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GENERAL SHERIDAN'S SQUAW SPY

AND

MRS. CLARA BLYNN'S CAPTIVITY

AMONG THE WILD INDIANS OF THE PRAIRIES.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE

OF THE DARING EXPLOITS AND HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES
OF VIROQUA, THE BETROTED BRIDE OF MENOTI, A
YOUNG CHIEF OF THE OSAGE TRIBE OF WILD
INDIANS OF THE PRAIRIES; AND
HER VALUABLE SERVICES
TO THE WHITES.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE HEART RENDING STORY

OF THE

CAPTURE SUFFERINGS AND DEATH

OF THE LOVELY MRS. CLARA BLYNN AND HER LITTLE BOY WILLIE,
WHO WERE TAKEN PRISONERS AT SAND CREEK BY THE
FEROCIOUS KIOWAH CHIEF, SANTANA, AND BRUTALLY
MURDERED BY HIM, WITHIN SIGHT OF THE
DRAGOONS SENT BY GENERAL SHERIDAN
TO RESCUE THEM.

This Narrative Will Bring Tears to Every Eye.

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GENERAL SHERIDAN'S SQUAW SPY

AND

MRS. CLARA BLYNN'S CAPTIVITY.

INTRODUCTION.

Whoever has read the reports of Generals Sherman, Sheridan and Custer, must have been forced to the certain belief of two things:— First, that the Indians have for years been made the victims of political villains, who have cheated them in the most shameful manner; and Second, that notwithstanding this fact—any parleying with the Savages *under existing circumstances* is worse than folly. The Indians* have only one mode of argument—viz., white people cheat them and all white people are responsible for it. So, instead of seeking to take vengeance upon the really guilty ones, they revenge their wrongs on the first whites they come across.

This is the whole secret of the Indian War. The results are horrible in the extreme; for the Indians are bloodthirsty, and cannot be tamed, nor reasoned with; while the pioneer farmers are brave, determined and will not retreat. Thus, in the war of races extermination must certainly be the fate of the Indians.

There are a few instances, however, in which individual Indians have never allowed their savage allies to sway their better judgments; and these have rendered to the whites the most valuable services. Perhaps no one has attained more distinction in this way than Viroqua, a handsome young woman of the Osage Tribe of The Prairies. Her affianced lover was Menoti, a rising young Chief of her tribe. One day he was waylaid and murdered by Santana, Chief of the Kiowahs, who are the hereditary enemies of the Osages. Most intense was the grief of Viroqua, and over the dead body of her lover she solemnly vowed, according to the most mysterious rites of the Indian belief, to revenge his murder.

Taking from his belt the tomahawk and knife he used in battle, she mounted his horse, and, dashing from the village, rode to the nearest U. S. post which was Fort Cobb. She offered her services to the whites; and from the moment of their acceptance this Indian girl, brave and wary, tracked Santana like a blood hound. Sunshine and storm were all one to Viroqua; and she was not contented until she saw Santana a captive in the hands of Sheridan and ordered for execution.

Her attempts to rescue Mrs. Blynn and that lady's little boy from the Kiowahs were not only most praiseworthy, but daring in the extreme. The following narrative thereof, and also the capture, sufferings and murder of Mrs. Blynn, form together, a most thrilling and heart rending story.

For several days toward the middle of October, General Hazen the Commander of the Military Post of Fort Cobb had been somewhat exercised about the hostile attitude of the Indians around the fort. So alarming did the manœuvres of the savages become at last, that one evening the General called a Council of his officers to consider what it would be best to do under the threatening aspect of affairs. In the midst of their deliberations the orderly in attendance announced a young Indian woman of the Osages. She wished to see the General. As the Osages were known to be friendly, the visitor was admitted. She walked into the room without a sign of timidity, and yet with such unaffected grace and dignity as to make a favorable impression at once.

"What is your name? and what have you come here for?" asked Hazen pleasantly.

My name Viroqua, me daughter of Big Beaver great Chief of Osages. Menoti dead! Santana hide on the path like coward, and kill Menoti! Oh me did love Menoti big heap! be his squaw next moon. But now he dead! me call in the mornning; but he not answer! But the Great Spirit whisper among the trees, and then me know Menoti gone to happy hunting grounds of his fathers. Me was pretty vine on Menoti's breast. He big oak tree, and me wrap me all around him. But he fall dead and me wither now and die on the prairie with Menoti!

"Santana bad Chief! Ugh! he coward! he squaw! he snake in the dark woods! He hate pale face! Me hunt Santana! me kill him! me give him to pale face! Me show pale face how to kill Santana! how to kill all the Kiowahs! how to take all the Kiowah ponies, squaws, papooses and meat! Me love Menoti! this his hatchet! his knife! Me hate Kiowahs! Pale face let me help you? My great father has heard me."

Her eloquence, and her agony of grief when she mentioned the name

of Menoti, convinced all who heard her that she was telling the truth; and General Hazen was glad to obtain her services. And she took her departure happy in the confidence which she saw was placed in her.

Viroqua lost not a moment beyond what was actually necessary for her preparations for the perilous work she was about to undertake. She was fully equipped by General Hazen for her journey; and, as dusk of the next day was falling she bade Fort Cobb adieu, and rode away in the direction of the Kiowah Camps of Santana and Lone Wolf.

At that time these camps were situated not far from the Washita river and she was not long in reaching them. Her approach to the village of her enemies was as cautious as that of a wolf, for she well knew if she were discovered by any one who could recognize her, death by horrible torture would be her speedy fate. Fortune favored her, however, and finally she mingled among the women of the village without attracting any suspicious notice. Once in, it did not take her long to ingratiate herself in the lodge of a warrior who, with ten other men, was away on a war path to the Northward, leaving of course no one at home but the squaws. Viroqua represented herself as the daughter of Tall Tree an under chief of a band of Cheyenes with whom the Kiowahs were very friendly. This Chief had been killed in a skirmish sometime before, a fact of which Viroqua was aware, and took full advantage. There were other lodges beside the one she had selected, into any of which she could just as easily have obtained admittance, but she chose this because it was situated within half an arrow's flight of the lodge of Santana.

That celebrated leader was also away at this time, however, on the Warpath against the Whites, though his return was daily looked for. And among other women whom the Chieftain's favorite squaw invited to assist in getting things ready for his reception was Viroqua. To have declined so great an honor would have subjected the latter to suspicion; and she, therefore joined in the preparations with seeming gladness, though her heart was overflowing with all the bitterness of which the Indian's character is capable. She was completely reconciled too, when she reflected that by this course she would be more likely to accomplish successfully her plan.

Four days after her arrival in the village Santana returned with his warriors and was received with the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. There were several scalps among the party; and according to the savage custom these were danced on the second day. The following are the details of this ceremony. First at sun rise the gory trophies were hung up over the entrance of the medicine lodge, and a volley of twelve guns and as many arrows fired above them to scare away the spirits of the owners from whose heads they had been cut. Next they were stretched on the ends of long red willow-wands and the dance began. A circle of warriors was formed around those who had taken the scalps,

and the medicine men began a low, solemn chant, accompanied by subdued drumming on gourds cut in half, and covered with the inner skin of a deer. After a certain time, one of the warriors sprang into the centre of the circle brandishing the scalps he had taken, and reciting, in a monotonous yet musical tune, his own brave deeds; all the time accompanying his recitation with dancing. When he had finished his singing—though he still kept on dancing—he sprang to his next friend, and jerked him violently into the centre of the circle. This one now commenced his narrative of heroism and self-laudation, the same as the first had done. In this manner one was followed by another until all the braves who had taken scalps were dancing and yelping and whooping like demons. Meanwhile the medicine men kept up their chants and drumming, momentarily growing more furious and louder as the dance advanced. Now and then each of the dancing warriors leaped to some friend in the circle of squatting braves, and jerked him forward to join in the ceremony; so that after awhile the whole number were bounding, leaping, bending their bodies in almost impossible attitudes, shouting, groaning, yelling and screeching, and brandishing spears, hatchets and knives like perfect madmen or devils incarnate. Sheer exhaustion alone put an end to the ceremony.

Santana had brought with him as captives a beautiful white woman—the unfortunate Mrs. Blynn—and her little boy Willie Blynn, the latter about two years and six months old. Mrs. Blynn herself was not over twenty two, and possessed of rare personal beauty. In truth it was this that had caused Santana to spare her, in order that he might add her to the squaws he already possessed; a proceeding that not one of the latter dared object to, without the certainty of having her head split open with the Chief's tomahawk. With almost bellish shrewdness too Santana had spared Willie's life, not that he cared for it, but as he said:

"If I kill white squaw's boy, she cry and fret, and then she get ugly! Me want to keep her pooty all the time."

During the time that Viroqua remained in the village, which was about a week, she made two determined efforts to get Mrs. Blynn away from the place and she was so nearly succeeding the last time that the fugitives had got half a mile distant and would have got clear away but from the fact that two Kiowah men out hunting came upon them accidentally and they were obliged to go back.

On the first occasion Mrs. Blynn on account of little Willie being sick with dysentery had been driven from the lodge and sat nursing the child wrapped up in a piece of old buffalo robe. The weather was exceedingly cold and damp, and in her solicitude for the child she put the robe round him, leaving herself with nothing but her ordinary clothes, which being torn in many places afforded her but little protection from the cold blasts of wind that drove over the prairie. After awhile Willie fell asleep and

Viroqua seeing no one about went to the mother and said:

"Will pale face go way with papoose to Fort Cobb, if Viroqua take you."

"Oh! God! Yes!" answered Mrs. Blynn, in ecstasy at the mere idea.

"I'll do anything for you, Viroqua, if you can only guide me to some white post where I can get help for my sick child!"

"Wait here till Viroqua go get blanket and meat; then we go way! Me hate Santana! Me going to help Chief Hazen catch Santana and hang him. Eat this till Viroqua come back."

So speaking the Indian girl gave Mrs. Blynn a piece of dried buffalo meat and a corn cake. Carefully did the loving mother hide away in her clothing the greater part of the food for Willie when he should wake, eating but a small part herself. And then with a throbbing heart she waited the return of her brave friend.

Hardly had the latter disappeared, however, when Santana came out of his lodge, and, seizing the little boy Mrs. Blynn had in her arms, gave it roughly to one of his squaws to mind, and just as roughly taking hold of the poor mother he half dragged and half carried her into the lodge. But modesty, and pity for the miserable victim of savage violence forbid further record. Suffice it to say that at day light Mrs. Blynn was thrown into one corner of the lodge almost insensible, and her baby boy given to her again. The child was very fractious and cross, and the distracted mother found that the squaw who had nursed him had given him a deep scratch or cut on the side of the head, causing it to bleed very much.

Thus was the captive not only prevented from making her escape with Viroqua; but reduced to such a terrible condition that she prayed Heaven to kill her and her little boy. Indeed had it not been for her tender solicitude for her child she would have taken her own life.

Viroqua found her again during that day, and endeavored to cheer her, assuring her that she would help her away as soon as the first opportunity offered, and giving her food for herself and child, also a little salt. The opportunity came at last on the second day after, just before dawn, the determined Viroqua led Mrs. Blynn out of the village, carrying the baby for her, and holding a lap of her robe resolutely over his mouth in order that any cries he might utter should not create an alarm. In this way the two had safely gone about half a mile, when who should spring out directly in their pathway, but two tall Indians, who had been out hunting.

Viroqua endeavored to persuade them to allow her and Mrs. Blynn to go on, promising much to them provided they would let them go to Fort Cobb.

The warriors replied that under ordinary circumstances they would not have stopped them, but as Santana was soon going on another war-path they must force them to go back to the village, because they would warn the pale faces at Fort Cobb what the Indians intended to do. Find-

ing it impossible to succeed, the fugitives returned to the village, though Viroqua coaxed the two warriors to say nothing of the affair.

VIROQUA GOES TO FORT COBB.

Finding that her efforts in behalf of the unfortunate captive were twice thus frustrated, Viroqua, with the natural superstition of the Indian mind, felt that some "*bad medicine*" or spirit prevented the escape of Mrs. Blynn, and turning her whole mind upon her original object she set out for Fort Cobb to give the valuable information she had learned regarding the intended movements of Santana, Lone Wolf and several other Chiefs of Cheyenes, Sioux and Kiowabs. There had been several occasions on which she could easily have killed Santana, but what she most desired was to be able to say that through her the whole tribes had been defeated, and also to see Santana taken by the whites and hung like a dog. For these reasons did she refrain from taking the life of her lover's enemy.

Once on the way to the Fort, Viroqua encountered a party of Sioux who chased her and would have succeeded in capturing her had she not turned in the saddle and shot down the foremost. Amid the confusion this unexpected event caused, the daring girl finally got away and reached the fort in safety. There she was soon closeted with the General commanding and his officers, and furnished them with information of the intended operations of the hostile chiefs. After she had concluded she said:

"You catchee Santana? you hang him like dog?"

"We shall most certainly punish him suitably when we get him," was General Hazen's reply. "And not only that, but I shall see that you are well rewarded for your services."

"Me daughter of great chief! me no work for money! Me hate Santana! Me hate Kiowabs! Me help you take him, and heaps Kiowah scalps and ponies; but me no want 'ward! Give 'ward to poor Indian, me rich! I have spoken!"

The earnestness and unspeakable dignity with which Viroqua thus refused all reward for what she had done or might do, sent a thrill of admiration through every one of her auditors. And General Hazen was too thoroughly acquainted with the Indian disposition to press the acceptance of reward any more upon his faithful ally.

"Now Viroqua," said he, "do you know the way to Fort Arbuckle?"

"Yes, if my pale brother wants Viroqua to go there, she will go like the crow flies; straight! quick!"

She illustrated her meaning with graceful motions of her hands and arms.

"Yes, I wish you to go there as fast as possible, and carry this '*talking paper*' (what the Indians call a letter) to the General commanding at that



"Ugh! she my white squaw! She make me mad! Me kill her and papoose too!" said the savage chief, fiercely. "You infernal red demon!" exclaimed Gen'l Sheridan, "I'll hang you at daylight tomorrow! I'll teach you to murder innocent women and children!"

post. You shall have the fastest horse I have."

"Good!" exclaimed Viroqua, her brilliant black eyes sparkling like diamonds at the idea of having a fine horse.

