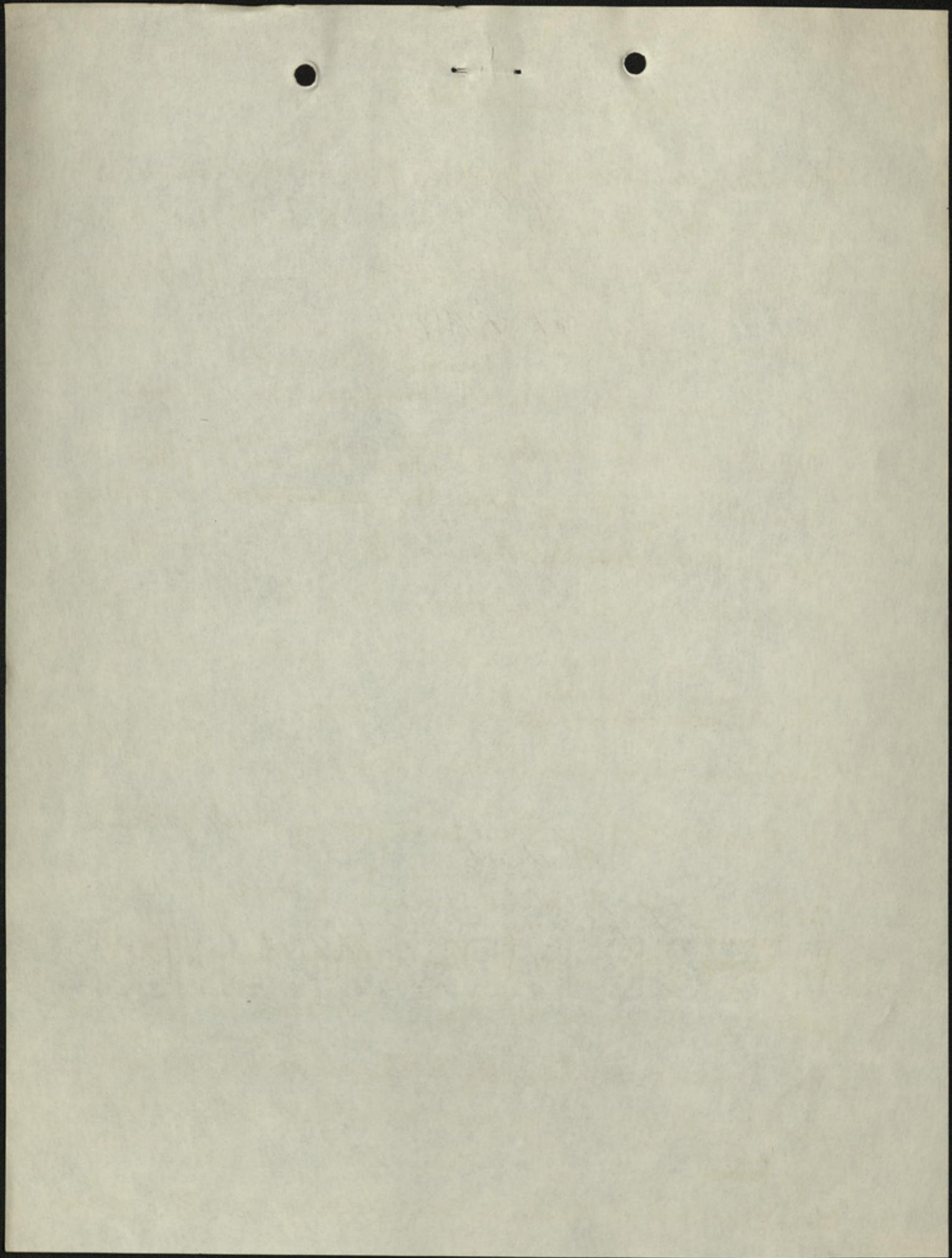


Article

Oct 31<sup>st</sup> 1889

No 50

Subject  
A phenomenal Scout



1.  
A phenomenal feat.

"Should you drive to pasture five horses over these  
wave-like knolls, and leave them for an hour  
to graze, it would be next to impossible to find  
them." This was the writing note concerning  
the lava beds which ~~bordered~~ <sup>touch & terminated</sup> the "Garnet  
Meadows" along the southwestern border of  
Montana. Here was <sup>at one time, one of the</sup> ~~the~~ meeting-  
grounds of <sup>Bannocks</sup> the Shoshonis, Flat-heads, Nez Percés  
and other Indians, - when they assembled to do trade,  
trade, run races, gamble, or settle past grievances  
by <sup>being continued</sup> ~~intermittent~~ <sup>permanently</sup> ~~permanently~~. Here in the  
Nez Percé war our forces encamped the 19<sup>th</sup>  
of August 1879. The enterprising Chief Joseph  
halted some 15 miles ahead, easterly, toward  
the <sup>mountain</sup> ~~mountain~~ gateway to the Yellowstone Park.  
Instead of allowing his tired warriors to sleep, as  
one would naturally suppose, <sup>as you ~~perhaps~~ know</sup> he did the exact  
opposite. He left his women & children there in a  
safe ~~place~~ <sup>spot</sup> and, with his fierce red men, rode  
rapidly back to disturb our sleeping camp. <sup>So, here</sup>



took place the night engagement, usually called "The battle of Camos Meadows," after which our ~~undefeated~~ column resumed the famous long march in pursuit of the still fleeing Indians.

Hardly a day after this action, while we were threading our main trail thro. a narrower stretch of the meadows beside a well wooded ridge on the right, & in full <sup>view</sup> of a spur of the Rocky Mountains from our left front, a cry, from some of the men behind us was heard: "Heigh! What's that!" Looking back we saw at first a great cloud of dust and soon by our glasses we could discern a body of Indians, at considerable speed, riding straight toward us. Indians know how to pose, especially on horseback, & <sup>they</sup> delight <sup>by some continuation</sup> to emphasize their first approach. "They are friends of course," somebody exclaimed.

