

VAN OGLE'S MEMORY OF PIONEER DAYS

INTRODUCTION

Mr. Van Ogle was born in Adams County, Ohio, on September 21, 1825, and died at the Soldiers' Home, Orting, Washington, on February 15, 1919. For one who had thus passed his ninety-third birthday, he retained a keen memory of remarkable experiences in the pioneer days, including the excitements of Indian war. His bereaved widow and many relatives and friends believe that his recollections should be put into permanent form for the use of those who will write histories of Washington.

He was a member of that famous first company of immigrants to cross the Cascades at Naches Pass. He did not attempt to record or to remember the names of all in that company. That has been undertaken by others of the same company. George H. Himes, the eminent historical authority of Oregon, at the thirty-fifth annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, Portland, June 19, 1907, gave an address covering this great event and ending with a list of 155 names of the company. David Longmire wrote an article on the same subject for the *Washington Historical Quarterly*, issue of January, 1917, in which he gave a revision of the Himes list with a total of 163 names. However, Van Ogle did not hesitate to differ with Mr. Himes as to the crucial incident in crossing the mountains. In the address mentioned above, Mr. Himes said:

"We were confronted by a bluff fully thirty feet high, almost perpendicular, and for a thousand feet farther it was so steep that an animal could scarcely stand up and there was no other way to go, as careful examination demonstrated. It was soon decided that the wagons should be lowered with ropes, and the teams driven single file by a circuitous trail to the foot of the mountain. Accordingly a long rope was stretched down the hill, but it was not long enough to lower a wagon to a place where it would stand up. Then James Biles said: 'Kill one of the poorest of my steers, make a rope of his hide and see if that will be long enough; if not, kill another.' Three animals were killed before the length of rope required was secured." That version of the incident has been repeated frequently.

On April 23, 1912, I sent Miss Katharine B. Judson, then serving as research assistant, to Orting for the purpose of interviewing

Mr. Van Ogle on history. Among other narratives by him she brought this one about crossing the mountains: "Leaving the summit, went about six miles on a backbone, steep slopes on each side, to the jumping off place. Mr. Lane was in the lead that day. He had a team of four horses. We rough-locked all the wheels of his wagon with chains. He started down with two men to hold the tongue of his wagon, the horses being taken off and a rope around a tree behind his wagon. The distance of steep grade was 180 feet. It was too steep for a footing. The wagon swung around, broke the coupling and tongue and upset. They could not hold it back or steady it. My team was next in line. I drove for Mr. Sarjent; so I had to follow. I was driving four yoke of oxen. I took off three yoke, leaving only the tongue yoke. All the wheels were rough-locked with chains. One hundred and eighty feet of rope was attached to the hind axle of the wagon and passed around a stout tree. Two men gradually let out the rope. The oxen braced their feet and slid straight down hill the length of the rope without lifting a foot. Mr. Sarjent had brought this rope with him, coiled up and fastened to the under side of the wagon box of one of his wagons. He thought he might need it. We had sent Mr. Lane ahead with his horses to get food for us. Then I drove a quarter of a mile with the wheels rough-locked and the other oxen pulling. All the teams came down this way; the loose cattle went over Indian trails. Thirty-eight wagons came over that hill in that way. Lane's wagon was left behind. About a year later, he went back and got it. Then we were seven days until we got to Boys Creek, across the river from where Buckley is now. We left wagons up in the mountains and had to go back after them. There were no oxen killed for skins at all. I was twenty-eight years old and I saw everything that was going on."

Mr. Van Ogle always cherished a loyal respect for Governor Stevens and his family. In that same interview with Miss Judson, he related: "I worked for Governor Stevens about two years before he left here. I rode up and down the Sound in Indian canoes, as general factotum. One time I rode to the mouth of the Cowlitz and back in twenty-four hours, nearly two hundred miles. When I was gone for a day, Mrs. Stevens put up my luncheon for me. She was mighty good to sick people, always taking food to them. She had two daughters who were younger than Hazard. She would dress the children up and they would go out and play among the black stumps until, when they came back you could not tell what

color they were. She was good looking, black eyes, dark hair, and full of life and fun.

"When a man-of-war came in, Governor Stevens invited the officers to dinner. I was at work in the barn. He sent Hazard to call me to dinner. I said I'd rather not. The officers looked at each other and smiled. The Governor said: 'Gentlemen, when anybody works for me he has to eat at my table or I don't want him. I am a plain man and in a plain country.' The officers looked at each other again and smiled. The Governor went on carving."

