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OREGON PIONEER HISTORY.

SKETCHES OF EARLY DAYS.—MEN AND TIMES IN THE FORTIES

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Thrilling Adventures of the First Port Orford Settlers.

THE SECOND INDIAN ASSAULT.

On the fourteenth morning they saw Indians in large numbers. They appeared by daylight and made all sorts of insulting motions. They made great fires on the mainland. There were more of them than they had ever seen before and would have counted at least fifteen to one of the Americans. Fortunately, the sea guarded their fortress and the walls were by nature inaccessible, so the beleaguered party had the advantage. The Indians made false attacks all day long. Their chief was haranguing his men with a loud voice, but whenever he would get their courage to the sticking point, so that they put in an appearance as if to rush up the trail and storm that island fortress, some one on the hill would seize a brand or wave a match, as if to touch off the four-pounder, and their courage would ebb as fast as it had mounted, and they all dodged behind their rocks again. The gun was only fired one time and that was at the outset, when it did such deadly work. Arrows flew all day long across the chasm that separated their fortress from the main. They soon got so they stood out and dared their foes to let them fly; they would stand, ramrod in hand, and fend them off if they came too near, an easy thing for a man to do who understands fencing. So they amused themselves while the savages gave vent to their hate by most insulting gestures and pantomime. When an arrow has gone over fifty yards any one with quick sight can easily fend it off. The only way to get sight of an Indian was to stand out and dare them to fire. To do this the Indian had to step for a moment into the open, and that was the time when the boys got a chance at them. They soon got too wary to be easily caught.

ROMANCE OF WARRIOR EGAN.

One of the party was James H. Slater, our ex-senator, another was John H. Egan, the painter, one of the old citizens of Portland. It was Egan who bent his musket barrel in the melee of the first fight and laid low the three who got into camp on his side. The Indian who survived had a mark on the side of his head where the musket barrel scalped him, and carried a bare spot there to his grave. Though this happened on the wild Oregon coast, the Indian was a Pute or Shoshone. Capt. Tichenor afterwards made his home at Port Orford, and recognizing this Indian as the one who survived the battle on the island, called him Egan, after the man who gave him his almost fatal blow. Egan afterwards returned to the country he belonged to, and was engaged in the last Bannack raid over the Blue mountains. He was seduced by the Umatillas to accept their hospitality and was then murdered. He was a notable savage and warrior of note. When they stripped him, after the murder, his body was found to be literally covered with wounds. This was the rather romantic story of "Egan," the hero Indian of the inland empire.

THEY HUMBLED THE INDIANS AND GET AWAY.

When the Sea Gull left the nine men to found the beginning of a metropolis at Orford, Capt. Tichenor promised to return in ten days, if possible, or certainly in fourteen. But the steamer Sea Gull was libeled by due process of law, at "The Bay," and Tichenor could only come back when the Columbia did, and make arrangements for that

ship to stop at Orford to see how matters progressed. The Columbia arrived on the day after they had deserted the place, for unfortunately they had not waited her coming. The situation was almost desperate. They had more Indians around them every day, and it was only a question of time how soon they must leave the place or leave their bones there. Their powder was scant, and they only had an average of five caps each. There was enough of cannon powder, but it was too coarse for rifle use, and if not they had but a few caps. Matters had come to a crisis, the latest day set for the return of the Sea Gull was now gone by. They held a council, and it was determined that they must go from there. The resolve was to move up the coast. All the shore in front of them was lined with savages, and a large Indian camp was made below the island. To deceive them the men commenced to cut trees and lay them along the rock wall, as if for a more complete defense. They put in a good day's work in this way and watched for developments. As work progressed they could see the heads of inquisitive Indians peering over the rocky height of the main shore, and in this way learned the disposition of their enemy's force. If they could be made believe that the whites were forting up for a permanent stay, it might—and did, lead to good results. Through the day they saw Indians leave their stations along the wall opposite and go down to the village beyond; later in the day the Indian camp broke up and they all moved away.

WOODS AND BEACH TRAVEL.

In this way they by strategy imposed on their enemy and had a clear field. They could only expect this to last a few days, until their enemy could renew the attack in stronger force. Later in the day they came down from their island camp, only carrying what they must have for food, clothing and arms, and keeping as much as possible out of sight in case that any Indians were near. They struck across the cape that juts seaward above Port Orford, and when they came down on the sea beach kept right along on it northward. Towards evening they came plump upon a war party of thirty natives, who were evidently making their way down to reinforce the besiegers at Port Orford. Audacity was their only safety; so they dashed forward among the coming warriors, who were taken by surprise and rushed pell mell into the woods that lined the shore. Ten miles up the beach they came to cape Blanco, around which there was surf instead of beach. Crossing the cape through the woods they came upon an Indian trail, and by signs in it discovered that while they had been in the woods a large band of Indians had passed them on this trail. Not seeing any signs of white men's tracks they had turned back the way they came. This was fortunate, though it seemed strange that they had not been more correctly followed. There was a good providence on their side. The woods were full of sal-al berries that were refreshing if not very strengthening. While in the woods they had heard the Indians, who were in search of them, and now had the satisfaction to know they had given up the search.

