# THE TAMING OF THE SIOUX

OLD SIOUX WOMAN WITH DOG TRAVOIS

# THE TAMING OF THE SIOUX

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TO MY CANTE SKUYA (HEART SWEET)

## *EXPLANATORY*

No historian of prominence should presume to ask the public to take his work as the last word on the subject which it treats. There is bound to be some one who will find inaccuracies and deficiencies, and the whole work may be condemned on account of them. There never was a history written that is absolutely correct, so I suppose mine must be a little off on a few trivial matters. A deep student of the ethnology, phonology, psychology and anthropology of the Sioux may (I say may advisedly) find these defects. To him I offer no apologies, he has enough ologies now, and I don't wish to burden him with more of them.

History is essentially didactical, indeed it is, and we soon tire of its prosiness, its unpicturesque display of data and long-winded statistics. However, there are some individuals who are ultra-pedantic, and to whom nothing appeals but what is strictly utilitarian. To such persons I commend certain parts of this work, while to the others —the great majority—the balance of it may prove entertaining. The absence of humor I greatly deplore, for it just seems that I cannot think up anythin' funny. But the reader may find a great deal to laugh about after all, if he is inclined to be critical.

The old timers, God bless 'em, always take an important part in an historical work. But they seldom agree with each other. There is a psychological reason for this, as there is for most anything we do not clearly understand.

My explanation of it is that they do not remember things with the same degree of accuracy and reasoning power. Their view points were not identical, so they came away from the scene of historical interest with a conception of what happened at variance with what other survivors retained. Some day a historian may succeed in straightening these much mooted matters out, but I have neither the time nor the patience to do it. As it is I am presenting in this work an entertaining and very nearly complete account of The Taming Of The Sioux.

The illustrations are from original negatives made by me, and the drawings are by my young friend Francis Zahn (Holy Star), a part Sioux of great talent.

FRANK FISKE.

Old Fort Yates, N. D.
March 1st, 1917.

## *TABLE OF CONTENTS*

## *ILLUSTRATIONS*

Page

# THE TAMING OF THE SIOUX

## THE DAKOTA SIOUX

Long ago, in the summer of 1804, the United States government sent out an expedition under Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark, to explore the Louisiana Territory and trace the Missouri River to its source, cross the Rocky Mountains and visit the country on the Pacific coast. By means of three flat-bottomed boats, the party, which consisted of forty-four men, toiled slowly up the winding Missouri, cordelling or pulling the boats along the banks by long ropes, and using oars and sails when the conditions allowed, and fighting mosquitoes, cussing the heat and drinking whiskey as only a voyageur can.

At the confluence of the James and Missouri Rivers, where the city of Yankton now stands, they met the first band of Sioux Indians. They were Yankton Sioux, and they were not in a very prosperous condition at the time, and they complained about it to the explorers, almost insinuating that it was their fault. Firearms had not been introduced among them to any extent, and they used snares, and bows and arrows for the procuring of game. If they wished to make a fire it was accomplished by rubbing two pieces of wood together until the friction produced sufficient heat to ignite the kindling wood. They carried fire with them, or preserved it, by means of a species of rotten wood which held it for some time, and

as they had no horses, their daily journey was not far and depended on how long the fire held out. They carried water in roughly hewn wooden bowls, or more often in pouches made of the paunch of a dead buffalo. By inserting a stick crosswise it assumed the shape of a bowl, and was quite a handy article about the tipi. When they made soup, which was very often, they put the necessary ingredients into the pouch, and dropped red-hot rocks therein until the contents had boiled sufficiently. It was the only way it could be done, as the pouch could not be placed upon the fire, and anyway, they usually had plenty of time in which to prepare a meal.

A rare delicacy with them was, as it is to this day, the "mice feed" which is gathered from the storehouses of the mice people of the woods. It consists of nuts of various kinds, including the native wild bean, and is very good eating, so they say.

But the Sioux of those days, as well as some of the old timers of the present day, were very fond of the sweet and succulent meat of the animal of the *Canidae* family, the *canimus, dogga*, all of which means plain dog. This animal is well known to the whites, but in very few instances have they availed themselves of its food properties. When well cooked, the meat cannot be distinguished from that of a rabbit, providing, of course, that the dog was not too old at the time of its demise. There are many tales of whitemen gorging themselves on it while partaking of the hospitality of an Indian camp, and being in total ignorance of what they were eating, enjoyed it. But when they found out about it, they got peeved, angry and

even sick over it. All of which proves that some individuals are utterly without the sense of appreciation, and should have been taught to refrain from giving offense to those who have graciously extended their hospitality.

Much speculation has been indulged in as to whence came the Sioux. Some students assert that they are of Asiatic origin, while others claim that they are distinctly Causcasian and came west from the shores of the Atlantic Ocean. But as there is little to be gained by pursuing this question further, we may as well take up the subject with the first authentic history we have about them.

In the year 1640, Paul le Jeune, a Jesuit priest, came over from France to bring the tidings of Christianity to the redmen in the wilderness of America, and one day he wrote a letter to his superior, Vimont, in which he said that a certain interpreter by the name of Jean Nicolet told him of a tribe of Indians living west of the Winnebagos, of Wisconsin, and were called Nadoussi. This was the name given them by the Ojibwas, or Chippewas, of the Lake Superior region. For several years this was all that was known about one of the greatest tribes on the American continent, but later French explorers visited these Indians and pluralized the name, making it Naduwessioux, and this is about all they did. Then the word was found to be too long for comfort and it was contracted by the busy adventurers of the time to Sioux, which rhymes with do and you.

"Living west of the Winnebagos," means that they lived in the northern part of Minnesota, about the many lakes of that region, and along the upper Mississippi River.

They were constantly on the warpath with the Chippewas, whom they held in check until the French traders began furnishing the Chippewas with firearms, when the Sioux were gradually forced to move south out of the great woods country of Minnesota. The first to go were given the name of Tetonwans, or people who dwell upon the prairie. The next to emigrate were the Yanktons, which is a contraction of the word E-hankton-wan, and means to live at the farther end; they settled in Iowa. Then the Wakpekutes and the Wahpetons, which names signify people who hunt and live among the leaves, moved down and located on the Minnesota River, and with them went the Sissetons, or those foolish beings who camp in the swamps. The last of the original band to leave the parental home without any parents, were the M'dewakantons, or people of the sacred lake, and they camped about the beautiful falls of St. Anthony, in 1760. Little did they think that a great multitude of pale faces would come in little more than a hundred years to build the splendid city of Minneapolis there.

After wandering from place to place the Tetonwans moved west to the Missouri River, where they found game plentiful, and the timbered bends of the great stream afforded ample shelter from the cold blasts of winter, though the Indians were pleased to find that during most of the winters the snow did not lay so deep as it does in the land from which they came. Reaching back on both sides of the river lay an unbroken prairie land on which the grass grew in profusion and over which the buffalo roamed in vast numbers, and they were happy.

STANDING ROCK MONUMENT

The Arickaree Indians had, from time immemorable, lived along the Missouri, in settlements of round sod houses built in the form of a fort, and at the time of the arrival of the Sioux, their principal and southernmost fort was near the present city of Pierre. The Tetons (short for Tetonwans) made war upon these peaceable Indians, and after thirty years of desultory fighting, drove them north to a point above the month of the Grand River, where now the Milwaukee railroad, and one of the great cross country automobile trails crosses the Missouri River in their flight to the Pacific coast. During the years that followed, the Rees were constantly harrassed by the Sioux, and they were finally forced to move farther and farther up the river until they took their last stand at Fort Berthold, where they may be found today, living in peace with the Mandans and Gros Ventres.

The Yanktons, of which there were two bands, one called the Yanktons and the other the Yanktonais, came out to the Missouri River country back in 1765-66, and located in the James River valley not far from the Missouri. It was a fine land of good grass, timber and water and the tribe prospered there, in a way, and counted not the days in their passing. This makes seven bands mentioned, and they are known as the Dacotah, or Dakota Sioux, which stands for allied Sioux, as they spoke a common tongue and were not hostile to each other. As the years rolled on these bands, too, became separated into various groups, each under its particular chief, and thus we now have such bands as the Unepapa, Oglala,

Santee, Blackfeet, Cuthead, Two Kettle, and several others too numerous to mention, all belonging to the great Sioux nation.

## EARLY DAY COSTUMES, CUSTOMS, TREATIES AND TRIBULATIONS

In the diary of Lewis and Clark this description of the dress of the Sioux, as worn by the Yanktons in 1804, is set forth. (The remarks within parenthesis are mine. F. F.) "In full dress, the men of consideration wear a hawk's feather, or calumet feather worked with porcupine quills and fastened to the top of the head from which it falls back. The face and body are generally painted with a mixture of grease and coal." (The diary fails to state what the common men wore, but I suppose they were beneath the consideration of the chronicler. Thus far the description does not seem complete. There is surely something lacking. Of course a single feather in the hair, and some grease and coal rubbed on the body is better than nothing, but it would hardly do as a full dress suit to wear at a charity ball in the whiteman's country. Still the pretty feather must have added dignity to the warrior's appearance, and the unguent likely had a sweet and soothing effect upon the hot and parched skin. Seeking more detailed information we find by reading further in the diary this gratifying news:) "Over the shoulders is a loose mantle of buffalo skin dressed white, adorned with porcupine quills loosely fixed, so as to make a jingling noise when in motion, (I have seen many a porcupine quill, alone and in large quantities, but

I have never heard them jingle. However, they may have done so a century ago) and painted with various uncouth figures, unintelligible to us, but to them emblematic of military exploits or any other incident; the hair of the robe is worn next the skin in fair weather (rather scratchy, I fancy) but when it rains the hair is put on the outside, and the robe is either thrown over the arm or wrapped around the body, all of which it may cover. (Which it should.) Under this, in winter season, they wear a kind of skirt resembling ours, made either of skin or cloth, and covering the arms and body. Round the middle is fixed a girdle of cloth, or procured dressed elkskin, about an inch in width, and closely tied to the body; to this is attached a piece of cloth, or blanket, or skin, about a foot wide, which passes between the legs and is tucked under the girdle both before and behind. From the hip to the ankle is covered by leggins of dressed antelope skins with seams at the sides two inches wide, and ornamented with little tufts of hair, the produce of the scalps they have made in war, which are scattered down the leg. * * * On great occasions, or whenever they are in full dress, the young men drag after them the entire skin of a polecat fixed to the heel of the moccasin. (This was probably done for the purpose of attracting especial attention of the crowd to these vain young men. If one wishes to shine in society, or at any public gathering, I know of no method that should get quicker results than to wear the entire skin of a polecat tied to your heel.) Another skin of the same animal is tucked into the girdle or carried in the hand. (More vanity) and

serves as a pouch for their tobacco, or what the French traders call *bois route*. This is the inner bark of a species of red willow, which being dried in the sun or over the fire, is rubbed between the hands and broken into small pieces, and is used alone or mixed with tobacco. (It is now well known as kinnikinic, and is still used by the Indians.) The pipe is generally of red earth, the stem made of ash about three feet long, and highly decorated with feathers, hair and porcupine quills. (It will be observed that no mention is made of beadwork. The reason being that beads are manufactured by the whitemen, and at that time had not been introduced extensively among the Missouri River Indians by the traders who visited them each summer in keel boats pulled laboriously up river from St. Louis.) The hair of the women is suffered to grow long, (How strange!) and is parted from the forehead across the head, at the back of which it is either collected into a kind of a bag, or hangs down on the shoulders. (That is to say, it was either done up or allowed to hang.) Their moccasins are like those of the men as are also the leggins, which do not, however, reach beyond the knees, where they are met by a long loose shift of skin, (How did he come to know all this?) which reaches nearly to the ankles; this is fastened over the shoulders by a string and has no sleeves, but a few pieces of skin hang a short distance around the arms. Sometimes a girdle fastens this skin around the waist, and over all is thrown a robe like that worn by the men. They seem fond of dress. (Funny women.) Their lodges are very neatly constructed, * * * they are built

round with poles, about fifteen or twenty feet high, covered with white skins. These lodges may be taken to pieces, packed up and carried with the nation wherever they go, by dogs which bear great burdens."

This gives us a very good idea of what the Sioux looked like, and how he lived in the early day before the whiteman had come in contact with him. They have changed a great deal since then, vastly so. Now they wear the garb of the whiteman, and their Indian costumes have shown the influence of their association with the whites. Their tipis, too, are no longer the picturesque, conical affair, but have been almost totally discarded for the little "A" tents which are supplied to them by the Indian traders. And horses have long been in use, while today the Indian who can afford it rides in his automobile. Matches, too, are in general use, and it would be hard to find an Indian who knows how to make a fire in the old time way.

The young Indians of today are adept musicians. They can play well on the violin or nearly any brass band instrument, but in the days when Lewis and Clark journeyed among their great-grandfathers their only musical instruments were—"the drum, and a sort of little bag made of buffalo hide, dressed white, with small shot or pebbles in it, and a bunch of hair tied to it. This produces a sort of rattling music, with which the party was annoyed by four musicians during the council this morning."

Evidently the explorers did not enjoy this serenade. But it was because they were not accustomed to it. It is the kind of music one must learn to like, just as we must

educate ourselves to appreciate our classic music. I know this, for anyone who has lived long among the Indians, enjoys no music better than the tom-tom and the dance or love song as it pulsates dreamily upon the evening air.

In their council with the Yankton Indians, Chief Shake Hand had this to say: "I see before me my great father's two sons. You see me and the rest of our chiefs and warriors. We are very poor; we have neither powder nor ball nor knives; and our women and children at the village have no clothes. I wish that as my brothers (meaning the explorers) have given me a flag and a medal, they would give something to those poor people, or let them stop and trade with the first boat that comes up the river. I will bring the chiefs of the Mahas and Pawnees together and make peace between them, but it is better that I should do it than my father's sons, for they will listen to me more readily. I will also take some chiefs to your country in the spring; but before that time I cannot leave home. I went formerly to the English and they gave me a medal and some clothes; when I went to see the Spaniards they gave me a medal, but nothing to keep it from my skin; but now you give me a medal and clothes. But still we are poor; and I wish, brothers, you would give us something for our squaws."

"When he sat down, Mahtoree * * * rose: 'I have listened,' he said, 'to what our father's words were yesterday; and I am today glad to see how you have dressed our old chief. I am a young man and do not wish to take much: my fathers have made me a chief; I had much sense before, but now I think I have more than ever.

What the old chief has declared I will confirm, and do whatever he and you please; but I wish you would take pity on us for we are very poor.'

"Another chief, called Pawnawneahpahbe then said:" ——— but that's enough, we have heard all about their condition, and Chief—what's his name?—cannot tell us any more. All their smooth words have been for one purpose; they wanted a good assortment of the attractive articles the explorers carried with them. One who has a long acquaintance with Indians is constrained to assert that they were much better off than they pretended to be.

And that speech of old Shake-hand's was a brilliant piece of oratory. The first of it is a gem, and bears repeating: "I see before me my father's two sons. You see me and the rest of our chiefs and warriors, etc." Could anything be more comprehensive and at the same time more pertinent? And from the rest of his speech we must infer that his people were not entirely satisfied with their lot. They never have been. Nowadays all Indians complain to their agents and the great father in Washington about certain things while they sigh and long for the good old times. In this respect it may be said that the Sioux enjoyed life better during the years between 1830 and 1876 than at any time in their existence. Superb in health and physical strength, owing to their out-door life; equipped by the traders with the best of firearms; mounted upon the fleetest of ponies, they roamed through the west, preying upon the foolish explorer and emigrant, and hunting down the cunning bison as he desported upon the boundless prairie.

There must have been a pleasing profit in trading with the Indians in those days, judging from the way the deals were made. A gun of uncommonly long barrel, placed in an upright position with the butt end on the floor, was exchanged for as many buffalo robes as could be piled one on top of another until the end of the gun barrel was reached. Or for one buffalo robe, a small cup of sugar was given. And the Indian was satisfied. He did not know the value of these commodities of trade, and as for real money, it was utterly worthless in his sight. But he has learned a great deal since, thanks to the craftiness of those pioneer Indian traders. He knows the value of money now, though he still loves to spend it. And it is pretty hard to get the best of him on a bargain, so the Indian traders of today say.

After the visit of Lewis and Clark to the Indians of the Missouri River, many important changes began to take place in the lives of these original Americans. Previous to the War of 1812 the British still held a powerful influence over the Indians of the Northwest, most of the traders being pro-English in sentiment. With the outbreak of war many of the Sioux Indians were induced to fight for the British, but the amount of actual service rendered was insignificant, the most of them deserting the English at Fort Stephenson, which was before Sandusky. In 1815 a treaty was made with the several Sioux tribes I have described. The meeting was held at Portage des Sioux, which was near the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers. This was a treaty of vast importance, for by it these Indians swore allegiance to the

United States. American Indian traders began to operate extensively among them, while the government sent out small expeditions from time to time, for the purpose of exploration and the erection of small forts. Fort Snelling was completed in 1820, and soon became the most important post in the west. It was erected at the confluence of the Minnesota and Mississippi Rivers where an influence could be exerted both upon the Sioux and Chippewa Indians who still maintained a constant warfare upon each other. The hostility of these tribes served more as a source of entertainment than for any other purpose. They seldom did each other much damage, while the continual state of warfare kept the young men keyed up to a high degree of fighting efficiency, and made life interesting for all members of the tribes. It must be remembered that this was in the days before motion picture shows and it was necessary that the redmen of the woods and plains be furnished with some kind of amusement. It kept them from giving up to internal dissensions such as the question of woman suffrage, or the regulation of trusts. Real, abiding peace was not between the Sioux and Chippewa Indians until after the last of the Sioux were driven out of the State of Minnesota at the close of 1862.

For nearly two centuries Catholic priests had been visiting and working among the Sioux, but they had met with small success. In 1835 the first Protestant missionaries came among them, and by dint of hard labor and much sacrifice, succeeded in converting a few, while laying the foundation of a general acceptance of the Chris-

COUNCIL, TIPIS

tian religion later on. The Catholics also began work in earnest, sending out Father Ravoux who established a mission at St. Paul, and visited the Missouri River Indians in 1842. Father DeSmet came out in 1849 and for many years did noble work among them. Of the Protestant missionaries the most renowned were Dr. Thomas S. Williamson and Rev. Stephen Return Riggs. These men did a wonderful amount of good work in introducing methods of cleanliness and right-living among the aboriginies. They reduced the Santee, Yankton and Teton dialects to English writing. They translated some of the books of the New Testament, and later compiled a Sioux Bible, a dictionary, Pilgrim's Progress, a few hymn books and other literature. One cannot imagine the amount of painstaking work this required, for these men, to start with, had no knowledge of the Sioux tongue. They mastered the language in a very few years, while other men have lived a lifetime among the same Indians, even to marrying into the tribe, and today are hardly able to make themselves understood. Surely, application mixed with brains can accomplish prodigious results.

During the summer of 1851 a deal was made through treaty by the United States government and the Sioux Indians of Minnesota, whereby some land exchanged hands. The amount involved was a tract containing 35,000,000 acres, being the largest and best half of the great state of Minnesota. It meant the relinquishment of all their lands lying east of the Bix Sioux River and a line running from Lake Kampeska to Lake Traverse and the Sioux Woods Rivers; this, it will be observed, took in a

portion of Iowa, also. The price paid the happy Indians was about six cents an acre. With land in Minnesota and Iowa now held at from $100 to $125 an acre, it appears that it has enhanced some in value since then.

In September of the same year a huge council was held at Fort Laramie, which it now in Wyoming. It was for the purpose of inducing the tribes of the plains to behave and leave the gold seekers alone. It was at this time that a great rush of fortune hunters were making their way over the Overland or Oregon trail, and the Indians, along the route, resented their passage, claiming that they drove off the wild game, thus depriving the Indians from their accustomed source of food and buffalo robes. There were upwards of ten thousand Indians at this council, being members of the tribes of the Dakota Sioux, which have been named in this work, and the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Assiniboines, Crows, Mandans, Arickarees and Gros Ventres. It lasted twenty-one days. Father DeSmet was there, and did a great deal of missionary work. His description of the council is interesting. He says in part: "During the twenty-three days of the assembly there was no disorder; on the contrary, all was peaceable and tranquil, which is saying much for Indians. They seemed all to form but a single nation. Polite and kindly to each other, they spent their leisure hours in visits, banquets and dances; spoke of their once interminable wars and divisions as past things to be absolutely forgotten, or 'buried,' to use their expression. * * * It was really touching to see the calumet, the Indian emblem of peave, raised heavenward by the hand of a savage, pre-

senting it to the Master of Life and imploring his pity upon all of his children on earth and begging him to confirm the resolutions they had made. (Rather broad-minded praise for a missionary to make, but Father DeSmet was a great man, F. F.) * * *" No epoch in Indian annals probably shows a greater massacre of the canine race. * * * The Indians regaled me several times with a dish highly esteemed among them. It consists of plums dried in the sun and afterwards prepared with pieces of meat. I must own I found it quite palatable. But hear what I subsequently learned as to their manner of preparing it. When an Indian woman wishes to preserve plums, which grow in profusion here, she collects a great quantity and then invites her neighbors to her lodge to pass an agreeable afternoon. Their whole occupation then consists in chatting and sucking the stones from the plums, for they keep only the skins, which, after being sun-dried are kept for grand occasions. * * * The flag of the United States floated from a tall staff in front of the tent of the superintendent, and a discharge of cannon announced to the Indians that a division of the presents was about to take place. Without delay the occupants of the various camps flocked in—men, women and children—in great confusion and in their gayest costumes, daubed with paints of glaring hues, and decorated with all the gee-gaws they could boast. They took the respective places assigned to each particular band, thus forming an immense circle covering several acres of ground, and the merchandise was piled in the center. (It may be well to explain, here, that as a reward for the

promise of the Indians to maintain peace among themselves, and to allow free passage of the whites over the trail, and their observance of certain boundary lines of territory ascribed to them, they were to receive $50,000 worth of merchandise to be delivered annually to the tribes, subject to a proviso whereby any tribe could be cut off if it should be guilty of a breach of promise, F. F.) The great chiefs of the different nations were served first and received a suit of clothes. You may easily imagine their singular movements upon appearing in public, and the admiration they excited in their comrades, who were never weary admiring them. The great chiefs were for the first time in their lives pantalooned; each was arrayed in a general's uniform, a gilt sword hanging at his side. Their long coarse hair floated above the military costume and the whole was crowned with burlesque solemnity of their painted faces."