After giving that interview for my use in history work, Mr. Van Ogle began to prepare a more extended document, his wife, Mrs. A. Van Ogle, writing as he dictated sentence by sentence. After his death, others sought to obtain the document but Mrs. Van Ogle writes: "I remember his wish that it was for you only." In that way it seems as if the veteran old pioneer and Indian fighter is still speaking as his words are prepared for the printer.

EDMOND S. MEANY.

NARRATIVE BY VAN OGLE

It was in 1853 I came to Washington Territory, leaving my home in Newtown, Indiana, with the family of Mr. Asher Sarjent. I was to have all my expenses paid if I would assist them on the seven months and ten days journey across the plains.

We joined others at Council Bluffs—then a small place, built of logs and not half the present size of Waterville. Not more than one hundred people lived there and those nearly all Mormons.

About twenty-five wagons left there with us and many others joined as we journeyed on, so that, looking back for a distance of ten miles on the plains, the long line of wagons seemed always in evidence. Only those who feared the Indians or got away into the nearby places for extra feed for teams were apt to get into trouble with them.

At Green River we had trouble with the Mormons, who had eleven ferry boats and demanded five dollars per wagon for taking us over,—the teams were to swim. We were going down the river to ford, when one of them offered to take us over for two dollars and fifty cents. We got one wagon over when the other Mormons came down and tried to stop us. So we had to get out our rifles and stood by until every wagon had crossed or we would have shot the intruders. It was a very exciting time for the Fourth of July.

Three or four days later we arrived at Bear River where another mishap occurred. We turned our oxen out to feed on the nice looking green grass for a couple of hours and forty head of them got poisoned and would have all died but for the prompt administration of melted grease, by which many were saved. Camping at Soda Springs, we rested them again before leaving the California Road and going north toward Snake River. Crossing it and journeying on for a week we recrossed and came into the Powder River Country, thence to Grand Rande. Crossing the Blue Mountains, we left the Oregon Road and came to the present site of Walla Walla, proceeded to Wallulu on the Columbia River, halting at an old Hudson's Bay Company fort. There we whip-sawed lumber, constructed a boat from it and drift-wood and crossed the Columbia River, swimming the cattle. Up this on the west side until coming to the outlet of the Yakima River and crossing on the north side. One day's journey and our Indian guide, whom we had hired on the Columbia, left us.

It was very smokey indeed and unwise to go forward but some insisted so we travelled a whole day, to return for water. Other Indians appeared and volunteered to pilot us to the western crossing of the Yakima. They took the wrong trail on coming to a forked crossing and we found ourselves down the Columbia below Priest Rapids, a high bluff preventing our ascent. Returning, we dispensed with the Indians, took the other trail and in three days came to the Yakima at our intended crossing.

After killing a beef and resting awhile, we travelled up the Wenas River to the Naches, arriving on the 21st of September (my birthday). We were a week getting to the summit of the Cascades, this being the hardest part of our journey.

Provisions were running low; all were tired and many discouraged, when it seemed advisable to send two of the men ahead to Steilacoom, 125 miles. Roads were partly in shape as the Government had appropriated \$50,000 for their construction. The Army Post at Steilacoom sent pack-horses well laden with supplies, Olympia assisting in ministering to our needs and sorely pressed we were.

Governor Isaac I. Stevens came the same year I did and by way of Portland. Part of his work was to see if a railroad was feasible across the plains. He brought with him as clerk, Elwood Evans, and several other men with instruments for surveying. His family arrived later. He found me at Olympia and I went to live with him two years. He was very busy making treaties with the Indians dur-

ing 1854 to 1856 and he appointed me First Lieutenant of the First Volunteer Regiment fighting against the Indians.

After Governor Stevens had made his first treaty with the Sound Indians, a murmur of discontent was heard among them, caused by certain Hudson's Bay Company men, whose influence was very powerful. These men told the Indians that "The Big Tye" at Washington would gather them all together and take them away to a strange land where there was no day but always dark night. This belief turned them against all white settlers and against the treaty signed, making them enemies to all but the Hudson Bay men, who could go anywhere or do anything unmolested by them, as I proved by two men in our company. At the garrison when about to start, these men wished me to go down to the store with them and get a yard of red ribbon about an inch wide to wear around my hat, calling myself a "King George man" if I met a hostile!

