

Indian
Massacres

Washington, Dec. 7-Fourteen Shoshone Indians are supposed to have been killed and their bodies, with those of their horses buried in two trenches in Elko county, Nevada, according to a communication sent to the department of justice by Barley Lee, prosecuting attorney for Cassia county, Idaho.

Lee seeks to have the department aid in bringing the murderers, who are said to be white horsethieves, to justice. The attorney writes that his information is from three Indians whose wives and children were among the slaughtered.

Coincident with the reports of the murder, three bad characters disappeared from the vicinity of the crime. One of them brought the first report that a crime had been committed.

Rumors of the massacre drifted into Albion, Ida., last July according to Lee. Investigation proved there were good grounds for the story. The bodies of the Indians were not recovered but those of their horses were unearthed and it was supposed the bodies of the Indians were beneath. The slow action and reference of the matter to the department are said to be on account of the inactivity of Nevada officials--Yakima Republic, Dec. 9, 1910.

Wenatchee--While exploring among the rocks near the mouth of Semilt creek yesterday afternoon John Collins, foreman for the Wenatchee Three Lakes Improvement company exhumed a badly decayed leather case containing a fine pair of field glasses. The glasses are of the very finest quality, being made by Lemaire of Paris and while the leather case was almost rotted away the glasses themselves were as clear as when they were turned out of the Parisian workshop 40 years ago.

From almost undecipherable markings on the case it is evident that they belonged to one of Gen. O.O. Howard's officers who conducted an expedition against Chief Joseph up the Columbia river valley in 1875. It is and lost (copy) Or it is barely possible that they may have been the property of Gen. Howard himself.

They were found underneath a large rock and had probably either been hidden there by some thief at that time or left there by the owner and lost. Or it is barely possible that in one of the sudden attacks or alarms the owner was killed and had no further use for them.

It is a matter of history that the expeditions under Gen. Howard overtook Chief Joseph right here in the Wenatchee valley in 1875 and that a conference was held between the general and the great Indian chieftain on one of the benches to the west overlooking the valley.

Samuel Miller, who was supposed to have been the only white man living in the valley at the time was present at the conference and acted as interpreter.

The discovery of the pair of military field glasses is only one of the many relics of the Indian campaign that have been found in the valley in the same vicinity where Gen. Howard camped for some time according to reports made at this time--Yakima Herald, July 10, 1912.

"Chief John of the Rogue River Indians was a fine fighter and a great general, Indian or white man, I have to pay my respects to good generalship anywhere and that Oregon Indian chief certainly played the game better than we did back in 1856 at Camp Hayes when they got a valuable pack train from us as I am going to tell you about."

In these words Lieutenant John Mitchell, seasoned fighter himself whose reputation as one of the seven men who dug the famous Libby prison tunnel is wide and whose story concerning that incident was told in a recent issue of the Sunday Herald, has had other experiences quite as thrilling.

Crossing the plains to Oregon in 1852 he spent several years following in prospecting for gold and it was while working on a bar in the Sacramento river in the Pitt river country that he had his first experience in Indian fighting.

In 1855, together with 1,600 other miners he had followed up the news of gold fields in a certain place only to find it a false report. Some 500 of them drifted to the Sacramento river and there several of them bought a claim of about three acres on a bar. As the gold was running 10 cents to the pan they thought they would put in a wheel and it was while they were assembling the lumber that the Indians began to trouble them. One of the miners back in '49 had married a daughter of the near-by chief. The marriage had been regular and the squaw was a pretty nice woman, said Lieutenant Mitchell. The chief was therefore kindly disposed to the miners and gave them word when the Indians were coming. Three times did the miners go out under Mr. Mitchell, the second and third times acquitting themselves pretty well and finally convincing the Indians that it would be better to leave them alone.

Mr. Mitchell had gone up to Northern California where he owned a tract of land when in 1856 the Indian war broke out in the Rogue river country. He immediately enlisted in the second battalion of the Oregon mounted dragoons and saw Indian fighting in all its horrors.

It was on the 22d of March that a pack train drew near to Camp Hayes on its way to Yreka in California. It had been under fire for two miles from Indians who wanted the supplies and the horses and mules. Captain Abel George was commanding the camp. Unfortunately, when the soldiers who were to escort the pack train awoke in the morning their horses, which had been turned into a corral at night had most of them disappeared. Mr. Mitchell then a corporal started out with his lieutenant and 16 men to try to round up the horses. They hadn't gone far from the camp before they met Indians and had five horses shot. Then a man fell. The lieutenant with six men started for a farm house. A man shot by the Indians those days was scalped promptly. It was from such a fate that Corporal Mitchell hoped to save his fallen comrade.

But Indians were all about them and even as they were speaking to a messmate standing near he saw a tomahawk raised and whirled from the hand of Chief John's nephew.

"Just then my gun happened to go off," said the old man "and the Indian lay still where he fell. The hatchet just grazed the top of my messmate's head."

