AN INDIAN BATTLE.

On the 11th and 12th of July 1877, in the territory of Idaho, took place the battle of the Clear-Water was fought.

Take a good map of the country and find Lewiston, which is situated at the junction of the Clear-Water with the almost interminable Snake; then, let the eye run easterly a distance equivalent to nearly seventy miles till it crosses the South Branch of the Clear-Water; there, due north from the village of Mount Idaho, you reach a rough, uninhabited plateau.

That plateau was the battle-ground. There, between a dry creek and the Branch, occurred the fierce combat, just mentioned, between some five hundred Nez Percé and about the same number of United States troops.

The young Chief, usually called Nez Percé Joseph, led the Indians, while Gen. Howard commanded the government forces.

Continued nearly two days. After Gen. Howard's final success a long chase ensued, the white men pursuing the Indians for ever a thousand miles, from the Clear-Water to Bearpaw Mountain beyond the Missouri River.

The story of such a struggle as this, which records what actually took place, the writer thinks should be emphasized, for it pleads for peace.

Certainly, all the after-battle scenes were strong in their protest against war.
AN INFORMAL RALLY

On the 1st day of June A.D. 1878 the Territorial Of Indian

explore the fertile of the Green-Grass and the

Spanish Grant of the country and find the ferations which are

establish and open for the sale to the settler a grant of 160 acres.

seven miles SSW of the South Branch of the Glade Creek.

there, go forth from the altitude of Mount Ida and reach a

windmill. There? pass to the pasture and

mountain. Here the Indians pass to the pasture and

United States Claims.

The land is covered with grass and

pasture.

After a few

turns, take the

Missouri River.

The stock of sheep will multiply as the

summer season progresses.

M. L. Schofield.
Still before the trouble began to keep amity between two parties, there should have been justice and good-will on both sides.

This was not the case between the white people and the non-treaty Nez Perces, a quarrel of long duration at last led to war.

Before describing the battle, to give a clear idea of the situation, a few explanatory statements are necessary. Though the Nez Perces had never before had a war with the white men, boasting of never having shed a white man's blood, they had frequently waged contests with more eastern tribes; and they were accustomed also to all the hardships of long journeys to and from the buffalo country, whither every year in former times expeditions had set out.

They were superb horsemen. They practiced constantly at manly games with and without their ponies. They so trained these ponies that they would understand and obey them like sheep dogs. An Indian having his lariat attached to his horse's bridle or underjaw would ride up a hill, stop short of the crest, dismount, throw the loose end of his lariat on the ground, leave the horse there, and run with his rifle to some convenient tree or log. At any sudden noise a white soldier is apt to spring to his feet, but the Indian keeps still and remains concealed till he gets a good shot at his game, be it either man or beast.

If danger to him is imminent, he runs back to his faithful horse, who ever waits for him, catches up the lariat and springs to the saddle. The trained animal does not disappoint him by sudden terror or flight.
Though the "tamed" pony might show a stranger no good turn, he is 
and loyal to his own Indian master.

Such were these Indian horsemen, probably the best mounted skirmishers 
in the world. They had courage, endurance, suppleness, skill, knowledge 
of the country, and almost as much discipline as our trained soldiers.

We excelled them only in our knowledge of actual warfare and in our 
Anglo-Saxon persistence.

The war began in a series of massacres, which the 
Indians committed in the region around Mount Idaho. The white 
women and children, who were wounded but not fatally, in the outbreak 
were gathered into that stricken village. Joseph at the same time 
in the low ground of the Whitebird camp assembled all the 
Indians who would join in the war. His men were variously estimated 
to number from three to seven hundred. Gen. Howard, provident 
forward at Lapwai when the first news came, sent under Col. Perry, all the 
available force stationed there, that is to say, two troops of Cavalry, 
with instructions to check the hostiles and stop the murders. Meanwhile 
with intention to follow, he himself was hastily bringing together 
at Lapwai from the various posts the soldiers of his Department.

Perry had but ninety men. He made a forced march through Grange-
ville to the Whitebird camp, attacked the Indians at once, but suffered 
a mortifying defeat. He lost in the fight over a third of his men, 
killed outright; of those hit only the slightly wounded escaped death;
Though the "slow" banking might open a stream of long funds to the
credit of the new Indian reader,

soon make the local Indian property the best money for the
part without alterations.

in the orders. The paved companies, including the old "Indian Store
of the country," any amount or much cannot do as our trading offices.