THEY REACH CIVILIZATION.

They came in due time to the mouth of the Coquille river, where there were two large villages on the north side that could muster 200 warriors. As soon as they saw white men they began to get ready for a fight; so the travelers took to the woods again, and eight miles up stream found timber suitable for a raft, which they lashed together with small ropes they had with them, and so crossed the stream. They remained in the mountains two days, living on salmonberries four days of their time. They had no matches, so could only use

gun-caps to strike a light. Mr. Egan says when they crossed they left the raft to go down the river, to find they were on an island, and were after a while relieved of this quandary by Indians who came with a large canoe and earned shirts off their backs by helping them to the north shore.

About two months after the time that this party got away from the Indians who had their villages near the mouth of Rogue river, T'Vault's party, that was going down for the same purpose Kirkpatrick's party went, were attacked and twenty men killed by them. Those Indians were never otherwise than hostile to white men. Si Hedden, who was with Kirkpatrick, was also with T'Vault, and managed to escape the second time. At the Coquille river friendly Indians gave the wanderers food and also ferried the nine over that stream, earning some of the clothes off their backs by so doing. They never had heard of the Coquille, supposing they had reached the Umpqua, but after going up the river ten miles saw the error of their ways and turned back. They knew of settlements on the Umpqua. They found none, so waded swamps and reached the beach again. The next day they got to Gardner and Umpqua City, where citizens gave them warm greetings and good food. At Scottsburg the friendly hospitality was repeated. They knew nothing of Coos bay or the Coquille, and were fortunate in finding the Indians friendly. When they found Coos bay entrance they got some Indians to ferry them across to the main shore, and from there to the Umpqua was easy, comparatively speaking.

The men who composed the nine who went through all these adventures were: J. M. Kirkpatrick, who was the leader, a remarkable man in many respects, whose life has been full of adventures; John H. Egan, now and before that time a citizen of Portland, painter by trade; J. D. Palmer, who afterwards lived for many years in Salem, just across the bridge at the head of Commercial street; Joseph Hussey, James Kerrigan, Cy. Hedden, George Rideout, a man named Summers, and James H. Slater, who lately was in the U. S. Senate from Oregon.

TICHENOR'S GOOD INDIAN.

There were a few settlers in the Umpqua valley by that time, and a road was made there from the Willamette, so the wanderers pushed on towards civilization and in good time reached the denser settlements. Orford was not easily tamed and made a city of trade and commerce, as the world planned to have it, but in due time Tichenor lived to make his home there and the Indians became friendly. An amusing story is told of the arrival there of the ladies of the brave captain's family. Tichenor had erected a neat home and furnished it nicely and when they came it was all ready for them. The tableau, as we heard it, was that mother and daughter, just arrived, were seated in the parlor on a brand new sofa, when their nerves were shocked by the appearance of one of old Tichenor's "good Indians," who came in with all the aboriginal dignity imaginable—but dressed only in a breach clout of scant dimensions—and seated himself between the two ladies. Of Tichenor himself it is not related that his nerves received any shock. It is said that he took the situation in with a benignant smile.

PORT ORFORD MAKES A START.

The steamer Sea Gull made another trip early in August and left more men. The Umpqua river settlement had made such progress that she landed a collector for the port. Under date of August 6, "J. C. F." writes that the Indians continue friendly. Gold and stone coal had been found in that vicinity. He refers to the San Francisco papers as giving the latest news from there, so the letter is unsatisfactory. An editorial of August 26, 1851, sums up Port Orford as having

for proprietors Capt. Tichenor, of the Sea Gull, T. Battu King, collector of San Francisco, James Gamble, Frederick M. Smith, Isaac M. Hubbard and Col. T'Vault. There was a stockade fort, two large block houses, several pieces of artillery and numerous rifles and revolvers. They were looking out wagon roads to the Umpqua valley, "Chaste" mines, etc., but they never got them in good running order. It was "also thought that this point will ultimately be the principal inlet and outlet of a large portion of California," which shows that people were ignorant of geography, or at least of local facts, in that day, and had very vague and speculative ideas as to where commercial points should be built up.

T'VAULT HUNTS LOST INDIANS.