The Indians had formed a circle around the fallen man but when the men whom Corporal Mitchell had detailed to him and whom he had told to ambush themselves opened fire on the circle the Indians retired. Then Corporal Mitchell planned to go to

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to the assistance of his lieutenant for whose safety he feared. Twenty more soldiers had come up under an officer of higher rank than Mitchell but one without any experience in Indian fighting.

The Indians some 250 in number had fallen back toward a bed rock flat and between this flat and the white soldiers there was a mass of bramble and fallen timber. Now Captain Abel George had some experience with this rock flat in an Indian fight in 1852 and told Mr. Mitchell about it. Once let the Indians, he said, get the soldiers on that flat and a circle round it and it was doubtful if a man would come out of it alive. Still they started toward the flat over the fallen timber with orders to hold fire till the word of command. After making some progress a man ahead fell, shot and then there were Indians to be seen behind the trees on all sides ahead. But the little band of whites did not propose to see their comrade mutilated before their eyes. They decided to charge and they pulled their revolvers and fired at close range into the redskins.

"Give 'em hell" said Corporal Mitchell to his men.

Lieutenant Mitchell who is mild and gentle of manner and particularly clean of speech stopped at this exciting moment in his recital to explain that somehow while it was a word he didn't commonly use it was the formula which invariably came to his lips when he had orders to give for a charge.

The Indians got what the corporal ordered and the body of the mesquite was rescued, the only body in the fight he says which wasn't scalped.

His commander wanted to go still further on to the flat, but Mitchell's men were out of ammunition and a message which he sent back to the camp asking for help and ammunition brought nothing to the little squad of Company " " but the love

love and good wishes of the captain, Abel George. As officer of the day he couldn't leave, he had no ammunition to send and he had to keep what men he had to help guard the pack train, sore beset by Indians.

Corporal Mitchell had instructed his men to take their bowie knives and scoop out places in the ground, piling brush and earth in front of them and to lie there with their guns trained on the rocks. Captain Williams had turned over to him three men, making the total force ten men. There they lay till near nightfall ready to fire should a redskin show himself from behind the tree or rock. But Chief John was playing for bigger game. He was after the pack train and he got it. Towards evening when the pack train was well away the soldiers could see the Indians moving away beyond the rocks, just as Captain Abel George relieved an officer of the day, had come to the rescue of Corporal Mitchell and his plucky men.

The lieutenant and his six men got safely to a block house and were just in time to defend a good many settlers who had rushed to the blockhouse at news of the Indians' activity.

"My lieutenant was a fine man" said ~~Orlando~~ Lieutenant Mitchell, "but he was too brave to be a good soldier. The Indian war whoop was to him just like tinder to dry wood. It set him off. It was 'boys, follow me' and he would set out into the thick of danger whereas if he had gone slower and reasoned it out we could have turned Chief John's right that day"

Lieutenant Mitchell pays his respects to the circle, the battle formation practiced by the Indians with such telling effect. To get inside of an Indian circle was about as dangerous a situation as any one would want to find himself in."

Some of the Indians who fought in the Rogue river war, old men now, are to be found on the Yakima reservation according to Lieut.

Mitchell.

An interesting series of photographs, one of which is printed here, shows the old soldier in the uniform of his Indian fighting days and carrying a remarkably beautiful gun of German make. He was 25 years old when he first carried the gun and wore the uniform and today he is 82..The Yakima Herald, January 19, 1913.

Indians

Slayings--1911

Winnemucca, Nev. Feb. 27--Eight Indians including two squaws and two children and one white man were killed in a running fight yesterday afternoon near Tuscarora when the pursuing posse of 21 men came upon a band of 12 Shoshones charged with the murder of four wealthy Nevada stockmen in Northern Washoe county January 19. On the posse's side Edward Hogle of Eagleville, Calif. was killed.

The squaws armed only with bows and arrows fought stubbornly by the side of the braves. A steel tipped arrow struck one of the posse but he was not seriously wounded.

The police, under command of Captain Donnelly and several stockmen under Sheriff Smith of Modoc county, California, captured a 16 year old girl and three children. It is said that a look taken from the bodies of the murdered stockmen was found in the camp of the Indians.

The state police had been trailing the Indians since February 8 when the bodies of the murdered stockmen were found.

Led by Skinny Pascal, an Indian trailer, the pursuers came upon the Indians yesterday noon. After consultation Skinnay was sent forward to talk to the band. When within 100 yards Old Indian Mike raised his rifle and fired. Pascal dropped from his horse, unhurt and fired twice. Mike was killed.