Yes, for they were following the road, were too few in number to bear hostile intent, and were holding up <sup>a white flag</sup> by <sup>its</sup> staff <sup>and</sup> shaking <sup>it</sup> out <sup>to the breeze</sup> a white flag. This <sup>stranger group</sup> ~~was~~ proved to be the first installment of a company of

Headquarters Division of the Atlantic,

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK CITY,

1881



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Bannock

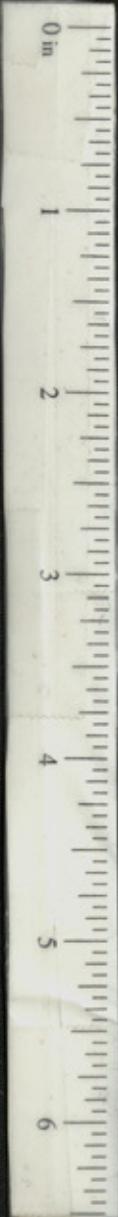
3.

scouts, which Capt. Bambridge, the commander at Hall, a fort ~~about~~ a hundred miles south of our line of march, was bringing us for reinforcements. There were ten or twelve in the advance group.

How handsomely they rode! How gaily they were attired! Their plump little horses, white & lightest gray, were decked off with bits of fur and strips of red & blue flannel; ~~their~~ manes & tails were artistically arranged as a full fledged warrior's hair, that is, ~~they were~~ <sup>nicely</sup> braided & tied up.

As soon as the group had drawn near they <sup>made</sup> ~~halted~~ a halt. Rainé, the half-breed interpreter, <sup>in his cloak & way</sup> more Indian than white man, rode up to a staff officer and told ~~in~~ short sentences of broken English, who constituted this brilliant cavalcade, and announced the near approach of the <sup>main</sup> company of scouts not yet in sight.

That evening, ~~at~~ <sup>to</sup> the bivouac, which we named Camp Benson, the small but very welcome reinforcement, <sup>camp up</sup> rejoined its advance guard, and illumined our camp fires with news & words of cheer. Nobody there will forget the happy visit of Bambridge. He was



*[Faint, illegible handwriting covering most of the page]*

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found enough of his Indians. He must return to  
Fort Hall the next day, he said, but he would leave  
with me a remarkable leader S. G. Fisher, whom  
he <sup>then</sup> brought up & introduced. <sup>Fisher</sup> He was a white man,  
yet no Indian was <sup>ever</sup> better acquainted with  
Indian life. He was one of the few civilized <sup>frontiersmen</sup> men  
who had won and ever after retained the  
admiration of all the Indians of that region.

It is of this man, who was the real chief  
of the Bannock sects, of whose adventures I wish <sup>briefly</sup>  
to ~~write~~ <sup>write</sup> ~~write~~. The words Capt. Bainbridge spoke of  
were good & reassuring, but I soon began to know  
him for himself & <sup>to appreciate</sup> his achievements <sup>past & present</sup>.  
At a little distance, when mounted, he appeared  
like an Indian. There was the ~~same~~ <sup>same</sup> ~~action~~ <sup>action</sup> of  
the body, turn & cling of the legs, and easy, graceful  
use of the arms; - no jerky, angular motions like  
those of the cow boy on balky ponies. He was about  
six feet tall, of symmetrical frame well knit & muscular.  
His <sup>respecting</sup> dress, except his broad-brim hat, was Indian  
throughout. There was the variegated deer skin jacket  
well ornamented, the loose fitting deer skin pants held up  
by a handsome leather belt. There were the many buttoned



*[The page contains several lines of extremely faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the paper. The text is difficult to decipher due to its lightness and the texture of the paper.]*

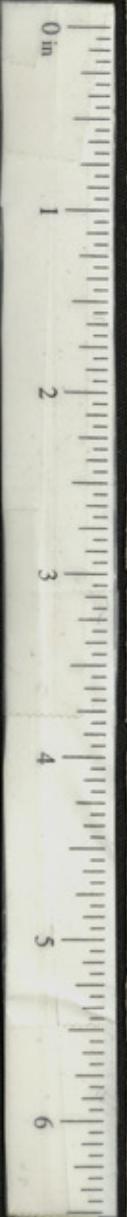
legging, and <sup>the</sup> small <sup>embroidered</sup> moccasins, to finish the ~~effect~~ <sup>summed</sup> appraisal. His hearing was defective at that time, so that his eyes had to do double duty; and he seemed rather sallow of complexion for perfect health. Like so many other remarkable men of our generation, the first acquaintance furnished little to mark him, except perhaps that clear & steady eye which indicates courage, and a bronzing face which bespeaks the absence of hatred.

During our unique Indian chase <sup>of 1847,</sup> usually called the Nez Percé Campaign, when, in continuous pursuit, the cavalry marched over 1800 miles and the infantry over 1400, we had <sup>very</sup> many scouts. The terror caused by the primary Indian outrages, equal in barbarity of not in number to those in 1857 at Bawafese & Tucknow, had disturbed large districts of Oregon, Washington, Idaho & Montana; so that <sup>deserting their homes</sup> tradesmen, farmers, prospectors and miners, often with their families, had congregated here & there behind barricades for mutual protection. Numbers of the men at these rendezvous were employed by

# Headquarters Division of the Atlantic,

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK CITY,

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our field forces, sometimes only for a few days, in  
the capacity of scouts. They were dispatched  
upon errands, or sent out in different directions  
to hunt up fresh Indian trails or the hostile  
parties themselves. Being well mounted, they were  
to run back and make reports to the Aide de  
Camp who had charge of gathering & furnishing  
information.

It is not possible even to indicate all the good  
qualities one must possess for the effective  
leadership of a scouting party, <sup>which is</sup> seeking for  
Indians. He must be tough and sinewy, able  
to ride 60 or 70 miles in a day, <sup>without excessive</sup>  
fatigue, he must <sup>have</sup> a keen eye able to catch the <sup>most</sup> ~~dim~~  
trail, able to detect the faintest Indian sign and  
interpret its meaning. He must be so quick witted  
as to read, as you would a print, the face of an Indian,  
and cope with his clandestine maneuvers. He  
must be so cool in his observation and judgment  
as to form right opinions concerning his adversaries,  
that is, concerning their plans & movements, so as not  
by glowing or depressing reports ~~lead~~ lead his general into error  
or upon a false scent. In brief, a goodly supply  
of reliability, loyalty, sobriety, sagacity, slyness, boldness, ingenuity,

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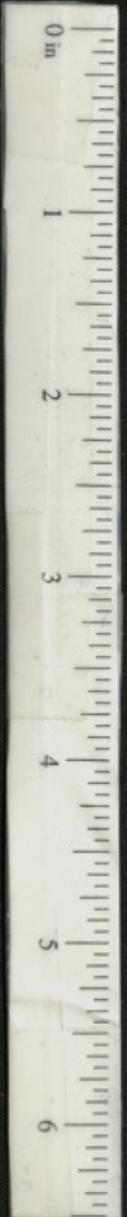
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activity, energy, diplomacy, endurance and unending persistency, is essential to the perfected scout.