But, alas, the Indians soon forgot all their pretty promises, and they exerted every effort to put an end to the traffic through their country. Finding that peaceful persuasion was in vain, the government sent General Harney from Fort Leavenworth in the summer of '55 with 1,000 troops to campaign against the wily Sioux. On September 2, 1855, he located a large camp of Indians at Ash Hollow, and on the following morning sent his cavalry around to cut off their retreat while he advanced with the infantry. Chief Little Thunder came out to meet him to talk about peace, but Harney informed him that he had come to fight, and that he had better go back and get his Indians ready. Little Thunder called to his peo-

ple to run for their lives, and they did so—until they met the cavalry, when pandemonium really broke loose. The Indians put up a game fight, but the odds were against them, and one hundred thirty-six gave up the ghost, while the camp with all its paraphernalia was captured by General Harney. This has been described as a massacre, but the Custer tragedy, they say, was purely a fight, and not a massacre, so this affair must have been "the Battle of Ash Hollow." Surely it was all of that.

General Harney made a treaty with the Teton tribes of the Sioux at Fort Pierre in 1856, in which they agreed, again, to allow safe travel over the Overland trail, and other trails, for a further consideration of goods. And he devised a plan of government which was very sensible, though it was never carried out, and in the same year established Fort Randall, which became the first large military post on the upper Missouri. It was located near the southern boundary line of South Dakota, on the left-hand side of the river as you come up on a steamboat.

From this time on until the eventful year of 1862, the year of the Minnesota outbreak, things were not breaking even with the Sioux of Minnesota. Various and complicated situations arose over the distribution of the monies and annuity goods which they were to receive from the government in payment of the land it had bought so cheap. Charges of ill-faith were made on both sides, and the grasping activity of the Indian traders caused more trouble than could be amicably adjusted. If these traders had been chased out of the country, then and there, the uprising might have been averted.

There was another force at work on the frontier, of which we must take cognizance. It was Inkpaduta, a Wakpekute Sioux. Of him Doane Robinson, in his admirable History of the Sioux Indians, says: "He inherited his father's findish temper and cruel instincts, which were not at all modified by his training, and when he succeeded as chief of the outlaw band, upon the death of Wamdesapa, about 1848, he was a post graduate in savage deviltry. His first official exploit as chief of his band, which has been preserved to us, was the massacre of Wamundeyakapi, the dashing and decent young chief of the Wakpekutes, together with seventeen of his warriors, as they slept in their hunting camp on the headwaters of the Des Moines, * * * Inkpaduta crept into the camp and stabbed the men to death without arousing them, until his work was almost completed, and then escaped without the loss of a man. * * * He was not summoned to the council of Traverse des Sioux in 1851, nor consulted in the matter of the disposal of the land in Minnesota, his tribe considering that he had by his conduct forfeited all claim upon them. He looked upon the situation otherwise and when the time for the first payment came he was on hand to claim a share. The agent did not recognize him, but Inkpaduta compelled the Indians to pay tribute to him in goods and money, and he really got as much in value as the regular annuity Indians. He appeared at each annual payment in 1856 and bulldozed the Indians into sharing with him. Before the next payment he indulged in awful massacres at Spirit Lake and Springfield, which put an end to his open ap-

pearance at the agencies. In those massacres forty-two white persons first and last lost their lives. During all this period his band was a refuge and a shelter for the renegade Indians of all the bands. * * * His ubiquity was amazing. He was everywhere from the Canadian line and the Bad Lands down to Nebraska and central Minnesota, and wherever he appeared, murder and theft marked his trail, yet while carrying on his guerilla work he was the leader in every battle fought with the white troops after Wood Lake, and it is not at all certain that he was not active in that battle and the previous engagements along the Minnesota. (In truth, he must have been a former incarnation of Villa, F. F.) He was at the affair at Fort Abercrombie in the very week of the battle of Wood Lake; he met Captain Miner at Sioux Falls in November; he stole horses and picked off an occasional man along the Minnesota frontier during the winter. In May he murdered Mr. Henry Basche near New Ulm, though but two weeks earlier he had murdered Mr. Jacobson at the James River ferry near Yankton. In July he massacred the Wiseman family in Nebraska, and had retired to the buffalo country to make his winter's meat just in time to be present and lead the hostilities in the battles at Big Mound, Dead Buffalo and Stony Lake. * * * It was only as a war chief that he won a place in the admiration of the Indians. In civil life they would have none of him. Except where blood-shedding was the business in hand, they knew by sore experience he was not to be trusted. During all of the time that he was in command of the Indian forces the white-

STANDING ROCK AND FORT YATES ABOUT 1890

men did not realize that he was even present, and in all of the writing, there is not a line that gives him credit for any part in those battles. Everything considered, he must be accorded a high place as a military leader. * * * It is scarcely probable from all of his conduct that he was other than he seemed, a terrible monster."

Yes, and so unceasingly active was this fellow that it became almost a joke on the frontier. One witty pioneer would meet another and ask: "Well, who's on the war-path?"

"Inkpaduta," the answer would be.

Red Top, for such is the interpretation of his name, fled to Canada, after the Custer fight, in '76, and remained there until his death, about 1879.

The raids of Inkpaduta went unheeded by the government authorities. The annual payment of $20,000 was not forthcoming, while about 5,000 Sioux Indians were patiently waiting at the Redwood agency on the Minnesota River, for the distribution of provisions due them according to treaty. When these Indians began to feel the pinch of starvation, their stoic patience began to wane, while a surly contempt for the whites and their ways took its place. The great nation of pale faces were at war with each other—our Civil War—and the idea occurred to the dissatisfied Sioux chiefs that the time was most opportune for a successful uprising in which the white people of Minnesota could be killed off or driven out and the land restored to the possession of the Sioux. Chief of the disaffected Indians was Little Crow, Jr., a hereditary chief whose fathers were great rulers before him, and

who now was looked upon by his people as one who could lead them out of their difficulties, and bring to pass the fondest hopes of their wildest dreams, to-wit: the annihilation of the arrogant whites.

## THE OUTBREAK OF '62

It needed but a spark to touch off the conflagration, a single act to set in motion a horde of maddened Sioux warriors bent on wreaking vengeance upon the white race by killing the settlers along the Minnesota River valley. And that spark was touched off on Sunday, the 17th of August, 1862, when four young Sioux of the tribe M'dewakanton killed three whitemen and two women at a farm located in the southwestern corner of Meeker county.

That night the murderers reached Little Crow's camp at what was known as the lower agency near Red Wood Falls. The old chief realized that this meant war, as the whites would try to punish the Indians, and he immediately called a council of his leading men. Runners were sent to the outlying camps, and by daylight 250 warriors were ready to do the bidding of Little Crow. They fell upon the agency, killed several of the government employees, plundered the warehouses and the three trading stores, and set fire to the buildings. Fort Ridgely was thirteen miles south on the river, and about fifty whites of the agency—men, women and children—reached there in safety, owing to the heroism of Robert Martelle, the ferryman on the Minnesota River. He stayed with his boat until the last galoot was ashore on the opposite side from the agency.

All day the 18th the Indians had a great time riding up and down the valley, killing, plundering and burning, and in the end had killed over 1,000 white settlers and captured 155 women and young girls. This was going pretty far, but to the credit of the Sioux Indians let it be known that all of them did not take part in the affair; the majority held aloof and in several instances gave warning and aid to the terrorized whites.

The soldiers at Fort Ridgely, only forty-five men, started out to quell the disturbance on the 18th. Arriving at the Minnesota River they were attacked and over half their number killed, including their brave commander, Captain John F. Marsh. Only fifteen of the noble band returned to the post alive.

On the 20th the Indians attacked Fort Ridgely, which had been reinforced by the arrival of two companies, consisting of about one hundred men, and a company of Rangers—chiefly halfbreeds. These men had set out a few days previous to aid the North in the big war with the South, and upon hearing of the Indian outbreak had immediately turned back.

After three days of fighting, in which the loss was small on both sides, the hostiles withdrew and proceeded to make an attack upon New Ulm, fifteen miles down the river. The town was defended by Judge Flandreau with about 1,500 of the inhabitants, while Little Crow had about 750 warriors. It was a battle royal in which the Indians set fire to the town, destroying two hundred buildings, and killed fourteen men and wounded sixty. The

casualties on their side was about the same, and by the next morning they were weary of the fight, and they left the vicinity.

When the news of the outbreak reached Governor Ramsey, at St. Paul, he asked Henry H. Sibley, young Indian trader, scout and trapper, to take command as colonel, of what forces could be raised. He immediately assembled an outfit of about 1,400 men, who were equipped with an assortment of ancient firearms and other munitions of war. He proceeded to Fort Ridgely, where he organized his men as well as possible, considering their lack of military training, and on August 31st he sent out two companies of men to find and bury the dead bodies of the victims who had been killed by the Indians. During that day and the next they found and buried seventy. At daybreak of September 2nd they were attacked by a large body of Indians, under chiefs Mankato and Big Eagle, and in the fight, which lasted until dark, fourteen men were killed and twenty-six wounded. On the morning of the 3rd, reinforcements from Fort Ridgely arrived, and the Indians were held off until Colonel Sibley reached them with nearly his entire command at midnight. During this fight the Indians lost only two men, and they withdrew during the night.

Sibley returned to Fort Ridgely and prepared to locate and liberate the unfortunate women captives who were being held by Little Crow, and were being subjected to fairly rough treatment by the members of his band. Sibley sent word to the chief to return the prisoners and listen to terms of peace. As no satisfactory reply was

received, Sibley left Fort Ridgely on September 22nd with 1,450 men, and that night made camp a short distance northeast of Battle Lake. Little Crow was camped not far away and he watched the movements of Sibley with interest, you may believe. He noted that the soldiers were not a very formidable looking aggregation, and he counseled his braves to attack the camp at once, but through a speech of one of the Indians, who was friendly to the whites, it was decided to wait until daylight next morning.

So, on the following morning, before Sibley's men had partaken of breakfast, they were attacked and the fight was of the fiercest kind. The Indians were so sure of whipping the soldiers that they fought with a reckless bravado quite foreign to their usual manner of giving battle. But after three hours, Little Crow was completely disillusioned, and he was compelled to withdraw with a loss of thirty killed and many wounded, while the soldiers lost only four men, and suffered forty wounded.

That night, when the excitement had somewhat subsided, a few of Colonel Sibley's young officers approached him and suggested that he make a night attack for the purpose of rescuing the captives. Those adolescent Indian fighters did not thoroughly understand their dusky foes, and neither did they understand their brave leader. But he understood the Indian and likewise he understood those impetuous officers His reply is obvious—he merely shook his head.

But he communicated with Little Crow and gave that foxy gentleman to understand that if he killed one of those

LITTLE SHIELD'S MOTHER

captives his whole camp would be destroyed, without regard to age or sex.

That message, doubtless, awakened more than ordinary interest in the affairs of life in the Sioux camp, and they held quite a council about it, and smoked more than was good for them, and let forth great volumes of naive oratory before coming to any conclusion in the matter.

There was a rapidly growing number of friendly-to-the-whites Indians in the camp of Little Crow, and he struggled desperately to win them over to his cause, realizing that a house divided against itself must fall. There were too many against him, however, and on the 24th he left the camp with the most loyal of the hostiles, and made off to the northwest. On the 25th Colonel Sibley broke camp and marched in the direction of the Indian camp. He had sent secret instructions to the friendly Indians to get all the captives off to one side and raise a white flag so that in case of a fight the captives would not be injured.

With drums beating and flags flying in the morning sunlight, Sibley's command reached the Indian camp, marched by it a short distance and pitched their tents. He then took two companies of men with their officers and went over to the camp. Leaving the men in safety outside, he with some of the officers, walked boldly into the Sioux camp. This seems like a very brave act, but it must be remembered that Sibley understood the Indian.

A camp crier, or announcer by the name of Round Wind, a windy old Indian 'round the camp, who made his rounds quite often, if it was not too windy, and with

a loud, not to say windy voice proclaimed the orders of the chiefs, came forward. Sibley took this worthy patriarch by the arm and told him—the Colonel spoke Sioux fluently—to announce to the people that they must give up those captives or suffer the consequences. Round Wind did as he was told, and without delay the captives were surrendered.

The poor women could not believe that deliverance had really come. They had been dragged about the country for weeks with scarcely enough clothing to cover their bodies; and with the other abuses heaped upon them, were well-nigh distracted. They clung to Colonel Sibley, holding on to his hands and arms, hysterical with hope and fear. But they were indeed saved, and were well taken care of by Sibley's command.

While there were still a great many Indians in the camp who were antagonistic to the whites, they had not shown fight, and thus Sibley proved that he knew what he was about. Had he made a night attack, as suggested by his officers, the Indians, undoubtedly, would have killed the captives, or else made away with them under cover of the darkness to parts unknown.

Without Little Crow the Indians had no inclination to continue hostilities, and the head men offered to surrender if they would be promised exemption from punishment. Colonel Sibley assured them kindly that he was there to punish the offenders and hang every one that he found guilty of the slaughter of innocent white people. Some of the braves looked real crestfallen at this, and most of them wished that they had remained neutral

in this war, for they were sure that the white chief would carry out his instructions to the letter.

Sibley did not move for several days, and he issued an order that no officer or man of his command should go near the Indian camp. That did seem strange to them. They just could not see through it, the inactivity and the order. But, as said before, they did not understand their commander, and neither did they understand the Indians, while he understood both, which was a happy combination, as we shall see.

Small parties of Indians had left the main camp and gone off fifteen and twenty miles, where they were waiting to see what the white soldiers would do next. But those that remained, after a time, sent out word to them that the troops seemed rather lazy, and they didn't appear to want to fight any more.

And then Sibley noted that the Indian camp grew more and more populous each day. The stragglers were coming in. But there were some small parties who still seemed determined to escape, and detachments of soldiers were sent out to round them up quietly. This was accomplished successfully, Chief Little Crow and his party alone escaping. And here it may be said that Little Crow soon after met the fate that was due him. Wishing to get out of the country he attempted to steal horses, and was shot by some white men in the vicinity of Hutchinson, Minn., and his scalp may be seen today at the state historical rooms in the capitol in St. Paul.

When it was found that no more hostiles could be brought in, Sibley surrounded the camp and quietly ac-

complished the arrest of nearly four hundred warriors. Again was his ability to deal with the Indian proven, and his men learned something more about handling the slippery Sioux. By his game of patiently waiting he had corraled nearly the whole lot. It was, indeed, a rare *coup de grace.*

He then wanted to resign, and suggested that affairs be put into the hands of more experienced military men, and as a result, the government immediately made him a brigadier general and begged him to continue in command. This may have been another preconceived *coup de grace,* who knows, for we find that he acceded to the request and remained at his post.

He organized a military commission of five members which assumed the duties of a court, and they gave the captured Indians what has been termed a fair trial, and 303 were convicted of murder which, at that time, was a serious offense in Minnesota, punishable by death. The rest of the 400 were given a prison term of from one to ten years apiece. The members of Minnesota's original Four Hundred were now very sorry for their past misdeeds, and there was much gloom in their hearts.

However, the findings of the court had to be sent to the President before execution, and when Abraham Lincoln looked over the list his great heart sympathized with the offenders and he carefully weighed the evidence of each as submitted and finally directed that forty be hanged, the rest to be held subject to further orders. In the meantime one of the condemned Indians died and another's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, and

so but thirty-eight were hanged by the neck until dead, at Mankato on December 26th, 1862. This was the largest number of men executed by hanging at one time in America, and it must have been a sight worth seeing. The gallows was erected in the shape of a square, and all were dropped at the same time.

## THE CAMPAIGN OF 1863

During the winter a meeting or council of war was held in Milwaukee with General John Pope, commanding the Department of the Northwest; General Sibley, in command of the military district of Minnesota, and General Alfred Sully, commanding the district of the Missouri. It was believed that 4,000 to 6,000 Indians were still on the borders of Minnesota with hostile intentions towards the whites, and a plan was carefully worked out for their subjugation. It was decided that two separate divisions should operate against them. One under command of Sibley to proceed west through Minnesota and Dakota, and the other, 2,000 cavalry, under Sully, to ascend the Missouri River to form a junction with Sibley's command in the vicinity of Devils Lake, North Dakota.

It was a big undertaking for those times, as the soldiers would have to cover long distances through a country wild and unbroken. The greatest problem was the transportation of ammunition, rations and other necessary impedimenta of an army campaign. But the work of preparation was pushed forward rapidly, and on June 16th, General Sibley left Camp Pope on the upper Minnesota River with 1,400 infantry and 500 cavalry, and started west in quest of hostile Indians.

Nearly all the Sioux of Minnesota had left their reservations after the outbreak, and had passed the winter in

the vicinity of Devils Lake, which they called Spirit Lake, a much nicer name, by the way. The great majority of these Indians were not unfriendly to the whites, but they were afraid that a large force of soldiers would be sent against them to punish indiscriminately all redmen without regard to whether they had all participated in the outbreak or not. They had been led to believe this by Little Crow and his followers as they passed through their camps in flight. By the first of July these peaceable Indians had started toward the Missouri River on a buffalo hunt, and on the way they fell in with that bad fellow, Inkpaduta. They were not in sympathy with him to any extent, but they could not help admiring him for his daring and generalship, and through his very arrogance he assumed command of the entire outfit.

They were hunting buffalo when suddenly Sibley came upon them. He asked for a council, and sent word that he had not come to fight the friendly Indians, but to punish the bad ones. Those designated as the friendlies immediately started toward Sibley's command with the intention of surrendering when one of Inkpaduta's evil young men deliberately shot and killed one of the white soldiers. The fight was precipitated at once. A number of the Indians, both friendly and otherwise, were killed, and the whole body of Sioux retreated before the soldiers. With remarkable skill, which was due to Inkpaduta's leadership, they succeeded in holding back the soldiers while the squaws and children fled in safety. At dark Sibley's command rested while the Indians counciled among themselves and prepared for another bat-

tle. This fight took place near Big Mound, about forty miles east of Bismarck, N. D.

During the night the Indians were joined by a large party of Teton Sioux from the west side of the Missouri River, and with this addition to their forces they felt reasonably certain of overcoming the soldiers. Two days after, which was on the 26th of July, a second engagement took place at Dead Buffalo Lake, a few miles farther to the west, where General Sibley was met by the Indians in full force, but he soon put them to flight without any casualties on his side. It was the policy of Inkpaduta to attack Sibley frequently in order to retard his progress, and at the same time lead him through the most inaccessible part of the country, thereby favoring as much as possible the escape of the women, children and aged.

On the 28th, at daybreak, 2,000 mounted warriors made a furious attack upon General Sibley, but the soldiers stood their ground bravely, and by a heavy fire, convinced the Sioux that their efforts were in vain, whereupon they dashed for the Missouri River, and crossed in great haste near the mouth of Apple Creek, which is about three miles south of the present capital of North Dakota.

General Sully was delayed in his march up the Missouri River, and his command did not reach the point where Sibley drove the Indians across until nearly a month after. His supplies were carried by steamboats, and on account of an unusually low stage of water, and the pilots which were probably not very good, slow progress was made. General Sibley had no facilities for cross-

ing the stream, so after destroying what paraphernalia the Indians had abandoned in their haste, he started back across the hot prairies of Dakota for Minnesota.

When Sully reached Apple Creek he found that a large party of Indians had returned to the east side of the river, and were evidently following Sibley's command, bent on giving it trouble. But the facts of the case were that Inkpaduta believed that the white soldiers would molest him no more, and was returning to resume his buffalo hunt in order to provide his people with food and robes for the coming winter.

A portion of Sully's command was sent ahead, to the southeast, to scout, and at noon of September 3rd, they discovered Inkpaduta's camp at Whitestone Hill. There were about 3,000 souls in the camp, of which 1,000 were fighting men. They surrounded the soldiers, of whom there were four companies under Major A. E. House, and the Indians were so numerous and energetic that the whites believed their time had come. But old Inkpaduta was not in a hurry. He believed, too, that he had the soldiers as good as whipped, and he wanted to pull off their destruction in a manner befitting the occasion. He ordered his warriors to hold off until the necessary preparations could be made for so sublime an event. The squaws began to cook a mighty feast while the warriors painted themselves in all the hideous forms their ingenuity could suggest. Meanwhile the soldiers stood in the square formation, facing out on all four sides, and waited while their thoughts roamed to their far distant homes,

where, doubtless, many of them now wished they had remained.

It took all afternoon for the Indians to get ready for the slaughter, and just when they were about to begin, in the cool of the evening, General Sully hove in sight less than a mile away, his cavalry approaching rapidly. Instantly life took on a brighter hue to House's men, and the apparent easy victory of the Indians now was changed to impending defeat, and they thought of nothing else but to get away. Tepees were pulled down and in a very few minutes the Indian camp was in full retreat. Sully fell upon them from the rear, while House attacked them from the east. But the warriors rallied and met them with the death song on their lips, and during the fight, which lasted an hour, three hundred bit the dust and 250 women were taken prisoners, while Sully lost twenty-two men killed and fifty wounded. All the camp equippage and food supplies of the Indians was destroyed, and the Indians were very much defeated. But this had happened to them so often of late that it was getting to be quite the common thing, and if, perchance, they had once tasted real victory, the rarity of the thing would have turned their heads, no doubt. With Inkpaduta, that day, were Gall, Sitting Bull and Black Moon, but their fame had not yet become widespread.

