

Skwia 1873

We have an account from Klickitat county of the journey in state of old "Skwia", chief of a small independent band of lazy Indians that encamp at the Tumwater opposite Celilo, to the Yakima reservation. This old nuisance, with several of his braves, bedecked with feathers, beads and brass, and bedaubed with paint and powdered mud, advanced in "company front" to the reservation to have a "waw waw" with the agent. The chief was armed with any quantity of papers from innumerable persons of all grades and distinctions, from Ex. Gov. Wood and Ex. Secretary May, down to half-breed "tillicums" all of which the old ~~he~~ bilk thought would have weight with the agent. One of these was a letter from an attache of some of the NPRR surveying parties, stating that "the chief was corpulent and comely in person, fluent in speech and arrayed like a lily", which statement he (the chief) assumed was "hias close."

The burden of his song was the encroachments of "empire" so far west as to reach his "illaha" and therefore must be wheeled about and faced to the west.

Whether the agent succeeded in convincing him that the star was in the ascending node westward and could not be turned back for his special accomodation, we are not informed.

He was particular to state that the "south ~~it~~ tillicums", meaning the Modocs, had solicited their assistance and recongnizance as belligerents, and if they were ever forced to go on the reservation it would be over the slain of his band.

— The Dalles Mountaineer, Feb. 8, 1873

Too Many Wives

From the Pendleton Tribune Aug. 14

Old Wenap-snoot, head chief of the Umatilla Indians, has been given the alternative of giving up one of his wives (he has heretofore enjoyed the luxury of two) or lose his annuity from the Government, and be deprived of his chieftainship. He chose the former, and sent his oldest wife off, loaded with presents in the shape of provisions, gaudy calicos and blankets.

22 --Walla Walla Union, Aug. 21, 1875

Spokane Geary 1879

Spokane Geary Speaks to A.J. Cain

Spokane Falls, Feb. 12, 1879

Dear Friend--

Your letter of the 3rd has been received. It makes my heart feel bad to hear you have been sick. I would like to go to Washington very much. Now do make arrangements for me to go; I want to go so much. I want to live in peace. All the stories you hear about my people going to war are lies. We don't want war; we want peace. We have good hearts toward the white people. I want to be let alone. You say to all the white people I want peace. I hope you will come up and see me. I think congress ought to do something for me and my people. I would like to go to Washington.

Spokane Geary

per Browne

Written at the request of Spokane Geary. I used his language in nearly every instance.

--Walla Walla Statesman, March 1, 1879

Sarah Winnemucca

A correspondent of the Reno Gazette in a column and a half letter tells how her highness, Sarah Winnemucca, and her latest catch in the matrimonial dragnet, visited Pyramid Lake reservation recently.~~xx~~The new husband...engaged in a game of poker with some of the dusky inhabitants...(he) lost \$2.50 and getting discouraged gave his place to the princess. She played until she lost \$2.50 upon which he exclaimed--

"You can't play poker worth a damn!"

(This) ungentlemanly remark insulted the princess and she asked him whose money she was playing. Before he could reply she wanted to know if he had forgotten the circumstance of his gambling off \$500 of hers in San Francisco within an hour and a half.

-- Palouse Gazette (Colfax) Jan. 27, 1882

Wolf's Horses

An Indian named Wolf, who lives in the Snake River country in Washington Territory, is one of the largest owners of horses in that region, having 1,900 head. His choicest stock is a peculiar breed, blue in color and very graceful in form, the origin of which he does not know or at least does not tell. Of these beautiful animals he has 25 head.

Wolf used to belong to the Moses band of Indians, living up on the Okanogan and Lake Chelan, but he long since dissolved his tribal connection and set up in business for himself. He is a shrewd, money-making Indian.

--Northwest Magazine, June 1887

Indians

Not long ago there was seen in Pendleton a human freak which knocks the spots off any living skeleton or Chinese giant as a natural curiosity. It was an Indian child of the Nez Perce tribe with but one eye, situated in the center of its forehead like those of the battled Cyclops. The child was able to see with ease, and ran about with as much freedom as any of its two-eyed companions.

Two or three parties were on the point of entering into negotiations to secure the freak, when the Indians, who were bound on a hunting excursion, left for the mountains.