General Hazen like the shrewd man he is, instantly took advantage of this weak point of his dusky messenger, and added:

"Yes, Viroqua, it shall be my own horse, and you shall keep him always for yourself."

"Oh! me glad! good! good!" exclaimed the delighted Indian girl, unable to repress her great joy, at being so honored as to receive the great White Chief's war horse as her own "to keep always."

By the time General Hazen had concluded writing the despatch, an orderly brought the horse, which in truth was a magnificent animal, and within five minutes more Viroqua was speeding away to Fort Arbuckle.

The intentions of Santana and his fellow chiefs were to gather together a large number of their warriors, attack Fort Cobb, massacre the whole garrison; then attack the next nearest Fort, and serve it in the same way. By this time winter would be set in, and thus prevent any pursuit by the whites. In the meantime, before the grass grew again, they hoped through means of the Indian Commission, to gloss over the massacres, throw the blame on some friendly tribe, and thus induce them to dig up the hatchet, and help to exterminate all the white settlers and destroy the railroad to the Pacific. This was their general plot, the detailed movements of which exhibited remarkable tact, cunning and ferocity, even for Indians.

PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENSE.

The moment General Hazen had despatched Viroqua to Fort Arbuckle he made preparations to defend his own post, in case he might be attacked before help could reach him. As his means for any extended siege were not at all adequate, the terrible nature of his task can only be partially comprehended.

November had now set in; and sure enough, in accordance with what Viroqua had told the General, the latter one afternoon beheld Santana, Lone Wolf and Tall Timber riding over the hills about half a mile away, and accompanied by about one hundred warriors. Halting their men Santana and Lone Wolf came in to the Fort and greeted General Hazen in the most friendly manner.

"What are you doing out with your braves?" asked General Hazen of Santana after some ordinary conversation.

"Oh, we out hunting," replied Santana half carelessly.

From his long experience among the savages, and his intimate knowledge of their habits and modes of dressing and painting, the General knew that his ugly visitors were out for war, and he rejoined:

"How is it you are out hunting painted and dressed as you are, and

besides when you know there is nothing to hunt?"

"Oh! well," answered Santana readily, "some of my braves going after heaps of ponies that Osage come and drive away from our villages below. How many white braves you got here in fort?"

General Hazen rose from the chair on which he was sitting, and laying his hand upon the savage's shoulder, while he fixed his eyes steadily at Santana's said:

"Santana has a double tongue and two faces. You say you are out hunting! You are not! You say you are the white men's friend! You are not! I know all about you; and I have enough white braves here to take all your scalps! And I have sent for a great many more who are now coming here. I do not wish to hurt you; but you must do nothing wrong. I have spoken; that is all; and I want you to go away now. If you want fight the white man is ready, and you will all lose your scalps!"

The Chief, and also Lone Wolf, eyed General Hazen for full a minute in silence, as though trying to read his thoughts; but he kept his features as stolid as their own.

Finally the two stepped to a corner of the room and conversed in an undertone. Then Santana replied that he was sorry his white brother had mistaken their intentions, and that they were going away with their braves; but would come back again soon and show him they were friendly. In this mood they took their departure; and with their warriors disappeared across the adjacent hills. General Hazen, as they left, remarked with meaning emphasis:

"You say you will come back and show us your friendship. I shall take care to have many more of my white braves here to receive you well."

It was two days after this that Viroqua returned, and brought General Hazen a letter from the commander at Fort Dodge saying that he would dispatch at least one company of men at once, and communicate with General Sheridan in regard to the emergency.

The day following Santana came back also; but as Viroqua wished, if possible, to go back to his village and help Mrs. Blynn to escape, she kept out of the Chief's sight so that he could not recognize her as having been at the Fort.

Santana stalked into the Fort having left his warriors over on the other side of the hills out of sight. He asked General Hazen if the white braves had come yet. The General replied they had not—a fact Santana could easily see for himself—but that he was expecting them every hour. The Indian smiled grimly, and then inquired of Hazen if he would give him some tobacco as he had none. It was thought better not to refuse, and a pound was handed over to the savage. The man who gave it to him noticed that he had some in his pouch already; and

told him of it. Santana made a great fuss instantly, remarking that he had the inclination to tomahawk him for daring to watch a "big chief" like him.

Some reply was made when Santana actually dealt the man a heavy back hand blow in the mouth. So incensed was the soldier that he would have killed his assailant on the spot had he not been restrained by an officer present. The Kiowah Chief muttering savagely, left the fort, and was presently out of sight over the hills. But he did not go unfollowed for his deadly enemy Viroqua, tracked him steadily step for step, and yet so adroitly and cunningly that he was unaware of the fact.

In about two hours she returned and informed General Hazen that Lone Wolf and Tall Timber and some other Chief she did not know were on the other side of the hills; that Santana joined them after he came from the Fort, and that finally after a long and earnest conversation they all shook their tomahawks toward the Fort. With them there were now at least two hundred men fully armed and painted for war.

This information alarmed the little garrison of Fort Cobb, and most earnest were the prayers that were sent up for the safe and speedy arrival of the reinforcements that were marching to their relief. On the succeeding day Santana with about a dozen bad looking Indians entered the Fort and behaved in a very impudent way, apparently doing all in his power to provoke some violence on the part of the whites, and thus furnish him with an excuse for commencing the massacre. But much as the General commanding was galled by this, he restrained not only himself but also his men, and so, notwithstanding the most outrageous insults were offered by the Indians no notice was taken of them. Just before General Custer had his battle on the Washita with Black Kettle's band of Cheyenes, all the Indians suddenly disappeared from the vicinity of Fort Cobb, which led General Hazen to suppose that Santana had changed his plan of action and would now attack one of the other forts. So once more he sent out Viroqua with warning dispatches, and was very much surprised to learn, when she came back, that the enemy had not gone to any of the other posts. But Viroqua could not easily give up the pursuit of her hated foe; and of her own accord she again made off; this time resolved to go to the villages on the Washita.

Reaching the latter she found Mrs. Blynn still suffering from the brutalities that were daily inflicted on her, but still buoyed up with the hope of saving her little boy, Willie, who had got better of his sickness though he was yet very weak. There she found Santana also with all his warriors. They having concluded that their plot of massacre had been discovered by the whites, had seemingly given it up, and then retired to this distant and secluded spot, assured that they would not be followed through the heavy snows of Winter by the U. S. troops. While in the village, she again saw poor Mrs. Blynn who was yet still

suffering daily torments at the hands of the savages, and had been so disfigured by the Squaws as to be scarcely recognizable. Viroqua promised to tell General Hazen and if he could he would send a ransom for her and the child Willie.

Viroqua had conceived a brilliant idea; which was nothing more nor less than that she would hasten back to General Hazen and offer to guide his, or Gen'l. Sheridan's troops to the villages of the hostile Indians; who, not expecting any attack could thus be surprised, and receive a lesson which would cause them to respect the authority of the U. S. Government. The brave, resolute girl spared neither herself nor horse till she reached Fort Cobb and laid before its commander her plan. The value thereof was instantly seen by General Hazen, and he dispatched Viroqua at once with a letter of introduction to General Sheridan, knowing that dashing, earnest soldier was just the man to give the savages what they so much needed.

While the devoted spy is speeding away from Fort Cobb, let us revert to the story of Mrs. Blynn; who, with her little boy, Willie, fell a victim to the brutality of the Indians.

MRS. BLYNN'S CAPTIVITY.

Mrs. Blynn's maiden name was Harrington, she being the daughter of W. T. Harrington, Esq., of Franklin County, Kansas. She was married in 1865, at the early age of nineteen, to Mr. R. F. Blynn. She was exceedingly beautiful, and so gentle and amiable in her disposition that all who knew her loved and respected her. Being well to do, and yet of active and ambitious temperaments, the newly wedded couple went away to the Pacific Coast in the belief, or at least the hope, that they could build themselves up a fortune in that land of golden promise.

Like many who had preceded them, however, they found the reality far different from the first appearance; and so, after making a strong effort to get along, they gave it up, and determined on returning to Kansas. About this time the Indians were becoming exceedingly troublesome on the Plains; attacking nearly every wagon train, driving off the stock, burning the wagons, killing the men and capturing the women. But the train which Mr. and Mrs. Blynn proposed to travel with was a strong one, and all were confident of being able to repel any attack that might be made during the journey. The night before they started, Mrs. Blynn had a strange dream, which so impressed her that she told it to her husband, and remarked she thought it was a bad omen. This was the dream.

She dreamed that the wagon train had halted by a running stream to camp, when suddenly the sky was overcast. Looking up she beheld heavy clouds rolling, but instead of their natural color they were of a



The Indian squaws torturing and mutilating Mrs. Blynn, so that her great beauty would no longer attract the Chief, Santana's attentions from themselves. She pleading with them to spare her little boy, Willie.

deep blood red. Just then her baby which was asleep in her lap screamed and she saw a copper colored hand have hold of him dragging him out of her arms, though she could not see the Indian's body. All of a sudden she beheld her husband fall dead, and at the same moment some one seized her and was carrying her away as she woke up.

Mr. Blynn only laughed at her for her superstition, telling her that she had had the dream because of having talked so much about the Indians the day before. Still, even after they had started on their return to Kansas the vision continued to make a deep impression on the mind of the wife. We do not pretend to assert that the strange dream was or was not what the fated woman claimed it to be—an omen; but there is no denying the fact that there have been warning visions occur to people from the time of Adam down to the present day, explain them away as we will.

The train had not been out many days before it encountered the Indians. Fifty or sixty Sioux warriors were seen on a distant roll of land, who, on the approach of the party galloped away, but presently re-appeared on the South side and a little in the rear of the whites. The latter believing that an attack was about to be made, at once placed all the loose animals and wagons containing the women and children between the large wagons which were arranged in an oblong shape. Seeing this precaution, and most likely fearing a desperate resistance, the savages, after circling round the column at the distance of a quarter of a mile or so, and firing a few shots, went off with yells of rage and disappointment.

Several times within the succeeding two days did the travelers see Indians; but none of them came close enough to make any trouble. This inspired the whites with a vast amount of confidence in their power to frighten away red skins, and the men began to boast of their prowess. But the great catastrophe had only been delayed.

The column had reached Sand Creek, and was just in the act of crossing when suddenly the wild yells of Indians fell upon their ears. They looked toward the sounds, and there they beheld a band of strange Indians, Cheyenes, charging down upon them. Two wagons had already got into the stream; and instead of hastening the rest across, and thus putting the creek between themselves and their pursuers, the whites drove the two back out of the water, got them entangled among the others, and in a moment had everything in confusion. Confusion is exactly what the Indians like, and the Cheyenes now began shouting, whooping and firing their guns furiously in order to cause a stampede of the live stock. This was speedily accomplished, and in five minutes all the animals except those which were too well secured to the wagons, were dashing away over the Prairie.

The Indians being well aware that they could secure the horses at their own convenience now, merely sent two young men to keep them in sight, and then turned their full attention to the train of wagons. In their usual manner they began to circle round these and at short intervals to dash in at any exposed point and fire a volley of arrows and bullets.

Mr. Blynn was killed at the second fire, while standing before the wagon in which were his wife and child.

"God help them!" was all he said, as, firing his rifle at the Indians for the last time he sank down dead.

For awhile longer the men stood and returned the fire of the savages, but when the latter charged the fifth time the whites fled like a pack of cowards, leaving their wounded, all their wagons, and the women and children in the hands of the victors. Santana—for it was he who led the band, which was made up of Cheyenes proper and his own Kiowahs—sprang in first, and was followed by his braves, to whom he issued orders to let the cowardly pale faces run away without pursuit.

It did not take many minutes for the savages to examine the wagons and their contents, and to scalp the dead and wounded. There were seven women and three children in the centre wagons. Two of the children were girls; one about twelve years old and the other about fourteen. They were named Mary and Sarah Brown. These poor children were at once seized by the Indians, stripped, and horribly violated by at least a dozen of the red ruffians. And more horrible yet to relate, as each brute sated his passions, he would draw his knife and cut a deep score on the quivering body of the victim. Alas! no helping hand was near; and these helpless children were actually dead before the last savage sunk his tomahawk into their brains. The grown women, with the exception of Mrs. Blynn, were also ravished, each by several of the band. And Mrs. Blynn would have met with a like fate, but for the reason that, attracted by her great beauty, Santana took her for his own special prize as is elsewhere narrated in this book.

Immediately after the perpetration of these hellish atrocities; and having secured all the plunder that they thought worth carrying away with them, the savages set fire to every wagon, and with the horses they had taken from the traces, set out in the direction of their villages.

Shortly after they started they were joined by the others who had gone after the stampeded animals. These had succeeded in regaining them all, and the whole party now moved forward in haste, fearing the runaway whites would get to a fort and have the U. S. troops after them before they could reach a place of safety. Mrs. Blynn's child, Willie, two years old, cried very much, which so angered Santana, that once he seized him by the heels and was on the point of dashing his brains out

The mother in agony sprang forward and caught the child, and tussled so bravely with the intended murderer that he laughed and said:

"Ugh! Ugh! You cry so you be ugly! No! Santana not kill papoose; then you not fret! not git ugly! Take papoose I not kill him."

With these words the Chief gave Willie to his mother again, and mounted her upon a pony behind his own horse. Finding that by keeping pleasant she pleased her savage captor, Mrs. Blynn endeavored not to dwell upon her own horrible situation and the awful life in store for her; but to sacrifice all in the hope that some event would occur by which she might be rescued and restored to her friends with her child. It was for him, the jewel of her heart, that she made and adhered to this resolution.

The friendship of Santana was fortunate in one respect, which was that it saved Mrs. Blynn from rudeness and insult by the other Indians. When her captors approached the Washita, group after group dropped away from the main column, taking with them the women whom they had prisoners, until, on the arrival at Santana's village, Mrs. Blynn was left alone of all the seven.

Now it was that her hardships began in reality. For a day or two Santana fed her well; but after that she had to get all that she ate from the squaws in the same lodge with her, and as these hags of women were terribly jealous of her, they refused to give her anything either for herself or Willie, and took delight in cuffing and kicking her whenever they had an opportunity. It was about this time that Viroqua came to the village first, and the noble and daring efforts of that brave girl made in the prisoner's behalf are already known to the reader. Shortly after the second attempt was made to escape, Santana with his men went out again to attack a train, leaving the squaws at home with Mrs. Blynn. This was a chance the wretches had earnestly looked for, and the Chief had not gone two miles from the village when they got together and made up a plot to torture the forlorn captive, who was now entirely in their power. The details were quickly arranged and ready to put in execution.

