

FORGOTTEN TRAGEDIES
Of
Indian Warfare In Idaho

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Macaulay.

Idaho County Free Press
Grangeville, Idaho

History of the "Sheepeater" Campaigns of 1878-1879.

Vivid Story of The Last Indian Wars in Idaho County

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INDIAN hostilities in Central Idaho which have received no attention from historians are the "Sheep-eater" campaigns of 1878 and 1879. Only recently the War Department has given these troubles official recognition as "Campaigns," and hereafter they will be so listed and Army regulations amended accordingly. This recognition has proceeded so far that the Cemeterial division of the Q. M. G. has sanctioned the erection over Private Egan's lonely grave of a 5-foot conical monument of boulders laid in cement and surmounted by a marble headstone of the World War design, which will mark not only the grave but also the site of the engagement of August 20, 1879, on Big Creek at Soldier Bar. So remote is this section, far up in the fastnesses of the Salmon river canyon in the golden heart of central Idaho that the stone will have to be hauled about 70 miles by wagon and 40 miles by pack mules to reach its destination.

In the absence of official data the writer has related personal experiences, supplemented by verification from other active participants among the few survivors who still walk the earth.

The story of the Nez Perce war of 1877 is too familiar to need repetition here, and for the benefit of the new generations which have since entered the world it may be said that it is the story of the epic flight of Chief Joseph and his tribesmen over 2000 miles of the roughest country in North America; of a retreat conducted with such masterly skill as to win the highest praise for the Indian leader from the Army officers who tried in vain to catch him. The war finally ended in the Bear Paw mountains of Montana when the late Gen. Nelson A.

Miles, and the Fifth infantry finally intercepted him and held him at bay until the pursuing Gen. Howard and his weary troopers came up, and the hostiles surrendered.

The "Sheep-eaters" were a few mongrel Indians of unknown pedigree who inhabited the isolated, and at that period scantily settled, Council and Indian valleys of the upper Weiser river. Except for their natural propensity for raiding ranches and running off stock they were comparatively peaceful. Their name was derived from their subsistence on mountain sheep killed during their summer hunting trips into the rugged fastnesses of the mountain hinterland.

What is known as the Sheep-eater country is to this day the wildest and most impenetrable region of indescribable ruggedness and grandeur. Lofty mountain summits alternate with abyssal canyons thousands of feet in depth along whose depths the waters of mountain torrents dash along to free themselves from their rock-bound channels. The forests abound in game; the streams teem with fish, and these resources constituted the principal subsistence of the Sheep-eaters. The Big Horn or mountain sheep are still numerous despite the fact that the Indians were successful hunters of this elusive game and largely subsisted on their meat, from which they derived their name.

The Chief Joseph war of 1877 aroused general unrest among the tribal Indians of the entire Pacific northwest, and this condition was further aggravated by the Bannock war of 1878 under the leadership of Buffalo Horn. Although the Bannock outbreak was neither so long nor so arduous as had been the Nez Perce war, it was filled with plenty of dan-

gers and hardships. With the first defeat of Buffalo Horn in southeastern Idaho, many of his hostiles escaped to the Weiser country and joined forces with Eagle Eye, War Jack and Chuck, tribal chiefs of the Sheep-eaters, thus strengthening and encouraging them to make trouble, with the probable view in their minds of inaugurating a distant flank attack necessitating withdrawal of troops engaged in chasing Buffalo Horn and his myriads entirely out of Idaho.