We expect to come in our knowledge of general matters and to

Andro-Oxora, better known.
The new paper in a series of

interests committed to the region among Mount Impo. The whole,

more any opinion, who were, whether or not, we are for the
central.

were especially into this strictness.

in the front pages of the report, now a ceasing of the

interests which would lead to freedom. The need more

beneficial to humanity when the time was come, can make go.

steps taken in the strictness of popularism,

accompanying the purpose and with the immediate provision

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of the party line, to follow the minimum party principles together

before the party line. We make a loud echo to the readers.

with authority to the Indian country, attending this national or our, our

a national great. We face in the light cases a price of the man.

Pitting attention to doors only the strain. Error in particular.

Eve. 6
for at this time the indians had all prisoners.

As soon as Gen. Howard had collected a force near in numbers to the hostiles, he marched against them, drove Joseph down the Whitebird and forced him to cross to the west side of the Salmon River. Then with considerable difficulty he crossed his own command into that country as between the Salmon and the Snake, which is rough and rugged as Switzerland and immediately followed the indians' trail.

They had hurried down the left bank over mountaineous crags towards the mouth of the swift river and recrossed without delay and stream at Craig's Ferry. Our troops, unlike the indians swimming their plucky ponies and dragging their skin-rafts after them, were obliged to wait delayed for two or three days attempting to construct a large timber-raft. But meanwhile the General had sent back on his Lapwai route his Cavalry, part of which was to hold Norton's ranch and part to bring up supplies from Fort Lapwai by way of Norton's ranch.

Eleven men under Lieut. Rains went out from Norton's to reconnoitre.

It was just after Joseph and his indians had gotten over Craig's Ferry, and was turning to pass between Norton's and Grangeville, aiming further north toward Kamiah. The indians evidently surprised the Lieutenant and his party and without mercy, massacred them all.

Again seventeen mounted volunteers about the same time set out from Mount Idaho to go to Norton's when they also were cut off by a swarm of savage warriors and several of them slain.
Gen. Howard lost his new raft in the wild torrent and could not effect a crossing; and just then, through an Indian messenger James Reuben who, to the soldiers' astonishment, swam his horse across the river, he heard of the state of matters at Norton's and vicinity and so turned straight back on his trail, and by the help of a few skiffs, with considerable difficulty recrossed the Salmon at Whitebird.

The horses held by their halters would follow a skiff four or five at a time, but would not take the water in any other way. Norton made his own forced marches to intercept the Indians who were moving northward. A small force of mounted Volunteers, which the General had sent back before him across the Salmon by the Rocky Canon now pushed on boldly after the Indians who were moving toward Kamiah. The savages soon stopped to gather new recruits from the Lapwai reservation for their success was fast bringing to them the hesitating. They pitched their lodges in the valleys along the Clear-Water near the mouth of the Cottonwood Creek. The Volunteers, avoiding them ascending Round-Hill, a high butte in the neighborhood, and put themselves on the watch. During the first night, a party of Indians stole their horses, setting about forty of them on foot, but owing to their strong places among the rocks the hostiles did not undertake to further molest them. Gen. Howard had already sent word by a daring officer to these Volunteers to stay there quietly while he was working his troops around by the way of Jackson's Bridge, with a view to get beyond the entire hostile force and, if possible, compel Joseph to accept battle.
The 10th of July was a busy day. The General hired and used some
country wagons, enough to carry a third of his infantry at a time.
That day they marched thirty-eight miles, the longest one days march
of the campaign. He crossed the South branch of the Clearwater and
encamped between that and the main river at Walls farm.

He was now at least a dozen miles beyond the Indian lodges, on the
Northeastern edge of the wild, rough plateau before named where the
battle was destined to be fought.

The Indians were by no means alarmed when their scouts showed the
Volunteers on the lofty Round Hill westward; nor were they much more
disturbed when it was reported that General Howard and his soldiers
were eastward of them between the two rivers.