One Pendleton gentleman is now endeavoring to discover the whereabouts of the Indians and will make the parents a liberal offer for the little one-eyed savage if he can be found again. --East Oregonian, November, 1889.

Indians

The Indians in Okanogan

A letter from I.A. Navarre, known to everybody hereabouts, who went from here to Lake Chelan about three years ago, to Col. Howlett says, among other matters:

...So far as the Indians are concerned, there has never to my knowledge been a time when the Indians were more peaceable than they are now. A few hot-heads lynched a murderer up about ninety miles north of here, but it did not in the least interest the half-dozen Indians around here.

Neither has there been any occasion for much cultus wa-wa up on the Okanogan. I rode on horseback down the Okanogan valley at the very moment when there were said to be hundreds of Indians arming at the Chiselwhist camp.

I went through the camp and spoke with the Indians just returned from burying the fellow that had been lynched and there was not an angry man among them. I carried no arms and felt no fear because I knew there was no danger.

You can give this publicity, as it will help quiet nervous women and children. This war-cry is the worst of rot. I have seen the genuine, but this is all a farce--Yakima Herald, January 29, 1891.

Sullivan, Fitzsimmons, Dempsey and the balance of the pugilists are nowhere. The greatest fight on record occurred in Yakima county between Saluskin and another Indian who fought for four days and four nights without taking a single mouthful to eat.

When tired nature would not permit the strife they would fall down and sleep for a few hours only to go at it again. The battle was for the possession of a squaw--Yakima Herald, January 29, 1891.

Indians

An aged Indian made Fourth of July money Thursday by selling young hawks about the city at two-bits a head.

Baptiste, an old Indian made a quick trip from the Yakima coal fields on the Cowlitz this week. The distance is an even hundred miles over a rough trail, but he was carrying a letter of importance to Sam Vinson and he was directed to hurry. Leaving the Big Bottoms at Davis' place on Tuesday, he arrived here early Thursday morning--Yakima Herald, July 2, 1891.

Indians

Chief Wolf, the wealthy Snake Indian who is now in Washington, D.C. trying to get the president to refund the money he was compelled to pay for taxes on his large band of horses, was robbed of \$8,000 the other day.

About a month ago he sent to his son at Pasco for \$400 and told the young man that the money was buried near his home at Fishhook bend on the Snake river.

When the boy went to the place and dug up the box, supposed to contain about \$8,000, nothing was in it.

Young Wolf rushed to town as soon as possible to tell of his father's loss. The facts in the case were at once sent to Wolf at Washington, but as yet he has paid no attention to the loss.

Old Wolf has spent nearly \$3,000 to get \$240 of the taxes refunded--Yakima Herald, Feb. 23, 1893.

P.G. Geary of Rock Creek claims that a little white girl living with a family of Indians at the upper crossing of the Wenatchee river is the abducted child of I.W. Miller of Somerville, Oregon--Yakima Herald, March 3, 1893.

The Indians of the Ahtanum have been indulging in a pom-pom or tomanimus dance during the past week to propitiate the good spirit into sending a chinook.

The Indians have lost a great number of cayuses on account of the long and severe winter and they are getting afraid that they will have none left. The pom-pom has been held at Yallup's place and for four days and nights the dancing was carried on with little intermission.

Yallup furnished three beeves to feed those taking part in

the incantations and it is said he offered to spend \$500 in a grand blow out if a success was made in raising the warm wind which has not yet put in an appearance--Yakima Herald, March 19, 1893.

I.E. Miller of Summerville, Or., whose daughter was abducted, failed to find his child among the Yakima Indians. Deputy Sheriff Dilley accompanied him on the trip, but the girl who was supposed to be his daughter proved to be a remarkably handsome halfbreed of almost Caucasian whiteness of skin.

Mr. Miller left for Utah on the trail of a band of gypsies--Yakima Herald, March 19, 1893.

An Indian from Nespelem walked into Wilbur recently, having covered the distance, 50 miles, in two days.

When asked why he did not ride he replied that he had nothing to ride, all of his ponies having died this winter. He also said that Chief Moses had fared no better and would be compelled to travel on foot--Yakima Herald, March 23, 1893.

The Indians of the Klamath have been indulging in a pom-pom or tom-tom dance during the past week to propitiate the good spirit into sending a chinook.

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Indians

Neither Ward Nor Citizen--Chief Wolf, the well preserved warrior of former days who has been tarrying in North Yakima for some time left this week for his extensive illahee near Pasco.