This conjecture was justified when, on June 17, 1878, the Sheep-eaters and their renegade Bannock recruits raided ranches in Indian valley some hours before dawn, and ran off with about 50 head of horses owned by William Munday, Tom Healey and Jake Groschlose. Discovering their loss at daylight these men, accompanied by "Three-Fingered" Smith, a veteran of the Modoc war of 1872-73, they pursued the hostiles with intent to recover their stolen stock, following them over the divide between the Weiser and Payette water sheds to Long valley where, at a point on the old gold-seekers trail between Lewiston, Idaho, and the Boise Basin, they were ambushed by the hostiles at the Payette Falls, resulting in the killing of Munday, Healey and Groschlose in the order named, and badly wounding "Three-Fingers" and his mule, after putting up a brave fight for their lives. Smith, shot twice through the right groin, and his left shoulder crippled by two more shots, and his mule practically out of commission, escaped to a grove of pine and willows, where he remained under cover until he observed the hostiles rounding up their stock, headed for the divide between the Payette and Salmon river waters. He then made the greatest effort of his life by climbing his crippled mule and headed for the Calvin R. White

mail station on the Little Salmon Meadows, finally arriving at his destination after abandoning his mule and making the last lap of his journey on his hands and knees, where he was given every care possible under the primitive conditions then existing.

The writer had been placer mining on Burnt river, Oregon, 35 miles west of Weiser, that spring, and the water supply having given out early in June he returned to Weiser where, in 1877 he had joined Company E, 1st regiment Idaho volunteers, Thos. C. Galloway commanding, for service during the Nez Perce war. Anticipating trouble from the Bannocks, who were raising all kinds of devilment in southern Idaho at that time, he returned for further service in his company. The day following his arrival at Weiser, Edgar Hall, mail carrier, arrived from the upper country with the first news of the massacre. Hall was on his way to Boise city to procure and accompany a doctor to the White station to doctor the wounds of "Three-Fingers."

That afternoon a company of four men comprising John Smith, (a brother-in-law of Bill Munday), Steve Durbin, Ike McKinney and the writer, all members of Company E, left Weiser for the mail station, intending to chase the hostiles, recapture the stolen stock for the benefit of the widows, and with the further hope in mind of capturing or otherwise disposing of the murderers.

Their equipment consisted of horse and saddle; a .50 caliber Springfield rifle; a very limited supply of cartridges; extra saddle blanket; one-half sack of "self-rising" flour; and a few coffee berries and a pinch of tea to chew on and prevent headaches for those who were accustomed to the use of these beverages in peace time.

In those primitive days all civilian volunteers furnished their own transportation, commissary and other equipment for light marching order at their own cost. Under such conditions most of the Indian wars of the Pacific northwest have been fought; the volunteer companies being always in the field before troops arrived.

Thus equipped the four men reached the mail station in the forenoon of the following day, making the 90 miles over a poor excuse for a wagon road, in 22 hours. They camped at the mail station for rest and refreshment for man and beast until daylight next morning. "Three-Fingers" was impatiently awaiting arrival of the Boise doctor; but gave to the pursuing party much valuable information concerning trails and distances, together with details of the massacre, which they subsequently verified.

Early dawn they headed for the scene of the tragedy, where they arrived at evening dusk, being unfamiliar with the country. Here they built a camp fire, mixed a batch of "self-rising," toasted on willow twigs, and after a smoke and going through the motions of spreading their blankets they silently stole away and backtracked to another camp two miles up the trail they had followed, in the hope of deceiving the Indians if any were around in search of new victims. Here they camped for the night, each taking turns of vigilant watchful waiting until daylight, when they returned to the scene of the killings, and reconnoitered the topography of the region and inspected the bodies, which lay in positions as outlined by "Three-Fingers."

The scene of the massacre and the details connected therewith will remain forever as a clear-cut picture never to be effaced from mind and

memory.

Imagine for yourself a trail lying at the base of a timber-clad mountain, with huge slabs of bare granite standing perpendicularly, from which twisted scrub pines and mountain mahogany had grown from the fissures. Beneath the trail the land sloped gently to the broad open valley through which the river sang, with no protection save a few wash boulders protruding a few inches above the soil at frequent intervals. About one-half mile above this spot stood the grove of pine and brush in which "Three-Fingers" had sought shelter after the death of his comrades. Ambushed behind this natural and impregnable fortification, commanding the trail and the open valley above and below, the hostiles picked them off one by one as their victims, traveling in single file, approached, with no possibility of escaping the deadly trap. From the version given them by "Three-Fingers" Munday was in the advance and the first to be shot, his horse being killed under him. He was not, however, instantly killed, and upon the fall of his horse he opened fire. His comrades rallied to the scene, dismounting as they approached, except "Three-Fingers", whose experience had taught him never to dismount under Indian fire. As Healey walked, leading his horse, he became the next target, his horse being first badly wounded and fractious, which engaged his attention so that he became confused, and another shot from the ambush laid him low a short distance from Munday, who was still firing at the unseen enemy. No Indians were visible throughout the melee. Grosclow was the next to fall, screaming as he fell: "They have got me, Smith." Thus far only single shots had been fired from the ambush as the travelers approached, but as Smith drew nearer

