

Missionaries-Indians

Massacres

One of the most affecting scenes that has ever been within our province to witness took place last Friday on the arrival of the steamer from below at our wharf. It brought home again Idaho's first born.

The meeting between this child of pioneer birth and one Timothy of biblical cognomen and barbarous birth formed the scene.

The subject of our sketch is Mrs. Warren who was born Nov. 15, 1837 and is a daughter of Rev. Spaulding who crossed the plains in company with Dr. Whitman in the year 1836. Mrs. Warner, Smother and Mrs. Dr. Whitman were the first two whitewomen who ever crossed the Rocky range. The party came into this section of the wilderness and after remaining a short time divided company, Rev. Spaulding remaining at Lapwai and Dr. Whitman proceeding to Walla Walla where what is known as the Whitman mission was established.

At Lapwai Rev. Spaulding soon gained the confidence of the Indians and made many converts to the christian religion and today his good works shine forth like stars... At Walla Walla Mr.

Whitman established a school in connection with his missionary work and all went well for a decade of years.

About this time the subject of our sketch had grown from the prattling babe of '37 to within a few steps of budding womanhood and it was deemed best by her parents to send her to the Whitman school at Walla Walla where she was sent at the age of nine years just prior to the memorable and blood curdling massacre at that place.

Mrs. Warren has a distinct recollections of all the scenes of that horrible butchery and relates them in detail as though they were of occurrence within the past few days. She goes on to relate

that when the massacre occurred some sixty emigrants had just arrived from across the plains.

All the men at the mission were killed, not one escaping. The women and children were taken prisoners with the exception of Mrs. Dr. Whitman who was murdered because of the intense feeling of the Indians against her husband. The prisoners were held in captivity for some three weeks by the Indians living upon such fare as those inhumane red devils would allow them.

Under such circumstances these poor women and children mourned the loss of husbands, fathers and brothers and none near to comfort them but the unfeeling red devils who had ruthlessly murdered those who had loved and cared for them and to boot those whose fortunes had consented to leave happy homes and come to this western wilderness.

At the expiration of three weeks of the most intense bodily and mental suffering these poor captives were rescued and none too soon to save many of the little ones from death by exposure and ill treatment by their brutal captors. Col. Ogden, then chief in command of the Hudson Bay company went to the rescue of the prisoners and by paying a ransom succeeded in gaining the liberty of all of them except Eliza Spaulding who owes her liberty to the Indian whom she came here to visit and another who took his departure for the happy hunting ground.

Eliza's father and mother, who were then at Lapwai hearing of the massacre at Whitman mission and being in fear for their daughter's fate consulted with Timothy and Eagle who were but too willing to go in search of the child. They accordingly started immediately for the Mission but on arriving they they found that the Indians were unwilling to let Eliza go with them. Mrs. Warren remembers how Timothy plead with her captors for her release and

when she would cry he would take her handkerchief, wipe the tears from her eyes and say to her in the Indian tongue, "never mind, poor child, I will take you to your father and mother." These two chiefs finally succeeded in securing Eliza's release and seemed almost overjoyed when they were once fairly on the trail, herself on the back of a cayuse homeward bound when they arrived some three days subsequent.

A few years after this occurrence Rev. Spaulding with his family removed to Brownsville, Linn county Oregon where he spent the afternoon and evening of a useful life and the setting sun threw back a smile upon his finished work as the spirit took its flight.

Mrs. Warren has not been back to visit the scenes of her childhood since leaving Lapwai thirty seven years ago. Although she does not look to be more than 25 years of age. She is indeed an extraordinary woman, both in the point of memory, education and general information. She left her home in Brownsville for the sole purpose of seeing once more the good old "Injun" who rescued her in days gone by from her captivity among the wavagew.