Joseph, Whitebird, Hool-hool-sute, Olicut, Joseph's tall brother, and
Lookingglass, just joined after being for sometime neutral, all, the
war-chief and heads of bands, agreed in council that they were now
strong enough to engage General Howard's main force. They knew now
from what direction the General would approach them. They would
get together, all mounted, and conceal themselves in the deep valleys
of the Cottonwood, the Clearwater Branch and the neighboring canon,
and be ready to run up the valley of the Branch and make an attack
at the word. Each chieftain had his men told off. The women, like
regular quartermasters, cared for the baggage and the herd of spare
horses, and were to keep well back from the thick of the contest where
and stay where the lodges were pitched. Joseph before the battle was as confident of victory as Lee at the end of the first day at Gettysburg. The streams were generally fordsible; the banks high steep and protecting, only broken through by cross ravines and canons. There was a quantity of small trees and bushes in the ravines, and the ground was everywhere, between the river and the Branch, rough and gullied. Now turn to the little column of white men, a few troops of horse, a few companies of foot, howitzers and a gatling gun, all told less than a single regiment of the Rebellion.

With scouts well ahead and covered with skirmishers, they move quietly along the unused trail; they hunt their way through an extensive forest; they probe the ravines and crown the few bare hills till, about noon, they emerge into comparatively open ground. Lieutenant Fletcher, General Howard's Aide, takes on a sudden impulse to try his field-glass. He gallops off to join the headmost scout. A few hundred yards being gained, standing on a knoll to the left of our path, he catches the first glimpse of the Indians. They were moving about restlessly near the mouth of the Cottonwood, well beyond the deep-down Clearwater Branch which here and there, in spite of its steep banks, reveals itself to his glass. Fletcher at once sent word; "Here they are General". The General then dispatched an Aide to Capt. Trimble; "Take your troops and push straight on westward to the river and watch out in that direction". The Aide went with Trimble to scout the vicinity.
Page A

and early where the higher save bigger. Tender power the parade
were in California of Arizona to prepare on the end of the Creek of the
Dakota. The screening was generally formidable. The parade fifty
stead and
pressures, only practiced through or close to where and company. There are
a majority of small trees and bushes in the ravine, and the
stream are known to the inside corner of while near a few
rooms

Mr. McLean, your tambour of foot the boundaries and the writing
of the few, a few companions of foot the boundaries and the writing

The parade grew a stage regimen of the capitation
with enough well-kept and covered with striking elements move diversity
of the money and I don't know where we're going. The few have little
mean; they know the ravines and how much the few have little

the third floor. A few efforts to join the recessed second. A few

improve their pipe making, standing on a knoll to the feet of an
north, some writers into considerably much making.

They were moving
breathe, occupy the first实现 of the initiative. They were moving
spout repeatedly near the mouth of the Gopherwood, well upon the

geep-down Chlemmeret Preston which near and there, in spite of the queer

park. Reverse instead to the plane. Pretend at once some

"I see them too. The General\". The General then gibbered as huge to Cape.

"Time! Time! Time! Take your troops and bring another or necessary to the

river..."
scout the peninsula and bring back report. General Howard then rode over to Fletcher and saw plainly mounted Indians in motion. They seemed to have just discovered his approach and were taking on some formation as the General was looking, he said: "Let the column keep well closed up and come forward quickly". Soon the four pieces of artillery were at Fletchers knoll, and Lieutenant Otis commanding them was firing, endeavoring to reach the masses of Indians that engaged his attention.

Our little column on the trail had well nigh passed the deep canon and the cross ravine near it and were coming together on the flat plateau opposite the mouth of the Cottonwood, when it was discovered that the Indians were galloping up the main Branch on both shores, mostly concealed by the high banks. Their leaders turned to the left into the grand canon and were passing at a run up it into the cross ravine, which being stony and wooded gave them good cover. Of course the troops to confront them must now face about; because their enterprising enemy is nearly in their rear, and there is danger of being caught before we are ready, and also of their cutting off some supply pack mules that are bearing ammunition and food. Tired mules with heavy loads will often lag behind and bother the best of quartermasters.