When the Indians saw their leader fall they started down a canyon driving their stock before them. Two miles down the Indians made a stand and the white men dismounted and crawling through and over rocks engaged the Indians in a pitched battle. With odds against them the battle was soon over and the posse rushed in and captured the girl and the girl and children. The latter stood

Indian Scout

Lewiston, Mont. Dec. 12. Col G.R. Norris, noted frontiersman and Indian fighter who in the early 70's was instrumental in the capture by troopers of a large force of Indians in the Bear Paw mountains of Montana while they were preparing to escape into Canada died here today at the age of 78.

Norris as a government scout dashed on horseback through the redskin's camp in this county to report to Gen. Miles the white's commander, before the startled Indians were aware of his presence.

Gen. Miles forces, with the information given them by Norris, surrounded the Indians' camp and forced them to surrender.

Norris lived in Seattle for several years--The Yakima Republic,
Dec. 12, 1924.

Indian Fighters

Names

1925

Washington, May 15-- Gen. Nelson A. Miles, famous American soldier, collapsed here today and died a few moments later.

Death occurred while he was attending a circus performance. The general had apparently been in the best of health. Mrs. Coolidge was attending the performance.

The old Indian fighter was sitting on the front third row of the circus stands when he fainted. He was 86 years old.

The general lived in an apartment house here with a daughter the wife of Col. Samuel M. Reber, retired. The cause of death was angina pectoris.

Years ago a mausoleum was built under the general's direction at Arlington cemetery, across the Potomac and his body will undoubtedly be placed there. The mausoleum stands near the memorial amphitheater on a wooded hill overlooking the capital. It served as a resting place for the body of Adm. Dewey for a time immediately after his death.

Miles City, Mont. Gen. Nelson A. Miles who died today while attending a circus in Washington was the military figure in the Indian wars of the Northwest in the late 70s and early 80s after whom Miles City, Mont. was named.

He arrived here in command of the fifty infantry on August 1, 1876 at the mouth of the Tongue river and established a temporary blockade that later was removed to Fort Keogh, about five miles west. He was accompanied by his nephew, George M. Miles who still lives here and is engaged in the banking business..
Yakima Republic, May 15, 1925.

Portland, July 20-- Mrs. Elizabeth Sager Helm, 88, one of the survivors of the Whitman massacre in 1847 died yesterday in the home of a daughter at Curney, a suburb of Portland.

She was one of a family of seven children whose parents died while crossing the plains and she was at the mission at the time it was conducted by Dr. Marcus Whitman and his wife when the massacre occurred.

Only five other survivors of the massacre are still living. They are Mrs. N.A. Jacobs and Mrs. O.N. Denny of Portland; a sister of Mrs. ~~Edna~~ Helm residing at Eugene; Mrs. Mary Copley of Riverside, Calif. and her sister, residing in Oakland--
Yakima July 20, 1925.

Stick Joe, who later became one of the judges of the reservation court under Gen. Milroy's administration, was with Maj. Granville ^{Haller}~~Hellen~~ on his expedition to the reservation in 1855 before Fort Simcoe had been built. Stick Joe was a California Indian who for some reason did not want to remain with his own people.

He was careful never to tell the Yakima Indians that he was with Haller's force, but he disclosed the fact when taking Milroy to The Dalles with a team and buckboard in 1884. He then related the incident of the battle of Toppenish creek in which Haller was defeated and forced to retreat to the Dalles.

Stick Joe pointed out the place where Haller and his men spent a portion of the night following the battle. The place was a patch of timber two-thirds up the side of the mountain with bare ground around. It is directly south of Fort Simcoe, and may be seen today.

A number of pack mules loaded with provisions were captured by the Indians during the fight, and the assumption is that this loot, together with the desire of the Indians to celebrate following their victory accounted for the fact that they did not follow up their advantage.

Haller slipped away during the night and gained a sufficient start of the Indians so there was no further encounter with them. The cannon and such other equipment as could not be taken along on the hasty retreat were buried on the side of the mountain at the place where the soldiers spent a portion of the night.

In relating the incidents of the fight on Toppenish creek, Stick Joe was persistent in talking Chinook instead of English, although he could speak English fairly well. Stick Joe was a small man and had a crippled leg, making necessary the use of a cane. Due to his wise counsel he became highly respected among the Indians and was recognized as a sub-chief.

Joe Stwire, who was chief of the Yakima and Klickitat Indians on the reservation court, was a giant in stature. In any of the councils of the Indians his advice

generally was followed, especially if he was supported by Stick Joe and Eneas, the other members of the court, Stwire had a ranch at White Swan, and Stick Joe had a place close to him.

Calvin Hale, an educated halfbreed Indian, had a ranch on the south side of Simcoe creek. Abraham Lincoln, who had been away to an Indian college, was among the first to develop a farm in the White Swan district. On Ahtanum creek, Yallup was the leader among the Indians.

Tom Pearne was an educated Indian who became a Methodist preacher at White Swan. He married a half-breed Indian woman and lived in a very good house. George Waters, an educated Indian with some white blood, had a ranch in the same neighborhood. He was an admirer of Stwire and when the latter died he took the name George Stwire Waters.

