

The Washington Historical Quarterly

WAR IN THE GREAT NORTHWEST*

Sir Commander and Companions:—My talk this evening has been outlined for me by our Committee. It is to consist of historical, geographical, biographical and personal incidents relating to War in the Great Northwest. My paper has not been censored—else parts of it may have been deleted.

You will be generous enough, I am sure, not to expect from me this evening a rhapsody in which the heavy booming of Artillery, the Rebel yell and the roaring of musketry mingle in with the bugle-calls and the clashing sabres of charging cavalry.

When all eyes were turned toward the southland, where you, my honored companions, were carrying upon your bayonets the hopes and the happiness of our loyal people, the sound of our far-off bugles and the flashing of our scattered sabres were alike unheard and unthought of. The territory assigned me is so large that, like the hoof-beats of a bounding Rough Rider, I can mark only the "high spots" as I hurry along over it.

Let me lead off with the query: Where does the Northwest begin? War in the then Northwest began before General Braddock's defeat in 1775 at Fort Du Quesne, where the City of Pittsburgh now stands. Daniel Boone carried that war into the Dark and Bloody Ground of Kentucky. And when the great Chief Logan was the white man's friend, Chief Cornstalk was fighting Boone along the Scioto River, about Chillicothe, Ohio, whence came my own parents to Indiana in 1829. Some of my kindred followed General St. Clair through the swamps and brush along the Maumee River, and marched with Mad Anthony Wayne to Fallen Timbers. General Harrison fought Tecumseh in 1811 at Tippecanoe, in the county in which I was born 79 years ago. Abraham Lincoln followed General Winfield Scott through the Black Hawk War in

*The author, Major W. V. Rinehart, was a well known pioneer of the Pacific Northwest. The last years of his eventful life were spent in Seattle. He served as a member of the City Council and on several occasions was Acting Mayor. He was a distinguished member of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion. This paper was read by him before the Tacoma, 1914, meeting of that organization. The manuscript was saved by former Mayor Byron Phelps, who is referred to in the article as Companion Phelps. It is he who has furnished the manuscript for this publication. In addition to many other useful services, Major Rinehart was President of the Pioneer Association of Washington and for the last years before his death in October, 1918, he was the efficient Secretary of that organization.—EDITOR.

Illinois, where Companion Phelps and my wife were born. General Phil Kearney fought the Pawnees and Sioux at Ash Hollow on the Platte River. Peter Skean Ogden, near Salt Lake, hanged an Indian for stealing a hair rope used by him to circle round his tent to keep out the rattlesnakes, resulting in war with the Utes and Piutes. In their day all these occurrences were chronicles of the Great Northwest. The geographical expression has kept pace with expansion, growth and development of the Republic.

In August, 1854, I arrived in California. My first night was spent in Camp at Lake Bigler, which is the principal source of the Truckee River. The Legislature of California some years later changed the name of that beautiful gem of the Sierras to Lake Tahoe. That change was said to have been made on account of the disloyalty of Governor Bigler, for whom it had been named, and who, with Senator Gwin of California and Senator Joe Lane of Oregon (neither of whom had Lakes) were said to have composed what was called the disloyal "Triumvirate," having for its object a scheme to establish a Pacific Republic. The result of this scheme would have been to draw troops from the seat of war in the East to suppress such a threatened revolt on this Coast, thereby aiding the Southern cause. The work of proselyting was intrusted to a secret Order known as the Knights of the Golden Circle. Many who did not openly favor the South were made to believe their cause would prevail, and in such event they would favor a Pacific Republic. I came in contact with them myself while on recruiting service and arrested one of them for discouraging enlistments. One of their number, a degenerate son of a worthy Baptist minister, rode the streets of an Oregon town when President Lincoln was assassinated, yelling like a drunken Comanche: "Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Old Lincoln is dead—he ought to have been shot long ago," for which I arrested and sent him in irons to Fort Vancouver. For this I afterwards expended twelve hundred dollars in a suit for damages lasting over two years.

