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Headlight.

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Tillamook, Oregon.

THE INDIAN WAR

TARDY JUSTICE TO THE VETERANS.

The following is an open letter written
by Hon. Wm. D. Stillwell, and address-
ed to the Congress:

Tillamook, Oregon March 13, 1896.

TO THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND
SENATE, U. S. A.:—It is with difficulty
that I write to you, knowing my in-
ability to do the subject justice.

We, the few remaining Indian war
veterans of the Northwest Pacific coast,
deserve a pension if any men do.

In 1847 when the bloody Cayuse war
commenced, this war of death and
rapine, there were but few of us in
Oregon then.

We gathered together what ammuni-
tion we could, packed what provisions
we could, furnished our own pack
horses, shouldered our own rifles and
away to meet the red devils. We knew,
scattered as we were, through the whole
length of the Willamette valley, that it
would never do to let them get thor-
oughly organized.

At that time there were about as
many Indians in the Willamette valley
as whites, so we had to make a winter
campaign. Now, sirs, if you can, pic-
ture out to yourselves 400 or 500 men
starting out to make a winter campaign
without tents or baggage, men who had
furnished their own arms, ammunition,
horses, saddles, bridles and blankets.

We had to every mess one three gal-
lon camp kettle, and one frying pan for
a mess of ten. We started for a six
months' campaign with only one month's
provisions. When that was out, it was
"fly around boys and find something to
eat." Sometimes it was roots, then
again it was dried salmon that the In-
dians had cached for winter use, that is,
after we had eaten up all the poor cattle
that had crossed the plains that year
and had been belated and left to winter
(or die) at The Dalles. When we would
boil a pot full of this meat, there would
not be a speck of grease on top of the
liquid. And this was to be eaten with-
out either salt or pepper. We had no
bread, sugar, coffee or tea except there
was a little tea in the hospital depart-
ment.

When out on a scout we had to de-
pend on what we could find, and it most
always turned out dried salmon or
(else fasting) sometimes it would be
horse meat straight. Sometimes we
would find a cache of camas, cowish
and dried berries. Then we would have
a feast. Camas is a bulb resembling an
onion, very glutinous when raw, but
when cooked it is sweet and very palat-
able. Cowish is a white root. When
raw it has a sweet, starchy taste, when
dry it tastes like starch.

Now as I have to describe our equip-
ments and bill of fare, I will also ac-
knowledge that my pen is too blunt to
do the subject justice. The regiment
was not idle; it was on the move, or
part of it, all the time, up the Deschutes
fighting the Indians there, or up John
Day's river. While upon the way to the
Walla Walla country, between Well
Springs and Butter Creek, we had one
of the hardest fought battles that has
ever been fought in the Northwest.

I will not stop here to describe it. A
short stay was made on the Unatilla to
provide for and rest the wounded. Then
up to Wallula. From there up to Whit-
mans we went, where we built a fort, or
a stockade, from which we went out
scouting in every direction. Then we
went to Tucannon, with the whole reg-
iment, fighting the Indians two days and
nights too, without anything to eat.
Later, we swam the Snake river and
went out to the Colville.

At another time we swam the Snake
river, then up through the Palouse
country, and then went around up the
Clearwater, swimming it at Lapwai,
on our return swimming the Snake at or
near where Lewiston now is.

Of course, when we went out in 1855-6
we were better equipped and better
rationed. Perhaps the fall campaign of
1855 was a very pleasant affair as the
volunteers and regulars had to travel
together and as the regular infantry had
their cannon and all their camp equip-
age with them, as the march was
through a broken country without roads,
their progress was very slow.

On the ridge or the mountain that di-
vides the Simcoe from the Yakima val-
ley, the Indians were gathered in some
force. After a dress parade of a few
hours or something like that the sol-
diers threw out their skirmish lines and
advanced the whole line. When arriv-

ing at the foot of the ridge they com-
menced throwing some shells at the In-
dians, and actually succeeded in throw-
ing some of the shells half way up the
side of the ridge. After enjoying this
holiday fireworks for a while, and as
they had not had anything to eat since
breakfast, it now being in the middle of
the afternoon, they fell back a little and
went into camp for the night. This was
too much for the boys. Forgetting all
about their dinner, one of the boys said
"I'll go and take a pop at them any way."
As quick as we started up the mountain
some of the regulars went out to have a
little fun too. Up the hill they went,
driving the Indians before them. Per-
haps there was not an officer among
them above a corporal. If there was,
some private had charge of him giving
him orders what to do. They drove the
Indians pell mell from the ridge.