Whitestone Hill does not show on the maps of today. It is probably no longer in existence, or else the map-makers have overlooked it. Some prosperous farmer has likely smoothed it off with his plow, and is raising those huge wheat crops upon it, that we hear of once in a

while. At any rate, that hill *was* twelve miles west of the present town of Ellendale, North Dakota.

Finding that he could not get into communication with Sibley, who had by now reached Minnesota, General Sully marched his men in a southwesterly direction to the Missouri River where, during the balance of the fall, he built a fort at a point about four miles south of Pierre, which he named in honor of himself. This was the second military post to be built upon the Missouri.

In 1866 this post was abandoned, and a new and finer Fort Sully was built at a point about 33 miles farther up the river, where it did good service in the work of taming the Sioux until 1893, when it was abandoned for good.

## OTHER FORTS AND FIGHTS

In 1864 it was deemed necessary, by the military authorities, to send another large expedition against the Indians of the Northwest in order to subdue them once and for all. General Sully was given an additional number of troops, and with eight steamboats to carry them and the supplies, the expedition set out from Fort Sully early in July. Going up the Missouri River about 240 miles, a stop was made at a point seven miles above the mouth of the Cannan ball River, and Fort Rice was established. Sully left a garrison of four companies there, and with the remainder of the troops started west, going up the winding and picturesque Cannon Ball in search of the hostile Indians who, it was reported, were gathered in large number in camp on the headwaters of the Heart River, which rose not far from those of the Cannon Ball.

Supplies enough to last three weeks were taken by the command, and the steamboats were ordered to go on up the Missouri to a point fifty miles on and above the mouth of the Yellowstone River, there to wait for the arrival of Sully, who by going directly west, would reach the same point. His command was composed of 2,000 cavalrymen, with a large provision train of wagons drawn by mules.

The provision train was left under guard at the headwaters of the Heart River, and on the morning of July

28th the hostile camp was located in the Killdeer Mountains. It was a large camp of about 2,000 fighting men, and they came out on the prairie to meet the soldiers. A fight ensued, with the usual result, Sully was given the decision, killing thirty-two and capturing the camp equipage, but the Indians were not very well armed, and were not anxious to fight the whites in the first place. However, as they were pursued far into the heart of their country there was no alternative but to try and defend their homes.

Then Sully tackled the Bad Lands which lay between him and the Yellowstone River. Coming to the edge of that wild and broken country, where the force of the elements had washed the naked buttes into every conceivable kind of formation, the general is said to have remarked to his officers:

"Gentlemen, there is Hell with the lights out."

And he thought it was so by the time they got through. It was a terrific ordeal for both man and beast, and many horses and mules died by the way. There was no water to drink excepting what was found in stagnant alkali holes, and as the Indians burned off all the grass ahead of the soldiers, forage was very scarce. Progress was extremely slow, as it was hard to find a way for the heavy transport wagons to go, and the men were put on half rations. The Indians followed the command and fired upon it from behind the jagged buttes at most unexpected moments, taking all the enjoyment out of the trip, and making it extremely unpleasant.

They finally dragged out of the Bad Lands and reached the Little Missouri River. Crossing this they proceeded on toward the Yellowstone. The Indians did not bother them now, as the open prairie country did not permit them to approach under cover. But there were other drawbacks of a different nature than had hitherto been encountered, and it must have seemed to them that a higher power than theirs was retarding their progress, or that the very land, or the spirit of the country, did not take kindly to their intrusion. These redmen were Dame Nature's children and she was a demiurge who sympathized with them while they communed with her. And likely, she had the usual antipathy for strangers that we all have, and she aided her old friends, the Indians, by putting everything in the way of the soldiers' advance that would annoy them. Ages before she had fashioned the Bad Lands with the object, no doubt, of giving this very command a touch of that future punishment their brave leader hinted at when he first beheld it. No one knows what else the Bad Lands were created for, so it must have been for that. And now, as the boys in blue approached the open country between the Little Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers, what did she do? She sent billions of grasshoppers, which ate off every spear of grass and turned the land into a veritable desert. That's what she did! And she caused her wind to blow, hot and scorching, from the south, raising the dust of the blistering land in parching, stinging blasts, through which the command dragged its way slowly. And she withheld her rain! What more could she do? With all the help they

got from her, the Indians should have been able to keep the white intruders out of the land for a while longer at least. But those white men had the knowledge and the will power of a mighty race behind them which buoyed them up and urged them onward. It was the cosmic urge, and though it seemed that the very limit of endurance had been reached, they toiled on until they came to the smiling and cool Yellowstone River, and bathed their feverish brows in its limpid waters. What a blessed relief it must have been!

But Dame Nature showed the effect of her handiwork again; they were not through with her by any means. The steamboats were there with the supplies, but on the way up, and a short distance below Fort Union, a trading post at the mouth of the Yellowstone, the *Island City*, the largest and best boat, struck a snag and sank. She carried a large amount of corn for Sully's animals, and barreled pork for the men, and supplies for the establishment of a military post at the mouth of the Yellowstone, all of which were lost, and thus it appears that Dame Nature was guilty of placing that tough, old snag in the river channel with malice aforethought.

The other boats, being smaller, carried barely enough provisions for the command to make its return march on, so the project of establishing the post had to be abandoned for the time being. Sully turned his heels to the northwest and his face to the southeast, and ordering his men to do likewise, gat himself out of there. He stopped by the way and established Fort Berthold, about 100 miles above Bismarck, and for several years it was an import-

A MODERN SIOUX CAMP

ant post on the upper Missouri. On the 8th of September, the command arrived at Fort Rice and put up for the winter.

The Sioux then gave their attention to hunting and molesting the emigrants and military expeditions that ventured into the Dakotas, and until the year 1879 the most of them were constantly on the warpath.

Their mode of living and manner of warfare during this period is now familiar to all seeing people. It is unnecessary to describe it here, and it would be a waste of valuable time. Everybody is conversant with all the details of how they attacked the little frontier posts, captured and burned the emigrant trains, and took captive the fair-haired daughters of the grizzled old frontiersmen, their hasty retreat when the soldiers came to the rescue, or the furious early morning fight when the Indian camp was surprised by the blue coats, and the beautiful long-haired captive maidens were rescued just when they had begun to love the handsome young Indian chiefs. Yes, all have become thoroughly familiar with such scenes, for the moving picture companies have done the work splendidly and comprehensively. They have shown upon the screen every phase of Indian life, and some scenes that are not phases, and while the audiences sat spellbound, they have wantonly slain, right before their eyes, more brave, fighting Indians and soldiers than ever were killed in all the Indian wars this great country has seen.

But there really was some pretty severe fighting between the whites and Indians during this time, and in

the number of men killed the Battle of Fort Phil Kearney ranks high, the account of which I find in a rare volume of *Frontier and Indian Life*, written by the late Joseph Henry Taylor, of Washburn, N. D. He was one of the earliest pioneers of the Dakotas, a quaint and interesting character, a true friend of the Indian, and a man who thought a great deal of the whites. I give the account as written in his own whimsical and picturesque language:

"No military post ever constructed on the far western frontier, during its occupancy, had so much of the tragic —so much speculatitve thought for the believer in the doctrine of foreordination or fatalism, or strange and romantic turns in the after lives of its garrison as Fort Phil Kearney.

"It had been named in honor of the famous officer who lost his life at the head of his troops at Chantilly, September 1, 1862, during Pope's 'In the Saddle' campaign between Washington, D. C., and the Confederate capital.

"The post was one of a chain of forts planned by the government for the protection of the Montana road, a contemplated thoroughfare from the Platte River along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains to the mining districts of Montana.

"An expedition with this object in view left Fort Kearney on Platte River in June, 1866, under command of Col. H. B. Carrington, which consisted of two thousand men (the correct number was only 700 men, F. F.) to be evenly distributed at the different proposed posts. Col. Carrington chose a site on a tributary stream of the

Powder River, and on July 14th, of the same year, work on the new post was commenced under commander Carrington's personal supervision, and by October the fort was enclosed. (This was Fort Phil Kearney. F. F.)

"While the country there had been known as 'Crow Country,' it was at that time, by right of possession, a part of the Sioux domain. The Oglalas (Sioux) under the chief Red Cloud and High Back Bone, a chief of the Minneconjous (Sioux), with their following, were bitterly opposed to the opening of the Montana road through their game preserves, and commenced venting their spleen by harrassing the garrison at Fort Phil Kearney. The beef herd was run off and two soldiers killed during the first week of the military occupation, and frequent repetition of hostile raids with more or less casualties during the balance of the summer months.

"On the 21st day of December of that year, the hostile attacks culminated in a general assault on the wood train and escort. The post outlook had been signalled to for aid, and commander Carrington sent out a relief party of eighty-one men, consisting of both infantry and cavalry, besides two citizen scouts, the whole force under Colonel Fetterman. The Indians were seen on a ridge on the east side of Peno Creek, having retired in a feint from the wood train in order to successfully entrap the coming soldiers. Fetterman, being an impetuous officer (and acting against orders, F. F.) rushed into ambuscade, and in less than two hours all were killed.

"The battle is generally spoken of as the 'Fort Phil Kearney Massacre,' and next to Custer's fight on the Lit-

tle Big Horn, the greatest number of soldiers were killed of any of the latter day battles between the government troops and Indians.

"Among the officers killed beside Col. Fetterman was Captain Brown and Lieutenant Grummond, the latter officer having been placed in charge of the cavalry. He was a handsome, dashing soldier and had left behind him at the fort a young wife, who, when the news was brought to her of the fight, and that her beloved husband was among the slain, the sudden shock threw her into mingled rage and sorrow, and rushing into the quarters of the commanding officer, with disheveled hair and a torrent of sobs, she hurled the most terrific invectives against the unlucky commander's head, charging him with little less than the wilful murder of her husband. Those who heard the interview speak of it as the most tempestuous outburst of fiery invectives and denunciations ever heard from the lips of a pretty woman. Out, venerable chestnut, out! —'O, consistency, thou art a jewel.'

"Come with me, my reader, and leave for a time at least these dreary and monotonous expanses of semi-deserts—and shelterless path of the hot simoons; leave the sight of these eternal snow-capped mountains whose rugged summits hide from you the clear azure of the western sky, and from under and around these foothills where sad memories come in endless chain. Come with me then, in airy flight to Tennessee's green groves and fair fields, in the land of the myrtle, the mistletoe and clinging ivy—the sweet mignonette and fragrant honeysuckle that entwine and perfume the mansions of that sunny land.

"Away again, then, O memories of ill-fated Phil Kearney with its uncanny thoughts—its cheerless deserted vales—its neglected, brier-covered graves of gallant but now almost forgotten dead.

"Come with me then (we're coming, F. F.) to a plantation of historic name in this southern clime and I will show you a picture—with the grace and sight of the year 1888. I will show you a fair lady in her silks and satins—rosy, smiling face touched by the stain of frosts that revolve with the cycle of time. You will see that this lady's hair is twined with blossoms of orange hue. You will see by this lady's side a knightly cavalier, whose hair is silvered somewhat, but whose stately mien and military bearing proclaim him a thorough soldier. How proudly he walks by her side—aye, prouder than when he stood on conquering rampart or received the plaudits of admiring throngs.

"Now, good reader, you have a glimpse of the picture. It is a passing view of the ex-commander of Fort Phil Kearney leading to the altar she whose great heart cries for her murdered husband's sake pealed out in endless echoes through the cold, frosty air on that ever to be remembered December night within the lonely fort of shadowy phantoms in the Powder River wilderness."

So, from what Mr. Taylor tells us, you cannot always tell what the future will bring forth.

The following summer, on August 2nd, another affair took place, that is known as "The Wagonbox Fight." It was at Fort Phil Kearney, and it is worth telling about. The wood train and its guard of twenty-five men of Com-

pany C, 27th Infantry, under Capt. James W. Powell and Lieut. John C. Jenness, was attacked by a large body of Red Cloud's warriors. The wood camp, which was located on an island in the Big Piny Creek, a tributary of the Powder River in northern Wyoming, was destroyed by the Indians. The soldiers and wood-choppers took refuge in an improvised stockade composed of empty wagon boxes placed in a circle on a nearby stretch of open prairie. Holes had been bored in the sides for the men to shoot through, and they lay down or crouched in the wagon beds. They had a good supply of ammunition and the latest improved Springfield rifles, which could be reloaded rapidly. There were enough rifles so that the best shots could use several, one old frontiersman being supplied with eight, while those of the party who could not shoot well were given the task of reloading.

There were at least 3,000 Indians about them, while upon the surrounding hills the old men, women and children were assembled to witness the probable extermination of the whitemen. To begin with, Red Cloud sent 500 of his best men, in full regalia, in a magnificent charge upon the little fortification. It has been claimed by some writers that the Indians were mounted upon their "fleetest ponies," but this is now disputed, so, evidently they went on foot. However, so furious was their advance, and so well-directed was the fire of the soldiers, that when they dashed around and by the stockade, and raced on out of range, the field was strewn with dead and dying Indians. During this charge, brave Lieutenant

Jenness and one private were killed, and two other soldiers wounded.

Red Cloud then planned another assault. He had his men remove all of their fancy regalia until they wore only the breechcloth and moccasins, and seven hundred were detailed as a skirmishing party to creep forward, taking advantage of every protection in the form of depressions of the ground and other covers until they were within range of the stockade, which they should then overwhelm with rifle and arrow fire. They did not come near enough to expose themselves unnecessarily to the terrible guns of the whitemen, but when within range of their own inferior muskets, they opened fire and showered the wagonsides with a merry fusilade. The bullets crashed into the soft wood just above the soldiers' heads, but not a man was hurt. The arrows, having spent their force, fell harmlessly among them, while the men kept silent through it all. Thinking that the soldiers were all killed, the main body of the Indians charged under the leadership of a nephew of Red Cloud, a fine, dashing young chieftain. It was a splendid looking maneuver, and they came forward with a dauntless courage that was admirable. As they drew near, the order was given to fire, and the rifles of the whitemen spoke with deadly effect. Powell, himself, brought down the young chief, but another took his place and led them on until they were so close that some of the soldiers, in their excitement, actually rose to their knees and threw missiles in the faces of the Indians. But just as victory was in their grasp, the

TWO SHIELDS

redmen turned and retreated in haste before the galling fire from the little stockade.

Still undaunted, Red Cloud, sent forth his men, yet a third time, and not until he had made six distinct charges in all, did he make up his mind that he had had enough. But he was mistaken, for had he sent forward his men once more the brave men under Powell would certainly have been overwhelmed, for the ammunition was running perilously low, and many of the rifles were useless from the rapid firing. Red Cloud thought only of recovering his dead and wounded now, and he sent his men forward to subject the wagon stockade to a constant fire while others dragged the disabled from the field. At this moment a detachment of 100 men arrived from the fort, the Indians moved off and Powell and his men were escorted back to the post.

It has been estimated by some that the Indians lost between 67 killed and 120 wounded, and by others that they lost 1,137 warriors. At any rate, there was a heavy casualty list of the Sioux nation's bravest men, and it was a long time before the Indians understood how the soldiers were able to make their guns shoot so fast and so strong. Powell lost only the two men killed and the two wounded, and for many nights the distant hills in the vicinity of the fort resounded with the wailing and chanting of the old Indian men and squaws as they sang the death song for their beloved lost ones.

After this, Red Cloud divided his forces and directed them against all the forts along the Montana trail, and

he made it exceedingly interesting for the soldiers stationed there.

In July, 1867, by act of congress, a peace commission was appointed to confer politely with Red Cloud and other hostile Sioux chiefs, and endeavor to ascertain the cause of their disaffection, as if the government didn't know. It took the rest of the summer and all fall to arrange a meeting with Red Cloud to be held at Fort Laramie, and then the wily old chief did not go down, but sent word that there was just one thing he wanted, and that was the withdrawal of the soldiers on the Montana trail, and that he would try to meet the commission the next spring or summer.

The following year, on April 29th, a treaty was signed with twenty-four chiefs, not including Red Cloud. It was a nice, friendly treaty full of promises of peace and good will on the part of our government, and by it the entire portion of South Dakota from the Missouri River to the silent peaks of the Black Hills was designated and set aside as a reservation for the Sioux. An agency with a set of efficient employees was promised to be built on the Missouri at the expense of the government. Any Indian who so desired was given the right to select 320 acres of land in this domain for farming purposes, and he would be furnished with all necessary farming implements, and in addition he should have the assistance of the agency farmer to help him in his tussle with the virgin soil. A generous amount of rations, in the form of food and clothing would be forthcoming, and schools were to be built for the enlightenment of the Indian children. No white

person could settle upon this reservation, and he would have to obtain special permission from the Indian agent to pass over it. The government further promised that in ninety days after the cessation of hostilities it would withdraw the troops from Forts Phil Kearney, C. F. Smith and Reno on the Montana trail, and abandon the trail, thus leaving Red Cloud's beloved Powder River country west of the Black Hills, open and untrammeled by the contaminating influence of the whiteman for a while at least.

But Red Cloud sent word that he would not sign the treaty nor cease his activities until he saw the positive abandonment of the trail, and after waiting a few months the government actually acceded to his demands and took the soldiers away. Then the independent old chief said he must attend to his fall hunting and get things in shape for winter, so it was not until November 6th, 1868, that he signed the treaty at Laramie in the presence of a large number of his people, thus attaining the greatest victory over the United States government ever accomplished by any man, red or white.

Up to this time the roving bands of Sioux gave considerable attention to the traffic on the Missouri River and the isolated army posts situated thereon. A heavy business was being carried on between St. Louis, Missouri, and Fort Benton, Montana, the head of navigation, by steamboats; the value of the cargoes of furs and gold dust brought down each year amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars. With all this activity on the part of the whites it is small wonder that the Indians did not be-

have. They were constantly on the warpath, sneaking about the little forts, waiting to pick off anyone who dared venture forth, and often shooting into the posts and killing the inmates as they went about their duties. They drove off the cattle herds, and then went down in the river bottom and concealed themselves in the timber and waited for the steamboats to come along so they could take pot shots at the passengers, as they sat in their cane-bottomed chairs enjoying the beautiful scenery. The pilots became a trifle uneasy about such occurrences, and by putting boiler iron on each side of the steering wheel in the pilot houses, endeavored to protect themselves from the missiles of the unreasonable Indians. But sometimes the dusky foe would take up a position on the edge of a high bluff along the river where the boats were compelled to come in close in order to keep in the channel, and then they made it interesting for the pilots by shooting down through the unprotected roof of the pilot house. Unquestionably those were great old days.

When Fort Buford was built, the Sioux did all they could to relieve the monotony of the day's work for the whitemen by firing off their guns in the direction of the post. Joseph Henry Taylor has this to say about the life there:

"Fort Buford was for many years the most noted military post along the upper Missouri River. The site was laid out and building commenced June 15th, 1866, on a high bench of table land on the Missouri, nearly opposite the mouth of the Yellowstone River. For a period reaching over thirty years there had been established and doing

a good business for the proprietors an Indian trading post, located three miles northwest of the new military post.

This trading post was known as Fort Union, and was built from material after the Spanish-American fashion—a composition of sun-dried brick, called adobe. The first resident agent of the fur company at Fort Union, was a Scotch gentleman named Mackenzie. The year 1832, the noted painter and writer, George Catlin, made a several days' stay at this place and was handsomely entertained by the hospitable Gael. The artist found exciting and romantic situation for pen and pencil. The scenes that he and other venturesome travelers describe around Old Fort Union, prove that from the eariiest information we have of that section, that it was a central fighting ground for numerous warlike tribes. Being near the center of the great northern buffalo range, the country thereabout was seldom devoid of inhabitants. A lone butte northeast of the present Fort Buford, a few miles, marks the site of the close of the adventurous career of this Scotch trader. He had been in the habit of riding out for daily exercise, unmindful of the dangers that beset him. One of his favorite points was the butte that now bears his name. From its pinnacle a vast scope of the country could be seen, and he took pleasure in watching the great herds of buffalo that grazed upon the plains. His trips became marked by a band of scalp-hunting redmen, and one day he was ambushed and slain as he was descending from his perch.

It was here also, the chroniclers of the past tell us, that by the frowning mud walls of this old trading post, another agent in charge lost his pretty halfbreed wife, by the aching heart and deft hands of a sturdy South Assiniboine brave, who had been loitering around in front of the fort mounted upon a tractable charger. The pretty wife was basking in the morning sun near the unguarded gateway, when she was suddenly seized by the brawny arms of the impetuous wooer, and lifted up and thrown across his saddle, and plunging his heels into his spirited pony's flanks was soon scurrying across the prairies. The disconsolate husband and a few retainers followed out a short ways but gave up the chase. Whether the young bride was ever recovered by the trader the chronicles do not inform us, a missing link, as it were, in the old adobe fort's history. But the most probable end of the romance was that it took prosaic form, that the prairie nurtured bride found congeniality in the tented life along the Riviere Du Lac, with so gallant an admirer for a protector; while the trader's grief was seared over by the plentiful offers that moved the red parents of pretty maids to place themselves in close alliance with the dispenser of bright calicoes, shining beads and other fineries that tempt the cupidity of the savage breast.

Fort Buford was constructed for a garrison of four hundred men. The first commander was Colonel Rankin, of the old Thirty-first regiment, U. S. Infantry, afterwards consolidated with the present Twenty-second regiment of U. S. Infantry.

After the massacre of the soldiers at Fort Phil Kearney, in December, 1866, large bodies of Sioux moved down the Yellowstone, to the mouth of Powder River, where buffalo were more plentiful; and the Uncpapa Sioux were particularly hostile to the occupation of that section by the military.

