

Hood River Glacier.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1896.

The Cascade Massacre.

The following letter was written by an elder brother of Captain H. C. Coe, and who is now residing in San Francisco. It is a thrilling description of events that happened on the Columbia river, 20 miles below this point, over 40 years ago. A trip to the Cascades will always be much more interesting after one has read this letter. Capt. Henry C. Coe has promised to write about what happened at Hood River at the same date. Both articles will be worth preserving in your scrap-books:

CASCADES, W. T., 6th April, 1856.—My Dear Put: We have had a little tea party since you left, and I will try and give you a brief description of the same. On Wednesday, March 26th, at about 8:30 a. m., after the men had gone to their usual work on the two bridges of the new railway, mostly on the bridge near Bush's house, the Yakimas came down on us. There was a line of them from the Mill creek above us to the big point at the head of the falls, firing simultaneously on the men. The first noise was the bullets and cracks of fire guns. Of our men at the first fire, one was killed and several wounded. Will give you a list hereinafter. Our men, on seeing the Indians, all ran for our store through a shower of bullets, except three, who started down stream for the middle block house, distant 1 1/2 miles. Bush and his family all ran into our store, leaving his own house vacant. The Watkins family came to the store after a Dutch boy, who was lame from a cut in the foot; had been shot in their house. Watkins, Finley and Bailey were at work on the new warehouse on the island, around which the water was now high enough to run about three feet deep under the bridges.

There was grand confusion in the store at first, and Sinclair—of the H. B. Co., Walla Walla—going to the railroad dock to look out, was shot from the bank above the store and instantly killed. Some of us then commenced getting the guns and rifles, which were ready loaded, from below the counter. Fortunately about one hour before there had been left with us for transportation below the United States government supplies, with cartridges, boxes and ammunition. (By Mr. Jehu Switzer, who was returning from having taken 860 head of horses from Vancouver to Col. Wright's command at the Dalles.) These saved us. As the upper story of the house was abandoned, Smith, the cook, having come below, and as the stairway was outside, where we dare not go, the stovepipe was hauled down, the hole enlarged with axes, and a party of men crawled up, and the upper part of the house was soon secured. We were surprised that the Indians had not rushed into the upper story, as there was nothing or nobody to prevent them. Our men soon got some shots at the Indians on the bank above us. I saw Bush shoot an Indian, the first one killed, who was drawing a lead on Mrs. Watkins, as she was running from our store. He dropped instantly. Alexander and others mounted in the gable under the roof, and from there was done most of our firing, it being the best place of observation. In the meantime we were barricading in the store, making port holes and firing when opportunity presented. But the Indians were soon very cautious about exposing themselves. I took charge of the store, Dan (Bradford) of the second floor, and Alexander of the garret and roof.

The steamer Mary was lying in the mouth of Mill creek and the wind was blowing hard down stream. When we saw the Indians running toward her and heard the shots, we supposed she would be taken, and as she lay just out of our sight, and we saw the smoke rising from her, concluded she was burning; but what was our glad surprise after awhile to see her put out and run across the river. I will give an account of the attack on her hereinafter. The Indians now returned in force to us, and we gave every one a shot who showed himself. They were nearly naked, painted red, and had guns and bows and arrows. After awhile Finley came creeping around the lower part of the island toward our house. We halloed to him to lay down behind a rock, and he did so. He called that he could not get to the store, as the bank above us was covered with Indians. He saw while there Watkins' house burning. The Indians first took out all they wanted, blankets, clothes, guns, etc.

By this time the Indians had crossed in canoes to the island, and we saw them coming, as we supposed, after Finley. We then saw Watkins and Bailey running around the river side toward the place where Finley was, and the Indians in full chase after them. As our men came around the point in full view, Bailey was shot through the arm and leg. He continued on, and plunging into the river, swam to the front of our store and came in safely except for his wounds. He narrowly escaped going over the falls. Finley also swam across and got in unharmed, which was wonderful; as there was a shower of bullets around them. Watkins next came running around the point, and we called to him to lay down behind a rock, but before he could do so he was shot in the wrist, the ball going up the arm and out at the elbow. He dropped behind a rock just as the pursuing Indians came following around the point, but we gave them so hot a reception from our house that they backed out and left poor Watkins where he lay. We called to Watkins to lie still and we would get him off, but we were not able to do so until after the arrival from The Dalles of the steamer Mary with troops—two days and nights afterward. During this time Watkins fainted several times from weakness and exposure, the weather being very cold, and he was stripped for swimming, down to his underclothes. When he fainted he would roll down the steep bank into the river, and the ice-cold water reviving him, he would crawl back, under fire, to his retreat behind the rock. Meantime his wife and children were in the store, in full view, and moaning piteously at his terrible situation. He died from exposure two days after he was rescued. The Indians were now pitching into us right smart. They tried to burn us out; threw rocks and firebrands, hot joints, pitchwood—everything that

would burn—on the roof. But you will recollect that for a short distance back the bank inclined towards the house, and we could see and shoot the Indians who appeared there. So they had to throw from such a distance that the largest rocks and bundles of fire did not quite reach us, and what did generally rolled off the roof. Sometimes the roof got on fire and we cut it out, or with cups of brine drawn from port barrels, put it out, or with long sticks shoved off the fire balls.