In his history of California, Mr. Norton says: "Although the majority of the people of the State were loyal, the slavery men were in a strong position. The entire Federal patronage throughout the administration of President Buchanan had been in their hands. General Albert Sidney Johnston was in command of the Department of the Pacific, and so had control of the Government arms and ammunition. He and Edmund Randolph, a Virginia lawyer, formulated a plan to issue a proclamation of neutrality, with the ultimate purpose

of taking California out of the Union. The authorities at Washington were informed of this plot, and General Edward Sumner was sent to succeed Johnston. The latter was not officially notified of this until Sumner presented his papers and demanded the office. This was delivered without resistance and the scheme was defeated. Johnston left at once to join the Confederates. He took with him a company of 100 men from Los Angeles. His own career was soon ended at Shiloh.

Senator Broderick, Thomas Starr King and Colenel E. D. Baker, the "Grey Eagle of the West," with their burning eloquence, had so fired the hearts of the loyal people from the Northern States that California responded promptly with five regiments for the Union cause, and later five more regiments, and one for which Washington Territory received credit. When our Oregon cavalry reached Fort Walla Walla, we found Colonel Lee's California cavalry already there. From first to last California furnished about 16,000 men. Oregon raised seven companies of cavalry and ten of Infantry.

When I entered the service, the Pacific Coast was divided into three military districts, viz: California, Oregon and Arizona (or The Lakes), commanded by General Wright, General Benjamin Alvord and General Connor—all reporting to Headquarters, Department of the Pacific at San Francisco. This territory now forms seven states.

The San Juan Island trouble involved important and serious consequences with England at that time. General Scott had been sent here in 1859; he had patched up a truce in the form of a joint occupancy agreement by which 100 men from each of the contending powers should remain on San Juan until the matter was settled. This club was held over us during the entire Civil War, and was not dropped until the Geneva award of \$15,000,000 for the Alabama depredations and the overthrow of Maximilian in Mexico had established our claim as a World Power, able to protect ourselves; whereupon, in 1871 an agreement was reached to arbitrate, and Emperor William of Germany on October 21, 1872, awarded us all that we had claimed under the treaty of 1846.

To the British contention more than to any Indian trouble, was due the keeping of ten or more regiments on this coast while they were so much needed at the seat of war in the East. The attitude of England also hastened the monumental land grants to the overland railroads at a time when the Nation was burdened with four

thousand millions of public indebtedness. In his book *The Great Plains*, Mr. Randall Parrish says: "The building of the Union Pacific Railroad was the deep underlying cause of the fierce fighting spirit which had taken possession of the warriors of the Plains. They were making their last stand before the advance of civilization, and it was a desperate and bloody one. In one month they killed or captured 84 settlers. Scarcely a day passed without a fresh story of outrage." Then it was that General Sheridan decided to end these massacres and depredations by relentless war.

In the spring of 1863, President Lincoln ordered General G. M. Dodge, who was then with Grant's army at Corinth, to go to Washington for a conference. The Union Pacific Railroad Company had been subsidized by Congress and surveys were under way. Never before nor since was there so close an alliance among the Indian tribes for war against a common enemy. The surveys had been conducted by General Dodge before the Civil War began. He says: "Day and night, summer and winter, the explorations were pushed forward through dangers and hardships that very few at this day appreciate; as every mile had to be in range of the musket, there was not a moment of security. In making those surveys numbers of our men, some of them the ablest, most promising, were killed; and during the construction our stock was run off by hundreds, I might say by thousands. One difficulty after another to be overcome caused a new era in railroad building to be inaugurated. Many of the employees were discharged volunteers, disciplined by three or more years in the ranks, habituated to danger and hardship. The workmen marched to their labor to the tap of the drum, every man armed for instant battle. They stacked their arms on the dump, as they stripped for the day's work. General Casement's track-train could arm 1,000 men at a word; and from him, as head, down to his chief spiker, it could be commanded by experienced officers of every rank from General to Captain. They had served five years at the front, and over half of the men had shouldered a musket in many battles. An illustration of this came to me after our track had passed Plum Creek, 200 miles west of the Missouri river. The Indians had captured a freight-train and had possession of it and its crew. It so happened that I was coming down from the front with my car, which was a travelling arsenal. At Plum Creek station, word came of this capture and stopped us. On my train were perhaps 20 men—some of the crew, some discharged going to the rear. Nearly all were strangers to me. The excitement of the capture and

burning of the train brought all the men to the platform; and when I called out 'Fall in' to go forward and retake the train, every man went into line and by his position showed that he was a soldier. When we came near the train, I gave the order to deploy as skirmishers, and at the command they went forward as steady and in good order as we had seen them climb the face of Kenesaw under fire."