In January, 1867, Sitting Bull, then just rising to note among Black Moon's band of Uncpapas, headed a large war party and made a systematic investment of Fort Buford, encamping opposite the post in the timber at the junction of the two great rivers. On one occasion he sallied out with a force of warriors and captured the sawmill near the landing and vigorously beat time on the huge circular saw as a drum, adding his own sonorous voice, while his young braves danced sprightly around on fast time to the disgust of the bad gunners at the fort, who vainly endeavored to turn a corner of their mirth by dropping around them whistling fuseless shells.

Several soldiers and citizens were killed by these Indians in the immediate vicinity of the post during the winter. In the four following years Fort Buford was virtually in a state of siege, twice losing their beef herds and other stock."

With the building of Fort Buford there were now five new military posts on the upper Missouri River, the others being Fort Randall, Fort Sully, Fort Rice and Fort Berthold. The experiences of the men stationed at Fort Buford were duplicated at the other posts, and to the activity of the hostile Indians, other worries were added to make up the sum total of the miseries of the soldiers. The

GRAY HAWK

buildings of the fort were constructed mostly of logs, with dirt roofs and floors. Bedbugs, fleas and other insects came to take up their abode in these rude quarters, and on top of that every fort was visited by a plague of rats. These rats were first brought into the country by the steamboats which came from afar down the Mississippi River, and at Fort Rice, alone, the pesky rodents destroyed 1,000 pounds of corn and other provisions daily. As these supplies were transported by steamboat from St. Louis, at a heavy expense, the loss was no insignificant one. For several years, so aggressive were the rats that the government refrained from sending cavalry to the forts on account of the difficulty of keeping the horses supplied with feed, and of all things, the Cavalry was needed the most in coping with the depredations of the Indians. Which again brings up the subject of Dame Nature and her collusion with the Sioux. We should give her the credit for calling upon the rat tribe to aid her in confounding the enemies of her red children. And for a time she succeeded very well.

So great were the hardships endured by the men at these forts that many became discouraged and deserted when they found a chance to get out of the country. What they had to put up with was almost beyond human endurance, and one can hardly blame them for leaving. Think of the long, lonesome days and nights spent by those men in the rude little forts far, far away from their loved ones at home! During the age-long winters they could not get out of the country, or even communicate with the outside world; and with the possibility of meet-

ing death at any moment, life must have been very hard indeed. In after years, when these forts were enlarged and garrisoned by a large force of men, many of whom had their wives and sweethearts with them, it was vastly different. The posts were then gay places in which to live, and there was just enough of the Indian fighting and campaigning to add zest to the life and make it romantic and interesting. The old army officers and soldiers now say that the most enjoyable part of their service was spent upon the Indian frontier while stationed in the larger forts. So the real suffering and hardships were endured by the little handful of men that were left in a howling wilderness to build forts and pave the way for the coming of the present happy inhabitants of the land, and too much credit cannot be given them for the work they did.

## STANDING ROCK AND FORT YATES

In fulfillment of the treaty of 1868, three agencies were established on the west side of the Missouri River. Whetstone, the first agency, was built at a point eighteen miles above Fort Randall. Cheyenne agency, with a small military post, called Fort Bennett, was established below the outlet of the Cheyenne River, 35 miles above Pierre; and at the mouth of the Grand River, about 60 miles further north, the old pirates of the upper Missouri beat the government and the Indians out of many a dollar's worth of goods which should have been issued according to orders. There was a certain "Major" in charge there for a few years, and his yearly salary did not exceed $2,000, but he left there worth at least $250,000. It did not do him much good, however, for in less than six months he was back in the Indian country, dead broke, and had to work at any thing he could find in order to make a living. Well, the Grand River agency was not occupied long, and in 1873 the last load of movable material was taken away and the place abandoned. A new agency was established about 45 miles on up the Missouri River. It was built on a gently sloping plateau just south of Proposal Hill, and overlooking the mighty Missouri. It was here that the peculiarly shaped rock was found which bears the legend of the petrified squaw, her papoose and dog. For this reason the agency was named Standing Rock, and

because it is the writer's home, it is being given more attention than any of the other agencies in this work. Only twelve soldiers were stationed here at first, but in 1876, Capt. Collins, with Company E, 17th Infantry, was sent down from Fort McKean, and the erection of a military post was begun, adjoining the agency on the south. In 1877 the first troop of cavalry was stationed here, and the post was named Fort Yates, in honor of brave Captain Yates, who fell with Custer.

From this time on this agency and post was the most important Sioux taming plant in the Indian country. Tons and tons of rations have been issued from this point and many thousands of dollars paid out to the Indians. Government employees, soldiers, Indian fighters, pretty girls, missionaries, tourists and some of the world's most famous men have come here, tarried a while and then gone on their way, and still the agency remains. The military post was abandoned in 1903, and in the years following, the old buildings were torn down and the lumber given to the Indians to build pretty houses with, but they used it for firewood, mostly.

In the early nineties, Fort Bennett was abandoned and Cheyenne agency was moved up the Missouri about 30 miles, where it may be found to this day.

## THE COMING OF THE RAILROAD

History often has to deal with the coming of the railroad. Thus in 1872 we find that the Northern Pacific railroad was built as far west as the Missouri River at Bismarck. During the years of '69, '70 and most of '71, the Sioux Indians had been rather quiet, for the reason that they had not been molested in the country which the government had set aside for them, for the Red Cloud treaty of 1868 had practically allowed them the right to all the country north of the North Platte River, which flows east across the middle of the State of Nebraska, and from the Big Horn Mountains to the Missouri River.

But in the early seventies, the government began to establish Indian agencies and forts at different points along the Missouri River, and to lay out reservation boundary lines within which it proposed to confine the Sioux, and teach them how to sow and reap, and eat and sleep in a manner new to them, while they could pine and weep for the good old days that were.

The Northern Pacific railroad wanted to build west to the Pacific Coast across the prairies of Dakota and up the valley of the Yellowstone, and the government was perfectly willing that it should do so, for it meant a great stride toward combining the eastern and western portions of our wide country. The railroad company was promised sufficient military aid should the Sioux offer any objec-

tions to the progress of the work, and it was expected that they would do so very emphatically.

In 1871 a party of surveyors and a detachment of soldiers under Major E. M. Baker of the 2nd Cavalry, went out from Bozeman, Montana, and ran a line east to a point on the Yellowstone River near the mouth of Pryor's Fork, which is about fifteen miles east of the present town of Billings. Another expedition under General Whistler left Fort Rice and went as far as the mouth of the Powder River with a preliminary surveying party. While many hostile Indians were seen, there was no heavy fighting. Major B. F. Slaughter, then stationed at Fort Rice, kept a diary and one of his entries reads as follows:

"OCTOBER 14, 1871"

"The great expedition to the Yellowstone, conducted by engineers of the Northern Pacific railroad and escorted by United States troops, that left Fort Rice, has returned, having successfully accomplished the exploration and survey of a route through Yellowstone valley, reaching to the river of that name and to the mouth of Powder River. The party encountered many hostile Indians and their return march is described as a series of constant skirmishes. But few lives were lost, however, as every precaution was taken to prevent straggling from the main line, it being well known the Indian method of warfare is to hover close to the enemy's outskirts and attack those who stray out of sight. Thus were killed Lieut. Adair of the 6th and Lieut. Eben Crosby of the 17th, two brave and worthy officers. Their dreadful death has filled us all with sor-

row. Lieut. Crosby, following a wounded antelope, had ridden out of sight of his party, no Indians having been seen that day, and all felt secure, so near home were they —a day's ride from the fort. But shortly after he disappeared, a force of Indians appeared in full view on a neighboring hill, among them being an Indian called "The Gaul," well known at Cheyenne agency, who with derisive shouts and taunting gestures, displayed some object in his hand, which by the aid of field glasses was discovered to be the scalp of the unfortunate officer. Search was at once made and his mutilated body found and taken to Fort Rice for burial.

"How I wish the eastern people could see the Indian question as we of the west do, who live in scenes of terror and daily have our ears pained and our souls made sick by some such tale of bloody tragedy."

In August of the next year the work was again taken up from Pryor's Forks and pushed east, but on the night of the 14th the party was attacked by nearly 1,000 warriors under Black Moon, and though the Indians were repulsed, the surveyors had been given the greatest fright of their lives, and they refused to go on with the work, and until more soldiers could be put in the field the work had to be abandoned.

In the same year, 1872, a military post was established near the mouth of the Heart River upon the crest of a high hill overlooking the turbulent waters of the mighty Missouri. This post was built for the housing of the soldiers that were intended for police duty with the surveyors and builders of the railroad from the Missouri

River west. It was named Fort McKean and was large enough to accommodate three companies of infantry. In the following spring General George A. Custer, with the 7th Cavalry, was ordered from his headquarters at Louisville, Ky., to Dakota to act as escort for the Northern Pacific surveyors, and railroad builders. For his accommodation six large cavalry barracks, with the barns and other necessary buildings were erected at the foot of the hill, and the name of the new post was in honor of Abraham Lincoln. The fort on the hill was then abandoned, but until this day, a few small trees stand to mark the spot, and they may be plainly seen from the windows of the Northern Pacific passenger trains as they speed serenely across the big bridge which spans the Missouri River between Bismarck and Mandan. General Custer's troops was the first cavalry outfit to be stationed in the Dakotas along the Missouri River, and proves that the gallant Seventh was not afraid of anything, not even the rats which, as explained before, were so numerous at the frontier posts.

When Custer arrived at Yankton, he was ordered to proceed on up the Missouri River and report to General Alfred H. Terry, who commanded the Department of Dakota. Three steamboats carried the supplies for the command, and in charge of one of the boats was Captain Grant P. Marsh, a man whose name will never die along the whole length of the old Missouri River, for he had the misfortune of being such a good steamboat man that he was always in great demand, and his success brought down upon his luckless head so much of the calumny of

his contemporaries in the business that he never had a happy day in his life, so he often said.

When the 7th Cavalry arrived at Fort Rice—they marched up on the east side of the Missouri and crossed the stream at the fort—a few days was spent in making needed preparations, and farewells were said to the ladies who accompanied the command, among whom were Mrs. Custer and her sister, Mrs. Calhoun. Then on the 20th of June the expedition moved forth across the rolling prairies in the direction of the Yellowstone River, which was in the land of the setting sun.

The force consisted of the 7th Cavalry (with the exception of two troops), five companies of the 22nd Infantry, six companies of the 9th Infantry, four of the 8th, two of the 6th, three of the 17th Infantry, and a detachment of Arickaree scouts, and, of course, a long wagon train of six mules with a "mule skinner" to each wagon, carrying the necessary supplies. General David S. Stanley, then colonel of the 22nd Infantry, was placed in command by General Terry, and the outfit consisted altogether of eighty officers and 1,457 men. They were met a short way out from the post by the citizens which comprised the party of surveyors, the engineer in charge being General T. L. Rosser, a class and roommate of General Custer's at West Point. Their meeting on this trip was the first in thirteen years, and was decidedly enjoyable to both men.

The expedition followed nearly the same route taken by General Sully in 1864, but it did not meet with nearly so many difficulties. The Indians did not molest the long

column of men, and taking it all in all, the march proved to be rather a delightful outing.

The steamboats were sent around by river to a point about twenty miles above the present city of Glendive, on the Yellowstone River, where they were met by the expedition and from where the surveyors worked under escort of the soldiers. In this connection it should be added that the rivers were very convenient for the use of the army at this time, for without them the steamboats could never have made the trip, as they could not go by land. The writer has taken pains to verify this most important truth, and he has found that all the old timers and veterans of that campaign are agreed upon it, which in itself is a remarkable thing worthy of more than passing notice.

There had been no signs of "Injuns," and everything was going on nicely when, one warm day, Doctor Honzinger, a veterinary surgeon, and Mr. Baliran, the regimental sutler, wandered away from the command in search of good drinking water. As they refreshed themselves at a spring in a coulee, and were searching among the pebbles for curios, seven painted and hostile Sioux came down the creek, riding their ponies in single file. They were blowing on eagle bone whistles in a brave way, but the careless whitemen never saw them until the leader was fitting an arrow to his bow for the purpose of doing them bodily injury. They sprang to their horses, but Baliran failed to catch his, and an arrow pierced him above the abdomen. Honzinger succeeded in mounting his horse, but it was too heavy and fat to get away from the Indians' fleet ponies, and he too was killed. The leader of the

Indians caught the horse and counted *coup* on the man. That is to say, he touched him with his coup stick or an arrow, and thus gained the honor of the killing.

It turned out later that this Indian was none other than Rain-in-the-Face, the Sioux chief of many hyphens, who was afterwards immortalized by Longfellow in his poem, *The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face*, some of which reads:

"Revenge, cried Rain-in-the-Face,
Revenge upon all the race,
Of the white chief with yellow hair; (Custer.)
And the mountains dark and high,
From their crags re-echoed the cry,
Of his anger and despair."

On the same day of the killing of the two whitemen, Custer came near meeting a premature death. He was surrounded in a small patch of timber, with the advance guard, by a large war party of Sioux, but was rescued by the arrival of several troops which had been sent out to find the Indians under Rain-in-the-face.

There was more fighting between the soldiers and the Indians after that, but the latter, in every instance, were whipped. The railroad survey was carried to completion, and the troops retired gracefully to the garrisons on the Missouri River, leaving the country in the hands of the now thoroughly aroused Sioux.

During the long days and nights of the following winter the soldiers put in the time cutting wood to keep the fires a-going, danced gaily in the post halls, and wrote long letters to the friends back home; drew their pay and

otherwise had a good enough time, while the Indians sat around their camp fires and, as Longfellow says, "Muttered their woes and grief and the menace of their wrath." The despised palefaces were certainly not doing the right thing by them, they thought, and the whites were not people who would keep their word, for they had promised in the treaties not to bother the Sioux in the country between the Missouri River and the mountains, and it seemed that they could never be trusted again. Something must be done.

The Black Hills country was the most beloved of all the Sioux possessions, and, according to the treaty rights, they were to remain unmolested in its possession. However, Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan, commanding the Military Division of the Missouri, recommended that a fort be constructed there for strategical reasons, and General Custer was sent out from Fort Lincoln, in the summer of 1874, with a large force, to explore the Black Hills country and make a report as to the feasibility of building the fort, and also to report upon the natural resources of the country.

His trip was a most enjoyable one, as the command passed through a land of sunshine and flowers, and his report of what he found in the "Hills" was sufficient to arouse the whole nation to a fever heat. It was a gold-bearing region, and every mother's son in the land, when he heard that, felt that if he went there he would surely strike it rich. The gold fever seized thousands, and a grand rush was precipitated to the new Eldorado. But, wonder of wonders, the United States troops promptly

ejected the intruders, and for once a treaty with the Sioux was upheld for a while. However, the clamor of the white people was too great, and the government was prevailed upon to throw open the coveted land to settlement without delay or regard for any treaties it had foolishly made with the Indians.

It may be readily observed that the Sioux did not take kindly to this at all. They were real angry about it, but what could they do? Their only recourse was to put up a fight, and this, we find, they endeavored to do. In writing a history like this it would not be fair to allow the Indians to give in to all these impositions without showing a little spunk, besides, our regard for them would be diminished and it would make very uninteresting reading if they remained acquiescent through it all. But no one shall be disappointed on that score, for they did fight, and they fought hard.

SIOUX VICTORY DANCE

## THE PASSING OF CUSTER

The Government wanted the Sioux Indians to cease their roaming and come in and settle down upon the reservations that had lately been set aside for them. But this the most of them refused to do. They were having a perfectly good time hunting and moving about from place to place in the land which they considered theirs by right of conquest with the neighboring tribes, such as the Crows, Mandans and Arickarees. They were living their lives as their fathers had taught them to, and they could not see the proposition in the same light as the Government did at all.

So early in December of 1875, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs issued an order, or an ultimatum to all these roving tribes of the Big Horn River country to come in to the reservations at once or he would turn the entire United States army upon them. When this order reached the Sioux Indian country it was in the throes of an exceptionally hard winter. Snow covered the ground to a depth which precluded all travel, especially by the women and children, and even the scouts who carried this decree to the camps of the chiefs, could not return to the agencies. Even if the Indians had been inclined to obey the order, it would have been foolhardy for them to attempt the long trip, and when they failed to respond, the

Commissioner became very impatient and called upon the army to forcibly bring them in.

This brings us up to 1876, that memorable year when the Centennial Celebration was held in Philadelphia, or was it Pittsburgh? One hundred years before that, certain wise men drew up the Declaration of Independence; and on June 25th, a century later, almost to the day, what remained of the fighting manhood of the North American Indians demonstrated *their* love of their country and liberty by annihilating General Custer's command in the never-to-be-forgotten battle of the Little Big Horn.

General Phil Sheridan planned the campaign. From three different points on the border of the Indian country he ordered the concentration of the army. These points were Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota; Fort Fetterman, Wyoming, and Fort Ellis, Montana. General Terry was in charge of operations at Lincoln, General John Gibbon at Ellis, and General George Crook at Fetterman. The Indians were under the leadership of the great chiefs Gall, Crazy Horse, Inkpaduta and Sitting Bull. Their forces were concentrated in the Little Big Horn country, and they had a very formidable outfit at their command, nearly 4,000 hostile Sioux warriors.

On the first day of March, 1876, General Crook left Fort Fetterman with ten troops of cavalry and four companies of infantry. On the 17th they captured the village of Crazy Horse on the headwaters of the Powder River. But the Indians rallied and fell upon the soldiers, forcing them to retreat, and they were so hard pressed that it was

with great difficulty that the command regained the Fort. Crazy Horse had got first blood.

On March 30th, General Gibbon with six companies of the 7th Infantry, and four troops of the 2nd Cavalry, with numerous scouts and a long wagon train, moved out of Fort Ellis. They were met by very few Indians, and for two months they marched down the north bank of the Yellowstone River, and on June 8th formed a junction with the forces of General Terry at the mouth of the Powder. The probable reason why the Indians did not molest Gibbon was that his command was on the north side of the river, which was claimed by the Teton Sioux as the northern boundary line of their domain, having wrested the land from the Crows as far back as 1822. Had Gibbon's command marched down the south side of the Yellowstone River instead of the north side, they likely would have met some of the Sioux before they got very far.

On May 29th, General Crook again left Fort Fetterman with forty-seven officers and 1,000 men, the largest force ever put in the field under one man against the Sioux. Crazy Horse sent him word that if he attempted to cross the Tongue River he would be attacked. And the great chief kept his word, for when Crook had crossed the stream and was making his way down the winding Rosebud, he was attacked at sunrise of the 17th of June, by an enormous body of Indians. They fought all day and forced him to retreat again, with twenty-seven wounded and ten dead. In this encounter the Sioux won one of the greatest victories of Indian warfare. Crook was positively whipped, and had to go into camp, and a very

much surprised man was he. What were the Indians up to anyway? But though Crazy Horse could probably have annihilated Crook's command had he renewed the attack the next day, he withdrew his warriors in the night and hastened to join forces with Gall and the other Sioux chiefs in their camp on the Little (old) Big Horn.

On the morning of May 17th, General Terry left Fort Lincoln with twelve troops of the 7th Cavalry under command of Custer, two companies of the 17th and one of the 6th Infantry; a battery of three Gatling guns in charge of men of the 20th Infantry, and forty Arickaree Indian scouts.

Through an unfortunate turn of events, General Custer had evoked the displeasure of President Grant and Secretary of War Belknap; and but for the solicitations in his behalf of Terry and Sheridan, Custer would have been prevented from taking any part in the campaign of 1876. As it was, he went out as Lieutenant Colonel of the 7th Cavalry only.

In her interesting book, "*Boots and Saddles*," Mrs. Custer gives a graphic description of the departure of the noble Seventh from Fort Lincoln. It follows:

"The morning of the start came only too soon. My husband was to take sister Margaret and me out for the first day's march, so I rode beside him out of camp. (The troops had been sent out of the post barracks and into camp a short distance below the fort while preparations for the campaign were being made, F. F.) The column that followed seemed unending. The grass was not then suitable for grazing, and as the route of travel was

through a barren country, (it is not so considered nowadays, F. F.) immense quantities of forage had to be transported. The wagons themselves seemed to stretch out interminably. There were packmules, the ponies already laden, and cavalry, artillery and infantry followed, the cavalry being in advance of all. The number of citizens, employees, Indian scouts and soldiers was about twelve hundred. There were nearly seventeen hundred animals in all.

"As we rode at the head of the column we were the first to enter the confines of the garrison. About the Indians' quarters, which we were obliged to pass, stood the squaws, the old men and the children singing, or rather moaning, a minor tune that has been uttered on the going out of Indian warriors since time immemorable. Some of the squaws crouched on the ground, too burdened with their troubles to hold up their heads; others restrained the restless children who, discerning their fathers, sought to follow them. * * * (In passing through the post many sad scenes were enacted as the soldiers waved a last farewell to their wives and little ones, F. F. and) when our band struck up "The Girl I Left Behind Me," the most despairing hour seemed to have come. * * *

"From the hour of breaking camp, before the sun was up, a mist had enveloped everything. Soon the bright sun began to penetrate this veil and dispel the haze, and a scene of wonder and beauty appeared. The cavalry and infantry in the order named, the scouts, pack-mules and artillery, and behind all the long line of white-covered wagons, made a column altogether some two miles in length.

As the sun broke through the mist a mirage appeared, which took up about half of the line of cavalry, and thenceforth for a little distance it marched, equally plain in sight on the earth and in the sky.

"The future of the heroic band, whose days were even then numbered, seemed to be revealed, and already there seemed a premonition in the supernatural translation as their forms were reflected from the opaque mist of the early dawn. * * *

"The steamers with supplies would be obliged to leave our post and follow up the Missouri to the mouth of the Yellowstone, and from thence on to a point on that river where the regiment was to make its first halt to renew the rations and forage. He (General Custer) was sanguine that but a few weeks would elapse before we could be reunited, and used this argument to animate me with energy to meet our separation.