She telegraphed to Hon. John Silcott before leaving home to inform Timothy of her coming. This was done and we never witnessed a more anxious waiting than that of the Indian. The meeting of the parties was very affecting. They were driven to the Raymond House for the purpose of having an interview but owing to the lady's having forgotten the language she had learned in her childhood, in the person of Joseph Whistler, after which many reminiscences were brought up...

The most interesting feature of her visit to Idaho was her visit to the agency where she found many things which brought vividly to her mind the scenes of her childhood. She visited the house where

who was born. It looked change in its exterior appearance and the surrounding upon the inside was the same old adobe chimney and upon the hearth sat an old Indian putting fuel on the blaze started in the fireplace. He was the same person she had left in almost the same position 37 years before--a deaf and dumb Indian who made his home in her father's house and made himself useful to her mother by rocking the cradle of the first born of Idaho but then Oregon.

At the entrance of Mrs. Warren the poor mute rose up slowly and looked at her for a moment and showed all the joy that such persons can by their feelings. He would make signs and motions that those who were present could understand to convey the idea that he had held her in his arms when she was a little babe.

Many old Indians at the agency recognized Mrs. Warren and would call her "Liza" the moment they saw her..

Idaho "x--April, 1885.

The Herald is in receipt of a letter from George Coates dated Deming, New Mexico, May 8, which speaks of the killing by Apaches of a Yakima man and the wounding of another. Coates left Yakima in April and while on a prospecting tour his party encountered and had a brush with the White Mountain tribe of the Apaches who were on the war path. Adam J. Schenerman, who was formerly employed on the Moxee ranch, Yakima was shot in the back and neck. Two white men and several Indians were killed in another skirmish. He was about 40 years old and had a brown beard and a scar under the right eye. In his pockets were found two letters, one dated April 3, signed by Jos. Walker and the other dated March 18 and signed by William Spencer. Both were addressed to Frank Gaery. He was buried in the mountains. He was supposed to be from Yakima. Yakima Herald, North Yakima, May 4, 1889.

Indians

Gen. William Selby Harney, the oldest officer in the U.S. army died in Florida May 9. Gen. Harney was a gallant officer and served with distinction through the Mexican war, the war of the rebellion and several Indian wars. He was placed in command of the department of Oregon in 1858 and the following year took possession of the San Juan Island near Vancouver over which a dispute occurred with Great Britain. Gen. Harney was born in the year 1800--
Yakima Herald, May 4, 1889, North Yakima, W.T.

Indians

It will be remembered by the readers of the Herald that early this year the report was received that Adam ^{Shuerman}~~Sherman~~, formerly in the employe of the Moxee company, was killed by the Apache Indians while working on a cow ranch in Arizona. Shuerman turned up at this place recently, hale and hearty, and with the exception of a gunshot wound in his neck, none the worse for his experience. He had a close call and his partner was killed and roasted, but he finally managed to pull through, . Shuerman wants no more of Arizona life and says that Washington is good enough for him.--Yakima Herald, Oct 3, 1889.

Early in the fall of 1855 the Indians on the northwest coast began a series of depredations in the sparsely settled regions of Oregon and Washington territory, and became so bold in their deviltry as to make life almost unbearable to the pioneer frontiersmen.

Matters reached such a crisis about the middle of October of that year that Governor George L. Curry of Oregon determined to try and subdue the savage cohorts and to this end made a call for volunteers.

A large force, considering the population at that time, immediately responded and ninety-three of us from Clackamas county enrolled our names under Captain James K. Kelly, company C, 1st Regiment, Oregon militia volunteers.

On October 16, 1855, we started to the front arriving at the end of four days at The Dalles. Crossing the Columbia river at that point we made camp six miles to the north where we were informed it was necessary to elect a captain as James K. Kelley had been promoted to colonelcy. Samuel B. Stafford was elected our captain and Charles Cutting was chosen flagbearer. The other officers were D.B. Hannah, first lieutenant and James A. Pownell, second lieutenant.

