JIMMIE, THE DRUMMER-BOY.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF A

DRUMMER-BOY;

OR,

SEVEN YEARS A SOLDIER.

BY JAMES D. LOCKWOOD,

A VETERAN OF THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

A TRUE STORY.

"That this may be a sign among you, that when your children ask their fathers in time to come, saying, What mean ye by these stones?"—JOSHUA IV: 6.

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that she had never been permitted to have and entertain gentleman company. He, however, nothing daunted, walked gaily along until her magnificent home was reached; then, as the attendant went up the steps of the terrace, our young soldier sat down with the young mistress upon a coping stone in the dark shadow of some ornamental trees of heavy foliage; at the same time the young miss called out, in a smothered tone: "Jennie, tell mamma I am coming presently, and it will not be necessary to mention this young man's presence."

Jennie called back: "Certainly not, miss," and then the young people were alone to themselves.

Now, the writer does not wish to tell very much about the sayings and doings of those two young people, there under the stars; but they know, and the stars, mayhap, so we will place them here. * * * * *

This page, the sweetest of all of our hero's history, has been revised, and for fear of offending the fastidious tastes of some who have vivid recollections of such affairs, has been abbreviated. All things earthly come to a termination in some manner, sweetly or otherwise, and these circumstances

were no exception to the rule. Reluctantly our hero said "good-bye," and returned to the barracks, to pack up for the next day's journey, with feelings in his breast mixed with pleasure and regret.

Next morning the troops were paraded, duly inspected, and then marched to the river, where a large steamer was in waiting, which had been chartered by the United States government to take them up the waters of the Missouri, towards their destination, which was the territories of the great northwest. Marching on board, the long line filed up the stairs to the cabin and upper decks of the steamer, where they were allowed to break ranks and adjust themselves and their effects in the most comfortable manner possible for the voyage.

While passing through the crowd on the levee, the soldier thought that he recognized a familiar face, but in the hurry and bustle of the preparations for the boat's departure had forgotten the circumstance, when a female form brushed past him and dropped her handkerchief at his feet, at the same time tripping lightly down the cabin stairs, as the

last bell was ringing and the plank was about to be withdrawn, over which they had passed from the shore. Catching up the handkerchief, and an idea of significance at the same instant, he rushed after her and out on the plank, which the men of the crew were already moving to the cry of "Haul in! haul!" Raising his cap politely, he returned the handkerchief, at the same time recognizing Jennie, the attendant of his beautiful acquaintance of the previous day.

Receiving the handkerchief with a low "Thank you, sir," she thrust a sealed envelope into his hand and stepped to the shore; leaving the soldier standing upon the plank, which was rapidly being drawn on board, the boat in the meantime swinging out into the stream.

Waving his cap in recognition and farewell to the faithful messenger, he returned to the cabin and taking from his knapsack a small opera or field glass, he repaired to the hurricane deck of the boat and gazed long and earnestly at the residence of the delight of his soul, which was in full view of the river and the steamer ascending it. At length his eager and faithful eyes were rewarded

by the white flutter of a handkerchief from an up-stairs' window, which the soldier enthusiastically returned, until removed from vision by a turn in the river. He then retired to a quiet spot to investigate the contents of the sealed but unaddressed envelope. Upon opening it he removed a bright, new ten-dollar treasury note and a tiny gold ring, which was too small for any of his fingers, and a slip of paper, with the following words, written in a neat hand:

DEAR FRIEND—Not being very well this morning, mamma would not permit me to go out to-day, or I should have tried to have seen you, to have said farewell, which I now do, hoping that Jennie, who is very faithful, may succeed in meeting you and in delivering this. I did not know what to send you as a souvenir that you would like, and, in fact, I did not have time to do anything in that direction, so I send you this money, with the request that everything which you may purchase with it shall be in remembrance of me. I send you my ring, hoping that whenever it meets your gaze, you will remember your friend until death.

MABEL.

There was a postscript, as follows:

P. S.—Do not answer this, for mamma may it get and then send me back to the convent.

M.

The soldier, after reading the tender little note, felt completely crushed and very miserable, believing that cruel fate could never strike another blow

to cause him so much anguish as he felt in gaining and losing his sweetheart in such an incredible short space of time—being less than twenty-four hours—but nearly all soldiers realize the disadvantages they labor under in matters of this kind, in comparison to persons of more prosaical persuits. Consequently, they consider it incumbent upon them to "make hay while the sun shines," and, "taking time by the forelock," accomplish a great deal in a short space of time.

