



### Stories of an Old Oregon Indian Fighter as Told by Himself.

(Continued from last week)

Following the difficulty with the Indians in 1850, which was settled by a treaty made by Lane with Chief Jo, another outbreak took place the following year which Lane, Major Phil Kearney, Jesse Applegate and other leaders were instrumental in quelling. It was followed by another treaty which brought peace which lasted until 1853 when another of the guerrilla Indian wars took place to which Lane gives considerable attention. I might say here that while Lane always throws the blame upon the Indians, Applegate, in his notes on Oregon history to which I made reference some time ago, lays the responsibility upon worthless whites whose ill treatment of the savages incited the troubles. Lane pays his respects to Dr. Anson Dart and Joel Palmer, the first two superintendents of Indian affairs in Oregon, because "they always took the side of the Indians," which certainly no one would ever have accused him of doing. But we didn't start out to discuss causes.

At the close of his first term in Congress, Lane returned to Oregon, this time taking his family with him from their old home on the Ohio river in Indiana to make a new home in the Umpqua Valley. But even before he had his family comfortably settled, hostilities again began between the white settlers and the Indians. Several atrocities were committed and again Lane led the settlers against their old foes.

Severe engagements were those of Rogue River and Battle Creek in which the whites finally came off best. The intrepid leader however received wounds in the arm, the shoulder and breast. In fact, on his return to congress he carried his arm in a sling, a reminder to his fellows that a far western Congressman didn't suffer particularly from ennui during his vacation. At the beginning of one skirmish the Indians were said to have enquired as to who was leading the whites. On learning that it was Jo Lane they followed the precedent set by Davy Crockett's coon. They had had all the fight they wanted.

The Indians surrendered and went into camp at Table Rock while the conditions of peace were being arranged. To insure against further disturbance on the part of Chief Jo and his people it was decided that they must leave their home and the home of their fathers in the Rogue River valley. They were accordingly removed to—where do you suppose? To the Grand Ronde reservation in Yamhill county, where, as the old general naively writes in his notes, "they no longer bother the whites and are steadily dying off as all good Indians should." So some of those old Indians which you have seen going through Newberg on their way to and from Oregon City may be survivors of this band of Rogue River which gave the white settlers of Southern Oregon so much trouble in the early days.

In connection with the trouble and its settlement just related, Lane tells an interesting story which introduces one of his exciting adventures. After the treaty was arranged, putting an end to hostilities, he remained in camp on Rogue River, nursing the severe wounds he had received and watching the Indians to see that they intended no further disturbance. To insure good faith he held the Indian

boy, Ben, the son of Chief Jo and the very apple of his eye, as a hostage. You will remember that three years before Lane had himself named the old chief's children, Ben and Mary. In order to be near his boy, Chief Jo obtained leave to move his family within Lane's lines and they were given free access to the latter's quarters where Ben slept. One night very late Lane awakened suddenly and saw dimly a figure gliding into the room. It approached his bed noiselessly and a voice addressed him in cautious tones. It was the voice of the girl, Mary, who told Lane she had important things to say to him. She had only begun her story when a sound from a restless sleeping officer in the room startled her and she disappeared as suddenly as she had entered. But the next night she returned and completed her sorrowful story.

