and Bushey proceeded immediately to Grave creek, while the rest camped at the Big Meadows, at a place selected as the site of a permanent fort. Williams, Wilkinson, Keith, Blakely and Barnes' companies were detailed to remain there, the remaining companies setting out for home the next day.*

Mrs. Victor [1894: 403-404]: *As the spies reported the Indians gone down the river, and as provisions were growing scarce in camp, with no prospect of improvement in the weather, Colonel Kelsey, so reporting, was ordered back to Fort Leland. It was decided, however, to erect a fort at the meadows, and a site was selected May first by Majors Bruce, Latshaw, and Hoxie, and the companies of Captains Wilkinson, Keith, Williams, and Blakesley, were detailed to remain at the meadows under Major Bruce to construct it, which fortification was known as Fort Lamerick. The companies of Sheffield and Noland were ordered to Roseburg, via Camas prairie, under Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman, while Robertson, Miller, O'Neil, Wallen, and Alcorn accompanied the colonel to Fort Leland.*

It will be observed that during the month occupied by these events, the volunteers had received no aid from the regular army." I have good reason to believe," wrote ***Lamerick*** *to the governor, "that General Wool has issued orders to the United States troops not to cooperate with the volunteers. But," he added, "the officers of Fort Lane told me they would, whenever they met me, most cordially cooperate with any volunteers under my command."*

May 2.

Dr. Glisan [Fort Orford]**:** *Day before yesterday Mr. Olney, the Indian agent, brought to garrison an old squaw, who was found coming through Port Orford. She seemed to be in almost a dying condition from disease, fatigue, fear, and hunger. A little brandy and a slice of bread were given her; of the latter she ate a few mouthfuls. Being sufficiently refreshed she informed the interpreter that she belonged to the Tootooteeneys, and had been sent by the Rogue River Indians to request the Port Orford band to tell the whites that they were tired of fighting, and desired peace; that the upper Rogue River Indians, and Enas, who had inveigled them into making war on the whites, had basely deserted them -- that all their ranches and provisions were destroyed -- many of their number killed and wounded, that they were nearly starving, and were desirous of peace, and were willing to come in and submit to anything the troops desired. Being put under charge of the guard, in comfortable quarters, for the night, she was, on the following morning, permitted to join the Indians on the reserve -- for whether her story be true or false, the Colonel commanding the district was satisfied that all the news she could communicate to the tribes now on the military reserve would only convince them that they had better remain*

peaceable. Moreover she was exceedingly ill, and we were unwilling to have her die in the guard house; as the Indians might suppose she had met with foul play.

The steamer "Columbia" touched here on her downward trip yesterday. General Wool, Colonel Nauman, Major Fitzgerald, and Lieutenant Arnold -- all of the army -- were passengers. The General was in fine spirits; being pleased, I suppose, with the recent reports of Colonel Buchanan, and Colonel Casey, in relation to the Indians in their respective districts. Colonel C., who commands Puget Sound district, reports that many of the Indians in that district are begging for peace, and that he has succeeded in driving the remainder beyond the mountains, far away from the settlements; and what is, perhaps, as equally pleasing to the old hero, he has learned that his management of the war on this coast has been approved by the War Department. This is particularly grateful to him as he has been most bitterly censured by the Oregon press for his treatment of the volunteers, whom he refused to recognize unless they would properly enlist in the service of the United States. The Legislature of Oregon, together with Governor Curry, of the same Territory, and Governor Stevens, of Washington Territory, have all, within the past three months, petitioned the department for his recall -- asserting that the General has utterly failed to render proper protection to the two Territories. I shall not discuss the matter further than to say, that, as in most matters of this kind, there seems to be right and wrong on both sides. The Governors may have made a mistake in not permitting the volunteers to be enlisted in the service of the United States; and General Wool ought to have sent an escort to protect Governor Stevens on his return from the Blackfoot country last fall, where he had been to form a treaty with them -- and from whence he had to return through the enemy's country -- and had to depend upon the friendly Nez Perces for an escort.

Captain Harris [Victor 1894: 396]: *Having received information from the Coos bay Indians that a number of the Coquille Indians had stolen away from the reserve at Port Orford, and were hidden near Coos bay, I sent April twenty-eight under command of Lieutenant Foley, a detachment of twelve men with instructions of reduce the fugitives to obedience. The lieutenant with his command succeeded in capturing the squad, which consisted of eight men, six women, and three children, which where secured to the proper authorities and forwarded to Port Orford, May second.*

May 4.

A. G. Walling [1884: 268-269]: *Captains Sheffield and Noland with their men went to Roseburg via Camas valley, and Robertson, Wallan, Miller (Rice's), O'Neal, Alcorn and Lewis' companies marched to Fort Leland, the headquarters of the northern battalion, which they reached on the fourth of May.*

If we sum up the fruits of this, the Second Meadows Campaign, we shall find that they equal those of the first. To descend to details, we find that the army "scoured" a large tract of wild country, consumed twenty-five days' rations in two weeks, drove the Indians from their place on the bar to another place in some unknown region, and returned to civilization. It is useless to enter into any long explanations of why such slight results were attained. It must have been partly the insubordination of the troops, who while nominally under the command of their general, colonel, lieutenant-colonel, four majors and unlimited captains and lieutenants,

domineered shamefully over these officers and acted their own pleasure in times of emergency. It is difficult to understand why these individuals retained their commands under such discouraging circumstances, and why their own self-respect did not impel them to quit their charges in disgust. Some curious and amusing incidents, whose record has come down to us, will illustrate the spirit of insubordination which so injured the army's usefulness. After General Lamerick had planned the fight at the Meadows and had given Major Bruce the order to cross the river, one of the latter's men said, "Look here, General; this ain't gwine ter do. Jest as sure as we cross thar, some of us will git hit. Don't yer know we got one man killed tryin' ter cross thar afore?" Rather more encouraging was a reply to one of Major Bruce's commands to charge, "Yes, We say charge, and we'll chalk you out a damned good charge, Major!" There is no question of the individual bravery of those men. As expressed by one who was among them -- a coward had no chance. A more daring set could not have existed than these miners and settlers.

Their experience had made them the most self-reliant men that the world contained. But the peculiar circumstances surrounding them, the fact of their officers being raised from the ranks and being consequently regarded as no better than anybody else, wonderfully impaired their efficiency and reliability.

May 6.

Dr. Glisan: *Yesterday Colonel Buchanan, Captain Augur, Lieutenant Chandler, with company G, Fourth Infantry, left for the mouth of Rogue River. They took with them four friendly Indians -- Tagnesia, the chief of the Elk River Indians; two squaws of the same tribe, and a little Indian boy prisoner, who was captured near Crescent City a few weeks ago, and sent to this post for confinement. He belongs to the Pistol River Indians, who fought the volunteers on the twentieth of March. His story is confirmatory of the squaw's statement that the coast Indians are anxious to make peace.*

Company G simply came up here as an escort to a pack train, which has gone down with a good supply of shoes and provisions for the troops at the mouth of the river. When it arrives, and the one from Crescent City, which has perhaps reached there before this, the Colonel will be fully prepared for an effective campaign.

If the Indians of the coast want peace, however, and will abide by his terms, he will probably have them all brought in and disarmed, preparatory to being moved on the Indian Reserve between this and the Columbia River, selected last year by General Palmer. At all events, he has taken the friendly Indians with him to send to the enemy and ascertain their wishes. One of the Indians is a very old squaw, whom the Chief intends to send to the hostile ranks first to ascertain the danger, and if there are none of the upper Indians among them, and no personal risk to be apprehended, he will then go himself. This is the universal custom of the Indians of this coast. Their oldest squaws have to go on all such dangerous errands.

May 7.

Dr. Glisan: *An express arrived from Rogue River yesterday, bringing among other things, the news of a little brush between Captain Ord's company (B, Third Artillery), and the Indians at*

Chetco River, forty miles below the mouth of Rogue River, on the twenty-eighth or twenty-ninth ultimo. The Indians were lying in wait for the pack train, which was being escorted to the mouth of Rogue River from Crescent City by Company F, Fourth Infantry. It was feared that the enemy might give trouble about that point, hence Col. B. wisely dispatched Captain O. from the mouth of Rogue River, to reinforce Captain Floyd Jones, ere he reached the dangerous portion of the route.

The Indians were in ambush on the north side of Chetco, prepared to attack the train as it attempted to cross. They were disconcerted by Ord's coming up on the same side, and fled. Ord gave a running fight and killed six Indians, and took a women and child prisoners. The second chief of the Chetcoes was among the slain. Ord had Seargent Smith killed and one man wounded. From the squaw prisoner, Ord learned that the Indians engaged were the Chetcoes, and about twenty-five from Rogue River. That they had been out in Smith's valley burning houses, whence they returned to Pistol River to ambuscade the train. The expressman also learned that the Chief of the Joshuas had come down there a few days previously, persuading the Chetcoes to make peace with the whites. Thus everything goes to show that many of the Rogue River Indians desire peace; but I fear that the few citizens and volunteers we have at Port Orford, are disposed to throw obstacles in the way, for they assert their determination to shoot any and every Indian who has been known to kill a white man, either before or since the war. In accordance with these views, they yesterday tried and condemned by lynch law, an Indian belonging to the Coquille band, who have returned from the mountains to the Government Reserve, after being stampeded a few week' s since, and having a number of their "bucks" killed by some white persons. This Indian is supposed to be one of a party of Indians who massacred two white men about two and a half years ago.

The lynch court sentenced him to be hung to-day at one P. M. It is said the Indian confesses being one of the party who committed the murder, but states that the whites have already killed four Indians for this murder, two of whom were innocent. This, according to the Indian law, should satisfy the whites; but, of course, it is no palliation by our laws, and if the Indian be guilty, he ought to be properly tried and punished, but not lynched.

Ellen Tichenor [Dodge 1898: 284-285]: *The massacre of the T'Vault expedition took place in 1851, and although the whites had avenged themselves a hundred fold and the government had spent thousands of dollars for the death of these five men, yet the people were not satisfied. For in 1855 a Coquille River Indian was captured whom they declared on no stronger basis than a supposition, was one of the perpetrators of the T'Vault massacre, and he was accordingly sentenced to be hanged. The hanging was to take place from a tree that grew on the edge of a large rock. The rock, projects into the ocean and at high tide forms an island. The ascent is up a steep, narrow trail. The crest is large enough to accommodate a hundred or a hundred and fifty men, two trees and some sallal brush keep the spot green. The rock is famous for the battle fought on it in '51 by the early pioneers and from which it derives the name of Battle Rock.*

The day that the Indian was to be hanged was a beautiful one; the town was full of satisfaction and excitement. All were making their way to the rock. From the temporary reservation at the lagoon, a slow procession came filing. They took position on Fort Point, a jot of land near Battle Rock, where they could witness the proceedings. Little Ellen Tichenor, playing with her flowers,

saw the people gathering and asking Mr. Seth Lount what was the matter, was told that an Indian was to be hanged. She did not realize what he meant but determined to follow the crowd and find out. She made her way up the rock and childlike forced her way to the very front. There stood the Indian by the tree with a rope around his neck, he was speaking and begging for life.

The child understood his tongue and heard him proclaim his innocence and swear that he was not near the Coquille river at the time of the massacre. She began to realize what was to happen, that the Indian had to die. She knew all the white men and turning to them began to plead for his life. She cried, begged and implored; the Indian understood her efforts and his face lit up with hope. Some one angrily asked why the child was not carried down but the crowd was so dense that there was no getting through it. They proceeded to duty. The child finding her efforts were useless, flung herself on the ground at the feet of the Indian and screamed in a perfect frenzy of horror. The box was kicked out from under the Indian and his body swung out over the precipice. A year and a half later a California Indian was hanged from the same tree.

Orvil Dodge: *Mr. Chance said, on about the middle of May, 1856, the band of Indians that lived at the mouth of the Coquille river ("Tie John's band") ran away from Port Orford, from the temporary reservation on the government reserves back to their old home. John Creighton took some men and followed them and finding them in their old village attacked them at daylight in the morning and claimed to have killed nineteen. The old chief "John" fled to the woods and sent his eldest daughter Jennie to Port Orford to interview William Chance, the agent, and ask if he could return, agreeing to comply with any request the agent would ask. They were allowed to return and an Indian that had helped kill a white man at Deadman's slough, returning with them, Agent Chance and Lieutenant Mcfeley sent a file of men and put him in the guard house. When the citizens heard of it they had him arrested by the civil authorities, tried the Indian, found him guilty, and hung him on Battle rock, in front of Port Orford. The Indians appeared contented after that. They claimed their reason for leaving was that Capt. Stephen Davis told them when the agent got them out to sea that he (the agent) would throw them overboard, and the Indians that was to go up by land to the reservation would all be killed by the soldiers when they got them away from their country.*

May 8.

Captain Harris [Victor 1894: 396]: *Learning that the agent was on his way with the Coquille Indians to Port Orford, and fearing that his forces might not be sufficient to prevent a possible effort to escape on part of the Indians at the mouth of the Coquille, I detached, on the twenty-eighth of April, ten men to the aid of that undertaking, which detachment returned to quarters the eighth of May.*

May 9.

Dr. Glisan: *The sentence upon the Indian prisoner above spoken of, was carried into effect. He was then buried near the foot of his gallows, on Battle Rock. The expressman, Mr. Sweat, arrived from the mouth of Rogue River yesterday afternoon. He brings the information that the troops, three hundred and forty-three in all, moved up Rogue River yesterday morning, with the olive branch in one hand, and the sword in the other. The companies of Captain Ord, Brevet-Major*

Reynolds, and Captain Floyd Jones, (B, Third Artillery; H, Third Artillery; F, Fourth Infantry) have started on the south side of the river; and those of Captain Smith's and Captain Augur's, (C, First Dragoons; G, Fourth Infantry) on the north side. Colonel Buchanan and Dr. Milhau accompany the command on the south, and Dr. C. H. Crane that on the north side. Of course the captains are with their own companies.

May 17.

Dr. Glisan: *By the steamer just from Portland, we learn that the First Regiment of mounted volunteers, under Colonel Cornelius, have had their horses stolen by the Indians -- three hundred and ninety in all. It seems that, in accordance with the instructions of Governor Curry, the larger portion of the regiment had come in to within a few miles of the Dalles for the purpose of being disbanded. On the twenty-eighth of April they had their animals grazing about three fourths of a mile from camp under the charge of a small guard, when about fifty Yakimas, under old Kimiakin, came charging down the hill, whooping and swinging their blankets in the air thus stampeding them all. The Indians were pursued, but without being overtaken. The number of animals lost was three hundred and fifty, which, added to the forty stolen from Fort Henrietta, on the twentieth of April, where the remainder of the regiment was stationed, makes the aggregate above mentioned. The Indians of that section were already well mounted, but now they are doubly so -- having taken some of the finest horses in Oregon.*

About the twenty-eighth of last month some six hundred volunteers, under General Lamerick, after seeking the upper Rogue River Indians for several weeks, came upon them at the Big Meadows; and, notwithstanding the latter numbered only about one hundred warriors, and were encumbered with their families and stock, they succeeded in making their escape after a slight skirmish. It is true that the enemy were on the opposite side of Rogue River; which, however, was fordable. From all accounts the volunteers behaved bravely, and seemed eager for a fight; but disagreed among themselves as to the best mode of making an attack. The General being powerless, according to his statement to a friend of mine, to enforce a concerted movement. Yet Messrs. Drew and Hillman, who have just come through from Jacksonville, via Crescent City, state that they saw about three hundred of the volunteers at Fort Vannois, where they had come to be disbanded, and that they were displeased with their commander for not allowing them to cross the river, so as to get at the enemy.

On the other hand, the Oregon press is filled with rumors of the great battle between the volunteers and Indians at the Meadows, with a loss of thirty or forty of the latter; which of the statements is correct, it is impossible to determine. There is a slight disposition in the Oregon newspapers to unduly extol the volunteers, and withhold from the regulars a proper share of praise.

This condition of things is the natural effect of the unfortunate dissensions between the Governors of Oregon and Washington Territories, on the one hand, and General John E. Wool, of the Army, on the other, aided also by the fact that there have been no newspaper correspondents among the Unite States troops to laud their actions. Although an officer of the army, I do not think myself prejudiced in asserting, that notwithstanding volunteers, composed of our hardy and brave frontiersman, who are generally good marksman, make far more effective

troops for Indian fighting when well disciplined and under good officers, than regular soldiers, recently enlisted, and under officers from the West Point Military Academy; yet the want of discipline in volunteer soldiers, frequently paralyzes their usefulness.

Taking the material as we generally find it at the period of sudden Indian outbreaks, the most valuable troops are regulars (not raw recruits), who have been taught to shoot well with rifle, aided by an equal number of sharp-shooters enlisted from the whites on the frontier, or even from friendly Indians, who are willing to obey orders, all under the command of officers experienced in Indian warfare.

Aside from the inculcation of proper discipline, the art of war, as taught at the National Military School at West Point, though well suited to civilized warfare, is badly adapted for carrying on a war with a savage foe, especially such an enemy as the upper Rogue River Indian, whose home is in the forest and mountain strongholds; who subsists on the wild fruits and animals which he finds wherever he may roam; who fights only when the advantage of position or numbers is in his favor, and vanishes when the fates are against him; who battles mostly under cover of rocks and trees, and with a deadliness of aim only to be acquired by constant practice in hunting and fighting.

The majority of regulars engaged in this war, have had more or less experience in Indian warfare, and have been drilled at target practice, until they have become average marksmen.

With the exception of the company of dragoon, who have been dismounted and allowed to retain their musketoons, the men are all armed with a musket loaded with ball and buckshot. The first named weapon is illy suited for this kind of duty, and will prove a failure if too much relied upon. The officers carry a small breech-loading rifle, with an elevating back sight -- an admirable weapon in the hands of a good marksman.

Whilst at the main camp at the mouth of Rogue River, the officers sometimes amused themselves with shooting at gulls, seals and ducks. Owing to my reputation of being a pretty good shot, I was bantered one day to try my luck at a duck swimming in the river two hundred yards from headquarters' tent, where the colonel and his staff, including myself, were standing. Regulating the elevating-sight of my rifle, for the supposed distance, I surprised everybody by killing the duck at an off-hand shot. Perhaps I could not have done so well again in a hundred trials, yet my reputation of being a crack shot was at once established. Many a man's renown in more important matters comes upon him as suddenly and unexpectedly as mine on this occasion.

May 28, 1856: Battle of Big Meadows

May 20.