In *The Great Plains*, just mentioned, Mr. Parrish says further: "The close of the Civil War caused the mustering out of the volunteer troops, and once more the regulars were sent to garrison the frontier posts. No words can fitly honor the services rendered to the West by the volunteer organizations then disbanded. Inspired by patriotism, the men had offered themselves to the Government to help save the Nation from dismemberment. They burned with eagerness to be despatched to the front, to battle against those forces arrayed in arms against their country. Instead, they were sent to the Indian-raided frontier and assigned to work of the most disagreeable character. They were called upon to suffer hardships, wounds and death in profitless Indian campaigning; to garrison isolated posts and to guard long lines of stage routes through barren Plains. Without hope of honor, and without the inspiration arising from opportunities for great achievements, their colors undecorated with names of noble battlefields, their service obscure and known only to few, these commands performed the duty given them with patience and fidelity. They marched and fought, they suffered and died, they braved the fiery sun of midsummer on arid plains, the bitter storms of winter amid the mountains. To their great sacrifice the West owes much gratitude, and the Nationa may well be proud of such worthy sons."

The Minnesota massacre of 1862 was followed by a general uprising throughout the Northwest. The year 1864 was the bloodiest of the period, when General Sully with 3,000 troops fought 15,000 Sioux at Deer Stand, killing 585 of their braves. General Sully followed this with another victory over Red Cloud a little later, and hanged twenty-eight of their renegades near St. Paul.

The story of the massacre at Fort Philip Kearney is too horrible and too well-known to be repeated by me. The Fort was established just before I left the service in 1866, and being so remote afforded Chief Red Cloud an opportunity to get revenge for the two severe battles he had lost to General Sully. Captain Fetterman, Captain Brown, Lieutenant Grummond and sixty-five enlisted men fell victims of this massacre. But Captain Powell and Lieutenant Jenness,

with thirty-two of Company C, 27th Infantry, shortly afterwards repaid in part for the massacre of their comrades by killing 1137 of Red Cloud's Sioux in little over three hours. With plenty of ammunition and breech-loaders, single soldiers were said to have used and kept hot eight rifles each for three hours. Thirty-two men hidden in fourteen wagon-beds held at bay 3,000 Sioux who charged them six times in three hours and left the field everywhere within range of their guns strewn with dead warriors and their slain horses.

Notwithstanding this gallant defense and victory of Captain Powell over such overwhelming odds it did not suffice to atone for the slaughter of Captain Fetterman and his party. The Post Commander, Colonel H. B. Carrington, was relieved of his command and ordered away in midwinter with his family and an escort so small as to invite annihilation for the entire party.

It is regarded as little short of high treason for a military officer to criticise adversely his superiors; but in this case, as in many others, the infallibility of superiors has not withstood the test of public opinion as recorded in history. An instance of this occurred during my own service. My own Colonel, Geo. B. Currey, inheriting the command of the Department of the Columbia by virtue of his rank and the death of General Geo. Wright in the sinking of the *Brother Jonathan*, ordered a winter campaign late in the fall of 1865. It was expensive, but was the beginning of the end of the Indian wars in Oregon and Washington. Colonel Currey was condemned by the War Department but General Crook followed it up, and three years later General Sheridan did the same.

Starting out from Camp Supply in August 1868, Colonel Custer, in November, with eleven companies of the 7th Cavalry (800 men) fought at Black Kettle on the Washita against Roman Nose, Black Kettle and Little Rock, winning a costly victory. Then it was that General Sheridan determined upon a winter campaign, which ended in severe fighting and the death of many warriors with all their leading chiefs, and the dispersion (but not subduing) of their followers, who kept afield until the sad ending of Custer's last campaign in 1876.