the hostiles fired in fusilades, and he and his mule were severely wounded. Smith then exhausted his cartridges in aimless fire, and realizing that his comrades were now dead he escaped as above narrated.

A search of the soil revealed 14 cartridge shells scattered around the bodies of the victims; their cartridge belts were on the ground, all of them empty. Examination of their rifles revealed only empty shells, showing that they had fired as long as their scanty supply of ammunition held out. The bodies had clearly been untouched, indicative that the Indians were either in a great hurry to get away or were short of ammunition. The carcasses of the horses were far apart in the valley. Realising from these conditions that the Indians had vanished directly after the murders, they scouted around and soon discovered and followed the broad trail up the mountain in the soil of the hillside.

Anticipating that troops would soon be here and bury the dead they maintained the pursuit for two days and nights, selecting well protected spots for camps and keeping vigilant look-outs for possible attacks. Approaching the summit the soil of the side-hills gave way to bare granite; the tracks became less recognisable, and a summer thunder storm accompanied by hail and torrential rain wiped out the last vestige of the trail, eliminating all hope of again picking up the hoof prints. The pursuers concluded to abandon the chase and return from whence they came.

On the evening of the fifth day they again reached the battle field and found that the bodies had been buried where they fell, and as a landmark to perpetuate their memory the troop had inscribed upon one of the slabs, behind which the enemy had laid concealed, the names of the victims and the date

of the event under crossed rifles. Here they camped for the night in peace, and after raking the still warm ashes of the troopers' camp fires they found bacon rinds which, after washing, chewed to satisfy their hunger. Next morning they resumed the homeward march, intending to camp that night with the troops whom they rightly surmised would be near the outlet of the Big Payette lake. In the early forenoon, with the prospectors instinct, the writer left his companions to trace up some good looking float quartz noted on the outward trip, following it well up the mountain side without finding "the other end of the rainbow." He was speeding for the valley when fresh bear tracks invited another chase, resulting in the sudden death of the animal. Realising that his hungry comrades would consider a mess of fried bear steaks better than manna from heaven he partially skinned the bear, carving out the two hams, and wrapping the hide around the carcass dragged it down the mountain side with picket rope attached to the saddle and speedily rejoined his outfit, who were dismounted and chatting with two troopers wearing sergeants' chevrons, and by the insignia on their caps identified them as members of the 2nd. Co., O, 2nd. Infantry, in command of Captain William F. Drum, whose company had been detailed from Camp Howard, a cantonment which had been located near Grangeville to protect the Camas Prairie settlers from possible Indian raids and further martyrdom such as they had undergone from the Chief Joseph hostiles in 1877. The 2nd. Infantry had been sent out from Atlanta, Georgia, in 1877, under Executive Order issued by President Hayes withdrawing the troops from the southern states during the negro and carpet bag

governments in the reconstruction days. The two troopers whom we met were sergeants Edward S. Beck and Nicholas Lamb. At the close of the Sheepstealer troubles in 1879 they were again detailed to Camp Howard, where the writer became acquainted with both. Sergeant Beck was postmaster at Grangeville for some years, and he and the writer organized there Company C, 1st. regiment Idaho national guard, of which Mr. Beck was elected captain and the writer quarter master sergeant. This company later served in the Philippines during the Spanish war. Sergeant Lamb located a farm near Mount Idaho where he lived and died some years later. Sergeant Beck also died at Grangeville and was given a military funeral by Company C.