"As usual we rode a little in advance and selected camp, and watched the approach of the regiment with real pride. They were so accustomed to march, the line hardly diverged from the trail. There was a unity of movement about them that made the column at a distance seems like a broad dark ribbon stretched smoothly over the prairie.

"We made our camp the first night on a small river a few miles beyond the post. There the paymaster made his disbursements, in order that the debts of the soldiers might be liquidated with the sutler.

"In the morning the farewell was said, and the paymaster took sister and me back to the post."

And thus the gallant Seventh marched away to defeat.

RAIN-IN-THE-FACE

Arriving at the Yellowstone, General Terry took up his headquarters on board the government chartered steamer *Far West*, Capt. Grant Marsh in command, and on June 8th she left the mouth of Powder River and steamed up to a point about fifteen miles below the Tongue River, where General Gibbon, who had marched down the Yellowstone from Fort Ellis, was met, and a short conference held between the two generals. The Far West then returned to the Powder with Terry, and Gibbon returned to his command with orders to retrace their steps back up the Yellowstone in order to cut off the possible retreat of the Sioux to the north across that stream, and to meet General Terry again opposite the mouth of the Rosebud.

Leaving the infantry and wagons at the Powder River, General Custer, with the cavalry, marched for the Tongue River, on June 15th, while General Terry and his staff followed on board the steamer. Major Reno, with six troops of the Seventh, had been scouting south of the Yellowstone since the 11th, and on the 19th Terry received a dispatch from him stating that he was marching down the Rosebud. Upon receipt of this information Terry and Custer hurried on from the mouth of the Tongue River, and on the morning of the 21st they met Reno at the mouth of the Rosebud, and re-united their forces with his. Gibbon's troops had arrived on the opposite shore of the Yellowstone, a week earlier, and the three generals held a council of war on board the Far West.

It was decided that Gibbon should proceed on up the Yellowstone to a point opposite the mouth of the Big Horn, where he would be ferried over by the steamer, after which he would move up the valley of the Big Horn. Custer was to march up the valley of the Rosebud until he struck the trail of a large body of Indians moving west, discovered by Reno, and then he would turn west, following the trail, and strike the valley of the Big Horn at about the time General Gibbon would reach that point, when the two commands would unite to crush the Sioux, who it was believed were encamped somewhere on the Big Horn, or on the Little Big Horn, which enters the Big Horn from the southeast. From all indications the generals believed their numbers did not exceed 800 warriors. Later developments proved that there were at least 3,000 warrions, and nearly 12,000 persons in all in the great Sioux camp, enjoying themselves by scouting and hunting during the day, and dancing and telling stories during the night.

With a brave farewell, Custer left Terry and Gibbon and the steamer Far West at the mouth of the Rosebud on the afternoon of June 22nd. His fine long hair had been cut—a bad omen among frontiersmen—but he wore his suit of buckskin, and headed his troops in picturesque array up the green and smiling valley of the Rosebud. His command consisted of 583 enlisted men and 31 officers, comprising 12 troops of the 7th Cavalry, the entire regiment; and five white scouts, twenty-five Ree and six Crow scouts, and a long train of pack mules carrying provisions and ammunition. As his personal guests he

had Autie Reed, a nephew, Boston Custer, a brother, and Mark Kellog, newspaper correspondent for the New York Herald and the Bismarck Tribune.

On the evening of the 24th the command camped at a point where the large Indian trail, previously discovered by Reno, turned west in the direction of the Little Big Horn River. They were now about 85 miles to the south and above the mouth of the Rosebud.

At eleven o'clock that night Custer moved forward, up through the hills to the west, hoping to get over to the valley of the Little Big Horn, by daylight, in order to strike the Indian camp, which was supposed to be located there. But at 2 a. m., which was now the 25th, and Sunday, he found that he could not make it, so the command was again halted and a rest taken until 6 o'clock. They then crossed the divide between the Rosebud and Little Big Horn, and at about 8 o'clock the scouts reported the location of the huge Indian camp, as it lay basking in the warm morning sunlight on the west side of the Little Big Horn, or Greasy Grass, as it was called by the Indians. It was still several miles away, but the Sioux scouts from it could be seen standing afar on the hilltops watching the advance of the troops, and wondering, probably, why they were desecrating the Sabbath day by looking for a fight. Had Custer gone into camp right then and observed the day of rest as he should have done, he might have lived to tell a different story than is being set down here.

In the great Indian camp there were seven distinct tribes, as follows: Unepapas, under Chiefs Gall and

Black Moon; some Santees and Yanktonais, under Inkpaduta, the renegade chief of the Minnesota outbreak; Blackfeet, under Scabby Head; Minneconjous, under Fast Bull; San Arces, under Fast Bear, and the allies of the Sioux, the Northern Cheyennes, under Ice Bear, and some Arapahoes.

Sitting Bull was the great chief and leading spirit among all the Indians assembled, his power accruing from his abilities as a medicine man and prophet, and sagacious counselor. It is claimed that he was not a great brave, in the true sense, and preferred to do his fighting on paper, as it were, in the quiet seclusion of the council tepee. And when the soldiers came in sight that morning he busied himself in helping the women to pack what they could for instant flight, and as the fight progressed he left the camp with his women and children and struck out for the fastnesses of the Big Horn Mountains to the west. He was well on his way, when he was overtaken by a courier who informed him that the whites were whipped, whereupon he returned to the camp and claimed all the credit for the victory, for he had prophesied it the day before, and prayed to the Great Spirit to bring it about, and then went off in the hills in order to protect his sacred person from injury, in order that his people would not lose so valuable a man as he. Of all things Sitting Bull was a beforehanded man.

At 9 o'clock, Custer halted the command and had officers' call sounded by his trumpeter. After a short consultation with his subordinates, he ordered Major M. A. Reno to take three troops and a company of Ree scouts

and proceed straight ahead in a northwesterly direction, to ford the river and strike the Indian camp at the south end, which was the up river end as the Little Big Horn flows to the northwest. Capt. F. W. Benteen, with three troops was directed to move west and cross the river at a convenient ford, and scout to the south of the camp, where he would be safe from any chance to cover himself with glory, and where he might be able to cut off the possible retreat of the Indians who would naturally strike for the mountains. Capt. T. M. McDougall, for certain reasons, was late in attending the council of officers, and Custer, though he liked him, told him to take his troop and guard the pack train in the rear, a duty that was in the form of a reprimand for his unseemly tardiness. Custer, with the remaining five troops, continued toward the north end of the camp, and expected to cross the river and strike it there, thus hemming the innocent Indians between two fires, his and Reno's, and possibly three fires, should Benteen get behind the camp soon enough.

At 11 o'clock, as the day was growing very warm, and the good people of the eastern states were attending church in safety, Custer came in sight of the Indian camp. He could see but a small portion of it through the gaps in the foot hills, and probably did not realize that it extended for nearly four miles along the opposite side of the stream, and that it contained approximately 12,000 souls, and nobody knows how many dogs. It was about two miles distant and looked very peaceful and somnolent in the hot summer sun. Many ponies were grazing on the partly green hills back of it, and with the winding

stream before it, fringed with brush and patches of heavy timber here and there, must have presented a wonderful scene of primordial simplicity.

But to the seasoned Indian fighters who rode with the command, the huge camp had other aspects besides being pretty. It contained the potential fighting strength of the great Sioux nation, and it seemed to be lying there as a great creature waiting to spring at the offenders at the slightest provocation. To these men, who were not out looking for fame or fortune, there was born a consciousness of this latent power spread before them, and they were decidedly apprehensive, and the Indian scouts were even more so, for they had prepared themselves for death by being annointed by their medicine men and indulging in solemn prayer-dances. And old "Mich" Buyer, Custer's leading scout, is said to have remarked sententiously, "Well, you bet you are going to have a hell of a big fight!"

To the men in the ranks, mere automatons, the bold advance of the cavalry was in itself ominous. The very dust that arose in clouds from the column as it wound about through the hills, the squeak, squeak of the saddles, the tinkle of the accouterments, the cough of the horses, and the crunch, crunch of their hoofs as they toiled through the grass, were familiar sounds of the daily march now made portentious of impending disaster. And the thoughts of these men must have dwelt on many things, on the well-remembered scenes at home—of mothers, sweethearts and wives, and thus it was that they almost mechanically drank deep and hearty from the canteens

of whisky that were freely supplied them in order to bolster up their courage, you know.

Reno crossed the river, as directed, and approached the camp from the south, but soon he found that instead of fleeing before him in panic-stricken disarray, the Indians were coming toward him in most astonishing numbers. A patch of heavy timber on the river nearby welcomed him and he sought protection there. Dismounting his men, he made a stand of short duration, in which he lost heavily, and then seeing that the odds were too great, he remounted his men and retreated precipitately across the river, and climbed the heights there and gathered his men around him on top of a high hill overlooking the valley and the camp below. In the meantime Benteen had also crossed the river, but had not gone far when he received an order from Custer hastily written by his adjutant, Lieut. W. W. Cook. It said: "Benteen, come on. Big village, Be quick, Bring packs, P (S) bring packs." He turned back, recrossed the river and moved down the east side until he found Reno's command on the hill, where he decided it was best for him to remain, as it was patent that he could not reach Custer. Capt. McDougall also joined Reno, with the pack train, and the combined commands prepared to hold off the Indians as well as they could. But the Sioux had not followed Reno in large numbers as the approach of Custer was heralded through the camp and the most of the warriors raced back through the camp to meet him at the north end, leaving only enough men to keep Reno from moving down from the hill.

LOON, A YOUNG SIOUX

To Reno's command came the sounds of heavy firing to the north where Custer was some place hidden from view in the hills, and Captain Weir with one troop was sent forth to the rescue, but soon returned, as the Indians were very thick in that direction.

Presently, or along toward the middle of the afternoon, the firing ceased, and at six o'clock Reno was furiously attacked. This engagement lasted until nine o'clock, when the Indians drew off in order to celebrate the doings of the day by indulging in large victory dances given by each of the separate bands in their camps. Reno was left with 18 men killed and 46 wounded. He threw up intrenchments and fortified himself as well as he could by the aid of the carcasses of the dead horses and mules. The men suffered cruelly from thirst as the day had been very warm and the constant fire of the Sioux sharpshooters prevented them from going down to the river for water, though several men met death in vain attempts to do so.

Very early on the morning of the next day, Reno was again attacked in one of the most furious assaults ever known to have been made by hostile Indians. It lasted from 2:30 a. m., until the middle of the forenoon, when after a grand charge in which the painted Indians came near enough to use their arrows, they withdrew. So well were the soldiers intrenched, however, that very few were killed or wounded.

As the day advanced the Indians were seen to be making preparations toward breaking camp, and that evening they set fire to the prairie grass, and moved off to the west under cover of the smoke, in a great horde, in the

general direction of the mountains. The reason for their going was that during the day their scouts had brought in the startling news that the country to the north, along the Big Horn River, was full of the "walking" soldiers, and they were coming. This was Terry's and Gibbons' commands, and the Indians felt that they had had enough fighting, besides their ammunition was running low, and dissension had come among them.

Terry's entire command consisted of four troops of the 2nd Cavalry, five companies of the 7th Infantry, and a battery of gattling guns. At 10:30 o'clock on the next day, which was the 27th of June, he reached the Custer battlefield and joined forces with Reno, who had that morning moved down from the hill to the river and was busily engaged in taking care of his wounded and reorganizing his forces. On the opposite side of the river, nothing but the ashes of the dead camp fires, the crushed grass where the tepees had stood and the dry bones of dead animals, which had been killed for food, remained to show where the great Sioux nation had camped.

Until this time nothing had been heard from Custer, and when the men of Terry's and Reno's commands visited the battle ground, the sad evidences of the terrific struggle was conveyed to them by the remains of Custer and his men lying where they fell.

Briefly, Custer had marched his men toward the north along the crest of the hills bordering the valley until he came to a point opposite the end of the camp. Then he turned toward the river, and as he rode down onto the bottom land he ordered his men to charge, for the In-

dians were coming towards him in large numbers from the other side of the stream. He was met by overwhelming odds and immediately retreated toward the hills. Gall and Crazy Horse, and no doubt other chiefs as well, sent many of their warriors up through the ravines to get behind the soldiers. Gaining the top of the hill, Custer dismounted the men of two troops and sent the horses down in a ravine, four horses being led by one man, but there was no time to carry out any defined plan of defense. The Indians charged from the hills and rode right over the soldiers, and in a very few minutes every man was killed or dying, and the Indians were swarming over the field, brandishing their rifles and shooting in all directions, intoxicated with victory.

With Custer, that day, fell 191 enlisted men, twelve officers, four civilians and two Crow scouts. The most prominent names as preserved by the historians are Capt. M. W. Keogh, Capt. Tom Custer, brother of the general, Capt. Geo. W. Yates, Lieut. James Calhoun, and Autie Reed, Boston Custer, "Mich" Buyer and Mark Kellogg, civilians.

The total loss of men, including those who fell with Reno was 246 enlisted men, sixteen officers, eleven civilians and scouts, while the wounded numbered fifty-two. According to reliable accounts the Indians lost only sixty-three killed during all the fighting, while the number wounded has never been determined as they were carried away by their friends.

Under the direction of General Terry the bodies of Custer's men were identified and buried where they fell, and

Reno's wounded were carried, with great difficulty, to the mouth of the Little Big Horn and placed aboard the steamer Far West.

Captain Grant Marsh, after ferrying Gibbon's command across the Yellowstone at the mouth of the Big Horn, had succeeded in forcing his boat up the latter mountain torrent by the aid of lines put out on both sides of the boat ahead and fastened to trees, while the other ends were passed around the capstans on the forecastle. It was necessary to do this most of the way, a distance of fifty-three miles, as the stream was so swift that the stern wheel of the boat was not powerful enough to push her against it. The bringing of the boat to this point was done in order to place the supplies she carried as near as possible to the field of operations. It was a feat never before accomplished, and probably has not since been duplicated, and the Far West was not a small boat, either, being 190 feet long by 33 in width, and she could carry 400 tons on 4 1-2 feet of water.

So, now we have the story of the Custer fight as it is preserved for us by many diligent historians. We have heard the battle described from the whiteman's viewpoint, but seldom do we find an account of it from the Indian's side. There were in the neighborhood of 12,000 Indians in the vicinity of the fight at the time, and I am sure that if we could get each one to give us his version of it, we would have just 12,000 stories, each different in certain particulars, no two would be alike. Therefore, we may as well content ourselves, in this work, with what one Sioux has had to say. Through the aid of an interpreter,

and in his language, I have the story of old Paints Brown to offer; I give it as 'twas told to me:

"Paints Brown said that the soldiers were first seen by the Indian scouts quite early, and when they came in sight of the camp, the sun was rather high. It must have been about eight o'clock, for breakfast was over, but the fires were still smoking.

"There was not much excitement, and at first we thought it would be better to surrender as there were so many soldiers in the country, but when Custer came in poked and hit the interpreter quite hard at times as he sight, there were not so many, and the word was sent around the camp to get ready. We sneaked from our tents through the tall grass to where our ponies were picketed and drew them to us by the long ropes. I was one of the first to mount, but the others followed quickly, and we raced towards the soldiers as the bullets came switching through the grass and through the leaves of the trees. But we were not excited. (Reno's bullets.)

"And we fought, and the soldiers fought, and when we chased the first lot across the river, we turned and went for those on the hills. The smoke and dust was very thick—you couldn't see anything, and we killed lots of our own men because they got in the way.

"Pretty soon the soldiers started to run and we went after them, but it wasn't long before they were all killed or wounded. We couldn't tell who was Custer—we could n't tell anything, their faces were covered with dust and their eyes and mouths were full of it."

The interpreter said that old Paints Brown grew very much excited as he told the story, and jumped from his chair every now and then and danced around, and made motions like he was shooting a gun or an arrow, as he endeavored to illustrate with convincing gestures his story, and whenever he got to going too ferocious it was necessary to give him another drink out of the bottle to sort of appease his feelings, as it were. The most interesting part of his story follows:

"We found a soldier sitting against the dead body of his horse. He was alive, but had been shot through the abdomen. He could speak a little Sioux, and he said—'My friends, I am in a bad way. I wish you would take me to a tent.' We got off our horses and crowded around, and one of us spoke up, 'Why, he is my friend!' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I was at Standing Rock and at Fort Lincoln.' We got on our horses again, and two of us reached down and took him under the armpits and tried to lead him away, but he said, 'Oh, I can't walk, my legs hurt!' And then he dropped down and died.

"We were looking around and we found Captain Keogh, but left him alone, for we saw that he wore a scapulary, and we said that he was a Black Robe man. We dressed ourselves in the uniforms and put on the swords, and took the flags and bugles and marched around, and we marched toward Reno that way too.

"And Reno was up on a hill across from our camp, and his men were lying in trenches, and they didn't have any water all day, and it was very hot. Once in a while a soldier would start down the bluff, a-sneaking through

the grass. He'd stop and lay still and then he'd crawl along again, and we'd let him get pretty close to the river's edge, and we'd shoot him. Once a soldier got clear down to the water and drank, and filled some round things with stoppers in them with water (army canteens) and started back, but we played with him and shot him.

"And we did n't see Sitting Bull, He was off somewhere in the hills with the women, I think. We saw Comanche, the horse—the only one that got out of the fight—going toward the river. It was Keogh's horse, and it was wounded and walked very slow. We did not think much about it and let it go, and the whites got it. But we didn't see Sitting Bull.

"The soldiers had lots and lots of money, and we took it. We knew what the silver was, but the paper we didn't know. And the children played with it, they made little tepees out of it, and put about one hundred dollars in bills together and made toy shawls, and some of it was bloody.

"And after we saw what we had done, some of us thought we would get hung like the Indians did at Mankato, and some of us thought we would not get any rations if we went back to the reservations; and we heard that the country was full of more white soldiers coming, and we were all scared, so we broke camp next day and left. We traveled at night, to the north, and camped during the day. We sent out scouts in every direction, but didn't see any soldiers. We brought our wounded with us, and they died all along the way, and we buried them, and our hearts were bad. The women also buried

SIOUX MOTHER AND CHILD

lots of the trinkets, like rings and things they took from the dead soldiers, because we were scared. We had done more than we thought we ever could do, and we knew that the whites were very strong, and would punish us."

Thus Paints Brown gives us his impressions of that historic fight when the flower of the noble Seventh Cavalry went down to defeat. But those brave men have perpetuated their memory forever with the patriotic American people. They rode unflinchingly to certain death, while acting in the line of duty. They were not fighting to protect their homes—as Plato says, "Soldiering was their business, not money-making"—there was nothing personal about it. They had sworn to go where they were told, and without a questioning word, they followed their dashing leader, that coming generations might live in peace and prosperity in the land they so gallantly fought for. Mrs. Custer closes her story, *Boots and Saddles*, by telling how she and the other women of Fort Lincoln sought solace by gathering at "our house" on Sunday afternoon, June 25th, on the very day that the fight took place, but of which they were not apprised until several days later. She says:

"* * * Our little group of saddened women, borne down with one common weight of anxiety, sought solace in gathering at our house. We tried to find some slight surcease from trouble in the old hymns, some of which dated back to our childhood days, when our mothers rocked us to sleep to their soothing strains. I remember the grief with which one fair young wife threw herself on the carpet and pillowed her head in the lap of a tender

friend. Another sat dejected at the piano, and struck soft chords that melted into the notes of the voices. All were absorbed in the same thoughts, and their eyes were filled with far-away visions and longings. Indescribable yearning for the absent, and untold terror for their safety engrossed each heart. The words of the hymn—

'E'en though a cross it be,
Nearer my God, to thee.'

came forth with almost a sob from every throat.

"At that very hour the fears that our tortured minds had portrayed in imagination were realities, and the souls of those we thought upon were ascending to meet their Maker."

We can only bow our heads in mute sympathy for those splendid women for whom the disaster was profoundly more terrible than it was for anyone else. They bore the heaviest burden of all, having lived in such intimate association with the men who fell, sharing with them all the exciting phases of their frontier life; constantly apprehensive that some such calamity befall their loved ones —their anguish in this time of despair must have been well-nigh unbearable.

## THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ORDER OF THINGS

The whole of the lower deck of the steamer Far West, aft of the boilers, was converted into a huge sick bed for the wounded, and they were made as comfortable as possible. "Comanche," Keogh's horse, the only animal that survived to return to the whites, was also taken aboard and placed in an improvised stall in the engine room between the rudder posts.

After all preparations had been duly made, Captain Marsh started his boat down the narrow and swift waters of the Big Horn River. At the mouth of that stream, the boat waited two days for the arrival of Gibbons' command, which had to be ferried over the Yellowstone to the north shore, so it was not until 5 o'clock on the afternoon of July 3rd that she finally got away for the run down the Yellowstone and Missouri to Fort Lincoln. It was a distance of 710 miles and she made the run in 54 hours flat. She made three landings, once at the mouth of the Powder to bury one of the men who died on the way, and at Fort Buford to put off a wounded Ree, and at Fort Stevenson. Then with flags at half mast she dropped swiftly down the Missouri, which, fortunately, was high and wide with the June rise, and she reached Bismarck, five miles above Lincoln, at 11 o'clock on the night of July 5th, and brought the first authentic news to the world of the Custer fight.

Capt. Marsh was master and pilot, but of course he did not bring the boat down all alone. He had other good men and true with him, and his second pilot, old Dave Campbell, was as good a navigator as ever cast his eagle eye over the murky waters of the mighty "Mizoo." It may be said here that he died at Yankton a few years ago without leaving any worldly goods behind, and Captain Marsh also went to his reward on January 2nd, 1916, and was buried in the Catholic cemetery at Bismarck, and he too left nothing but fond memories of him behind.

At 2 o'clock on the morning of July 6th, the Far West backed away from the Bismarck landing, swung around and straightened out for Fort Lincoln. Arriving there the wounded were placed in the post hospital, and the widows and orphans of the men who fell learned the truth for the first time, and most awful was their sorrow.