The kitchen roof troubled us the most. How they did pepper us with rocks! Some of the big ones would shake the house all over.

There were now 40 men, women and children in the house—four women and 18 men that could fight, and 18 wounded men and children.

The steamer Wasco was on the Oregon side of the river. We saw her steam up and leave for The Dalles. Shortly after the steamer Mary left also. She had to take Atwell's fence rails for wood.

So passed the day, during which the Indians had burned Lisa's two houses, your saw mill and houses, and the lumber yard at the mouth of Mill creek. At daylight they set fire to your new warehouse on the island, making it light as day around us. I suppose they reserved this building for night, that we might not get Watkins off. They did not attack us at night, but the second morning commenced as lively as ever. We had no water, but did have about two dozen bottles of ale and a few bottles of whisky. These gave out during the day. During the night a Spokane Indian, who was trading with Sinclair, and was in the store with us, volunteered to get a pail of water from the river. I consented, and he stripped himself naked, jumped out and down the bank, and was back in no time.

By this time we looked for the steamer from The Dalles, and were greatly disappointed at her nonarrival. We weathered it out during the day, every man keeping his post and never relaxing in vigilance. Every moving object, shadow or suspicious bush on the hill received a shot. The Indians must have thought the house a bombshell. To our ceaseless vigilance I ascribe our safety.

Night came again and saw Shepard's house burn; Bush's house near by was also fired, and kept us in light until about 4 a. m., when darkness returning, I sent the Spokane Indian for water from the river, and he fired two barrels. He went to and fro like lightning. We also slipped poor James Sinclair's body down the slide, outside, as the corpse was quite offensive.

The two steamers now having exceeded the length of time we gave them in which to return from The Dalles, we made up our minds for a long siege, and until relief came from below. We could not account for it, but supposed the Ninth regiment had left The Dalles for Walla Walla, and had proceeded too far to return. The third morning, and lo! the Mary and the Wasco, blue with soldiers, and towing a flatboat with dragoon horses, hove in sight. Such a halloo as we gave! As the steamers landed, the Indians fired 20 or 30 shots into them, but we could not ascertain with any effect. The soldiers, as they got ashore, could not be restrained and plunged into the woods in every direction, while the howitzers sent grape after the now retreating redskins. The soldiers were soon at our store, and we, I think I may say, experienced quite a feeling of relief at opening our doors. During this time we had not heard from below. A company of dragoons, under Colonel Steptoe, went on down. Dan went with them. The block house at the middle Cascades still held out. Allen's house was burned, and every other one below. George W. Johnson's, S. M. Hamilton's, F. A. Chenoweth's, the wharf boat at Lower Cascades—all gone up.

Next in order comes the attack on the Mary. She lay in Mill creek, no fire and wind hard ashore. Jim Thompson, John Woodard and Jim Herman were just going up to the boat from our store, and had nearly reached her as they were fired upon. Herman asked if they had any guns. No. He went on up to Iman's house, the rest staying to help get the steamer out. Captain Dan Baughman and Thompson were ashore on the upper side of the creek hauling on lines. When the fire from the Indians became too hot they ran for the woods. The freeman, James Lindsey, was shot through the shoulder. Engineer Buckminster shot an Indian on the gang plank with his revolver, and little Johnny Chance, Watkins' stepson, climbing up on the hurricane with an old dragon pistol, killed his Indian. Johnny was shot through the leg in going so. Dick Turpin—half crazy, probably—taking the only gun on the steamboat, jumped into a flatboat lying alongside, was shot and jumped overboard and was drowned. Fires were soon started under the boiler and steam was raising. About this time, Jesse Kempton, shot while driving an ox team from the saw mill, got on board; also a half-breed named Bourbon, who was shot through the body. After sufficient steam to move was raised, Hardin Chenoweth ran up into the pilot house, and, lying on the floor, turned the wheel as he was directed from the lower deck. It is almost needless to say that the pilot-house was the target for the Indians. After the steamer was fairly backed out and turned around, they did foot it while at them good. Foot it foot it! It was music in our ears. The steamer picked up Herman on the bank above. Iman's family, Sheppard and Vanderpool, all got across the river in skiffs, and boarding the Mary, went to The Dalles.