They were out on scout duty, and being assured that the Payette watershed was clear of hostiles they returned to the company camp near the outlet of Big Payette lake as surmised. The civilians stayed behind to cook bear steaks, and did not resume the march until the afternoon, reaching the military camp two hours after midnight. Camping for the rest of the night and eating breakfast with the boys in blue, and being unable to adjust their .45 cartridges to our .50 Springfields, they headed for the White mail station. They found "Three Fingers" still on his cot, but recovering from his wounds. The doctor had left for Boise the day before, leaving the assurance that his patient "could not be killed with an axe."

"Three-Fingers" was a prototype of the artist Proctor's picture delineating the Pioneer, tall and stringy, and a typical mountain man accustomed to hardships. He was an early arrival in the Florence placer camp, where he discovered and developed "Smith Gulch," from which he extracted \$300 per day, but was always broke at the end of

the scanty water season. He later "squatted" on a garden spot at Elk creek, on the south fork of Salmon river, where the writer met him in 1883, when the events of the 1878 campaign were again gone over. He died there a few years later at a ripe old age. In due time the four men returned to Weiser, with entertainment at every house we stopped at en route.

During the month of August, 1878, Dan Crooks and Boone Helm were killed in Round valley, at that time totally uninhabited, presumably by Sheepstealers, no other Indians being in that country at that time. Their bodies were discovered and buried by a detachment of the 2nd. infantry from Camp Howard, near Grangeville, where the parents of Crooks resided. The motive for these murders will never be known.

Early in the Spring of 1879 the Sheepstealers inaugurated another campaign of murders and depredations. In the hostilities which ensued they eluded three bodies of troops sent against them, defeating one, and resisted capture until late in the fall, when they surrendered with the honors of war—quite a record considering the circumstances.

Along the south fork of the Salmon river there were four small farms or garden patches on narrow bars along the canyon, each isolated from the others, all having but one outlet by way of a rugged trail to Warrens, a prosperous placer mining camp. From James P. Rains' place, just above the mouth of the south fork, to Hugh Johnson's place, on the main Salmon, the distance was 40 miles, while between these two places were those of Sylvester S. Smith, known as "Three-Fingers", referred to frequently in these reminiscences. There were a few

bars along the rivers where desultory placer mining was carried on, though most of these were deserted. All four ranchers had families except Johnson.

In March or April of 1879 the hostiles made their first killings by the murders of Johnston and Peter Dorsey. This became known when Dorsey, living at the first ranch below, went to visit Johnson in the latter part of April, and was greeted with death - dealing bullets from Indian rifles and his life blotted out. These men frequently visited Warrens for supplies and mail, and as they did not show up for some time their friends in the camp decided, in May, to investigate the cause of their absence. The party failed to find anyone at the Johnson house, and saw that the cabin had been plundered and the horses gone. Fearing the worst they returned to Warrens, where they were reinforced by neighbors and returned to the river for a more thorough search. In a near-by field they discovered the decomposed bodies of Johnson and Dorsey, bearing gunshot wounds. Indian signs were discovered, and the circumstances warranted the conclusion that the outrages had been committed by redskins.

A messenger was dispatched to Camp Howard requesting that a force be sent to protect the Warrens community and capture the Indians. Lieut. Henry Catley set out with a detachment of 60 mounted men of the 2nd. infantry early in July, accompanied by a large pack train with supplies for several weeks. Some civilians were recruited, making a total strength of 70 men. The expedition reached Warrens by forced marches and proceeded into the Sheepstealer country. They marched eastward for eleven days toward the middle fork of the Salmon river. No Indian signs appeared until July 28