After this the Indians fell back, driv-
ing their stock with them across the
Columbia into the Big Bend country.
General Wool having come up from
San Francisco, called the troops into
winter quarters to leave the frontier en-
tirely unprotected. The governors of
Oregon and Washington territories ob-
jected. Here the war between the ter-
ritorial officers and General Wool be-
gan.

In justice to all I will have to stop
here to tell how this war began. Early
in the fall of 1855, while Col. Stepele
(I may be mistaken as to the commanding
officer) was marching through the Yaki-
ma country near the Wenatchee he was
attacked and defeated by the Indians,
with a loss of over one-half of his com-
mand, either killed or wounded, at the
same time the Indians began hostilities
from Puget Sound to the Sacramento
river. On the Klamath and Rogue river,
hundreds of miners were massacred in
their mines or camps by Indians that
were friendly the day before. Now if it
had not been pre-arranged it would have
been very strange that our whole
eastern frontier of about 800 miles in
length should have been attacked about
the same time. When the regulars were
defeated they called on the Governors
of the two territories for volunteers.
The call was no sooner made when the
required numbers were sent into the
field with the success that I have stated.

Now, a new order of things. There
had to be supplies of all kinds as well
as transportation, which took some time
to get into working order. In the mean
time the volunteers pushed on after the
Indians. Back to the Walla Walla they
went. When near the old Whitman
mission we had a three days' fight with
the Indians, where we lost several of
our best citizens. I will not attempt to
describe it but let some one with a
sharper pen draw the picture.

Cold weather coming on we were not
supplied with winter clothing, and as
supplies could not be forwarded in suf-
ficient quantities to fulfill the demand,
and often left them to live on roots or
meat straight. As it was a very cold
winter we suffered severely. As soon
as the snow was gone and the horses
sufficiently recruited to take the field,
the Colonel came to me and said, "You
must go to The Dalles for ammuni-
tion, as it has not been forwarded as
agreed, and I want you to make the trip
in five days, seven at the farthest." Fifteen
of us in a few hours were on the way.
The first day one man and one
horse gave out, which I left at Fort
Henrietta.

The next day by ten o'clock most of
the men and horses were given out, and
my eyes were bleeding from the strong
alkali dust we were facing. I picked
out one man, leaving the rest to follow.
We pushed on reaching The Dalles,
225 miles in just 48 hours. We got back
on the seventh day. Just at night the
pack mules began to give out, I got off
my horse and put the pack on him. It
was not long until the boys were all a
foot, having transferred their mule's
packs to their horses. About this time
the boys were mad enough to fight all
the Indians in the Northwest. When
we got to the regiment the bottoms of
my feet were solid blisters, running over
the frozen ground and my eyes were
bleeding, and they have never entirely
recovered.

Now I write this to show the hard-
ships the volunteers had to endure be-
cause General Wool would not let us
have any of the government ammuni-
tion. When I got back the battle had
been in progress one day. That day
we drove the Indians across the Col-
umbia river, or a part of them, the bal-
ance going up Snake river. By this
time we were out of provisions. We
found and killed fifteen horses. They
were nice and fat.

Then we started after those that went
up the river to the Palouse, up that
stream to the foot of the mountains

Attention!

The date opposite your name printed
on the margin of your paper or on the wrapper
indicates the time your subscription expires,
and you are invited to renew at that time. All
papers sent to parties outside the county are
promptly discontinued when their time expires
and six months' arrearage is the limit within
the county. In stopping your subscription, it
is necessary first to pay all arrearages.

