All of the early settlers of Butte and Teton counties with the name of Harmon Good, or a familiarly known "Har Good," lived in the county.

But little is known of his early history by the people of this State, and many here were familiar with his name, and have a lively recollection of the events of his life. He was a veteran of the war, and a staunch defender of his native State.

People in Butte and Teton counties, and the protection he afforded them against the ravages and depredations of savages, and the implement of arms, took a bright page in the history of the Territory.

Harmon Good was born in the State of Ohio, and was a descendant of an ancient and honorable family. In appearance he was a most remarkable man. He was tall and muscular, with black plaited eyes, long black hair, and exceedingly handsome features, and a carriage so erect and commanding that he was born to lead. When the author of this sketch first knew him he was about thirty years old, full of vigor and energy, and in all matters looked upon as the leader in his profession, which he lived, taking a decided and distinguished leadership. No one approached him without discovering his peculiar genius to order and direct, and his influence upon his leadership.

The compositions of his Indian fights and hunting excursions attest the fact that a more daring or truly capable man could not be found.

In the year 1830 there existed a band of savage Indians in the neighborhood of Good's ranch in Teton county, who were frequent raiders upon the frontier. Finding a number of them one day engaged in killing his corn, and having no weapons, he charged upon them with stones and put them to flight.

A few days after, he was in company with himself and two others, at the ancient ruins of ancient Indian culture, which was situated at the base of a hill and overlooking the valley, and surrounded with a dense thicket. Good asked of the men to mount on horseback. "I would venture to enter the den with him," said one of the men. Good could be found whose courage was equal to the task.

Robert Anderson, now living in the county, bade him lead and he would follow. After some time of absence, and of anxiety to those who were waiting without, employed in securing the thicket and searching the brook, Good and Anderson returned to us, not having succeeded in their mission. No evidence of bravery was as great as if they had captured the bear.

In the spring of 1830 a family living on a large creek, Teton county, was murdered. Some men, hunting in the vicinity, were driven away by the Indians. Good, with five others, started in pursuit. After thirty-six hours' travel the company found the trail, and for some considerable time his horses were lame. They discovered at dark, by the dim light of the moon, ten dead bodies. Good said to his men, "Let us fire into the woods. The bear has killed them. Not many lived to enjoy the fruits of their labor."

The Shoshone Indians, under Chief Wilson, were encamped on the north branch of the wise, and with savage yell rushed upon the party, and from the camp, his true rifle dealing death at every volley. The rash daring of the most reckless to the savages, and they could not fight with any judgment. Not one of the Indian hunters was touched, whilst every duckey devil that had occupied the camp was a gory massacre.

In 1861, the Indians attacked one Thomas Allen, near Keeper Mill, Butte county, and killed him; and within one mile of the same place and on the same day they murdered two of Mr. Halsey's horses, four months old, and captured and carried off their son, nine years old. Captain Good, on receiving news of the massacre, immediately raised a company of men and started in pursuit of the savages. After seeing forty or fifty miles they found the boy most brutally murdered and, his body covered with stones. Captain Good returned to the body six days later, and, after securing a coffin, an officer and his sutler went to the scene, and brought the corpse to Chico. The men, with Good as their leader, again started in pursuit. After fifteen days' travel by day and night, an Indian camp was discovered, surrounded as strongly as four miles to a point on the hill, and there was no rest. All the day was spent in pursuit, and when the night came, by the light of the moon, or in the darkness of the country, he would follow, and, with his judgment and quick sight, discovering any sign of the enemy's presence. He has gone into caves under cover of night, and discovered the number of his prisoners. He entered upon an Indian slaughter, but he awoke to enjoy a deeper sleep.

His zeal was as familiar to the Indians as their own war whoop, and whenever the going was rough, he always believed he bore a sacred gift—no bullet sped from rifle could strike him. When danger was near, he was one of the bravest men, but as soon as danger was past, he sought the quiet of the camp. He was always ready to respond to the call for help, and was in "harmony" when in action.

The Mill creek Indians were a wild predatory and bad tribe. They had red the tomahawk, and "War to the death" against the settlers was their watchword. There was nothing noble in their nature, and only under the lure of advantages did they dare attack. Helpless women and children were their prey, and no appeal for mercy met a merciful consideration, but murder, murder, murder. Good and his brave followers waged a war of extermination against them, and he lived to see a large band of them melt into almost nothingness. Of all the numerous tribes of Mill Creek Indians but two females and two males, and they, like the talking Joes, have no fixed abiding place. Never secure in any locality, they continually roam from place to place, over thousands of miles.