All preliminaries being completed we then took to the field, arriving in the Klickitat valley November 6. We had seen no fresh meat since leaving Portland and the killing of a fine fat cow by one of our company was hailed with delight by all. The Klickitat was then a veritable paradise for the few stock running at large, the grass being over six feet tall and very dense. Striking camp next day we crossed the Simcoe mountains and came into the beautiful Simcoe valley, now embraced in the Yakima reservation.

On November 9 we made our way to a gap in the hills through which flows the Yakima river, then known as "Two Buttes." Here the first active engagements of our campaign against the wily and wicket children of the forest occurred. Our advance guard consisted of companies

commanded by Captains Cornelius, Hembrie and Bennett, who drove the Indians from their ambush in the brush along the river. The savages numbered about 300 and were disposed to be ugly. Being driven from the valley they entrenched themselves in their rude fortifications upon the buttes. A howitzer was used in our first attempts to dislodge them but the shots fell short and a charge was made upon the enemy by the commands under Major Hallor and Capt. Augur, assisted by the corps of volunteers, who charged up the rugged face of the mountain forcing the Indians from their position and compelling them to flee down the opposite side of the butte in hot haste.

Finding that the whites were determined to force the fighting, at short range if possible, the Indians made no effort to assist in the culmination and kept at a safe distance out of range.

That night we camped at the base of the buttes near the river and the first dawn of the next day disclosed the unwelcomed sign of numerous Indians lurking about from place to place on top of the butte and to emphasize their presence they occasionally sent a stray bullet into our camp.

An order was at once given to drive them from their vantage ground, and our command separated, one company going up the face of the hill and the remainder coming through the canyon between the two buttes. Just as we reached the north side an Indian on horseback came a breakneck speed around the bluff, within fifty yards of us and as he passed, Lieut. D.B. Hannah jumped from his horse and, taking good aim with his rifle, made an angle of that noble red man in less time than it takes to tell it.

It was near the same place on the side of the mountain that I made the first notch in my trusty rifle by swelling the number of good Indians in the happy hunting ground. A party of us went out, contrary to orders, to see if we could have a little fun and reduce the number of our foes at the same time. Going to the top of the mountains

we were greatly annoyed by an Indian who from the shelter of a large rock in the gulch below us, was trying to play a hand in our game. He would step out in full view and fire at us and before we could bring to bear on him he was safely ensconced behind his natural breastworks. Watching my opportunity I slipped away from the crowd and rapidly made my way around the hill, out of sight of the pesky redskin. Unsuspecting of danger he stepped out to try another shot at my comrades but before he could get his gun in position I let him have one in the ribs and throwing his arms above his head and with a wild yell he gently passed into the spirit land. Years after his skull was found by L.H. Adkins, who died recently at ~~Yam~~ Yakima city, and is now among his collection of curios. Having run the Indians from the hills we started on the 10th of November to follow them up the Ahtanum valley, and, in company with Joseph Buff and an Indian guide known as Cut-mouth John, I separated from the main body in our command and started around the mountain.

We had not proceeded a great distance when our Umatilla guide called our attention to an Indian who was coming full tilt in our direction.

The Siwash rode directly toward us and as I pulled the trigger of my gun the horse I rode gave a sudden spring, throwing the muzzle of my gun in the air where it was discharged.

Mr. Indian came up within a few feet of me, snapping an old brass Hudson Bay Company's revolver about two feet long right at me but the weapon failed to go off. By this time my capcase had dislodged me and our dusky foe went whizzing by, followed by my saddle animal and Cut Mouth John, close behind. Our guide was riding a good horse and soon overtook the fleeing savage. Placing the muzzle of his gun directly between the shoulders of the Indian our John pulled the trigger and blew a hole in that redskin that a cat could crawl through. Twenty-seven years after the events recorded, I met Cut Mouth John in Pendleton, Ore. and we had a great wah-way about our campaign in the

Yakima valley.

Catching my own and the Indian's horse, and allowing Cut Mouth to denude the Indian of his scalp, we returned to the command.