The chief's induction into the mysteries of civilized business and social life has been followed by a series of misfortunes that have quite calloused the doughty chieftain's tumtum against the obtrusive paleface's method of gratifying the whims of life.

His happy hunting grounds have ruthlessly dispoiled, and his stock range has been so reduced in area as to cause him to regard his herds with indifferent interest.

Chief Wolf was at one time very wealthy. He became distinguished a personage to submit complacently to the narrow regulations prepared by the great white father in Washington for the government of untutored wards.

It offended him to be called the latter. He aspired to be known as a citizen of this great republic but he has found the latter condition technically impossible of acquirement as yet. However he possessed a distinct personality among the Indians and in order to preserve it intact he concluded to acquire possessory right to a considerable portion of the sandy range in the vicinity of Pasco and there live out the remainder of his days in moderate quietude with his family and his extensive herds.

In the enjoyment of this mode of life, however, he was destined to be vexed with the vicissitudes attendant upon civilized existence. The assessor of Franklin county appraised his property which consisted chiefly of many hundred head of fine horses and the sheriff proceeded to collect the tax imposed. The angry chief demurred, but enough of his stock was sold to satisfy the tax

collector's claim against him. So/means of applying the customs of his
@@@ So outraged did he feel at this summary means of applying the
customs of the aggressive white man that he immediately proceeded to
Washington to confer with the great father bout the legality of the process
to which he had subjected with sub indignity. He was accompanied
by an interpreter, Charley Ike , a half-breed and together the
two ohad a great time in the shadow of the White House.

The conference however was not wholly satisfactory to the
chief although it is said that the matter was ordered to be held
in statu quo until the department could perfect a necessary inquiry into
the case.

Presently the chief and his amannensis become surfeited with
fetes and an examination into the marvels of the white man's progress,
returned home.

But before going, Chief Wolf had hidden \$8,000 in an earthy repository
on the bank of the river in the vicinity of his home. While at the
national capital he found it enormously expensive to gratify his
whims and he was compelled to write to his son for a remittance.
To the dutiful progeny the location of the cash cache was described
minutely, but no remittance was received; and the chief learned on
his arrival home that the money hadbeen stolen.

This well night broke the sturdy red man's heart--and there
has always lingered in the minds of those acquainted with the
circumstance the suspicion that the family re-cached the little
fortune and are saving it for a rainy day.

On reaching home Charley Ike demanded \$250 for his services
as interpreter but the warrior had sustained so much loss that
he claimed inability to pay, whereat Ike sued him, got judgment,
levied on 250 head of horses and thesheriff sold them.

But the product of the sale was not sufficient to

pay Ike's claim, and he is now engaged in litigation to enforce payment of the remainder of that obligation

Chief Wolf is a Palouse Indian, large and powerful of frame, about 50 years old and to see him promenade the streets with stately ~~toade~~ tread, wrapped in a blanket of bright colors and with the haughty mein of a warrior who never knew defeat, one would judge him to be an important factor in safely balancing the powers of the universe--
Yakima Herald, September 14, 1893.

Caroline, one of the most disreputable squaws who ever trod the sage brush plains of the mighty West- Caroline, a spotter par excellence and witness extraordinary against numberless hoboes who fell within her grasp with the whisky (?) they sold her-- Caroline the best known maiden of the copper colored strain ever witnessed ambling zig-zag footsteps down Yakima avenue for many a long year, Caroline is dead; and the Dalles ~~Mountain~~ Times Mountaineer thus discourses on the sad demise:

Caroline, she of the majestic figure and arid throat has gone over the river into the happy hunting ground provided for her race. There, let us hope, she will be judged not according to her deeds but her lights. She was a remarkable woman for an Indian, both physically and intellectually, being of regal height, and mentally far superior to her race.

She was about fifty years old and was known by everybody in the country.

The victim of white man's vices, she took early to hard drink and had put enough whisky inside her copper colored skin to pass for a still. As an all around fighter she had no equals and no superiors, being able to knock out any half dozen of her tribe and a few white men thrown in, when she got on her muscle and was in fact, a regular copper colored cyclone from Celilo.