Dr. Glisan: *The schooner "Iowa," being anchored in the bay broke her cable last night, and was driven ashore by the gale; she is likely to prove a total wreck. Yesterday afternoon a pack train of nearly two hundred animals, escorted by Company B, Third Artillery, arrived from Colonel Buchanan's command. Captain Ord states that the troops are encamped at Oak Flats on the east side of the Illinois, and five miles south of Rogue River. That the Colonel is having a talk with the coast Indians, and several on the upper Rogue River bands, who seem to be desirous of peace. He has demanded of them an unconditional surrender, except that they shall be protected if they are willing to come in and cease fighting. He does not beg them, however, to come to terms -- on the contrary tells them if they want peace, and will submit to his terms, it is all right -- if otherwise, to say so at once, and he is prepared to whip them into measures.*

The coast Indians have already signified their ascent. The upper Rogue River Indians had not arrived when the train left, but Captain Ord met Old George's band, and a part of Limpy's, five miles this side of camp. They had posted themselves on both sides of the Rogue River at the mouth of the Illinois, and were waiting to hear from Captain Smith, whom they knew, before going to the Colonel's camp. They were decidedly shy at first, and kept a position of readiness for battle in case the whites pitched into them. The chief, however, signified by a white flag that he did not wish to fight. The troops, after crossing the river, and having a short talk with them, proceeded on to this place. Old George's band is represented as a fine looking body of men, well armed and clothed. Every man had on a head-dress with a feather in the top. In fact they presented quite a military appearance. The number present was forty or fifty. Most of the coast Indians are already in the vicinity of camp -- they number several hundred warriors.

May 21.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 406-407]: *Early in May, Buchanan moved the whole force of regulars to Oak Flat, near the mouth of Illinois river. Among the Indians who had surrendered or been taken prisoners, these last being chiefly women and children, were some who could be used as messengers to the various bands, to urge them to meet him and the superintendent, to hold a council with a view to establishing peace. After considerable of this sort of correspondence, the chiefs finally came together on the twenty-first of May at the place appointed, no restraint being put upon them. -- John of Scott valley, and his son; Rogue-river George; Limpy, and other chiefs both of the Rogue river and Cow creek bands, -- to listen to what the agents of the United States had to say which they might be pleased to accept.*

The council was not a friendly one, notwithstanding every effort had been made by the white chiefs to have it appear so. It was evident that if the Indians surrendered it would only be because they were weary of the present state of warfare, and wanted time to recuperate, not that they were convinced that it was for their good or even that they might not eventually conquer.

"You are a great chief," said ***John*** *to Colonel Buchanan. "So am I. This is my country. I was in it when those large trees were very small, not higher than my head. My heart is sick with*

fighting, but I want to live in my country. If the white people are willing, I will go back to Deer creek and live among them as I used to do. They can visit my camp, and I will visit theirs; but I will not lay down my arms and go with you on the reserve. I will fight. Good-by." Whereupon he took his departure unrestrained, as had been agreed upon.

The other chiefs, however, after much argument, consented to give up their arms on the twenty-sixth near the meadows, and allowed themselves to be escorted, a part by Captain Smith to the coast reservation, by the way of Fort Lane, and the remainder to be escorted by other military officers to Port Orford, thence to be conveyed by sea to the reservation. One of the arguments which Captain Smith had felt himself forced to use, was that of the hangman's rope should any of them be taken with arms in their hands roaming about the country.

May 22.

Capt. Cram: *Oak Flat, on the right bank of the Illinois, was designated as the council ground, and there the council was held on the 21st and 22nd of May, the result of which was that most of the Indians agreed to come in, and three days were allowed them to rendezvous at Big Meadow, above the Big Bend of Rogue river, where they were to deliver up their arms, and thence be escorted by the troops to Port Orford. All but Old John's band promised to come in with seeming sincerity.*

The whole command, except Ord's company, were present at the council; that had previously been sent to Port Orford to escort a provision train to Oak Flat, and as it had not arrived, Reynolds' company was dispatched, by the trail seen to the south of Pilot Knob, to meet it should come by this route; but it came by the mouth of the river, thence on the east side. It was highly important to protect this train, without risking an attack.

A. G. Walling [1884: 278-279]: *The Indian occupancy of Southern Oregon was now reaching its last days. The soil whereon the red man had trod and from whence arose the smoke of his camp fire, was about to pass forever into the possession of an alien race. The stormy scenes of the past six years were about to close, and the striving of white and red men had reached its climax. Hemmed in on all sides, without resources, without friends, the hostile tribes felt their inability to cope with the organized forces now directed against them, and succumbed to the inevitable. Yet they did not relinquish their native land without tremendous struggles. The severest conflict of the war was the last. The part the volunteers took in the termination of hostilities was very creditable. Major Bruce, it will be remembered, was left in charge of the construction of the proposed fort at the Big Meadows, which was named Fort Lamerick, and was garrisoned by the companies of Blakely, Bledsoe, Barnes, Keith, and Noland, (successor of Captain Buoy), aggregating rather more than 200 effective men. Being above the position occupied by the hostile Indians, Fort Lamerick proved well situated for the purposes for which it was held, and being so strongly garrisoned the Indians were effectually prevented from re-occupying their old haunts to the eastward. While the troops were doing the indispensable duty of confining the savages to the lower part of the river the citizens, safely immured in their own houses, were actively engaged in complaining that the army did nothing and should be discharged. If there was a time when their services were valuable it was now that Old John and his allies, rendered desperate by dearth of provisions and the near approach of the regulars, sought to escape from*

the mountain fastnesses which had been to them a prison. The consequences of a raid by these desperate Indians upon the valleys and inhabited places would have exceeded any ills yet known or imagined save the massacre of Wyoming, which might again have been enacted. In a word, the volunteers rendered the invaluable service of confining the enemy to a tract of uninhabited country where they could do no damage, and from whence it was impossible for them to escape.

On the twenty-first and twenty-second of May, Superintendent Palmer and the commander-in-chief held a conference with the Indians, invitations to all of whom had been extended. This is officially known as the Council of Oak Flat, the locality being on the right bank of the Illinois river, some three miles above its mouth. Nearly all the regular troops were present, making quite a display of force, the aggregate number of regulars at hand being about 200. Almost all the hostiles were present, and awed, no doubt, by the impressiveness of the spectacle, most of them agreed to surrender on a certain day. Not so however with ***chief John****. This undaunted chieftain, when called upon to speak, said to Lieutenant-Colonel Buchanan: "You are a great chief; so am I a great chief; this is my country; I was in it when these trees were very little, not higher than my head. My heart is sick fighting the whites, but I want to live in my country. I will not go out of my country. I will, if the whites are willing, go back to the Deer creek country and live as I used to do among the whites; they can visit my camp and I will visit theirs; but I will not lay down my arms and go to the reserve. I will fight. Good bye." And so saying, he strode into the forest.*

The result of the negotiations was the agreement of a great many Indians, notably the coast bands, to come in and give up their arms at a time and place fixed by the superintendent. On or before the twenty-sixth of May they were to assemble at the Big Meadows, and be escorted thence to Port Orford. The whole of the regular troops were at the council, save Ord's company which had been sent to Port Orford to escort a provision train to the command at Oak Flat. Reynold's company was sent out to meet the same train, as its safety was very important.

May 24.

A. G. Walling [1884: 279]: *On the twenty-fourth Captain Smith left Oak Flat with his eighty dragoons and infantrymen to proceed to Big Meadows and perform escort duty when the Indians surrendered. He crossed the river and encamped on the north side near the place fixed upon for the surrender.*

May 25.

A. G. Walling [1884: 279]: *On the twenty-fifth the chief in command moved from Oak Flat down the Illinois, and leaving Jones' company at its mouth, went across the Rogue with Augur's company and set about opening a trail for the passage of the surrendered Indians with their guard, who were expected the next day.*

May 26.

Capt. Cram: *On the 24th Captain Smith, with 50 dragoons and 30 of the 4th infantry, 80 in all, left the council ground for Big Meadows, to receive the arms and to escort the Indians to Port Orford; it was probably intended to conduct them thither by the most direct trail, after opening*

or improving it, from the Meadows. Smith had crossed the river and encamped at the point marked C on the evening of the 26th, Augur's company having accompanied him nearly there to escort a train back. On the day of Augur's return, probably the 25th, the chief in command moved from Oak Flat down the Illinois, leaving the Jones' company at it's mouth, and himself, with Augur's company, crossed Rogue River and went up to a point marked B, about three to five miles west, to open or improve the direct trail, to which I have referred from Big Meadows.

It will now be seen that on the evening of the 26th of May Lieutenant Colonel Buchanan's forces were situated: himself, with Augur, at the point B, Ord, escorting the train, on the east side of Rogue river, within about ten miles of Oak Flat; Jones, at the junction of the Illinois; Reynolds, about ten miles from that junction, on the Port Orford trail; Smith, at Big Meadows, at the point C; and the main body of the Indians were about five miles above the meadows, on the bank of the river.

It had rained very hard all day the 26th, and this was assigned to Captain Smith as the reason why the Indians had not arrived at the place of rendezvous. As the rain had rendered the trails muddy, this seemed a reasonable excuse, and he trusted they would all be in by the close of the following day.

As before stated, Captain Smith was encamped, on the evening of the 25th of May, at the point C; but before many hours had elapsed, that same night, circumstances occurred causing him to distrust the Indians, and he immediately commenced moving his camp, and by midnight his command were occupying a much better position -- an oblong elevation, 250 yards in length by 20 in width, represented on map No. 13, between two small creeks entering the river from the northwest. This is a mound of low elevation, and between it and the river there is a narrow bottom, which is Big Meadows. The southern border of the mound is abrupt and very difficult to climb; the northern border more difficult; the west end is approachable, and can be ascended with some difficulty, while the eastern is a gentle slope, easy of ascent. The top is a plateau of an area sufficient for one company to encamp on. Directly to the north there is another mound, about the same size, covered with scattering trees and brush. The summits of the two are within rifle range, and at the same elevation.

A. G. Walling [1884: 279-280]: *On the evening of May twenty-sixth Lieutenant-Colonel Buchanan with Augur's company was on the north side of the river, some few miles from the mouth of the Illinois; Captain Ord was about ten miles west of Oak Flat, with the train; Jones was at the mouth of the Illinois; Reynolds about ten miles below that point, on the Port Orford trail; Smith at Big Meadows; and the main body of the Indians were on the bank of the Rogue, about five miles above Smith. The twenty-sixth passed and no Indians came in, but Smith was informed that they were delayed by slippery roads, and would be in during the next day. During the evening of the same day, George, a well-known chief of the Indians, and previously often spoken of, caused it to become known to Captain Smith that an attack was meditated on his camp. He instantly set about moving his command to a much more secure position an the river between two small creeks entering the main stream from the northwest. He occupied an oblong elevation some two hundred and fifty yards in length, and about twenty in width. Between this mound and the river is a narrow bottom called Big Meadows, but which was not the same locality designated by the volunteers as Big Meadows, and whereon stood Fort Lamerick. The*

latter locality is several miles further up the river, and further removed from the stream. The top of the elevation on which Captain Smith was now encamped formed a plateau of size sufficient for one company to encamp upon, and is of slight elevation. Directly to the north is another elevation of equal height and within rifle range of the first.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 407-408]: *On the twenty-sixth, as agreed upon, Smith was at the rendezvous with his eighty dragoons to receive them. That they failed to appear on that day did not give him any uneasiness, the day being a stormy one and the mountain trails slippery. But during the evening he received a visit from two Indian women, who brought him the intelligence that he might expect an attack from John on the following day. He now understood the failure of the Indians to keep their appointment, and hastened to change his camp from the low ground to higher, and to dispatch a courier to Colonel Buchanan, with a request for reinforcements, as John had sent word he would fight him.*

The position to which Smith removed his camp was an elevation, oblong in shape, between two small streams entering the river from the northwest, and with an open surface of about two hundred and fifty by fifty yards. The south side was difficult of ascent, the north side still more abrupt, the west barely approachable, while on the east the ground sloped gently. Directly north of this mound was a similar one, covered with trees, and within rifle range. Between the first knoll and the river was a narrow strip of bottom land, which was known as "The Meadows."

The night of the twenty-sixth was a fatiguing one to the soldiers, who were occupied, without sleep, in moving camp and preparing for battle. Early on the twenty-seventh, the Indians appeared in considerable force on the north knoll, and directly forty warriors approached up the eastern slope to Smith's camp, declaring that they had come to lay down their arms, and asking to see the commandant in person; but Smith knew enough of their plans to avoid being seized by them, simply directing them to deposit their arms at a spot outside the camp Foiled in their design, the party retired, casting frowning looks towards the howitzer, which was so planted as to command the approach from the east. A detachment of infantry, under Lieutenant Sweitzer, was guarding the western approach, while the dragoons were stationed along the front and rear. All this was observed and understood by the forty warriors, and could be seen from the north knoll as well.

May 27.

Capt. Cram: *Early on the morning of the 27th* ***Smith*** *dispatched an express to apprise Lieutenant Colonel Buchanan of his new position, and that the Indians had not come in, and said to the express, "I think Old John may attack me." It is to be observed that this chief had not assented to the agreement of the others. The express reached his destination that afternoon. The lieutenant colonel sent him back to Smith, and requested to be informed if he desired to be reinforced. The express, however, could not reach Captain Smith, and, finding he was surrounded by Indians fighting furiously, returned, but, getting lost during the night, did not report to Lieutenant Colonel Buchanan until 10 o'clock the next morning, (28th of May.)*

. . . Smith's command had been up all night moving his camp, and, notwithstanding, his men were much fatigued in consequence, by dawn of day his position was defensible. After starting

the express off, and as the morning light increased, numerous parties of Indians were seen coming from all directions, and soon the north mound was occupied by a large number.

A body of 40 warriors came up the gentle slope of the east end of the mound, occupied by the troops, as if to enter the camp. They signified a wish to see Captain Smith, as they said, to give up their arms to them; but that officer was on his guard, and directed them to deposit their arms outside, designating a spot where all the Indians must lay down their weapons. It afterwards appeared that this was a stratagem to seize the person of Captain Smith. By the precaution already taken of planting a field howitzer so as to sweep that slope, and of stationing Lieutenant Switzer with the infantry, to defend at all hazards the crest of the western slope, he was in condition to make good his refusal to allow the warriors to enter his camp, and after a short colloquy they retired, and were seen to hold consultation with their chiefs on the opposite mound, where it had been discovered Old John was very active in giving orders.

It was now apparent to Captain Smith that an attack was immediated soon to be made upon his position. At 10 o'clock on the morning of the 27th May, the Indians having completely surrounded, opened a smart fire upon it, and simultaneously charges were made up each slope, upon his flanks, but these were repulsed with the howitzer and infantry. Now the voice of Old John rose above all others, issuing his commands in tones so clear that they were distinctly heard in Smith's camp, and interpreted to him. During the day this master spirit frequently ordered a charge to be made by his warriors, and it was attempted, but as successfully repulsed as the first. The Indians were continually firing rifle shots from all quarters into Smith's camp, and parties often boldly attempted to scale the steeps of his mound, which protected his front and rear. In these desperate efforts at escalade, which gave the troops ample work to resist, several Indians on coming near enough were made to fall, roll over and bite the dust. Only 30 of Smith's men had arms at all adapted to long range; the 50 dragoon musketoons could only tell when the enemy came near. The Indians were much better armed and delivered effective shots, themselves unharmed, comparatively, from the north mound. The battle was thus prolonged till night.

During the night of the 27th Smith rendered the position of his men more safe from the enemy's rifles, by digging pits and erecting breast defences, such as they were, with his few articles of camp equipage.

A. G. Walling [1884: 280-281]: *Early in the morning of the twenty-seventh,* ***Smith*** *sent a messenger to apprise Buchanan of his new position, and that the Indians had not come in. He also added to the express: "I think Old John may attack me."*

The express reached Buchanan in due time and was sent back to inquire of Smith if reinforcements were desired; but finding him surrounded with Indians fighting actively, the express returned to Buchanan, but getting lost in the night, did not reach that officer until the morning of May 28. Buchanan at once ordered Captain Augur to reinforce Smith, and that officer, marching eighteen miles in four and a half hours, broke upon the savages and scattered them. The story of Smith's defense against large odds is thus told:

Directly after the departure of the messenger, the savages came in from all directions and soon the north mound was covered with them. A body of forty warriors attempted to enter camp, but

were halted on the spot and told to lay down their arms at a certain spot. There being a howitzer planted so as to rake that approach, and a body of infantry at hand, the Indians felt it best to retire and consult their chiefs who stood up on the northern mound, where John was actively giving orders. At ten o'clock in the forenoon the Indians, who had completely surrounded Smith's position, made a sudden rush upon it, from both sides; but they were repulsed by the howitzer and infantry. John developed all the tactics and strategy of a consummate general in his management of these and subsequent charges, and from his station gave commands in the Indian tongue, which were distinctly heard in Smith's camp and interpreted to the Captain. Implicit and thorough obedience characterized the conduct of his warriors, who fought bravely to carry out their commander's intentions. It was a spectacle unparalleled in the annals of savage warfare, to behold a body of undisciplined men move obediently to perform the orders of a leader who was not a leader in the sense to which these children of the forest were accustomed. Disregarding the traditions of his race which impel a chief to perform the most dangerous personal service, John, adopting the methods of civilization, confined himself to the more important duty of organizing and directing his warriors. His method of attack was by means of small-arm fire at long range, wherein many of the warriors, particularly of his own band, were adepts; charges by the larger bodies of braves; and unexpected attacks by smaller numbers, who sought to gain the mound by scaling the steeper portions where the guard was weak. Only thirty of Smith's men had arms adapted to long range shooting, the dragoons' musketoons being useless except at close quarters. John's men, on the contrary, possessed excellent pieces and shot effectively from almost incredible distances. The battle having been prolonged until night, the Indians drew off and encamped, resolved to renew the fight in the morning. Smith occupied his men in constructing rifle-pits and building with his camp equipage temporary defences, and in procuring water from the river for his thirsty troops. On the following morning the Indians again opened fire and continued the battle. Old John put forth all his efforts to seize victory, as there was every chance that reinforcements for Smith would soon arrive, when all hope of terminating the war favorably to the Indians would be lost. But in spite of his generalship and personal bravery the assaults were successfully repulsed, and owing to the improved system of defences, less damage was caused by the sharp-shooters upon the north mound.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the Indians formed in two bodies with the intention of attacking both flanks simultaneously, and in force. Just at the critical moment of their attack. Captain Augur's company was seen advancing. In conjunction with these Smith charged and dispersed the enemy, John and all the rest escaping into the woods. Smith's loss was twenty-nine in killed and wounded, the most of whom were hit by bullets from the north mound. Says ***Captain Cram****: "The number of warriors who arranged themselves under the banner of Old John for this last struggle for the defence of their valley was about 400." Aside from the glaring solecism of mentioning Indians as fighting under a banner, this sentence contains the important error of ascribing to John's warriors at least twice their actual force. Two hundred would probably be nearer the mark, and even this number may be too large, as it is well known that the band over which John was chief only numbered from two to three score, and all in excess must have been volunteers for the occasion. It is reported that the Indians were so confident of capturing Smith and his command that they provided a number of pieces of rope, corresponding to the number of men in the command, wherewith to hang the whites, thereby saving the powder which would be required to shoot them; but several almost convincing objections to the truth of the report suggest themselves. They also intended, it is said, to attack the scattered forces of*

Buchanan in detail, and annihilate them before they could effect a junction; a feasible plan in view of their wide separation.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 408-412]: *Finding Smith prepared to fight, and that they would not be allowed in camp with arms in their hands, the Indians attacked about ten o'clock, charging up the east and west slopes at once, being repelled by the howitzer on one side and by rifles on the other, when they sought the cover of the trees on the north mound. Successive charges were made during the day, chief John thundering forth his orders in the voice of a stentor, and so clearly that they were understood in Smith's camp. Not being able to come up by the east slope on account of the howitzer, nor the west on account of the riflemen, the Indians made continued attempts to get into camp by escalade at the more precipitous sides, keeping the dragoons busy to prevent it, they being, too, at a disadvantage on account of the inferiority of their musketoons to the rifles of the Indians. A number of the attacking party rolled back to the bottom of the cliff, to annoy dragoons no more. Rifle balls from the north mound compelled the soldiers to use the dead bodies of horses as barricades, but no entrance to camp was effected. Thus passed the long day of the twenty-sixth. The night was spent in digging, without the proper implements, rifle pits, and erecting breastworks. This was the second night the command had passed without sleep, food, or water . . .*

In the time occupied by the movements of the regulars, the volunteers had not been idle. Some companies whose time had expired were marched to Roseburg and discharged, their places being taken by companies of second recruits, by order of the brigadier-general. Other companies were still serving out the time of their enlistment, and even exceeding it. Captain Wallen's report shows that his company marched to Fort Lamerick at the meadows and back to Fort Leland, returning to the meadows, leaving a detachment as escort on the road from Canonville to Rogue river. The company returned from the meadows to Roseburg via Camas valley, sending a detachment under Lieutenant McClure back to the meadows, and marching to quarters at Fort Smith on Cow creek, where it arrived by the end of the month.