One of our best before Fisher's arrival had lacked reliability and endurance.

Another man, an Indian, as long as he could scalp his dead foes and gather in plunder, was affectionate and happy; but, on his being checked in these compromising dispositions, <sup>he</sup> grew lukewarm, sullen & deserted.

A third had so lively an imagination that in the darkness his fancies turned trees into men, and old stumps into moving parties.

While a fourth could not pass near a frontier town without being drawn thither by the inevitable saloon which was sure <sup>to muddle his brain and</sup> draw him into big drink.

And indeed it does always require, in warfar savage or civilized, as much appropriate ability & fitness to make a prime scout as the successful commander of a military detachment.



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GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK CITY,

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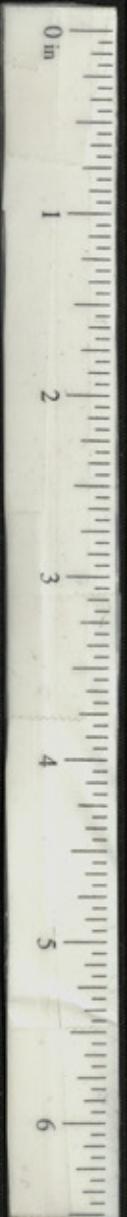
Well, it is not too much praise to say that we found the desirable qualities without let or hindrance, in the modest, unobtrusive fisher. -

The next day after the gay & brilliant Indian Scouts overtook our moving traps, he with his party hastened to the front. He very soon got his eyes upon his wild game and watched the irregular masses as they ran the gauntlet of Tache's Pass. He followed them closely through the beautiful forest of Madison Basin. He gazed down upon them from sundry high points in the yellow stone Park proper, and kept his General thoroughly informed of what his savage foes were doing.

As we were detained for supplies at Henry Lake - and again, a little later, delayed <sup>for a few hours</sup> near the great Geysers to protect land

care for several wounded civilians whom the Indians had abandoned, <sup>maimed &</sup> Fisher had <sup>long got considerably ahead of the</sup> clung to the hostiles' trail <sup>up the mountain side</sup> over the steep hills & through the most difficult

thickets of closely grown small trees, then dog & seasoned & tough, on & on to Mary Lake situated at the very mountain top. Here he had an unpleasant experience. His Indian helpers, who had been so full of <sup>cheer-</sup> promise, becoming





Suddenly <sup>g.</sup>avaricious, greatly excited some forty mountain  
horses that were turned out a few miles back <sup>of the advance</sup> for a  
night's grazing. After a secret talk they deserted their brave  
chief, stole the horses of their friends, and came near <sup>Succeeding in</sup> driving  
them beyond our reach or recovery. Fortunately, however,  
by prompt information, and a sudden arrest and  
disarming of the chief young Indians including Rainé,  
the full disaster was prevented. The remainder of those scouts  
who were implicated, were compelled to break up the  
stray animals and lead them back. After this affair  
these helping Bannacks with a few exceptions, the very  
men who had been so brilliant and promising at  
Camp Benson, would serve us no more. They  
put on injured looks, ~~and~~ declared that scouting did  
not pay them sufficiently, and made off for other  
and more congenial fields <sup>for service</sup> of operation.

Fisher, now having but two or three with him, never  
left the freshest trail except to get side views of the  
pleasing host. He saw them well across the Yellowstone <sup>river</sup>  
<sup>their baggage being</sup> a little below the Yellowstone Lake, crossing in Indian fashion  
with all their ponies & luggage. He saw them enter the

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*[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

extensive forest beyond <sup>10.</sup> and followed their rear so closely, that a white man, Mr. Simmons, who had been captured near the Park and carried off by the Indians was enabled to escape to him. This man had been for some days with the hostiles, expecting maltreatment <sup>for death</sup> but for some unexplained reason, ~~he~~ when the other travellers who were surprised in the Park, had been <sup>severely</sup> wounded & left behind <sup>for dead</sup> had been spared. The information that Simons brought was most valuable. It saved us from a long & tedious <sup>march</sup> ~~excursion~~ thro. that <sup>immense</sup> blind forest, <sup>making us</sup> a circuit which but for his timely warning we must have made. We had now only to follow the chord of the arc ~~to~~ to overtake again very soon upon the heels of our enemies. But I will not pursue the detail of Fisher's good work. He had many a narrow escape and many a new experience which he has doubtless <sup>often</sup> related to his children. He kept with us till his services were no longer required; then with a couple of attending Indians he steered straight ~~over the prairie~~ thro. the almost boundless <sup>woods</sup> ~~forests~~ & over the broad prairie to his home <sup>near</sup> at Fort Hall. At the close of <sup>this</sup> ~~our~~ memorable expedition



The present state of affairs is as follows: The right bank  
 of the river is cultivated, the left bank being left  
 in the state of the country. The country, however, is

not cultivated, and the soil is very fertile. The

river is very deep and wide, and the water is very

clear. The soil is very fertile, and the water is very

clear. The soil is very fertile, and the water is very

clear. The soil is very fertile, and the water is very

clear. The soil is very fertile, and the water is very

clear. The soil is very fertile, and the water is very

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clear. The soil is very fertile, and the water is very

The general note of him as follows: "Bright and dry  
 with guides and without, fishes fearlessly hung upon  
 the skirts of the enemy. The accuracy, carefulness  
 and ~~fullness~~ fullness of his reports, to one attempting  
 to chase Indians across a vast wilderness, were a  
 delight."

Now to give our young people an idea of this <sup>experience and</sup>  
 training <sup>to</sup> ~~through~~ <sup>see</sup> which this able frontiersman had  
 been self-subjected, I will offer a scrap of his previous  
 history substantially as he himself has told it.