At a signal from the Chief's hitherto favorite squaw—but who had been neglected since Mrs. Blynn had been in the lodge—a dozen squaws seized the victim, and, with her child, Willie, hurried her to a clump of woods in the midst of which was a small clearing. One of them drove a short wooden stake into the ground, while another fastened one end of a raw-hide rope, some ten feet in length, about the waist of Mrs. Blynn; the other extremity being tied to the stake. The captive was then nearly stripped, and the squaws, forming a regular circle around her, made her run round as fast as she could, each giving her a hard cut with a tough switch or strip of raw hide. Her shoes were next pulled off, and the squaws lighting sticks, touched her bare feet with them, and told her to

dance.

When she was too much exhausted to make any violent motions, these she fiends took thin, sharp splinters of resinous wood, and, thrusting them into the tenderest portions of Mrs. Blynn's body, set them on fire, thus inflicting on her the most excruciating torture. Finally the favorite squaw spoken of before, in a fury of passion, took a sharp edged shell she wore as an ornament, and cut a deep gash in each of her victim's cheeks.

The others following suit, inflicted awful wounds upon poor Mrs. Blynn, till at last her face, breasts and limbs were one mass of wounds, blood and blisters. Gunpowder was now rubbed over the quivering body of the victim; and when, in her agony she screamed, dirt and filth were stuffed into her mouth.

While all this frightful barbarity was going on, a hideous squaw held little Willie in full view of his mother, and when the poor child screamed and struggled to get to her, she would lift him clear off the ground by the hair of his head and cut him with a stick exclaiming:

"Dam white puppy! me makee good! See!"

There is no doubt but that the savage fiends would have tortured both mother and child to death, and then told Santana that she had escaped. But at this juncture an old man passing by, heard the cries and screams, and entering the woods, beheld what was going on. He at once stopped it, not that he cared for, or had a spark of pity for the victims themselves; but he knew that Santana would be exceedingly angry at losing his prize. So he threatened to tell the Chief, which the squaws fearing he would do, begged him not to, and promised him many presents in case he complied. They took their victim back to the village and set about healing up her wounds; which they did within a few days by the application of some particular herbs known only to the wild Indians of the plains.

Previous to this awful ordeal Mrs. Blynn had written to the General Commanding the Department; whoever he might be. The paper she got from some that had been brought from the wagons to the village, and she had a piece of led pencil about an inch long. Viroqua took this letter for her and we insert it in this connection. No eye can read its heart-touching lines without growing dim with tears.

Saturday, November 7, 1868, Kiowah Village on Washita River.

KIND FRIEND: Whoever you may be, if you will only buy us from the Indians with ponies or anything, and let me come and stay with you until I can get word to my friends, they will pay you well; and I will work for you also; and do all I can for you. If it is not too far to this village, and you are not afraid to come, I pray you will try. The Indians tell me as nearly as I can understand, they expect traders to come to whom they will sell us. Can you find out by the bearer and let me know if it is white men. If it is Mexicans, I am afraid they will sell us into slavery in Mexico. If you can do nothing for me, write for God's

sake, to W. T. Harrington, Ottawa, Franklin County, Kansas—my father. Tell him we are with the Kiowahs or Cheyenes, and they say when the white men make peace we can go home. Tell him to write to the Government of Kansas about it, and for them to make peace. Send this to him please.

We were taken on October 9th, on the Arkansas below Fort Lyon. My name is Mrs. Clara Blynn. My little boy, Willie Blynn, is two years old. Do all you can for me; write to the Peace Commissioners to make peace this Fall. For our sake do all you can, and God will bless you. If you can let me hear from you, let me know what you think about it. Write to my father; send him this. Good bye!

MRS. R. F. BLYNN.

P. S I am as well as can be expected, but my baby—my darling, darling little Willie is very weak. Oh! God help him! Save him, kind friend—even if you cannot save me. Again; good bye."

Santana did not return until a few days previous to the attack made upon his and Black Kettle's villages, by General Custer. He had succeeded well, bringing with him a number of ponies and much plunder, including a whole mail that had been captured from the carriers on the Plains. The scalps of the unfortunate men also hung at his spear's shaft.

The first day was spent in revelry and drunkenness, and again was Mrs. Blynn subjected to the most horrible abuse by Santana. After the debauch was over, and Santana found out how his squaws had maltreated and disfigured his captive, he flew into a great rage, and seizing the one who was nearest to him, he plunged his knife repeatedly into her breast, cursing her bitterly at each blow. The others fled and thus saved themselves from his vengeance. After the deed was done, remorse took the place of anger, and Santana moaned over the dead body of his squaw as tenderly as though she had been killed by some one else than himself. But after this event he no longer cared for Mrs. Blynn; and informed her that as she had made all this trouble in his lodge, she must work now and do all the drudgery.

If the poor, miserable captive had it hard before, her future fate was ten times harder; for, no longer having the Chief's favor, she became the object of the most terrible brutality, even the girls and boys being allowed to kick and abuse her as they pleased.

Once in the desperation of despair, Mrs. Blynn, holding her little boy close to her bosom, ran out of the village, resolved to escape somewhere; or at least to make her tormentors kill her and Willie. But, with the shrewd refinement of cruelty, those who pursued her, hissed the dogs on her and allowed the brutes to bite her terribly before they called them off.

The poor captive now believed herself deserted by Heaven, and sank into a semi-idiotic condition, sitting continually in one spot in the village holding Willie in her lap. Many of the Indians thought that she had gone crazy, and refrained from hurting or tormenting her. Nor would

they allow those who did not think her mad to harm her.

[The Indians never injure an idiot or mad person, as they religiously believe that the Great Spirit has thus afflicted them for some good purpose. Editor.]

Santana did not think Mrs. Blynn was mad; but, even Chief as he was, he dared not question the superstition of his people.

Thus did Mrs. Blynn pass her time from that day up to the morning of the battle, when General Sheridan's gallant soldiers, under the immediate command of the intrepid General Custer, came charging with loud huzzas upon the village.

Black Kettle's camp was the first attacked, though all the village was of course aroused. It was just breaking day, and Mrs. Blynn hearing the yells, huzzas, and firing, sprang out, her heart beating wildly with mingled hope and dread. Through the cold grey light she peered, and suddenly there came dashing forward a column of U. S. Dragoons guided by Viroqua; who, pistol in hand, fought like an Amazon. The thought of being at last saved, completely unnerved the poor mother; and, bursting into tears, she was compelled to sit down, sobbing in trembling, happy tones:

"Oh Willie! Willie! Mamma and Willie's saved at last! Don't be afraid darling; mamma will hold you safe!"

The words were yet on her lips, when, like a wild beast, Santana sprang behind her, and buried his tomahawk in her head. He also fired two shots into the quivering body of his victim as she sank back dying. Another instant and little Willie was in the monster's grasp, his head dashed against a tree, and then, lifeless and limp, the dead baby boy was thrown like a dog upon his mother's breast. Most touching scene of all, the mother, even in the agonies of death, retained the idea of saving her child, and unconsciously, from the moment of receiving her death blow, she had been reaching forth her wasted arms as though groping for him in the dark. And now as his body was flung down upon her bosom, the same arms instinctively, spasmodically clasped him about, never more to let him go—for in this way were the corpses found by General Sheridan and his staff, when searching for the bodies of Major Elliott and his comrades. Mrs. Blynn and Willie, with the bodies of the white soldiers, were carried tenderly to Fort Cobb, and there in one grave, just outside the stockade, mother and child lie sleeping peacefully enough after their terrible captivity and sufferings.

VIROQUA ON SANTANA'S TRACK.

Night and day did Viroqua ride, never halting more than an hour or two at a time to take necessary rest, until she arrived at General Sheridan's headquarters; when she at once demanded an audience with the

Commander of the Department, and presented him with her letter of introduction.

The General, while reading the dispatch smiled to himself and said: "Well, well, that is exactly my own plan. I had determined on it a month ago."

Then addressing the Indian maiden, he inquired of her if she could and would guide the troops directly to the Kiowah villages on the Washita. Viroqua of course assured him in the affirmative, and detailed to him her previous history exactly as she had done to General Hazen. General Sheridan is an old and experienced Indian fighter, and he felt certain that in Viroqua he had a most valuable assistant.

"Well," rejoined he, when the Indian girl had done, "you shall stay here with me, Viroqua, until tomorrow afternoon, when I will send you with one of my soldiers to General Custer. It is his column you will guide to Santana's village, and if I can only catch Santana and Lone Wolf I will see that both are hung or punished in some way for the horrible atrocities they have committed."

On the succeeding afternoon Viroqua remounted her horse and set forth in company with Conrad Weiler, the soldier to whom General Sheridan had referred, for General Custer's camp in the field. This Conrad Weiler was an eccentric fellow. Tall, with a Herculean and yet shapely frame, he was physically a splendid man. His history was a mysterious one. He had lived in Germany, France and Canada, and could talk the peculiar languages of each country with grace and ease. He had served in both the German and French armies, and after leaving Canada, struck into the Plains, where he lived by hunting and trapping. He was as brave as a lion, as gentle as a young girl, and yet as astute and shrewd as a diplomatist. Added to this he was as true as steel, and could be depended on as surely as the needle points to the pole. Taking quite a fancy to the brave, bluff Sheridan, he asked and obtained permission to serve him. This was the more readily granted as Conrad's services were highly valuable to the military operations. The soldiers used to call him "Little Phil's Pet," and he was liked by every one of them.

In this eccentric man Viroqua had an excellent protector, if the term might be used in regard to her, who had gone through so many dangers and accomplished so many daring deeds alone and unaided, amidst roving bands of savage enemies in the pathless wilderness. But they were well matched, and enjoyed each other's company exceedingly, as each knew sufficient of the others language to well understand everything. General Sheridan did not send his "Pet" with Viroqua for protection, however, but merely because he wished him to take some dispatches to General Custer.

I due time the two arrived in General Custer's camp, and within

half an hour after that, the troops were delighted to see unmistakable signs of activity. Presently it was announced that the column was about to move forward in search of the hostile Indians. The men were highly elated at the prospect of a brush with the savages and could hardly be restrained from continual cheering.

Mules were hitched, horses saddled, pieces looked after, and wagons arranged. Finally all being ready, the "Forward" was sounded and the march began, Viroqua riding well ahead mounted on the splendid horse General Hazen had given her. As she rode and managed her steed most beautifully she was the object of many an eponium. And she was indeed a proud and lovely woman to look at. General Custer, himself (who if he has one weakness it is in regard to horses and horsemanship) did not cease to admire his dusky and determined guide. He rode much beside her, and while so doing conversed gaily with her.

"Viroqua," said he, after listening to her history of herself and the murder of her lover, "I know what reward would please you best; and if I can I will gratify you. You shall have Santana's scalp!"

"Ugh! Ugh!" exclaimed Viroqua, "No! me no want scalp of a squaw Chief! a snake in the woods! Santana coward! he old woman! he dog! Ugh! no! Me help catch Santana; and then you hang him like dog! and the buzzards get his scalp!"

"Well, so far as I am, or General Sheridan is, concerned, your wish shall be gratified, and Santana shall be hung like a dog as he richly deserves to be," replied Custer.

"Good! Oh, me glad! for then Menoti be revenged, and Viroqua will go to the spirit land. And her people will call her in the morning and at sun down, and they will hear the Great Spirit whisper in the long grass of the Prairie, and tell them Viroqua gone away to Menoti in the Spirit land! Oh! me love Menoti!"

After this the Indian girl remained silent, but steadily rode on, leading the avenging column behind her to the defeat of her hated foe Santana.

When the march first began the weather was comparatively mild; but, within a few hours, the wind rose and blew a perfect gale, bringing with it a heavy fall of snow, which beat into the faces of the advancing troops and almost blinded them. Yet stern and determined, like a marble statue, wrapped in her buffalo robe, sat Viroqua in her saddle, and forced her steed forward through the driving tempest. Her example had a wonderful effect on the men, for when they beheld the endurance and bravery of this Indian girl they could not but tramp resolutely after her.

As the column began to come within the region of the villages of the foe, great caution was exercised to prevent any alarm being conveyed to the latter. Flankers and out-riders were sent well ahead and on the flanks, with orders to capture or kill every wandering or lurking Indian

they should fall in with. Strangely enough, after the eccentric Conrad Weiler, the most reliable scouts and trailers were a party of friendly Indians belonging to the Osage tribe. Thus, with these sharp-sighted wary men thrown out, General Custer's column moved forward through the wilderness like a great centipede feeling cautiously for the unseen enemy it had doomed for its prey.

When the column had crossed the Canadian river, Viroqua informed the General that it would be safe now to throw out at least one flying detachment in a certain direction she named, and then to move the main column down stream five miles, and await the return of the scouts.

This was done, Major Joel H. Elliott being detailed on the important duty. Hardly had General Custer gained his camp before courriers and scouts came galloping in with word that a fresh trail of a returning war party going in the direction of the village had been crossed. At this intelligence Viroqua became almost wild with excitement. Springing upon her horse at a single bound she exclaimed:

"Let the pale face braves fly after Santana like the war eagle of the mountains, or the Kiowahs tell him we coming and he run away."

Five minutes later and the bugle sounded "Forward," and the column marched gaily to the conflict. At the same time the storm which had lulled, recommenced with fury; but heedless of its peltings, Viroqua rode onward peering through the gloomy expanse before her for the first glimpse of Santana's lodges, toward which she was guiding the column straight, unerring as the hawk flies. In order to expedite matters General Custer had only taken three days rations with him, leaving the train under a guard of ninety men under Lieutenant Mathey. Thus he moved very fast, and going across country, struck Major Elliott's column.

The whole command now pushed onward with the utmost speed. Expectation and excitement pervaded every man from General Custer down to the humblest soldier. The Osages, trailers and scouts with Viroqua at their head; took the lead. Night came on; but there was no halting yet. The foe was known to be near, and forward moved the column. Viroqua and her Osages now rode completely out of sight, but presently galloped back and the command came suddenly to a halt.