I firmly believe the influence of the Hudson Bay men was responsible for the whole uprising of the Indians and from them flint-lock guns and their ammunition were obtained. This rich company foresaw that the incoming of white settlers would greatly diminish their sources of revenue and hold upon the Indians. Few old settlers would be bold enough to make this assertion but I know whereof I speak. It was on no account the fault of Governor Stevens that war broke out. I understood enough of their language to be sure of the ground of their dissatisfaction and often talked with old members of the tribe in reference to this fact, never before made public. In justice to Governor Stevens's memory I state this truth.

The first intimation we had of their hostile feelings was when the Klickitats attacked the United States soldiers from Vancouver who were on the east side of the mountains. The Governor of Oregon and the Acting Governor of Washington Territory called for volunteers, Governor Stevens being away making treaties with tribes farther east. I volunteered as a private in Company B., Captain Gilmore Hays, under Captain Maloney of the United States Army. Before three months service was out, General Wool came out from the East to Fort Steilacoom, where the garrison held some two hundred soldiers. He conferred with Dr. Tolmie, the head "push" of the Hudson's Bay Company, and with others of the same Scotch clan. These speedily converted him! He was told: "Only a few Indians felt hostile and there was no needs of soldiers or fighting. It was the settlers' own fault. They made the trouble."

We were then called in and discharged about New Year, 1885, but General Wool had started East, fearing the settlers were going to explain their opinion of him rather out of military fashion—as they certainly would—his life was in danger.

It did not take Governor Stevens long, on returning, to comprehend the mistake General Wool had made. The people were in jeopardy, cattle and horses lost and if a man was out alone he frequently came up missing. New companies were at once organized around the country. Gilmore Hays raised one, which I joined, the company choosing me as First Lieutenant, and the Governor giving me a commission, which I have kept until now.

Captain Hays knew nothing of the country or the Indian ways of fighting, so I proved a hard subject for him to manage. The men who chose me First Lieutenant felt sure I would not mislead them. They implicitly trusted me and when I flatly refused to obey Captain Hays by exposing them to a cross fire by a charge where I knew Captain Rabbeson and Lieutenant Martin were likely to be ignorant of our movements—the Indians being hidden in the undergrowth and behind trees—there remained only the surer way of his ordering them to charge at the same time, which he did in high dudgeon, at my suggestion. We beat the Indians entirely and did not lose a man, but on returning to the tent I was threatened with court martial! At this my men said: "You court martial him, we quit right here. We follow him or nobody. We'll fight Indians on our own hook, if you do so." At this he turned on his heel. I was not court martialed. He saw scant military ceremony in the desperate faces of that crowd, who were all brave, good men, whose families were even then in peril and much suffering and anxiety, homes needing their care and all poor.

During those first three months of service as volunteers with the United States soldiers, we started from Steilacoom to Eastern Washington, where we were to meet the soldiers from Vancouver and the volunteers from Oregon. Near the eastern summit of the Cascades, on the Naches River, an express overtook us in great haste and excitement, bidding us return as quickly as possible. Snow was then six inches deep and our horses very tired. It was deemed advisable to send a man back with the express from each mess and volunteers were at once forthcoming from our company, also some few men who were with the United States soldiers, one man named Moses among them.

These returned in advance of ourselves, getting as far as Con-

nell's Prairie. Here they met Kitsap and Quiemuth (brothers of Leschi) chiefs of the Nisqually tribe, whose tribe were all following and in hostile mood. They pretended to be quite friendly, held a long parley with the poor express men in order for a murderous band of them to waylay them in a swamp through which their route lay and which the Indians approached by a near cut. Without dreaming of treachery, the men were caught like rats in a trap. Two were shot, one quite dead although he had the finest horse. The other—Moses—was shot through the body but clung to his horse until out of the swamp, about forty rods. Realizing that death was inevitable, the brave man begged the others most earnestly to leave him and seek their own safety. "Carry me off the trail into those bushes and just spread my coat over me. That is all. Now ride away boys. Good-bye. I can't live many minutes. Go on." It was thus they found the poor fellow afterwards. He had not apparently moved. The body of the first man shot was horribly mutilated when we found it. The others had abandoned their horses, wandering three days on foot without a trail, crossing the Puyallup on a drift and arriving at Fort Steilacoom in a state of exhaustion.