Notwithstanding the bold and warlike nature of Captain Good, few men possessed the soul of the human kind.
In the year 1845, the stage coach proceeding from the Logan town road was robbed of a large sum of money. The robbers sought shelter near to Captain Good's camp. Having heard of the exploit, Good in company with Sandy Young and Sam Carpe commenced the search for the missing treasure and the escaped villains. Following their track for three days, they found the three desperadoes, resting from their flight upon the summit of a mountain, "out of sight and hearing," and provided with an abundance of supplies. They held in their possession two heavy shot guns, one rifle and four Colt's revolvers. Good's company came upon them unawares. Without deliberation, Capt. Good advanced and asked if they were hunters and received the answer that they were hunting, declaring that to be the same, he entered into similar conversation, confident from appearances that he had found his game. A proposed opportunity occurring, he commenced his approach, his beer down upon the fire, and when Sandy and Sam presented full in the face of the robbers, those ruffians, they looked to them like twelve-pounders well directed, consequently without a murmur, Good searched the revolvers, where he found greenbacks and gold dust in abundance. The head of the band sought safety in flight, but the unerring shot from Good's rifle soon brought him to halt, and with his hand and dye he lay upon the sod. The other robbers were placed in charge of the authority, and the money returned to Wells, Fargo & Co., from whom it was stolen. Capt. Good accepted no reward, but attributing expenses from his own money, acted only from a sense of justice to offended laws, and from a love of adventure, whose charms divested the rash attempts of all fear or care for consequences.

In the spring of 1869 the Indians robbed some sheep herders, and killed some cattle, as near or near to Deer Creek. Capt. Good, with two followers, were soon in hot pursuit. On the evening of the 15th they overtook the thieves, and as usual, surrounded the camp. They killed several and took two prisoners, two Tashas. These fellows were held as hostages at Good's camp for weeks, guarded by the Captain's Indians, whom he had raised, and who, for years, acted as his hunters and boy of all business. No evidence of treachery had ever shown itself, but such was the scoring devotion of the boy to his master in his person, and faithful discharge of all duties, that Capt. Good exposed him to implicit confidence. Yet his villainous, treacherous Indian was true to his savage instinct, and murdered his kind and ingenuous master. Capt. Good had required the Indians who claimed the squaws in marriage, to bring in arms and captives for peace, but never complied with. Still Capt. Good held the hostages. The Indians sought, as a last resort of treachery, his protection against hostile foe, and begged the permission to camp near one house, where no wild Indian dare venture without permission. Intending to kill him, upon one occasion, they came in the morning commenced a noise of building as if attacked by a numerous foe. Capt. Good was too wary to be taken in, and would not venture out. Finding they had failed in their pretended signs, and being confident that the reserved Westerner had conceived their intentions, and fearing consequences, they would surely come, the tribe decamped. Capt. Good, finding the country unsafe, made a trip to the mountains, recrossing and reentering the house in the evening, where, within three hundred yards of the house, he was shot and killed. Investigation made by Sandy Young, and other friends, established the fact, beyond the perversion of a doubt, that the Indian boy had proved a traitor, and committed the horrid murder. That Indian boy is missing, and thus of him may be said, but we envisage there are those living who know where his noble corpse is being considered, to the day of judgement.

Thus did one of God's noble men, years of bitter warfare, in which he was involved the evil temper and devises of the Indian nations, at length accomplished, the revenge so much desired, and so long sought; it was obtained, at a terrible sacrifice, the death of not less than a hundred warriors, the total annihilation of a tribe whole, or if but six have escaped, they suffer in utter insecurity, outrage, and revenge, facing the face of the white man, and certain when seen, to meet the fate of those who have gone before them, for in all the country the oath of vengeance has been remanded, and will surely, sooner or later, be accomplished.

To the memory of Capt. Good all pay respect. He was a lover of strength to the whole country. Furred by the savage, he used his power and prowess to ward the danger of massacres, and the destruction of property from the community in which he lived. When he died, he helped women and children layed down in sorrow and blood, and prayed for the safety of the daring children, who offered his life continually in their behalf. Let his memory be grasped upon the hearts of his compatriots, and suffer his noble sacrifice to be written upon the page of history as monuments of glory and when, in after ages, the reading shall reveal the exploits of such noble attributes of character, and the great good he accomplished in his day, may he be exalted by the nation who impulse, and strive to emulate his glorious example.