The Indian troubles on this Coast, beginning with the massacre of the crew and the destruction of the *Tonquin* in 1811, may be briefly summarized as follows: The Whitman massacre of 1847, leading to the Cayuse War, 1847 to 1850; Rogue River War, 1853; Massacre of Emigrants near Camas Prairie, Idaho, 1854; Massacre

at Cascades, 1856; Rogue River war, 1855-6; Modoc War, 1872-3; Nez Perce War, 1877; Bannock War, 1878.

I had a six weeks' taste of the Rogue River war in 1856, upon my arrival in Oregon with General Wool, Colonel Buchanan and Captain Ord. For the other campaigns you must trust history. Those who led them were fighters rather than writers, and the record left by them is both scant and imperfect.

General Conner's troops had a few skirmishes in New Mexico and Arizona with Indians, and with Confederate bushwackers sent out to obstruct the United States mails and to recruit Indian volunteers for the army of General Albert Pike at Pea Ridge, where Companion Phelps, with his Illinois cavalry, met them, and Siegel's artillery helped to rout them. Conner's big fight was at Bear River with Chief Pocatello's Indians—Utes from the Wasach Range and Piutes from along the Humboldt. Here he killed 200 and lost 28 of his own command. This was in February, 1862. In July following, he received from the South the surrender of Pocatello and his band near Portneuf Crossing, while the Oregon cavalry, under Colonel R. F. Maury, supported by Captain Medorum Crawford with 100 mounted men and two companies of Washington Territory Infantry, held him in check on the North. I was there as Regimental Adjutant under Colonel Maury at that time. I had been Post Adjutant at Camp Lapwai, Washington Territory, when on March 3, 1863, we were cut off into Idaho by Act of Congress. On that occasion I perpetrated my youthful folly "Idaho," as follows:

Idaho

I.

Ho! Gem of the Mountains, Idaho!
Beautiful, bountiful, chaste as snow!
Fair as the flowers that round thee grow;
Hail, new-born, lovely Idaho!
Rich as the Orient, tender and young,
Mild as a doe, gay as a beau;
As the Isles where Sapho loved and sung,
So do thy emerald garments glow
Cerulean skies above thee shine,
Bright as the streams that 'neath them flow—
Pure as the breezes that o'er thee blow,
Baring the message all would know;
The sweetest Spirit of Song is thine
O, "Land of the Living," Idaho!

II.

Here fans the west-wind up from the deep,
 Bunch-grass and rye-grass, see them wave!
 Here purple hills send forth their rills
 To plains which bright broad rivers lave;
 Where halcyon valleys in grandeur sleep;
 Where precious stones and glittering sands
 Are strewn like dew-drops everywhere;
 And mountains rise to clap glad hands
 'Mid rustling of gay, green foliage there!
 Where away, stranger! Have you a home?
 Wanderer, rambler, Why do you roam?
 Would you reap? You must likewise sow:
 Idaho welcomes you, wild rover, come;
 Come to the valleys of Idaho!

III.

Wind of the Western Sea, breathe low;
 Come with the twilight at eventide,
 Forth to the portals of morning glide,
 Far away o'er the Tetons go—
 Sentinel peaks of Idaho!
 Whisper the tale to young and old,
 Say that you come from a land of gold,
 A land of beauty and wealth untold;
 Soft and low, breathe and blow,
 Telling the tale of Idaho!
 Tell the healthy, sick and wealthy,
 Let the "poor, but honest" hear;
 If ye would behold THE country,
 Ho! Eureka! IT IS HERE!

The Post was built during the winter of 1862-3—the lumber costing \$70. per thousand, and our hay \$75. per ton. Senator Ankeny was agent for the steamers at Lewiston.