But her battles and her bottles here have been fought and the end came in the jail which to her was about a home. The fierce wild nature is stilled; and the moccasin covered feet pointed skyward today in the undertaking rooms as she submitted for the first time peacefully, to be sat upon.

More sinned against than sinning she has passed over to the whither, laid low by the wiles of her dusky brethren, two of whom lie in jail waiting for examination.

She was found last night about 8 o'clock at the

corner of First and Washington streets by Watchman Connelly.

At that time she was accusing an Indian of poisoning her and in a few moments she fell to the sidewalk in convulsions.

She claimed at the time two Indians had poisoned her and the assertions seemed to be borne out by her death which occurred in the jail an hour later. Poor old Caroline. Victim of circumstances and of surroundings.

The earth in the Potters' field will open and close over her, the west wind will whisper through the pines, the night owl will hoot over her head; over her, who living, would not stand hooting from anyone.

The grand old Columbia will continue its dashings, the salmon will run yet again, sometime by Celilo, where first her infantile feet made dainty tracks in the sand, and where her baby teeth first met through the richness of the royal chinook. The seasons will come and go, the leaves will fall and the zephyrs light out for Grant, but never, never again shall the red forked lightning from the white man's still gurgle down that patrician neck, never, never shall hard cider, ginseng or Jamaica ginger deceive to her hurt, or flavoring extracts and burning fluid seek to mingle in harmony beneath the midsections of her calico gown.

The mighties of her tribe has fallen, fallen like Wilkins' Dinah, and besides, she is dead--Yakima Herald, August 8, 1895.

Indians

A British Columbia Indian was assiduously proffering \$500 for a white wife last week to individuals who maintained the matter could be arranged. No wedding announcements , however, have so ar been made and it is safe to presume that the deal failed of consummation--Yakima Herald, Oct 10, 1895.

George Nelson, chief of all the Puyallups and owner of a high white hat of the pattern adopted by democracy in the campaign of 1892 is in the city.

He can't talk of anything save Princess Angeline who was his aunt; and he is perfectly willing to borrow two bits for any information.

He brought about twenty Puyallup braves with him and says fully 100 came after he left. He also implies that he and Moses are the only true-blue redskins left on earth--Yakima Herald, Oct. 10, 1895.

Indians

Up on the Wenatchee valley on the Upper Columbia river lives an old Indian chief named Le Pier, who is the owner of a most remarkable souvenir of the early days on the Western frontier.

It is a lasso fifty feet long and made entirely of hair taken from the scalps of white women. ~~There~~

Though the old Indian allows but few people to see it, those who have say it shows the dark tresses of brunette women, mingled with brown and auburn and in half a dozen places yellow. There are traces of gray and white twisted here and there in the strange lariat. It is believed that probably 30 women were scalped to make this fearful relic nearly all of whom were the wives and daughters of settlers in Blackfoot valley.

Old Le Pier sets a high value on the grewsome thing, believing it to have some occult power--Yakima Herald, May 20, 1897.

Indians

Captain Tom Simpson, ehief of the Weshau tribe, was in the city on Wednesday and paid his respects to The Herald.

He is taking an active interest in the opening up of the reservation and says that over forty members of his tribe have already signed the agreement to treat, the terms of which they consider very liberal--
Yakima Herald, August 5, 1897.

Charley Wanassey came in from Fort Simcoe on Tuesday and reported that Captain Simpson's life had been threatened by some of the head men owing to the interest he has taken in the matter of sale and throwing open to settlement the Yakima reservation.

Clerk Banks and Commissioner Barge placed no faith in the truth of the report and on Wednesday Captain Simpson rode into the city on a white cayuse dressed in his police uniform and looking as though he had no care in the world to depress his spirits--Yakima Herald, August 5, 1897.

Indians

Stephen Reuben, who is one of the chief men of the Nez Perces Indians called on The Herald office Monday and stated that he had been taken for Chief No Shirt of the Umatillas and wanted the error corrected.

He is thoroughly educated, having spent seven years in Carlyle university at Pennsylvania and reads a newspaper better than most white people.

He is a magnificent specimen of physical manhood and has an air of dignity and importance about him that would become a president.

He rides a fine horse and has bells on his martingale and is here with a large number of followers to show ~~the Indians~~ how the Indians used to conduct the war dance, and as he says, to teach the Yakimas how to dance because they don't know how yet--Yakima Herald, Sept. 16, 1897.