—unidentified newspaper clipping
dated Sunday, June 18, 1933

Indians

Amos Underwood's Report of the Cayuse War.

As printed in the White Salmon Enterprise
August 30, Sept. 6, Sept. 13, 1946

(Amos Underwood , of White Salmon and Hood River, is one of the pioneers of Oregon ,who helped to make the history of this country. He has often been asked by newspapermen and others to give an account of some of his experiences in the Indian Wars of this section but never responded until called upon recently by T.A. Wood of Portland, grand commander of Indian War Veterans of the Pacific Northwest.

Hon. D.W. Butler is contributing a series of articles reciting the stirring scenes of the Cayuse War to the Dufur Dispatch and in his first articles mentions Amos Underwood as follows:

Old Yeis, a chief of John Days, began at a distance to deliver a sermon to us on the wickedness of war, but a ball from the rifle of Amos Underwood, who now lives below The Dalles, cut the sermon short by breaking the hypocrites leg, from which he afterwards died.

I believe Underwood had more marks to his credit than any man in the company, i.e. he had more good Indians than the rest of us.

Mr. Underwood is writing incidents of this campaign that came under his observation which will appear in the Glacier. The old veteran recites his experiences in the trying times of forty years ago with great animation, and we believe he would take pleasure in again going through the campaign of which he writes. Those of us who have known Amos Underwood for years, when looking upon his kindly face would never suspect that he ever adopted the methods of warfare of the savages and beat them at their own game. But the times required just such men as Amos Underwood and his associates in Oregon volunteers, and their methods of warfare. Their work at that time caused the Indians to respect the White man and made a lasting peace that could not have been

conquered by any more lenient measures. Here is Mr. Underwood's first paper: White Salmon, Wash. Jan. 16, 1897, T.A. Wood, Commander Indian War Veterans,

Dear Sir:

You ask me to give you an account of the battle we had with the Cayuse Indians in the fall of 1855. Well, sir, several newspaper men have wanted me to write it up for them, but I never got at it because I was always afraid people would think I wanted to air myself. I will give it now as near as I can remember. I will have to speak of myself a good many times, as I can recollect my own doings better than I can recollect what was done by the other boys.

There has been many yarns told about the death of Chief Pepe Mux-Mux, and how he was captured, but they don't always correspond.

I will give you the facts of the whole affair.

I was fourth corporal of Company B, Oregon volunteers, and had charge of him when he was killed. To make a long story short on about the 7th of December, 1855, about 400 volunteers were at old Fort Walla Walla now Wallula, I can only think of a few of the names of the officers and men of the regiment.

Col James K. Kelly was in command with Major Chinn. Company A from Portland was commanded by Captain Wilson, Lt. Ben Harding; Co. B from Tualle was commanded by Lt. John Jeffreys and James McCauliff, Capt. O. Humanson being home sick in bed. Co. H was commanded by Dave Latta. Co. F. was there I think commanded by Captain Bennett. Bennett was killed in the battle. There were other companies, but I can't remember which they were. Nathan Olney was there as Indian agent and had a few Tualle Indians with him.

We got pack animals and some wagons.

Part of the command started up the road with the teams and pack train toward Walla Walla, and about 200 of us started on horse

back across the hills, a little north of east. We rode until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when we saw big bands of Indians coming towards us.

They came on within 200 or 300 yards of us and stopped. They were carrying a white flag. Some six or eight of them left the crowd and came within about 100 yards of us, where they halted and called for some of our officers to come to them; they wanted to have a talk.

A few of the officers went and had a hand shake with the Indians. The rest of us sat there on our horses and while our officers talked with the chief we would flap our arms and crow and take sight with our guns at the Indians.

The Indian boys did the same. Old Pepe said "I see your boys are like mine--they are keen for a fight. But us old men had better sense. We know you were coming, so I ordered five big fat cattle to be slaughtered and roasted and I started to meet you and have ~~come~~ you come and take supper with me.'

So after about an hour he told his men to go home and tell the people we would be there for supper.

The old chief and about eight men of his stayed with us, and the rest all started off on a keen lope. We then followed and rode on till about sundown, when we could see lots of Indians on the high points.

We were riding along a level bottom and soon arrived at a point where the bluffs came nearly to the creek and for two or three miles the trail passed under a high cliff of perpendicular rocks, leaving just room for one horseman on the trail at a time. Across the creek was a thicket of brush, so thick that nothing could get through it. It was a dark evening and spitting snow. Nat Olney was riding back with the head guard and when he saw the commander and Indians making for the narrow trail, he spurred his horse and galloped to the front. As he passed me I heard him say: 'G---d---them fellows; what is the matter with them? If they go through the hole there will not be one left to tell the story'. He had said early in

evening there was something wrong that the Indians mean to trap us. He had to run his horse about 400 yards before he overtook the head of the column. Arriving there he used about the same language to the bosses. He called a halt and then the commander turned to the right into a bottom and went into the camp for the night. It was dark and snowing.