At the treaty of Lapwai, June, 1863, there were assembled about 1500 Nez Perces with their 12,000 horses, and Joseph's Band from Wallowa Valley, Oregon, who, with Big Thunder and Eagle of the Light, Nez Perce Chiefs, refused to sign the treaty. After the treaty, our command, under Colonel Maury, marched via White Bird, where Colonel Perry opened the Nez Perce war in 1877; crossing Salmon River, we followed up Little Salmon over a trail

that had balked Fremont, Loring, Bonneville and all others except Indians. Here it was that I began to think my "Idaho" was to become immortal:

"Soft and low, breathe and blow,
Telling a tale of Idaho,"

came to me from mired and floundering packers—from advance guard—rear guard—from camp followers and even from strikers, cooks and prisoners.

Our march from Lapwai to Fort Boise, the building of which was then just begun by Major Lugenbeel and Captain Hughes, two officers of the 9th United States Infantry, still left on this coast, was so horribly difficult and trying that in the few days that we sweltered in the scorching July sun at Boise over twenty of our men deserted.

In the march of sixty miles without water from the sink of Lost River to Shoshone Springs, we found that two companies of Washington Territory Infantry had reached the springs ahead of our Cavalry. While encamped at Portneuf River crossing in front of Pocatello's band, Private Ely of Company "A," 1st Oregon Cavalry, deserted from guard in face of the enemy. After a chase of a hundred miles on the road to Beaver Head, Montana, he was captured by Lieutenant J. T. Apperson, taken as a prisoner to Fort Walla Walla, tried by court-martial and shot to death with musketry.

When Pocatello, declining the wager of battle, had surrendered to General Conner and was on the way with him to the treaty of Box Elder, the 500 or more immigrants escorted by Captain Crawford were so rejoiced that they invited our command to a grand supper and dance. It was a delightful evening. The heat of that sultry dog-day season was tempered down by the evening breezes from the Wind River Mountains, whose glittering peaks glow at rise and fall of night like the "lances of a guard invincible." On the green sward, amid our camp picket-lines stretched on stakes—a *la* Queensbury—marked off our pavilion. Violins, guitars and flutes struck up the grand march—and on with the dance! Shoulder-straps, chevrons and plain army togs mingled regardless of the rigors of discipline. That dance became as memorable to many as the one that ushered in Waterloo; indeed, it became to some their Waterloo, in which they surrendered to Love, "the conquering hero in many an epic battle."

Our return to winter quarters at The Dalles and Walla Walla was featureless, except at Bruneau River, where scouting parties

under Captain Currey and Lieutenant Waymire killed four of a small band of marauders who had killed a party of miners near there a few months before. While they were scouting, our main command rested on the banks of the beautiful Bruneau. The salmon were running up to their spawning-ground, and our men had sport at fishing. They did not use nets like the old Apostles in the Sea of Galilee, but with bayonets, sabres and their hands, they landed half a ton from a single shallow riffle in the river. These fish served to break the monotony of salt-horse and sow-belly.

From Grand Round Valley, we made a march long into night through snow on the Blue Mountains to Linkton's saw-mill. I spurred ahead, to pick camp; upon inquiring there I found that the mill was a small portable one for which water was hauled in barrels from an inconsiderable spring a few miles away. The piety displayed in the language used by our men to express their feelings when informed that we must march sixteen miles to Walla Walla River in order to get water, would not have been thought appropriate even in a bar-room Sunday School during the mining times of '49.

The year 1864 was to me memorable, since it brought into my life many incidents that linger vividly after the lapse of fifty years. On January 4th, I went from the duties of Regimental Adjutant to those of Captain of Company A, 1st Oregon Cavalry, at Walla Walla. On February 22nd, while engaged in a dance at the Garrison, I received orders to have my company in the saddle at daybreak, to march with Company E under Captain Currey, to punish or bring in as prisoners a party of renegade Indians who had wounded some miners, burned their cabins, and made those of the party who were not disabled flee for their lives from Penewawa to our Garrison. I left my partner, a buxom lass, with regret and due apologies. Only last September I called to ask her how she managed to get home from the dance, and was assured that the Post ambulance took my place. She is now 73, and still handsome. A month later, Private Ely, of my company, was shot for desertion. I shall not describe that scene. In April we began our summer campaign with two companies of Cavalry, one company of Washington Territory Infantry and twenty Umatillas as scouts.