"Kiowahs! heaps lodges! Cheyenes! heaps lodges! heaps squaws! heaps ponies!" exclaimed Viroqua, in bated breath to General Custer.

This was sufficient, and, leaving the column, the gallant Commander rode away with the Indian scouts to reconnoiter the position of the enemy's village, and decide on a plan of attack. Viroqua led the way to the top of a ridge, and pointing down into the valley below, at a mass of dark objects, while her black eyes fairly flashed with hate and joy, she whispered:

"There!"

Then followed a dead silence for several minutes; during which General

Custer examined the distant objects through his field glass. But the inspection did not satisfy him exactly.

"I think that is a herd of buffaloes!" said he.

The artist never lived that could have properly painted the expression that flashed upon the face of Viroqua at these—to her—appalling words.

She stared at Custer almost vacantly for a minute, in the dim moonlight. Like a flash of lightning, however, intense satisfaction then illuminated her expressive features, as jerking up her finger in a warning position, bending her head forward in the direction of the villages, and still keeping her eyes fastened upon Custer, she said:

"Hark! buffalo no wear bell!"

Custer listened intently, and sure enough, up through the cold gloom of the valley, came the tinkling of a bell, evidently about the neck of a horse or cow.

"That's enough!" said Custer. "You're right; buffaloes don't sport bells."

Then he took another survey of the doomed village; and satisfying himself as to the proper mode of attack, he immediately returned in company with his scouts to the anxious soldiers who awaited him with impatience. To make sure of having no mistakes, he rode back to the ridge, taking with him the officers to whom he was going to intrust the various converging columns, and explained his plans and all details to them thoroughly.

The village lay in a line along the South bank of the Washita in the following order: first, the Arapahoes, next the Kiowahs and Cheyenes, and last the Sioux. Everything being understood, the officers soon rejoined the troops, which were divided into four separate commands as follows: *Right Column*, Companies B. & F., under Brevet Lieut. Col. Thompson. *Right Centre Column*, Brevet Lieut. Col. Myers, commanding. *Centre Column*, Company A. D. C. and K., under Brevet Major General G. A. Custer in person. *Left Column*, Companies G. H. and M., under Major Joel H. Elliott. With the Centre Column were the sharp shooters, under Brevet Lieut. Col. Cook. The signal for the attack was to be the dawn of day, or the firing of a gun.

Between the completion of these arrangements and the battle, the time was fully occupied getting the various commands into proper position. It was now dawning day, the Centre Column was given the word, and, with Custer in front, went dashing at the village. The galloping of the horses in the still air, could easily be heard by the other columns, which were instantly plunging forward at a charge.

Black Kettle, a noted Chief of the Cheyenes, was the first to be aroused by the noise; and bounding out from his lodge, he fired his gun and uttered a wild yell of alarm. Instantly the hostile Indians were all out, and the battle began at once with unexampled fury. Yells, whoops,



Conrad Weiler, the eccentric hunter and trapper; dressed in the uniform he used to wear in the Army in Algiers. He is a descendant of old Conrad Weiler, the celebrated German Pioneer to America

groans and huzzas, mingled with the rattling of rifles the "ching-ing" of bullets, and the whizzing of arrows.

Some of the dragoons—not the column, however, which Viroqua was with—saw Mrs. Blynn with her child, Willie, trying to make her escape to the whites; and they worked their way through the combat towards her. It was at this moment she was discovered by her captor, Santana, who, seeing her object, determined to kill her within full view of her intended rescuers; and accordingly did so in the brutal way already narrated in the previous pages.

A volley of balls was fired at the fiend, but he remained unharmed, and, running among some of the lodges was lost to view. Viroqua fought beside Conrad Weiler and performed prodigies of valor, until finally she was badly wounded in the side, and fell from her horse. Conrad took her up tenderly and carried her out of the battle, which continued with the utmost ardor until at last Santana's warriors broke and ran away down the river. The Cheyenes and Sioux, seeing the fall of Black Kettle and several other distinguished Chiefs, also fled, and victory crowned the banners of the whites; who, with ringing huzzas and cheers, took possession of the whole village, all the squaws and stock, and in fact capturing everything.

But, notwithstanding his complete triumph, General Custer knew the Indians were too numerous to allow the hazard of pursuing them, when they might make a circuit, overwhelm, Lieutenant Mathey, burn up his provision train, and thus leave the whole command to starve to death in the prairies. So, hastily destroying the village and killing eight hundred horses to prevent them falling again into the hands of the savages, he gathered the squaws and their children together under guard, and set out with haste to get back to his wagon train. This he found all safe; and according to orders, he started at once for Fort Cobb, General Sheridan himself shortly joining the column. It was a fortunate thing that the Commander went with his men to that post, as will be seen from the following account of the movements of the savages subsequent to the battle.

Santana, as soon as possible after his defeat, reorganized his vanquished warriors, and, in a speech of persuasive eloquence, induced them to attempt to revenge themselves for their late terrible losses and discomfiture. And hardly had Custer commenced his retrograde ere Santana and Lone Wolf were moving on Fort Cobb, with the full intention of massacring the whole garrison and burning down the post. Marching as fast as they could, the savages reached the Fort a little sooner than Sheridan and Custer. At the moment of their arrival General Hazen, with another officer, was riding out, and Santana instantly took both prisoners, and told them they would be killed the same night. And there is no doubt the threat would have been executed, but just at this

junction a company, that had been sent from Fort Arbuckle, appeared coming over the hills. Santana now released General Hazen, but retained the other prisoner as a hostage. Then with a troop of his warriors he galloped away to meet the company, ordered them in the most imperious manner to halt, and turn back, or he would not spare a man of them.

To this the Captain of the company replied, that his orders were to go to Fort Cobb, and he was going there. If the Indians wanted a fight they could have a hot one in double quick time.

"Very well," said Santana, "you can go into the Fort; then we kill all you pale faces tomorrow!"

With this threat the savages moved off and disappeared. Knowing that General Sheridan was within at least a day's march of the post, General Hazen sent a courier to apprise him of what had occurred, and also the intended attack.

The next morning the Indians reappeared, the main body remaining on the crests of the distant hills, while Santana and Lone Wolf came boldly into the Fort. A parley was at once begun in order to prolong the time, and in the midst of it the bugle notes of Sheridan's army came thrilling across the prairies like the voices of giants rushing to the rescue. For a moment Santana was non-plussed; but instantly recovering himself he assumed a bold, defiant air, and instead of retreating to his warriors, he merely paced up and down, and, after awhile, actually rode out to meet the advancing column.

When General Custer came up he offered him his hand; but Custer refused to take it, at which Santana drew back with the utmost anger. But the General was not to be deceived, and gave the savage such a lecture that he "drew in his horns," as the soldiers remarked, and, after some parley, he and Lone Wolf and a Comanche Chief called Bright Knife, went with General Custer toward the Fort.

At this juncture the wagons containing the dead came up; and the first taken out were Mrs. Blynn and Willie. As the bodies were laid down—the child lying as though asleep in his mother's arms—Santana looked at them, and a hideous grin of satisfaction played on his features. General Sheridan was passing also on the instant and seeing it stopped and inquired:

"Who did this horrid deed?" fixing his eyes on Santana as he asked the question.

"Ugh!" ejaculated the Chief, drawing himself up scowling, fiercely at Sheridan, and slapping himself pompously on the breast, "she my white squaw! She make me mad, and me kill her and papoose too! Me big Chief!"

"You infernal red devil!" exclaimed Sheridan, while his eyes almost shot fire, "I'll hang you at daylight tomorrow morning! I'll teach you

to murder innocent women and children!"

Santana said no more, but turned away. Shortly after this the wily savage, watching his opportunity, put spurs to his horse, and dashed away, with the intention of escaping and rejoining his warriors. But, with all his celerity, he was not quick enough; and ere he had gone a quarter of a mile, Surgeon Morris J. Asch, and Lieut. Col's. McGonigle and Cook overtook him, and with leveled revolvers brought him to a stop, and then marched him back to the Fort, where he was at once put under guard of a file of soldiers, who had orders to shoot him or Lone Wolf down the instant either attempted to escape.

The savage captives began to think they had somebody to deal with who would not trifle with them; and presently, after some conversation among themselves they proposed to have a "big talk" with General Sheridan. But they received the reply that the "Big Chief" would not talk with them; that he wished nothing to do with them, as he had made up his mind to punish them in such a way as would be an example to all the rest of the Indians. Their savage pride broke down completely with this answer; and Santana on behalf of himself and companions, begged abjectly for mercy, promising that if they were spared, they would send word to all their various bands to come in, give up their arms, and make peace.

This proposition was made known to General Custer, and after a consultation between General Sheridan and him about it, it was decided to take advantage of the offer, and thus save many lives that must be lost in a further prosecution of hostilities. So Santana was informed that he and his companions would be spared on the conditions that he had named. But they would be held as hostages for the faithful performance of the promise; and should there be the slightest appearance of deception or "*two facing and tonguing*," they would all be hung up instantly.

There was no misunderstanding this decision; and the consequence was that, within forty eight hours, large numbers of Indians began to come in to the Fort. So, in his short but determined Winter campaign, General Sheridan actually saved a vast effusion of bloodshed, outlay of public money, and did more than all the Peace Commissions that were ever held—to insure at least the safety of thousands of helpless women and children on the frontiers. And we firmly believe that if the whole Indian business were placed in the hands of Lieut. General Sherman and Major General Sheridan, we should have no more trouble with the savages. For these distinguished soldiers are too high toned and honest to defraud the Indians, as the political agents do, of what the Government intends to give them, and they are too brave, and too experienced in Indian character and traits, not to inspire the savages with a wholesome dread of their ability and resolution to inflict prompt and terrible punishment for all outrages.

Major Elliott and his gallant soldiers—who, having been cut off from the main column in the battle of the Washita, were butchered by their savage foes, and mutilated in the most horrible manner—were buried with all military honors by their surviving comrades, in the little cemetery at Fort Cobb. Their bodies were frightfully mutilated, feet and hands being cut off, throats cut, ears and noses slashed off, and from ten to thirty bullet and arrow holes in each corpse. From some of them the head had been completely cut off and taken away.

Besides the soldiers graves, another grave was dug, and in this one were laid the remains of the unfortunate Mrs. Blynn and her darling little Willie. Little wrecked they of the horror and hardships they had gone through; and there now, in the silence of the boundless wilderness, mother and child, parted not in life nor death, sleep as peacefully as they would in the village churchyard at home. And though loving friends cannot drop tears nor strew flowers on their grave, yet each returning Springtime will plant it with fragrant blossoms and green grass, while the wild songsters of the Prairies will sing sweet carols above the slumberers.

As for Viroqua she recovered speedily from her wound, and like the Genius of Vengeance awaits the execution of punishment upon Sarana the murderer of her betrothed husband.

THE BODIES OF THE MASSACRED BROUGHT IN.

The battle that General Custer fought with the Savages on the Washita, had been over for more than a week. Still, however, no tidings had been heard of the gallant Major Elliott and his comrades. All that was known of them was that they had been seen charging down the river after a party of fugitive Cheyenes. In order that the terrible mystery might be solved General Custer determined to make a flying visit to the late battlefield. General Sheridan, being at that time in Custer's camp, he too resolved to go in person to the scene of the late conflict.

As there was some peril likely to be encountered from roaming bands of the savages, the exploring party were duely made ready for any emergency which might arise. These preparations required a whole day and the next morning about seven o'clock the buglers sounded the advance. By nine the column reached the ridge from which, on the night previous the battle, Viroqua had pointed out to Custer the villages of the Indians half hidden in the gloom of the valley below.

So still and solemn was the scene now that General Sheridan involuntarily halted to contemplate it. As far as the eye could reach the whole face of the country including the scanty, leafless trees, and withered grass, and herbs was completely covered with a heavy coat of frost, which being agitated by the wind, resembled in the clear sun light an undulating ocean of diamonds and all kinds of precious stones. Yet the solitude was actually awful; for not an animal, not a bird, could be seen, though as soon as the party descended into the valley to the immediate vicinity of the battlefield the place seemed alive with beasts and birds of prey that had been attracted thither by the bodies of the slain.

Here horror and desolation met the view at every step. Every lodge with all its contents had been burned to the ground; while here and there in spots, were consumed pile of dried meat, buffalo robes, camp kettles, blankets, wood, portions of dress, weapons, and every conceivable article of use about an Indian village. As the column advanced, General Custer pointed out the places where the troops had performed certain movements, and explained the particulars of each part of the terrible conflict to General Sheridan, all of which he pronounced perfectly correct; and he complimented his subordinate very highly for the manner in which he had conducted the battle.

Having examined the immediate locality of the combat the party now advanced down stream in the direction in which Major Elliot and his gallant troopers had been last seen during the battle charging after a mass of fugitive savages. The opinion was that somewhere below they had

been met and completely overwhelmed by a large detachment of Indians ; as the latter were advancing to assist the village which had already been attacked by Custer. The sequel showed this to be correct.

A sharpshooter of nearly a quarter of a mile brought Sheridan and his escort to a spot over which the crows and buzzards were circling and where within a radius of a few yards lay the mangled bodies of the once gallant Major Elliot and his fated comrades. General Sheridan, accustomed as he was to scenes of blood and carnage, could not repress the execrations that burst from his lips as he gazed down upon the horribly mutilated corpses of his faithful soldiers. In order, however, that the reader may judge for himself, or herself, as to the mawkish sympathy that a few good but inexperienced and illy-informed persons have raised about the "poor Indians," we copy entire an account of the wounds and mutilations on each body which was sent by the *N. Y. Herald's* special correspondent.

Previous to burial Dr. Henry Lippincott, Assistant, Surgeon, United States Army, made a minute examination of all the bodies and the extent of their mutilation. The following is from his official statement :

Major Joel H. Elliott—One bullet hole in left cheek, two bullets in head, throat cut, right foot cut off, left foot almost cut off, calves of legs very much cut, groin ripped open and otherwise mutilated.

Walter Kennedy, Sergeant Major—Bullet hole in right temple, head partly cut off, seventeen bullet holes in back and two in legs.

Harry Mercer, Corporal Company E—Bullet hole in right axilla, one in region of heart, three in back, eight arrow wounds in back, right ear cut off, head scalped and skull fractured, deep gashes in both legs and throat cut.