Two or three Indians jumped off and ran. Bill Gates fired two shots at them but could not hit them in the darkness. We still held old Pepe and about six others. We unsaddled and laid down for the night.

The Indians were all around us and kept hallowing and talking to the chief. Nat Olney talked to them in their own language; told them to go home and have breakfast all ready and we would be there; that the old chief had gone to bed and we did not want to be molested anymore. So all was quiet till morning.

When we got up in the morning there was about three inches of snow on the ground and our horses were standing by our sides shivering. We had to build fires in the sage brush to take the kinks out of our blankets and ropes before we could saddle them. It was a fine sunny morning. Some of the boys went to the canyon and crossed the creek where they found nests in the brush where the Indians had hidden.

When we started on the march, instead of following the trail through the canyon we went around the bluff. We found tons of rocks piled up upon the bluff ready to be rolled down upon us if we had followed the train.

If our boys had got strung out on that narrow trail for a distance of two or three miles, with no chance to turn back or go forward, when attacked the Indians would have had us completely at their mercy.

If we had jumped off and taken to the brush, the brush was alive with Indians ready for us. In the first excitement the Chief and his crowd could have jumped off and ran to some place of safety understood by them. I do not believe we could have saved one Indian nor

saved a man of our command.

We went three or four miles around and came to the Indian camp on the creek above the canyon. There were some 200 huts and about the same number of fires, but no beef and no Indians only on the tops of the high points above us.

We asked old Pepe where the roasted beef and breakfast was. He shook his head and said "Klonass hias quash tillicums" Guess my people are scared. Some of the boys from The Dalles (they were called the Forty Thieves.") would beat the Indians at their own game. They said.

"We will have breakfast soon. Taking an old shovel they dug down a foot or two and found a cache under every one of these fires-- brass kettles and all kinds of utensils and clothing, wheat, peas, camas, couse and all kinds of Indian grub. We fed our horses, ate all we wanted, took what we wanted and then threw the rest into the fires and burned it up.

We then started south or east of south and traveled all day. Indians could be seen on all sides on the high points. Some of the boys would occasionally try and get a shot, but the old muzzle loaders would not reach them.

We struck the Walla Walla road about dark; could see the train had not got that far; so we took the back track. In about one hour's travel we found the train, camped on a small stream and all well. We could smell the supper and were not long in getting alongside. The camp was about 500 yards long. Capt. Fontelroy was in charge of the commissary.

When bed time came Corporal A. Underwood was called to take charge of the prisoners. We had six Indians and I had six men, one for each prisoner. Of the guard I can only remember the names of Warren Keith, Sam Warfield and Doctor Pates. When we put the Indians to bed, one big Indian, who said his name was ~~Chap~~ ~~Chao~~ Champoege Jim, complained

there was a stick under him and asked Bates to remove the stick. As Bates stopped down to get the stick, the Indians jumped out by his side and ran, Bates after him. Some of the other boys started to help Bates and at the same time all the other prisoners tried to make a break. I jumped out and told the boys to each hold his man. Old man Keith shoved the muzzle of his gun against the breast of the chief, pushed him over and held him to the ground. The other boys each did the same with the other prisoners. Doc Bates ran his man about 100 yards and caught him. As luck would have it, Bates was the swiftest man for 100 or 200 yards in the whole regiment.

All hands turned out and tied the prisoners hand and foot. Next morning when we started on the march, myself and guard were kept in charge of the prisoners.

Before we left camp I could hear the rifles popping around the bend. The advance guard were properly in it. As we marched up the road, our position with the prisoners was about the center of the column, then followed the wagon train, and then the rear guard. We could see the boys running along the hillsides and hear them shooting all day long and I did want to be with them.

As we rode along I noticed Ab Addington sitting by the roadside leaning on his elbows. I said: "Ab, are you badly hurt?" "No only shot through the hip," he replied. "but those sons of B--s have got my race mare." Ab's mare had run away with him and had run clean through the main line of Indians. After being shot through the hip he fell off and as the Indians passed him they tried to shoot him but being too closely pressed by our boys, they would stick their guns in his face and before they could pull the trigger would be past their mark and the bullets would whistle to one side of his face. The skin was pulled off his face and head in several places where the muzzles of the guns had struck him. Ab was a Linn County boy. Next I saw a dead Indian lying on the

hillside. I pointed him out to Old Pepe, who shook his head . Then Lieutenant Ben Hardin came riding back on a big iron grey horse. The horse been shot i the withers and the blood streaming down on the white horse looked bad. Old Pepe asked if Olney was good and smiled when I told him he was.