We were expected to find and punish Paulina and We-ow-we-wa, Snake Chiefs, who had terrorized the frontier from the Owyhee to the Deschutes for years. Paulina's band had captured the stage, with its express and mail, near Rock Creek, sixty miles west of Canyon City on the John Day river. The Indians had broken open the

express box, taken out the sacks of gold, ripped them open for the buckskin and left the gold-dust by the roadside, where the Express Company found and gathered up near \$5,000. My 2nd Lieutenant, Silas Pepoon, was Quartermaster and Commissary for our command. When we reached Powder River we found a toll-bridge in charge of a rank secessionist. Pepoon made him take the oath of allegiance before he would pay toll.

As we advanced into the unknown wild, we learned that our meagre charts, maps and itineraries furnished from headquarters were very defective and unreliable. Before the public surveys were extended over that region our maps had been made from the itineraries of the military parties, overlapping in places and guessed at, perhaps widely apart in other places.

These supplied names for mountains, streams, valleys and camps, many of which are retained to this day, as Harney Lake, Stien's Mountain, Steptoe Butte, Bear Valley, Selvies Valley, Paulina Valley, and Camps Alvord, Wright, Currey, Maury, Lyons, Logan, Watson, Baker, C.F. Smith and Colfax.

Lieutenant James A. Waymire was sent with twenty-five men of Company D, 1st Oregon Cavalry, to guard the stage station. He had been there but a short time when the same Indians raided John Day Valley at Ingle's ranch near Canyon City, and forty miles from Rock Creek station. Judge Joaquin Miller (the Poet of the Sierras) raised a company of miners, ranchers, citizens, (70 in all) irregularly mounted and armed; Lieutenant Waymire joined his force with that of Miller, and the chase began. They found Paulina's trail, followed it over the Blue Mountains, through Harney Valley, to Stien's Mountain, and forty miles south along its eastern base, where they found that Paulina had joined We-ow-we-wa. They did not have to attack; about 800 Indians attacked them. After losing three soldiers and two citizens, they made a hasty retreat by using the Cavalry as a rear guard. This defeat—for it was—caused General Alvord to change his plan of our campaign. Captain John M. Drake at Fort Dalles, with two one-half Companies and twenty Warm Springs Wasco Indians as scouts, had been ordered to follow up Chief Paulina, while Captain Currey's command took a chance at We-ow-we-wa farther east. The two bodies of troops were ordered to join when they reached Harney Lake and attack the combined force of Indians which had defeated Waymire and Miller near Stien's Mountain. On the march to join Captain Currey, Captain Drake's scouts ran down Chief Paulina's band, and Captain McCall,

with about eighty men and his twenty Indian scouts attacked them. In this fight, Lieutenant Stephen Watson, with 30 Cavalry, charged into a concealed ambush; he and six of his men were killed.

The commands of Captains Drake and Currey met on July 3, 1864, at Rattlesnake Camp, so named by Waymire and Miller when following Paulina. On this ground, Fort Harney was built a few years later. Currey had left his Washington Territory Infantry company at Camp Alvord, protecting his surplus supplies, carrying with him only packs for 100 mules. Drake had left his surplus supplies at Camp Maury on Crooked River, over 100 miles up that stream from its entrance into the Deschutes. His rank gave the command to Currey. On our third day out the Indian scouts chased a large cinnamon bear into the open prairie near the head of our column, and our troops shot it and carried it into camp. From this incident, Bear Valley then became and still remains the name of that beautiful mountain retreat.

A few days later, while halted for horse-shoeing, our scouts found Paulina's camp, in what has since been called Paulina Valley, and upon returning to make report they ran into an ambush where one of the three was killed. Leaving one company in camp, three companies of cavalry and forty Indian scouts set out after the hostiles; and by noon next day they had brought on a lively skirmish. At nightfall we went into camp, and the Indians dispersed so successfully that after three days' search we failed to find any trace of them.