Captain Keith had been ordered to meet Captain Smith on Rogue river near the meadows, but being ill, requested Wallen, whose time of enlistment had expired, to go in his stead. The company commanded by him had not been discharged, yet was under no obligation to obey orders. On calling their attention to the situation, and asking for volunteers from his own and other companies similarly placed, one hundred and forty-five men were found who would join him, only sixty-eight of whom were accepted, the commissary stores being low, the remainder promising to follow as soon as provisioned.

On the twenty-seventh, the day that Smith was attacked, Wallen's command came upon an encampment of the hostiles, which fled before them without firing a gun, and which proved to be composed of the bands of Limpy and George, and some Galice-creek Indians, showing that they were not in the fight with the regulars. A few Indian women and children were captured on this occasion.

May 28

Dr. Glisan: *Oliver Cantwell came in yesterday as express from Colonel Buchanan's command, which had left Camp Oak Flats and encamped on the north side of Rogue River, four miles from the mouth of the Illinois. After Captain Ord had met George and Limpy's bands, as spoken of above, they sent word to Colonel B. that they desired to have a talk with him, but wished to see Captain Smith first. The latter accordingly took his company and went down to meet them; and on the following day Old George and Limpy marched their men to within two hundred yards of camp, and then taking twelve or fifteen as a body guard went to the Colonel and had a talk. They at first, together with the coast Indians, insisted on being permitted to remain in their present country; that they were willing to give up their arms, and do almost anything, if this request were granted them. The Colonel told them that this could not be allowed, as they had already bound themselves by treaty to go on to the reservation, and that he was determined that they should go. After three days both Old George and Limpy, of the upper Rogue River Indians, and Joshua, of the coast Indians, declared that they would go on to the reservation. The other Indians had not made up their minds on the subject when the expressman left.*

The Colonel is waiting at his present camp for the arrival of the pack train with provisions from this post. This left here last Friday evening; but as it took a different route from what Colonel B. anticipated, it. will cause him several days' delay in the prosecution of his plans -- the first of which seems to be to send such of the tribes as are willing, to the reservation immediately. The superintendent of Indian affairs, General Joel Palmer, left with the pack train to join Colonel B., and will, no doubt, concur in all that has been done by the latter.

Capt. Cram: *The chief in command immediately called in Augur's company, (then cutting a road,) and ordered it to join Captain Smith at the Big Meadows. The shortness of the time in which Captain Augur executed this order proved that gallant officer to be equal to the emergency. The distance, on the very difficult foot trail, is nearly eighteen miles, and it was accomplished in four and a half hours. In the mean time stirring scenes were being enacted at the Big Meadow mounds.*

On the morning of the 28th the Indians, refreshed, and augmented its numbers, again opened fire upon the troops, and the battle was continued pretty much in the same manner as it was the day previous. Old John could be heard above all the din shouting, urging, encouraging, and even cursing his warriors to stimulate them to a renewal of desperate charges, which, as often as attempted, were successfully repulsed, while Smith's men were now less annoyed by the rifle shots of their enemies. The troops were directed by their officers to husband well their ammunition, and never to make a shot unless there was a fair prospect of its telling. But the shots from the north mound had told sadly upon the little command, and Assistant Surgeon Crane had his hands full. The dead and the wounded numbering 29.

About 4 o'clock p. m. the Indians were observed to be forming, under the direction of "Old John," in two bodies, apparently with a view to charge both flanks simultaneously, as well as the front and rear, at the same time with an unusual number. Smith was not mistaken in this conjecture; soon they were seen advancing, and the flanking parties were half way up, Smith, in the mean time, while giving orders to his men how to act in this emergency, caught glimpses in

the distance of approaching numbers. Augur's company had come! and that officer gallantly entered the arena leading his men at double quick, charging the Indians in rear. At the same moment Smith, for the first time, ordered a charge from his right and from his left down both slopes of his mound, upon the advancing foes. And now it was that the commanding voice of their chief was heard no more, the Indians broke and endeavored to escape by crossing the river, and victory declared for the troops.

The number of warriors who had arranged themselves under the banner of Old John for this last struggle for the defence of their valley was about 400.

This chief was known to be brave and capable in command. He had planned his operations well and extensively. After learning of the scattered positions of the forces under Lieutenant Colonel Buchanan, he counted upon destroying Smith's command on the morning of the 27th in a short time; then to immediately descend and attack Jones, at the mouth of the Illinois, before Augur's company, being on the opposite side of Rogue river, at some distance, and Reynolds, at a still greater distance, could come to the rescue; and then to cross the Illinois river and attack Ord and capture his train. So confident were his warriors that Smith would fall an easy prey that they had pieces of rope to the number of Smith's men in readiness to hang every one.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 409-411]: *On the twenty-eighth, the Indians renewed the attack. To fatigue was now added the torture of thirst, it being impossible to reach water without imperiling the command. The wounded and the able men were alike suffering, a circumstance observed by the Indians with the highest satisfaction, who called out frequently, "Mika Mas ticka chuck?" (You very much want water?) "Ticka chuck?" (Want water?) "Halo chuck, Boston!" (No water, white man!) To this taunt, they added another (referring to Captain Smith's threat at the council ground -- of hanging all Indians found roaming with arms in their hands), that they had ropes for every trooper, the soldiers not being worth the ammunition it would cost to shoot them, and occasionally a rope was dangled over the breastworks with the invitation to Captain Smith to hang himself, delivered in fairly good English.*

** * * **Captain Smith** had told John at the council ground in answer to his defiant utterances "We will catch and hang you, sir, but if you go on the reservation, you can live in peace. Do you see those wagons, blankets, clothes, horses? You will have everything good, plenty to eat, peace. If you do not come, do you see that rope, sir?" So, **John**, when he had the captain at a disadvantage, retaliated. "Hello, Captain Smith! You go on the reservation? Hiyu chick chick (a great many wagons, good traveling), hiyu icta (many things), hiyu muck amuck (plenty to eat), hiyu clothes (plenty to wear), wake clalawa reservation if you do not go to the reservation), take lope Captain Smith, do you see this lope, Captain Smith?" Grovers Public Life, MS 49 Letter of a soldier * * **

Offensive epithets were continually applied to the soldiers; for Indians, like Homer's heroes, fight with the sword of the spirit, which is the tongue of course, as valiantly as with their arms. They boasted that the soldiers and all their possessions would soon fall into their hands. Such was their daring, that they crawled up to the barricades and with hooked poles drew away the soldiers blankets, who ventured not to defend them.

By four o'clock of the second day, a third of Smith's command was killed or wounded, and yet no help had come from Colonel Buchanan's camp. For some time the firing had ceased on both sides, and the only sounds heard in camp were the groans of the wounded and their cries for water. About sundown the Indians held a council, and planned to charge upon the white camp with their whole force. It was an hour never to be forgotten -- a silent and awful hour, in the expectation of speedy and cruel death.

Presently, as by the baton of a concert leader, an infernal chorus burst forth -- the war-cries of each band in John's host joining in one blood-curdling burst of fury, and the rush was made up the east and west approaches. To their surprise, the soldiers received them with cheers, and returned the charge. The sight which inspired the cheers and the charge had escaped the eyes of the Indians, intent on the work before them It was Captain Augur with seventy-five men of company G, fourth infantry, who was approaching through a ravine, and which charged the Indians in the rear, as Smith met them in front. The engagement lasted no longer than fifteen minutes, when the Indians fled to the adjoining hills, taking with them their dead and wounded. Augur lost five men, whose bodies were found next day, stripped naked and hung to trees, with their eyes picked out, and otherwise fearfully mutilated. In one part of the field was found a pile of ropes made of green bark of trees, with which John expected to have hung all Smith's command.

The flight of the Indians when they had so great an advantage both of position and numbers, is to be attributed to alarm, lest a still larger force should be coming up, or to the fickle nature of the savage, or to both together. Chief John was a bolder, firmer, and stronger man mentally than any chief west of the Cascade mountains. When dressed in civilized costume, he presented an appearance not very different from that of many a hard working farmer of Pennsylvania or Ohio of fifty years of age. His features were marked by that expression of grief, which is a common characteristic of savage countenances after youth is past, intensified in his case, no doubt, by disappointment at the result of the war. In strong contrast to him was his son, who possessed no indications of strength of any sort, and who had a lumpish, stolid face, devoid of any expression. Yet like his father, or in imitation of him, he on occasions displayed a desperate courage worthy of the admiration of the United States military officers. Indians generally, however, after a valorous onset, run away on the first sign of a turn in affairs favoring the enemy.

May 30, 1856: Tyee John surrenders at Big Meadows

May 30.

Capt. Cram: *On the 29th, the next day after their defeat, the Indians sent word to Captain Smith that they wanted "a talk." On the 30th the lieutenant colonel in command arrived at Big Meadows with his whole force. Old John was the last to give in, but finally assented.*

. . . *nor does he report other affairs of more shame to the "southern army" during the succeeding winter, of which some are enumerated in an official report by the commanding general* [**Gen. Wool**] *of the department of the Pacific, May 30, 1856.*

He says "no man can have felt more keenly or grieved more sincerely than I have at the sacrifice in southern Oregon of many innocent men, women, and children by savage warfare. But what was the cause? No other than the massacre by volunteers and citizen of some 80 or more friendly Indians. As in the case of the killing, by two companies of volunteers, a friendly chief (Old Jake) and his band, comprising between 30 and 40 males, besides destroying their huts and provisions, and exposing their women and children to the cold of December, who, in making their way to Fort Lane for protection, arrived there with their limbs frozen; the killing in the most brutal manner, with clubs, two old squaws, one of whom was lame and carrying a child, which was taken by the heels and its brains dashed out against a tree; that of the same Brown who was concerned in the massacre by Lupton, during which ***an Indian boy****, twelve years of age, who could speak some English, ran to him and said 'I have dont you no harm, my heart is good towards you, you will not kill me.'* ***Brown*** *replied 'Damn your Indian heart,' and seized him by the hair and with his bowie knife severed his head from his body; the determination of certain citizens to murder 400 friendly Indians at Fort Lane, waiting there to be conducted by the superintendent of Indian affairs to the coast reservation, but prevented by Captain Smith, the commanding officer; the similar determination in the Willamette valley to kill the same Indians, and all who might accompany them, should the attempt be made to take them to the reservation."*

C. S. Drew [Quoting **Capt. Cram**]: *"The in moving whites sell their rifles, revolvers, and ammunition to the Indians. * * * At the battle of Big Meadows, on Rogue river, the Indians were armed with the best of Sharp's rifles and Colt's revolvers, sold to them by the whites; and it was on account of the inferiority of the arms, which his men had to use by an absurd regulation, that Captain Smith came so near losing that battle."*

I believe that I am uttering the truth when I say that no Rogue River Indian was ever worth enough to purchase a Sharp's rifle. And if he had have been, he could not have done so, for the simple reason that no such rifles were ever for sale in that region. The whites themselves, "incoming" or otherwise, very seldom possessed one, and those who did valued them too highly to sell them to the Indians or anybody else. To show how destitute of these rifles the people of that country were, when, if the allegation were true, the Indians must have obtained theirs, I will state, as I happen to know, that in the Rogue River Indian war of 1853, two men only were armed with these guns. One of these men was killed by the Indians, who secured his arms. When the treaty of the 10th of September (same year) was signed, the Indians gave up what worthless guns they had, (they were to give up nearly all but did not,) and among them was this Sharp's rifle,

which they said they did not understand or know how to use. In Colonel Ross's regiment, consisting of nearly nine hundred men, in the war of 1855-56, and in Williams's, which was subsequently, organized, if I remember correctly, there was not one. So far as the people of Rogue River valley are concerned, (and I believe it to have been true with regard to the people of the whole Territory, except, perhaps, in some instances near Hudson's Bay posts,) I know of my own personal knowledge that from November, 1852, up to the time the Indians were removed from there in 1856, they were decidedly averse to selling the Indians arms of any kind, and did not at all relish the idea that they should have them (except bows and arrows) in their possession at all. In the summer of 1854, at Jacksonville, a white man was punished with thirty lashes on the bare back and banished from the country for trafficking powder to the Indians to the value of one buckskin. Others have been treated in the like manner for the same offense, and what little clandestine trade there might have been in such articles was entirely suppressed. In other parts of Southern Oregon the sentiments of the people upon this subject were the same. In corroboration of this, I cite a resolution adopted January 28, 1854, by a meeting of the citizens of the town of Randolph and vicinity, in the Port Orford district, (see p. 275, Report Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1854) which was then without any legally established courts.

"Resolved, That if any person or persons shall sell, give, barter, or in any manner dispose of any gun, rifle, pistol, carbine, or other firearm, or any powder, lead caps, or other ammunition, to any Indian or Indians, such person or persons so offending shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanor, and shall receive for the first offense thirty-nine lashes upon the bare back, and for the second offense shall suffer death."

That the Indians were unable to procure guns and ammunition, is evidenced by the fact that their inability to do so was made a ground of complaint by Superintendent Palmer, who petitioned the Oregon legislature at its session of 1854-55, to repeal a law enacted by a former session, (I think of 1853-54,) making it a penal offense to furnish arms, &c., to the Indians, in any manner, or under any circumstances. So much for the accusation that the whites of Oregon sell their guns to the Indians. That the Indians of Rogue River valley, many of whom were engaged in the affair of Captain Smith at Big Meadows, were armed with guns, though not "Sharp's rifles," is very true. But how did they get them? The list of murders committed by them tells part of the story, and the history of their robberies, and thefts, apart from these, if ever written, will tell the rest.

Having considered a few of the allegations -- a fair sample of the whole -- embodied in Captain Cram's memoir and report concerning the conduct of the people of Southern Oregon towards the Indians, in peace and war, with a few words more and an extract from the proceedings of the Oregon Methodist Episcopal conference, held in 1856, and having in attendance many of the early missionaries to the Indians, I draw my remarks to a close.

However plausible the statements set forth in Captain Cram's memoir may appear respecting these matters, there are none that cannot be met and fully refuted. In a word, they are pretentious, one-sided, and wholly unreliable assertions, though it is true some of them are quoted, taking the place of proof and supposition of fact.

May 31.

A. G. Walling [1884: 281-282]: *While Captain Smith was thus contending with John and his warriors, the volunteers some miles up the river were fighting Limpy and George and their people. Major Latshaw left Fort Lamerick on January* [sic] *twenty-seventh* [sic] *with 210 men, and marched twelve miles down the river and during the next day skirmished with the Indians of some rancherias still lower down, killing some and taking fifteen prisoners. On the twenty-ninth, the day following John's defeat by Captain Smith, more skirmishing was done, and H. C. Houston, sergeant in Keith's company, was badly wounded. On the following day fighting-took place on the south side of the river, between a party of volunteers and some Indians, and Private Cooly, of Wallan's company, was wounded in the thigh and hand. On the thirty-first Major Latshaw, with l00 men, moved to Buchanan's headquarters, at Big Meadows. They here found that Limpy and George had surrendered with their bands on May twenty-ninth, the day following their fight with the volunteers. They had reported to Buchanan that the woods up the river were full of "Bostons," and that they had never seen so many guns in their lives.*

Part IV. Leaving Town, Leaving Home: May 30 – August 21, 1856

May 30, 1856. Tyee John Surrenders at Big Bend

Mrs. Victor [1894: 413-414]: *Instead of coming in as invited, John sent the volunteers a challenge to engage in battle with them, which was the more cheerfully accepted as the hundred men left behind at Fort Smith had come up. At the hour appointed by John for the contest, the Indian warriors issued from the cover of the woods in two lines, advancing directly towards the volunteers until within one hundred and fifty yards of their lines, when they halted, and at the word of command from the chief, fired a volley, which, being aimed too high, whistled harmlessly over the heads of the white men, who returned the fire with a more sure aim and deadlier result. The Indians front line then took to flight.*

The second line stood until several volleys had been fired, when panic seized them and they also retreated. In vain the iron chief commanded in thunder tones; they paid no heed to him, but ran until beyond the reach of the guns of their white conquerors, when they squatted on the ground in a circle, in the hot sunshine, and wailed piteously for two hours in sorrow for a young chief who had been killed, and over their own misfortunes. Once more John endeavored to rally them, but the heart had gone out of them. It was the old pathetic story, "By the waters of Babylon they sat down and wept."

After a few hours spent in this manner, John sent word by a woman to Captain Smith that he wished to surrender if his people could be allowed to retain their guns. The proposal was refused. He then sent his son to ask leave to retain half their guns, which was also refused. Another proposition to keep one-third of their arms was in like manner negatived, and the Indians ordered to stack their arms against a rock, or return with them and fight. John himself at last came to entreat permission for his people to keep some arms, and when he was denied walked away with a malediction on the hard tum-tum (heart) of the white conqueror.

Towards night forty warriors laid their guns against the rock, and small squads kept coming in until darkness settled down over the camp, when to prevent any treacherous movement, they were ordered to remain without camp, at the peril of their lives during the night. When morning came the surrender was completed, John coming in last. He set his gun against the rock, then suddenly grasped it, but before he could raise it to his shoulder fifty rifles were aimed at his heart. He again relinquished it, and sullenly, with a defiant manner, took his place among the prisoners. At the final settlement, however, of the terms of surrender, it was agreed that neither he nor any of his people should suffer any punishment for acts committed by them, nor be compelled to surrender any of the property captured by them during the war.

May 30.