Our young soldier's long face and sad looks, with his reticent manner, were soon noted by his comrades, who rallied him into a more social and pleasant frame of mind, and right here, the writer thinks that the small boy's first experience in the use of tobacco, by some unknown author, is very applicable to our hero's condition and temperament; it runs as follows:

"The small boy tackles tobacco first
In solitude back of the barn,
Until his head feels ready to burst,
His brain like a ball of yarn;
His stomach rolls, and his eyes are red,
But, spite of his woe and pain,
He 's pretty certain, if not quite dead,
To try it over again."

He was soon enjoying the jokes and fun which are ever in season with the born soldier, even in time of battle.

The old steamer wheezed, puffed and snorted tediously along upon her course—up the turbid and tortuous stream, which, to use the expression of one of the wits of the company, "Was crooked enough to make a cork-screw ashamed of itself." The monotony of being limited to the confines of the steamer's decks for exercise and recreation, would occasionally be broken by the bell tapping the signal to make soundings. Whether it was to determine which was the deeper—the water or the mud—our hero was at times at a loss to understand; however, he derived some amusement from listening to the stentorian calls of the heaver of the lead and line, made in a vernacular common to these waters, or mud, for there seemed to be as much of one as the other. But the steamboat, not being over fastidious, sailed in both alike, provided the latter was not too much solidified, thereby withstanding her strongest efforts. The sounding operations were conducted something like this: "Dong-dong-dong-dong," bell signals to take

soundings; and then the sharp, sing-song tone of the man heaving the lead, "F-o-u-r f-e-e-t, three and a-h-a-l-f, three feet." At this the small engine room bell would jingaling, jingaling, jingaling, in order to turn the boat in some other direction; and then the voice calling "f-o-u-r f-e-e-t" and "M-a-r-k T-w-a-i-n" (whose "Innocents Abroad" has been the subject of much comment); and then came the startling intelligence of "N-o b-o-t-t-o-m," followed by, "Dong-dong" of the large bell to cease sounding; and the boat flounders on its muddy way up the mixture, towards its source.

After some five or six days of this most tedious of voyages, the steamer came to a standstill at Fort Leavenworth, in the state of Kansas, where the troops were ordered to disembark and proceed overland to join their regiment, which was then under marching orders at Fort Kearney, on the Platte river, in the state of Nebraska, and only waiting the arrival of the detachment of recruits to move on an expedition into the territories of Dakota and Montana to protect settlers, establish forts, and fight any body who felt inclined to object to their proceedings.

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Spare your blushes, fair reader—we did not say naked Indians—but we intend to tell the plain truth in this matter, and what every one having actual knowledge of the real American Indians will surely recognize as a faithful account. Let it be popular or unpopular with the public, we care not.

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backs of the horses. Buffalo were plentiful, and the deer and antelope could be seen at any and all times in some direction.

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As soon as the camp was pitched for the day, the man was placed in a small tent and a guard stationed before and behind it, preparatory to the trial and execution; for a soldier of the United States army cannot attack a commissioned officer under penalty of death, as specified in the articles of war. But, nevertheless, upon calling for the prisoner the following morning, "lo and behold!"

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Ah! those mystic links, what is impossible for them in the cause of "Faith, Hope, and Charity."

As the troops marched over this broad and beautiful public domain, there seemed to be nothing, apparently, to prevent the immediate selection of a spot of land and the establishment of homes, by those thousands of emigrants who were living upon wheels and following up that expedition. But, ah! nothing, did I say? The fresh, newly-made graves, singly and in groups, which they were hourly passing, by the side of that well worn "trail," tell a sad story of that experiment. They tell how the brave soldier, or how the lonely emigrant, with his little family group, died, desperately fighting overwhelming numbers of a merciless and treacherous foe. They tell of the fiendish tortures and mutilations of men and the outrage and captivity of women and children.

Foreigners who have sought homes in this country, should ever bear in mind that every foot of this great country, from Maine to California, has been fought over many times, and a fearful price in blood and suffering has been freely paid for it, by the American nation, and they should show their appreciation of the privileges granted the poor and oppressed of the world, to be allowed to come and obtain free homes and enjoy undisturbed civil and religious liberty, by gladly contributing toward the support of the government and the pensions of the nation's defenders, who have given the best portion of their lives to secure peace, prosperity and happiness to all the dwellers in the land, and they should also gladly obey the laws of the land, and work honestly and faithfully in the interests of their employers. This is all of the liberty which can be permitted with safety to good government.