Port Orford matters were quiet, so far at least as newspapers were concerned, until early in October, when the Statesman fairly overflowed with its troubles, or at least those of the party that was journeying there by land. The same issue has an editorial notice that Mr. Dart, superintendent of Indian affairs, and two of his subordinates, had been engaged in treating with the Port Orford Indians for lands. They had collected five hundred, big and little, and had purchased the country along the coast from the California line to the Coquille river, and fifty miles in the interior. It was said to include some of the finest lands in Oregon, which shows how little editors knew of sea-coast lands. This issue contains three various accounts of the T'Vault catastrophe, one being by that individual himself, from which I gather that immediately after arriving from Portland, on August 24, with a company of eighteen men started to explore a route to upper Rogue river. For three days they went down the coast to near the mouth of that river; they met many Indians and told them all to be at Port Orford in fifteen to twenty-five days to receive presents and make a treaty for their lands, and small presents were made to those they met. Only in one instance was there any manifestation of hostility.

T'VAULT FINDS HIS LOST ONES.

Then they bore northeast a few days, and on August 31 nine of the party started to return. The other nine kept up Rogue river until September 7. They laid by a day to cure elk meat, as their provisions were running short. They went over a very brushy country and only traveled three to eight miles a day. When about thirty miles from the Oregon and California trail they followed a plain trail to the north to reach some place where supplies were procurable, as they were running very short. On the 12th of September they came to the south branch of the Coquille river. On the 13th, being out of provisions, they abandoned their animals so as to make better progress through the wild mountain region. They engaged Indians and canoes to take them down the Coquille. One of their party was Cy Hedden, who had been with Kirkpatrick's party in June. He recognized that they were on the Coquille where the Indians had been hostile at that time, and warned T'Vault to be on his guard. They believed they were on the Umpqua and going down to Scottsburg, and were much put out when they found their mistake. On the 14th of September they passed near some Indian village, intending to land, when naked Indians in large numbers rushed into the water, grappled with them, and climbed into their canoes. They tried to rush for the shore. As he tried to draw a revolver, T'Vault was knocked down and found himself floating down the river. On the shore he saw a fierce struggle, heard shouts and screams of agony and groans of the dying. He saw a canoe near by and an Indian lad in it. The boy helped him in—helped Brush in, whose head had been pounded with an Indian paddle—

then pointed to the south side, put a paddle into his hand and jumped overboard. They reached the south side, stripped off their clothing and crawled up the bank.

THE TRAIL TOWARDS HOME.

They traveled south in their naked condition, following the beach at night and in and through the woods by day. At Cape Blanco, ten miles from Orford, friendly Indians took care of them and carried them in canoes to Port Orford the next day. Mr. Brush had several inches of his scalp cut off. It is not plain why they left their clothes, unless to deceive the savages, but they could not hide their trail from them. There is some incoherency in this statement, but that of others confirms the T'Vault story. A letter from Gardiner, Umpqua river, says that Cyrus Hedden and L. L. Williams reached that place after eight days' journey in the wilderness. Another one escaped with them, but they lost sight of him afterwards. Hedden was unhurt, but Williams was thought to be mortally wounded, as two arrows entered him and he was fearfully bruised. They had lived all the time on wild berries and sea mussels.

The regular correspondent, J. C. F., writes on the same topic from Orford. His story is similar, but even more voluminous. Superintendent Dart was then at Port Orford and sent one of his agents with an Indian chief to hold a talk with the villainous Coquilles. In the issue of November 4 the Statesman says another expedition failed to find a good route to the mines. This expedition had to leave one of their men a full week's travel in the wilderness, as he had sprained an ankle. They gave him all the food they had and promised to return for him with a horse, but he met friendly natives who took him home sooner. They had to hunt food, as they had none, but had the good luck to find game. He says:

"Some few days since I went up the coast, in company with thirteen others, for the purpose of recovering a rifle. It was taken by members of a tribe near there. They got the rifle and the revolver taken from T'Vault by the Coquilles who had become very obedient, probably by means of blankets they had received. The steamer Columbia had arrived with two companies of dragoons, that were to punish the Indians who had committed the hostilities.

THE REGULARS MEET THE COQUELLES.

A correspondent writing from the Umpqua, date November 16, says that Mr. Williams was still at Gardiner and suffering from his wounds, hoping that Tichenor would come along with his Sea Gull and take him to San Francisco, where he could have proper treatment. We suppose this L. L. Williams to be identical with the gentleman so well known in Umpqua, who was for so many years clerk of Douglas county, and a captain of Oregon volunteers during the civil war.

One Hundred and Thirteen Miles of Organs.

In numbering the organs of their manufacture, Mason & Hamlin have reached No. 160,000. Arranged in a line these would reach one hundred and thirteen miles, or would fence the railroad on one side from the Grand Central Station in New York, to within twenty miles of Springfield, Mass. Not only does this show the great popularity of American organs, but it illustrates what was declared by James Parton to be a general fact, that he who makes the best article in his line always makes the greatest success.

We understand that the Mason & Hamlin Company's new Upright Piano is now commanding a large sale, and is, in every way, up to the standard of their unrivaled organs. We predict a large success for this piano, which is constructed on a new system, said to be a decided advance over the prevailing wrestpin system.—Boston Journal.

Shears are an absolute household necessity. A good pair costs \$1—we give them away. See our offer.