when the civilian scouts discovered them eight miles below the camp on Big creek. This stream heads north of Thunder mountain and runs north-easterly into the middle fork of Salmon river. The creek runs through a 'box' canyon, with infrequent bars along its course. Details of the happenings which followed—the discovery of the Indians, the attack on the troops, the retreat, the fight on Vinegar Hill and the return to Warrens—was made public by an official report of Lieut. Muhlenberg, a member of the expedition, dated October 28, 1879, copies of which are still privately owned. From this source it appears that Catley placed no faith in the report of his scouts that Indians had been seen, altho twice repeated to him by different persons cognizant of the facts, and ordered the troops to camp for the night over the protest of Lieut. Webster, who suggested sending out a scouting party. Early next morning the troops broke camp and started down the Big creek canyon in single file, civilian scouts leading the way. The objective of the Indian camp was reached early in the forenoon and found deserted, evidently in a hurry, as large supplies of food and other equipment had been abandoned. Destroying these supplies the troops were ordered without customary precaution of an advance guard and flankers on the surrounding ridges. They were soon greeted by a volley from the opposite side of the creek; the troops quickly dismounted and sought protection from the enemy's fire. Two of their number, Privates James Doyle and A. R. Holmes of Co. C., 2nd. Infantry, were severely wounded. A detail of five men were ordered to bring them in. Catley then ordered a retreat to their last camp to await arrival of the pack train, which soon appeared, and

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the night was spent without alarm.

Early next morning Catley ordered the men to move up a long ridge to the summit of the high mountain on the north. They had hardly left the base of the ridge when the pack train in the rear was attacked, but Mulenberg and Webster brought them safely within the lines. However, the Indians had also attacked the head of the column, thus placing the troops between a cross-fire. Skirmishers were ordered out to drive back the redskins in front, but were soon repulsed. The Indians fired the brush and grass to demoralise the troops and their mounts. For fourteen hours the command was kept in this position, only five shots having been fired by the soldiers. Water was not accessible owing to Indian command of the creek. So thirsty they became that, so the legend runs, they opened a keg of vinegar found in the pack train supplies, and with its contents allayed their thirst. From this incident "Vinegar Hill" derived its name.

In the subsequent retreat the greater part of the pack train was lost, furnishing the hostiles with needed provisions, equipment and ammunition. They also secured the rifles and cartridge belts of the two wounded soldiers. In scaling the heights across the creek Lieut. Mulenberg was thrown from his horse and one of his knee caps dislocated. A short forced march the next morning brought the tired command to Warrens, where they rested, and when again on the march met up at the Burgdorf Hot springs with Col. R. F. Bernard, in command of a company of the 1st. cavalry fresh from Boise barracks.

Subsequently Lieut. Catley was subjected to a court martial at Fort Walla Walla in January, 1880, on charges of "Misbehavior, etc., in the

presence of the enemy in connection with his retreats in Idaho in 1879". Among the dates mentioned in the charges are July 29, 30, 31 and August 1 and 2, 1879. The verdict of the court martial was "Guilty as Charged," and recommended his dismissal from the service.

Many civilians familiar with military matters protested these charges were preferred because Catley had risen from the ranks, and that the court martial was a matter of prejudice and clannishness on the part of West Point graduates. The verdict of the court martial was set aside by president Hayes.

On Catley's arrival at the Burgdorf springs he was relieved of his command by Col. Bernard and ordered back to Camp Howard. With a portion of the Catley 2nd. infantry Bernard moved into the Sheepcater country, leaving a guard of twelve cavalrymen to reinforce the stockaded civilian population of Warrens. In the absence of Bernard in the mountain fastness, the Indians inaugurated the second tragedy enacted on the south fork of the Salmon, a tragedy which fired the communities interested in a blaze of righteous indignation. The scene is laid at the little farm of James P. Rains who, with his family, had lived for a number of years and had accumulated a valuable property by dint of hard work, supplying the Warrens population and surrounding mining camps with the products of his farm, raising and baling hay which he packed into the camps and sold for \$80 and \$100 per ton. Mr. Rains had never quarreled with the Indians and was held in the highest respect by every body in those mountains. He was never apprehensive of special danger to himself or family. He was engaged in harvesting his hay crop when