The laborer is not greater than his master, even in this land of freedom, and it is supremely ridiculous on his part to imagine such a thing. The employer can never be forced to employ; he can shut up his factory or mill at any time, and button up his pocket and retire from business, allowing

the laborer to starve in idleness. This is as free a country for him as for the laborer.

America is the home of Americans, and while they are generously willing to share it with deserving people from other climes, they do not especially enjoy being crowded out or supplanted in it by an inferior element from abroad.

At this present writing, nearly every office in the large cities of this broad land, from policeman to mayor, and also a large per cent. of the political offices, are held by foreigners. It is quite natural for the American to wonder where his place is.

And as a settler to this subject, the writer's opinion is that it is unnecessary to import people to hold offices and manage the affairs of the American Nation. The writer asks pardon for this long digression, but he has endured this friction, this tendency to supersede and combine against Americans upon the public works, and even in the army, by all classes of foreigners, until he considers it high time that steps should be taken to eradicate the evil and protect the American in his birthright.

Marching steadily forward, making from eight-

een to twenty miles per day, the expedition soon began to enter the hill country which borders the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains, and extra precautions were taken to guard and care for the stock, which drew the wagons and which were ridden by the officers and some twenty-five or thirty mounted infantry and scouts of the expedition, from sudden attack and stampede by the wily savage foe, of whom the signs, as interpreted by the scouts and guides, indicated to be ever on the alert for an opportunity to strike a blow.

Their opportunity came one evening, after a hard day's march, and very unexpectedly to the troops, and the savages drew the first blood, in the following manner:

The commander had ordered that the animals should not be generally and regularly herded each day under the charge of a few men, as had been the custom in the more open and level country, but should only be herded and allowed to graze at stated periods during the week, when camping where grass was exceptionally good, and then they were to be surrounded by a strong picket guard of armed troops, to prevent being surprised by sudden

dashes of redskins; and, as a matter of course, upon such a long and tedious march, it would not have been reasonable to have expected the troops to have done daily herding, in connection with their other duties. And it was the custom for all the men who were off duty, after the camp was pitched, to throw themselves down and secure what rest they could to enable them to endure the hardships of the following day, regardless of Indians, rattlesnakes, ants, or any other of their many lesser tormentors.

Now upon this afternoon in question, the camp was quietly taking its regular siesta, when two of the soldiers, named respectively Fitzpatrick and Staples, took a horse and cart and with scythes and their guns, sallied forth to cut some grass for the saddle stock of the command, the task being entirely voluntary on their part; they being in expectation of getting a shot at game of some kind before their return, which was a sufficient inducement and in fact was esteemed a favor by them; they were especially charged to keep in sight of the camp and near enough to obtain assistance if needed.

They had been absent probably an hour, when one of the sentinels of the camp fired his gun and gave the alarm of "Indians! Indians! turn out, guards, turn out!"

The entire command was under arms in a moment of time, and then, gazing out on the prairie fully a mile distant, they saw their venturesome comrades in the cart, with the horse headed toward the encampment, coming at the top of his speed and surrounded by a "swarm" of mounted Indians. Their rifles were continually flashing, and the reports of them coming in far-away echoes to their comrades in arms at the encampment. There was "mounting in hot haste" and sorties were made on foot. Will they be reached in time? Every nerve is strained to its most extreme tension in that unequal battle and race to the rescue. The rifles flashed and cracked sharply, amid the screeches of the "redskins" and the cheers and shouts of the racing rescuers. It all depends upon the noble, gallant, foam-flecked and bleeding horse, which is straining every fiber of his frame in his unequal race in heavy harness and unwieldy cart, which, in his leaps, he causes

to bound and plunge like a ship in an ocean storm. If the faithful beast can hold that pace three minutes more, they are saved.

But oh! he reels! another plunge, he rears high in air and falls, with an arrow through his heart. The cart is turned upon its side and it is instantly surrounded by the hellish demons, and there, almost in the presence of a hundred friends, and in less time than it has taken you to read it, kind reader, they were stripped of their clothing, mutilated in a manner which would emasculate them, if alive, and their scalps were torn from their devoted heads.