## Fisher's Story



Headquarters Division of the Atlantic,

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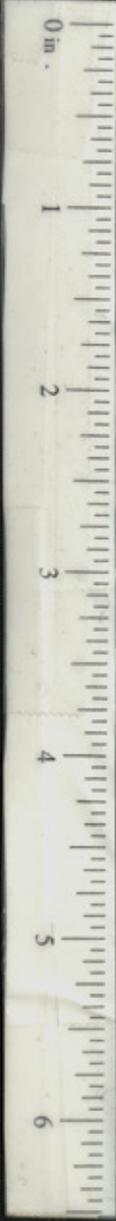
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*[Faint, illegible handwritten notes in pencil or light ink, scattered across the lined page.]*

Prior to the Bannock Indian war which occurred in 1878 - Camas prairie in central Idaho was an annual resort or meeting ground for a number of Indian tribes. It was here that the Bannocks, Shoshones, (Snakes) Pintes, Nez Perces, Umatillas, Sheep-eaters with portions of other tribes met about the middle of June remaining a month or <sup>together</sup> more. The bucks passing <sup>in</sup> the time gambling, running horses, trading, dancing <sup>usually like performers</sup>. While the squaws, more particularly the older ones, <sup>spent</sup> ~~their~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~were~~ gathering and drying, for winter use, the roots of camas <sup>gamps</sup> <sup>12.</sup> pah-se-go, ot-se-go. As times <sup>were</sup> dull at my Trading post on the Fort Hall Indian reservation, caused by most of the Indians going to Camas prairie I concluded to pack <sup>or ponies</sup> some Indian goods and follow them.

Securing the service of my friend Poe-op-ah as guide and interpreter, I packed four ponies with various articles for trade, such as fancy striped Indian robes, shawls, red and blue Indian cloth, high colored prints, red flannel, bright ribbons, paints, beads <sup>of</sup> all colors, shapes and sizes, brass wire, rings, buttons and bracelets, wampum-moons and various other trinkets, besides a good supply of powder, lead and caps. Another pony <sup>was</sup> packed with provisions, <sup>his</sup> buffalo robe and a few pair of blankets <sup>secured</sup> for bedding. We ~~struck~~ <sup>struck</sup> out on our trip of ~~about one~~ hundred and thirty miles.

~~But~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> the starting of the journey, we had Snake river to cross, which at this season, <sup>my point</sup> June, is at its highest <sup>mark</sup>. Having no boat, we borrowed <sup>of an Indian</sup> a buffalo-skin lodge, spreading it out on the ground near the water's edge we piled on small dry willows criss-cross forming a circle of about six feet <sup>diameter</sup> ~~across~~ and one foot thick, drawing the balance or edges of the lodge up over the brush lace <sup>we</sup> tied it firmly together on top, the whole thing weighing less than two hundred pounds we placed it in the edge of the river, staking it there until we had ~~had~~ <sup>our</sup> loaded <sup>our</sup> plunder, including our riding



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saddles, guns and pistols. ~~Getting~~ a couple of small ropes <sup>were then fastened</sup> to the light but safe craft, arrangements <sup>having</sup> been previously made by placing a round boulder the size of your fist - at the right point - inside bulging it out sufficiently to <sup>make a</sup> ~~lie~~ around back of the <sup>boulder</sup> ~~raft~~ from the outside. <sup>stripped</sup>

All being now ready, we ~~stripped~~ to the skin, putting our clothes on top of the float, mounted our war-horses bare back, <sup>with</sup> rope in hand we plunged into the cold and rapid river, as soon as our horses <sup>had struck</sup> ~~reached~~ swimming-water and our craft was floating, we slipped off on the lower or <sup>side</sup> ~~opposite~~ ~~side~~ to which the current strikes the animal, with the rope in our teeth or in the hand with which we <sup>held</sup> ~~held~~ to the mane, swimming with our legs and the one loose hand, we <sup>made</sup> ~~steered~~ for the opposite shore, while the squaws and papposes belonging to the lodge, we have in tow, drove the balance of our ponies in after us. Owing to the force of the current we landed fully a half mile below our starting point, while the distance straight-across <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ not more than one hundred and fifty yards. Unloading our stuff the owner <sup>Squaw</sup> ~~crossed~~ back with his lodge, holding the fifty cents in <sup>his</sup> ~~his~~ mouth that I <sup>had</sup> ~~paid~~ <sup>in his mouth</sup> ~~him~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~privilege~~ of transforming his house into a boat for a short-time. I have often seen these boats or rafts used in crossing an entire camp of several hundred Indians, squaws, papposes and often dogs and young colts, taking passage thereon.

Again <sup>packing</sup> ~~packing~~ up we <sup>descended</sup> ~~followed~~ the river several miles to Danilson Springs, where we lay over until sundown, when we started across a forty-mile stretch of <sup>barren</sup> ~~barren~~ <sup>was destitute of</sup> ~~water~~ water, we <sup>kept</sup> ~~followed~~ the old Oregon wagon road of 1846 - <sup>which has</sup> ~~but~~ little or no travel ~~on it~~ now except by Indians. We rode alternately at a jog-trot, and <sup>or</sup> ~~and~~ walk, leading one pack animal while the rest followed.



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I greatly enjoyed this cool night's ride listening to Poe-  
 ah recounting his many adventures while <sup>previously</sup> traveling over  
 this same road many years ago, when he was but a  
 boy, <sup>he</sup> was guide, night-herd and guard ~~for~~ for the early  
 Oregon emigrants, often accompanying them as far  
 as the Blue Mts. ~~in Oregon his reminiscences would~~  
~~make a very interesting chapter but I will omit~~  
~~them here as this narrative relates entirely to this~~  
~~one of my many mountain trips among the Indians.~~  
 However it is in place to state ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> while in this  
 business he learned to speak English and also won  
 his name, "Poe-ah," <sup>which</sup> translated means "Road Father."  
 Poe, road or trail, ah-ah, Father.  
 About 2 a. m. we <sup>came upon</sup> ~~found~~ a little grass plat where  
 we pulled off our packs and saddles, picketed some  
 and <sup>noticed</sup> ~~checked~~ the balance of our horses. <sup>we then</sup> wrapped a  
 blanket around us, with saddles for pillows we took  
 a <sup>sleep</sup> ~~nap~~ of a couple of hours, while our horses <sup>got</sup> ~~got~~ a nice  
 rest and feed.

Once more in the saddle we <sup>jogged</sup> ~~got~~ along to the  
 springs on the Big Butte, which we reached some time  
 after sunrise. Here we built ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> fire, <sup>the boys</sup> ~~since~~  
 leaving home, baked our bread in a long handle frying-  
 pan, and roasted our meat before the fire on forked  
 sticks, these with <sup>some</sup> coffee comprised our breakfast.