My 1st Lieutenant, Hobart, and twenty men were on detached service at Fort Boise, leaving me with but forty-five men and no other commissioned officer. Having been disabled at Murderer's Creek by my horse falling with me, I gave over my company to Lieutenant Pepoon (who was already Quartermaster and Commissary for the command) and for several days I rode in Drake's ambulance, under care of his surgeon, until able to remount. We selected the site for Camp Watson and left Captain Small's Company G to build and winter there. His first Lieutenant, Wm. Hand, was Editor of the *Dalles Mountaineer*. His second Lieutenant, J. F. Noble, had for his wife a niece of Hannibal Hamlin. Captain Knox of the Washington Territory Infantry had for his first Lieutenant, Commissary General Eagan, and for second Lieutenant a son of Ex-Lieutenant Governor Purdy of California. Upon our arrival at Fort Dalles, I found orders detailing me for court-martial duty at that place, and having four days' leisure I went to Oregon City and got married. A month later Captain Currey married my wife's

sister. Their father, Albert Gaines, was a Virginian, loyal to the South, and for a time he used some war-like Chinook about the invasion of his family. A truce was proclaimed when a year later both of us announced the arrival of his first grand-sons—one at Fort Klamath, the other at Fort Hoskins, Oregon.

In an editorial article an Oregon newspaper says of this service: "In the early spring of 1864, Captain Rinehart and his company, as part of Captain Currey's command, were again sent out upon the Plains. The expedition left Fort Walla Walla with the coming of early grass in April, crossed the Blue Mountains, traveling the old emigrant road to the mouth of Owyhee river; here it left all semblance of road or trail and turned to the then unpeopled, unknown desert region that extended in a pathless solitude for hundreds of miles south and west. Out upon the unknown desert it pushed into a region where every former expedition had met with disaster and defeat. Undaunted by the story of Major Stien's column of regulars, almost perishing from thirst, the defeat and long retreat of Capt. A. J. Smith of the 1st Dragoons from the hostile Snakes, the more fearful fate of Major Ormsberry and the more recent defeat of Lieut. Waymire and Joaquin Miller by the same Indians, this expedition pushed out upon this unknown waste, where no man knew where springs bubbled, brooks ran or hostile Indians lurked. In this wild, weird region, they rode from May until far into October, now and then fighting, all the time riding; and when in November they reached Fort Dalles on the Columbia, its itinerary showed that their Headquarters had marched over 2,200 miles, with scouting and raids by detachments footing up nearly as much more. Though dusty and weary, they returned with the proud satisfaction of being the first expedition that had ever penetrated that region without meeting with defeat by the Indians. In these long marches, scouting and raids, Captain Rinehart bore his full share."

Another editorial: "We were glad to welcome our old friend, Major Rinehart, this morning. We have wintered and summered with him in the land of Tan-wa-dah, Egan, Oits and We-ow-we-wa. We think we know him. Few men know better the lay of the land along the trail of the receding Red man east of the Cascade Range. There he has taken pot-luck and dried crickets with the Piutes in the shadow of Old Ironsides and Horse Rock Mountains. He has fasted with the Diggers in winter and feasted on Kouse and desiccated grasshoppers with the Cayuses in summer. Alone he has crossed the trackless desert, guided only by his pocket compass and

the snow-peaks a hundred miles away. Sleeping with nothing but his courage within and the friendly stars over him. Like the Indian, he can ride without curb or snaffle and can tell the hour of night by the Great Bear in the heavens. Birds of passage tell him of the seasons and he can trail the Indian by the toe-in of his moccasin track. He knows the diamond-hitch and throws the 'rietta like a cow-boy. He knows the cry of the curlew, the call of the cougar, the bleat of the mule-deer and the howl of the coyote. Poison ivy, larkspur and the deadly wild parsnip are as familiar to him as the reveille of the festive rattlesnake. He knows where the sal-lal and service-berries grow and has fed on the wild potato and sunflower seed. Knows the harvest time of the wo-kus, and a blue field of camas gladdens his heart. Can follow the wild goose to its eggs in the tule marsh and the Jack rabbit to his burrow in the sage-brush. He has heard the defiant war-song of the Bannocks, the sad mourning of the Shoshones and the prayers of the Nez Percés; the incantations of the Wiesers, the love-songs of their maidens, the legends of their war-chiefs—all these have mingled in his dreams with the scalp-dances and stick-games of their painted warriors. Come again, good brother!"