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Catley's command traveled through his farm enroute to Camp Howard, and informed the family that they must get away to Warrens as speedily as possible as the hostiles were in close pursuit. Mr. Rains promptly followed this advice, took his family safely to Warrens, and seeing nor hearing anything about Indians being anywhere in that region, he returned to his ranch, accompanied by James Edwards and Harry Serren, the latter being better known throughout central Idaho as "Lemhi". Ten days had elapsed since Catley's return. Bernard was well on his way into the interior. Rains, Edwards and Serren were gathering the hay crop. On Friday, August 15, Albert Webber, who lived near Grangeville, and brother-in-law of Rains, and now sole surviving witness of the tragedy, joined the party at the ranch and volunteered his services in the hay harvest. The August sun is almost tropical in those low-lying and enclosed canyons, and a long noon siesta is customary. They hoped to complete their work by Saturday and return to Warrens on the Sabbath. From the first they had worked with rifles by their side. Saturday morning they carried their rifles to their work as usual. At noon they returned to the house for lunch, resting until three o'clock. They discussed the advisability of carrying their weapons back to the hay press and decided to dispense with this precaution. They were putting the last bale through the press well towards evening; the twilight deepened, distant objects were becoming obscured, when a rifle shot from the direction of the house startled them. The others thought that Webber was shooting at a grouse. A volley of rifle fire followed, whizzing close to their ears.

Edwards, who was on top of the press, yelled to his companions to drop behind the press, and himself jumped from his exposed position. The Indians were at their bloody work, seeking the lives of the three unarmed men. Between the men in the field and the house a small creek flowed down from the steep mountain slope, cutting its course through the densely timbered channel forty feet in depth to the river. To this creek the three men stealthily made their way, consulting as to the best course to pursue. The longer they stayed the more probable it was that they would be cut off from the house and their weapons, with absolute certainty of death. Notwithstanding the odds against them they rushed for the house at all hazards and cautiously climbing the bank of the creek they started along the trail with Rains in the advance. The trail led over a small exposed point. All were running rapidly when Edwards and "Lemhi" shouted to Rains: "keep off the point." For some reason Rains kept to the trail, and as he reached the summit of the point a gun flashed and the brave pioneer staggered. A ball had pierced his right hip. Another shot rang out from the direction of the cabin, tearing a frightful wound in his body. Edwards and "Lemhi" saw him fall; they saw the flash of the gun from the direction of the cabin; they heard shooting in many directions, especially on the right, where it was afterwards learned that Webber had been firing at the Indians. The two men decided that Webber had been taken, and that they had better retreat to the creek canyon, which they reached unharmed. No safety there, so they walked, crawled and ran to the forks of the creek, a place they had never seen. From here they toiled over sharp rocks and

through scattering pines until they reached the summit, 2500 feet above the creek canyon. Exhausted, they crawled into a thicket and slept for a short nap. At daybreak they found an old trail which they followed into Warrens, arriving about 7 o'clock. A little later Webber arrived, much to the surprise of Edwards and "Lemhi". His escape was as marvelous as that of his companions.

As soon as the Indians opened fire Webber grasped the situation and prepared to defend the cabin. He had not done much shooting because he was instantly expecting the men in the field to return for their rifles. Soon after dark Rains reached the cabin and was admitted by Webber, who laid him on a couch and ministered to his wants as best he could. Rains called for water and after drinking a little, moaned in pain and peacefully passed away. Webber was now in serious danger. The Indians lighted several bonfires around the house for the purpose of watching his movements. Almost in despair he noted that the fire in the rear of the cabin burned low. Now that Rains was beyond aid Webber grasped the opportunity and taking the best gun in the outfit he crawled into an irrigating ditch with willows on both banks which he followed to its source in the creek, and then began a terrible climb. He ascended the precipitous canyon and made the summit. From this point he watched the Indians burn the buildings on the ranch and the few miner's cabins along the stream. He estimated the number of hostiles taking part in the attack as seven although he thought there might be more.