We were coming on behind, ignorant of the fate of those poor fellows. Our front guard ahead came to Connell's Prairie. One man espied an Indian riding alone and they gave chase. He lost his hat which poor Joe Brannon picked up, recognizing it as his own brother's! The horrible possibility of his death seized them all. It was quite true. His entire family had been massacred with many others. A family named Jones bore frightful evidences of barbarity. The poor woman's body was slashed open and an infant killed! Other fearful indignities were in evidence on every hand. The homes were all burnt. That place, now called Auburn, was the scene of the worst and most revolting cruelty.

The express riders had come back to meet us and to tell us of their calamities. They had halted and when we came up to them we struck camp for the night, full of gloomy forebodings. On the following morning, Captain Maloney gave orders for so many men to go with him and so many with Captain Hays, the balance to remain in camp.

I went with Captain Hays about two miles down the White River where the Indians first fired on us before we had time to cross. We had left our tired horses at camp, taking it on foot to the small settlement hoping to hear news and were thus surprised into an immediate skirmish. A soldier of the front guard was killed

by the first volley. We fought here eight hours, not being able to see how many were killed or wounded as driftwood and brush hid so many and squaws were on hand to remove them as we saw from the opposite bank of the river.

Next day we forded the White River—our horses having rested—not far from Muckleshoot Reservation and followed the enemy over on to Green River, seeing blood along the road at various places where they had preceded us. At Green River we had another hard fight, the hostiles keeping up a fire from the opposite bank. The day following it poured with rain and they stopped firing. Having no food we had to go back to camp.

The following day, Captain Maloney called for volunteers to join him as he started for South Prairie, about three miles, on a poor and very muddy trail. I was one. When near the prong of the Puyallup River, we cut a tree to cross over. As the tree fell two soldiers and two volunteers—one named Parham and the other, Edgar—started first to cross and had almost succeeded when shots came out of the brush, killing one soldier and wounding another who died the same night. Poor Edgar was also shot but lived four days. Parham, shot through one lung, recovered. We never caught sight of an Indian in the thick underbrush. On litters we brought our poor fellows back into camp.

The express riders who had returned out of Steilacoom to meet us had brought us information that another company had been organized with James McAllister as captain. He was a good man, whom all esteemed. He got as far from Nisqually as the Puyallup River with his brave company. There he camped. Leaving his men, he took only Connell and an Indian guide with him, intending to go to Connell's place on the prairie for the purpose of reasoning with the Indians. Knowing them all and not believing there was an enemy who would harm him, he felt sure they would be advised by him to return peacefully, giving up all hostile feelings which he scarcely believed they would retain. Perfectly fearless and without even the warning that Connell's place was then in ashes and the Indians' diabolical raid had begun, he was just drawing near the prairie when Indians shot him dead from a hollow cedar stump! Connell, wheeling his horse, started back and was shot about a quarter of a mile from McAllister by other Indians who had previously let the two men pass only to waylay them on returning. These two were the first to lose their lives in that locality.

The Indian guide returned to the mouth of the Nisqually River

where McAllister had lived and told the sad news to Mrs. McAllister that her husband and Connell were killed. This is some measure prepared her for our bringing home his remains.

Captain Maloney ordered us to search for and bring in the dead. Connell we buried on his own place with others, but McAllister and Moses we packed on horses and brought them to Steilacoom. No monument marks the resting place of these brave men; no recognition was given by the Government to their families.

One man of that express party returning from the mountains would not abandon his horse but declared he would ride through. He was Doctor Burns, our company Surgeon. At what is now Kelly's place on going up the hill from Connell's Prairie, the Indians fired on him from ambush, but as it was almost dark they failed to hit him. He then left his horse and wandered three days until the returning express riders found him on the fourth day, crazed and almost starved. He later recovered. The doctor's instruments and medicines were in the saddlebags and the poor animal carried them all winter. The superstition of the redmen would not permit them to molest the "medicine man's" things. In the spring our picket guard, seeing a portion of a horse's body in the undergrowth, fired, supposing it was an Indian riding. Thus they killed the doctor's horse. On removing the saddle, the hide came off with it!

When the bodies of our dead comrades had been brought in, Captain Maloney ordered his First Lieutenant Slaughter to go back to Stuck River where it puts in to the Puyallup at the present site of Sumner. He was to reconnoiter that locality as far as where Auburn now stands. There he met a company of volunteers. They also were on the lookout but said they had seen no indications of the enemy. He had not seen anything of them either and they all therefore felt free from danger.