A rattling volley from the guns of the breathless rescuing party, drove the savages from their bloody task, but finished, alas! too well; not having mounted men enough to follow, and punish the imps of satan, the party sadly and tenderly covered those poor, naked, mutilated, gasping bodies with their coats and, after having done their very best to save them, only failing on account of the long distance to traverse and the shortness of time allowed, they bore them back to the camp, having received their first bitter lesson in Indian warfare. Their

once gay and lighthearted friends, who had left the camp but one short hour previous, cheerily promising, "buffalo steaks for supper, boys," returned ——dead. Alas! brave soldiers, the "headboards" of your graves will be but another index finger added to the many thousands, indicating the tide of advancing civilization westward in the United States.

After having performed the last sad rites of Christian burial in military form over their murdered comrades, the command once more resumed its arduous march towards the setting sun. Arriving at Julesburg, a small station on the Platte, they crossed over the river and continued on their journey, passing old Fort Laramie and through the now famous Black Hills, in due time arriving upon the ground where they proposed to erect the new Fort Philip Kearney, which was situated upon the waters of Clear creek, in the territory of Dakota, being surrounded on all sides by high hills and rough, broken country, with water and timber in abundance of good quality and in near proximity, and almost in the heart of the hunting

grounds of the bloody Sioux, Arapahoe and Cheyenne tribes.

Our hero's company and one other were selected to go still farther into the savage wilds, something over a hundred miles distant, to erect another fort to be called Fort C. F. Smith. The location selected for it was at the base of the Big Horn mountains and near the bank of the river of that name, and within the southern boundary of the territory of Montana.

While resting for the continuation of their journey, and before the ones who were to remain and build Fort Kearney had commenced operations, the following incident occurred, proving the bad judgment of the commander in selecting a low, narrow valley, surrounded by high hills on all sides, as a location for a fort for offense and defense; and this selection had much to do with the disastrous massacre which occurred at that place during the following winter, which was commented upon and deplored throughout civilization at the time.

The incident we allude to occurred as follows:

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America is the home of Americans, and while they are generously willing to share it with deserving people from other climes, they do not especially enjoy being crowded out or supplanted in it by an inferior element from abroad.

At this present writing, nearly every office in the large cities of this broad land, from policeman to mayor, and also a large per cent. of the political offices, are held by foreigners. It is quite natural for the American to wonder where his place is.

And as a settler to this subject, the writer's opinion is that it is unnecessary to import people to hold offices and manage the affairs of the American Nation. The writer asks pardon for this long digression, but he has endured this friction, this tendency to supersede and combine against Americans upon the public works, and even in the army, by all classes of foreigners, until he considers it high time that steps should be taken to eradicate the evil and protect the American in his birthright.

Marching steadily forward, making from eight-

een to twenty miles per day, the expedition soon began to enter the hill country which borders the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains, and extra precautions were taken to guard and care for the stock, which drew the wagons and which were ridden by the officers and some twenty-five or thirty mounted infantry and scouts of the expedition, from sudden attack and stampede by the wily savage foe, of whom the signs, as interpreted by the scouts and guides, indicated to be ever on the alert for an opportunity to strike a blow.

Their opportunity came one evening, after a hard day's march, and very unexpectedly to the troops, and the savages drew the first blood, in the following manner:

The commander had ordered that the animals should not be generally and regularly herded each day under the charge of a few men, as had been the custom in the more open and level country, but should only be herded and allowed to graze at stated periods during the week, when camping where grass was exceptionally good, and then they were to be surrounded by a strong picket guard of armed troops, to prevent being surprised by sudden

dashes of redskins; and, as a matter of course, upon such a long and tedious march, it would not have been reasonable to have expected the troops to have done daily herding, in connection with their other duties. And it was the custom for all the men who were off duty, after the camp was pitched, to throw themselves down and secure what rest they could to enable them to endure the hardships of the following day, regardless of Indians, rattlesnakes, ants, or any other of their many lesser tormentors.

Now upon this afternoon in question, the camp was quietly taking its regular siesta, when two of the soldiers, named respectively Fitzpatrick and Staples, took a horse and cart and with scythes and their guns, sallied forth to cut some grass for the saddle stock of the command, the task being entirely voluntary on their part; they being in expectation of getting a shot at game of some kind before their return, which was a sufficient inducement and in fact was esteemed a favor by them; they were especially charged to keep in sight of the camp and near enough to obtain assistance if needed.

They had been absent probably an hour, when one of the sentinels of the camp fired his gun and gave the alarm of "Indians! Indians! turn out, guards, turn out!"