Dr. Glisan: *The "Columbia" arrived from Portland yesterday, she did not touch on her upward trip. The news from above is unimportant, except that the regulars, about four hundred , under Colonel Wright, had met with some twelve hundred Indians, under old Kimiakin, and had a talk, which was not satisfactory, and that a fight was consequently expected in a few days.*

The most exciting news is from San Francisco. It appears that the editor of the Evening Bulletin, James King, was shot by James P. Casey, the editor of another evening paper, on the afternoon of the fourteenth of May, and that he died on the twentieth. The excitement was intense. A vigilance committee (the first for several years), was immediately formed to take the matter into consideration. Twenty-nine persons composed the committee proper, whose deliberations were held profoundly secret. These were supported by some twenty-nine hundred others, who were sworn to carry out all the decisions of the twenty-nine. King was buried on the twenty-second instant. On the same day, and about the same hour, Casey, his murderer, and Cora, the man who shot General Richardson a few months ago, were hanged by authority of the Vigilance Committee, after receiving a trial before this body.

It is stated that both of these men had the sympathy of such a large class of lawless men in San Francisco, that it would have been utterly useless to have gone through the mockery of a trial in the customary legal process. It is further asserted that further asserted that there have been some three hundred murders committed in San Francisco during the past few years, and only three men convicted and hung; also that the Vigilance Committee is composed of the best men in the city; that even the pulpit, with scarcely a single exception, were in favor of the people's taking the matter in their own hands, as it was impossible to insure justice in any other way.

If there ever was a time when such measures were necessary, it was undoubtedly on this occasion; but all such proceedings are very sure to lead to evil. The thing may ultimately fall into the hands of vicious and lawless persons, who will do much harm. The example is a bad one. It is alleged that King was shot by Casey, because he exposed in the Bulletin, some of the rascality of the latter, who was formerly in the Sing Sing Prison, New York.

June 2.

Dr. Glisan: *An express of two men, Walker and Foster, arrived this morning from the troops whom they left at the Big Bend of Rogue River. The express before this, brought the news of the main camp being a few miles this side of Rogue River, near the mouth of the Illinois. Whilst remaining there awaiting for the pack train which left Fort Orford last Friday week, the Colonel sent Major Reynolds a day's travel on the trail to this post, to meet the pack train, and with instructions about getting in some of the lower Indians. About the same time Captain Andrew Smith, of the First Dragoons, was ordered to the Big Bend with his and a portion of E company, in all about ninety men on foot, to assist in getting in old George and Limpy's bands. On arriving there, old George sent him word that the other hostile tribes had surrounded and prevented his coming in as soon as he expected, and warned Smith that the hostile bands, headed by Old John intended attacking his camp (Smith's), and would at first attempt a little strategy, Old John to pretend that he desired peace, and wished to have a talk; in the meantime, to send into Smith's camp a body of naked, unarmed Indians, equal in number to the soldiers, and at the moment that the latter became most unsuspecting and careless, to seize upon their arms. This was to have been done at a given signal, and each Indian to grab a soldier's musket when the fight, or rather massacre, was to begin. Sure enough, on the following day, some fifty or sixty athletic Indians, naked and unarmed, came into camp, saying that Old John desired to have a talk. Smith ordered them to leave, and they did, but only went a few hundred yards, and picked up their guns which had been secreted, and commenced an attack. They were immediately joined by many others.*

Smith now found himself surrounded by from three to four hundred Indians, who kept firing into his camp from the morning of the twenty-eighth instant, to the afternoon of the twenty-ninth, when Captain Augur arrived on the ground with his company G, Fourth Infantry. Smith's men raised a shout, and the two commands charged the enemy, and completely routed them. The number lost by the latter is not known, as the dead were carried off the field.

The troops had twenty-nine killed and wounded, nine killed on the field, and several deaths from severe wounds before the expressman left, which was on the thirty-first ultimo. All of the killed and wounded but five, belonged to Smith's command. Smith's position was on a rising piece of ground, surrounded by a rather open woods. He took this as the best position he could secure in the immediate neighborhood, after he had been informed of the contemplated attack. It does not appear that he had attempted to throw up any defenses previous to the fight, doubtless deeming it inexpedient and bad policy. After getting Old George's warning, he dispatched a messenger to Col. Buchanan, who forthwith sent to the "Soldiers Camp" for Reynold's company to come to headquarters, so as to enable him to dispatch reinforcements to Smith, if necessary.

When the second express arrived from the latter, stating that the Indians had surrounded and cut him off from water, etc., Captain Augur's company, which, together with Jones's F, Fourth Infantry, had been engaged in cutting a trail from opposite the mouth of the Illinois to the Big Bend, was immediately dispatched to his relief. About the same time, the Colonel was informed that the pack train was coming up on the opposite side of the river. This, instead of returning on the same trail it came to Fort Orford, had taken a much more circuitous and longer, but perhaps better one, under the circumstances, i.e. instead of going an almost due east course to the mouth of the Illinois, as the Colonel had anticipated, Captain Ord had crossed Rogue River forty-five miles below that point, and gone up its south side. He did this because the road was better and because he had reasons to suppose that the Indians would attack his train if he returned on the same route that he came However, when the Colonel was informed what route the train had taken, he kept F. Company to assist in getting it across Rogue River, near the mouth of the Illinois. When this was accomplished, and Major Reynold's company (H, Third Artillery), had arrived, the whole force marched for the Big Bend, where it was when the express left on the thirty-first.

It is pretty well ascertained, that a part of nearly all the hostile bands of Rogue River were engaged in Smith's fight, except those of George, Limpy and Joshua, and even some few of these, but against the orders of their chiefs. Had Smith not received warning from old George, every man of his command would have been butchered, and even as it was they would all have been slain, had not Captain Augur arrived as soon as he did, for they were entirely cut off from water, and only held out as long as they did, by digging holes in the ground on the night of the twenty-eighth (the night after the first day's attack), with their tin pans, and throwing up a little embankment of dirt. It is related that the Indians charged bravely up to this temporary defense; and in one instance, a party of them crawled up and threw into the entrenchment a stick, to make the men carelessly jerk up their heads, that they might get a better shot at them. On this occasion, a little Indian boy, whom the troops had with them as an interpreter, raised himself a little, and was instantly killed. It is related that the men behaved gallantly; but as they were miserably armed with short musketoons, loaded with ball, it is believed that they did not do half the execution that might have been accomplished, had they had good rifles, or even the

Government musket, loaded with buckshot and ball. The other companies were armed with the latter, but Smith's being a dragoon company, dismounted for the occasion, retained their musketoons.

The more I see of Indian fighting, the more am I convinced that the present system of arming men with musketoons or muskets, for this species of warfare, is a great error. They should have rifles, and be taught to shoot well by constant practice; and the present custom of employing soldiers while in garrison, on almost continuous hard fatigue duty, without any or very little drilling at target shooting, should be abolished.

During the fight with Captain Smith, a party of a hundred and fifty volunteers, under the command of Major Latshaw, came across George and Limpy's camps, and captured some women, children and provisions. It is asserted that but few, if any, of the warriors belonging to these chiefs, were engaged against Smith's command, but that they were only waiting to surrender; still, I presume, the volunteers were not aware of this, and it is highly probable that the proximity of the latter aided to hasten the retreat of the hostile Indians.

June 6, 1856: Capt. Bledsoe and the Illinois River Massacres

June 5.

Dr. Glisan: *Stampedes are now the order of the day in Port Orford. As the number of men in the place is not over a dozen since the volunteers left, and the troops remaining to garrison this post are raw recruits, and number only about sixteen besides the sick, and as this is the depot of military stores, and hence a very desirable point for the enemy to capture, the people are very excitable upon the subject of Indians.*

On the first instant several of the friendly Indians, who started out from here with the superintendent, General Joel Palmer, and the last pack train, returned bringing us the first news of the fight between the troops and Indians at the Big Bend. As their sympathies are, of course, with their own race, they represented the late events in a very unfavorable light for the troops; also stated that the Chetcoes were coming up to steal away from the military reserve the Indian prisoners belonging to that tribe.

On the morning of the second a man, by the name of Parker went down the coast for about six miles to hunt some lost cattle. Shortly thereafter he came running in, and stated that he had been pursued and fired upon by a party of Indians, who followed him within sight of the village. He left his horse behind, having hitched and gone off from him a short distance when he saw the Indians. We all took our spy-glasses, and looked down the coast in the direction stated, and beheld some fifteen Indians at the distance of four miles from this place. At first we could not tell whether they were marching slowly up towards the village or not. One thing we could see, however, that the advance party, on reaching what is called Rocky Point, three miles from here, waited for them behind to come up. It was now a matter of doubt whether they were hostile or not. If unfriendly, every one was satisfied that they would be supported by much larger parties coming in other directions. After they came around Rocky Point, however, and marched carelessly along the beach, we felt satisfied that they were not hostile. They turned out to be the Indian guides whom Colonel Buchanan took out with him, together with some of the Port Orford Indians, who had been at the mouth of Rogue River when the outbreak occurred; and who were previously unable to return.

Night before last some of the loafers about town, styling themselves members of the Vigilance Committee, represented to the commanding officer that two of the Indians, who arrived on the second instant, were believed to have been present at the massacre on the twenty-second of February, at the mouth of Rogue River, and wished permission to take and try them. Knowing what an excitement this would create among the Indians on the reservation, if white men were permitted to arrest every one who was supposed to have done anything since the breaking out of the troubles, and yet not having a sufficient guard to keep them away from the Indians, the commanding officer of Fort Orford had the suspected Indians placed in the guardhouse, and at the same time informed the Indians that they should not be disturbed or tried before General Palmer came back. This was done to keep the mob from shooting them. That night the Chetco prisoners numbering some twenty, deserted the reservation. It is not known, yet suspected, that the other Indians on the reservation were aware when they left and probably assisted them -- as

they evidently sympathize heart and soul with their race -- and are, moreover, anxious that the war should be prolonged in order that they may not be moved out of their present country.

Last night there was another stampede in Port Orford; and to-day the few settlers who had gone to mining and farming between this and Cape Blanco, ten miles up the coast, came running in. They say that Indians have been lurking in the neighborhood -- and that those on the reservation are surly and cross. I am not astonished at the latter, for a few vagabond whites will not let their squaws alone, even under the present alarming state of affairs. It is a great pity that these fellows cannot be punished for their conduct -- but the laws are powerless in the matter. I hope the settlers will now either stay in, or, if they go out again, remain quietly at their occupations; for this stampeding at every little excitement is just what the Indians rejoice to witness.

A. G. Walling [1884: 282]: *On the fifth of June, a great many Indians having already surrendered. General Lamerick, finding that the enemy had all left the neighborhood of Fort Lamerick, assumed command of his forces in person and moving down the river, encamped at Big Bend, where the regulars were lying. The next day a combined movement was made down the river by three companies of regulars and Captain Bledsoe's company of volunteers, and an Indian encampment was destroyed, some twenty or more natives being killed or drowned in endeavoring to escape. Two volunteers were wounded. The main body of the Indians were encamped on the river about fifteen miles below Big Bend, and it was General Lamerick's intention to attack them, but their cabins were found deserted when the attacking party arrived.*

June 8.

Dr. Glisan: *A storm of rain and wind from the southeast since day before yesterday. A schooner, the "Francisco," anchored in the bay, broke her fastenings night, before last and came ashore upon the rocks. This is the second vessel wrecked here within a few weeks. The captains may hereafter take warning, and put to sea when a southeaster springs up.*

On the evening of the sixth a white man, calling himself Morrison, was arrested in Port Orford by the citizens, and put in the guard-house at this post. He came here through the heart of the Indian country, and tells such contradictory and inconsistent stories, that it is thought by many that he has been acting with the hostile Indians, and may have come here with the view of procuring ammunition, etc., for the enemy. I am inclined, however, to believe that he is insane, and being in want of work, has ventured through the enemy's ranks alone, unarmed and without provisions, believing himself perfectly safe in so doing. If so, he has certainly run a gauntlet that few would like to venture on. He is evidently a consummate fool or knave -- it is difficult to say which.

The "Columbia" arrived yesterday, bringing no news of importance, except from San Francisco. They are having an exciting time there at present; almost equal to the reign of terror in France. The Vigilance Committee is still supreme, and supported by a majority of the clergymen, and all the papers, in the city, except the Herald. Nobody has been hung since the last steamer, but some twenty or thirty have been ordered out of the city. Yankee Sullivan, the celebrated prize fighter, was brought before the Vigilance Committee for trial, and whilst in custody committed suicide. Governor Johnson has issued a proclamation calling upon all good citizens to support law and

order, and ordering out the State militia -- that is, all young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. William T. Sherman, formerly a lieutenant in the United States army, but now a banker in San Francisco, is the Major-General of militia. When the steamer left the proper authorities were busily engaged in enrolling the latter; but the call of the Governor, and order of General Sherman, had not been very promptly answered. It is to be hoped that no open collision between the authorities of the land and that of the Committee will take place, but things present an alarming aspect at this time.

June 9.

Dr. Glisan: *Captain Tichenor brought an express from Colonel Buchanan's headquarters yesterday. He says the troops have had two more fights with the Indians. The first was a mere skirmish, and occurred on the fourth instant, with a party of Indians three or four miles above the mouth of the Illinois on Rogue River. The latter were engaged in fishing, and had four or five killed; the troops none. The detachment consisted of company H, Third Artillery, and Captain Bledsoe's volunteer company, under the command of Major J. C. Reynolds, United States army.*

On the following day, in accordance with the instructions from Colonel Buchanan, Bledsoe's company moved down the south side of Rogue River, and Captain Augur's, company G, Fourth Infantry, the north side, and fell upon the Indians at a point some four or five miles below the mouth of the Illinois. The latter were again completely routed -- sixteen of their number killed. The regulars and volunteers shared the fight equally, and each killed about the same number of Indians, with a loss of only one man, and three wounded.

June 12.

Dr. Glisan*: The people of Port Orford, and Fort Orford, have been excited for the last three days in consequence of the discovery of a plan on the part of the Indians on the military reservation here to make an attack on the fort and town. They were to be assisted by the Rogue River Indians, with whom, it is asserted, they hold constant communication. The attack to be made as soon as the weather got dry and windy -- when the Indians here (who have no guns) were to pitch in with their knives and clubs; also set fire to the buildings; and the others to do all the shooting. Various circumstances go to prove this story, though it was first divulged by a squaw to the wife (a half breed) of a Frenchman. These Indians have become very impudent and saucy since the return of their chiefs from Colonel Buchanan's camp. In fact they were sent back on account of their insolence there, where they did far more harm than good. Since returning they have repeatedly asserted that the Bostons could not subdue the Indians, and that they would not go on to the reservation. But as it is believed that their plans have been disconcerted by the last successes of the troops on the Rogue River Indians, and as it is bad policy to take harsh steps with them until it is proven beyond all shadow of doubt that they really intended to break out, the matter will be allowed to pass over; we remaining on the alert in the meantime.*

June 13.

Dr. Glisan: *An express from Colonel Buchanan's camp, reached here yesterday morning, with the news that the coast Indians are gradually coming in, and giving up their arms, with the view of going on the reservation.*

Colonel Buchanan's whole command is on the north side of Rogue River, at three different points, and the volunteers (about three hundred) under General Lamerick, on the south side. The Indians seem to be pretty well intimidated. Just as the expressman was leaving, Old John, of the upper Rogue River Indians, sent in word that he thought his band would come in also; but the old rascal is so treacherous, that it is exceedingly difficult to judge of his sincerity. He may have another scheme in view.

The squaw who divulged the anticipated outbreak here, now asserts that the Indians intend giving up only such guns as the whites know to be in their possession, and a few old ones besides, and after they have convinced the troops of their sincerity, and got them off their guard, they are to seize the soldiers' guns, and commence a general onslaught. She says this is to be done on their arrival at this post, when the Indians now on the military reservation are to assist them. She also told the Indian Agent this morning, that spies were in the Indian camp night before last again, and that they brought several guns with them. In consequence of this report, the agent sent for the chiefs this morning, and whilst talking with them, got the commanding officer of this post to send out three or four men to examine the Indian ranches for arms, etc. In the meantime, he asked the chiefs if they had any; they said no. The guard took with them the squaw above spoken of, to point out where she thought the arms were secreted; but the Indians swarmed around her so thickly, that she afforded but little assistance. The guard, however, found two guns, which are thought to belong to the Coquille Indians, now on the reservation. As the chiefs had pretended to give up all their arms, and were found to have acted in bad faith, they were now told that it was known that they had other guns which must be brought in immediately. They finally acknowledged having a few more, which they said should be sent in this afternoon.

June 14.

Dr. Glisan: *The Indians sent in the guns yesterday, as promised. This morning, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, General Palmer, arrived from the field. He states that Colonel Buchanan's command is on its way with two hundred and seventy-one upper Rogue River Indians, George and Limpy's bands, and four hundred and thirty-one Coast Indians. It is very doubtful whether Old John will come in. Personally, he is for war; but since a young Indian, who has been with Old Sam's band on the Indian Reservation, for a short time, was sent by the Colonel to talk with John's band, many of the latter seem anxious to quit fighting, and come in also. On Old John's hearing this, he burst out crying, and said if all his people left him, he might be compelled to come in also.*

June 15, 1856: Lt. Ord arrives at Fort Orford with 700 captive Indians

June 15.

Dr. Glisan: *Colonel Buchanan, Captain Smith, Captain Augur, Doctor Milhau, Lieutenant Chandler, Lieutenant Ihrie and Company C, First Dragoons, Companies E and G, Fourth Infantry, arrived this afternoon, with over seven hundred Indians. The latter, together with the four hundred now on the Military Reservation here, make eleven hundred, all of whom are to be moved forward to the Indian Reservation, some one hundred and twenty-five miles further up the coast, in a few days, or as soon as the Colonel can hear from the command at the mouth of Rogue River, as to whether Old John's people and the Chetcoes and Pistol River Indians are coming in. They are about the only ones now hostile on Rogue River, and number perhaps five or six hundred men, women and children. A portion of Company E, Fourth Infantry, under Lieutenant Sweitzer, having gone down Rogue River to its mouth, in canoes with the wounded, were at that point yesterday when heard from. Captain Ord and Major Reynold's companies were dispatched there this morning, from the Colonel's camp of last night, to reinforce the guard of the wounded, and bring in all the Indians who were willing to go on the reservation.*

In consequence of threats by the citizens of Port Orford to shoot some of the Indians now under charge of the troops. Colonel Buchanan has issued orders to shoot any man who attempts to kill an Indian.

June 20.

Dr. Glisan: *We imagined that after the main body of troops arrived, stampedes would die away at this place, but another occurred last night. Yesterday afternoon Colonel Buchanan and General Palmer were informed by several Indians -- Old George among the number, whose word is believed since the information he gave Captain S. turned out to be true -- that the Indians brought in here had it in contemplation to rise night before last, and attempt to kill the troops, and take the town and fort; but concluded to postpone it till last night, when the attack was to have commenced. We could not fully credit this report but under the circumstances General Palmer deemed it prudent to cause the chiefs (some eight or ten) of the different bands to be arrested and placed in confinement for the night. Whatever their intentions may have been this put a stop to them.*

Last night about two o'clock the steamer "Columbia" arrived on her upward trip, and lay here until eleven this morning. She took on board about six hundred Indians from the military reservation of this post, bound for Portland; thence by land to the Indian reservation. They were escorted by G company, Fourth Infantry, under the command of Captain Augur. The superintendent of Indian affairs, General Palmer also accompanied them. Most of these Indians belonged to the hostile bands. Those remaining here, and such as may yet be brought in, will perhaps, be sent up in two or more detachments by land. Three of Old John's sons came in yesterday, and stated that their father's band is at the mouth of the Illinois, and that he is willing to come in. One of them was dispatched to him to-day with the request that he should come to a designated point some twelve miles from here, and surrender to Captain Ord, who is ordered to proceed from the mouth of Rogue River with his and Major Reynold's companies to that place.