Thomas Christie, Company E—Bullet hole in head, right foot cut off, bullet hole in abdomen and throat cut.

William Carrick, Corporal Company H—Bullet hole in right parietal bone, both feet cut off, throat cut, left arm broken and otherwise mutilated.

Eugene Clover, Company H—Head cut off, arrow wound in right side both legs terribly mutilated.

William Mulligan, Company H—Bullet hole in left side of head, deep gashes in right leg, left arm deeply gashed, head scalped, throat cut and otherwise mutilated.

James F. Williams, Corporal Company I—Bullet hole in back, head and both arms cut off, many and deep cuts in back and otherwise mutilated.

Thomas Downer, Company I—Arrow hole in region of stomach, thorax cut open, head cut off and right shoulder cut by a tomahawk.

Thomas Fitzpatrick, farrier, Company M—Scalped, two arrow and several bullet holes in back, throat cut.

M—Bullet hole in right parietal bone,

John Mayers, Company M—Several bullet holes in head, scalped, skull extensively fractured, several arrow and bullet holes in back, deep gashes in face and throat cut.

Carson D. J. Mayers, Company M—Several bullet holes in head, scalped; nineteen bullet holes in body, throat cut and otherwise mutilated.

Hal Sharp, Company M—Two bullet holes in left side, throat cut, one bullet hole in left side of head, one arrow hole in left side, left arm broken and otherwise mutilated.

Unknown—head cut off, body probably devoured by wolves.

Unknown—Head and right hand cut off, three bullet and nine arrow holes in back, and otherwise mutilated.

Unknown—Scalped, skull fractured, six bullet and thirteen arrow holes in back and three bullet holes in chest.

Wagons were at once detailed, and the corpses brought in and buried as been narrated. Mrs Blynn's and Willie's were among the number. Immediately after the battle of the Washita a document purporting to be from friendly Indians of the Cheekee, Creek Choctaw tribes was sent to the commissioner of Indian affairs at Washington demanding an investigation into the battle and asserting that the Indians who had been attacked were friendly to the whites. But the document was so evidently from the pens of certain white men that we have our doubts whether it was ever nearer the plains than some Bureau at Washington. However its whole statement was overthrown by General Sheridan's plain soldier-like letter regarding the matter. We insert this letter.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI, IN THE FIELD, DEPOT ON THE NORTH CANADIAN, AT THE JUNCTION OF BEAVER CREEK.

Dec. 3, 1868.

Brevet Major General W. A. NICHOLS, Assistant Adjutant General, Division of the Missouri, St. Louis, Missouri :—

GENERAL—I had an interview to-day through the interpreter, Mr. Curtis, with the sister of Black Kettle, from whom I learn as follows, and which seems to be, after close questioning, a correct statement of the Indians who were located in the vicinity of where Custer had his fight on the 27th ult., on the Washita river, about seventy-five or eighty miles southwest of Fort Cobb and immediately south of the Antelope Hills. The Indians there where encamped on the Washita as follows :—

First, Black Kettle and other chiefs of the Cheyenes and a small party of Sioux, in all numbering fifty-one lodges. Eight miles down the stream were all the Arapahoes and seventy additional lodges of Cheyenes ; also the Kiowas, then the Apaches and Comanches. While thus encamped three war parties were sent out north ; one composed of Cheyenes, Kiowas and Arapahoes, went north in the direction of Larned, and the trail of which we crossed in coming down ; it was still out. Another party, composed of Cheyenes and Arapahoes, which party returned, and the

trail of which led General Custer into Black Kettle's village. This party brought back three scalps, one of which was the expresman's killed and horribly mutilated just before I left Fort Dodge. The mail on his person was found in Black Kettle's camp. The other party was a mixed party and went out on foot in the direction of Lyon, and still out.

About the time the first of these parties left, Black Kettle and a representation of one sub chief from each of the bands visited Fort Cobb, and all brought back provisions from General Hazen or some one else there, and while they were gone, or about the time of their return, the last war party was sent out, which is the one first alluded to as going in the direction of Fort Larned, and whose trail we crossed.

The women are of the opinion that they will all sue for peace at Fort Cobb, since the blow received by them on the 27th. They would have come here had the opening there not been held out to them.

I will start for Fort Scott as soon as the trains from Fort Dodge arrive. If it had not been for the misfortune to the Kansas regiment, of getting lost from the trail while *en route* from the Little Arkansas to this place, and the heavy snow storm which reduced and jaded their horses so as to render them on arrival unfit for duty, we should have closed up this job before this time. As it is, I think the fight is pretty well knocked out of the Cheyenes. Thirteen Cheyenes, two Sioux and one Arapahoe chief were killed, making sixteen in all.

The government makes a great mistake in giving these Indians any considerable amount of food under the supposition of necessity. The whole country is literally covered with game, and there are more buffaloes than will last the Indians for twenty years, and the turkeys are so numerous that flocks as large as from one to two thousand have been seen, and the country is full of grouse, quails and rabbits. Herds of antelope and deer are seen everywhere, and even ran through the wagon trains of General Custer on his march.

The buffaloes here are a separate band from those ranging during the Fall, north of the Union Pacific Railroad, where I have seen myself not less than 200,000 in one day.

The reservation laid off for the Arapahoes and Cheyenes, by the treaty of 1867, is full of game, and the most luxuriant natural grasses, as reported by Colonel Crawford, of the nineteenth Kansas, who has just passed through this reservation reports the same.

Black Kettle's sister reports three white women in the lodges below Black Kettle's camp.

Very respectfully yours,

P. H. SHERIDAN,

Major General United States Army.

The whole matter of the trouble with the Indians is so little understood that not one in ten thousand can really form a correct opinion in regard

to them. We therefore in this connection insert the full report of Lieutenant General W. T. Sherman, and commend it for its straight-forward style. It puts the saddle on the right horse without fear or favor.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION MISSOURI,
ST. LOUIS, MO., NOV. 1, 1868.

Brevet Major General E. D. TOWNSEND, Assistant Adjutant General,
Washington, D. C. :—

GENERAL.—The Military Division of the Missouri is still composed of the departments of Missouri, Platte and Dacotah, embracing substantially the country west of the Mississippi river to the Rocky Mountains, including New Mexico, Utah and Montana. These departments are commanded by Generals Sheridan, Augur and Terry, whose annual reports are transmitted herewith, and to them I refer you for more detailed statements of the progress made and of the events of the past year. You will observe that while the country generally has been at peace the people on the plains and the troops of my command have been constantly at war, enduring all its dangers and hardships, with none of its honors or rewards. In former reports I endeavored to describe the reasons and causes which made a state of war the normal condition of things on the plains, and have since studied to find some lasting remedy, but thus far without success. Our people continue, as heretofore, to settle on the exposed points of the frontier, to travel without the precaution which a well known danger would suggest, and to run after every wild report of the discovery of gold or other precious metal, thus coming into daily contact and necessary conflict with discontented and hostile Indians. The co-ordinate departments of our government likewise continue to extend the surveys of public land westward and grant patents to occupants to locate and build railroads, to establish mail routes, with the necessary stations and relays of horses, as though that region of country were in profound peace and all danger of occupation and transit had passed away. Over all these matters the military authorities have no control. Yet their public nature implies public protection, and we are daily and hourly called on for guards and escorts, and are left in the breach to catch all the kicks and cuffs of a war of races without the privilege of advising or being consulted before hand. The reports of Generals Sheridan, Augur and Terry contain abundant evidence on these points; and I refer to them here merely to demonstrate the fact that as long as these things continue, from necessity and public policy we cannot reduce our military forces on the frontier and should not even allow their strength to fall away by the rapid causes of death, discharge and desertion, but should keep ranks continually replenished with fresh recruits.

At the time of my last annual report, October 1, 1867, I was a member of the Peace Commission, on which the Congress of the United States had devolved the whole Indian question for a practical, and if possible, a peaceful solution. At the same time by an executive order it was made my

military duty to subordinate the acts of all the troops subject to my command to whatever plan of action the Peace Commission might adopt. The Commission, in its annual report last December to the President of the United States, bears full testimony on this point to the effect that all the officers of the army and all the troops with whom they came in contact had fully and cheerfully co-operated with them in their efforts to bring this difficult business to a peaceful conclusion. I need not here refer to the deliberations and acts of that commission further than to state that its members were unanimous in the conclusion that to maintain a permanent peace with the Indians east of the Rocky Mountains they should all, at the earliest possible moment, be collected on reservations as far removed as possible from the white settlements and lines of travel, and that there they should be maintained at the cost of the United States until they could wholly or partially provide for themselves. The two principal reservations indicated by the commission were north of the State of Nebraska and west of the Missouri river, and south of the State of Kansas and west of Arkansas. These districts are the only parts of our vast national domain at all adapted to the purpose not already appropriated. The Commission further recommended that for each of these reservations a sort of government should be provided by law, looking to a time in the future when all the Indians would be reduced to the peaceful condition of shepherds, herders and farmers. This general plan was justified by the then state of facts, and its wisdom has been demonstrated by more recent events. A sense of national justice dictates that in taking from these savages the lands whose wild game has hitherto fed, clothed and sheltered them we should, in restricting them to the exclusive use of a part, make them a compensation of some sort for the remainder, and if possible procure their consent. Influenced by this consideration the Peace Commission, during the fall and winter of 1867 and the spring and summer of 1868, held councils with all, or nearly all, the tribes and parts of tribes east of the Rocky Mountains, making liberal provisions for all the appointed places of council, according to the forms and ceremonies to which they were long accustomed. Formal written treaties were made with each separate tribe, signed with all the formality and transmitted to the Senate of the United States for ratification. The treaties with the Cheyenes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Comanches, Navajoes and Crows were duly confirmed, but those with the various bands of Sioux, Snakes, &c., were not confirmed, simply, it is inferred, because they were not complete when the Senate adjourned. But for some reason Congress did not take any action on the chief proposition of the Peace Commission, which was embraced in their report of last December—viz., that which related to the setting apart of the two reservations hereinbefore, referred to and providing governments therefor, which was designed to precede the confirmation of any of the treaties, and was the only vital principle of them all. I felt compelled to refer to this fact because many persons attribute to it the reason why we failed to secure a

lasting peace, and why we are at this moment engaged in a costly war with four of the principal tribes with which we had to deal—viz., the Cheyenes, Arapahoes, Kiowas and Comanches. It has always been most difficult to discover the exact truth concerning the cause of rupture with any Indians. They never give notice beforehand of a warlike intention, and the first notice comes after their rifles and lances have done much bloody work. All intercourse then necessarily ceases, and the original cause soon becomes buried in after events. The present Indian war in General Sheridan's Department is no exception, and as nearly as I can gather it the truth is about this:—

Last year, in the several councils held at North Platte and Fort Laramie by the Peace Commission with fragmentary bands of Sioux, the Indians asserted that they were then and had been always anxious to live at peace with their white neighbors, provided we kept faith with them. They claimed that the building of the Powder river road, and establishment of military posts along it drove away the game from the only hunting grounds they had left after our occupation of Montana and Nebraska; that this road had been built in the face of their protest, and in violation of some old treaty which guaranteed them that country forever; that road and the military posts along it had been constructed in 1865 and 1866 for the benefit of the people of Montana, but had almost ceased to be of any practical use to them by reason of the building of the Union Pacific Railroad, whose terminus west of the Black Hills made it easier for the wagons to travel by an older and better road west of the mountains. For this reason and because the further extension of the railroad under rapid progress would each year made the Powder river road less and less useful, the Commissioners yielded to the earnest entreaty of the Sioux, and recommended the abandonment for the time of the road. On the 2d day of last March General Grant gave the necessary orders for breaking up the posts of Fort Reno, Philip Kearny and C.F. Smith, but it was well towards August before the stores and material could all be hauled away. As we had reason to apprehend some of the Sioux, attributing our action to fear, followed up our withdrawal by raids to the line of the Pacific Road and to the south of it into Colorado. Others of them, doubtless, reached the camps of the Arapahoes, on Beaver creek, and the Cheyenne camps on Pawnee Fork, near Fort Larned, and told them what had occurred, and made them believe by war or threats of war they, too, could compel us to abandon the Smoky Hill line, which passes through the very heart of the buffalo region, the best hunting grounds of America. About this time—viz., August 3 or 4—a party of Indians, composed of 200 Cheyenes, four Arapahoes and twenty Sioux, are known to have started from their camps on Pawnee Fork on a war expedition, nominally to fight the Pawnees. On the 10th they appeared on the Saline, north of Fort Harker, where the settlers received them kindly. They were given food and coffee, but pretending to be offended because it was in tin cups they threw it back

in the faces of the women, and began at once to break up furniture and fire into the houses. They seized the women and ravished them, perpetrating atrocities which could only have been the result of premeditated crime. Here they killed two men; thence they crossed over to the settlements on the Solomon, where they continued to destroy the houses and property, to ravish all females, and killed thirteen men. Going on the Republican they killed two more men and committed other acts of similar brutal atrocity. As soon as intelligence of this could be carried to Fort Harker troops were sent in pursuit, who succeeded in driving them away, rescuing some captive children and killing but few Indians by reason of their fast ponies and familiarity with the country.

I recite these facts with some precision because they are proven beyond dispute, and up to the very moment of their departure from Pawnee Fork no Indian alleges any but the kindest treatment on the part of the agents of the general government, of our soldiers or of the frontier people, with one exception, Agent Leavenworth. The soldiers, not only from a natural aversion to an Indian war, which is all work and no glory, but under positive orders from me, had borne with all manner of insult and provocation in hopes that very soon the Peace Commission would culminate in the withdrawal of the savages from the neighborhood of our posts, roads and settlements and thereby end all further trouble. I was present at Fort Leavenworth when General Sheridan received notice of the attacks on the settlers of the Saline, Solomon and Republican. He started at once up the road, made every inquiry, and was satisfied our people had given no provocation at all for those wanton acts of barbarity which were in flagrant violation of their recent treaties. Yet he delayed striking their camps till he had made a formal demand through the agent, according to the terms of the treaty, for the actual perpetrators of these very acts. Colonel Wynkoop, agent of the Cheyenes and Arapahoes, sent a messenger out and made every exertion to procure their surrender, but utterly failed of success; for it seems the older and more cautious chiefs, though claiming to desire peace, could not give up so considerable a body of their best young warriors, and of course they all became responsible. All of the Cheyenes at once began a general war along the Smoky Hill and Arkansas roads, simultaneously attacking every party of white men who had not received a notice of the change of their peaceful relations and who were therefore unprepared for attack. The aggregate murders amounted to seventy-nine in August and September. General Sheridan, seeing that war with the Cheyenes was inevitable, then endeavored to keep the Arapahoes out of it. This tribe had been camped for the summer on Beaver creek, and he invited their chiefs into Fort Dodge, where, on the 3d of September, he met Little Beaver, Spotted Wolf, Bull Bear and other Arapahoe chiefs well known to our officers, and in full council these agreed to keep out of the war and to move down to the reservation below the Kansas line, to which they had assented at the Medicine Lodge council.