General Sheridan now rushed additional troops into the field, as the forces of Terry and Cook and Gibbon were badly crippled. He ordered Crook to join Terry, and sent Lieut.-Colonel E. S. Otis, with six companies of the 22nd Infantry; Colonel Wesley Merritt, with the Fifth Cavalry, and Colonel Nelson A. Miles, with six companies of the Fifth Infantry, into the Indian country. Merritt was sent overland to find and join Crook, while the forces of Miles and Otis were taken up the Missouri from Bismarck, several steamboats being required to transport them and the supplies, and they joined General Terry at the mouth of the Big Horn on the Yellowstone River.

Immediately after the Custer fight the big Sioux confederation had broken up in numerous small bands and

scattered to the four winds, and it was the duty of the army to find and subjugate them, which was by no means an easy task.

In the early part of August, after the forces in the field had been reorganized, Terry marched up the Rosebud and met Crook and Merritt. Crook had found a large Indian trail leading toward the east, and the officers agreed, after duly consulting the scouts, that the Indians would turn north again and cross the Yellowstone River and make for the Canadian line, across which they would be safe from pursuit by the United States troops. So Colonel Miles and his infantry were sent back to patrol the Yellowstone, with the assistance of the good boat Far West, which by this time had returned to the scene of action with a load of supplies.

Terry and Crook followed the big trail to the east until they reached the Tongue River, and descending that stream, they came to the Yellowstone, and marched down its timbered south shore until they arrived at the mouth of the Powder River, and still they found no "Injuns."

The Far West was at the Powder, and after the troops had rested, Crook started south on the 24th of August, and Terry followed the next day. Crook continued on toward the Black Hills, and on the way met Chief American Horse at Slim Buttes, and on the 14th day of September, killed the chief and captured the village. By running a line northwest from Rabbit Butte, and another line northeast from the Buttes Where the Crows Were Slain, in northwestern South Dakota, Slim Buttes will be found at the convergence of the two lines. Before Crook could

get away from this place, Crazy Horse fell upon his rear, but in the fight which followed, the chief of unsound mind was whipped, but the Indians followed Crook all the way to the Black Hills, and fired upon the command whenever the opportunity was opportune.

Meanwhile, Terry had returned to the Yellowstone, on advice received from Miles that many Indians were hovering in the vicinity of the present city of Glendive. The trail was found to cross the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers on a line with Fort Peck, and Terry pushed on into the unknown regions north of the Missouri and scouted around for several days, but finding no Indians he returned to the Yellowstone at Glendive.

With General Crook, at the time he joined forces with Terry that summer, was a certain scout who was known on the frontier as Buffalo Bill. This name had been given him for the reason that he was a great hunter of the American bison, having killed 4,280 head in eighteen months, single-handed. He was sent with Miles on the Far West when the boat was used to scout along the Yellowstone, that season, and the three masters of their respective professions became fast and enduring friends, General Miles, Captain March and Buffalo Bill. A frontier poet, who never acquired much fame, sang thusly about this scout:

"In the days of old, in the days of new—
In the days of sixty-nine;
Oh, Buffalo Bill, he could out-roar
A buffalo bull, you bet!
He'd roar all day an' he'd roar all night,
An' I guess he's a-roarin' yet."

BLUE THUNDER—SCOUT AND CAMP CRIER

Buffalo Bill's real name was William F. Cody, and he must be referred to in the past tense now, for he died on January 10, 1917, full of fame and years.

Never again will the world know just such a character as he, for after he was made the mold was broken. And the mold was the whole great Indian country through which he scouted. The wild, free environment was the making of him, and being an opportunist, he went gaily on his way from a buffalo hunter and scout to the honored friend of kings. His name is a household word and the small boy's pride wherever the English language is spoken.

Ah, Bill, how many a fair lady's heart you have set a fluttering, too. Romantic, picturesque hero of the plains, here's wishing you luck on your trip to the Happy Hunting Grounds. But be easy on the buffalo there, or you may have trouble with your old friend, Sitting Bull, and all the other spirit chiefs of the bygone days, who might not like the idea of having their beloved buffalo ghosts all shot full of holes. And if they should throw you out, you will fall for as long as two or three weeks, perhaps. So, be careful, Bill, as Captain Marsh admonished you when you started on a seventy-five mile ride at night through a hostile Indian country with dispatches for Crook in the year 1876. "Be careful, Bill."

As the fall advanced many of the erstwhile hostiles began to drift into the reservations, and they appeared at the agencies, casual like they had been away all summer on a visit to their wife's relatives some place, and now

that winter was coming on they had returned so that they could help the good father at Washington out in the issuing of rations he had ready at the agencies, by carrying them away.

In October, Terry took away the arms and ponies from the Indians who had gathered at the Standing Rock and Cheyenne agencies, and Crook performed the same duty at the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies, and sadness reigned among the Sioux once more.

During the same month, Colonel Otis had a fight with a large force of Indians under Gall and Sitting Bull while he was en route with a wagon train bound for a new fort at the mouth of the Tongue River, afterwards called Fort Keogh, in honor of Captain Keogh, who fell with Custer. Colonel Miles come out from the post to assist Otis, and he captured many of the Sioux, but Gall and Sitting Bull, with about 300 Indians of their own bands, fled north and crossed the Canadian line.

Meanwhile, oh meanwhile! a treaty was being made with the good Sioux who were found loitering about the agencies. A commission of seven smart men was appointed to carry the thing through, and they succeeded very well. The treaty provided that all the land within the following boundary lines would henceforth be reserved for the Dakota Sioux: From the north Nebraska line, on the Missouri River, up that stream to the Cannon Ball, and following it west to the 103 meridian, which comes down from the north pole about 50 miles east of the western border of North Dakota and enters South Dakota a little west of Big Nasty Creek; thence the line continued

south to the north fork of the Cheyenne River, and down that stream to the forks, and up the south fork to the 103rd meridian again, and down that to the Nebraska line, and east along that to the starting point on the Missouri River.

Now, this was a very sizable piece of country, and it would seem that the Sioux should have been satisfied; but it left out the Black Hills and Powder River country, blessed possessions, for which they were promised a certain amount of rations until they should no longer need them. According to the Laramie treaty, no agreement could be made with these Indians, unless three-fourths signed the treaty. But the commission overlooked this, the treaty being secured by approaching each individual chief and other Indians who were to be found and who were willing to sign. The Sioux thus affected have not gotten over talking about that treaty yet, and during the last few years they have maintained an organization called the Black Hills Treaty Association, which holds meetings each year at the various agencies for the purpose of studying the treaty with the intention of presenting a claim against the government for additional reimbursements for the territory ceded under it. Some think that Uncle Sam owes them about $9,000,000 on the deal, but it will probably be a hard matter to prove it.

"It was on the 6th day of May, 1877 (From Doane Robinson's History of the Sioux.) that Crazy Horse with 889 of his people, and 2,000 ponies, came into Camp Robinson (The site of this small post may be found in the northwestern corner of any good map of Nebraska. F. F.)

and surrendered to General Crook in person; and General Sheridan reported that 'The Sioux War is now over.' * * * After the surrender, Crazy Horse remained quietly about Fort Robinson until the latter part of the summer, when he again became uneasy and discontented and gave indications of another outbreak, which led General Crook to conclude that it would be the part of wisdom to place him under arrest and confine him as a prisoner. While entering the guard house he broke loose from those about him and attempted to make his escape by hewing his way with a knife through the circle of sentinels and other bystanders. In the melee which resulted he was fatally wounded and died the same night, September 5, 1877. After his death general harmony reigned and the main body of the Indians became anxious to establish and maintain the most friendly relations with the whites.

"Under the Black Hills treaty it was agreed that in the event that the Brules and Oglalas did not elect to take up a new home in Indian Territory they should remove to new agencies near the Missouri River, where it would be convenient to furnish them with their supplies. * * * (Spotted Tail and several of his wise men were taken down to the Indian Territory of Oklahoma, but they did not like the country, and they returned north in the fall of 1877) "It was, however, November 1, 1877, before the emigration actually took place (to the agencies on the Missouri River. F. F.) The two camps, Spotted Tail's and Red Cloud's, moved at the same time in parallel columns about forty miles apart. For some reason not explained, Crazy Horse's band traveled with Spotted Tail.

When they had moved down about seventy-five miles, about 2,000 of the Crazy Horse Indians, bearing with them the body of their late chief, broke away from the Spotted Tail column and came over to Red Cloud's band, and by exhibiting Crazy Horse's body and in other ways, attempted to incite them to hostilities, but failing in this, a large part of them struck off to the north and back into the Powder River country, while a few of them remained with Red Cloud and the remainder returned to Spotted Tail. On the 25th of November, after great hardship and suffering, Red Cloud reached the Missouri River near the mouth of the Yellow Medicine (nearly opposite Pierre, F. F.) midway between the mouth of the White River and the Great Bend, where they settled down quietly and spent the winter. About the same time Spotted Tail and his band arrived at the old Ponca Agency (a few miles above Sioux City, on the Nebraska side of the Missouri River, F. F.) where they took up their residence for the winter. Neither band was satisfied with the locations, and as spring advanced began to prepare for another removal. Red Cloud and his people went back and established themselves at the Pine Ridge agency, where they still remain, and Spotted Tail and his people set up at Rosebud."

Both of these great Sioux chiefs are now dead. Spotted Tail was killed in 1881 by a jealous rival chief, and Red Cloud died about ten years ago of his senility, being close to 85 years of age.

In the spring of 1881, Gall came down from Canada with the larger portion of his people, and after a skirmish

RED TOMAHAWK

with General Miles on the Poplar River in Montana, surrendered and was brought down the river to the Standing Rock reservation, where he remained in peace with the government, did a little farming, grew very fat, and finally died of a hemorrhage in 1896.

In July of '81, Sitting Bull, deciding that a reservation life, where his people could draw rations, was infinitely better than starving to death in Canada, came down and surrendered to the United States troops at Fort Buford. He, with one hundred and forty-six of his braves, were brought down the Missouri by steamboat to the Standing Rock agency, and Fort Yates. They were held there until September the 8th, when they were placed aboard a boat and shipped to Fort Randall, where they were held as prisoners of war. In 1883 they were returned to the Standing Rock reservation, where the old (t) chief made his home upon the Grand River until his sudden death, which is described a few pages further on in this history.

With all the warlike Sioux Indians corraled upon the reservations there ensued a time of profound peace. Farming operations were inaugurated in deadly earnest, and schools started. At first it was a hard matter for the government officials and missionaries to convince the Sioux that for the good of the race they should send their children to school. All the chiefs were opposed to it, and much conciling was indulged in. But by persistent persuasion they were slowly brought around to see the matter in a wiser light, and gradually the school rooms began to buzz and hum with that peculiar sound that denotes the application of juvenile minds to matters hard to understand.

## THE RELIGION OF THE SIOUX

With each succeeding year the Sioux braves took more and more to the whiteman's manner of living, discarding their native style of dress, wherein the breech-clout figured prominently, for the uninteresting garb of a whiteman in distress.

During this decade, from 1880 to 1890, the progress of the larger portion of the Sioux toward civilization was perhaps more rapid than it has been at any time since. There is a psychological reason for this, no doubt, for all the innovations introduced by the whites were more forcibly impressed upon the Indian by the very fact of their being new to him. The work was also new to the government officials, and, consequently, they were much more energetic and enthusiastic about it than they are now, after the most of them have served thirty or more years. And the young missionaries, who entered the field during the early eighties, were filled with a great and holy desire to win the heathen Indians to Christianity. The interest that had been aroused throughout the United States, and even in foreign countries, by the recent wars between the Sioux and the whites had led the good people of the missionary societies to lend every effort toward pushing the work of teaching the Indian how to sing hymns and enter a fashionable drawing room, while the whole proposition was largely an experiment and the world looked on curiously to see how it would turn out.

But as the years have passed these missionaries have grown old, which is quite natural, and in many cases their enthusiasm has given way to a complacent acquiescence to all things in general that passeth understanding. Where they used to harry, worry and hurry, they now merely marry, baptize and bury, while the Indian gets along with less religion than he did when he was in his so-called wild state, when he would go up on a high and silent butte and stand there for three days in worship of the Great Spirit. He always believed in a future life, that was far better than this one, and in a Supreme Being, but his ideas were not very clear on the subject, and he was satisfied not to delve into the matter very deeply.

A few years ago Dr. Alfred L. Riggs wrote a short article, which was printed in pamphlet form, entitled: *What Does the Indian Worship?* In his explanatory note he says: "The writer was born in 1837 among the then wild tribes of the Sioux of the Dakotas, has labored among them as missionary for forty-two years, and is well acquainted at first hand with their language, customs and religion. And as a student he is conversant with what is known about the Indian tribes of the whole country."

The Alpha and Omega parts of his article are as follows:

(Alpha.) "The Christian people who have been interested in the welfare of the Indian have labored for both his religious and physical well being. And to this end they have believed that the very best gift they could bring him was the gospel of Jesus Christ. But now come the ethnologists and poets who assert that the native Indian is

nearer to God and heaven than our christianity can bring him, and that our efforts to Christianize him are a gratuitous impertinence. We can meet this charge and justify our missionary efforts only by a true presentation of the facts in the case, such as has not been made by our opponents. For this purpose we now answer the question: What does the Indian worship?

(Omega.) "1. The Indian is eminently religious: he has noble aspirations and a spiritual interpretation of the universe.

"2. He has entirely departed from the worship of the One Great God and Father, and has taken up with the worship of gods that are no gods, to whom he vainly prays and sacrifices.

"3. Holiness and righteousness are absent from the character of his gods, and their worship does not bring to him conviction of sin.

"4. In his religion, ceremonial takes the place of righteousness and life and fellowship with God.

"5. He knows not the love of God our Father, bringing joy and life to the soul, but, in bondage to fears created by his superstition and ignorance, lives a life of apprehension and terror.

"6. They who represent him as a simple-hearted child of God, already more perfect than Christianity can make him, utter that which is untrue and highly mischievous.

"7. If any creature on the face of God's earth is in desperate need of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and knowledge of the Way of Life, it is our North American Indian."

This looks pretty bad, for the Indian, but it must be taken into consideration that perhaps Doctor Riggs is unduly prejudiced in the matter.

Wishing to be impartial, I will give a few extracts from Dr. Charles Eastman's (Ohiyesa) *The Soul of the Indian*. This writer is a fullblood Indian, his father being one of the "400" Sioux who were given jail sentences for their participation in the Minnesota outbreak of '62. Until Charles was fifteen years old, he lived in the camp of his people as any genuine little untamed Sioux. Then he was put in the government school at Flandreau, and afterwards received a thorough education at various institutions of learning in the east. Therefore, he, too, should be well qualified to speak with authority upon the religion of the so-called savage Sioux. Let him speak:

"The first missionaries, good men imbued with the narrowness of their age, branded us as pagans and devil-worshippers, and demanded of us that we abjure our false gods before bowing the knee at their sacred altar. They even told us that we were eternally lost, unless we adopted a tangible symbol and professed a particular form of their hydra-headed faith.

"We of the twentieth century know better! We know that all religious aspiration, all sincere worship, can have but one source and one goal. We know that the God of the lettered and unlettered, of the Greek and the barbarian, is after all the same God; and, like Peter, we perceive that He is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is acceptable to Him.

"The original attitude of the American Indian toward the Eternal, the 'Great Mystery' that surrounds and embraces us, was as simple as it was exalted. To him it was the supreme conception, bringing with it the fullest measure of joy and satisfaction possible in this life.

"The worship of the 'Great Mystery' was silent, solitary, free from all self-seeking. It was silent, because all speech is of necessity feeble and imperfect; therefore the souls of my ancestors ascended to God in wordless adoration. * * *

"That solitary communion with the Unseen which was the highest expression of our religious life is partly described in the word *bambeday*, literally 'mysterious feeling,' which has been variously translated 'fasting' and 'dreaming.' It may better be interpreted as 'consciousness of the divine."

"The first *bambeday*, or religious retreat, marked an epoch in the life of the youth, which may be compared to that of confirmation or conversion in Christian experience. Having first prepared himself by means of the purifying vapor bath, and cast off as far as possible all human or fleshly influences, the young man sought out the noblest height, the most commanding summit in all the surrounding region. Knowing that God sets no value upon material things, he took with him no offerings or sacrifices other than symbolic objects, such as paints and tobacco. Wishing to appear before Him in all humility, he wore no clothing save his moccasins and breech-clout. At the solemn hour of sunrise or sunset he took up his position, overlooking the glories of the earth and facing the 'Great

Mystery,' and there he remained, naked, erect, silent, and motionless, exposed to the elements and forces of His arming, for a night and a day or two days and nights, but rarely longer. Sometimes he would chant a hymn without words, or offer the ceremonial 'filled pipe.' In this holy trance or ecstasy the Indian mystic found his highest happiness and the motive power of his existence.

"When he returned to the camp, he must remain at a distance until he had again entered the vapor-bath and prepared himself for intercourse with his fellows. Of the vision or sign vouchsafed to him he did not speak, unless it had included some commission which must be publicly fulfilled. Sometimes an old man, standing upon the brink of eternity, might reveal to a chosen few the oracle of his long-past youth.

"The native American has been generally despised by his white conquerors for his poverty and simplicity. They forget, perhaps, that his religion forbade the accumulation of wealth and the enjoyment of luxury. To him, as to other single-minded men in every age and race, from Diogenes to the brothers of Saint Francis, from the Montanists to the Shakers, the love of possessions has appeared a snare, and the burdens of a complex society a source of needless peril and temptation. Furthermore, it was the rule of his life to share the fruits of his skill and success with his less fortunate brothers. Thus he kept his spirit free from the clog of pride, cupidity, or envy, and carried out, as he believed, the divine decree—a matter profoundly important to him. * * *

"The red man divided mind into two parts—the spiritual mind and the physical mind. The first is pure spirit, concerned only with the essence of things, and it was this he sought to strengthen by spiritual prayer, during which the body is subdued by fasting and hardship. In this type of prayer there was no beseeching of favor or help. All matters of personal or selfish concern, as success in hunting or warfare, relief from sickness, or the sparing of a beloved life, were definitely relegated to the plane of the lower or material mind, and all ceremonies, charms, or incantations designed to secure a benefit or to avert a danger, were recognized as emanating from the physical self.

"The rites of this physical worship, again, were wholly symbolic, and the Indian no more worshipped the Sun than the Christian adores the Cross. The Sun and the Earth, by an obvious parable, holding scarcely more of poetic metaphor than of scientific truth, were in his view the parents of all organic life. From the Sun, as the universal father, proceeds the quickening principle in nature, and in the patient and fruitful womb of our mother, the Earth, are hidden embryos of plants and men. Therefore our reverence and love for them was really an imaginative extension of our love for our immediate parents, and with this sentiment of filial piety was joined a willingness to appeal to them, as to a father, for such gifts as we may desire. This is the material or physical prayer.

"The elements and majestic forces in nature, Lightning, Wind, Water, Fire and Frost, were regarded with awe as spiritual powers, but always secondary and interme-

diate in character. We believed that the spirit pervades all creation and that every creature possesses a soul in some degree, though not necessarily a soul conscious of itself. The tree, the waterfall, the grizzly bear, each is an embodied Force, and as such an object of reverence.

"More than this, even in those white men who professed religion we found much inconsistency of conduct. They spoke much of spiritual things, while seeking only the material. They bought and sold everything: time, labor, personal independence, the love of woman, and even the ministrations of their holy faith! The lust for money, power, and conquest so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race did not escape moral condemnation at the hands of his untutored judge, nor did he fail to contrast this conspicuous trait of the dominant race with the spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus.

"He might in time come to recognize that the drunkards and licentious among whitemen, with whom he too frequently came in contact, were condemned by the whitemen's religion as well, and must not be held to discredit it. But it was not so easy to overlook or to excuse national bad faith. When distinguished emissaries from the Father at Washington, some of them ministers of the gospel and even bishops, came to the Indian nations, and pledged to them in solemn treaty the national honor, with prayer and mention of their God; and when such treaties, so made, were promptly and shamelessly broken, is it strange that the action should arouse not only anger, but contempt? The historians of the white race admit that the Indian was never the first to repudiate his oath.

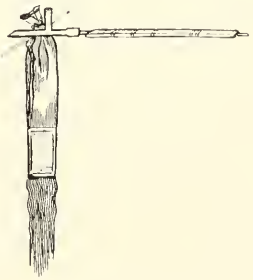
"It is my personal belief, after thirty-five years' experience of it, that there is no such thing as 'Christian civilization.' I believe that Christianity and modern civilization are opposed and irreconcilable, and that the spirit of Christianity and of our ancient religion is essentially the same."

Now, what have the missionaries to offer in reply to the last paragraph? Is it possible that they only imagine that they are religious? In all religions there are hypocrites, and very rare is the real, sincere Christian man, and he may not profess any certain creed, for it is not necessary to belong to a church in order to live right and love God. Religion, how many a heart has been broken in thy name, lives taken, and long wars fought, while today, the so-called Christian nations are at each others throats in a death struggle which bids fair to shatter our old globe and bring to pass the prophesies of Daniel, while they seem to have forgotten that there is a Christian religion and a God, or anything else but the killing of human beings.

But, speaking of the religion of the Indian, it appears that he—the old time Indian—had a very good form of religion, in that it served his daily needs admirably. It was a kind of worship purely evoluntionary, coming out of the dim past and serving all purposes, as nature, herself, always does in all her manifold forms of life. And the Indian did not care to improve upon it, for his natural instincts taught him that it was quite sufficient.