They built large fires as the night was cold. The Indians in ambush had sneaked after Lieutenant Slaughter, following him from Puyallup. They crept inside the guards, surrounding them and suddenly opened fire and killed Lieutenant Slaughter and some twelve others. So sudden was the attack, the poor fellows had no time to return fire. Many were wounded in the attempt. They were all sitting around their camp fires when every camp had a separate band of Indians come on them in a moment. The undergrowth had hidden the Indians completely.

A small steamer came up White River and took the dead and wounded to Fort Steilacoom. Our company was detailed to go and

gather up the few soldiers and horses left of the unfortunate company.

We were almost in a destitute condition, having worn out all our clothing. I borrowed a pair of pants and moccasins from poor Northcraft, a volunteer of our company who was afterwards killed by the Indians. Our Captain had gone to the garrison to obtain clothing for us. General Wool had given orders that we were not to have any but were to be discharged!

Captain Maloney gave his opinion of this and gave us some garments, spite of General Wool's orders. Many had shared together the few things they had and never a quarrel with any had taken place. I had saved Lieutenant Slaughter's life when crossing Green River before the fight.

Leschi and Quiemuth were brothers. Leschi, older of the two, was Head Chief of the Nisqually tribe and it was he who signed the treaty before Governor Stevens. It was signed without a word of coercion or misrepresentation, as the witnesses who signed with him—Mike Simmons, Frank Shaw and others—afterwards informed me, although a contrary statement has been made. Mike Simmons was interpreter for the Nisqually as I was for the Puyallups. Leschi and his brother were Klickitats by birth and spoke that language and also spoke to the Nisqually tribe in their own language. Both these men were of fine appearance and were intelligent. Leschi was cruel, cunning and treacherous. He was at the bottom of all the devilment and murderous raids made, starting the first outbreak with Quiemuth. Both assisted at the cruel massacre of Connell, McAllister and the men of the express who were attacked on Connell's Prairie. He also instigated the White River massacre where he was met by the Muckleshoots and the Green River Indians and their chiefs—Kitsap and Tanascot and some few of the Puyallups. Salat, Sitwell and Chilliwilton, chiefs of the Puyallups, did not join the hostiles. Neither did Chief Seattle, and the Tulalip Indians helped us against the others. Few of the Sound Indians joined the malcontents, but I have reason to recollect one. We were charging them on Connell's Prairie at the last fight we had and an Indian was in the act of firing at my men, William Martin, Second Lieutenant being just in line of his old musket. A small portion of his body was just visible from behind a tree and I fired, hitting the Indian in the lower part of his side, the bullet passing through him. His gun dropped and Martin was safe. Years afterwards that same Indian worked for me a long

while and showed me the bullet hole in his side. He said he knew it was my shot that downed him but he never attempted any revenge.

Of Chief Leschi, much has been written and said which sounds like sentimental drivel to me. He was a murderer of the worst type and as I recollect the valuable lives he sacrificed and the homes and stock he destroyed, also the dead bodies of our respected comrades we packed in on our horses or laid away in unmarked graves, their deaths mark a "tragedy" in the history of this State,—not his! Tried before twelve honest jurymen, he was sentenced by the judge and deservedly hung at Byrd's Lake,—that is, in a hollow place near that lake. Not a white man living here at the time but felt the full justice of the sentence.

Governor Stevens had nothing whatever to do with this trial or sentence. He was at Olympia at the time it was carried out. Yet some have tried to implicate him unjustly.

I never once saw Governor Stevens the worse for drinking and believe the statement untrue that is recorded in Ezra Meeker's book. Living two years in his household, I can safely assure anyone he was not addicted to drinking. It should not be believed of him. Knowing the importance of his work when first crossing the plains, he was selected from among many efficient men to advise on the possibility of building a railroad to this coast, bringing surveyors with him. He had the important trust of making treaties with all the Indians, none being dissatisfied but the ones who fought in this Territory.

After the worst of the fighting was over, but previous to the hanging of Leschi, Quiemuth sent word to a cousin of his, also a Klickitat, a very bright squaw who had married a Scotchman of the Hudson Bay set. The Scotchman's name was Edgar. The word sent by Quiemuth was that if Van Ogle and James Longmire would take him to the Governor he would give himself up. Edgar was employed as a guide by the United States Army. His wife was very fond of her cousin Quiemuth and faithful. She was often with Mrs. James Longmire and told her to ask us to come to her house and talk. We went. The purport of the conversation was that we must promise to see the Chief safely delivered to the Governor. Word was sent him that we agreed on taking him.