When the time appointed by themselves to come in and to start for Fort Cobb had transpired they not only did not come in, but were known to be at open war all the way from Fort Wallace to Denver, in Colorado, the very opposite direction. In like manner General W. B. Hazen, whom I had appointed to take charge of the lower or southern reservation, met the Kiowas and Comanches at Fort Zarah on the 22d of September and agreed to feed and maintain them *en route* and after they had reached their reservation near Fort Cobb. But when the time came for them to move they did not go, but were also known to be engaged with the Cheyenes and Arapahoes in the common war. Nevertheless, by my orders, General Hazen has gone to Fort Cobb to fulfil our treaty stipulations with them, and I can imagine no other reason for this conduct than their supposed belief that by war they can force us to abandon their favorite buffalo range, as we have already abandoned to the Sioux the Powder river country. To show the concurrence of action and simultaneity of hostile acts on the part of these tribes of Indians, in addition to the reports of Generals Sheridan and Augur, I herewith transcribe in this report extracts of telegraphic messages from the Governors of Colorado and Kansas. Acting Governor Hall telegraphed me from Denver, under date of August 27:—"We are completely surrounded by hostile Indians, extending from Cheyenne Wells and South Park south to Julesburg north, estimated at six hundred warriors. From reliable information twelve people have been killed thus far." On the 4th of September Governor Hunt telegraphed me from Denver:—"Just returned. Fearful condition of things here. Nine persons murdered by Indians yesterday within a radius of sixty miles," &c.

And the 24th of September Acting Governor Hall again telegraphed from Denver:—"The Indians have again attacked our settlements in strong force, obtaining possession of the country to within twelve miles of Denver. They are more bold, fierce and desperate in their assaults than ever before. It is impossible to drive them out and protect the families at the same time, for they are better armed, mounted, disciplined, and better officered than our men. Each hour brings intelligence of fresh barbarities and more extensive robberies," &c.

On the 4th of September Governor Crawford, of Kansas, telegraphed from Topeka:—"Have just received a despatch from Hays stating that the Indians attacked, captured and burned a train at Pawnee Fork, and killed, scalped and burned sixteen men; also attacked another train at Cimarron crossing which was defended until the ammunition was exhausted, when the men abandoned the train, saving what stock they could. Similar attacks are of almost daily occurrence. These things must cease. I cannot disregard constant and persistent appeals for help, I can furnish you all the troops necessary. I cannot sit idly by and see our people butchered, but as a last resort will be obliged to call upon the State force, take the field and end these outrages. I will at once organize two caval-

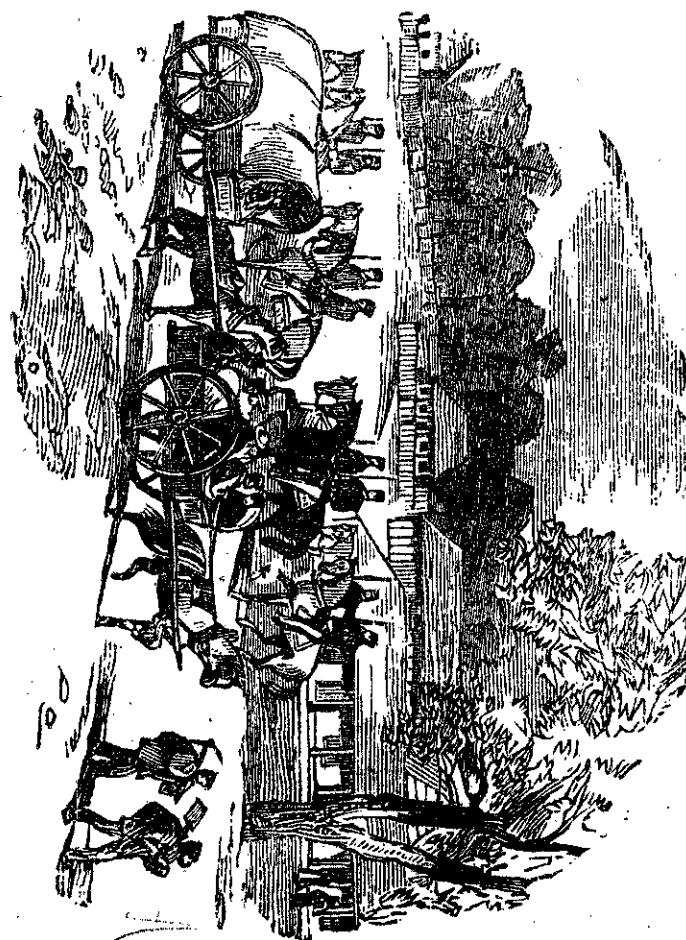
ry regiments of picked men, well mounted, for volunteer service. Will you accept them?" All this time General Sheridan in person was laboring with every soldier of his command to give all possible protection to the scattered people in that wide range of country from Kansas to Colorado and New Mexico. But the very necessity of guarding interests so widely scattered it made impossible to spare enough troops to go in search of the Indians in their remote camps. On his requisition I applied to General Grant for more cavalry, and by his orders seven companies of the Fifth cavalry, under Major Rowell, were collected from Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee and despatched to Kansas. On a further call the Secretary of War (General Scofield), on the 6th of October, authorized the acceptance of one mounted regiment of Kansas volunteers for six months. These latter troops are not yet mustered in, but General Sheridan expects to have them in the field in November. With these troops he expects during this winter to punish the hostile Indians in his department so that they will not again resort to war, and such as are not killed will be collected by force on their reservations and be made to remain there. I will not attempt to describe the many expeditions that have already been made, but for details refer you to General Sheridan's report. They have necessarily been of a desultory and somewhat unsatisfactory character, because the Indians can scatter so long as their ponies can get grass everywhere; but as soon as the winter compels them to collect together in villages I believe that General Sheridan's troops will be able to find them and to destroy all that offer resistance. It is idle for us longer to attempt to occupy the plains in common with these Indians, for the country is not susceptible of close settlement with farms like Missouri and Iowa, and is solely adapted to grazing. All of our people there are necessarily scattered and have more or less cattle and horses, which tempt the Indian, hungry and it may be starving for the want of his accustomed game, and he will steal rather than starve, and to steal he will not hesitate to kill. Therefore the joint occupation of that district of the country by these two classes of people, with such opposing interests, is a simple impossibility, and the Indians must yield. The peace commission has assigned them a reservation, which if held for fifty years will make their descendants rich, and in the meantime they are promised food while they are learning to cultivate the earth and to rear tame stock. To labor with their own hands, or even to remain in one place militates with all the hereditary pride of the Indian, and force must be used to accomplish this result. It was for this reason that the Peace commission at its Chicago session, in October, after the events before described had occurred and were known to them, was forced to the conclusion that the management of Indian affairs should be transferred back to the War Department, where it belonged prior to 1849. That department of our government is the only one that can use force promptly without the circumlocution now necessary, and no other department of government can act with promptness and

vigor enough to give any hope that the plans and purposes of the peace commission will be carried out. Even then there is doubt that the Indians themselves will make the necessary personal efforts to succeed; and I fear that they will at last fall back upon our hands a mere mass of helpless paupers. I am fully aware that many of our good people, far removed from contact with these Indians, and dwelling with a painful interest on past events, such are described to have occurred in Minnesota in 1863 and at the Chivington massacre of 1864, believe that the whites are always in the wrong, and that the Indians have been forced to resort to the war in self-defence by actual want or by reason of our selfishness. I am more than convinced that such is not the case in the present instance, and I hope I have made it plain. I further believe that the only hope of saving any part of these Indians from utter annihilation is by a fair and prompt execution of the scheme suggested by the Peace commission, which can alone be done by Congress with the concurrence of the Indians themselves. Even then it will require much patience and hard labor on the part of the officers who execute the plan, which I do not wish to assume myself or impose on other army officers; but it is certain that the only hope to find any end of this eternal Indian war is in the transfer of the entire business to the War Department and for Congress to enact the laws and provide the necessary money at least a year before it is required to be expended. This is especially necessary in the case of the Sioux, because the Missouri river is only navigable in early summer. It is true that in the annual appropriation bill approved July 27, 1868 (and which did not become public till the Cheyenes had actually started on the war path, viz., August 3), there was a clause giving \$500,000 to be disbursed under my direction, as a member of the Peace commission, for carrying out the treaty stipulations, making and preparing homes, furnishing provisions, tools and farming utensils and furnishing food for such bands of Indians with which treaties had been made and not yet ratified, and in defraying the expenses of the commission in making such treaties and carrying their provisions into effect. As soon as I got a copy of this bill—viz., August 10, I issued my General Order No. 4, a copy of which is herewith enclosed, in hopes that by its provisions I could prevent the difficulties already begun in Kansas from spreading to the powerful and dangerous tribe of Sioux at the north. This clause in the Appropriation bill made no change whatever in the general management of Indians with whom treaties had been made and confirmed, which as before, remained wholly with the Interior Department. Upon application to General John B. Sanborn, the member of the Peace Commission who had been its disbursing agent, I received a list of the outstanding accounts against that commission, amounting to about \$150,000. I therefore retained that sum of money, and have disbursed thereof the sum of \$141,750, leaving in my hands at this date a balance of \$8,249 applicable to the few items of ac-

counts still outstanding. The balance of appropriation, viz., \$350,000, was distributed as follows:—To General W. S. Harney, for the Sioux, \$200,000; to General W. B. Hazen, for the Cheyenes, &c., \$50,000; to General C. C. Augur, for the Snakes, &c., \$50,000, and to Major R. S. Lamotte, for the Crows, \$50,000. Total, \$350,000. That the Indians will receive the benefit of every cent of this money I know, and the high character of these officers and their peculiar fitness to the trust named will, I feel assured, carry conviction to all that the disbursement of this money will be in full harmony with the designs and purposes of the Peace commission and of Congress. In the same Appropriation bill were two other items of expenditures entrusted to my official supervision, viz., \$200,000 for seed, farming and implements, work cattle and other stock provided in article seven of the treaty with the Navajo Indians of New Mexico; \$12,500 for constructing a warehouse, agency building, blacksmith and carpenter shops and school house for the same tribe (Navajo.) The whole of this appropriation, viz., \$212,500, has been transferred to General George W. Getty, commanding in New Mexico, who will see that it is properly applied. There was another item of appropriation in the same bill, viz., \$159,000, for the removal of the Navajoes from their old reservation at Bosque Rendondo to their present reservation near Old Fort Defiance, which was subject to the control of the Interior Department, but before the Appropriation bill passed these Indians had actually been removed by my military orders given on the spot, at a cost to the army of less than \$50,000, and I am now at a loss to know if this money can be refunded to the army out of the appropriation referred to. I expect to receive from the several officers named in my General Order No. 4, and to lay before the War Department by the close of this year, a full census of all the Indians for whom they are required to provide, with carefully prepared estimates of funds needed to perfect the system thus begun by them, after which they can be transferred back to their civil agents or retained, according to whatever action Congress may take this winter on the several recommendations of the Indian Peace Commission. But knowing the pressing necessities of some of these Indians at this moment, I would ask an early appropriation of \$300,000 for General Harney and \$200,000 for General Hazen. I deem these sums indispensable to provide for the peaceful Indians this winter and to enable them to make a fair beginning next spring in their farming operations on the reservations to which they have been or may be removed.

In conclusion, I will remark that I propose to continue, as now, to have Generals Perry and Augur protect the Missouri river traffic and the Union Pacific road with jealous care, and so gather in all the marauding bands of Sioux to the reservation north of Nebraska, where General W. S. Harney is prepared to feed and protect them to the extent of the means subject to my control, to destroy or punish the hostile Indians of his depart-

PREPARING FOR THE MARCH



ment till they of their own volition will go to Fort Cobb and remain there on the reservation assigned them under the care of General W. B. Hazen, who is also prepared, to a limited extent, to provide for their necessities. This double process of peace within their reservations and war without must soon bring this matter to some conclusion.

With great respect, your obedient,

W. T. SHERMAN, Lieutenant General.

A HEROIC LADY.

On the second day of November Lieutenant Colonel Benteen of the Seventh Cavalry and Lieutenant Volkmar of the Fifth Cavalry were ordered to take a detachment of recruits together with a large drove of horses to the Seventh Cavalry which was then operating against the savages. With the column were Lieutenant Martin, of the Third Infantry, and his wife. Both were on their way to Fort Dodge to which post the Lieutenant had been ordered to report. A large wagon train was at the last moment added to the other cares thrown upon the commander.

About forty miles from the starting point the rear guard of the column was detached and sent back to bring along several horses which had strayed away. As they rode back this rear guard was attacked by over fifty well mounted savages.

A fight was at once the result; but the Indians apparently not having completed the details of their attack, quickly retreated, and made a complete detour of the whole column. No more savages were seen after this until the sixth day, when, as the soldiers were about to go into camp near Big Coon Creek the advance guard encountered nearly a hundred of the red skins hidden in a ravine and watching an opportunity to make a dash at the train.

The advance was under the command of Sergeant Ryan, and in an instant he had his men dismounted and sent a volley of balls in among the crouching savages. Thus the latter were themselves rather surprised; but charging out with wild yells, they began, according to the Indian tactics, to circle round the column in hopes of stampeding the animals. But Lieutenant Volkmar hastily formed the wagons of the train in a hollow square with the horses secured on the inner sides thus making it impossible for them to run away.

This done Colonel Benteen, with twenty brave fellows, well mounted, galloped off for a close handed fight with the savages. While this was being done Lieutenant Volkmar with the utmost coolness moved forward to the spot which had been selected for the night's camp.