As We rode along , one the Indians told Keith and I that he was a Nez Perce, 15 year old; that he had come down after some horses but the Cayuses would not let him return home.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon we stopped at a Frenchmen's place named Ramo. As we rode up we say five men lying in a row on their backs, all fine looking men. We recognized Henry Crow of Albany, Lieutenant Burroughs of Linn county and Capt. Bennett. Neal McFarlane was standing by the fence and just as he raised his gun to shoot at an Indian down in the creek bottom bang went the Indian's gun knocking off the tube and hammer of Mc's gun. The officers were all out in the fight.

I saw Olney coming along and said to him "Olney, what shall I do with these prisoners? He said, "Tie the sons of B----s and put them in the house. I then ordered the men to take them off and tie them. Old Pepe said. "No tie men; tie dogs and horses." The boys pulled them off their horses and commenced to tie them. Champoege Jim had cut Ike Miller in the arm. Then all commenced to fight and rare, and some one grabbed a gun and shot Jim; and soon there were eight or ten guns going-- bang, bang, bang. Down they all went except the 15 year old boy who was climbing up my stirrup leather.

The crowd made a rush at the boy who held to me and the excited men pointed their guns towards him. I told Keith not to let them shoot and boy and he pushed their guns to one side and two or three of them were discharged at my side. Finally we got them quieted to a standstill when I told them that the boy was a Nez Perces Indian with a Cayuse mother. When all was quiet and settled I told the boy to stay here

with the cooks and not try and run off, and he would be all right.

Olney had gotten about 100 yards off when he heard the shooting. He came back and as he rode up he drew his revolver and fired a shot into Old Pepe and said: "You old rascal; I am satisfied now. Old Pepe tried the same beef game to murder Olney about six weeks ago but some one of the Indians had posted him. I then galloped up the road to join the boys in the fight, and would have rode into the Indians but John Ashcroft jumped out of a fence corner and called me back.

The boys had come to a stand and all were dodged hiding behind anything that would afford shelter.

The line extended from the Wallula river across the flat and up the bunch grass hills something near a mile long, with a steady rattle of fire arms on both sides. I went out to the foot hills, dismounted and went to shooting; but the distance we were shooting was too far to do much execution. I noticed an Indian who would swing his blanket by a corner while he rode in a circle and hallowed to tantalize us. I tried him two shots but missed. The third shot I elevated and at the crack of my old gun he nearly fell off his horse, but hung to the saddle. Some of the others ran to him and led his horse behind a hill.

Night coming on we went to camp in the Freshmen's field of about eight acres. While the cooks were preparing supper and all of us were hungry as wolves with bright fires burning, bang went a gun outside the field, about 150 yards off. Orders were quickly given to put out the fires and in about a minute every spark was extinguished. We threw all the water we had in camp on the fire, and the cooks even emptied the coffee kettles.

Every man then went to the fence corners where we laid till morning; some slept; while others kept on guard.

I have learned since that the Indians were in great numbers crawling through the sage brush and intended to fire on us and

then make a grand charge; but a gun went off accidentally which stopped them when they saw our fires go out, they changed their plans.

When morning came our officers wanted to start for our fort on the Umatilla with the whole command. They thought there were too many Indians for us and our ammunition was running low. But Olney told them if we ever started to retreat the Indians would cut us to pieces. He claimed that we were well enough fortified where we were and had Ramo's house for a hospital. Old Mountain Robinson was given Pepe's black horse and started with another man for The Dalles, via Umatilla, to hurry reinforcements. All old Oregonians will remember Robinson, who lived on what is known as Robinson's hill in Portland.

On his way down he met several companies that had been to Yakima and returned to The Dalles, and we were then on their way to help us. But more about them hereafter.

After having breakfast we started for the battle ground about half a mile from camp. The Indians managed to get advantage of the ground every morning and we would have to do some hard fighting to get a good position. The battle raged fiercely all day and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon we were within 50 yards of the Indians. The Indians opposite Co. B were on one side of a hill and our company on the other. When one of us would rise up with gun to face, there would be an Indian standing on the other side of the hill with his gun to his face, and if he was about ready to shoot we would drop and hear the bullets whiz over our heads.

One of the boys proposed that if any one killed an Indian we would have to charge on them and get his scalp. Just then Hank Humphrey fired his gun and as he dropped to load he said: "There's one right there." I raised up and saw an Indian jolting his gun to get the powder in the tube. I quickly fired and he was my Indian. I then called out "I've got him, boys, charge."

Over the hill the boys went yelling and shooting, with the

the Indians running like the devil after them. I soon came upon my Indian who was trying to get up. Catching him by the hair I pulled him over and cut his throat. I then scalped him, took his powder horn and blanket and was trying to get his leggings which were beaded and very pretty, but seemed to be sewed on. The Indians made it so hot for me I had to leave the leggings. There must have been 100 shots fired at me and the bullets kept striking the ground at my feet and filled my eyes with dust. Our company had gotten too far in advance of the line of battle, and the Indians had a cross fire on us and their bullets came from three sides.

