

exciting time ensued. Many of the vigilantes wanted to hang them in a summary manner, while the friends of the prisoners, and the sporting class generally, insisted that they be turned over to the authorities again. Armed men of both parties promenaded the streets, and a bloody conflict was imminent; but after keeping the prisoners under guard a whole day, the committee finally turned them over to the officers. The men were tried, convicted and sentenced to prison for life, and in default of a territorial prison, were confined in the county jail. Waddingham was soon declared to have been innocent by his companion in misery, and was pardoned by Governor Evans. Unable to endure the loneliness of his lot after his fellow prisoner's departure, Pete took an early opportunity to make the usual nocturnal exodus, and was seen in the valley no more.

Early in April, 1865, a party of vigilantes paid a visit to Fred Swartz, commonly called Dutch Fred, on Walla Walla river, and hanged that gentleman to a tree for a brief time, to force him to disclose some information they desired. In this they were unsuccessful, and the next day the outraged man went to town and swore out warrants against five of the men, but was unable to have them punished. The demonstrations of their earnestness of spirit and their power to enforce their commands, had their effect, and great numbers of bad characters departed for a more inviting field of operations.

There existed, at this time, a band of cattle thieves, who were herding stolen beef cattle a few miles below the city. A couple of butchers were in the habit of slipping out "in the silent midnight watches," and procuring a supply of beef for their stalls, at rates much below the market price, to their great financial advantage, and the injury of their more honest competitors. These parties stole

sixty head of cattle from John Jeffries, on the Umatilla river just below the site of Pendleton, and the owner tracked them to this robbers' range, near Walla Walla. It was about the first of April when he came to the city and procured warrants, which the sheriff and a posse undertook to serve. One of the gang, called Doc Reed, who lived in the city, learned of the intended raid, and hastened to warn his comrades of their danger. When the posse arrived on the ground, they found the robbers in full flight, and gave instant chase. Doc Reed and Thomas Arnet were so closely pursued, that they hid in the brush along Mill creek, to let their pursuers pass by. Reed secreted himself beneath the overhanging bank, one of the posse passing directly over his head, the pursuer's life being spared because a pistol shot would have brought others to the spot. One of the gang, named McKenzie, or Reynolds, was captured near the old race track, three miles above the city, and immediately hanged, cursing his executioners with his last breath. A party of the vigilantes followed the cattle trail in the direction of Wallula, and soon found the stolen animals in charge of William Wills and Isaac Reed. They summarily hanged these two and took charge of the cattle. Of the gang of six, three were thus disposed of, and Doc Reed, Arnet and Sage Brush Jack escaped and never returned to the valley.

A few days later the committee executed a negro, known as Slim Jim. He was one of the hard characters whom they had requested to depart from the city, but who had failed to comply with their reasonable demand. At a secret meeting, a sentence of death was voted, and that same night he was taken from his bed, conducted nearly a mile south of town and hanged upon a tree, which is still called "hangman's tree." It is