It was just this way that the same Indians had turned Perry's flank at Whitebird. It was the same game that the Sioux under Sittingbull had played with Custer in Montana. And how they now sped on, yelling and running their horses! Crises like these teach men to keep their
wits about them. There will be excitement at a fire in a city, an
earthquake, a sudden flood or a terrific storm at sea; so in an Indian onslaught there will be great excitement. Now im-
portant then for a leader to have some plan previously digested and to put it promptly into execution. A moment before the General was made to believe that the Indians were trying to escape, for Chapman the guide had said; "They can not get away except by the big cannon back there". Now Chapman's error. At once we took the offensive. The small battery back at a double quick; it was guarded by the troop of Captain Winters. Winters moved around the head of the cross ravine, and just beyond the bluff cup down in the low ground, he found some Indians already dismounted hiding and waiting.
Winters instantly dismounting his men, put them into line, the horses were led back by a few troopers. The firing began at once. Carbines and rifles cracked, Gatlingguns rattled, and the howitzers boomed and the air was full of sound. Meanwhile several mounted Indians striving to keep beyond the range of the guns, kept extending their line until it became a great enveloping curve. Colonel Mason, 1st Arkansas, Inspector, seeing how needful it was to lengthen our line, hurried up Captain Burtons Company of infantry. It quickly took Winters place pushing his troop off to the left. Now the firing became more brisk. Some of those dress mules
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There will be an even more direct type of a life in a city, for
consider the "settlement" type of a cottage town or a subsitute town to see:

- and in an interesting country there will be great excitement. How im-
- portant then for a teacher to have some kind of development of this line

but it is only into execution. A moment's pause at any point may make

to prepare for the immediate work fitting to receive, for changing the lines

"You can not get away except by the pine after pack train".

The smell of tobacco, a gentle drip; it was burning on the floor.

of Captain Winter's Miners. Brown opened the door to the room

heaving, and felt beyond the pilot given by the climate.

come into strong atmospheric pitching any manner of

more feet per hour. The little garden of once

my little garden, getting up, say the botanists' crossing and the

file was full of snow. The little garden was never written into

became a great emotional dance.

second row. We walked on; the theme of the same paper appearing there. Time it

War that German of Infamy. It divided from Winter's place by

the food off to the food of the table. How the little garden more filled

While: We'll ready for life to motion. The word feeling went.
with their heavy loads were in danger. The first Indians that came out of the cannon, we would call them flankers, succeeded in disabling two of these mules loaded with howitzer ammunition; and they killed the packers in charge. By this time Captains Whipple and Perry had dismounted their cavalrymen and prolonged Winters line so much that they could cover the fallen mules by a rapid fire; so they saved the ammunition from capture. A brave messenger from the General had during the melee guided the main supply train till Captain Wilkinson, aide-de-camp, came to help him. They massed the train near the cavalry horses and well beyond the hostile fire. Just as speedily as it could be done Trimble was brought back and all the remaining companies put into position. The line, as we have seen, looking back, had now its infantry on the right, and next, its artillery and cavalry, all acting as infantry. It was a thin line, shaped like a crescent, thus:

Joseph and his warriors showed great boldness and executed their movements without hesitation. Opposite our right they were lower than we, behind rocks, logs and trees. They constructed some rude barricades. At most other points they found shelter and were usually out of sight. Near our left flank upon a small hill one Indian purposely exposed himself to view, throwing his red blanket on a flag in defiance and leaping about from point to point. When we could not an occasional sight of others in the edge of a neighboring wood.
They distributed their best shooters at various points.

One group was so located as to command our only spring of water which was situated some distance out from our left. The river behind us was so far down and so much exposed to skirmishers from the other bank that nobody ventured there. There was a little muddy pool, very shallow, near our held horses, but it was too alkaline for much use. Thus hemmed in, with savages apparently very numerous and fighting with all the fierceness of Arabs, without drinking-water, and with every man posted in a defensive line, the situation was, it must be confessed, not very encouraging. True, all the Indians' charges were firmly resisted and there was no immediate danger of their breaking through.

But how could we end this troublesome work? In the afternoon several Indians crept slyly toward Capt. Bancroft's and Lieut. Haughey's company-fronts, seized a ridge, and with good shelter began firing not thirty yards off.

In the skirmish that ensued Bancroft, Lieut. Williams and several of their men were wounded. Capt. M. P. Miller, the senior artillery officer, was near by and saw that something must be done at once, for our men were giving way.

Miller ran to Bancroft's front and called out; "Cheer and charge!"

He then sprang ahead beckoning to Haughey to come on.

Haughey and his company obeyed the call and joined Bancroft in the cheer and charge, and the ridge was promptly cleared. The Indians for safety ran back to the barricades they had left.
The text on the image is not legible due to the quality of the image. It appears to be a page of a document with handwritten or typed text, but the content cannot be accurately transcribed.
All the right wing Capt. Evan Miles leading his own infantry caught the spirit of this movement, and rushed forward, covering the howitzers which had almost suffered capture, gaining important ground.