I shall give but one more expression of editorial appreciation from another Oregon newspaper: "The term of enlistment of the 1st Cavalry being nearly out, a second call for men from Oregon was made and the 1st Oregon Infantry Regiment was organized with W. V. Rinehart as Major. Major Rinehart was assigned to the command of the most important military post in Oregon, for it was situated amid the powerful and turbulent Klamaths and Modocs, much given to scalp-raising, ever on the verge of insurrection, and ready to take advantage of any unguarded movement on the part of troops or settlers, to raise the war-whoop. When Major Rinehart was in command at Fort Klamath, there was no outbreak; some of his successors were not so fortunate."

My command at Fort Klamath consisted of two companies of Oregon Cavalry, one company of Infantry, and twenty Klamath Indians upon call as scouts. Late in September, 1865, the conference resulting in the treaty of Yainax was held on Sprague River, forty miles above its entrance into Klamath Lake, at which, with fifty Cavalry, I attended. There, Captain Jack of the Modocs, like Chief Joseph at the Nez Perce treaty conference, refused to sign, and later the Modoc War resulted, as did the Nez Perce war with Joseph. Chief Mozen-kas-kie, a rival for the place of Head Chief

La-lake, aided and abetted Captain Jack, as Eagle of the Light encouraged the revolt of Chief Joseph. Neither Joseph nor Jack would consent to abandon the homes and graves of their ancestors. For the brutal assassination of General Canby, Dr. Thomas and others under a flag of truce, Captain Jack and four of his assassin aids were hanged. Those of his people who survived the war, like Joseph's band from Wallowa, were sent away into captivity.

In view of their barbarity in the torturing of prisoners and mutilating the dead, the hostile Indian is considered a fiend incarnate; but, after all, savages as they were, who can have the heart to blame them for fighting for their homes and the lives of their people? They are barbarous in their method of warfare, but no more barbarous when fighting with us than when fighting each other. War itself is barbarism; and where might makes right, the struggle ends in the survival of the fittest. Whom the Gods would destroy, they first make mad. If we search our own hearts we may trace most of our lasting regrets to acts done in the heat of passion. As for the Indians, I fought them for four years and fed them for six years, and yet I cannot say I know them. Colonel Roosevelt, in his *Winning of the West*, says: "By the time the English had consolidated the Atlantic Colonies under their rule, the Indians had become, what they have remained ever since, the most formidable savage foes ever encountered by colonists of European stock; they have shown themselves far more to be dreaded than Zulus or Maoris, Aztecs or native Australians. Like any race, they have good and bad among them. It has been said of Logan by his friends that he was the best specimen of humanity (white or red) they ever knew."

During my six years as Indian agent for the Shoshones and Piutes, although they joined the Bannocks in 1878 and were nearly all exterminated, they left our handful of whites unmolested at the Agency. They went against General Howard's troops when they might have slain us and taken all the Government stores. Despite their savagery in war, there is a deep tinge of pathos pervading the history and decline of the Indian race.

There is little military glory—nothing of which a brave soldier may feel proud—in service such as ours on the Indian frontier. The slaughter of unarmed fishermen and defenseless women and children is not war. Our soldiers would blush with shame to relate full details of many events in their service that were applauded by distressed settlers as hard fought battles ending in glorious victories. But a good soldier obeys orders. He does not choose his field of

action. He soon learns that only in self defense, when cornered, will the Indian fight to the death against unequal odds. Only from ambush or vantage-ground will he attack his equals.

I realize that the "high spots" I have so feebly touched must seem like mole-hills to you who have seen and shared in the tumult of actual war. It must bore you to hear, as it does me to tell, my story. So, of the Indians, their raids and our own, their ambushes, their slaughters and their wars, you have probably heard enough.

WILLIAM VANCE RINEHART.