Colonel George Wright and the Ninth regiment, First dragoons, Third artillery, had started for Walla Walla and were out five miles, camped. They received news of the attack at 11 p. m., and by daylight were back at The Dalles. Starting down, they only reached Wind mountain that night, as the Mary's boiler was in bad order because of a new fireman the day before. They reached us the next morning at 6 a. m.

Now for below. George Johnson was about to get a boat's crew of Indians, when Indian Jack came running to him, saying the Yakimas had attacked the block house. He did not believe it, although he heard the cannon. He went up to the Indian village on the sandbar to get his crew; saw some of the Cascade Indians, who said they thought the Yakimas had come, and George, now hearing the muskets, ran for home. E. W. Baughman was with him. Bill Murphy had left the block house early for the In-

dian camp, and had nearly returned before he saw the Indians or was shot at. He returned, two others with him, and ran for George Johnson's, about 30 Indians in pursuit. After reaching Johnson's, Murphy continued on, and gave Hamilton and all below warning, and the families embarked in small boats for Vancouver. The men would have barricaded in the wharf boat but for want of ammunition. There was considerable government freight in the wharf boat. They staid about the wharf boat and schooner nearly all day, and until the Indians commenced firing upon them from the zinc house on the bank. Then they shoved out.

Tommy Price was shot through the leg in getting the boat into the stream. Floating down, they met the steamer Belle, with Sheridan and 40 men, sent up on report of an express carried down by Indian Simpson in the morning. George and those with him went on board the steamer and volunteered to serve under Sheridan, who landed at George's place and found everything burned. The steamer returned, and the Indians pitched into Sheridan, fought him all day, and drove him with 40 men and 10 volunteers to below Hamilton's, notwithstanding he had a small cannon. One soldier killed.

The steamer Belle returned the next day (third of the attack), and brought ammunition for the block house. Your partner, Bishop, who was in Portland, came up on her. Steamer Fashion, with volunteers from Portland, came at the same time. The volunteers remained at the Lower Cascades. Sheridan took his command, and with a battery loaded with ammunition, crossed to Bradford's island, on the Oregon side, where they found most of the Cascade Indians, they having been advised by George Jackson to go there on the first day of the attack.

They were crossing and recrossing all the time, and Sheridan made them prisoners. He pressed a boat's crew, and as they towed up to the head of the island and above, saw great numbers of Indians on the Washington territory side and opposite them. Sheridan expected them to cross and fight him, and between them and the friendly (?) Indians in his charge, thought he had his hands full.

Just then Sheridan discovered Steptoe and his dragoons, infantry and volunteers coming down from the Mary, surprising completely the Indians, who were cooking beef and watching Sheridan across the river. But on the sound of the bugle the Indians fled like deer to the woods with the loss of only one killed—"Old Jonann." But for the bugle they ought to have captured fifty. So ended the battle.

The Ninth regiment are building a block house on the hill above us, also at George Johnson's, and will hereafter keep a strong force here.

Lieutenant Bissell and 12 men, who were stationed at the Upper Cascades, were ordered away and left for The Dalles two days before the attack was made upon us. The Indians Sheridan took on the island were closely guarded. Old Chenoweth, chief, was brought before Col. Wright, tried and sentenced to be hung. The Cascade Indians, being under treaty, were adjudged guilty of treason in fighting. Chenoweth died; gamey was hung on the upper side of Mill creek. I acted as interpreter. He offered ten horses, two squaws and a little something to every "tyee" for his life; said he was afraid of the grave in the ground, and begged to be put into an Indian dead house. He gave a terrific whar whoop, while the rope was being put around his neck. I thought he expected the Indians to come and rescue him. The rope did not work well, and while hanging he muttered, "Waka nika quash copa memalose." He was then shot. I was glad to see the old devil killed, being satisfied that he was at the bottom of all the trouble. But I cannot detail at too great length.

The next day Teemeeo, and Captain Jo were hung. Captain Jo said all the Cascade Indians were in the fight. The next day, Toy, Sim Lasselus and Four-Fingered Johnny were hung. The next day Chenoweth Jim, Tunath and Old Skein were hung, and Kanewake sentenced but reprieved on the scaffold. Nine in all were executed. Banaha is prisoner at Vancouver and decorated with ball and chain. The rest of the Cascade Indians are on your island, and will be shot if seen off it. Such are Col. Wright's orders. Dow, Watlquin, Peter, Mahooka John and Kotzue, maybe more, have gone with the Yakimas.