John Smith \$2.6

The foregoing shows the style of the ad-
dresses. The large figure six at the right in-
dicates the year, that is 1896. A large seven at
the right would indicate 1897, or a five would in-
dicate 1895. The other figures denote the day of
the month, and the month is indicated in small
type. A cross mark in blue pencil indicates
that you are away behind and should pay up.

where the Indians turned for the Col-
umbia. By this time we were out of
provisions again save coffee, salt and
pepper. Notwithstanding this, after
them we went, making forced marches,
living on the given out horses that the
Indians could drive no further. We
camped at springs which were covered
up with dead and rotten horses, that
had to be dragged away before we could
get any water. The water had to be
strained to get the horse hair out of it.

In about three weeks time we had all
the Indians driven across the Columbia
and into the Yakima country. The
regiment got back and swam the Colum-
bia near the mouth of the Yakima. The
supplies not having arrived we slaugh-
tered all the cattle we could find, which
consisted mostly of work oxen that were
too poor to get to The Dalles. Barbe-
cuing the meat we went after the In-
dians up the Yakima, coming to them
in the Simcoe valley, defeating them
and driving them north up the Yakima.
Being out of provisions the regiment re-
turned to The Dalles.

Someone who was in the winter cam-
paign in Southern Oregon in 1855-6
should tell how they suffered while
fighting the most blood-thirsty Indians
in the continent.

Among the Indian War Veterans in
this county now are:

Jep Walling, who was in Capt. Robt.
Williams' company.

Wm. Johnson under Capt. Shumason.

H. F. Holden, same captain.

I. T. Maulsby.

Captain W. D. Stillwell was First
Lieutenant in Company C, Recruiting
Battalion, under Captain A. P. Ankeny.

H. B. Morgan, same company.

Tillamook is the post office address of
the above named veterans.

R. H. Holmes of Woods, was in the
same company with Capt. Stillwell.

James Fuller of Bay City; Geo. E. R.
Deane of Nehalem; and P. D. Shackle-
ford of Nesterton are veterans of the
Indian war also.

Mrs. Nancy Jane Bozley of this city,
is a widow of Louis C. Bozley, who was
in Capt. J. F. Miller's company.

Mrs. Crawford of Nehalem, is the
widow of John Crawford, who was with
Captain Shumason.

Mrs. John Toews of this place, was
the widow of W. C. Hyatt, who was
with Capt. Miller.

Others who are not named here should
write the facts to this paper.

Respectfully,
CAPT. WM. D. STILLWELL.

Notice to Democrats.

Notice is hereby given that the democ-
ratic primary election will be held in
each voting precinct in the county of
Tillamook, State of Oregon, on Monday,
the 2nd day of March 1896, beginning
at 1 o'clock p. m. of said day, for the
purpose of electing delegates to rep-
resent each of said precincts at the democ-
ratic county convention to be held at
Tillamook city, Oregon, on Friday,
April 3, 1896, at 10 o'clock a. m. Said
convention being convened for the pur-
pose of nominating candidates for the
various county offices and elect 3 dele-
gates to represent Tillamook county at
the democratic state convention to be
held at Portland, Oregon, Friday, April
9, 1896.

Each precinct is allowed the follow-
ing representation, to-wit: One dele-
gate-at-large and one for each 5 votes or
fraction thereof cast for A. S.
Bennett at the 2nd election 1894, re-
sulting as follows:

Little Nestucca	precinct	3
Union	"	6
Dolph	"	2
Helo	"	4
Sand Lake	"	2
Blaine	"	2
Beaver	"	2
Carnahan	"	2
Netarts	"	2
South Prairie	"	3
Hogwarton	"	10
Bay	"	5
Barnegat	"	2
Garibaldi	"	4
Foley	"	3
Nehalem	"	4
Fairview	"	8

W. W. COSDER, Chairman.

Rev. Jos. Schell, the Catholic priest, is
in correspondence with a large number
of parties of means who wish to buy
farms in this vicinity, and those having
good tide lands, bottom lands, or prairie
lands for sale, suitable for dairying
ranches, should see Rev. Schell and give
him a description and price of the land
ordered. Call on or address him at once
at Tillamook. 42-43

Wanted, a thousand cards of wood, at
this office.