Mary began by expressing her grief that her people would have to leave their old home, as punishment for deeds committed by other Indians and of which her father and his people were innocent. Here was indeed news for Lane and he encouraged the intelligent girl in her narration, which was substantially as follows. To begin with she charged a band of Shasta Indians, led by Chief Topsy, with the responsibility of the outbreak of the war and of the startling atrocities committed near Jacksonville which gave the first warning of danger to the whites. Plonsicut, one of Topsy's chiefs, had sold a squaw to a worthless Mexican miner who was working in that section with some fellow-countrymen. The Mexican refused to pay for the squaw, paying no attention to Plonsicut's demands, and after a while left the country with the debt unpaid. Now the wronged Indian didn't distinguish between Mexicans and Uncle Sam's white's, and in telling his troubles to his chief, Topsy, said the "Boston people" had cheated him and he must have revenge. Topsy accordingly made an attack upon the defenceless settlers. The whites learned of his plans however in time to frustrate them, whereupon Topsy rushed to the camp of the Rogue River Indians and told Chief Jo that the whites had attacked the Indians and that they must unite and fight for their homes. Jo was skeptical from the start and wanted first to have a talk with his pale face brothers. As an unfortunate coincidence would have it, some mounted soldiers were just then seen in the valley below, and Jo allowed himself to be overpersuaded by this fact and by the eagerness of his young braves to fight, and joined cause with the Shasta band. After the battle, in which the Indians were defeated, the wily old Topsy and his followers made their escape into the Siskiyou mountains, leaving Jo and his unfortunate people as prisoners with the enemy to bear the blame of a war for which they were not responsible. Another instance of the truth of the story relating to the fate which befell good dog Tray.

Mary ended her story by imploring Lane to go and destroy the bad Indians who were responsible for all the trouble which had come upon her people. The general suggested that her father Jo first send one of his scouts to locate the guilty tribe. The second night afterward Mary appeared as before, reporting the whereabouts of Topsy, some twenty-five miles distant. Lane was still suffering from a bad wound but determined to bring the guilty parties to punishment. In his party was

a young man named Metcalf, who had formerly lived with Topsy's people for a time and knew their language. Lane called him out and asked him if he would undertake the dangerous mission with him. "Anywhere with you, General," was the prompt answer. So at break of day the two set out on horseback, accompanied by one mounted Indian. They rode all day, Lane in great discomfort, and failed to find the Indians where they had been reported as being. Night came on and still the weary men pushed on. Finally they forded a creek, pushed through a thicket of underbrush lining the bank and—heaven save them! They had stumbled into the very midst of the enemy's camp! The war whoop was raised and the savages sprang menacingly at the surprised and unprotected intruders. With quick presence of mind Lane and Metcalf began handing out gifts and with soothing words soon had the red skins considerably calmed. They induced the Indians to give them supper, and as there was nothing else to do, lay down to spend the night. All went well until away along in the night a squaw began to tune up for the death wail for her brave who had been killed by the whites in battle a short time previous. This sort of thing is infectious with the savages and soon raises them into a frenzy for revenge. To the two men it was much like standing near a powder magazine around which lightning was playing. Metcalf jumped up hastily and snatching up a blanket and some trinkets hurried over to the mourning squaw whose sorrow he managed to soothe sufficiently to stifle her noisy lamentations. Quiet again brooded over the camp and Lane says he awoke in the morning glad to find his hair still on his head.

Alter some parley, Topsy consented to bring his people to a deserted cabin in Applegate valley two days hence where Lane would meet them with presents and arrange a treaty. The latter made no reference whatever to Plonsicut. The two men returned at once to Jacksonville where they purchased the presents promised to the savages and were at the place of rendezvous when the latter appeared. The treaty was signed and then Lane told the Indians to come up one by one, give their names and get their gifts. They all came forward, but the name Lane was listening for was not given. Abruptly he turned to Topsy and asked where Plonsicut was. The sly old chief made some excuse for the missing brave and wanted to carry his presents to him but was told that Plonsicut most appear in person for them, at Jacksonville, which of course he never did, as he had evidently scented trouble, being conscious of the fact that he had started the atrocities. However he was soon afterward captured, tried and hung. And it was not long after this that Topsy and his whole band were wiped out in a war with some miners.

Notwithstanding the fact that Chief Jo's confidence had been imposed upon by Topsy and that he had been led into the war under false pretenses, nevertheless his people paid the penalty in the loss of their beloved valley and home. Doubtless the ever increasing white settlers were only too ready for an excuse for getting the natives out of the country, thus making themselves secure in peaceable possession. At all events the facts related by the Indian maiden Mary did not alter the hard sentence passed

upon her people. And thus closes the short and simple annals of another noble Red man and his tribe. We will leave it to others to say whether the chapter has a place in "A Century of Dishonor" in which Helen Hunt Jackson set forth so graphically and boldly the wrongs which the Indians have suffered at the hands of covetous whites.