Three <sup>more</sup> ~~days~~ <sup>of the summer</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>travel</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>brought</sup> us in sight of  
 the grand encampment.

When within a few hundred yards of this <sup>wild</sup>  
 camp, Poe (as I called him for short) asked me to stop,  
 I did so, while he commenced <sup>riding</sup> ~~exercising~~ <sup>in a circle</sup> his horse, at the  
 same time making signs with his right hand.

Suddenly, I saw an Indian well decked out  
 with bright streamers, mount the bare back of a large  
 snow-white pony and make towards us on a run;  
 but, when <sup>and</sup> ~~at~~ a hundred yards distant, he wheeled  
 his horse <sup>and</sup> ~~dropped~~ <sup>slung</sup> out of sight, <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>in this position</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>ran</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>around</sup> us in a circle.

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Poe, <sup>was</sup> going through the same manoeuvre in an opposite direction. For the next ten minutes I witnessed <sup>had seen</sup> as fine riding and handling of horses as I ever saw. Presently their war-horses were dashed up side by side, from opposite <sup>points</sup> directions, when by their riders they were fairly set-back on their haunches. While Poe, and his brother shook hands. They had not met for several years, but readily recognized each other by signs. After introducing us by telling me that the new comer was his younger brother, and explaining to him that I was his (Poe's) big white friend, the object <sup>was explained</sup> of my visit. <sup>we proceeded to</sup> one of the largest Indian <sup>gatherings</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>richness</sup> <sup>seen</sup> <sup>up to that time</sup>. There were several thousand <sup>persons</sup> of them, <sup>big</sup> and little, old and young, all rigged out in <sup>that</sup> fancy <sup>loggery</sup>.

Our packs were soon <sup>taken</sup> off, and <sup>the</sup> animals turned loose with thousands of others, <sup>to enjoy</sup> <sup>her</sup> the finest of <sup>herb</sup> grass.

With a few willows and <sup>two</sup> a couple of pairs of blankets we soon constructed a sort of "wickiup", <sup>at least</sup> sufficient to shelter us from the sun <sup>at least</sup>.

<sup>Reduced</sup> I sold my entire stock of vermilion and other paints, within an hour after my arrival, for <sup>one seldom sees</sup> <sup>there were</sup> <sup>great</sup> a dance. <sup>grim</sup> faces hideously painted, and topped off with huge headdresses of feathers, <sup>they</sup> <sup>made</sup> more ghastly and frightful by the changing reflection from camp fire to moon light, as they whirled and twisted, stooped and raised their naked bodies, at times jumping high in the air and coming down stiff legged <sup>while</sup> giving appalling - piercing yells, all the while <sup>they kept</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>the</sup> continuous and monotonous beating of rawhide drums <sup>while</sup>. War-bonnets, breech-clouts, moccasins and paints constituted their entire costume for the occasion.

I hardly think a tired Eastern City Bell, would have cared to join that motley crowd - even if it was



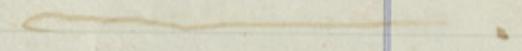
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West Hill  
and  
Brookline

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New Museum



to be a large



the grandest affair of the (16.) season. And I <sup>myself</sup> may as well own up ~~that~~ ~~that~~ I did not <sup>feel</sup> a placid sense of safety, being, as I was, <sup>with them</sup> ~~at least~~ <sup>and here</sup> ~~one~~ hundred miles from the nearest white settlement, <sup>such they were</sup> alone with such a band of demons - at least in look and action.

While the dance was going on, the old women were preparing a "Big Eat" of baked roots, roasted fish and venison. <sup>Near morning this feast</sup> ~~was~~ was eagerly devoured by ~~the~~ a hungry mob. ~~near morning~~

§ The following day was <sup>devoted to a</sup> grand race ~~at~~ between the various tribes present, each tribe <sup>by bets a prize</sup> backing its own animals. Races <sup>were on foot</sup> ~~all~~ the way from one hundred yards, to five miles and back. <sup>There were</sup> ~~catching~~ weights ~~without~~ without saddles or bridles, <sup>leaving</sup> simply a small rawhide cord fastened by clove hitch around the racers under jaw, and eagle feathers fastened in his fore-top and tail, <sup>with</sup> his little tad of a rider <sup>with</sup> with a single ribbon or buck-skin string around his waist. His only garment except perhaps an eagle feather or two, tied on top of his head. No thorough-bred <sup>in civilized lands</sup> with his high-toned jockey enjoys a race more than does the Indian pony <sup>with</sup> ~~with~~ his naked rider. No jockeying, throwing, or foul riding <sup>is allowed</sup>.

Every horse goes for blood. <sup>(i.e. does his utmost)</sup> Each rider starts his horse in the chase, just as even as possible, while the owners judge the out-come. In case of a dead heat, which seldom occurs, especially in long races, the race is ~~announced~~ <sup>at once reported</sup>.

There were sixteen horses entered in a race of about ten miles that day. Each entry was backed <sup>for</sup> ~~for~~ stakes, <sup>is the prize</sup> to be run for. <sup>There was</sup> no second ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> third money; the first horse back over the score <sup>won</sup> ~~won~~ the pot. <sup>or total prize</sup> The ground selected to run over included the crossing, and re-crossing, of a stream some twenty yards wide and nearly, or quite, two feet deep, with a high, and steep, bank on one side, while a portion of the distance was covered with a thick growth of sage and rabbit-brush.

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Five minutes <sup>were</sup> spent in scoring away they <sup>flew</sup> well together, took the water like ducks, scrambled up the bank and <sup>were</sup> soon lost to sight. Presently here they <sup>were</sup> coming again, every rider kicking and whipping and every horse doing his level best.

A long lance <sup>point</sup> belonging to a Nez Percé <sup>led</sup> ~~led~~ <sup>he speaking over</sup> down the bank like a whirl-wind plunged through the stream and crossed the score several lengths ahead of all. A shrill yell of satisfaction from his owner and friends, a hoarse grunt from the balance and all <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ quiet.

While in camp there, I was placed in rather an embarrassing position, by a young Umatilla Squaw <sup>falling</sup> desperately in love with me, or <sup>perhaps</sup> ~~perhaps~~ just-pretending to.