On a dark night he arrived at Mrs. Edgar's house alone. They rode over to Longmire's house, about two miles, finding Mrs. Longmire alone. James and I were walking from the blockhouse about half a mile distant. Hearing Indians approaching and not know-

ing who they were, we had stepped out of their way until they passed. Mrs. Longmire, perfectly fearless and much thought of by the Indians, received the Chief and his cousin and kept them there until our return. Rain was pouring in torrents. The night was dark and gloomy. We wished to keep our word, yet I was somewhat afraid of treachery and, on consideration, flatly refused to start unless Edgar's squaw went with us to see that we fulfilled our part conscientiously and to inform the Indians on her return of our doing so. We also gave the Chief to understand if any trick or treachery was planned he would be instantly shot. I was suddenly impressed with the idea of taking the squaw nor would I consent to move without her.

I must add here it was a creepy sort of feeling that came over us as we passed through the thick brushy trail on the Reservation after leaving the open Yelm Prairie. Had we not taken this relative of Quiemuth, there is no doubt but the Longmire family would have been wiped out and I should not be here to tell of the circumstances which surrounded the cutting off of the Chief who had so confidently entrusted his life to our care. The Indians would have made short work of us all for they thought so much of Quiemuth and mourn his memory to this day.

It was nearly three o'clock in the morning when we arrived at Olympia. A cold rain, pouring all the way, had wetted us to the skin. We were tired, hungry and sleepy as we entered the office adjoining Governor Stevens's residence. Informing him at once of our errand, he seemed somewhat disturbed, requesting us to take the prisoner to Fort Steilacoom. We asked him to excuse our doing this. The horses were unequal to the thirty-mile ride; our mission was ended; our promise kept. We begged him to depute some other party to go to the Fort as we had to return to Jim's family at early dawn.

He was awaiting the arrival of some men to do so, leaving us in the office to guard until they arrived. The Indian stretched out on the floor and fell sound asleep. Longmire was leaning against the wall, sitting on the floor with his feet near Quiemuth's head. I was seated on a chief with my head leaning on my hands, trying to answer various questions from men who had rushed in, hearing of the surrender. The squaw was near the door so that no one could come into the office without passing between her and myself.

A shot rang through the room, aimed at the Chief's heart for the bullet broke his wrist as his hand lay over his heart. We all

jumped up. Some one blew out the candle. The Chief cried out that he was shot and got to the door where he was stabbed in the breast instantly.

All was darkness. We could not see who did this. The Chief attempted to return into the office, but fell. As light was made, we saw his cousin trying to stanch the blood, making such a sorrowful moan as one never forgets. The Indians have no word in their language to express love, but five words expressing hate. Yet that Indian woman loved her relative.

We were all examined as witnesses. The squaw was able to testify that Longmire and I were not implicated in the treacherous murder. The shot came from outside the door, the assassin completing the deed there. We thus escaped the Indians' wrath and revenge. We had a pretty clear idea of the murderer, but at that time suspicions were unsafe to mention, a white man's life being rarely lost in repaying the cruelty of a redskin.

A knife—a sheath knife—that belonged to Captain Jim McAllister who was killed at Connell's Prairie—the first martyr—was found in the belt of Quiemuth. It had the previous owner's name on it and was duly recognized by all of us volunteers. McAllister's son-in-law was in the crowd at the door of the office and had been foremost in asking us questions as to the proposed dealing out of justice to the prisoner and also as to the manner of his surrender. We did not deem it good policy to single out this individual at that exciting time, but always drew our conclusions when talking together of the matter.

The Nisqually Indians took the remains to their reservation where Quiemuth and Leschi are both buried. Occasionally a long line of vehicles with Indians can be seen driving there to pay respect to these, the last chiefs to hold sway over the country.

I ought to here add by way of protest that for the bill due me for various services and for horse feed sold to the Government, I received \$444 in greenbacks worth only fifty cents to the dollar. My bill of fourteen hundred and some odd dollars was cut down by the Government, so that, after my hard experiences, I was really paid \$222. I retain the paper to prove this. I should also add that I did not receive that payment until 1865! Everything I owned was taken by the Indians and my house was burned. I never had a chance to receive anything from "The Indian Depredation Fund" afterwards appropriated because I had receipted that bill long before the appropriation was made.

VAN OGLE.