I forgot to mention that your house at the Lower Cascades, also Bishop's, was burned; also to account for Capt. Dan Baughman and Jim Thompson. They put back into the mountains and at night came down to the river at Vanderpool's place, fished up an old boat and crossed to the Oregon side. They concealed themselves in the rocks on the river bank opposite, where they could watch us, and at night went back into the mountains to sleep. They came in safely after the troops arrived. We do not know how many Indians there were. They attacked the block house, our place and drove Sheridan, all at the same time. We think there was no less than 200 or 300. When the attack was made on us, three of our carpenters ran for the middle block

house, overtook the cars at the salmon house, cut the mules loose and with the car drivers, all kept on. They were not fired upon till they got to the spring on the railroad, but from there they ran the gauntlet of bullets and arrows to the fort. Little Jake Kyle was killed in the run. Several were wounded.

I append a list of killed and wounded. This is a long letter; but knowing you would be anxious to hear all the particulars, I have endeavored to give you a true description. Dan is writing to others at home and has read this letter. We have got to work again, building and transporting; are going to build a saw mill as soon as we can. We had but few poor specimens of men here during the fight—generally all behaved well. There was, however, one notable exception, a person who arrived at the store but a few minutes before the fight commenced, and whose name I will give you in person.

Am a little bit afraid to go to Rock creek to fish; in fact, have had no time so far. Don't think I shall have much fishing this summer. Wish you were back. Yours, L. W. COE.

KILLED.
George Griswold—Shot in leg; close by middle blockhouse.

B. W. Brown and wife—Killed at saw mill; bodies found stripped naked in Mill creek.

Jimmy Watkins—Driving team at mill.

Henry Hagar—Shot in Watkins' house; body burned.

Jake Kyle—German boy, killed near middle blockhouse.

Jacob White—Sawyer at mill.

Bourbon—Half-breed; died on the Mary going to The Dalles.

James Sinclair—Of the Hudson Bay company, Walla Walla.

Dick Turpin—Colored cook on steamer Mary.

Norman Palmer—Driving mill team.

Caldewood—Working at mill.

Three United States soldiers—Names unknown.

George Watkins—Lived four days.

Jacob Roush—Carpenter; lived six days.

WOUNDED.
Fletcher Murphy, arm.

P. Snooks, boy, leg.

J. Lindsay, shoulder.

Jesse Kempton, shoulder.

Tommy Price, thigh.

Two soldiers, U. S. A.

H. Kyle, German.

Moffit, railroad man.

Johnny Chance, leg.

M. Bailey, leg and arm.

J. Algin, slightly.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Vancouver, Wash., Nov. 14, 1896.—Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before W. K. Dunbar, Commissioner U. S. Circuit Court for District of Washington, at his office in Goldendale, Washington, on Dec. 29, 1896, viz:

PETER CONBOY.
Purchase Application No. 578, under section 3 Forfeiture Act, September 29, 1890, for the southwest 1/4 of northwest 1/4 section 25, township 6 north, range 12 east, W. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
Peter Evans, Henry C. Ladiges, Herbert Hewitt and Henry F. Trob, all of Fuida P. O., Washington.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Vancouver, Wash., Nov. 9, 1896.—Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before W. K. Dunbar, Commissioner U. S. Circuit Court for District of Washington, at his office in Goldendale, Wash., on Dec. 29, 1896, viz:

AUGUST BERG.
Purchase application No. 552, under section 3, Forfeiture Act, Sept. 29, 1890, the southeast 1/4 section 3, township 6 north, range 12 east, W. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his claim to said land, viz:
John C. Cochran, Peter Conboy, Peter Tams and Peter O. Hoult, all of Goldendale, Wash. n. d. s.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Vancouver, Wash., Oct. 25, 1896.—Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before W. K. Dunbar, Commissioner U. S. Circuit Court for District of Washington, at his office in Goldendale, Wash., on Dec. 10, 1896, viz:

JAMES W. OVERBAUGH.
Application to purchase No. 333, under Act of March 3, 1857, for the east 1/2 of northeast 1/4 and lot 4, section 23, township 3 north, range 10 east, W. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his claim to said land, viz:
Howard C. Cook, Jacob E. Jacobson, Wm. H. Overbaugh and Charles Banerott, all of White Salmon, Wash.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, Oct. 19, 1896.—Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at The Dalles, Oregon, on November 30, 1896, viz:

JAMES ENGLISH.
H. E. No. 4,095, for the northeast 1/4 section 31, township 2 north, range 10 east, W. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
W. E. Neff, Virgil Winshell, Hans Joehimssen and M. F. Loy, all of Hood River, Oregon.

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