

GILLIAM FAMILY HISTORY RECALLED

(Continued from First Page)

and miles for flour, which they would carry home on their backs.

We got some wheat from the Hudson Bay people and planted it on our claim. We made it into hominy and also ground it in our coffee mill and made it into bread. After a mill was started at Ellendale by Jas. O'Neal, we got our wheat ground there.

The Indians made bread from camas roots and something that we called bread roots, or sup-hill in their language, which grew along swales or low places; there was plenty of it growing everywhere then, but we never see any of it any more. They would pulverize it in their mortars and bake it; they used to give us children some and we liked it, but they soon learned our way of making it from wheat flour and dropped their hard and tedious methods.

My father was accidentally killed near Walla Walla during the Cayuse Indian war, in 1848, he had command of the volunteers at that time. The Indians were not afraid of the Regulars and would laugh at them, saying "they could catch their bullets in their mouths," but not so with the volunteers; they used the Indian methods of fighting and fought them in their own style and soon had them whipped.

One day my father asked some of his men to take a rope from a wagon bed in which a number of guns had been placed, one of these guns was loaded and in pulling out the rope the gun was discharged killing him instantly.

Col. Jas. W. Nesmith then took charge of the volunteers, but the fighting was all over.

It was twelve days before they arrived with my father's body. I can remember that Mrs. Blodgett came all the way over the hills and mountains from what is known as Blodgett's valley to stay with mother, and after she went home Mrs. King came, who lived where King's valley now is, and stayed a while with mother. We had no near neighbors, no white person within five miles of us.

Two bachelors had claims five miles to the east of us, one was Mr. John Johnson, and he was so good to help mother, and she in turn would wash and mend for him.

Soon after we moved up on the Pe-dee there was an epidemic of measles among the Indians, and whites also; several Indians died; we suffered all had it and mother nursed us through it.

The old chief's daughter took it and he came to mother and asked her to help cure his child; mother hesitated for she had seen him shoot a medicine man as he sat on his pony, because some of his patients had died. My brother advised her to have nothing to do with it, but the old chief begged so hard, and so faithfully promised to do as mother told him, that she finally consented. Not knowing what kind of food or herbs they might give the girl, Mother made him promise to feed her only food that she herself had prepared, and each day he sent some one to our house for the food. She told him to hang skins around the wigwam to keep his daughter warm and she would soon break out all over with little red spots. He promised to allow no one in the wigwam except the one squaw who attended her, and to keep her warm and not to allow her to jump into the cold water in the stream as the Indians did when sick.

One morning, early, we heard the old chief at our door, calling Mother; we were all frightened nearly to death, for fear the girl had died and he had come to kill Mother, but he had come to tell that his little papoose was all covered with red spots, just as Mother said she would be and she was so pleased. She got well in a short time, and after that there was nothing mother wanted, which this old chief would not do for her.

One day a band of Kilkittat Indians came by our place on a hunting trip; they went on south, down on the Umpqua, and when they came back they had two Indian women with them whom they had stolen from the Coquille tribe and were taking them back with them as slaves.

I think they were the largest In-

dian women I ever saw. They stopped for several days and camped near us, and when the men returned from a hunt they would send these two squaws out over the trail to bring in the deer on their backs.

The Indian men never carried anything themselves, always the squaws did the hard work.

I have seen these two slave squaws with such loads of bark tied on their backs, so large that it looked like a load of hay coming, all we could see underneath the load was their feet.

They walked bent over, holding two sticks in their hands, and had to be helped up to start with their load, and when they were relieved of it they wiped their faces with their two hands and gave one big grunt.

They were taken on up into Washington as slaves of the Kilkittat tribe.

While we were living at our home on the Pe-dee, U. S. Grant, in company with General Wool stopped at our door one day to inquire of Mother the direction to Fort Hoskins, which was being built at that time, a few miles farther southeast from our home.

Grant was never stationed in Oregon but often came from Vancouver, where he was located, to inspect the forts in the Willamette Valley. Lieut. Phil Sheridan often stopped at our house, and many times spent the night with us on his trips from Grand Ronde to Fort Hoskins; it was a day's ride from Grand Ronde to our home, and seven miles farther on to Fort Hoskins.