Our next stop was within two miles of the Catholic Mission. Several of our men, myself among the number, went up to the old mission and arriving there we found that some one had ~~preceded~~ preceded us. A lot of devilment had been done, by whom it was never ascertained, and the place was deserted. Candles, crucifixes, beads and other Romish emblems were scattered in ruthless chaos all around and vandal hands had worked irreparable injury to beautiful paintings and other bric-a-brac.

A serious effort was made by our officers to discover the authors of these impious outrages and it would have fared badly with the offenders had they been discovered. We found about a ton of flour and a lot of dried camas and berries cached away, and as we were then on half rations, these came in very gratefully to the Webfoot boys who had learned to eat that sort of grub before leaving home.

On November 12, while still camped on the Ahtanum, sixteen inches of snow fell and on the following day quite a band of Indian horses were rounded up. The officers ordered these animals killed and the mandate was obeyed.

Having run the Indians to their mountain fastnesses, beyond our reach, we were ordered to return to The Dalles, and on the 16th started across the Simcoe mountains. My horse gave out and I sent word along the line to Adjutant W. H. Farrer, who rode back to me and ordered the men to kill my horse and put my saddle and blankets on the pack horses, at the same time telling me to get on his horse and ride to the top of the mountain, where I was to tie the animal to a tree and go on afoot, and saving that he would see that ~~my~~ my things got through.

I think such men as Gen. Farrer should never die. I followed his instructions and tying his horse at the top of the mountain set out on foot. On the night of the 17th I sat my boots close to the camp fire and went to sleep and on the following morning found them burned to a crisp. The snow was not about four feet deep on the summit and I think it was about the coldest weather I ever experienced. Nothing was left for me to do but to wrap my feet in pieces of blankets and I had to trudge along through the snow in that biting cold until 12 o'clock that night, alone for the command outraveled me considerably, and reached the Klickitat valley several hours ahead of me.

On the 18th of November, 1855, we started from the remainder of old fort Klickitat, en route to The Dalles, and on the evening of the 18th. Col. Nesmeth and all the officers left us and went into The Dalles, leaving me commander in chief until orders were returned. These we received on November 21, instructing us to come to The Dalles, and in a few days some of the boys, myself among the number, were granted a discharge. The discharge was granted me November 26, 1855, as the following copy of a receipt I have in my possession from my captain, Samuel B. Stafford will show:

Dalles, November 26, 1855. Received of Milburn G. Wills, one saddle, one gun, one powder flast. Samuel B. Stafford, Capt. Co. C., 1st Regt. O.M.V.

On receipt of this letter, I started for home, on board a steamer running between The Dalles and Portland, arriving there in a few days and going to work on the farm, not expecting to be called back to the field of war again. But my next paper will show that I was fooled.

Of course there were a number of interesting and exciting incidents during my first campaign not chronicled herein, but the few I have

mentioned herein will give some idea of the condition of the Yakima valley at the time of which I write, when there was not a white settler within a radius of two hundred miles, extending from the Columbia river on the east to the Cascade range on the west. M.G.

Wills, North Yakima, W.T. Nov. 1st, 1889.

Yakima Herald, November 7, 1889.

Gen. George L. Curry made the second call for volunteers Feb. 22, 1856. I started out again, under Capt. Wm. A. Cason, Company F., Clackamas county with W.G. Moore first lieutenant: Wm. Mitchell second lieutenant: Geo Reynolds first sergeant and A. Holcomb second sergeant. Leaving Portland March 3, 1856 we reached the Cascades on the 6th and on the 8th we were ordered to The Dalles, arriving there late in the afternoon.

On the morning previous to our arrival quite a number of freight teams started to Fort Walla Walla, laden with provisions for the troops and seventeen of our company, including myself under Sgt. Reynolds were detailed to overtake and guard them to Fort Henrietta. We did not reach them that evening, and as we had started with nothing to eat but flour and coffee, I killed a steer to stay our appetites. The yearling belonged to Nathan Olney and he should have been paid for but it is doubtful if it was ever reported.