By the steamer we learned that the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco are still supreme -- numbering some fifteen thousand men. The law and order party have been unable to offer any resistance. Several new arrests have been made since the last steamer, and many persons ordered to quit the city.

June 23 (Monday).

Joel Palmer [Portland, Oregon letter to Hon. Manypenny, Washington, DC (US Senate 1893: 49-50)]: *SIR: The departure of the mail steamer early to-morrow, and it being now nearly midnight, leaves me no time to make a detailed report of my proceedings in the Port Orford district. I may say, however, that I reached here to-day at 11 a. m. with six hundred Indians from that place on their way to the coast reservation. At 3 p. m. they were put en route for Oregon City, and will arrive there to-morrow morning for Dayton. I start from here to-morrow on horse in time to reach Dayton on their arrival.*

I now regard the war in southern Oregon as closed. All the hostile bands, with the exception of John's, who mas about thirty warriors, and the Cheteco and Pistol River Indians, numbering perhaps fifty warriors, have come in and unconditionally surrendered themselves as prisoners of war.

The two bands last named have sent word that they will surrender and come in when word is sent them where to go The old chief" "John" is sent in two of his sons, asking the retention of other bands at Port Orford until he can get there with his people; that he is tired of war, and has resolved to seek for peace and will submit to go on the reservation.

We now have at Port Orford about six honored, and about two hundred and fifty at the mouth of Rogue River, all of whom have unconditionally surrendered. They will be escorted to the southern part of the coast reservation by United States troops, together with any of the other bands that may come in.

I deemed it best, under all the circumstances, to transport by steamer from Port Orford here the six hundred just arrived. The views and causes including that determination will be presented you in my detailed report of the operations in that district, which will be transmitted by the next mail.

The latest intelligence from the Yakima country indicates a favorable prospect for peace.

It was determined by Col. Buchanan, the military officer in command of the district, to return and hold all those Indians now at Port Orford as prisoners of war until they reached the reservation, when they would be turned over to the proper officers of the Indian Department.

The six hundred Indians just arrived, being mostly of the friendly bands, will be located on the northern portion of the reservation, near the Siletz River. The company of troops under Capt. Augur, Fourth Infantry, who came up with them, numbering seventy-two men, will be posted at the Grande Ronde as a permanent post.

I take a moment to remark that the official acts of Agent Olney have been such at Port Orford as to call for my immediate attention, and that such measure will at once be taken as to effectually shield the Indian department on account thereof. The next mail will convey to you the specialties of the matter to which I here refer.

I have the honor to be, most respectfully, your obedient servant, Joel Palmer, Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

June 28 (Saturday).

Dr. Glisan: *Captain Ord, with his and Major Reynold's companies, arrived here on the twenty-third, and left again with the same command on the following day for the "field." His orders were to proceed to a point on the Big Bend trail, some twelve miles from here, and await the arrival of Old John, who is expected to surrender to him. Yesterday an express came in from the Captain with the information that Old John, with his whole band, would probably reach his camp in three days from day before yesterday. When the latter and the Chetcoes shall have come in, the Rogue River war may be considered closed.*

Dr. Evans: *. . . and after proceeding a mile or so along a ridge ascended another still higher. About 5-1/2 P. M. emerged from the heavily timbered country and again followed the bed of the creek; crossed it twice during the afternoon. The rocks seen on the route were generally sandstone, bluish gray and a highly crystalline and rather compact, fine grained and yellowish ash colored sandstone, noticed several exposures of a rock of slaty structure. The hills generally have a rounded appearance, and the strata of rock are nearly horizontal.*

Camped at 6 P. M. on a small creek, tributary of Elk Creek, about 1-1/2 miles this side Umpqua River. Distance travelled seventeen miles.

June 29 (Sunday).

Dr. Evans: *Light rain. Started at 6-1/2 A. M. Our way still followed Elk Creek, narrow strip of bottom land on one side or the other, generally on the right bank. Country bordering mountainous; crossed Elk Creek at its junction with the Umpqua R. and then followed the course of that river. From this crossing there is a good wagon road to Scottsburg, it is the road that comes out at Winchester. The valley of the Umpqua is quite narrow, but there is sufficient land on one or the other bank for a claim nearly the whole way to Scottsburg, at any rate to within two or three miles; the soil generally is a sandy loam and appears to be quite productive. Saw oats on the route in several places where the stalks were from six to seven feet high and the head well filled with grain. Most of the claims along this route seem to have been taken, but there are many vacant cabins along the route and some of them may have been abandoned. About two miles from Scottsburg, upper and lower, are situated on a narrow strip of land at the base of high steep hills covered with fir, etc.*

Started at 12 M. in Steamer Washington for mouth of Umpqua River; flat boat for horses. There are no bottom lands below Scottsburg, the mountains generally covered with fir cedar, etc., came down to the waters edge. The river presents no variety of scenery, but winds about in a

generally western course to the ocean. Sandstone of massive structure is the prevailing rock. I did not see much slate only a dyke or two. As we descended the river, after a distance of sixteen miles, the river widened and the hills became less elevated. Smiths River enters the Umpqua from the N. E.; opposite its mouth is a small low island, and on the left bank enters a small creek. The river at this point is a mile and a half wide and bears to the N. of M. Two miles further on the Umpqua makes a sharp turn to the south presenting in the distance a sight of the ocean. The Custom House is on the north point of this bend.

Opposite on the other side of the river is a fine exposure of sandstone, the bank is heavily wooded with fir, etc., but three or four acres at the top of the bluff have been cleared for a garden. It was formerly the site of a large Indian village. Crossed with my animals to the other side of the river where there is pretty good grass.

June 30 (Monday).

Capt. Cram: *About 20 miles above the mouth of Rogue river Captain Augur had another fight with a party, about the 8th June, and brought them in; and by the last of June the Rogue river war was at an end, and all the Indians that had defied the "southern army" of Oregon so successfully were either at or on their way to the coast reservation in western Oregon.*

July 1 (Tuesday).

Dr. Evans: *Started in a canoe for my camp on the opposite side or the river. Found my men near an unoccupied settlers house in a pretty good meadow formerly occupied as an indian camp, fine exposure of sandstone bluffs at this point. The tide being favorable (low tide) started at 6-1/2 A. M. and passed round a bluff of rocky point to the beach beyond, fine hard white sand beach at low tide or where the water covers it at the rise and fall of the tides, above, the sand is heavy and drifting. Fine view of the breakers. From this point to Coose Bay, twenty two miles, there is no rock exposed in place or on the beach. At the distance of twenty miles from our camp crossed a point of land two miles wide to the Bay. This is also drifting sand, and the track of travellers is obliterated as soon as made. On the Bay on this side found pretty good meadow grass extending several miles up the Bay and in a slough. The opposite side of the Bay is heavily wooded, and the bank is composed of sandstone and drift. The Bay is about a mile and a half wide, and difficult to cross, except in the morning and at night, owing to the prevailing winds during the day which make it quite rough.*

Camped opposite Empire City in a clump of small pine trees, with fine soft grass for our beds. Our route today, with the exception of the crossing of the point before alluded to, has been entirely on the beach with a fine view of the breakers all the way. Distance travelled twenty three miles.

A. G. Walling [1884: 282-283]: *Under date of May thirty-first. Governor Curry made proclamation, that as the Indians seemed pretty well subdued, the volunteers in the field were ordered to be dis- banded, with the exception of Keith's and Blakely's companies, which under the command of a major, should remain to protect such settlements as seemed in possible danger, and to perform other necessary duties. This order, issued somewhat prematurely, was*

disregarded by General Lamerick, and we find him in the field a month later, no doubt to the vast annoyance of the regular officers, who took to themselves the credit of concluding the war and severely blamed the volunteers for harsh treatment of such Indians as fell into their hands.

The remaining acts of the citizen soldiery can be briefly told. Major Bruce headed an expedition down the coast to the country of the Chetco and Pistol River bands, and killed three males and took fifty prisoners. The Indians laid down their arms on being fired on, but some retreating to the brush, were ordered to come out, which they did. The chief of the Chetcoes was brought in by Captain Bledsoe, who distinguished himself by his activity and bravery on many occasions. On June twenty-second. Major Latshaw, with Keith, Noland, and Blakely's companies, marched from the mouth of the river via Fort Lamerick to Camas prairie and Deer creek, and the troops going to Eugene City were there disbanded. General Lamerick, with Barnes' company, proceeded to Port Orford, with orders for this organization to be mustered out on July first. Captain Bledsoe, with his men, remained in service for a short time subsequently.

On the twentieth of June Chief John sent five of his braves to Buchanan's headquarters to announce that their leader would surrender on the same terms as had Limpy, George and other chiefs, but he wished the whites to guarantee safety to Enos, who was an object of particular aversion to the volunteers. Enos, within a few weeks of the massacre, had joined forces with John, but had been deserted by the Coast Indians whose speedy surrender had alienated him from his former associates. In this strait he had found a friend in John, whose solicitude in his protege's behalf argues a strong vein of humanity in his character. Previously the chief had refused all overtures of peace, saying that war suited him sufficiently well, and that in spite of the desertion of all the other Indians he would remain in his beloved country and fight continually. But by the first of July all the known hostiles had surrendered save a few about Pistol River, and John's own band; and the latter were now deserted by a small number of Klamaths, who, loving fighting for its own sake, and doubtless attracted by the renown of the celebrated chief whose achievements had become known to the Indians throughout Oregon and Northern California, left their too quiet home near the lakes, and came to learn the art of war under this savage leader. Deserted by these and sated with unequal combats, John surrendered to the regular army, an escort of 110 soldiers being sent out to accompany him and his little band of thirty- five to Port Orford.

July 2, 1856: Dr. Evans arrives in Coos Bay; Tyee John arrives in Port Orford

July 2 (Wednesday).

Dr. Glisan: *This morning Captain Ord's command arrived, bringing in the famous Old John and his band -- the terror of Southern Oregon. Ord went some twelve miles from here, and sent for Old John to come in -- the latter reached his camp on the twenty-ninth ultimo, and gave up twenty-five guns -- all good and in excellent order. It is supposed that he has retained a good many pistols -- if so, these also will probably be taken away from him. He brings with him thirty-five men, capable of bearing arms, ninety women and ninety children. He is about fifty-five years old -- not at all prepossessing in appearance -- has a resolute, discontented, and unhappy appearance. The disparity between the number of women and men, is partially owing to the fact that more of the latter have been killed in battle, but in a measure also to the habit of the men of this band marrying squaws belonging to other tribes. Being the most warlike tribe in the country they enjoy this privilege more than any other band.*

Dr. Evans: *At 6-1/2 A. M. crossed the Bay to Empire City, called on Mr. Simmons and promised to accompany him on foot across the narrow strip of high land to the coal localities. Found the way heavily timbered with cedar, spruce, fir, and hemlock, the cedar is a different species from that in the Willamette Valley, and is much more suitable for the manufacture of furniture and other ornamental work, it takes a high polish. The soil is a sandy loam, or clay loam, near the city sandy, but it improves as you ascend towards the high ridge running along the Bay. In that ridge is the great coal deposit. The range appears to be from a little N. W. to a little E. of South and is seen at various points for sixty or seventy miles.*

The coal mine of Mr. Simmons is situated in a ravine about ¾ of a mile from the slough, an arm of the Bay. It is navigable for ships drawing fifteen feet to the coal mine, or rather to Northrop and Simonds Depot at the termination of a rail road three quarters of a mile from the mine. The main shaft has penetrated three hundred feet, with chambers on each side, but owing to spontaneous combustion labor has been suspended recently and a new shaft opened which has penetrated one hundred feet.

Messrs. Rogers and Flanagan's mine is situated in a ravine opening into a slough the same as that of Northrop and Simonds, but two miles higher up. The mine is about three quarters of a mile from the slough at an elevation of 54 feet above the water.

Mrs. Victor [1894: vvv]: *As soon as his wounded could be moved, Smith set off by easy marches for the mouth of the river, embarrassed by the number of his prisoners, which more than doubled that of the regulars and volunteers. Some fears were expressed that the Indians, even without guns, and only armed with stones, might make an attack on numbers so inferior, but no outbreak occurred on the passage.*

On arriving at the mouth of Rogue river it was found that a band of renegades from the coast tribes were about attacking the camp of the miners at Gold Beach, which again furnished work for the troops, who together killed about forty of them before capturing the remainder. As the regular camp moved from Rogue river to Port Orford, it gathered up the Pistol-river and Chetco

Indians, the month of June being spent in this movement, which ended at Port Orford, July second.

July 3.

Joel Palmer [Dayton, Oregon letter to Hon. Manypenny, Washington, DC (US Senate 1893: 50-55)]: *SIR: Referring to my letter of June 23, I have now the honor to submit a report of my doings in the late trip to Port Orford.*

You were previously advised of my intention to visit that district of country, in order, if possible, to induce the Indians inhabiting that region to come to terms and close the war in southern Oregon. Previous to leaving for that district, I directed Sub-Indian Agent Metcalfe to take with him two Indians of the Rogue River tribe, then at the Grande Ronde, to act as messengers, and proceed to the Rogue River Valley, and, if possible, have an interview with George and Limpy (two noted war chiefs), with directions to meet me with their people at Port Orford. He was then to proceed to Illinois Valley and confer with old Chief John. the reputed leading war chief of southern Oregon, and, if possible, to induce him and his band to meet the other tribes at Port Orford, and go with them to the coast reservation.

I took passage on the steamer Columbia on the 14th ultimo, accompanied by W. H. Wright as messenger, and arrived at Port Orford on the 16th.

Col. Buchanan, in command of the regular troops operating in that district, had bean absent some time, and for several days no intelligence had been received as to his whereabouts; and as it was expected that a pack train would be in for supplies within a few days, and the uncertainty of finding the command, I determined to await the arrival of this train, and made use of the time in conferring with the Indians assembled at Port Orford, and sending messengers to scattering bands who had not been enraged in hostilities. A considerable number of the Lower Coquille bands had been once induced to come in, but by the meddlesome interference of a few squaw men and reckless disturbers of the peace they were frightened and fled the encampment.

A party of miners and others, who had collected at Port Orford, volunteered, pursued, and attacked these Indians near the mouth of Coquille, killing fourteen men and one woman and taking a few prisoners. This was claimed by them as a battle notwithstanding no resistence [sic] was made by the Indians. A portion of this band were yet in the mountains, and the Upper Coquilles were nearly all at their old homes, or skulking in the vicinity. Before my arrival Agent Olney had sent messengers to those bands, and information had been received that those living near the coast were coming in. I dispatched messengers to all the upper bands, and on the 2d they came into camp, and expressed a willingness to remain at any point which might be designated. In reply to questions asked those who had previously been there and fled why they left, they replied that they were told that one object in getting them there was to put them to death.

This impression by then it appeared to be very well verified: for among the number who first surrendered of this band were two Indians who had been charged with participating in the murder of two white men two years previous. The citizens demanded their arrest. One was taken

and delivered to Lieut. MeFeely, commanding at Port Orford, and was put by him in the guardhouse. The other made his escape. A few days after, Agent Olney requested the lieutenant to permit him to take the Indian before a civil officer for examination. which request was complied with, when the Indian was turned over by the agent to a mass meeting of the people assembled for that purpose, tried, condemned, and immediately executed by hanging. It is proper, however, to state that this Indian pleaded to have confessed his guilt, through an interpreter, and very likely deserved death, but that could give no justification for the act of the agent in turning him over and aiding a mob in thus unlawfully condemning him and executing him.

[I will in another communication, advert to the acts of this agent, and suggest such action of as I think the public service requires.]

On the 20th the pack train from Col. Buchanan's command arrived at Port Orford, but did not leave before the 24th. I availed myself of the opportunity to accompany the escort with this train as far as the mouth of the Rogue River, when, with Agent Olney. W. H. Wright, J. L. McPherson. and three Port Orford Indians, we proceeded in advance to the point on Illinois River said to be Col. Buchanan's camp. This we reached, over a mountain trail, on the morning of the 27th, but found the camp deserted. Following down the river to its juncture with Rogue River, we found a part of the colonel's command.

Whilst encamped on Illinois River, Col. Buchanan had succeeded in inducing the chiefs of all the bands in southern Oregon engaged in hostilities, including Old John's, George's, and Limpy's to come into council, where, with the exception of John's band, all had agreed to come in, give up their arms, and go to the reservation. John was willing to make peace, but would not agree to leave the country, but would live and die in it. An agreement was made by which Capt. Smith and Lieut. Switzer, with their companies, were to meet George's, Limpy's, Cow Creeks, and Galleace Creek bands in four days at the Big Bend of Rogue River, and escort them to the northern cut of the co list reservation by way of Fort Line. Other companies were to meet at the coast, and some of the Rogue River bands at a point near the Macanotan village, 6 miles below the mouth of Illinois River, and escort them to the coast reservation by way of Port Orford. In accordance with this arrangement, Capt. Smith and Lieut. Switzer went to the point indicated, and Capt. Augur proceeded in the direction to the lower encampment. Maj. Reynolds was ordered to take the trail leading to Port Orford, expecting to meet Capt. Ord with the pack train of supplies, and escort them to a point where the trails diverge to the respective encampments, with a view of forwarding supplies to the different companies.

The colonel had accompanied Capt. Augur's company to the top of the mountain when a messenger informed him of my arrival at the river camp and that the pack train had taken another trail. This rendered it necessary that he should change his plans, which he did, by ordering the companies of Maj. Reynolds and Capt. Smith back. About this time a messenger from Capt. Smith's camp informed him that they expected an attack from the Indians in that quarter. The messenger was sent back and the colonel and Capt. Augur's companies returned opposite the mouth of Illinois River, which is some 7 miles below the Big Bend or Capt. Smith's encampment. This point was reached at sunset. In the evening quite a number of canoes filled with Indians came up the river, many of whom appeared anxious to pass on to the Big Bend;

others were merely wishing to fish; others desired to inform the upper bands of my arrival, etc. A guard was placed at the river bank and none allowed to pass up. Quite a number remained with us through the night. In the morning we had a talk with the Port Orford Indians, from whom we learned that John had about one hundred warriors who had resolved upon attacking Capt. Smith's command; but as there were about ninety men in the two companies, with a howitzer, no uneasiness was felt as to their safety.

On the morning of the 28th, Capt. Augur was directed to open a trail up the river to the Big Bend; but soon after he left the messenger, who had the day previous returned to Capt. Smith's camp, arrived and reported that those companies were and had been during the night engaged in a fight with the Indians; that the camp was entirely surrounded by them, and that he was unable to approach it. Capt. Augur was immediately recalled and directed to take two days' rations and proceed to reinforce Capt. Smith. With Agent Olney and W. H. Wright I accompanied Capt. Augur, reaching the Big Bend at 4 o'clock p. m., where we found the Indians assembled to the number of, perhaps, 200, and the camp entirely surrounded. A charge was made by Capt. Augur, and the Indians gave way, when Lieut. Switzer charged those in the rear of his camp, driving them from their position, and the route became general. The Indians left the field when the camp was moved to a more eligible position. The engagement had lasted about thirty-six hours, the last twelve of which the army was without water. Seven men and 1 Indian ally were killed and 18 men wounded, 1 of whom mortally, up to the time of our arrival. In the charges made by Capt. Augur 2 men were killed and 3 wounded.