Later he was stationed at Fort Hoskins and the house that he built there for him was afterwards moved to my brother, Marcus Gilliam's claim and is still used as a part of the home of my nephew, Frank Gilliam.

I knew Sheridan's squaw wife, who was the daughter of Chief Harney of the Rogue River tribe, and who has been at our home a number of times. She was a bright little woman, very good looking, and quite likeable. Sheridan was always good and kind to her and taught her to read and to do many things. They had no children. But when he went back to Washington and left her, it almost broke her heart.

We all liked Mrs. Phil Sheridan. One day she came to our home, pretending to be looking for a horse, but she really came to tell us that she was going on a trip to Washington, D. C.

Her father had died and her brother was now Chief Harney, and he and she, along with several other Indians, influential among the tribes had been invited to go to Washington, at the expense of the government.

She was all fitted out in clothes and trunks and ready for the trip. I told her she would see many wonderful things, and probably see Phil Sheridan, and asked her to come and tell me all about her trip when she came back.

It was wonderful, the things she told me afterwards about her trip and what she saw and she did see Phil Sheridan. He came and shook hands with them all and took her hand and asked about her welfare and then took them all upon the rostrum and introduced them. After that she never saw him again.

My brother, Smith Gilliam, who lived at Walla Walla, has often seen General Grant's squaw wife, and his two children, one a daughter whom he named Nellie. He seemed to like that name for he named his white daughter Nellie, too. His other child was a boy, but I fail to remember his name.

It was no uncommon thing for a white man to have a squaw wife in those days.

James O'Neal had a squaw wife but when he met the Bowman family he decided he would rather have a white one, so he discarded the Indian woman and married one of the Bowman girls. The squaw wife was so angry

and jealous that she took her little half breed papoose and went down to Yamhill county and drowned little Jimmie O'Neal in the Yamhill river.

Among the Indians who camped near us was a little Indian girl about my age, who often played with my sister and me and we became great friends and playmates.

One day one of the older Indians came to our home and told us that this little girl was sick and wanted to see us, and mother let us go to their camp near by. She was very sick but tried her best to welcome us and we knew she was glad that we had come. But it was only a few days until they came again to us and asked mother to go too for the little thing was dying.

When we got there they were all gathered around and in their way were trying to keep death from taking this little favorite away. They were making all kinds of mournful sounds, heaving on sticks and trying to scare the bad spirit away, but to no avail. That night the little girl died. Next morning when we went to their camp we found that they had moved the tent in which she had died a few feet from where it had been, and had brought in all the horses belonging to the tribe. They cut off the tails of all these ponies, pulverized quantities of beads in their mortars, and with ashes gathered from their camp fires, scattered these ground beads, hair, and ashes all around the tent and ground, and over the bushes near where the child had died.

They found out in some way that white people placed their dead in boxes and they asked my brother if he would make them a box in which to bury this little girl, and he got together a few boards and made them one.

My sister Reta and I were invited to attend the burying, being special

friends and playmates of the little girl, but no others of our family were asked. Mother hesitated at first, but she decided that we might go. They buried her within sight of our house and mother and my brothers stood outside our door watching.

They dug a grave, not very deep, and had my sister and I to stand at one side of the grave, while the Indians were all arranged on the opposite side. Inside the box they placed beads, strands and strands of them, covering the child completely. I believe they must have used four bushel of beads for that funeral, then they placed inside all her garments and nicest things. Over the grave, when filled with earth, they stuck sticks about two feet high, on which were tied all her trinkets and playthings, and numerous red strings. At the head of the grave they lead a little pony and at the foot a dog.

They talked only in the Indian language, and we could not understand what was being said, but never at any funeral have I ever seen such grief displayed, for the whole tribe loved this little girl. All at once a shot was fired and they killed the pony and the dog. We children were frightened nearly to death and my sister grabbed me by my skirts; then Indians came and told us to have no fear, they would never harm us, and explained that they had killed the pony for the little girl to ride on her journey to the Happy Hunting Ground, and the little dog would protect her on the way.

Our old friends are passing away and not many are left with whom to talk over old times; no one living today will ever see again the changes that we have seen. We have seen this country in its virgin state, just as nature made it, grow and change into what it is today and to us it seems like magic.

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