We had not as yet done much, merely taken the outworks of Joseph's sheltered line. Following up the excitement Wilkinson gathered all the available men who from any cause were not in front, including horse holders, orderly, extra duty and train men, and with them made a rush from the right down into the ravine. These also drove in the worysone sharp-shooters and made our exposed right flank more secure.

Fletcher pointed the howitzers and helped on all the exciting charges by landing shells so as to explode among the indians. But this noisy work only made the warriors cling more closely to their barricades, for like their white antagonists they had piles of logs and rocks in front of them. Farther to the left the indians soon attempted the whitemans favorite game. In squads they too yell'd and charged, but Winters, Morris, Perry and Whipple quickly arrested these onsets and sent the indians back with severe loss. Such partial combats were inspiring, but as darkness came on our comrades did not take a very hopefully view of the field. Cut off from all communication with the outside world, with the water supply still in the enemy's hands, with every fighting man on the line-a single long and thin-and with indians numerous enough to encircle their whole front, the night was cheerless indeed. There was little sleep. New barricades were deconstructed on both sides.
Our men said little, but with the few implements at hand worked hard. The Indians were noisy and like Goliath of old, defied their foes. And they did not lack English words, which, rough and profane, they hurled across the disputed ground. To have their officers risk their lives by going in the night to the spring and bringing back water to refresh them greatly encouraged us. This they generously did several times before daylight appeared.

In the daytime it had not been safe to go from one part of the line to another. To avoid a shot our officers found that they must creep like children to and from the front. One and hearty officer, when asked how he, so large a mark had passed from the center to the flank of his company, answered in a half whisper, "Oh, being too far to crawl, I rolled." It was much more comfortable to get about by night, for in the darkness the Indians did not waste many shots. At last came the dawn. Matters were yet substantially unchanged, except that the General had formed an offensive plan, which he soon proceeded to execute. It was first to recover the spring. Second, to see to it that every man had his breakfast, not omitting a cup of coffee for each. Third, to withdraw Captain Miller's Artillery Battalion (all that were serving as Infantry) from the front line.

Fourth, at an hour appointed, Miller was to form a column, move out southward, pierce the hostile line, and, when just far enough across, face to his right and roll up that line. The howitzer battery and all other troops were to support and follow Miller's movement if successful.
But Joseph seeming to anticipate some contrivance had his own offensive plan. He set in motion a herd of horses; some three hundred strong, and directed them across the space not covered by our troops, with a view to stampede our animals and possibly break our lines and terrify our men. They ran like a herd of wild animals keeping well together, but were themselves turned from their course by the discharge of a few pieces, and disappeared as suddenly as they came, without doing us any damage. Our operation commenced about sunrise.

Miller had Otis' battery so located as to shell the bushes and hollows in the neighborhood of the spring. Perry's and Rodney's men, waiting on foot near at hand, were with no little shouting, made a series of charges from hillock to hillock till the ground was cleared of enemies far and near; the Indians fleeing from their hiding places.

Immediately picket posts were so chosen and occupied that a man, going with a pail to the water, could not again be molested.

Soon little fires had started and camp-kettles were steaming.

The handy soldier cooks, sent from each company, made ready the hot coffee, so that before two hours had expired, officers had been cheered and refreshed by a respectable breakfast. The third thing devised was not so easy to execute. There was strong protesting: "Oh no General, our lines are too weak! It is not safe." But the General remained firm and shouldered the risk. Captain Miller then cautiously withdrew his four companies, while Miles and Perry stretched out their
battalion-lines to fill the gap so created. It was fortunate for us perhaps, that Joseph did not comprehend what we were doing and so made no attack while the companies were in motion. Miller at half-past two, the time designated was just ready to start across the ravine held by the Indians. His entire command in waiting were filled with hope and expectancy ready to take up the parts assigned them; when lo, a big dust appeared; it rose some two miles away toward the southeast. All our field glasses were turned that way, approaching. As it came nearer some one suddenly cried out: "It is Cavalry."

Yes it was Captain Jackson's troop that had been coming from Fort Klamath with instructions to join us escorting supplies. The cheery sight gladdened all hearts on our side, but affected the watching Indians with despair. Immediately the General ordered the expectant Artillery battalion to push out and meet the coming Cavalry. Miller moved at once rapidly, taking the Indians by surprise, so that only moderate skirmishing arose. It took, however, more than an hour to bring in the new troops (some fifty strong) and the provisions.