After spending some time in arranging green willow boughs around and over my blanket <sup>horse</sup> ~~blanket~~, she took to following me around, <sup>flew</sup> holding a large spreading willow over me, as a protection from the burning sun. I asked Poe what the woman <sup>intended</sup> ~~intended~~.

"Oh, she just likes you and wants to be your woman, that's all."

<sup>At last</sup> ~~At last~~ With the aid of an interpreter I explained to her that I was not anxious at present to enter the Elysian fields of matrimony, and <sup>flew</sup> hastily compromised the matter by giving the fair would-be charmer, five yards of turkey-red curtain calico, and a half dozen brass finger-rings, which effectually healed the sad wound <sup>which</sup> I had unconsciously given her maiden ~~heart~~ heart.

Learning that an old discarded <sup>war</sup> ~~war~~ chief, <sup>then</sup> ~~then~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ camped at a point up <sup>and that he</sup> ~~and that he~~ Wood River, had a large amount of furs and <sup>on hand</sup> ~~on hand~~ skins, I decided to hunt him up and if possible trade off the <sup>remainder</sup> ~~balance~~ of my goods, before starting home.

Just <sup>at</sup> ~~at~~ sundown, after a long days ride, we found old <sup>Tea</sup> ~~Tea~~ <sup>tant</sup> ~~tant <sup>po</sup> ~~po~~ <sup>hog</sup> ~~hog~~ <sup>ant</sup> ~~ant~~ camp.~~

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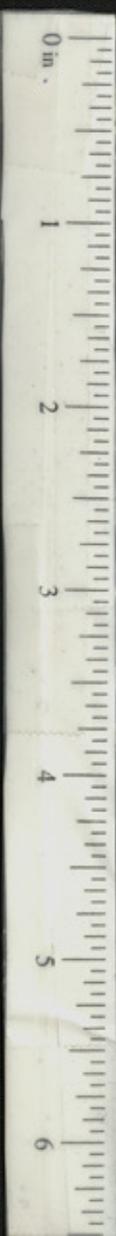
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X The old sinner had won his name, <sup>handwritten</sup> "No good, medicine," by foolishly attempting to prove to his tribe that he was bullet-proof. <sup>He had put</sup> ~~He put~~ a heavy charge of powder into his rifle, using a rose-bud of the proper size which he had previously neatly covered with ~~lead~~, <sup>with</sup> tin-foil to represent a bullet. ~~which~~ <sup>this</sup> he shoved down the barrel of his gun, and in the presence of his astonished followers, placed his left hand over the muzzle and pulled the trigger.

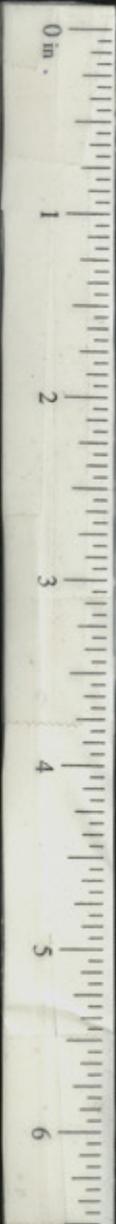
This occurred several <sup>ago</sup> years <sup>ago</sup>; <sup>the experiment was not successful</sup> ~~previous~~; but the old ~~at that~~ <sup>prophet's</sup> hands looked like a diminutive dwarf-pine that had struggled for existence at the extreme limits of <sup>the</sup> timber line, in its shriveled, twisted and knotty shape.

On showing himself, as we rode up, I greeted him with the usual salutation, "How." He did not return the "How," or even condescend to give me a nod of his black head, but turning his back, told Poe, to tell me that his <sup>heart</sup> ~~heart~~ felt bad towards all white men. I said to Poe, you tell the old <sup>Rascal</sup> ~~son of a b~~ that my heart often feels that way towards the Indians, and then <sup>if</sup> I ~~always~~ kill one Indian, ~~that~~ makes my heart feel all right again.

This bold <sup>response</sup> ~~reply~~ on my part evidently out-bluffed the old <sup>rascal</sup> ~~rascal~~ fellow, as he at once declared that his heart felt better, while he gave me his hand to insure <sup>steady</sup> my friendship.

I was solid with him from this <sup>time</sup> on. Every trade I proposed was accepted without any back talk. I soon closed out my remnants, for a valuable lot of beaver, mink, Otter and other furs and skins.

Before leaving the next morning, I traded <sup>successfully</sup> ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~knock-kneed~~ ~~some~~ ~~backed~~ ~~case~~ to him for his best war-horse, ~~and~~ he also gave me a few pounds of dried venison, which came in handy as we were entirely out of provisions, ~~at~~ the same time assuring me that he was my big



(P. 10)

Autumn

Autumn

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(19)

A friend, and would remain so as long as we lived.

On reaching the main trail that afternoon we fell in with a few Indian families on their way back to the reservation. They were <sup>nothing except</sup> living on dried roots, so were not backward in helping finish <sup>the</sup> ~~my~~ small stock of meat. It was <sup>after that</sup> dried meat and roots for supper, and roots "straight" for breakfast. In fact it was a root diet with me for the next two or three days, as I was too dainty to eat gophers and ground-hogs, ~~which~~ <sup>could find</sup> ~~was~~ about all the game we ~~found~~ along the lava beds. One old Squaw supplied me with raw, half dried, <sup>game</sup> ~~game~~-roots, which I ate, almost continuously, in vain trying to appease the gaunt-wolf of hunger.

In this condition the 4<sup>th</sup> day of July 1870 found me. As the day advanced the heat became intense. ~~As~~ <sup>we</sup> wound along the snake-like trail in single file, turning at almost every step to the right, or left, around some projecting point of rocks, or to avoid some yawning chasm formed perhaps millions of years ago while, <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ cooling process was slowly going on, finally leaving this rentid, twisted, contorted and blackened mass in every conceivable shape and form, looking as fresh as though the work <sup>had been</sup> ~~was~~ done but yesterday while the almost unbearable heat helped to strengthen the delusion of recent active fires. As contrast <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ always <sup>occurs</sup> ~~is~~ no wonder that my thoughts were carried back to former fourths of July <sup>which</sup> ~~that~~ I had enjoyed in some pleasant, shady grove near ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> country village, where ice-cold lemonade sold at a penny a glass and a long free-to-all table stood loaded ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> every eatable that heart could wish, while the little brass six-pounder, or town blacksmith's anvil boomed forth its joyous sound beneath the noble old ~~stars~~ <sup>stars</sup> and stripes.