W. C. W.  
Berkeley, California.  
January 9, 1908.

### Imperial Hotel Opening.

Announcement is made of the opening of the new brick hotel, which has been christened "Imperial," which will occur on Saturday evening, February 1, when a banquet will be given. This will be open to the public and the business men and all other citizens are invited to attend and participate in the festivities of the evening. The price per plate for the banquet will be one dollar.

There has long been a demand for a first class hotel in Newberg and since this demand has been met in the building and furnishing of an up-to-date brick hotel, it is up to the public to see that a good boost is given the new proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Perkins, at this opening event.

In order to enable them to figure on the necessary supplies for the banquet, it is desirable that as far as possible our people may indicate their intention of attending, at as early a date as convenient.

### Bank Statement.

Report of the Bank of Newberg at the close of business December 31, 1907.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$167,946.24
Real estate	4,517.84
Sale, furniture and fixtures	2,202.45
Overdrafts	1,436.13
Due from banks	61,147.75
Cash on hand	22,006.96
Stocks and bonds	5,000.00
Total	265,657.37
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock	\$ 50,000.00
Undivided profits less expenses and taxes paid	7,500.40
Deposits subject to check	110,388.90
Certificates of deposit	97,680.07
Total	265,657.37

I, J. C. Colcord, cashier of the Bank of Newberg, do affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. C. COLCORD.  
Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 20th of January, 1908.

A. P. OLIVER,  
Notary Public for Oregon.

### All Voters Must Register.

Registration books for North Newberg, South Newberg and West Chehalis now open at my office.

F. A. MORRIS,  
Second building west of P. O.

### For Sale.

Three quarter Jersey heifer \$15.  
Inquire at Nelson & Hanson's bicycle store. JENS P. JENSON.

### Farms Wanted

We want to buy good farms. If yours is that sort, and price and terms are right let us know about it and we will mail you blanks for detailed description. If it seems to be what we want we will look at it.

W. B. STREETER  
201-202 Rothchild Bldg., Portland, Ore.  
References:  
U. S. National Bank, Bank of California, Hibernia Savings Bank.

### Newberg Transfer Co.

We have lately added a spring truck to our business and are now prepared to move musical instruments. We also do all kinds of hauling and solicit a share of your patronage. Leave orders at Horton's, 1st door west of First Nat'l Bank.

Residence phones, Bell 343, Mutual 34-8

TERMS REASONABLE

## Special Closing Out Sale

### Umbrellas & all Rain Goods

- 1-4 to 1-2 off on Umbrellas
- 1-4 to 1-3 off on Water Proof Clothing, such as "Rose City Aquapelle."
- Rubber Boots at 1-2 former price.

Get wise and take the bargains of

## HODSON BROS.

"If you get it of Hodson Bros., it's right."

## Wright & White

Sell Page Fencing--the best on the market and the only fence that gives satisfaction under all circumstances. Cash or a good note.

Give Us a Call

## Clearance Sale 10 Days Only

In order to make room for our spring stock which will arrive shortly, we have decided to offer at a low figure

- 1 14 high low sulky Rock Island plow, 12 1/2 per cent off
- 1 harrow cart, 20 per cent off
- 1 Chatham fanning mill, 20 per cent off
- 4 tooth cultivators, plows, harrows, etc., 10 per cent off
- A large quantity of stock foods, lice killer, etc.

The following is a part of the line of goods for which we are agents and which can be appreciated by the buying public as the best and most reliable class of goods:

Anchor buggies, bike wagons, etc., Lion Company's vehicles, Bain farm and freight wagons, Davenport roller bearing farm wagons, Walter A. Wood mowers, rakes, binders, harrows, discs, etc., Kingman plows, cultivators, harrows, (which include the famous M. K. hop discs), gasoline engines, Empire cream separators, American poultry and field fencing.

"Lilly's best seeds are best for the West."  
Poultry supplies, spray materials, etc., carried in stock.

## THE VINCENT FEED & IMP. CO.