At Warrens a volunteer company of eighteen well armed men, under the leadership of Norman B. Willey, later a governor of the State of

Idaho, took the field to pursue the Indians. A messenger was dispatched to Col. Bernard. The company proceeded to the Rains ranch and found the usual scene of desolation following an Indian attack. In the ruins of the cabin where the Rains family had made their home and where Webber made his brave stand, they found the charred bones of Rains' body, which were taken to Warrens and properly interred.

The damage to the property and contents of the buildings was estimated at \$3000, which the government was asked to pay to the widow and the two children; but her claim, like all of the depredation claims filed by the victims of Idaho county during the Nez Perce war, were thrown out by the claims commission, and the widows left absolutely destitute through the devilry of the so-called "Wards of the Nation."

Such is the story of the Rains massacre as personally narrated by Albert Webber on July 10, 1925. Mr. Webber was shot through the left shoulder, leaving a wound from the evil effects of which he still suffers in his advancing age. Rains at the time of his death was a young man aged about 30 years. Edwards and "Lemhi" both resided in Grangeville for some years, finally passing on to a more peaceful land.

Col. Bernard remained in the mountains until early in September, but was unsuccessful in capturing the hostiles, though the presence of the troops kept the Indians from further outrages. Early in July second Lieut. Edward S. Farrow, was detailed with a force of 40 men of the 21st infantry and twenty Umatilla Indian scouts with instructions to commence a fall campaign against the Sheep-eaters. This force proceeded to Big creek over the same route taken by

Catley and Bernard. Farrow was energetic and profoundly impressed the hostiles with his determination to capture them. An official letter from the Adjutant general of the War dept., Washington, D. C., dated June 18, 1925, in response to enquiries made by the writer, states:

"Nothing has been found of record showing definitely the date of surrender of the last party of Sheep-eater Indians to Second Lieutenant Edward S. Farrow, 21st. Infantry, in 1879. However, the records indicate that Lieutenant Farrow and his force of Umatilla Indian Scouts captured 14 Sheep-eaters at Big Salmon Meadows September 21; compelled the surrender of 39 near the middle fork of Salmon river October 1, and compelled the surrender of 12 October 6, 1879, near Chamberlain basin."

A report, current at the time, indicated that few Indians ever surrendered to United States troops under more favorable conditions. The Sheep-eaters were allowed, according to this rumor, to retain their weapons and property; were exempted from prosecution by the civil authorities of Idaho County, in whose jurisdiction their atrocities were committed. The captives were brought out of the mountains by Lieut. Farrow by way of Grangeville, and after being kept at Fort Vancouver for a time, were placed upon the Fort Hall reservation in the southeastern part of the State. About one-half of the prisoners were men. This total is supposed to represent their total strength, while others contend that not one-half of the Indians surrendered.

Speaking of their capture, the Warrens correspondent of the Lewiston

"Teller," October 8, 1879, says: "Too much praise cannot be accorded Lieut. Farrow for his exertions in this affair. He has been thoroughly in earnest; has persevered when others weakened; has resolutely faced the inclemencies of the season; short supplies; poor and exhausted stock; and has achieved complete success. In these expressions of gratitude I but echo the sentiments of every one of our citizens. The large scope of country thus cleared of Indians should recommend his promotion to a colonelcy."

The close of this Sheep-eater war happily proved the conclusion of Indian disturbances in Idaho County.

As publisher of the "Nez Perce News," at Lewiston, Idaho in 1885, the writer published the following editorial:

"Six years of patient industry have rebuilt the waste places caused by the war, and made the face of the country more beautiful than ever. Not even the farms of the Walla Walla valley show better evidences of careful agriculture than can be seen on Camas Prairie at this time. Hard as were the experiences of our people during the war of 1877, the results it has brought have advanced them in the race of life and bettered their condition by giving them broader views of men and things than are usually found in communities so isolated. The scars of war have been covered with the fruits of peace, and Camas Prairie is now a garden spot, making manifest the broad difference between the elevating influences of our Caucasian civilization and the enforced degradation by the Government of the Indians on the adjoining reservation."

Grangeville, Idaho, July 14, 1925.

AARON F. PARKER.