Previous to the engagement two women, nieces of Chief Elijah, who is now with Sam's band on the Grande Ronde Reservation, came into Capt. Smith's camp and remained during the entire siege. On the morning of the 7th I sent these two women as messengers to George and Limpy to advise them to come in and comply with the demands made by Col. Buchanan. They returned on the same day with an Indian on horseback, who desired an interview with me. I met him outside of camp. He finally came in, and I sent by him a message to George and Limpy as the women had failed seeing them, but brought a report that the volunteers had attacked their camp, killed George and several others, and had taken several women and children prisoners; but later in the day one of those said to have been killed came with my messengers, who returned and informed me that George had made his escape, but that "one man and one woman had been killed, and one man wounded, and that George and Limpy would be here to-morrow."' On the morning of the 30th a messenger was sent to the Cow Creek, another to the Galleace Creek, and to John's band. In the evening George and Limpy, with their people, came into camp, gave up their guns, and submitted as prisoners of war. They denied being in the recent engagement, and said they would have been in sooner, but John threatened if they attempted it he would shoot them.

On the 31st Maj. Latshaw, with 150 volunteers, reached the Big Bend from the Meadows, and remained until June 1, and then returned. They had taken a number of women and children prisoners. I requested that they might be turned over to me, as the men to whom the women and children belonged were prisoners in my camp. This was denied with an avowal on the part of the major that they should not leave his command until they were turned over to his superior officer, and declared if they attempted to make their escape, or if they (his company) were attacked by the Indians, he would put them all to death; he alleging also in his conversation that the same

bands which we were then getting in might have been got in three months ago upon the same conditions that they were coming in to us, but that their orders were to take no prisoners.

On the 9th Gen. Lamerick, in command of the volunteers, arrived at the Big Bend, bringing the women and children previously taken by Maj. Latshaw, accompanied by Sub-agent Metcalfe and the two Indians from the reservation. On Gen. Lamerick's arrival at the Meadows, from which he had been absent some time, he turned those prisoners over to Mr. Metcalfe, and on reaching the Big Bend they were immediately placed under the care of Col. Buchanan, with other bands, which had numbered by this time 205 souls.

On the 2d of June Maj. Reynolds and Capt. Augur were directed with their companies to follow down the river as far as the mouth of Illinois and retain possession of that post, and collect any scattering Indians which might be found in that vicinity. These companies were accompanied by Capt. Bludso and his company of volunteers, who had been operating along the coast between Port Orford and Chetco. Maj. Reynolds was to remain at the mouth of Illinois River, Capt. Augur to pass down the north, and Capt. Bludso down the south bank of Rogue River to the Indian village below, and after interrogating them as to their feelings and intentions in relation to coming under the arrangement with Col. Buchanan, and if evidence of a refusal so to do was apparent, they were to attack them; otherwise, they were to receive them in accordance with previous arrangements. Statements of Indians then in our camp went to show that a considerable number of the bands down the river were engaged in the fight against Capt. Smith, and that they had determined upon violating the pledged given Col. Buchanan at Oak Flats, on Illinois River.

About 5 miles below the Big Bend of Rogue River is a village of Cistocootes Indians, who are understood to be among the number recently engaged against Capt. Smith, but who professedly had gone below to await the arrival of Capt. Auger. Upon arriving at this village, fine advance of their detachments discovered a few Indians on an island in the river, who, upon being lied to, attempted to flee, when they were fired upon, and three Indians and one woman were killed: the others made their escape down the river. The village was then burned, and the troops proceeded to the mouth of Illinois River, where they remained during the night. On the 3d Augur and Bludso proceeded as before indicated, and upon reaching the Indian encampment a few were seen in canoes, who were hailed, but sought to make their escape: a fire was opened upon them by Capt. Augurs company, and in a few minutes a general attack was made upon the encampment, the Indians fleeing into the river and attempting to cross, but were met by Capt. Bludso's company of volunteers. Fourteen indians were killed in this attack, and a number of men, women, and children -- were supposed to be drowned in their attempt to escape, being at the head of along rapid in the river, which was very rocky and rough.

Very little resistance was made by the Indians, no one of the companies receiving the least wound from them. Capt. Augur then proceeded to the camp designated as the point to receive the Indians (having sent a messenger directing them when and where to meet the camp).

On the 16th Col. Buchanan moved his entire camp in the direction of Port Orford, escorting the Indians who, at that date, had collected to the number of 27, souls. (In the meantime, having received information that considerable excitement existed among the citizens and Indians at Port

Orford, and having a general stampede among those Indians, I directed Agent Olney on the 6th to return to that point).

Leaving the command of Col. Buchanan, I proceeded and joined that of Capt. Bludso. On the evening of the 10th a part of the Indians had already came in and delivered up their arms. On the 11th additional messengers were sent: and on the morning of the 12th 421 Indians had joined Capt. Augur's camp. This, with the 27, made an aggregate of 69 souls, which, on the 13th, took up the line of march to Port Orford.

Whilst at Capt. Augur s camp, two sons of old Chief John came in to ascertain the condition upon which his band would be received by them. I sent a message reiterating the conditions offered by Col. Buchanan, and explaining to them the advantages likely to accrue to the tribe in yielding to the terms which were to come and go to the coast reservation under an escort of United States troops. The young men (John's sons) agreed to use their influence to induce this band to come in and to give the chief the benefit of a full knowledge of the treatment extended to the Rogue River Indians on the Grande Ronde reservation. One of the messengers who came with Mr. Metcalfe from the Grande Rhonde, and with whom the old chief was intimately acquainted, was sent to have an interview with him. The impression of this messenger was that John and his entire band would come in, and a day was fixed for them to repair to the mouth of Rogue River, a point to which Maj. Reynolds, Capt. Jones, and Lieut. Drisdel, with their respective companies, were respectively directed to repair and meet them and the (Chetcoos, Pistol River band, and a few of those residing along Rogue River below the Cosotoul village. These bands, with those already surrendered, comprise the entire hostile parties in southern Oregon. The encampment of John's party was said to be on the forks below Illinois and Rogue rivers, a distance, owing to the nature of the country, requiring from four to six days to go and return with their people to the point indicated.

Having adjusted these matters, I returned with my party to Port Orford, where I found the people, Indian agents, and Indians equally zealous and suspicious of each other. A few Indian women, claimed by white men, had circulated a report that spies were in the habit of coming from Rogue River and visiting the Indian encampment at Port Orford during the night, and that a plot had been matured by which they were to attack and destroy first the town and next the garrison, and that these Indians had proceeded up the coast for the purpose of selecting a combination among the Coos Bay and Umpqua Indians. Agent Olney appeared so well satisfied at the truth of this report that he reported the matter to me by express messenger. and had sent an express up the coast to Subagent Drew, informing him of the matter, and reporting that a volunteer company, which had been stationed at Coos Bay, and which had previously made application to me tendering their services to aid in removing the Indians, and which services I had refused to accept, and recommended a dismissal of, should not be disbanded, as their services doubtless would be required.

This matter held somewhat subsided, and matters remained comparatively quiet until after the arrival of Col. Buchanan with his command and the indian prisoners, when the lovers of excitement succeeded in creating another fresh one, which for a time seemed to threaten abortion to all hopes of effecting a reconciliation. Upon this occasion I visited the Indians' encampment, collected the chiefs, explained to them the report I had heard, and requested that

they would deliver themselves unconditionally to me, and go to the fort and remain during the night said to be fixed upon for the attack. They consented without hesitation. In the morning they were allowed to return to their camp. Yet many believed a plan had been arranged among these tribes to attack the garrison and town and cooperate with those in the field: but I am satisfied the whole thing was concocted by evil-disposed persons to cause a stampede among the Indians; and as a mutual fear existed between the parties, a trifling report caused the alarm.

Fearing that similar and more serious and successful efforts would be made to cause a rupture with these bands, and the fact that quite a number were unable, from old age and sickness, to travel by land, and the absence of the necessary means to transport provision for so great a number of Indians, I deemed it better to transport by steam to Portland, thence by river boats to Dayton, from whence they could be transported by teams belonging to the Department to the coast. Another consideration inducing this step was the limited amount of rations at Port Orford and the delay and great expense attending its procurement.

The slow rate at which we should have had to travel with this band would have required nearly one month to reach the destined encampment. Rations for that time would necessarily have to be transported to the coast, of which alone would have been no inconsiderable amount. The passage here from Port Orford was agreed upon at $10 per head(usual steerage fare -- $20), not counting infants, which fare was to include rations and the transportation of baggage. They were put on board in a hurry, and their number could not accurately be taken, but were estimated at 010, a subsequent enumeration gives 710 souls -- 119 men, 226 women, 127 boys, and 118 girls; 95 of the boys and girls were infants.

The passage fare from Portland to Oregon City was $500, and from there to Dayton, -$550.

With the exception of the Upper Coquille band, all those who have been congregated at Port Orford during the war came upon the steamer, as did also the Enguas and a part of the Jeshuts, Macanotens. Techaquit, Klantlals, Too-too- tone. Cosatomy, Scotons, and Cow Creek Umpquahs. [sic]

These bands have been engaged in the late hostilities, and a few had taken a very active part in the murder of our citizens and burning and destroying property. At the commencement of hostilities in the war of Rogue River they hid, however, yielded and given up their arms and submitted as prisoners of war, with a pledge from the military officers of a safe conduct to the reservation.

Very many of those people were in a very destitute condition, their property and effects being chiefly burned with their village.

This consideration had doubtless its effect in inducing them to submit to terms. Those who had remained friendly and stationed at Port Orford, owing to the confinement and entire absence of means to obtain clothing, were destitute of essential articles to appear decent, much less comfortable. The goods given them at the time of the treaty had nearly all disappeared, and very many of the band were nearly in a state of nudity.

Upon arriving at Portland I purchased such goods as their necessities required and demanded, directing their shipment to Dayton, where they are now being distributed to the individual members of the families. The non arrival of a part of their goods will prevent their departure to the coast before Monday, the 7th. They are generally in good health, and appear well pleased with the trip, but anxious to reach the point of destination to see their future home. In coming up the coast the steamer had neared the beach along the upper line of the reservation, and the appearance of the country appeared to give them great satisfaction and encouragement. They viewed the point designated as their home with great interest, and appeared well pleased with its prospects. They obeyed cheerfully every requirement, and if the proper interest is shown we have nothing to fear from these people.

It is expected that such of those left at Port Orford, and those that may come in who are unable to travel by land or foot, will be sent up by steamer, the expense being less than to hire animals to be used for such service.

Prior to my leaving home, I directed Capt. Rinearson, with a party of 8 men, to proceed by land to Port Orford, taking with him horses to transport provisions and aid in removing Indians to the reservation; he was at the point in due time, where I left him to take charge of and remove the upper band of Coquilles; they were to have started on the 30th ultimo. Col. Buchanan contemplated forwarding different detachments in the direction of the reservation as soon as those bands were collected.

The first effort made to induce the Indians to came up by steamer was met by great opposition, but when told that I would accompany them, and that the trip would be performed in so short a time and this mode contrasted with the time and hardships attending the trip up the trail, they yielded, and a greater number came than I had at first designed taking.

A difference of opinion may be entertained as to the kind of treatment these prisoners should receive at our hands. It is evident to me that a proper discrimination should be made between them and those who have remained friendly. The degree of guilt in instigating the insurrection, and the part each took in the first outrages perpetrated against our people, should also be taken into consideration.

The importance of closing the war before the periodical drouth, which would enable the enemy, with comparative little risk to themselves, to destroy entire settlements, and the great difficulty in prosecuting a war against such a people in mountainous region, may be regarded as justifying less stringent measures with the enemy than many would deem proper.

Tue future management of these Indians, and the maintenance of peace hereafter, should not be lost sight of in the adoption of measures for the present.

The unconditional surrender of these Indians to Col. Buchanan had coupled with it a condition that they were to go to the Coast Reservation under an escort of United States troops, and that, of course, implied protection.

A detail of what was to follow, of course, was not discussed, and the arrest and trial of all the leaders in the attack last made could not be construed by us as a breach of faith but it would doubtless be implied by some as such. An example, however, made of some of the principal leaders by a trial and punishment, would undoubtedly have a salutary influence; but if such were contemplated, that examination and trial, in my opinion, should be made by the military department prior to their removal to and location on the reservation. If they refused to surrender upon condition that they shall give up their leaders for trial end punishment, it is good evidence that they are not whipped. If they are received without any such expressed condition, but upon terms which they would construe as overlooking the past, it will undoubtedly require additional military force for a few years to insure their good conduct. An entire separation from the whites, except such as are employed in the service, with discreet, just, and proper agents to constantly watch over them, may reduce them to a state of quietude and order.

I have the honor to remain your obedient servant, Joel Palmer, Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

July 4.

Lt. Chandler [Port Orford letter to Gen. Palmer (US Senate 1893: 57)]: *ORDERS. HEADQUARTERS FORT ORFORD, OREGON, DISTRICT SOUTHERN OREGON AND NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, [ORDERS No. 6.] July 4, 1856.*

The war heretofore existing in this district having been closed by the surrender of the several hostile Indian bands, the following distribution of the troops will be made in obedience to instructions from the commanding general of the department:

Company C, First Dragoons, Capt. A. J. Smith, will proceed via Fort Lane, to take his post at the upper pass to the Coast reservation, halting long enough at the former post to allow the necessary arrangements for this change of station to be made, and for the settlement of unfinished public business. Asst. Surg. C. H. Crane will accompany the command to its new post, and First Lieut. N. B. Switzer, First Dragoons, as far as Fort Lane, where he will turn over his public property to First Lieut. E. Underwood, Fourth Infantry, and then join his proper company.

Company B, Third Artillery, Capt. E. 0. C. Ord, will proceed to Benicia, Cal., taking passage on the steamer Columbia on her next downward trip.

Company F, Fourth Infantry, Capt. De Floyd Jones, will proceed in the Columbia on nor next upward trip to escort George and Limpy's bands and the Lower Rogue River Indians, via Portland, to the Coast reservation, and having turned them over to the Indian Department, will take post at the upper pass.

Comp ay H, Third Artillery, Bvt. Maj. J. F. Reynolds, with the detachment of E , Fourth Infantry, Second Lieut. J. G. Chandler, Third Artillery, will move on Wednesday, the 9th instant, to escort Old John's bind, the Pistol Liver and Chetco Indians to the Coast reservation, and they having been turned over to the Indian Department, Company H will take post near the mouth of the Siuslaw River. The detachment of Company E having performed such further escort duty as

maybe requisite to guard the Indians to their several locations, will rejoin its proper company. Asst. Surg. J. J. Milhan will accompany the command.

The sick and wounded in hospital will remain at this post, under the medical care of Asst. Surg. R. Glison, until further orders from the headquarters of the department. The necessary attendants will be left with them.

II. First Lieut. R. McFeely, Fourth Infantry, acting assistant quartermaster, will furnish the necessary transportation for the commands of Capt. Ord and Floyd Jones, making a separate contract for the passage fare of the Indians to Portland. Capt. Floyd Jones will perform the duties of acting-assistant quartermaster to his command and furnish transportation from Portland.

* * * * * *

IV. The commanding officer of the district can not separate from these troops that have formed his command in the field without acknowledging his obligations to officers and men for their ready, cheerful, and energetic efforts to perform the duties assigned them, which have resulted, under Providence, so themselves and so creditably to beneficial to our country. The result of the campaign is the best evidence of the value of their services.

He takes this opportunity to return his thanks to the officers of hi: staff, Second Lieut. J. G. Chandler, Third Artillery, acting assistant adjutant-general, First Lieut. R. MeFeeley, Fourth Infantry, acting assistant commissary of subsistence and acting assistant quartermaster of this department; Second Lieut. G. P. Ihrie, Third Artillery, acting assistant commissary of subsistence and acting assistant t quartermaster to the troops in the Crane field; Assistant Surgs. E. H. and J . J. Milhan, on duty in the field, and Assistant Surg. R. Glison, in charge of the general hospital, for the prompt and efficient manner in which they discharged their various duties.

He also takes great pleasure in acknowledging the valuable Joel Palmer, superintendent services of Gen. of Indian affairs. whose presence in our camp, and judicious exertions. contributed in a great degree to produce the rapidity with which the various bands of the enemy surrendered themselves.

To one and all of those who have served with him the commanding officer offers his kindest wishes for their future welfare.

By order of Bvt. Lieut. Col. R. C. Buchanan: J. G. Chandler, Second Lieutenant, Third Artillery, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

July 5.

Dr. Glisan: *Yesterday the grand anniversary of our National Independence was celebrated by a Federal salute of thirteen guns at dawn of day, and thirty-one at noon, and at nine P. M. by five rockets, which were sent up from the highest point of the heads, to the great admiration and astonishment of the Indians, most of whom had never seen the like before. In Port Orford thirty-one guns were fired at noon, and thirteen at sundown. The second gun at noon went off*

prematurely, burning the man who was ramming the charge very severely -- the ramrod was shot between his hands into the ocean. The accident was owing to his not sponging the piece before loading it. Several fights also occurred in the village. After our national salute all the officers assembled at the Colonel's quarters and partook of refreshments. We were then informed by Colonel B. that he had the pleasure of announcing the Indian war on Rogue River closed.

July 8, 1856: Six hundred Indians sent from Port Orford to Portland by steamship

July 8

Dr. Glisan: *The steamer "Columbia" arrived here last evening, and left to-day at one P. M. for Portland, taking on board at this place five hundred and ninety-two Indians, (excluding infants) who are being escorted by Captain Delancy Floyd Jones' company F, Fourth Infantry, to the coast reservation. Day after tomorrow the remainder of the Indians, including Old John's band, and a portion of the Chetcoes, will also start for the same destination. They are to go by land, and will be accompanied by Major Reynold's company, H, Third Artillery, and a detachment of company E, Fourth Infantry. All the Indians of Southern Oregon, with the exception of a few stragglers, have surrendered. They number eighteen hundred persons, besides the small children.*

Col. Buchanan [Fort Orford letter to Gen. Palmer (US Senate 1893: 56)]: *DEAR SIR: Allow me to thank you for your kind letter of the 24th ultimo, which was received by the return of the Columbia, and to congratulate you upon the success of the experiment of sending the Indians by sea, as it has produced a very favorable result. Capt. Floyd Jones will go up in the steamer this time with George and Limpy's people and the remainder of the Lower Rogue River Indians, to follow the same route that Augur's party did, and I trust they will be equally fortunate in their weather. You will be happy to learn that the war is really closed by the surrender of Old John and all his people on the 29th ultimo. They arrived here on the 2d, and will leave to-morrow with the Chitcoes and Pistol Rivers, or rather with such of these latter scamps as have not stolen off with George, as some of them have done, escorted by Maj. Reynolds and Lieut. Chandler.*

There are some ten or fifteen Indians, perhaps. scattered about in the woods who have not yet come in, but I shall make an effort to have them collected by Capt. Smith at Fort Lane and taken up by him when he goes. I have forwarded you two of my orders for your information, and hope that you will excuse me for mentioning your name in one of them, as, although it can not be of any service to you, it will at least show my appreciation of your efforts in the common cause. I shall leave here for Benicia on the steamer on her return, having been ordered to report in person to the general, and it will give me pleasure to inform him verbally of the value of your services.