As the boys came running back to me I grabbed the powder horn and blanket and followed. I didn't want the leggings as badly as I thought I did. We fought on till dark and then started for camp. On our way we found three rifle pits that had been dug by the boys, about four feet long by one and one-half feet deep. John Flup and I got into one and waited for the Indians who were following.

The company went on while we waited till dark. We could distinguish a gang of Indians coming and letting them get within about 100 yards we fired our guns at them and then ran till we caught up with the boys. All that day there was steady firing along the line. When we could see them carrying off dead and wounded we would yell and make fun of them, and they would do the same when they saw our dead and wounded being carried away.

When we got to camp Little Nez Perces Indian came up to me and shook hands. I showed him the scalp and the blanket with the bullet hole in it. He laughed while he examined it, then closely. During the day he had told Col. S. C. Kelley that Governor Stevens was coming back from the head of the Missouri river and that he had passed through there in June going up country with lots of men and pack animals.

The boy said it had been planned by the Indians to ferry about one-half

the crowd over the river and them murder them all. The boy said it was about time for Stevens and his command to reach the river. That same night Colonel Kelley started the boy with a letter to take to Governor Stevens and next morning nearly every man was swearing at Colonel Kelley for sending out a hostile Indian, claiming that he would give us all away. I offered to bet the boy would go to Governor Stevens.

In the morning we went again to the battle ground and found the Indians in the rifle pits, and it was some time before we got them out. A man named Sheppard got shot in the arm; a German was shot in the nose; several of the boys got bullet holes through their clothing. Freling Choate got three shots through his coat. One bullet went through his tin cup on his belt, and striking his pocket book, opened it at the catch, one half the bullet stopping there, the other going on.

Lieutenant Jeffries of our company went over in the hills and made arrangements with Capt. Connor in charge of a company of mounted half breeds from French Prairie to charge the Indians.

This company was about the best company of Indian fighters in the command. Pretty soon we heard the French boys yelling and we could see their flags above the hill. They dashed off as fast as their horses could run. Co. B then charged over the hill. The Indians ran and we captured their rifle pits. They left their tobacco sacks, gun sticks and in fact nearly everything could be found in their holes in the ground.

We got into their rifle pits and I was in one along with Lieutenant McAuliff and Jim Beebe. The Indians had made a stand just over the next rise of ground. They would raise their hats on gun sticks for us to shoot at, and occasionally one would we would dance around, holding his blanket by one corner while he swung it in the air.

I made a hole in the ridge of earth thrown up outside out pits, laid a stick of wood on top so that I could not be seen by the enemy and sat there with my gun cocked. McAuliff and Beebe were lying down; Beebe kept saying, "why don't you shoot?" I said, "wait till that rascal swings his blanket again."

Presently the Indian made a grand flourish and swept around gracefully with the blanket. It was all gone in an instant, but I fired and shot him in the belly. The Indians made a great fuss and I could hear him crying. He was put on a horse and started across the bottom. Finally they took him off his horse and about 25 Indians came out of the timber and he was carried away.

While a party of us were sitting on a hill side eating camas and couse we noticed that an Indian steling down toward a hollow in the direction

of where Choate had gone. We yelled to Choate and tried to tell him to look out for himself. We then motioned for him to come back. I went over the Indian and crawled up behind a badger mound. I looked over in the gully and saw the Indian crawling along. He saw me at the same time and got behind a slight rise in the ground. I laid with my face close to the ground as the mound would hardly hide me. Pretty soon the boys shouted "shoot him Ame; he's running." ~~Downed~~ As I raised up he started to run out across the bottom. He ran in a zig zag course, so that I could not take aim, till he was about 25 yards off; but I finally downed him. He laid there in plain

view of us, but I could not get to him as he was too close to the headquarters of the Indians near a point of timber. We had an old mortar gun that we brought from the fort, which we loaded by filling a sock with pieces of iron, bullets, etc. and then fired several shots into the timber, thinking to oust the Indians.

While Captain Wilson was pouring powder into the tube a bullet came along and knocked the can of powder out of his hands. About the ~~time~~

third time the mortar was fired it bursted and the flying pieces nearly killed Captain Wilson who went about with his head tied up for three or four days. The Indians came in the night and dragged my Indian away with a horse and lariat and all I got from him was 16 bullets I found scattered along the trail where they dragged him.

A little later a bullet struck the front part of Meigs's glazed cap and tore it nearly off his head. A bunch of cotton bigger than his cap in the first place was knocked out of it. Meigs jumped onto Bill Gate's horse and rode down the hill, 50 yards and up the other side 50 yards and up the other side of the gulch about 50 yards and then came riding slowly back. He was a young lawyer from The Dalles.

