

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 hastening 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, who 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 bring 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, caused 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 are 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 but 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

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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

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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 confidant 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' portentous 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,

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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. Tullus, 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 diminution 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.*

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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 assignment. 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*

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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*

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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.*

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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, 3^d 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*

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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
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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

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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,

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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 field, 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 splashing 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.

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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 tomorrow 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 than 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 us 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 others -- 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 tomorrow morning, and there await his orders. As the main body of Indians are supposed to be between that ranch and the Tututeeney 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

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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 coming 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 --*

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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 gutturals 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's Town." 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,

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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

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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 Macanuteneey 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, whom 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*

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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

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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 Jacksonville -- 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

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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*
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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, Casataney's, Tootooteeney's, "1855-1856 Indian War"/Zybach 20120515*

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 frontiersmen 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,

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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 Tootooteneys, 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 Percés 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 were 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,

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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*
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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 woman and child prisoners. The second chief of the Chetcoes was among the slain. Ord had Sergeant 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,

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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 Kimiak, 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 United 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 frontiersmen, who are generally good marksmen, 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

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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*

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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 its 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 on 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*

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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

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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

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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' muskets 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 sharpshooters 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

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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,

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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 100 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.*