I am, sir, with much respect, your obedient servant, Robt. C. Buchanan, Lieutenant-colonel U. S. Army.

July 10, 1856: Tyee John, 125 Indians, 200 mules leave Port Orford by pack trail

July 12.

Dr. Glisan: *Old John's band got off on the tenth instant, escorted by Major Reynold's company, and a detachment of company E, Fourth Infantry. The officers were Major Reynolds, Doctor Milhau, Lieutenant Chandler and Lieutenant Drysdale. The troops took with them over two hundred splendid mules; one hundred and sixty of which were used as pack animals. They had provisions for themselves (ninety men) and the Indians (one hundred and twenty-five men, women, and children, infants excluded,) for ninety days. Old John's party was larger than this; but some of them went up on the steamer. Most of the Chetcoes were sent by sea; the remainder of the latter are included in the above one hundred and twenty-five.*

I rode out in the afternoon to Major Reynolds first day's camp, and partook of a parting dinner with him. On the same day company C, First Dragoons, commanded by Captain A. J. Smith, started for the post to be established at the upper end of the reservation. As he was to go via Fort Lane, he went down the coast instead of up. He had with him only forty-five men -- the officers are himself, Dr. C. H. Crane and Lieutenant Nelson B. Sweitzer. Companies C, and E, took a few of their convalescent wounded with them; the remainder, except two who have died since their arrival here, remain in the general hospital at this post, of which I am still in charge. When Colonel Buchanan, Captain Ord, and Lieutenant Ihrie, with company B, Third Artillery, leave here to-morrow, Lieutenant R. McFeeley and myself will be the only officers remaining at the post; and besides the sick, hospital steward, hospital attendants, and some three others, there will be no troops.

Coquelle Thompson: *"They don't want to move, but at last, pretty near July, they gave up.* ***Chief*** *say, "we stay here, maybe white people will bother us, and we kill white people. There will be nothing but trouble. We have to go where they tell us. Their gov't will take care of us." I was about six or seven. I can remember a little – about our traveling. My father had to leave two good canoes from Tillamook. Some canoes from California were redwood. Some people buried their Indian money. They couldn't carry it."*

July 13.

Dr. Glisan: *The steamer "Columbia" touched this morning on her downward trip, taking on board Colonel Buchanan, Captain Ord and Lieutenant Ihrie, and Company B, Third Artillery.*

By the previous steamer, we learned that Colonel Wright was still with his forces on the Natchez River, holding a council with the hostile Indians, who seemed disposed to make peace. This steamer brings the news that the Indians have all fled, and that the troops have thus far been unable to make peace or get a fight, out of them. The Colonel has gone in pursuit.

July 14.

Dr. Glisan: *Judge Deady arrived here day before yesterday, to hold court at Port Orford; accompanying him was Dr. Evans, United States Geologist for Oregon. I had the pleasure of*

forming the acquaintance of the latter gentleman on my trip from New York to San Francisco, and was delighted to renew the same at this lonesome place, Port Orford.

The Doctor being anxious to make a geological examination of this vicinity, started for the mouth of Brush Creek yesterday morning, in a canoe, accompanied by Mr. R. W. Dunbar and myself. Our course lay across the bay of Orford, distance by water four or five miles. The ocean being calm on starting, we got along delightfully for a while; then the wind freshened from the south, blowing thus against us, our progress was extremely slow, especially as none of us knew much about managing a canoe. Dr. Evans now became seasick, and was so prostrated as to be totally unable to render any assistance. Mr. Dunbar and myself labored hard to reach our destination before the wind should become too strong; but on nearing the goal, we found the breakers too high to land. There was then no alternative but to turn about for Fort Orford again. The sea had become quite rough, particularly so near the shore. It was now my turn to be seasick, but though ill and exhausted, I felt in duty bound to assist Mr. Dunbar in navigating our frail bark. Dr. E. was entirely too much prostrated to do anything. We rigged a sail out of Mr. D's coat, and availed ourselves of the wind, which lasted till we had gone about a mile. As the wind was evidently about to change to the northwest, we paddled away manfully, and arrived at Fort Orford just in time to escape a strong head wind. Besides the geological examination, we had it in contemplation to fish for trout in Brush Creek. The elements blasted all our bright prospects.

July 18, 1856: Dr. Evans leaves Port Orford for Umpqua Valley by pack trail

July 18 (Saturday).

Dr. Evans: *Started from Port Orford at 9 a.m. Bright and beautiful morning. Passed near Sawdust River through the woods four miles to Elk River; three miles from town. Saw small prairie, fine site for a farm. Passed through small prairie on Elk River, such prairies are occasionally found on this river as you ascend it; passed through two other small prairies. Finest white cedar trees all along the route in great numbers. Two miles further on crossed the Sixes River. Sandstone exposed along its shores. As we proceeded we crossed two high elevations, mountain ranges; our way has generally been along the divide between Elk River and the Ocean, running in a north west and S. E. direction. The woods are filled with a luxuriant growth of grass resembling timothy, and this region would afford pasturage for thousands of stock. On a high divide fourteen miles from Port Orford saw an exposure crowning its summit, of fine grained grit or sandstone. This is the only exposure of rock in place met with on the route except before noticed. At 3 p.m. reached the summit of the highest elevation yet crossed on which is situated a large prairie of excellent grass at least eighteen inches in height. Passing along and up a still higher ridge, the light colored sandstone appeared in place. Had a magnificent view of the ocean to the N. W. and S. E. Sixes River is much larger than is laid down on the maps and Floras Creek much shorter. On our route we headed the latter whilst a fork of Sixes R. overlaps it, and its valley appears on our right. The ridge on which we are travelling must be at least 1,000 to 1,200 feet above the ocean. Camped at a small spring surrounded by hills. The grass at least two feet high; along our route for the last six miles all through the tall fir, cedar, and hemlock trees, the ground was covered with this luxuriant growth of grass, mingled with wild flowers. Blackberries and other berries were plenty on the slopes of the ridges. Distance travelled eighteen miles.*

July 19 (Sunday).

Dr. Evans: *Started at 7-1/2 a.m. Our route for eight miles was along ridges covered with fine grass and flowers mentioned yesterday. On the different slopes every variety of spring and fall flowers. Passed through a chain of prairies, some of them several miles in extent, which like the open woodlands were covered with grass three and a half feet high -- timothy and other grasses. The highest ranges run, a little west of north, and south of east, as our course is north of east we have occasionally to cross from ridge to ridge by connecting ridges of lesser elevation, sometimes to descend to the bed of small streams. Crossed a fork of the Sixes River at 11-1/2 a. m. The trail follows the ridges as far as practicable, and consequently our course from their direction is a winding one. Almost all the higher summits had rock in place cropping out and crowning a considerable portion of it. Talcose slate seemed to be the prevailing rock, and the other slates seen on the shore of the ocean; also a light colored sandstone, and the compact or ashy colored rock seen on the beach. Outbursts of granite and trap or basalt were seen rising to a considerable elevation. Stopped on a prairie elevation for our horses to feed and rest. Saw marks and trails of elk all along the prairie, but not the animal itself. On almost every elevated ridge or mountain spur were seen exposures of rock just enumerated. Crossed two or three small creeks, forks of Sixes River, camped at 5 p.m. on a small creek tributary of Salmon River. The prairie in which we are camped is three quarters of a mile long by half mile wide, and very rich*

sandy loam; the grass, a kind of wild oats, is in places six to eight feet high and other grasses going to seed six or seven feet high. Timothy (wild) is very abundant in this and other prairies passed through, and is from three to five feet high; other grasses filling up the prairie and so dense as to render walking difficult is from two to two and a half feet, this is a fair example of the luxuriant growth of grasses, not only in the chain of prairies through which the trail passes, but on the ridges and intervening slopes between them. The climate is delightfully cool and bracing. The woods are filled with elk, deer, and black bear, and there is no want for meat. Mr. Bray at our present camp had returned to his home but two days previous to our arrival, and had already two hanging up in his log cabin, so he said help yourselves for it is impossible for me to eat it all and half an hour any morning will get me another. Distance traveled twenty one miles.

July 20 (Monday).

Dr. Evans: *Collected a few specimens of grass. Amongst the grasses of this and other prairies is an abundance of mountain clover. The heads are not so large as the cultivated clover; the stalk is about two to two and a half feet high. The soil in this prairie is very good and produces fine vegetables. This prairie is nearly surrounded by high mountains, but there are other similar prairies hidden by tall trees in the immediate neighborhood; in fact the whole route is through a chain of prairies, some of them several miles long, along ridges covered with fine grass in the deep woods, and occasionally in passing from ridge to ridge over high mountains. Noticed to day a tree called chestnut oak, it has acorns like the white oak, but the foliage was more like the chestnut. Thermometer at 6 p.m. 48°.*

July 21 (Tuesday).

Dr. Evans: *Started at 7-1/4 a. m. passed along two prairie ridges and woodland to a high and steep mountain estimated at two thousand feet in elevation, collected specimen of the rock along the route, talcose and other slates, gritty sandstone, granite, etc. The descent from the valley occupied one hour and a half. The descent to the gold mines of Johnson and others on the fork of the Coquille R. Abbott's branch, also occupied an hour and a half. The descent is much more gradual. The creek at the mines runs through steep mountains covered with timber. Saw a new species of laurel with rare and beautiful flowers. It seems strange to see in full beauty the flowers of early spring roses, etc. scattered along your pathway at this season of the year. Passed over a high (bald) mountain so called, but while of great elevation it is covered at the summit with most luxuriant grass and flowers. Thermometer at 12 m. 69D. The creek is bordered by high steep banks (mountains) its bed filled with large boulders of granite, gneiss, talcose and other slates, showing it to be to some extent a gold bearing region. But there is little quartz either in the rocks or in boulders, and the slate and other rocks, so far as has been discovered, do not contain many signs of gold. The distance to the Great Bend is only twelve miles from this place, but we have already visited the head waters of some of its small tributaries and collected specimens on the divide between this creek and Rogue River, which indicate the geology with sufficient certainty. Returned to Bald Mountain and camped. From our last camp to Johnson's diggings we had a mountain to cross at least two thousand feet in elevation. Distance traveled twelve miles.*

Started at 7-1/2 A. M. Thermometer at 6 A. M. 42 . Passed for two miles through woodland rather open; in two miles ascended high "Bald Mountain", overlooking the tops of surrounding

mountains for thirty miles or more in every direction except perhaps one where at a distance of ten or fifteen miles is a range of perhaps greater elevation. Amongst the ocean of lofty ranges of rather smooth outline some jagged peaks tower up in bold and rugged grandure.

Of the two or three hundred persons who have mined in this district, but a few have realized enough to pay them for the labor and expense of visiting this mountain country, and of the few, several lost more the second year than they made the first. The gold appears to have come down the creek from a distance, and is deposited in limited areas by eddys or from other causes; and occasionally a week or two of profitable mining may be accomplished to be followed in all probability by months thrown away. These mines do not certainly offer inducements for a large number of minors. The gold diggings on Rogue R., some twenty five miles above the great bend, afford much more favorable prospects for successful mining.

The rock composing the summit of this mountain is principally talcose slate, and a mottled rock of somewhat talcose character.

Our route continued along a high ridge, of which the peak just referred to is a part, passed through several prairies similar to those previously noted, only the soil and grass are inferior, more filled with fragments of slate and other rocks undecomposed; passing down into the valley we crossed the river. Spent three hours looking for trail to Enchanted prairie. The soil of this prairie contains more clay than those previously met with, and the grass is not quite so luxurious, the soil bakes in the sun. Recrossed the river and in about an hour arrived at a small settlement; where most of the houses have been deserted on account of Indian difficulties, but will soon now be reoccupied, collected specimen of fine grained compact rock (trap or sandstone) this has been the prevailing rock, but slates, talcose and others were also met with and a few outbursts of granite and trap rising sometimes to an elevation, mound shape, to thirty or fifty feet. Thermometer at 6 P. M. 48 . Distance travelled twelve miles.

July 23 (Thursday).

Dr. Evans: *Started at 6-1/4 A. M. Thermometer at 6 A. M. 50 . Followed the trail into the next prairie, passed through that and after the loss of an hour spent in searching for its continuance on the other side discovered it and passed through a narrow strip of timber into the next; here the trail, all that we could discover, passed near the timber on the side we entered the prairie and had outlet through another very narrow strip of timber by a plain crossing another prairie (the two last mentioned prairies are but grassy hills free from timber) where the trail diverged in every direction and ran out. We returned and spent two hours in searching for another trail but could not find another, and concluded to return to our last camp and take the main trail down the river which could increase the distance twenty five miles. The trail we last followed, when it diverged and was lost was not blazed although very plain. On returning to the strip of timber previously spoken of found one of the trees with directions cut in the bark, but were unable to make out the meaning. The great difficulty to persons unacquainted with the precise location of these trails is the prairies. The grass is from one to three feet high all over them, and as the trails have not been followed for a year or more, the grass meets over them; and in addition to this the trail made by the elk cross them in every direction, and are quite plain and are easily mistaken for trails made by travellers. Camped at 61/4 P. M. Ther. 50*. The timber today along*

the bottom of the river has been principally sweet wood, its leaves being very odoriferous, also white maple a few scattering oak and fir, white and other cedar and hemlock. The prairie ridges are free from timber, except perhaps a few scattering white oaks. Distance travelled eighteen miles.

Orvil Dodge [1898: 100]: *There were 710 Indians embarked on the steamer Columbia on the 21st of June, 1856, and taken to Portland; thence on the Jennie Clark to Linn City, and thence to Dayton Yamhill county, on the barges towed by the steamer Hoosier; thence to Salmon river on thirty-five wagons hauling the old and crippled, and their general merchandise, arriving at their destination on July 23, 1856.*

July 24 (Friday).

Dr. Evans: *Started at 7 A. M. Our route lay along the river following nearly all its bends. It is very crooked and the bottom lands, if they may be so called, are covered with timber similar to that met with yesterday. In some places where the hills or mountains bordering the river approach the waters edge, the trail has been quite rocky. In ascending this fork which heads a little N. E. of the Forks the geology of the country gradually changes. The following rocks formed the bed rock of the river crystalline rocks, hard conglomerates, sandstone of various fineness and rather crystalline structure containing some of them a few impressions of fossils, and various shades. Distance travelled seventeen miles. Camped at 4 P. M.*

July 25 (Saturday).

Dr. Evans: *Reached and crossed the Forks below their junction, Coquille. River twenty yards wide, two and a half to three feet deep. From this junction our route lay along the middle fork, we had several high hills and one high mountain to cross and in descending the latter were very much incommoded by high overlapping masses of gooseberry bushes matted together over the trail just of sufficient elevation to have the thickest masses in position to come in contact with the rider. The rest of the way the trail was pretty good, the prairie elevations bare of trees, are not so numerous as for the last few days. Thermometer of 6 P.M. 51*. This morning at 6 A. M. 55*, at 12 M. 72 . Our course was very winding, almost every point of the compass, the general course of the trail and the river N. E. seldom S. E. as laid down on the maps. The river bottoms have been very narrow and the trail has been quite often along the slope of the mountains bordering it. Distance travelled fifteen miles. In following the middle fork of Coquille River our general course has been N. E. or E. of north, instead of S. E. as laid down on the maps.*

July 26 (Sunday).

Dr. Glisan: *From the nineteenth to the twenty-second, there was a strong wind from southeast, and rain at intervals, something very unusual at this season. The atmosphere is at present clear, with a northwest trade wind; thermometer 57 deg. at 7 A. M. and 65 deg. at 2 P. M. This is the ordinary July and August weather of this place. The only fruits that have yet ripened in this vicinity during the present season, are strawberries, salmon berries, black, thimble and salalle berries, first two about a month ago; the others are just in their maturity.*

The steamer "Columbia" arrived on the morning of the twenty-third, bringing New York papers of the twentieth June, and San Francisco of the twenty-first July. The Vigilance Committee is still supreme in the latter place. They have confined their action mainly to driving from the city election bullies, and others known to have been engaged in ballot-box stuffing and false voting. The most remarkable arrest by them so far, is Judge Terry, Chief Justice of the State of California. He is alleged to have stabbed a Vigilance Committee sheriff by the name of Hopkins, about the third of July. It seems that the latter had gone into the office of Dr. Ash, the Navy Agent, to arrest Reuben Maloney, for some purpose. The Doctor ordered him out; Judge Terry being present, had also something to say to him. Hopkins then sent to the Vigilance Committee for aid. In the meantime, the Judge and Maloney started for the rooms of the law and order party; but Hopkins, assisted by his friends, overtook him and seized hold of his gun; a scuffle ensued, when he was stabbed by Terry. The latter was then arrested and placed in confinement, and has since been tried by the committee, but the sentence is not yet divulged. It is supposed that if Hopkins had died, and he has been very near it, from the wound assuming an erysipelatous character, that the Judge would have been hung.

The Governor is powerless, he having called on the militia and all others to enroll themselves, and assist in putting down the committee, but has so far utterly failed. A lot of government arms sent down by his order, was seized by authority of the latter.

The last great move of the committee supporters, was to call a mass meeting, which convening recommended among other things, that as the following officers were supposed to have been elected by fraudulent votes, they should be requested by a committee of the mass meeting, to resign, viz: Judge Freelon, Mayor Van Ness, Sheriff Scannell, District Attorney Byrne, County Clerk Hays, Recorder Kohler, Treasurer Woods, Assessor Stillman, Surveyor Gardner, Coroner Kent, Superintendent Pelton, and Justices Ryan, Chamberlain and Castree. This recommendation, among others, was adopted; but up to the departure of the "Columbia" the above government officials still held on, refusing to resign. This committee seems to be supported by a majority of the best men in San Francisco, and it was undoubtedly originated with the best motives; but like all other opposition to the regular course of law, even though the latter may not for the time being be justly executed, will probably have an evil tendency, and might terminate in civil war.

It is a heart-rending fact that the latter is already existing in our country, but at a very different place, and impelled by other motives; I mean in Kansas Territory. There have already been several skirmishes between free-soilers and pro-slavery partisans, and the free soil town of Kansas has been burnt to the ground. It is difficult to get at the facts in the case, but it appears that the territorial sheriff Jones, went to Kansas with a strong posse, to make some arrests. The citizens resisted, a fight ensued, and the free-soilers were compelled to leave the place, which was then burnt to the ground. The territorial officers appear to be supported by the pro-slavery party.

Colonel Summer, with a regiment of United States dragoons, is, by special orders from the President, endeavoring to quell the riots, and had up to last dates, disarmed many of the rioters, and prevented them from assembling in any very large bodies. The matter is becoming so

serious, however, that it has even been debated in the Senate, whether or not the President should be recommended to send General Scott to Kansas, to quiet matters.