Next day was the last day of the fight. An Indian came out some distance from the main crowd and said he wanted to talk with our commander. Lieut. Jeffreys and I went out to meet him. The Indian also had a man with him. When we got within about 200 yards the Indians asked the only one of us come to him. Jeffreys and the Indian met and shook hands. Their talk lasted about five minutes, then each started for his own command. The Indian was on horseback, while Jeffreys was afoot. When they got about 50 yards apart about 50 Indians on horseback came yelling toward us. Jeffreys ran till he came to me. I drew my gun up to my face.

The Indians came on to within about 200 yards when one half of them turned to the right and the other to the left. What they wanted to do was kill one of our officers, but they saw our boys running down the hill to meet them, and they were too cowardly to come nearer.

It was rather quiet on the hill for awhile in the forenoon. We could see a big Indian riding up and down a ridge across the hollow. He seemed to be waiting for something. John Fulp, better known as Oregon John and myself, stole down the hill across the flat and up a little gulch. The Indian came back down the ridge and as he turned to go up our boys called to us "now is your time boys." We ran up the

the hill for a few yards and there he was riding in plain view not over 100 yards away. Both of us were so tired from running that we could not hold on hi but being anxious to shoot, bang, bang went our guns. The Indian wheeled his horse and came riding towards us. Our guns being empty we took to our heels and ran.

The Indian did not follow far but turned and rode back and up the hill have since been told that it was Stock Whitley, chief of the Des Chutes and that he was on a strike. He and his band were fighting for revenue and they had concluded they wanted more pay and while riding back and forth on the ridge he was waiting for an answer to his demand for a rise.

In the afternoon the fight was more lively all along the line till about 4 o'clock. The volunteers that Mountain Robinson met came in sight on the hill towards Umatilla and there was one continuous stream of soldiers kept pouring over the hills till after dark.

Next morning no Indians were on the battle ground; we could see here and there on the high spots Indians acting as spies. It was 9 o'clock before we discovered that the Indians had left. We then started up the road, and in about four miles came to their town. They had taken the roofs off their houses which consisted chiefly of skins of animals. There was about 500 houses in the village. In some of them were large ricks of provisions of all kinds. We took some and set fire to the balance. We then followed their trail over the to the Coupee 15 or 20 miles where we camped for the night. Some of the officers went to the French barracks, where all the French of the valley and some friendly Indians stopped all fall and winter.

They reported that the Indians passed there in great confusion saying they could have stood us off but that a new crowd had come, a string White Soldiers reaching from The Dalles to Walla Walla which they considered too much for them. The Frenchmen said the Indians had their children

tied on top of the packs on their horses and that while traveling in the night one woman discovered that a horse was missing with her bab lashed to the pack. She went back and found the horse feeding on a hillside. She was only three or four hours ahead of us.

~~Next~~ morning it was snowing and our horses were not fit to following retreating Indians after standing so many days without food. We returned to camp and ~~next~~ morning the snow was 15 inches deep and the thermometer 27 degrees ~~below~~ below zero. We went into winter quarters in factory cotton tents and wintered on beef straight but it was good beef, captured from the Indians and we had plenty of it.

I was said to be the best man in the whole regiment. I shot away 60 bullets in the battle and was known to kill only five Indians. Lots of the boys did good work, among them Mr. Hald, now a resident of Hood River valley.

One evening after the cold spell had ended, two half breeds rode into camp and reported that Governor Stevens would be there next day by 10 a.m. So next morning we made ready to receive him and fixed a platform for him to give us a speech, at which business he was second to none.

We formed in hollow squares, fired a salute from our guns and gave him a royal reception. The little Indian had taken Colonel Kelly's letter and delivered it to Governor Stevens somewhere in the Nez Perces country, and that was the first intimation the governor had received of the war.

Everything was so agreeable when he passed up in the spring that he never thought of war. He then got 100 Nez Perces braves to accompany him and was not molested. The governor mounted the platform and spoke for an hour and a half. I was standing in line with two or three lines back of me when one of the boys in the rear rank gave me a nudge and said a gentleman wished to speak to me. I turned around and there sat the little Indian on his horse. I went over to him and he

leaned over and grabbed my hand and held it quite awhile. I asked him how I knew he knew me among so many. He smiled and said: "Me always know you."

I have since learned that he joined the hostiles the next summer and was killed in a fight across snake river along with Ow High. The Nez Percés all went to The Dalles with the governor.

I suppose some will say we were wicked in our treatment of the Indians, but while we were fighting them they would shake their scalps of white men and sometimes of white women at us and we naturally wanted to retaliate.

One of the most excitable instances of the whole campaign happened the first night of the battle, while we were lying in the fence corners. The Indians set fire to a house about 600 yards from us. It made a big blaze and lighted up the surroundings as plain as day. About 1,000 Indians circled around and around the fire, every one yelling his best.

George Montamy was our guide, and a good one he was too. Well, Mr. Wood, this ends the story of the battle as I saw it and as I recollect it.

Yours Truly

Amos Underwood

PO Hood River, Oregon.