Next day our company caught up, and we camped about half way between the John Day river and Willow creek. Early next morning some Indians made a rush on the guards and cut off about eighteen head of our horses, stampeding them. About twenty of us gave chase, following the Indians almost to the mouth of Willow creek and came on them in a camp.

The boys fired on them at long range, and Mr. Depew shot and crippled a squaw, who fell, then jumped up, picked up her baby playing near the fire and ran into the willows along the creek.

Part of our crowd went down the creek and some too to the Indians camp, while others waited on the hill to pick off the Indians as they ran. I was looking after the horses and a comrade named Oodood Groshon asked me to look after the animals in his charge as he saw a siwash in the bush. He then crawled up and hid behind some greasewood within twenty paces of the willows and had not got settled into his position before an Indian about thirty yards away fired point blank

opposite side of the river, which was deep, wide and swift as a mill-tail. On coming out of our impromptu tent a man named Geer caught his gun lock in one of the willow poles and the weapon discharged, the ball striking him in the groin and coming out his hip. We now had two invalids on our hands, and thus our raft would not hold them. Seeing that immediate action was necessary, Jeff Miller and myself agreed to risk our chances with the river and go to The Dalles for assistance. Plunging into the stream with our horses, after some difficulty, we were fortunate enough to make the other side and started rapidly to The Dalles, some 60 miles distant.

We had gone but a short distance when looking at a hill near us I observed something resembling a bear or other wild animal apparently sitting on his haunches watching us. With bovish spirit I told Miller I was going to scare the animal and make it run. We had no guns, being unable to swim theriverwith them; so I rode toward the animal. Getting within about fifty yards of the supposed bear I noticed it doge behind a rock; and smelling a mice as it were, I turned my horse's head in the opposite direction and put cruel spurs into flanks, just in time to hear wild yells issuing from a score of dusky throats. Sure enough, it was Injuns, and the animal on top of the rock had been fixed up as a decoy which came very nearly being successful. When I overtook my companion, our steeds were in a dead run and then began a race for life.

Having no weapons we depended entirely upon the speed of our excellent animals, and the Indians, recognizing the superiority of our animals, sought to cut us off, but by dint of dodging into canyons and over precipitous hills, we finally got out of their reach.

Arriving at The Dalles without further incident, we endeavored to persuade different doctors to go to the relief of our disabled comrades, but the gentlemen refused to endanger their lives

on the side from which they had started. We got off on our horses and started for the suffering commands. Just imagine how cold the snow water of Snake river is in April, and after swimming through a half mile of it to drive a bunch of cattle 12 miles with no clothing but an undershirt and a pair of drawers, running our horses to keep up with the cattle, the wind blowing chill enough to freeze the shirts to our backs till they rattled like pasteboards--then next morning to ride back and take the same dose in a spitting snow storm. But we did it, as Col. Jas. Kelley and T.R. Cornelius, who still live, can testify.

That was the last time I ever saw Capt. ~~B/O~~ Hembrey. I warned him to be careful as we had crossed a trail made apparently by at least six hundred Indians, who had just gone along towards the Columbia river, about six miles below the point where the Captain's command were crossing; and from their maneuvers I thought the Indians intended to cut the men off and capture their horses.

As I had feared, the Indians caught him and the gallant captain was immolated upon the altar erected for the sacrifice of thousands of other intrepid heroes who interposed their lives to protect their families and save this fair western land as a heritage to their children and their children's children, forever.

Returning to my command, I was detailed with 12 or 14 of my companions at arms, to convey Samuel Price, now a brother-in-law of Senator Mitchell of Oregon, to The Dalles for medical treatment, as he was suffering from the mountain fever.

Reaching the John Day river we found that stream very much swollen, and having no means of crossing, we camped for the night. The rain descended in torrents and we bent willows and spread out blankets over them for protection from the storm. The ensuing morning we began construction of a raft on which to convey the sick man to the

by making the trip.