Dr. Evans: *Beautiful morning. Thermometer at 42*. Started at 6-1/2 A. M. Our route passed principally along high ridges, leaving the river to the right. These ridges are more free from timber than on most of our journey, but the grass is not so good the soil evidently being poorer. On reaching the termination of the mountain ridge on which we had been travelling for several hours, a fine prospect of Camas prairie burst upon our view. The prairie is really so, not a mountain ridge like many we had passed through; it is about four miles long by two and a half wide. Most of the claims are taken, but the Indian difficulties have in a great measure interrupted their cultivation. The valley is entirely surrounded by mountains except the narrow outlet, and is watered by a fork of the Coquille River. Camped on a small creek, tributary of Looking-glass River at 7 P. M. Distance travelled eighteen miles.*

July 27 (Monday).

Dr. Evans: *Started at 7 A. M. We are now fairly out of the mountains, but in a valley of hills.*

If the traveller will notice the valley of the Umpqua from some high summit in the Calapooyan Mountains, he will form a pretty good idea of a scene we witnessed from Bald Mountains, as the first named is a valley of hills, the latter is a valley of mountains covered in timber, occasionally a peak rising sharp and angular against the sky in bold outline. Around this valley of mountains is a higher range of singular grandure; here and there dotted over the lesser elevations are small mountain prairies covered with luxuriant grass, and in some intervening glens lovely little prairies of rich mellow soil suitable for cultivation, and suited to furnish the grain etc. necessary for stock raising, for which business these prairies are well suited. reached Deer Creek at 12 M. a small stream tributary of the Umpqua. This situated on its banks contains some houses. Winchester on the north fork of the Umpqua contains about - - - houses, proceeded to the residence of Judge Deady, four miles from Winchester in "Camas Swale."

This is the largest prairie in the Umpqua Valley, twenty four miles long, and of a T shape. The soil is of good quality, sub-soil, yellowish clay, and sometimes gravel, resting generally upon sandstone but in some localities on clay of a slaty color or slate. Distance travelled twenty five miles. The prairie at Deer Creek is a still clay soil and when cultivated be comes hard and almost impossible to plow except early in the spring. It must not however be too wet. This is the case with most of the prairies in this valley.

August 21, 1856: Dr. Glisan leaves Port Orford for Fort Vancouver by steamer

August 12.

Dr. Glisan: *Sometime about the first ultimo, a pack train, accompanied by some five or six packers, left here for Crescent City. A few days thereafter, a portion the party arrived at the latter place with the news that they had been attacked whilst asleep at night in camp, near the Chetcoe River, and two of their number killed, and some $1,500 taken. They represented it to have been done by Indians, there still being a few of the latter remaining in the mountains in that vicinity, who were left behind when the other hostile ones were taken to the reservation.*

A company was raised in Crescent City, and started for the place where the murder was committed. On reaching there, they found all the mules, but no aparahoes. It was supposed that the Indians cut these up and carried them off.

On the seventh instant, whilst a few miners were "prospecting" (examining the country for gold), near the mouth of Rogue River, some twenty-five miles above where the murder was committed, an Indian came into their camp, and said that there were some very bad Indians in that vicinity, who intended killing a man by the name of Smith, living a short distance below there. Their plan was to send into Smith's camp two Indians pretending friendship, who were to fall upon and murder him. He expressed a desire to go with them, and point out a place for waylaying the Indians that were coming to Smith's, and said that afterwards he would show them where to find the others; but that they must not kill his Tilicums (relatives) among the latter.

The two Indians were accordingly watched for, two miles north of Pistol River, and fired upon, but only one was killed, the other made his escape. This was on Thursday, the seventh instant. On the following day, a party of eight white men started out at the suggestion of the Indian who accompanied them, to waylay the other Indians, who were expected to come and look after the man who had been shot. They proceeded a short distance below the point where the latter had been killed, when the Indian guide who had gone in advance, came running back with the information that several Indians were a little in advance of them. At his suggestion, they took a good position behind a ridge, whilst he went off a few yards and showed himself to the Indians, who came towards the guide, and on reaching the place where he was standing, were fired upon, five being killed and the sixth wounded, who escaped. A little further on they saw three more, and succeeded in shooting them also; thus killing eight and wounding two.

The poor guide was accidentally severely wounded by one of the white men in the encounter, when another, thinking, perhaps, it was better to put him out of misery, killed him.

August 13.

Dr. Glisan: *The news by the "Columbia" this morning from above is very interesting. Colonel Wright, United States army, is still endeavoring to make peace with the Yakimas, and other hostile indians in that vicinity. In the meantime some volunteers, under Colonel Shaw, have had an engagement with a body of Indians at Grand Ronde Prairie, on a river of the same name. The Colonel had under him at the time one hundred and eighty mounted men; and, according to the*

papers, succeeded in routing the enemy. The number killed is not known. Two of his men were killed and three wounded. The skirmish occurred on the seventeenth ultimo. Two or three days previous, Major Layton, with sixty or seventy volunteers, also had a little brush with the Indians in that vicinity -- and, according to his official report, there were none of the enemy killed, though he thought his detachment shot several. His loss was one or two killed, and about the same number wounded.

August 25

Dr. Glisan [The Cascades, Oregon Territory]: *Left Fort Orford August twenty-first, and arrived at Fort Vancouver, W. T. on the twenty-third. The Columbia River bar not being very rough, Captain William Dall ran his vessel in without waiting for the pilot -- the latter thus losing a hundred dollars by not being ready to perform the duty. The sky being clear we enjoyed, on our trip up the Columbia, a fine view of Mount St. Helena, Mount Ranier and Mount Hood, with their snow-capped peaks, the first being 9,750, the second 12,360, and the latter 11,225 feet high.*

Aftermath: Fort Orford, Port Orford, Randolph and Empire City

September 17, 1856.

John Zieber [Prosch 1907: 197-198]: *The surveys in Southern Oregon have not progressed as they would have done in the absence of Indian hostilities. Surveyors stood aloof from taking contracts, and those who were in the field, in addition to other causes operating against them, were greatly hindered by an unusual deal of cloudy weather. When Indian difficulties began to decrease, the season had too far advanced to justify the commencement of any new contract.*

In a communication from this office, under date of June 17, 1856, replying to your letter of inquiry of April 26, 1856, I gave a number of reasons why skillful and reliable deputies cannot be had at rates lower than those now paid. The partial cessation of Indian hostilities, and, probably, early restoration of peace within our borders, may remove some of the causes which have heretofore prevented a reduction of those rates; but as these occur, others take their places. It is already found that, as in former years, the mines in the vicinity of Fort Colville, and especially those in Southern Oregon, as Indian hostilities abate, draw off laboring men from every county in the Territory. The most exciting reports of success in the gold mines abound, and operates greatly against the deputy surveyor in employing assistants, except at prices which are not warranted even by the apparently high government prices of surveying in Oregon. The assistant asks more than the contractor himself can rationally expect to clear; he abandons the field, and perhaps both prefer to take their chances in 'the diggings,'

The public lands which remain to be surveyed in Oregon are probably rougher than any that have ever been sectionized in the Territories of the United States. Scarcely an unsurveyed township of land can be found without canyons, ravines, or precipitous hills; and most of the unsurveyed territory abounds in heavy timber, (often standing and fallen,) dense tangled undergrowth of bushes, briars, fern, and grass, in many places covering a rocky surface almost impassable. A deputy surveyor (Mr. J. W. Trueth) informs that, in a distance of 100 miles, in prosecuting contract No. 61, it was found impossible to convey provisions except by packing on the backs of men. Actual experience in the field of operations alone can give an adequate idea of the energy and perseverance indispensable to the successful prosecution of a surveying contract in such a region of country. To realize large profits from the best contract that can now be let is out of the question; and to reduce the rates of surveying would be ruinous to contractors, if any could be found to undertake the work.

Should the present expectation of peace with the Indians of Oregon be realized, and no unforeseen obstacles present themselves, I think the surveys of all the public lands west of the Cascade range of mountains, fit for residence and cultivation, may be completed by the end of the year 1858. If any should remain, they will consist of small fractional townships along bases of mountains, or in mountain gaps, or on mountain summits, apart and detached from the surveyed lands.

Sheriff Riley [Dodge 1898: 365-367]: *At the time of the Indian outbreak there was a young educated Canadian Indian named Enos residing in Gold Beach, who professed to be true to the whites. A few days before the outbreak he started up the river, in company with John Klevener,*

Huntley and another man whose name is forgotten. In a day or so he returned and reported that he and his companions had been attacked by the Indians and he alone escaped. He reported that two or three miners living on Rogue river at Big Bend bad sent him for ammunition, and he was given all he could carry. He immediately left and joined the Indians where he became chief.

During the captivity of Mrs. Geisel she frequently saw Enos among the Indians and heard him giving orders. This she reported after her return to the fort. He assisted the Indians as long as they fought. Knowing that capture meant death he made his way through the mountains to an Indian reservation in Washington Territory. Here he was captured and taken to the barracks at Vancouver where Lieut. McFeley commanded, and Sheriff Riley of Curry county was notified.

Mr. Riley was appointed sheriff in 1856 by the legislature when Curry county was organized. Mr. Riley made the trip to Vancouver by steamer from Port Orford and secured Enos, who was chained hand and foot. The steamer on returning could not land at Port Orford but landed Riley and his prisoner at Crescent City. As hostile Indians were yet in the woods it was considered dangerous to attempt to make the trip over the trail from Crescent City to Port Orford so Sheriff Riley was obliged to remain with his prisoner in that town until the steamer called for them. Port Orford was then the county seat of this county. The steamer proceeded to San Francisco, from thereto Portland and back, and on her way to Portland again before calling in at Crescent City.

The first night that Enos was confined in the county jail someone attempted to break in the door and let him out. Every night after that Sheriff Riley occupied one of the rooms of the jail. It was considerably over a month from the time Mr. Riley left Port Orford for Vancouver until he returned with the prisoner. Mrs. Geisel, then residing at Port Orford, was the only witness against Enos, and she could not be found at the time set for the trial, so the justice ordered Sheriff Riley to turn the prisoner loose. It was necessary to take him to the blacksmith shop to have the chains on his legs cutoff. While this was being done a mob surrounded the shop and the moment Enos stepped out he was seized and taken away. Whiskey was given him and he partly confessed to having assisted in the killing of his three companions mentioned above, on their way up the river. The next morning he was hanged on historical Battle Rock, where his body was buried.

Ellen Tichenor [Dodge 1898: 286-287]: *During the year '56 many of the mines failed and, like numerous other mining towns, the decline of Port Orford was rapid. In a few years it was deserted, only three families remaining: Mr. Burnap and family, Mrs. Knapp, known through the country as grandma Knapp and one of the dearest, kindest old ladies that ever was, her son Louis, and Capt. Tichenor and family.*

Weird, silent, ghost-like stood the five hotels, the saloons and stores; homes for the birds, store houses for the wood rats, sport for the north wind that played at hide and seek through the broken windows and open doorways, broken fences, deserted farm yards, roofless dwellings were melancholy evidence of former life.

> *"But now the sounds of population fail,*
> *No cheerful movements fluctuate the gale*
> *No busy steps the grass grown footway tread*

For all the bloomy flush of life had fled."

Yet in this solitude, with only the voice of the trees and "free, mighty, music haunted sea" lived for many years these three families. The quiet life was broken at intervals by trips to San Francisco or the valley, or by strangers passing through the country. Nature afforded the chief diversions. A quiet life for the captain's daughter. Many were the strolls she and Grandma Knapp took on the beach gathering mosses and pretty sea shells, or picking berries, or wild flowers, for a visitor once said, Port Orford was an oasis of flowers. Three miles from the town was the large deserted mill of H. B. Tichenor leading to this was a most excellent smooth plank road coveted with saws dust which afforded an excellent opportunity for horse back riding.

Mrs. Victor [1894: 418-420]: *The post at Port Orford was maintained for a year or two. As late as March, 1858, the miners and settlers at and near the mouth of Rogue river petitioned Governor Curry to "recognize" a company of Gold Beach guards, consisting of nineteen men under the command of Elisha H. Meservey, which company was formed to protect the white inhabitants from murder, arson, and robbery -- crimes being committed by the several small mountain tribes remaining at large. This company received the approbation of the governor, serving until July.*

In the meantime, the Indian superintendent was compelled to call upon the military department for aid, and Lieutenant Ihrie, with special agent William Tichenor of Port Orford, finally succeeded in collecting and forcing upon the reservation those savages. On the march of Lieutenant Ihrie's supply train from Pistol river, where he was encamped, to Crescent City for provisions, the escort was attacked and one soldier and ten animals, killed. Tichenor, with a considerable number of prisoners, was waiting for an escort to the reservation; but Ihrie being unable to furnish it, and the Indians being very restless, set out with a small party to conduct them out of the dangerous vicinity. Above Rogue river the prisoners attempted and escape, and, in the struggle for the mastery, fifteen of them were killed.

In his report to the superintendent, ***Tichenor*** *says "They had eight days previously come off the war path, having killed the remainder of the Sebanty band. They stated the facts to me, telling me how they killed two little boys of the band by throwing them into the river, describing their struggling for life in the water, and how they beat them under with stones. They were the most desperate and murderous of all the Indians on the coast. As they never intended to surrender or go on the reservation fifteen of them were killed and two wounded. * * * Ten men and twenty-five women and children yet remain in that country, and I am ready to make further efforts to capture them, or induce them to go on the reservation should you again desire my services."*

On the second of July,1858, ***Captain Meservey*** *of the Gold Beach volunteers wrote to adjutant-general of Oregon. "The last of the red men have been captured and shot, only women and children spared, and they are now en route for the reserve. All further apprehension of danger is at an end, and this portion of Oregon will rest on tranquility."*

Thus ended the Indian wars in this quarter of Oregon. They were unavoidable. They laid waste the homes of white and red men alike; but the white race was compelled to make good its own and its enemy's losses, and while it ploughed and planted and built, the Indians were fed, nursed,

and taught, so far as they would be. When a large proportion had died off, who were unfit to live, the remainder began a new growth and increase in numbers. The children born on the reservation know no other home, and even their elders are at length content, living a half civilized life, which, compared with their former nomadic existence, is one of indolent ease.

A. G. Walling [1884: 493]: *Trade centered originally at Empire City and that place had a speedy, but not long lived growth. The town is about six miles from the bar at the mouth of Coos bay. It now, after thirty years of existence and innumerable perturbations, contains about one hundred buildings, mostly situated upon a beach about twenty-five feet in elevation, but the business portion is built upon the flats, at less height. Its buildings are generally well constructed, and embrace three hotels, four saloons, a drug store, variety store, and two stores of miscellaneous articles, a dilapidated Methodist church, and a school house where thirty pupils receive instruction. In front of the town there are mud flats of considerable extent, which prevent vessels from approaching near the shore, and across these flats some wharves are extended. Camraann's is the longest, and has a railroad track for transporting goods between vessels and the town. Commerce, mining and lumbering built up Empire City, and the gradual decay of the one and the busy rivalry of Marshfield in the others have been the partial ruin of the place. Luse's large steam saw mill, which cut 20,000 feet of lumber daily, has ceased its work forever. The neighboring coal seams, found on the Marple and Foley claims, have been abandoned long since. Empire City, notwithstanding her decay, still remains the county seat; and this feat has the most to do with sustaining her existence. Coos Bay being a port of entry, the United States custom house is located at Empire City. In 1857 the Oregon legislature petitioned congress to remove the port of entry from Port Orford to "Kowes Bay," or else to form a new collection district of the latter, which in the fullness of time was done. Empire City has apparently taken a new lease of life in consequence of the operations and investments of the Southern Oregon Improvement company, who have purchased a great deal of property in and about the place, including 170 town lots.*

Orvil Dodge [1898: 266-267]: *Only two miles more, and the famed Port Orford is reached. A grand view of the great ocean spreads out before the observer. The townsite is as grand and beautiful as could be desired. The plateau upon which the place is built is elevated above the beach, a half-hundred feet or more, and is sufficiently rolling to provide drainage. The old Senor residence still occupies its primitive location, on the side of a higher slope, which overlooks the town. The first residence erected by Capt. Tichenor was east of Winsor's store, but as prosperity was rife in early days, a new and larger residence was needed, and it stands as a monument of early times, and brings to mind pleasant scenes of days gone by which were brought about by the hospitality of the man who occupied the place. During the first years of the life of Port Orford, the place assumed large proportions. There were a half dozen stores. George Dart, now a resident of the place, was one of the merchants, and when the mining industry along the beach was in its greatest prosperity, nine hotels were catering to the wants of the traveling public. The mining interest subsided, and buildings were vacated. On the 10th day of October, 1868, the forest fires, alluded to above swept the whole country, leaving but two dwellings and a barn, in town. Mrs. Capt. Tichenor was alone, her husband and only son, J.B., were in San Francisco. The matronly lady heroically fought the flames and saved their home. The fire consumed her outer garments, however, and she miraculously escaped a fearful fate. Mr. Burlapp, a merchant of the place removed his goods to the beach; but the falling cinders reached even the driftwood,*

and lapped everything to the water's edge. Louis Knapp, and his mother lost their hotel and everything it contained. This was a great drawback to Port Orford. The great sawmill, two miles out, and near Fred Unican's, was consumed, and of course left the country nearly as barren of improvements as it was when Capt. Tichenor first landed, seventeen years before.

A. G. Walling [1884: 463]: *In the Grave creek hills, some miles west of the railroad line, there took place the first, and perhaps the most important battle of that war. This was Hungry Hill, for a description of which action the reader is referred to previous pages of this book. The locality of this fight will ever remain a classical spot, made interesting by the death of many brave and worthy men. This memorable field of strife is now almost unknown, save to the few present survivors of the volunteers, who occasionally visit it. Rank underbrush and grasses have usurped the place where blood was shed, and only those familiar with the ground can point out even the last resting place of the dead who fell there. Several persons, among them General Ross and J. W. Sutton (deceased in 1879), both participants in the battle, have given utterance to a desire that the brave men who fell there should be honored with some kind of a memorial -- a simple monument, at least, whereby their graves might be known. Enlarging upon this idea, Mr. Sutton proposed a monument to the fallen of the Indian wars, to be erected by the public -- a measure so just and patriotic as to excite surprise that it has not been carried out. To build such a monument should be the immediate work of the public-spirited people of Southern Oregon. Of a visit to the battle-field of Hungry Hill* ***Mr. Sutton*** *wrote, in a style worthy of Irving:*

"Some summers since, while passing the little cemetery, I halted for the purpose of visiting the grave of my old comrade. I stood beside the little row of graves that I found blended into one, the mounds now hardly distinguishable; no board or stone at head or foot is found; no one can tell these graves apart. In unity they met a common foe; in unity they fell; in unity they lay beneath the sod, awaiting the judgment day. In vain I sought to determine the grave of my old friend; it was lost, lost amid its comrade graves. After a short search among the weeds and grass that covered the graves, I found a fragment of a half-decayed board, on which I could trace the inscription which my own hand had carved full twenty years before -- 'Jonathan Pedigo; killed by Indians at the battle of Hungry Hill. October 31, 1855."

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