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~~As I was~~ riding <sup>(20)</sup> slowly along in advance of the sombre, silent, hungry and patient little band, contrasting the present, with former days, my reverie was suddenly broken by - "Look! Look!" Turning in my saddle I saw Poe "who was close behind" pointing towards a large black-tail buck which was limping along ~~over~~ <sup>over</sup> a little knoll scarcely a hundred yards away.

Having seen no game for the previous two days I had that morning ~~left~~ <sup>left</sup> my winchester rifle in one of the packs, - but I had a revolver in the holster.

Before Poe could get a rest for his gun on the two sticks which he, as well as <sup>like</sup> the most of his tribe, <sup>carried</sup> ~~carried~~ for that purpose, the deer had gotten out of sight over ~~the~~ little hill. Fresh meat was what we wanted; and having old "Ironsides," my best horse under me, I at once gave chase.

The big <sup>one</sup> ~~follow~~ led me a lively race, up hill and down, over rocks and brush, for a couple of miles notwithstanding <sup>that</sup> one of his hind legs ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> broken. coming up with him at last I opened fire with my pistol & severely wounded him; at which he turned on me and with a mad plunge struck my horse full in the chest - but without <sup>serious</sup> injury, for as <sup>good</sup> luck would have it, his horns were in the velvet <sup>having</sup> ~~with~~ a soft bunch or knob on each prong. It was his last plunge, for as old Ironsides sprang to one side I sent a ~~forty~~ <sup>forty</sup> ~~four~~ <sup>four</sup> bullet through his brain. Poe, coming up we soon had the deer skinned, quartered and loaded on the packs.

On reaching water, a few miles farther on, we ~~pitched~~ <sup>pitched</sup> ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup> camp. ~~But~~ <sup>But</sup> while unsaddling and taking off the packs - up ~~two~~ <sup>two</sup> swarthy <sup>Indians</sup> ~~men~~ <sup>men</sup> ~~along~~ <sup>along</sup> our trail and demanded the slaughtered deer. ~~They~~ <sup>They</sup> ~~claimed~~ <sup>claimed</sup> they had wounded him early that morning, a long way back in the mountains, and had since been



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AND INDIAN TRADER. FORT HEE RESERVATION.

following his tracks. All of <sup>(2)</sup> which was no doubt true, but I was too hungry <sup>then</sup> to be liberal, or even ~~very~~ honorable, and <sup>so</sup> refused to give it up.

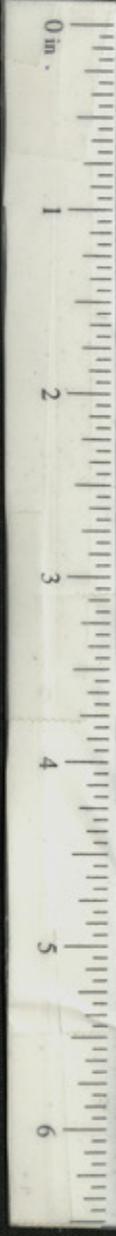
After considerable party ~~and~~ ~~game~~. "Tin-ie", a little chap in my outfit, proposed that we wrestle for the deer. The boy had great faith in my ability to down them as he <sup>said</sup> had often seen me throw ~~down~~ the best men in his tribe. I consented to this, also offered to shoot <sup>as a mark</sup> off-hand, for the meat.

One of the fellows was a tall <sup>powerful</sup> ~~powerful~~ man, about my own height, but at least twenty five pounds heavier. After walking around me several times and feeling of my arms and legs he declined, and also refused to shoot except with a rest, which I in turn refused; but finally <sup>reluctantly</sup> compromised the matter by giving <sup>the strangers</sup> ~~them~~ the hide and <sup>the</sup> hind quarter that they had wounded. In the mean time ~~the~~ our squaws had fires built and were eagerly waiting ~~the~~ meat settlement. In less than a minute after the treaty was <sup>concluded</sup> ~~made~~ the entire three <sup>quarters</sup> ~~quarters~~ of venison was roasting before the fire, - fifteen minutes later we were letting out our betts one hole at a time.

One of our party, a rather good looking young Bannock, took <sup>what is called</sup> ~~an~~ over feed, <sup>having</sup> so completely gorged himself that he was compelled to submit to the treading process - to ease his pain and assist his digestion.

Having often heard of - but never having seen this peculiar medical treatment, I watched it with much interest. It was simple <sup>and</sup> ~~but~~ proved effective in this case - being conducted as follows:

The glutton lay at full length on his back with arms and legs extended - while a squaw proceeded to grease his ~~upper~~ body, or rather the upper portion of it with marrow from the deer's legs, this done, a ~~young~~ young maiden stepped lightly upon his prostrate form - with bare feet, she ~~trampled~~ <sup>trod</sup>



*[Faint, mostly illegible handwriting in pencil or light ink, scattered across the page. Some words like 'The', 'and', 'with', 'of', 'to' are faintly visible. There are also some numbers and symbols.]*

*[A vertical blue line is drawn on the right side of the page, and a vertical red line is drawn on the far right side.]*

(22)

slowly up and down, occasionally slipping off from the high and well rounded ~~form~~ <sup>of his body</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>at her mishap</sup> ~~meny~~ <sup>she</sup> laugh she would again mount the pumpkin shaped ~~and~~ <sup>youngster</sup> and continue to administer <sup>the treatment</sup> while some old ~~squaw~~ <sup>squaw</sup> would scold her for her carelessness and ~~meriment~~ <sup>meriment</sup> over so serious an affair.

I understood that the girl was badly ~~gone~~ <sup>smitten</sup> for the young blood - and was then no doubt trying to make a "mash" ~~on him~~ <sup>by a little different</sup> means ~~however~~ <sup>from those resorted to</sup> by the captivating ~~belles~~ <sup>belles</sup> - her sisters of the white race.

Two days later, on reaching home my old root-lady ~~splashed~~ <sup>splashed</sup> me for sugar, coffee, flour ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> I gave her, and continued <sup>so</sup> to give for the next two years. Her begging became so annoying that ~~at last~~ <sup>at last</sup> I refused her. "Well I fed you when you were hungry, now I am hungry and you won't give me anything!" This little argument on her part won her a fresh supply.