Mrs Martin, the accomplished wife of Lieutenant Martin rode in an ambulance; and when the attack commenced she took her husband's two revolvers and placed herself in such a position as to help in the general defence the moment the Indians should come near enough. She would not hear of such a thing as her husband remaining to defend her; but bade him take his rifle and go out on the skirmish line which he did promptly, as a braver officer cannot be found in the army. Never for a moment did Mrs Martin flinch during all the heavy firing; but with a smiling countenance she kept her trusty weapons ready, one in each hand; and it is certain she would not have met the fate of poor Mrs Blynn.

During the whole night the savages kept up a continual firing round the camp; but seemingly fearful of a defeat; or else waiting for reinforcements they did not attack. All the next day they hovered about harrassing the column but before sunset disappeared and were seen no more.

Mrs Martin's heroic conduct was the subject of the sincerest praise, and Lieutenant Martin was universally complimented upon having a "real soldier's wife."

WHAT SETTLERS HAVE TO SUFFER.

We insert a few out of large number of letters which settlers on our frontiers have sent to the military authorities. We think they speak for themselves and require no comment. We are indebted for these letters to the correspondent of the N. Y. Herald.

PILOT POINT, Denton county, Texas, April 1, 1868.

Colonel LEAVENWORTH:—

DEAR SIR—I thought I would write you a few lines concerning a child I had captured by the Indians. The particulars of the case are these:—On the evening of the 5th of January a party of Indians, supposed to be 100 in number, came down Clear creek, in Cook county, and killed several persons and captured several. They came to my house and killed my father—he was near seventy years old—captured my sister and her child and two little daughters of mine, one six and the other eight years old. The youngest was found dead on the trail. It turned very cold that night and I suppose the youngest froze to death. The next morning my sister made her escape. That night they killed her child, about three miles from where they captured it. They also took a negro boy with the balance on the same raid. There was one other found dead on the trail. The others we have no account of. I think in all probability they all froze; but it is probable that some one of them got through, and if any one it might be mine. I have heard the report all froze; but it may be they

want some pay for them if they have any, and if they have got mine and will bring it in I will pay them until they are satisfied, if I have property enough to satisfy them. Colonel, I would give a world if I had it for my dear children back again. Their poor heartbroken mother is grieving herself to death for them. It is a hard trial; it looks like it is more than we can bear, but we have no way to help ourselves. Colonel, if you will do what you can for us I will be under obligations to you all the remainder of my life, and will pay you liberally for all your trouble. My child is eight years old, fair complexion, light hair and blue eyes. Colonel, please make an effort, and if you can get her I will pay all damages. If you get any information that would do us any good please write to me, at Gainesville, Texas, and send word to William Foresher, at Elm Springs. It is hard, if we have to live thus in suspense, not knowing whether she is dead or alive. I will close by begging you most earnestly to do what you can to get our child. Your friend as ever,

DANIEL G. MENASEO.

Official—WILLIAM B. HAZEN, Brevet Major General.

The following document exhibits the interest taken by the Interior Department in the raid alluded to in the above letter, the facts evidently having been previously reported directly to the authorities in Washington:—

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, March 6, 1868. }

SIR—I enclose herein a copy of letter from Mr. Waide, a citizen of Denton county, Texas, dated 10th of January, reporting that on the 5th of that month a raid was made by about one hundred Indians upon the citizens of that section of Texas, in which they killed eight persons, took captive two women and eight children and carried off a large number of horses. You are directed to make a prompt investigation of this matter and to report the facts to this office without delay. It is suspected that the Indians guilty of the outrages stated by Mr. Waide belong to the tribes under your charge. If it be so you will take steps to procure the release of the captives whose names are given in Mr. Waide's letter, and to cause the stolen horses to be given up. In this connection I will state that a letter will be addressed to you shortly upon the subject of raids and depredations by, as alleged, Kiowas and Comanches upon Chickasaw settlements lately complained of by authorities of the Chickasaw nation.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. G. TAYLOR.

To J. H. LEAVENWORTH, United States Indian Agent, care of R. Meade, Towanda, Kansas.

The above explains itself. The head of Indian affairs in a casual manner advises that measures be taken to effect the release of the captives and the return of the stolen horses. The lives of the victims of the hor-

rible atrocities attendant upon death at the hands of a savage do not seem to take any part in the little concern manifested by the head of Indian affairs. No allusion is made to secure the punishment of the offending band. The Indians engaged, instead of being, "as alleged, Kiowas and Comanches," were in fact no other tribes, and the department admits its own inefficiency and ignorance not to know this. It is also known that the same parties were at this treaty of Medicine Lodge creek. If these atrocities are looked upon in such a disinterested manner it is not at all surprising that the Indians prefer to be managed, as is asserted, by the Interior Department.

The following is the second letter, and, apparently, is not worth the notice of the representatives of the Indian Department:—

MASON, Mason County, Texas, June 12, 1868.

Colonel LEAVENWORTH:—

DEAR SIR—After a long silence I again implore you in regard to my lost child. Have you learned anything more definite about her? There is a report that she has been seen near Fort Leavenworth and that you do not purchase her because it will encourage them to steal more. I have always felt safe in you, that you would do right, and still do; but you cannot imagine how these reports hurt me. To hear of my dear child being alive and suffering among such people—if it is right to call them people. Please do not delay one day when you get this to write and let me know the worst. God is just, and in Him I trust. Your humble grief-stricken servant.

G. W. TODD.

Official—WILLIAM B. HAZEN, Brevet Major General.

The following is a copy of the statement of Philip McCusker, United States interpreter:—

FORT COBB, I. T., Dec. 22, 1868.

Major General W. B. HAZEN, Commanding Southern Indian District.

SIR.—It would be impossible for me or any one else to give you anything like a correct account of the number of raids that have been made into Texas by the Kiowas and Comanches since the treaty at Medicine Lodge creek. Since the time that council broke up all the young men of the Comanches who were able to go have been raiding into Texas, except some of the Yappareckos and the principal part of the Peneteghkos. During the past summer the Kiowas and Yappareckos have been up on the Arkansas and have not done much raiding, but since their return a large party of Kiowas have been to Texas. The Comanches who were camped here during the spring, summer and fall made a great many raids into Texas, the young men vieing with each other as to who would make the most trips. The number of horses and mules that have been brought from Texas by the Comanches during the past year is almost incredible. You can have some idea when you know that in going to Texas they split into

parties of two and three and generally stay there until they make a good haul. When they reach camp with their horses they seldom stay more than one or two nights, when they go again. Now, suppose we let all the available young men of the Kiowas and Comanches keep this thing up for a year, and you can form some idea of the amount of stock driven off, to say nothing about the number of lives they take. It has been such a common occurrence for them to go to Texas that no notice was taken of it unless they returned to this place with scalps. At one time they brought in one, and on another occasion seven scalps. During the month of January the Kiowas made a raid into Texas, where they killed several families and took seven children prisoners, who all froze to death. In the month of February they made another raid, when they killed several persons, drove off large numbers of stock, and took five children prisoners, two of whom were given up to Colonel Leavenworth, and three taken to Arkansas, where they were given up. The principal leaders in these raids were "Heap of Bears" (since killed), "Big Bow," "Little Heart," "Lone Wolf," "Timbered Mountain," and Papachitka, or "the Scalps," "Black Eagle" made one or two raids against the Navajoes, but I don't think he has raised his hand against the white man since the treaty. During the month of May a party of Comanche Warriors of the Yapparickoes, Teachatzkenna and Oua-ahade bands made a raid on Texas calling on Mr. Shirley, the trader at this place as they passed, and plundered his store of a valuable lot of Indian goods. On their return they burned a building that Agent Shanklin had erected and in which were stored a lot of agricultural implements and tools, which were all burned. It is generally believed that this burning was done by an Oua-ahade, by the name of "Etsea." They also burned Shirley's new trading house. Another raid was made by the Noconees and Teanima during the latter part of the month of August into Texas, when they killed eight persons, three of whom were boys and the other five men and women. They also drove off about three hundred head of animals. This party was lead by Preannimma, a Noconee and one of the worst men on the prairie. He does not deny that he killed several persons on this raid. Many other raids were made during the summer and fall by the Buffalo Eaters, Oua-ahades, Teanemmat, Teachatzkenna, Noconee, and Yapparickoes drove a lot of stock out of the Chickasaw Nation quite lately. There were some Kiowas with the party; one of them was killed by the Seminoles and one of the Seminoles killed by a Yapparickoe. This party was led by Queen-ah-oice, and the Seminole was killed by a son of Iron Mountain. Twelve of the Noconees of Horseback's band are now absent in Texas. The names of the men who have been constantly getting up these parties and making war on Texas are of the Noconees:—Tea-ah-nimme, Peah Froth-Quap, Essee-ah-ko-cone, Ouas-ah (Tumrau) Seeth-tah (Horseback's son). Of the Teanimmas—Iron Jacket's son and his nephew. Of the Peneteghkas—Take-

wappe, Tam-wa-say-men, Tab-sentine, Pea-ar-sea. Of the Yapparickoes—Queen-a-vie, Hoc-weas-tammy, Queet-a-nar-oy-yel, Mura-pay, Pab-wah and Iron Mountain's sons. Of the Teachatzkennas—Tar-bay-nan-na-kay. This is one of the leading men among the Comanches, and from all I can learn took a very prominent part in the late fight with the troops near Antelope Hills, the Cheyenes saying that he distinguished himself above all others by his bravery during the fight. This, however, is Indian talk, but I think it is reliable. He has always been opposed to the white men coming into this country, and he has frequently told me that any attempt to establish military posts in this country would be followed by war. There are a great many other bad men among the Cochetakoes and Ouahades, who have been guilty of a great many crimes, but I am not acquainted with the particulars. I am, General, very respectfully your obedient servant,

PHILIP McCUSKER, United States Interpreter.

Official—WILLIAM B. HAZEN, Brevet Major General.

The following is Mr. S. T. Wakley's statement:—

KIOWA AND COMANCHE AGENCY, Dec. 23, 1868.

Brevet Major General W. B. HAZEN:—

GENERAL—In compliance with your wish in reference to the Indian raids in Texas I compile the following:—The raid in June was made by the Cochetakoes, members of the Cochena and Ada-hab-teet's and in that raid the three McElroy children were captured and one young man killed, uncle to the children.

The raid in Grayson county, in July was made by the Noconees, led by Silver Shirt; Horseback's son was along. They killed an entire family of four persons on the Brazos.

The raid near Spanish Fork, made about the 1st of September, 1868, was started by To-sa-wis' son-in-law. He offered the pipe to the Caddoes, who refused to join him. He next offered it to Horseback's son, who took it and smoked, there by accepting the challenge. It was next offered to the affiliated tribes, and quite a number agreed to go. Before this party started it numbered fifty-four warriors, having been joined by a party of Yapparickoes. On their way to Texas they came across Cochena-co-chetakah, who went out from the agency on a hunt. He asked the party to stop and stay with him. I have learned that he talked to them strong in trying to dissuade them from going to Texas. Some of the party came back from Cochena's camp, but thirty-four went on. They were ten Noconees, led by Horseback's son; four Peneteghkoeks, To-sa-wis' son-in-law leading the party: one Washita, three Keichies, two Kiowas, two Cochetakoes and twelve Yapparickoes. On their return, September 2, 1868, they brought eight scalps and a large number of horses and mules. The party who returned to this, near the agency, held a scalp dance at the Noconee and Peneteghkoe camps. I will give their own account of the

raid. They said they came in sight of a fine home, put out their sentinels and reconnoitred. He said that the windows had curtains, which were put back on each side. He saw a woman through the window, sitting in a rocking chair. He signalled to his comrades that all was right, and thirteen entered the house with a whoop, some through the windows and some through the doors. The woman was afraid, and fell on the floor. The thirteen ravished her, To-sa-wis' son-in-law being the first, and Horseback's son the last, who killed her by sticking his tomahawk into her head. To-sa-wis' son-in-law then scalped her; they killed three or four of her children. The party then started up the river, killing and stealing as they went. They also say that they had two white squaws, whom they ravished as much as they wanted and then threw them away.

On September 20 thirteen Washitas—I mean belonging to the affiliated tribes—brought in three horses, which their chiefs took from them and sent to Fort Arbuckle. Towakena Jim can tell all about it, as he took the horses to Arbuckle. The Caddoes have not been exempt from making raids into Texas. There are some four or five, led by Pole Cat, who have been down several times to steal horses and mules. They have never killed any one, as I can learn. I think you can find out the names of those who have been engaged in the raids by a little careful inquiry.

The chiefs of the different tribes and bands know the men belonging to their bands who have committed any depredations. Very respectfully, your obedient servant.

S. T. WALKLEY.

Official—WILLIAM B. HAZEN, Brevet Major General.

This is but a small portion of the daily occurrences between the so-called friendly tribes and the unfortunate frontier settlers. Did the white men ever encroach upon the legal reservations of the Indians there might be some palliation of the offence. But long marches are made by the offending savages within the country legally occupied by the whites for no other purpose than to murder and to destroy. Yet these vagabond tribes are shielded by the very arm of the government entrusted with the administration of law for the control of the angry brute passions of the savages, and the protection of peaceable and industrious settlers, useful to the nation by developing its resources.

The affair mentioned by Wakley did not even attract the notice of the Interior Department until after the arrival of some of the military authorities at this point in November, apparently when there was no more possibility of suppressing the exposure of the affair. This state of things, it is stated in official circles, has existed for twenty years, with full opportunities of knowledge to the Indian Bureau. Such inaction on the part of the Indian administration would suggest the approval of these crimes. If not so, then the impotence of the Indian Bureau demands a change to secure unoffending settlers and keep the lawless bands in proper subjection.

GENERAL SULLY'S GREAT MARCH.

It is not likely that the hostile savages of the Plains will ever forget the memorable march of General Sully. The whole movement was in pursuance of a grand experiment that General Sheridan had determined to try; namely; a Winter Campaign against the Indians. Hitherto the latter in spring and summer after getting food and arms from the United States government would commit the most atrocious outrages upon the white settlers and then breaking up into small squads scatter all over the prairies so that it was impossible for our troops to pursue and punish the wrongdoers. Then when winter came these marauders would select some place far distant from the Army Posts and were thus safe from pursuit, as the frozen plains across which swept the icy gale, bore not a blade of grass, and cavalry could not therefore subsist on them. General Sheridan resolved to stop this, and strike a blow that would teach the savages they could no longer keep on practicing these tricks of cowardly warfare.