Fortunately for the sick men, a wagon train, guarded by troops, passed in the vicinity of their camp and they were brought into The Dalles, where I am happy to state they both finally recovered.

In a few days our command was mustered out of service, thus ending my experience as an active campaigner against the wily red man.

These incidents, and those recorded in my first paper a short time since, will be recalled by many of my comrades, several of whom reside in Yakima county and are members of Multnomah Camp No. 2, Indian War Veterans. M.G. Wells, North Yakima, Wash, Nov. 19, 1889. November 21, 1889 paper.

Indians

The Indian situation in Wyoming and the Dakotas continues threatening and Sitting Bull and his hostile followers are still keeping up the ghost dance and are winning over friendly Indians.

There has been no outbreak as yet, but the troops are being massed on the borders preparatory to making a vigorous campaign should it be deemed necessary.

The advisability of arresting the leaders is now being considered at Washington and General Miles has been ordered to report there to give his views on the matter--Yakima Herald, November 27, 1890.

~~Indians~~

Agent Bolan

~~Bolan~~

The following account of the murder of A.J. Bolan, Indian agent at Fort Simcoe, was given by an old Indian, now a resident at White Salmon, who had it direct from the lips of Chief Gwhi's son just before his execution, who with his two companions were hung by Col. Wright at Simcoe agency for the most unprovoked and cold blooded murder.

War and rumors of war were rife; a vague uneasiness rested upon the isolated families of eastern Oregon. The government, with its usual stupidity and criminal negligence had failed to provide any adequate protection against the numerous hordes of savages that roamed the plains.

The few straggling companies of blue coats that were within reach were as a rule poorly officers and total inacquainted with Indian tactics and were held in supreme contempt by their dusky opponents.

Numerous murders had been committed on the frontier and there was an ominous signs of an impending storm, a general uprising of the tribes of eastern Oregon and Washington that the coming spring only too surely fulfilled.

Col. Wright, in his helpless indignation, uttered threats of direct vengeance should the red man persist in his little game of scalping and the certain result was an Indian war with its usual accompaniment of rapine and murder upon us in our helplessness.

On the 15th day of September, 1855, Indian Agent Bolan left The Dalles on horseback for the agency at Simcoe. He was just returning from a hurried trip to the Willamette valley and was hurrying back on account of the restless condition of the Yakima's, some of whom had been accused of participating in some of the recent murders.

At The Dalles he was urged not to undertake the trip alone, but fearing no personal violence he started alone and unarmed. On his way through the Klickitat valley he overtook three Yakima Indians accompanied by three squaws, all on their way to the agency and all rode toward their destination.

The trail ran somewhere near where the present wagon road does, on the western slope of the Simcoe mountains.

The distance (80 miles) being too great to make that day, camp was struck on one of the numerous streamlets that run down the mountainside.

Mr. Bolan dismounted, unsaddled and staked his horse and returning to the fire divided his scanty store of provisions, store biscuits and butter, with his dusky companions, little dreaming of the awful fate close before him.

The conversation turned upon the recent murders and very unwisely Bolan related Wright's ponderous threats of vengeance and extermination.

Then and not till then was Bolan's death decided upon.

Two of the three quietly stepped behind him and motioned his arms while the third seized him around the legs and threw him violently to the ground, where he was securely tied hand and foot.

When this was accomplished his captors held consultation as to the disposition to be made of the captive.

Bolan pleaded piteously for his life, but to hearts that knew no pity. One of the savages seizing him by the hair and drawing his head across his knee, cut his throat from ear to ear.

The body was then placed on his horse and carried some distance below the trail where the horse was also killed and both bodies covered with brush and left. The remains were not found until after the murders were caught by members of their own tribe and handed over to the military for punishment. Then one of the three disclosed the

location of the body which was taken to Vancouver for burial--
Hood River Glacier, November, 1890.