General McDowell's Aide-de-camp, Major Keeler, a courteous gentleman and gallant officer, accompanied Captain Jackson and brought us kind words of encouragement from our Division General at San Francisco.

Now, as Miller who had dropped back behind the new comers as they neared Joseph's line, was about in position to execute the movement which had been for an hour interrupted, General Howard with Aides and ordnance
rode to a good point for observation. As he moved away he asked Major Keeler if he wished to see the battle or accompany his men. With a smile of surprise at such a quiet invitation the Major joined the General and rode by his side through the noisy and dusty conflict that soon ensued. Miller's column began to move quickly toward us, and to encounter quite a storm of bullets fitfully striking the ground around him. He had again pierced the Indian line when his men faced to his left and charged. Rodney's company, having halted a moment, let the others pass, then followed some distance in rear to guard against the repeated attempts of the Indians to get around one flank or the other of the moving front. There was some obstinate resistance at Joseph's barricade, some rapid firing, but no Indian dreamt of such a rolling up. After a few more wild shots and a few bold but vain efforts to gallop around Miller's command the Indians gave way en masse and began to run down the ravines and the steep slopes to the Clearwater branch, and then to wade or swim to the other shore. More quickly, than one can tell it, General Howard's force had taken up the pursuit, the Infantry, Artillery, and Winter's troop on foot, and the remaining Cavalry on horseback; that is all who had time to get to their horses and mount. The Gatlings fairly flew to the river bluff with Jackson's troop abreast of them in lively support; there they opened a brisk fire on the retreating hostiles. The howitzers, a little later, came galloping to the same heights with Trimble's men close behind them; and they threw their bursting shells into the living ravine and amid the waiting lodges
beyond the river.

The fugitives mainly went back by the routes they had come, down cross ravines into the large canon and thence out into the river; but some tumbled over the rocks and crags and sped mounted or dismounted down the roughest inclines till the river was alive with wading crowds of frightened ponies and indians.

It was now simply flight and pursuit. Every thing except the cannon and the packs took every foot-path or water-course to get first to the Branch. The indians gained the south bank by the time the Cavalry got to the other. The women and the herds were ready in full retreat when the warriors overtook them, running up every hollow that led from the river, when suddenly wonderful to tell a host of warriors all mounted appeared to be turning back and getting ready for another fight. This disturbed the commander of the Cavalry. Perry and his men stopped as they immersed from the water on the indians' side. They were ordered to ferry over the foot-men, as the water was rather deep and swift. This was done. The indians' return was brief; it was a ruse, and a good one; for, time was consumed by it; the terrified women and children were protected, and the cover of night soon more sheltered all the fugitives from effective pursuit.

The abandoned indian camp fell into our hands with robes, blankets, utensils for cooking, and provisions of various kinds. The losses in killed and wounded were not so great as one would have supposed. They did not exceed on both sides a hundred people and were as afterwards
The importance of water and the river.

The river flows through the canyon, providing a cool and refreshing stream. The water is clear and abundant, offering a source of water for the local wildlife. The river is a vital part of the ecosystem, supporting a variety of plant and animal species.

As you walk along the riverbank, you notice the greenery thriving around the water. The sound of flowing water adds to the tranquil atmosphere. You can see the riverbanks adorned with various shades of green, indicating a rich biodiversity.

The river also serves as a habitat for numerous fish species. The clear water allows you to see the fish swimming around, creating a picturesque scene. You can hear the gentle chirping of birds in the distance, adding to the serene ambiance.

Exploring the riverbanks, you come across several small waterfalls. The water cascades down, creating a soothing effect on your senses. The mist from the waterfalls adds to the coolness of the surrounding area.

As you continue along the river, you encounter a small community of people who rely on the river for their daily needs. They harvest local plants and catch fish, utilizing the river's resources.

The river is not only a source of water but also a place for recreation. People can be seen spending time by the river, enjoying the natural beauty and tranquility it offers.

In conclusion, the river plays a crucial role in the ecosystem, supporting a diverse range of flora and fauna. Its importance cannot be overstated, as it provides essential resources and contributes to the overall health of the environment.
proved about equally divided. Over a hundred prisoners were subsequently taken and sent to Fort Vancouver as a result of this battle.

It was by this remarkable contest at the Clear-water that the North-west was for a time cleared of hostile Indians; but it took a long chase — another year of desperate war with the Bannocks and Piutes to procure and establish a permanent peace.