This was the object of General Sully's and General Custer's operations; and experience will prove that General Sheridan's plan was not only the best for the protection of the whites; but also the most merciful to the Indians themselves.

General Sully's command left Fort Dodge on the 12th or 13th of November 1868 marched down the northern bank of the Arkansas river a distance of perhaps twelve miles and there went into camp. On the next morning at day break the column was again in motion and crossed the river to the opposite bank. The crossing was very bad as the bed of the river is principally soft and shifting sands. And even when over, matters did not improve; for, from the water up to a ridge about a mile distant there was nothing but sand hills across which a strong gale blew filling the eyes and mouth, and stinging the face with sharp dry particles of sand.

After descending on the other side of this ridge, however, the country assumed a somewhat better aspect; being a rolling plain of buffalo grass with no trees, and but few bushes. It was found to be much broken up by deep ravines. The column, following a buffalo trail, crossed a creek, called Mulberry Creek, and went into camp. There the men found a scanty supply of rather poor timber, which afforded them means to cook their rations. Much trouble was experienced in getting over, as the banks of the stream were very high and almost perpendicular.

The next morning just as a start was being effected some accident occurred, and at once the animals with the column, stampeded and went

scouring away over the plain in all directions, snorting and bellowing frightfully. The ground fairly trembled with the tramping of their hoofs. Here was a dilemma that none but a plains man can really comprehend. Suppose yourself, in company with a hundred friends, on a lonesome island, to which you have come from the main land several miles distant. The evening is coming on: leaving the woods, you all go toward the shore to get into the boats in which you have come, to return home. Suddenly, while you are looking, a squall comes up, and every boat is torn from its moorings and driven away across the stormy water, leaving you all to get back as well as you can. This is about the condition of the traveller in the Western Prairies when his animals "stampede" or run away. They must be caught again or he cannot go on.

Details of men had to be made; and fully three hours elapsed before the runaways were brought in by their captors, and the column moved again. The next stop was made at Bluff Creek, which being crossed with much difficulty camp was again made rather earlier than usual in order to rest the jaded animals and repair the wagons, these latter being badly used up by reason of the rough surface of the country. During this halt the hunters went out, and after a short ride succeeded in killing several fine buffaloes which gladdened the hearts of the soldiers who much preferred the juicy bison meat to their regular salt pork ration and hard tack.

It was while the hunt was at its most exciting stage that an incident occurred which might have proved fatal in its character, but for the coolness and bravery of Uncle John Smith an experienced hunter and trapper who has passed all his life time nearly on the prairies, and who generally headed all the "hunts."

Two of the men had chased up a fine cow and wounded her but not mortally. They made a second fire and brought her down; but still had not struck her in a vital part. So dismounting, both drew their knives and approached the cow, for the purpose of dispatching her. At this instant a huge bull discovering her, made a furious charge directly at her enemies. And the two men were so intent upon their game that they did not notice the danger by which they themselves were now threatened. To shout to them would be useless, as they would not notice it; and so "Uncle John," who had discovered the imminent peril to which his comrades were exposed, wheeled his horse and dashed at headlong speed toward the bull and his intended victims; calling them by name, however, to look out. At last they heard him, and turned just in time to behold the fiery monster close upon them. Comprehending all at a single glance, the hunters began to manœuvre, but being already well nigh exhausted, they found it exceedingly difficult to avoid their dreadful foe, who though apparently so unweildy moved about like lightning.

Uncle John fired his rifle; but it only snapped cap. Without an instant's hesitation the gallant fellow drew his heavy revolver and then

charged his horse directly on the bull in such a manner as to strike him full upon the shoulder. An instant after the terrible collision both horse and buffalo were rolling over each other on the prairie. But the wary hunter had nimbly bounded from his saddle just as the collision took place; and now as the bull was scrambling to his feet, Uncle John coolly placed the pistol just behind his shoulder and sent two bullets directly through his heart.

"Boys," said he, with the utmost *sang froid*, as he jumped back to avoid the dead buffalo falling upon him, "next time you go a huntin' jest keep yer wits about yer, an' don't go an' git excited, so as yer don't know what yer about. Yep! whoa, Bob! yer wrestled that ol' bull a heap! yer did!"

These last words were addressed to his horse who seemed uninjured by his frightful tumble, and gathered himself on his feet ready for his master, who sprang into the saddle and rode off without saying anything more.

A late start was made the next morning and only twelve miles accomplished, as the face of the country was exceedingly rough, and cut up with ravines and wet patches of sand, nearly as bad as quick sands. High ridges, with intervening stretches of broken bottoms, ravines and difficult streams of water were the general features of the country. One day more and the column reached Bear Creek, along whose bank several miles were marched. At this point a terrific gale set in, which, in the words of Uncle John, was hard enough to blow "the horns off a buf'ler". These high winds, sweeping over the prairies, are most fearfully cold; and will often freeze a horse to death in an hour or two. From here to the Cimaron river was a hard march, and the men were very glad to go into camp on the other side of the river. But by the succeeding dawn they were again on the tramp, as they were now in the heart of the Indian country, and in momentary expectation of an encounter with the savages. Twenty six miles of heavy marching across sand hills and through deep ravines brought the command to Beaver Creek where camp was again made.

It was seven o'clock the following morning when the troops broke camp and marched eastward down the north bank of Beaver Creek to find if possible a good crossing. But the farther they went the worse it became; and when a mile had been gone over the General in command ordered the crossing to be made. The whole bed of the creek—nearly one hundred feet—was only wet sand into which the wagon wheels sank hub deep at every revolution.

The men had become so accustomed to these bad crossings and this rough traveling, that when at last they came to Clear Creek—a fine, clear running stream of about sixteen inches depth, with an excellent crossing, they were as much delighted as astonished. Twenty miles brought the column to the south bank of Beaver Creek which made a wide detour,

and stopped for the night. The next morning's march of fourteen miles took the command to Wolf Creek, and three miles beyond it, was struck the trail of a war party of Indians going north. Uncle John examined it closely and gave as his opinion that the trail was two days old, and had been made by about eighty or ninety men. Reconnoitering parties were immediately sent out in all directions; but returned without seeing a single Indian.

General Sully having reached a point at which General Sheridan had ordered him to examine the country as to whether an eligible spot could be found for the establishment of a supply camp, halted his command here, and, in company with Uncle John Smith, thoroughly inspected the entire region.

"Wa'al Gin'ral" said Uncle John after a hard day's ride as the two came into camp together, "I've had a heap uv trampin' hyar an' its my opine that you're jest in the spot o' country to set yer traps an' go to house keepin'."

"What makes you like this place better than the one we were looking at down below there?" asked the General.

"Wa'al I'll tell yer quick, Gin'ral. This is higher than that, an' yit it's more sheltered at the same time from the wind. This whole valley too, is allers full o'grass, which is the biggest thing arter all's said an' done; fur, besides a feedin' yer own stock, it draws a good many buf'lers to it an' so brings heaps o' meat right to yer. An' thar's wood handier then down thar."

"I believe you are right, Uncle John," said the General, "I believe you are right. I will stop here."

"Then bully fur you, Gin'ral. I aint tramped these hyar stampin' grounds fur all my life an' not know all the good spots in it; you bet!"

The next day a hundred sturdy wood choppers were at work levelling the huge cottonwood trees and lopping off their branches, while the teamsters, with lively songs and characteristic cries, hauled the logs to the site which had been selected for the erection of a fort or block-house, where other strong arms were already digging pits and trenches. In an exceedingly short time there sprang up quite a village, apparently, the portable saw mills completing the picture by their sharp, rasping songs, as, with swiftly revolving teeth, they gnawed immense logs and sticks of timber into planks, boards and joists. This place was most appropriately named Camp Supply; and as a base of operations against the hostile savages for future operations is most valuable.

UNCLE JOHN SMITH.

This old and experienced hunter and trapper has become, like Kit Carson, one of the historic institutions of the Far West. He was born in Frankfort, Kentucky; and lived in that locality until he was twenty one years of age. He was of a roving, adventurous disposition; and consequently, upon thus reaching his majority he determined to go to the wilderness of the then unknown, unexplored West. With his knapsack and rifle he set out boldly, and finally, after innumerable dangers and hardships, he stood upon the beach of the Pacific Ocean, being we believe the first pioneer who had crossed the continent to that mighty sea.

During six years that he passed upon the Pacific slope of the Rocky mountains, Uncle John was often in peril of his life either from the wild beasts or still wilder savages. And he can entertain a company for hours at a time by simply narrating the principal events of certain portions of his Wilderness Adventures. One of these was indeed most extraordinary and we insert it that the reader may see how comparatively easy the settler of the present day has it to what the old pioneer of fifty years ago had it.

One day, while tracking a grizzly bear, Uncle John, in his ardor, forgot his usual caution, and, as a consequence, suddenly found himself a prisoner among a band of twenty-five or thirty Indians who had been lying in ambush for him. To retreat was impossible; so he was obliged to submit with the best grace he could under the circumstances. The captors bound their prisoner with hide ropes, drawing them so tight as to make them cut deeply into his flesh. He understood their language well, and told them if they would loose him he would not attempt to escape. At this they unbound him; and, true to his word, Uncle John walked along in their midst, and finally, with the utmost coolness, lit his pipe, and commenced to smoke as though he were sitting safely in his cabin.

Upon arriving at the village of his captors the latter held a council, and after much talking and many speeches—for the savages were divided in their opinions—it was decided that Uncle John should be burned at the stake. This was anything but a pleasant prospect for the prisoner; but, being as calm as he was brave, the trapper showed not the slightest trace of fear upon his features but resolved to escape if the slightest opportunity was offered. But the Indians—unlike civilized nations allow but little time to elapse between condemnation and execution. Uncle John's doom was announced about noon, and at sun set he was bound to the stake, the sagots piled round him, and the torch applied.

The brave fellow had now given up all hope and with a stolid determination, begotten of his despair, stood ready to meet his awful fate. But, as though by a special dispensation, Providence interfered in his behalf. All day the weather had been beautifully clear; but towards evening heavy clouds came rolling up from the east, and now just as the flames got under way and began to be uncomfortably hot, the rain poured down in such torrents as to extinguish every vestige of the fire.

Instantly all the savages, with looks of fright, cringed down upon the earth, raising their hands above them, uttered prayers to the Great Spirit. Their superstitions induced them to think that the Manitou was very angry with them for having attempted to kill the Pale Face warrior; and they at once undid the thongs from his limbs, and took him back to their village. There his wounds were dressed by the medicine men with healing, fragrant herbs, and he was feasted with all the delicacies of an Indian larder. When he was completely well, his weapons were returned to him and he was told to go free.

Of course he needed no second bidding; but went, as he afterwards remarked, "like a stampeded bufler." Uncle John did not remain long on the Western slope of the Rocky Mountains, but came to the East side where he has spent the rest of his eventful life on the vast plains, that stretch like a mighty ocean of prairie between the Western States and the Rocky Mountains.

It was here that he first fell in love with and married his wife, by whom he has had several children, all of whom he sent to the States to obtain an education which would fit them to conduct what will some day be an estate of immense value. For the old hunter owns great tracts of land, selected by himself in the richest portion of Colorado Territory; besides other broad acres in equally promising localities.

Uncle John, though not an educated man—for his very manner of life debarred him from any extensive scholastic acquirement—thoroughly comprehends the value of education, as he has shown in the matter of his children. He has often remarked that the first need of the Great West was "School Houses an' plenty of 'em."

The trappers and hunters of the plains have a romantic story of why Uncle John went roving to the wilderness. Whether it is true or not we do not know.

When he was about seventeen they say, he made the acquaintance of a brilliant and beautiful girl, the daughter of an aristocratic planter. The acquaintance in a short time grew into ardent love; and both looked forward to the day when they should be married and settle down in life. But the young lady's parents and brothers desired her to marry another man who was like Uncle John desperately in love with her. But though this gentleman was young, of good moral character, and equally good personal appearance; still Charlotte—the young lady's name—did not en-

tain his suit for a moment.

"Why Lottie, dear" urged her father, mother and brothers, "Mr Harrison is a prize which the proudest girl in the country would be glad to win for a husband."

"I cannot help that," answered Charlotte. "I like him well enough as a friend of the family; but I could never love him as a husband."

"But think of it for a moment, Lottie; he is so wealthy, and John Smith is so poor. Why, instead of his supporting you, you would have to support him."

"Oh, I have no fear of that," she answered, "John is strong and willing; and every body likes him. Never you fear; he will get work. But, even if he is poor, and should get poorer yet, I will work along with him."

Her relatives laughed at her and said:

"All very romantic; but you are inexperienced, Lottie, and know not what you say——"

"Well, whether I do not, I am going to marry John and no other man. So, that is decided once for all."

The conversation up to this point had been of a friendly character; but finding their persuasions useless, Charlotte's family at once altered their manner to one almost of ferocity. Said the father:

"Miss, I will let you see who you are to marry. My will, and not yours shall be obeyed. I say you shall wed Mr Harrison. Your mother and we all desire it. I have already forbidden your favored lover to cross my threshold, and if he disobeys, I and your brothers here will teach him a lesson he will not readily forget."

Charlotte was astonished at this sudden change; but did not allow her anger to master the filial respect and love she had for her father: but when words of threatening and fierceness were added by both mother and brothers, her temper bounded past control; and a terrible scene was the result.

Shortly after this, one evening while she was walking in the street with her betrothed, her father and brothers attacked the latter, and after a severe struggle in which, they were nearly worsted, however, they dragged her away, and it was said the next day she had been forced into a convent. Five months after this she was brought home dead; her poor loving heart having been broken with grief. One evening at sunset; a man, whom all said was her intended husband, was seen sitting by her grave plucking flowers and placing them between some leaves of paper. The next day he was missed from the city, and has never been seen there since.

This is the story as the trappers and hunters narrate it.

THE END



Mrs. Blynn; from a little lead pencil sketch, made by an artist who was traveling over the prairie in the same wagon train as the unfortunate lady. This is the only likeness there is of her.