Selling out my trading post and leaving the country, I lost sight of the old girl for ten years; after which time I ~~found~~ <sup>found</sup> the place ~~again~~ <sup>again</sup> and had scarcely ~~settled~~ <sup>settled</sup> ~~down~~ <sup>down</sup> when one day while I was at dinner with my family, in walked an old stooped and gray-headed squaw. Pointing towards the door I told her to go out. She paid no attention to this. ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> walking up <sup>she extended</sup> ~~presented~~ her black and bony hand, while she proceeded ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> again repeat <sup>in the Indian tongue</sup> the same old root-story, which I interpreted to my wife and children. Well, the old woman not only got her dinner, but left with a flour-sack well filled from the table and cupboard. By close calculation I find that those roots ~~now~~ <sup>now</sup> cost me ~~about~~ <sup>about</sup> twenty dollars a pound and the end is not yet, but as the old creature has already seen a "great, great, many snows" - while my hair is only slightly "grizzled," I live in hope.

See these and helped skin-own.  
B. G. Fisher



# The Conclusion

Some time after the adventurous expedition of  
S. G. Fisher which he has <sup>so graphically</sup> described, ~~the~~ <sup>during</sup> 1873  
<sup>and</sup> 1874. he ~~still~~ held a trading post in the  
neighborhood of ~~the~~ Ross Fork, Idaho. situated  
some 14 miles from Fort Hall. There was <sup>at one time</sup>  
<sup>news</sup> ~~rumor~~ of an Indian outbreak, and already much  
suspicious <sup>& threatening</sup> conduct on the part of  
<sup>an</sup> ~~an~~ <sup>agitation</sup> among the numerous Indians <sup>at</sup>  
off the <sup>Ross Fork</sup> Reservation. The white people were in  
great fear & so <sup>speedily</sup> shut themselves up in buildings  
belonging to the Indian Agency and hastened their  
messengers to <sup>Fort Hall</sup> ~~the~~ fort to apprise the <sup>officer in</sup> Command of  
their precarious situation. He dispatched Lieut. Wilson  
of the 12<sup>th</sup> Infantry with a detachment of troops <sup>to the</sup>  
~~for~~ assistance <sup>to</sup> the frightened & beleaguered whites. Wilson  
started during the night and reached the Agency before  
dawn, galloping with his small force toward the  
occupied buildings, intending to dismount & let his horses <sup>run wild</sup>  
go in case he was fired upon, and <sup>thereafter</sup> fight his way on  
foot to the imprisoned people. But <sup>on nearer approach</sup> to his surprise he  
found <sup>that</sup> the Indians had ~~withdrew~~ <sup>withdrawn</sup>, and so the siege was

# Headquarters Division of the Atlantic,

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*[Faint, illegible handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*



<sup>already</sup> raised and the <sup>great</sup> distress relieved. The withdrawal  
was effected by the ever watchful fisher. 24

During the night he had crept out on hands & knees  
among the bushes & high grass to <sup>near</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>the</sup> place where the  
Indians were in council. He ~~then~~ observed that

there were two parties the old & the young. The  
latter urged the massacre of all the whites, <sup>shut up</sup> in the  
buildings, but the old Indians were more  
moderate and fisher believed <sup>that with some</sup>  
prompt encouragement to their ~~present~~ <sup>present</sup> ~~mercy~~ <sup>though unexpected</sup> ~~mercy~~  
mood the more cruel could be overborne.

He made use <sup>consistent with secrecy that</sup> of the trash he could, making his  
way back to the Agency buildings, and then  
came out boldly, took the main road and  
walked fearlessly into <sup>the Indian</sup> ~~their~~ council. He joined  
at once in their speeches, which his knowledge  
of the Indian <sup>language</sup> ~~language~~ enabled him to do, and soon  
persuaded them all to <sup>do</sup> ~~do~~ something better than  
to murder him & another white people about them.

They listened to his brave words, and admiring  
his courage, they quietly withdrew and became  
most friendly. Blessed on the peace-maker, —



Are they not called the children of God?

When <sup>in 1878</sup> the terrible <sup>Pentec</sup> Panuock war had been inaugurated, S. G. Fisher was entreated to go to Eastern Oregon and take the chieftainship of the Scouts. He would not go, declining all offers however flattering or remunerative.

He at first gave no reasons, - but finally being pressed <sup>for them</sup> by an officer, who was his warm friend, ~~for them~~, he said that he scouted so differently from other scouts, and that after he was obliged by his own sense of duty, to expose himself so much more than ~~they~~ most of them did, that he felt too apprehensive that he would be killed <sup>of he went again</sup>. It was a reason that once did not weigh much with him, but now he had a family of children to support and, no matter if the work was attractive, he believed that he must avoid the extreme danger. This way of thinking on the part of the fearless <sup>Fisher</sup> ~~scout~~ seemed very strange to all of us who knew him. But we were made to see that

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he practiced a real self-denial in keeping himself from the excitement of the campaign and from the pleasure that commendation for extraordinary valor <sup>always</sup> gives. <sup>this time he pronounced</sup> in favor of a higher duty, namely the <sup>immediate</sup> ~~support~~ protection and support of his family.

A few years later in 1885 I visited Fish's house near Ross Fork. In the change of agents on the Reservation, he had somehow lost his special rights as an Indian trader; but he remained there in comparative poverty as the Indian's friend. He took me in his buck board carriage, and we visited Indian houses <sup>of farms</sup> scattered over a fertile valley for twenty five miles. Fish was <sup>everywhere</sup> ~~always~~ <sup>always</sup> ~~received~~ <sup>received</sup> by the <sup>Indian</sup> householders with the utmost confidence & much show of affection. I found that when they were too poor to buy <sup>seed for planting</sup> he ~~loans~~ <sup>he habitually loaned it to them</sup> them seed for planting, and gave them innumerable credits in trade.

"Do they ever repay you?" I asked.

"Yes, invariably, unless some <sup>unforeseen</sup> providence prevents."

It is this good man & phenomenal scout who has at last become the Ben Yuck agent <sup>for this favor</sup> and all the friends of the Indians who are interested in the Ross Fork tribe, rejoice <sup>over</sup>



*[Faint, illegible handwriting at the top of the page]*

(sgt.) Oliver O. Howard

Long Island  
Nov 1 1889

*[The remainder of the page contains very faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the paper.]*