But with the coming of the whiteman, conditions in the life of the Indian were vastly changed, and it is safe

to say that he could no longer retain his religion in its simple forms as it would be greatly influenced and perverted by his association with the white people. So, it follows, logically, does it not, that for the best interests of the greatest number, the whiteman's religion should be adopted by the Indian, and his own put in the discard, for the young people of his tribe will no longer sincerely follow the old form of worship which was good enough for their fathers, but which with them belongs to an age now almost dead and gone. And, surely, the whiteman's "hydra-headed religion" is better than no religion at all.



## THE MESSIAH CRAZE

In the following account of this affair I have relied a good deal for the facts in the matter upon Doane Robinson's *History of the Sioux Indians*, and Major James McLaughlin's *My Friend the Indian*.

Far to the west "beyond the land of the Yellow Faces to the west of the Utes," which is to say, in the land of the Paiute Indians of Nevada, a young Indian by the name of Jack Wilson had a vision, while under the influence of a fever, during the time the sun was in an eclipse on January 1, 1889.

It was a harmless kind of a vision in which he was taken up to heaven where he saw God and all the people who had died. They were happy, and it was a beautiful land where the grass grew high and wild game was plentiful. God gave him his instructions, and told him to tell the Indians that if they were faithful to his teachings they would all die some day and be reunited with their dear departed friends. Jack was given command over the elements so that he could make it rain or snow, or shine or blow, as he pleased. He was appointed God's deputy to take charge of things in the west, leaving Benjamin Harrison, who was President at the time, to manage matters in the east, while God, Himself, would look after things in the world above.

"The declaration of his revelation set the Paiutes and all of the adjoining tribes into a great religious fervor, and in a very short period of time knowledge of his professions had been carried to all the Indians in all of the tribes in the continent. It is marvelous how rapidly this sort of news traveled among them, and the reader may be sure that the tale lost nothing in its pilgrimage. The first knowledge of the Messiah craze reached the Sioux in the summer of 1889, by letters received at Pine Ridge from tribes in Utah, Wyoming, Montana, Dakota and Oklahoma. As these letters were sent to many Sioux who did not read, they were taken to William Selwyn to be interpreted to them, and therefore, knowledge of the movement soon came to the agency officials. In the fall of 1889 the matter had so much interested the Pine Ridge Dakotas that a great council was held to discuss the subject, attended by Red Cloud, Man Afraid, Little Wound, American Horse, and very many other of the older Indians, who still took pride in adhering to the antiquated tribal customs. At this council it was determined to send a delegation to Pyramid Lake (wherever that is, F. F.) to learn more of the new Messiah, and Good Thunder, Flat Iron, Yellow Breast and Broken Arm from Pine Ridge; Short Bull and one other (probably Clown Belly, F. F.) from Rosebud, and Kicking Bear from Cheyenne River agency, were elected as such delegates. They at once started on their journey to the west and soon began to write from Wyoming, Utah and beyond the mountains, confirming all that had been said of the advent of a redeemer. They were gone all winter and their return in the spring aroused

intense excitement among the Sioux, who had been anxiously awaiting their report. All the delegates believed that there was a man near the base of the Sierras who said that he was the Son of God, who had once been killed by the whites, and who bore on his body the scars of the crucifixion. He was now returning to punish the whites for their wickedness, especially for their injustice toward the Indians. With the coming of the spring of 1891 he would wipe the whites from the face of the earth and would then resurrect all the dead Indians, bring back the buffalo and other game, and restore the supremacy of the aboriginal race. He had come to the whites, but they rejected him. He was now the God of the Indians, and they must pray to him and call him Father and prepare for his awful coming.

"This report was an unjustifiable exaggeration of what Jack Wilson actually taught. He took pains to write down his message, and there was absolutely nothing in it to justify the Sioux version. Here is his message verbatim: "When you get home (meaning those who came to him seeking information) you must make a dance to continue five days. Dance four successive nights, and the last night keep up the dance until the morning of the fifth day, when all must bathe in the river and then disperse to their homes. You must all do the same way. (Pretty good advice at that, especially the bathing part, F. F.)

"'I, Jack Wilson, love you all and my heart is full of gladness for the gifts which you have brought me. When you get home I shall give you a good cloud which will

make you feel good. I give you a good spirit and give you all good paint. I want you to come again in three months, some from each tribe.

" 'There will be a good deal of snow this year and some rain, in the fall there will be such a rain as I have never given you before.

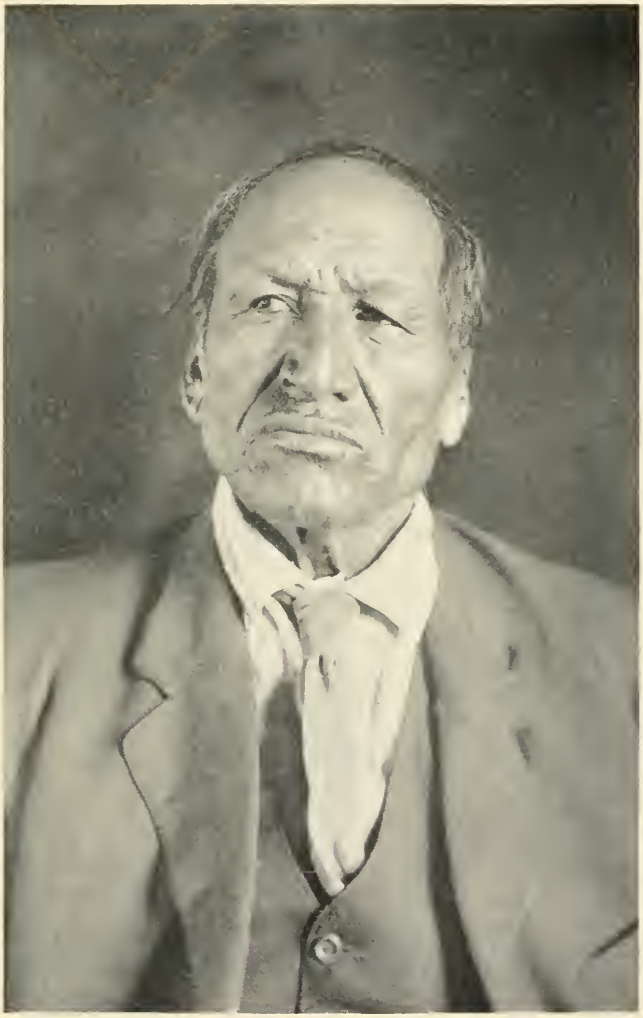
" 'Grandfather (meaning the Messiah) says when your friends die you must not cry. You must not hurt anybody or do harm to anyone. You must not fight. Do right always. It will give you satisfaction in life.

" 'Do not tell the white people about this. Jesus is now upon earth. He appears like a cloud. The dead are all alive upon earth. I do not know when they will be here, maybe this fall or in the spring. When the time comes there will be no more sickness, and everyone will be young again.

" 'Do not refuse to work for the whites and do not make any trouble with them until you leave them. When the earth shakes, at the coming of the new world, do not be afraid, it will not hurt you.

" 'I want you to dance every six weeks. Make a feast at the dance and have food that everyone may eat. Then bathe in the water. This is all. You will receive good words from me sometime. Do not tell lies.'

"It was in April, 1890, that the delegation returned to Pine Ridge with their reports. A council was at once called to discuss the matter, but Selwyn, who was himself an educated fullblood Sioux and postmaster at Pine Ridge, reported the matter to the agent, Major Gallagher, and Good Thunder and two others were arrested and im-



JOHN GRASS—SIOUX CHIEF

prisoned for two days. The council was not held, but Kicking Bear, who had been off to the Arapahoes, en route to his home at Cheyenne River, stopped at Pine Ridge and told them that the Arapahoes were already dancing and could see and talk with their dead relatives while in the dance. The excitement, which the agent had thought was smothered by the arrest of the leaders, broke out again with added strength. Red Cloud himself, the great chief of the Oglalas, declared his adhesion to the new doctrine and said his people must do as the Messiah commanded."

The foregoing, within quotation marks, is taken from Robinson's history, and the same parts were found in James Mooney's, *The Messiah Religion and the Ghost Dance*.

It was not long before the excitement had spread to all the Sioux reservations, and in McLaughlin's book we find that Kicking Bear, kicked along up to Sitting Bull with a great tale, part of which follows:

"In my tepee on the Cheyenne reservation, I arose after the corn-planting, sixteen moons ago, and prepared for my journey. I had seen many things and had been told by a voice to go forth and meet the ghosts, for they were to return and inhabit the earth. I traveled far on the cars of the whitemen, until I came to the place where the railroad stopped. There I met two men, Indians, whom I had never seen before, but who treated me as a brother and gave me meat and bread. They had three horses, and we rode without talking for four days, for I knew they were to be witnesses of what I should see. (Anyone who

knows the Indians must appreciate what a lie that was. Three Indians never could ride that long without talking, F. F.) Two suns had we traveled, and had passed the last signs of the whiteman—for no whiteman had ever had the courage to travel so far (This was before the days of Cook and Peary, F. F.)—when we saw a strange and fierce-looking black man, dressed in skins. He was living alone, and had medicine with which he could do what he wished. He would wave his hands and make great heaps of money; another motion, and we saw many spring wagons, already painted and ready to hitch horses to; yet another motion of the hands, and there sprung up before us great herds of buffalo. The black man spoke and told us that he was the friend of the Indian; that we should remain with him and go no farther, and we might take what we wanted of the money, the spring wagons and the buffalo. But our hearts were turned away from the black man, my brothers, and we left him and traveled for two days more."

Kicking Bear did not say so, but they may have taken the black man to be an agent of the government who wanted to make a new treaty with them, and therefore, they would have none of him. However, to make a long story short, they met another man, "dressed like an Indian, but whose hair was long and glistening like the yellow money of the whiteman." * * * he said, 'How, my children! You have done well to make this long journey to come to me. Leave your horses and follow me.'" They were taken up a great ladder of small clouds through an opening in the sky. They saw the Great Spirit and his

wife, and they were dressed as Indians, though it might have been a masquerade. Then from an opening in the sky they were shown all the countries of the earth and the camping-grounds of their fathers since the beginning of time; all were there, the tepees, the great herds of buffalo and the country smiled because it was rich and no white man was there. The Great Spirit taught them to say certain prayers and perform dances and gave them a message to take to their people, part of which follows:

"'* * * I will cover the earth with new soil to a depth of five times the height of a man, and under this new soil will be buried the whites, and all the holes and rotten places will be filled up. The new lands will be covered with sweet grass and running water and trees, and herds of buffalo and ponies will stray over it, that my red children may eat and drink, hunt and rejoice. * * * And while I am making the new earth the Indians who have heard this message and who dance and pray and believe will be taken up in the air and suspended there, while the wave of new earth is passing; then set down among the ghosts of their ancestors, relatives and friends. * * * Go then, my children, and tell these things to all the people and make ready for the coming of the ghosts.'"

Kicking Bear went on to say that, "We were given food that was rich and sweet to taste, and as we sat there eating, there came up through the clouds a man, tall as a tree and thin as a snake, with great teeth sticking out of his mouth, his body covered with short hair, and we knew at once it was the Evil Spirit. And he said to the

Great Spirit, 'I want half of the people of the earth,' and the Great Spirit answsered and said, 'No, I cannot give you any: I love them too much.' The Evil Spirit asked again and was again refused, and asked the third time, and the Great Spirit told him that he could have the *whites* to do what he liked with, but that he would not let him have any of the Indians, as they were his chosen people for all future time.' "

Then the visitors were led back down the ladder by he who had shown them up. * * * "'We found our horses and rode back to the railroad, the Messiah flying along in the air ahead of us. At the railroad he left us and told us to return to our people, and tell them, and all the people of the red nations, what we had seen; and he promised us that he would return to the clouds no more, but would remain at the end of the earth, and lead the ghosts of our fathers to meet us when the next winter had passed.' "

Unfortunately, at this time, the Dakota Sioux were again receiving what they considered to be unfair treatment from our government. In 1889 a treaty was made in which the great, original Sioux reservation was broken up. All the land lying between the Cheyenne River and the White River in South Dakota being thrown open to white settlement, for which the Indians were to receive $1.25 an acre. Many of the old Indians and chiefs were bitterly opposed to the treaty, and at Standing Rock, Sitting Bull, with a force of his men in full regalia, tried to break up the council, but Major McLaughlin had been warned and was prepared for just such an emergency,

and the attempt failed. Chiefs John Grass, Gall and Mad Bear were antagonistic to the terms of the treaty, but were finally won over through the good work of Major McLaughlin. The speech in which John Grass succeeded in gracefully receding from his former position in the matter was an oratorical effort worthy of the highest civilized statesman in the land.

Early in 1890 the government came to the conclusion that the amount of rations being issued to the Sioux should be gradually reduced, in order to bring about a more industrious disposition among them, and, on top of that, there had been a drought during the past two years, and they had raised very little farm produce. Some were actually in a starving condition, and thus were more susceptible to the influence of such a craze as was being instigated by the delegates who had returned from the alleged trip to the home of the Messiah.

Ghost dances were started at Pine Ridge, Rosebud, Cheyenne reservation at Cherry Creek, and on the Standing Rock, by Sitting Bull in his camp on the Grand River, and Doane Robinson says: "The religious fervor into which these people were at once thrown was unparalleled and beyond all rational explanation. They dreamed dreams and saw visions. The visible presence of their long departed relatives and friends was something real and tangible to them. They were simply laboring under some strange psychologic influence not susceptible of explanation."

Had the Indians simply followed the teachings of Jack Wilson, and not tried to improve upon them or to hurry

up the coming of the Messiah, no harm would have come of it. In fact, they might have been greatly benefited, for the things they were instructed to do would have been good for them. And who knows but what Jack Wilson was a true prophet after all? He did not set any specified time for the great change at the coming of the new world, stating simply that perhaps it would be that fall or the next spring. And now, after twenty-five years have passed, it is beginning to look as though the Messiah should *have* to come in order to straighten out the wicked world, or else destroy it altogether and make a new one for the Indians who, at least, had some respect for Him.

The following description of the sweat lodge and the ghost dance is quite accurate and was originally written by James Mooney. Before taking the bath, the men fasted twenty-four hours, and at daylight entered the sweat houses: "The sweat house is a small circular frame work of willow branches driven into the ground and bent over and brought together at the top in such a way that when covered with blankets or buffalo robes, the structure forms a diminutive round tepee just large enough to enable several persons to sit or stand in a stooping posture inside. The doorway faces the east, and at the distance of a few feet in front of the door way is a small mound of earth on which is placed a buffalo skull with the head turned as if looking into the lodge. The earth of which the mound is formed is taken from the center of the lodge. Near the lodge on the outside is a tall sacrifice pole, from the top of which are strung strips of bright colored cloth, packages of tobacco, or other of-

ferings to the diety invoked by the devotee. (The Great Spirit, F. F.) Fresh bundles of the fragrant wild sage are strewn on the ground inside the sweat house, and a fire is kindled outside a short distance away. In this fire stones are heated by the medicine men and when all are ready, the devotee, stripped to the breech-clout, enters the sweat house. The stones are then handed in to him by the priests by means of two forked sticks and are deposited by him in the hole in the earth in the center of the lodge. Water is then passed in and he pours it over the hot stones until the interior is filled with steam, and he sits in this aboriginal Turkish bath until his body is dripping with perspiration. During this time the doctors outside are doing their part in the way of praying to the gods and keeping up the supply of hot stones and water until, in their estimation, he has been sufficiently purified physically or morally, when he emerges, plunges into the neighboring stream and resumes his clothing. After this the dancer was painted by the medicine man, the design and color being determined by a previous trance vision. This process occupied most of the morning, so that it was about noon before the circle for the dance was formed. A small tree was planted in the center of the circle with the American flag floating from the top. Around the base of the tree sat the priests. A young woman standing within the circle gave the signal for the performance by shooting into the air toward the cardinal points, four sacred arrows, made after the old primitive fashion with stone heads and dipped in the blood of a steer before being brought to the dance. These were

then gathered up and tied to a branch of the tree, together with the bow. During the dance this young woman stood within the circle, holding a red stone pipe toward the west, the direction from which the Messiah was to appear. The performers, men and women, sat on the ground in a large circle around the tree. A plaintive chant was then sung, after which a vessel of some sacred food was passed around the circle until everyone had partaken, when at a signal of the priests the dancers rose to their feet, joined hands and began to chant the opening song and began to move slowly around the circle from right to left. The dance was thus kept up until the performers were utterly exhausted and fell in a trance."

Major James McLaughlin, agent on the Standing Rock reservation at the time, visited Sitting Bull's camp on the Grand River, on November 17th, 1890. The great medicine chief was conducting his ghost dance with a vim even quite foreign to him, and Major McLaughlin describes the proceedings as follows: * * * "As I looked on, a middle-aged woman fell out of the circle and rolled to some distance. She was picked up by the shoulders by two Indians, whose trappings indicated that they were officers of the dance, and who dragged her to a tepee which I had not noticed before, but which commanded my attention now, for within the wide-open flaps of the wigwam, seated on a sort of throne, was my old friend, Sitting Bull. He was very much thinner than a few weeks previous, but the look he gave me showed that his wits were not dulled or his hatred and envy lessened by the rigor of his life. By his side, fantastically dressed,

stood Bull Ghost, Sitting Bull's mouthpiece in the ghost-dancing exercises. Bull Ghost had been rather popular with the whites around the agency, and was familiarly known as 'One-Eyed-Riley,' he having but one eye and that not an attractive orb.

"The woman, still in a swoon, was laid at Sitting Bull's feet, and Bull Ghost announced in a loud voice that she was in a trance and communicating with the ghosts, upon which announcement the dance ceased, so that the dancers might hear the message from the spirit world. Sitting Bull performed certain incantations, then leaned over and put his ear to the woman's lips. He spoke in a low voice to his herald, Bull Ghost, who repeated to the listening multitude the message which Sitting Bull pretended to receive from the unconscious woman. Knowing his people intimately, he knew all about the dead relatives of the woman who had fainted, and he made a tremendous impression on his audience by giving them personal messages from the Indian ghosts, who announced with great unanimity that they were marching east to join their living kinsmen the following spring."

The excitement was very intense, so Major McLaughlin left the camp and spent the night at the house of Bull Head, his lieutenant of Indian Police. The following morning he returned and had a long talk with Sitting Bull, and tried to persuade him to go in to the agency. But the old fellow said he would have to consult his people in the matter, and Major McLaughlin left with his interpreter, Louis Primeau. As the camp, with its threatening hostiles, passed from view over the hill,

A SIOUX WOMAN

they felt somewhat relieved, for during the interview, Sitting Bull had more than once checked his people from insulting and doing bodily injury to the visitors.

The news of the threatened uprising was of course heralded through the country, and great was the interest in the Sioux Indians at that time, while the white settlers in the territory adjacent to the reservations were either leaving to visit their relatives in the east, or preparing to fortify themselves in their homes against a sudden attack. The extent of the movement among the Indians was greatly exaggerated, for out of 25,000 souls, hardly 700 warriors were concerned, and the Christian Indians took no part in it, whatsoever.

On November 13th the war department received instructions from President Harrison to assume responsibility to prevent an outbreak, and General Nelson A. Miles, then in command of the Department of the Missouri, took charge of affairs and established his headquarters at Rapid City, S. D. In a few days there was assembled at Pine Ridge, eight troops of the 7th Cavalry under Colonel Forsyth; eight companies of the 2nd, and a company of the 8th Infantry, under Colonel Wheaton, and a battalion of the 5th Infantry under Captain Capron —all under the immediate command of General John R. Brooke. At Rosebud were two troops of the 9th Cavalry, with portions of the 8th and 21st Infantry under Lieut.-Colonel Poland, while between Pine Ridge and Rosebud were stationed seven companies of the 1st Infantry under Colonel Shafter. To the northwest of Pine Ridge were stationed portions of the 1st, 2nd and 9th Cavalry

under Colonel Tilford and Lieut.-Colonel Sanford. And yet farther, at Buffalo Gap, over toward the "Hills," on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, were stationed three troops of the 5th and 8th Cavalry under a Captain Wells. At Rapid City was Colonel Carr with six troops of the 6th Cavalry. Along the south fork of the Cheyenne River, Lieut.-Colonel Offley camped with seven companies of the 17th Infantry, while east of him there were three troops of the 8th Cavalry, two companies of the 3rd Infantry, and Lieut. Robinson's Crow scouts, all under Lieut.-Colonel Summer. And there were a few soldiers still left in Fort Meade, in the "Hills," and Forts Bennett and Sully over on the Missouri River, while up at Fort Yates were stationed two troops of the 8th Cavalry, two companies of the 12th Infantry and one of the 22nd Infantry, under command of Colonel Drum.

And the ghost-dancing Indians of the Rosebud and Pine Ridge reservations, under Short Bull and Kicking Bear fled to the Bad Lands, northwest of the White River, about fifty miles from the Pine Ridge agency, and it is no wonder they left for the Bad Lands. With all those bad soldiers in the country they could not perform their religious services with any degree of satisfaction. In making the trip they destroyed the homes of many of the anti-craze Indians along the way, and also captured a portion of the agency beef herd. In a few days there were over 3,000 Indians gathered in this element-scarred region, where they awaited future developments and paraded around the camp in full regalia and told each other how brave they were.

## THE DEATH OF SITTING BULL

Sitting Bull was still dancing in his camp on the Grand River, and though the number of Indians who had joined him probably did not exceed 300, he, nevertheless, considered himself to be the high chief of all, and began to make preparations toward joining the fugitives in the Bad Lands.

At a distance of about one mile and a half from Bull's camp was a little government day school. The teacher of that school was John M. Carignan, now Indian trader at Standing Rock, and who at present is serving his first term in the North Dakota legislature, as the first representative of the newly organized county of Sioux, which takes in all of the reservation lying north of the South Dakota line. As Mr. Carignan was a personal friend of Sitting Bull, he was not molested, though nearly all of his pupils quit school for the purpose of attending "church," as they termed the exercises of the ghost dancers.

On the 12th of December, 1890, the war department issued an order for the arrest of Sitting Bull. Major McLaughlin and Colonel Drum decided to go after him on the 20th, at which time the Indians would be at the agency drawing rations. But on the night of the 14th a message was received from "Jack" Carignan, which conveyed the startling news that old Bull and his fol-

lowers were going to decamp for the Bad Lands the very next morning.

This called for immediate action, so on the same night orders were sent to the Indian Police to visit the "hostile" camp and arrest Sitting Bull, and they would be supported by the cavalry from Fort Yates.

At midnight the troops left for the camp, a distance of forty-five miles, and through the darkness of the night they moved south over the trail that Sitting Bull had often used in his journeys to the agency.

The morning of the 15th of December, 1890, broke with the sky overcast and a light snow falling, a fine snow that scarcely covered the ground, and while it was falling, thirty-nine regular Indian policemen, and four specials, under command of Bull Head and Shave Head, rode into Sitting Bull's camp.

In his description of what followed McLaughlin says:

"* * * Sitting Bull's band lived in (log) houses stretching along the Grand River for a distance of four or five miles. About the home of the chief, consisting of two houses and a corral, there were a half a dozen log cabins of good size. * * * The entrance of the policemen awakened the camp but they saw no one, as Bull Head wheeled his men between the Sitting Bull houses and ordered them to dismount. Ten policemen, headed by Bull Head and Shave Head, entered one of the houses, eight policemen the other. In the house entered by Bull Head's party they found the old medicine man, his two wives, and Crow Foot, his son, a youth of seventeen years.

"The women were very much frightened and began to

cry. Sitting Bull sat up and asked what was the matter.

"'You are under arrest and must go to the agency,' said Bull Head.

"'Very well,' said Sitting Bull, 'I will go with you.' And the told one of his wives to go to the next house and bring him his best clothes. He showed no concern at his arrest, but evidently wanted to make a good impression and dressed himself with care. He had also asked that his best horse, a gray one, be saddled, and an Indian policeman had the animal at the door by the time Sitting Bull was dressed and ready to leave."

When all had been made ready, Bull Head graciously took the right arm of the chief, and Shave Head took the other, while Red Tomahawk walked directly behind, and thus they emerged from the door of the cabin, and felt the cold air of the dawn upon their tough faces.

As has been said the camp had been aroused, and when the policemen appeared with the chief, they found at least two hundred badly worked up ghost-dancers, well armed and crowding and jostling each other around the entrance to the cabin, and shooting daggers out of their eyes at the Indian policemen. Crow Foot came out and upon seeing that his father really intended to give himself up, shouted:

"You call yourself a brave man, and you have declared that you would never surrender to a blue coat, and now you give yourself up to Indians in blue uniforms!"

That hit the old fellow pretty hard, and upon looking around and seeing the earnest faces of his people, who

would gladly have died for him, he suddenly screeched out an order to attack the police.

Bull Head and Shave Head both fell riddled with bullets, but as he fell, the former shot Sitting Bull through the side, and Red Tomahawk, from behind, shot the chief in the right side of the head, killing him instantly.

In the fight which followed, six of the police were killed, including Shave Head, and Bull Head who died a few days after. Others of the police were wounded, while eight of the hostiles, besides Sitting Bull, were killed, and five wounded. The police ran out of ammunition and took refuge in the cabin and stable near by, while the hostiles from the timber beside the river, poured a continuous fire into the buildings.

At this moment the troops of the 8th Cavalry, under command of Captain E. G. Fetchet, came in sight on the hills to the north overlooking the valley. They had with them a Hotchkiss gun, which they fired twice in the direction of the camp, and it has been said by men of the command that the gun was aimed at a poor old red bull that was grazing to the left of the camp, blissfully oblivious to the danger he was in, and that he dropped in much the same manner as a dry beef hide would if let go from a perpendicular position in a strong wind. This little incident has been contradicted by other members of the troops, and there is a divergence of opinion, but if 'twas true it follows that in an incredibly short time after the shots were fired the bull lay upon the ground, quite dead, and thus a new fact is added to his-

tory—the great medicine chief, Sitting Bull, was not the only bull who died that day.

The police rushed from the cabin and displayed a white flag, or rag, and the soldiers fired no more, but came down and entered the camp, from which all the hostiles had fled upon the first appearance of the troops.

After assuring the remaining Indian women that no harm would come to them or their children, provided that they offered no resistance to the troops, Captain Fechet gathered up the dead and accompanied by the police, returned to Fort Yates. The dead body of Sitting Bull was brought in also, and was buried in the northwest corner of the military cemetery at the post, where the grave may be seen until this day. There were not more than six men present, and the body was placed in a rough pine box and lowered in the grave as the darkness of the coming winter's night was gathering about the lonesome spot so far from civilization. In the afternoon of the following day the Indian police, who so gallantly gave up their lives for the preservation of peace between their brethren and the whites, were buried with full military honors in the Catholic cemetery at Standing Rock Agency, the distance between the two cemeteries being about half a mile.

Enough praise cannot be accorded these brave policemen who were so steadfast and true to their old hereditary foes, the whites. Their conduct on this occasion has probably never been surpassed by any class of men in the history of the world.

## THE BATTLE OF WOUNDED KNEE

By every means the Indians who had fled to the Bad Lands were urged to return to their reservations and to give up their foolishness. They were surrounded on three sides by the military under command of General Brooke. They were then promised that their rights and interests would be respected, and with these assurances of good faith on the part of the government, coupled with the pertinent presence of the soldiers who were thrown about them in such a manner that they could not move in any direction but toward the agency without precipitating a fight, they decided to follow the advice of the wise leaders of the whites. Breaking camp they moved down toward the agency, which was on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota, and the troops followed close behind, and in a short time there were no Indians remaining in the Bad Lands.

But coming from the Cheyenne River Reservation, which is over on the west side of the Missouri River in the northern part of South Dakota, were about 340 Sioux Indians under Chief Big Foot, and they were making big tracks in the newfallen snow for the Bad Lands. Of their number, 106 were warriors, and they had been joined by thirty-eight of the refugees from Sitting Bull's band; the others having returned to the Standing Rock reservation upon the urgent request of Major McLaughlin.

Big Foot eluded the military forces on the Cheyenne, and without molesting anyone on the way, had reached the Bad Lands. Finding none of the other Indians here, he was proceeding on toward the agency when he was intercepted by Major Whiteside with four troops of the Seventh Cavalry. Big Foot surrendered, and together, the Indians and the troops, moved on to Wounded Knee Creek, about twenty miles northeast of Pine Ridge Agency, where they camped. Major Whiteside was joined here by Colonel Forsyth with four more troops of the Seventh, one company of scouts, and four Hotchkiss guns —a total force of 470 men.

The next morning, which was December 29, 1890, preparations were made to disarm the Indians of Big Foot's band, after which they were to be taken to the agency or shipped out of the country as the exigencies of the case demanded. The Indians had pitched their tepees on an open plain a short distance from the creek, and were surrounded by the soldiers. Behind them was a small, dry ravine, running into the creek, and in front, on a slight elevation, the battery of machine guns were placed with their muzzles trained directly on the Indian camp. Two troops of cavalry were dismounted and drawn up before the tepees only a few yards away, and the order was given for the Indians to deliver their arms. The warriors came forth and seated themselves in a row on the ground in front of the soldiers. They were then ordered to go by themselves to their tepees and bring out their fire arms. About twenty complied, but when they returned they only had two guns, and it was apparent

that they were not willing to give up their arms. A detachment of troops was then told off to go and search the tepees. At this time, Chief Big Foot was sick in his tent, and Colonel Forsyth, who had assumed command of the soldiers, sent his doctor to administer to the chief, and also provided him with a camp stove for his comfort, which was very nice of the colonel.

While the soldiers were searching for fire arms, ransacking everywhere to the great disgust of the Indian ladies of the camp, a medicine man by the name of Yellow Bird was walking around among the warrions, blowing on an eagle bone whistle, and telling them they ought to fight for their rights, that the bullets of the soldiers would be weak and not able to penetrate the ghost shirts which each warrior wore. If Yellow Bird really believed what he said, he was assuredly one of the most egotistical beings the Indian country ever saw, and that is saying a whole lot. As he spoke in Sioux the army officers did not understand what he was saying, and therefore did not realize how dangerous the old fellow was. Then as one of the searchers made an attempt to raise the blanket of one of the warriors, Yellow Bird picked up a handful of dust and threw it in the air, and immediately a young warrior drew his gun from under his blanket and fired upon the soldiers. Instantly they replied with a volley, and at once half that band of warriors lay a-dying. The survivors sprang to their feet, and for a few minutes there was a fierce hand to hand struggle. Most of the warriors had revolvers and knives under their blankets, and with the efficient war clubs, they succeeded in doing

away with quite a number of the soldiers—killing sixty.

At the first shot, the four Hotchkiss guns were turned loose on the Indian women and children who were gathered in front of the tepees to one side—out of harm's way—where they were watching the proceedings. As these guns poured in 2-pound explosive shells at the rate of fifty a minute, it may be observed that they did very good execution. In a few minutes two hundred Indian men, women and children lay dead and dying on the field, and those who were still alive were running panic stricken for the shelter of the ravine, pursued by hundreds of maddened soldiers. It is certain that the soldiers were blind with rage over the treacherous act of the Indians and that they were not under the control of their officers. Colonel Forsyth had taken all precautions to guard against just such an affair by separating the women and children from the warriors, by giving strict orders to his men that no woman or child must be hurt, and they simply took things in their own hands, and during the fracas even poor old Big Foot was killed. It was, in every respect, a most unfortunate affair.

It was a strange coincidence that the famous Seventh Cavalry should again bear the brunt of the fighting with the Sioux. That this regiment was involved in the two most sanguinary battles of 1876 and 1890, is something hard to fathom, and no attempt will be made to do so here—they were there and that is all there is about it.

When the news of the battle reached the large body of Indians at the Pine Ridge Agency, they were thrown into the wildest excitement, and a number of warriors started

out at once for the scene of the fight, where they attacked the soldiers as they were roaming over the field and compelled them to gather in the center of the field and throw up intrenchments from which to protect themselves. A large force of hostiles under Two Strike also opened fire on the agency, but the foolish Indian police stood them off gallantly, killing several, among whom were some of their own relatives. In this case, one's sympathies are bound to wander over to the side of the hostiles, and while the conduct of the Indian police was highly praiseworthy from the whiteman's viewpoint they must have been cordially hated for it by their own people. Why they ever took sides with the whites remains a mystery until this day.

When the troops from Wounded Knee returned to the agency, almost the entire body of Indians broke away and fell back to a position on White Clay Creek, a few miles southwest of the agency, and the next day, which was December 30, 1890, there were encamped there 4,000 Sioux, of whom 1,000 were in their war paint and their beads, and very hostile. They attacked a wagon train of the Ninth Cavalry, a negro regiment, and killed one little soldier, and were driven off with the loss of several of their number.

On the following day—the last of the year—they set fire to several buildings, out toward the Catholic Mission, and Colonel Forysth was sent with eight troops of the reliable old Seventh to drive them away. As the troops approached, the hostiles fell back, and by occupying the hills round about, soon had the soldiers nearly surround-

ed, and Forsyth had to send back three times for reinforcements, he needed them so bad. The Seventh was in trouble again, and if there had been about 2,000 more Indians present, the Custer "massacre" would have been reenacted there on the spot, and with no moving picture men in existence. As it was, Major Henry, with four more troops, went to their assistance and the Indians were driven off.

New Years Day, 1891, was not so exciting—there was a herder killed near the agency, and a detachment of troops went out to bury the dead at Wounded Knee. Following the battle a heavy blizzard had set in, which lasted three days, and the bodies were found frozen beneath the new snow. Several women and children were found still alive, but so badly wounded and frozen that most of them died after they were brought in to the agency. On the next day, the Indian agent reported that the school buildings and Episcopal church on White Clay Creek had been burned, and that the Indians had captured the government beef herd and were utilizing it for food.

General Miles then transferred his headquarters from Rapid City to Pine Ridge agency, and after the troops had had a few more small engagements with the Indians, he succeeded in throwing his men around the redmen in such a way that they could not move except in the direction of the agency. Then he offered them every inducement to comes to terms of peace, and guaranteed that he would personally represent their case to the government, with the end in view of obtaining for them all their treaty rights. They still remained obdurate, and it seemed that

they had surely lost all of their old time childlike confidence in the whiteman and his promises. But the friendly attitude of General Miles, coupled with his gentle assurance that further resistance would be hopeless, together with the fact that the Indians were beginning to starve, brought about a culmination of circumstances which they were compelled to take cognizance of. And when, as a final, and most convincing step, all the civilian agents were removed from the sub-agencies on the reservation, and army officers put in charge, who were well known and respected by the Indians, they could not remain sulky and stubborn any longer. This was certainly heaping coals of fire on their luckless heads—that last act—and they at once moved into the agency and surrendered, on January 16th. Thus ended the last real unpleasantness between the Dakota Sioux and the whites.

## THE SIOUX INDIAN OF TODAY

The Sioux Indian of this day is practically upon the same footing as the progressive whiteman. He has received his allotment of land, consisting for each head of family, 640 acres; for the wife, 320 acres, and for each child or minor, 160 acres. Thus a man with a family of, say, ten children, has under his control, until they attain their majority, 2,560 acres—a nice little piece of territory worth $25.00 the acre.

When an Indian dies his land is put up for sale to the highest bidder, white or red, and the money derived therefrom is divided among the rightful heirs, and in the case of non-competent Indians, it is held in trust by the government, and is doled out to them as seen fit by the officials in charge. If one of these fortunate Indians wishes to purchase a plow for spring work he goes to the superintendent in charge of the reservation and asks for the amount of money required. The superintendent asks numerous questions pertaining to the case, and if he is favorable to the scheme, he signs the requisition and sends it to the Indian office in Washington. There are a large number of clerks in this office, and consequently the application is somewhat delayed. If there were but half that number of clerks, action would be taken in just half the time, and consequently the redman would get his money in time to buy the plow for work that spring. As

it is he may get it some time during the summer or fall, and be thankful for that. In the case of such heirs as have severed their tribal relationship and have assumed full citizenship rights, the portion falling to them from the estate is turned over intact.

It is the policy of the present administration to give all Indians who should be competent to manage their own affairs all their rights, making them bona fide citizens of the United States. It is believed that they will become self-sufficient quicker by so doing than they will by having their affairs handled indefinitely by the government officials of good intentions. A Competency Commission has been appointed, the personnel of which is Major James McLaughlin, who during fourteen years of the early occupation of their reservation by the then warlike Standing Rock Sioux, did splendid work as Indian agent, and who is now the grand old man of Indian inspectors; and Mr. F. A. Thackery, a man also of long experience in Indian work. Under date of May 26, 1916, the Sioux County Pioneer, published at Standing Rock, Fort Yates, N. D., had the following account of the ceremonies attendant upon the conferring of citizenship rights to competent Sioux:

"At McLaughlin tomorrow, Major James McLaughlin of Washington, D. C., chairman of the competency commission of the Indian Service, will hold the ceremony of conferring citizenship upon the forty Indians of the Standing Rock reservation recommended by the commission last year. Similar ceremonies have been held during the past month on the reservations through South Dakota,

and the following ceremony was carried out by the Secretary of the Interior, who was present at the different points:

"The Secretary told the Indians that the great white father had sent him to speak a serious and solemn word. Each chosen Indian was called from the crowd by his 'white' name, and handed a bow and arrow and directed to shoot. 'You have shot your last arrow,' said the secretary. 'This means that you are to no longer live the life of an Indian. You are from this day to live the life of a whiteman. But you may keep the arrow; it will be a symbol of your noble race, and of the pride you feel that you came from the first of all Americans.' (Not George Washington, F. F.)

"Calling the Indian again by his white name (which may have been, Wishes Himself Back Home, F. F.), the secretary had him stand by a plow and told him of the necessity of labor. A purse, in order that the 'wise man can save his money so that when the sun does not shine, and the grass does not grow he will not starve,' (grass is very good eating when there is nothing else in the house, Anon.) and a badge of American citizenship and a flag were given each new citizen. Women were given a work bag and a purse. (There was no money in the purses, however, Anon.)

"With the acceptance of citizenship the Indian is given patent in fee to all land alloted him, and assumes full and complete control over his own affairs, and his status in the community becomes the same as that of his white brothers."

This experiment is being watched with interest by all who wish to see the Indian become self-supporting.

According to a recent report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Cato Sells, to the Secretary of the Interior, the original tribes of the Dakota Sioux are distributed as follows:

In South Dakota: Minnesota Santees, at Flandreau, 282. Sissetons in Roberts and Marshall counties, 2,053. Yanktons in Charles Mix county, 1,844; Brules at Rosebud, 5,519; Lower Brules at Lower Brule agency, 481. Lower Yanktonais at Crow Creek, 955. The Oglalas and some Minneconjous at Pine Ridge, 7,240. The Two Kettles, San Arcs, and the rest of the Minneconjous at Cheyenne agency, 2,708. The Minnesota Santees in Nebraska, 1,508. The Blackfeet and Unepapas with a few Upper Yanktonais and San Arcs on Standing Rock reservation in North and South Dakota, 3,434. The main body of the Upper Yanktonais and what is left of Inkpaduta's wild Santees at Fort Peck, Montana, 1,943 strong, and the Cut Head Yanktonais and Sissetons who fled to Canada during the outbreak of 1862, are now at Fort Totten, on the Devils Lake to the number of 999. The total number being 28,966 peace-loving and law-abiding Sioux.

There are now in operation seven non-reservation schools with a total enrollment of 1,724 pupils, at the following points: Bismarck and Wahpeton, N. D.; Flandreau, Pierre, Rapid City and Springfield, S. D., and Genoa, Neb. Graduates from these schools and the larger boarding schools on the reservations may take advanced courses at the big Indian schools at Carlisle, Pa.,

Haskell, Kan., and Chilocco, Okla. Besides the above named schools there are denominational schools on all the reservations under management of Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Congregationalists, and there are eleven non-sectarian boarding schools and sixty-two day schools under the management of civil service employes, the total enrollment being 4,051 pupils, and still there are some of the Sioux who come very near to being illiterate.

The Indian department is encouraging the holding of agricultural fairs at the principal agencies, which tends to stimulate a spirit of rivalry between the Indians in the matter of producing fine vegetables, various breeds of stock and sundry industrial articles. The Indians also attend the whiteman's county fairs held near the reservations, and during the pretty fall months they have a fine time moving from town to town and camping out under the blue dome of heaven. The trouble is that the whole family must go along, and the home place is deserted for two or three weeks, and things there just have to naturally look out for themselves. But as time wears away into the long years, the Indians may take life more seriously and manage their pleasure trips differently.

Leaving home during the fall months to attend these fairs is not quite so bad as leaving home during the productive months of summer to gather at the many religious camp-meetings that are held on the reservations each year. The Indian can stand a great deal more honest religion than he has—a better understanding of the intents and purposes of the Ten Commandments—but if he is

benefited in this line by his attendance at these meetings the fact is mighty hard to determine.

The persistent fight of the Indian department against the introduction of intoxicating liquor into the Indian country is to be highly commended, and should be encouraged and aided to the fullest extent by the whites who live on and near the reservations, for if the Indian was allowed full rein in this matter it would not be long before he would be real eleemosynary, to say the least.

The problem before us, gentlemen, is to teach the Indian how to work for his own best interests, and to save him from his riches. But, it cannot be overlooked that it seems incongruous to force anyone to work hard for a living who is fixed well enough to take life easy. It is reversing the general order of things, for the whiteman strives mightily during the greater portion of his life to lay by enough so that he can get along some day without the necessity of working from daylight until dark, and here is Mr. Indian with plenty to live on, if it is handled properly, being asked to go to work to earn his living by the sweat of his handsome brow. It surely is a great question.

As it is, the Indian is not worrying very much about it. He takes life easy, arising early and watering the horses at the creek or river, and taking a look at the little garden to see how the weeds are getting along, and if there is no religious meeting to entice him away, he may get a little work done during the day, if it is not too warm. Of course the foregoing does not apply to all, and I am pleased to say that there are several of the more

progressive Indians who are falling in line with the white settlers on the reservations, and are each year breaking more ground and putting in more acres to crop, so that it is but a matter of time until the Indians as a whole will be as industrious and business like as the average whiteman.

It is still a hard matter for the old Indians to get away from their dear past, and when evening comes they love to tell stories of the early day, and croon the old dance and love songs as the moon mounts to high heaven, and the coyotes howl far off in the foot hills, and the smoke from the slanting stovepipe above the roof of the log cabin rises lazily in the calm air. But again the picture is a bit overdrawn, for all of the Sioux do not live in log cabins now. Many have neat little frame dwellings and big red frame barns on their allotments, and fences and farming machinery scattered promiscuously about the premises. Still, if one cares to take the trouble to quietly approach one of these modern homes on a moonlight night, or any other night, without stirring up a great commotion among the faithful watch dogs, he may hear the low chanting of several voices singing the native songs to the accompaniment of the small hand or medicine drum. There is a gentle and sweet romance for these people in thus bringing up the past, and the traditions of the tribe are lovingly clung to in a manner that is hard to understand by the average unimaginative and ultra-practical whiteman.

When the long months of winter are upon the land, the Sioux have little to do but feed and water the stock, and

maybe do a little freighting, and take an occasional trip to the agency. To one who is accustomed to city life, with all its multitudinous forms of entertainment, the life of the Indian, during this cold season, must seem very dull and monotonous. But when spring comes we always find these good-natured people as happy as at the beginning of winter, and not at all dissatisfied with their lot in life, aside from their little differences with the Indian department that have occupied their attention since time immemorial.

So, from a dashing, fighting, romantic, primordial people, the Sioux have become a most tractable and serious-minded body of home-lovers. And from now on the history of this once great nation promises to be very prosaic and uninteresting, indeed.

THE END