The entire command was under arms in a moment of time, and then, gazing out on the prairie fully a mile distant, they saw their venturesome comrades in the cart, with the horse headed toward the encampment, coming at the top of his speed and surrounded by a "swarm" of mounted Indians. Their rifles were continually flashing, and the reports of them coming in far-away echoes to their comrades in arms at the encampment. There was "mounting in hot haste" and sorties were made on foot. Will they be reached in time? Every nerve is strained to its most extreme tension in that unequal battle and race to the rescue. The rifles flashed and cracked sharply, amid the screeches of the "redskins" and the cheers and shouts of the racing rescuers. It all depends upon the noble, gallant, foam-flecked and bleeding horse, which is straining every fiber of his frame in his unequal race in heavy harness and unwieldy cart, which, in his leaps, he causes

to bound and plunge like a ship in an ocean storm. If the faithful beast can hold that pace three minutes more, they are saved.

But oh! he reels! another plunge, he rears high in air and falls, with an arrow through his heart. The cart is turned upon its side and it is instantly surrounded by the hellish demons, and there, almost in the presence of a hundred friends, and in less time than it has taken you to read it, kind reader, they were stripped of their clothing, mutilated in a manner which would emasculate them, if alive, and their scalps were torn from their devoted heads.

A rattling volley from the guns of the breathless rescuing party, drove the savages from their bloody task, but finished, alas! too well; not having mounted men enough to follow, and punish the imps of satan, the party sadly and tenderly covered those poor, naked, mutilated, gasping bodies with their coats and, after having done their very best to save them, only failing on account of the long distance to traverse and the shortness of time allowed, they bore them back to the camp, having received their first bitter lesson in Indian warfare. Their

once gay and lighthearted friends, who had left the camp but one short hour previous, cheerily promising, "buffalo steaks for supper, boys," returned ——dead. Alas! brave soldiers, the "headboards" of your graves will be but another index finger added to the many thousands, indicating the tide of advancing civilization westward in the United States.

After having performed the last sad rites of Christian burial in military form over their murdered comrades, the command once more resumed its arduous march towards the setting sun. Arriving at Julesburg, a small station on the Platte, they crossed over the river and continued on their journey, passing old Fort Laramie and through the now famous Black Hills, in due time arriving upon the ground where they proposed to erect the new Fort Philip Kearney, which was situated upon the waters of Clear creek, in the territory of Dakota, being surrounded on all sides by high hills and rough, broken country, with water and timber in abundance of good quality and in near proximity, and almost in the heart of the hunting

grounds of the bloody Sioux, Arapahoe and Cheyenne tribes.

Our hero's company and one other were selected to go still farther into the savage wilds, something over a hundred miles distant, to erect another fort to be called Fort C. F. Smith. The location selected for it was at the base of the Big Horn mountains and near the bank of the river of that name, and within the southern boundary of the territory of Montana.

While resting for the continuation of their journey, and before the ones who were to remain and build Fort Kearney had commenced operations, the following incident occurred, proving the bad judgment of the commander in selecting a low, narrow valley, surrounded by high hills on all sides, as a location for a fort for offense and defense; and this selection had much to do with the disastrous massacre which occurred at that place during the following winter, which was commented upon and deplored throughout civilization at the time.

The incident we allude to occurred as follows:

The command being encamped in the valley

near the site of the proposed fort, were resting securely from their long, hard march, and the herds of horses and mules were scattered about and around the encampment, cropping contentedly the long, rich grass which everywhere abounded, when suddenly and without a word of warning, there was a rushing and trampling of horses' feet, and a chorus of screeches and demoniac yells, as a band of mounted savages burst upon the camp, charging desperately through like a whirlwind and taking every loose animal with them upon the run, precisely as a strong blast of wind would gather up and whisk away so many autumn leaves. The nearness of the high bluffs and hills, previously alluded to, permitted their stealthy approach, and they came and were gone within the space of time which it has taken to narrate it.

This unfortunate loss of stock occasioned some little delay, until other draft animals could be purchased and forwarded from what were previously the frontier posts; which, however, had been left far in the rear by the establishment of the headquarters of this expedition. When the animals came on, the two companies of infantry before-

mentioned as being assigned for the work, set forward with dispatch for the wilds of the "Big Horn," and we can truthfully say with considerable apprehension for the result of the enterprise, for the command was, to begin with, very much too small for such a large undertaking—something less than two hundred soldiers all told, exclusive of teamsters and laborers, many of whom expected to return to headquarters at the new Fort Kearney, after this detached command should arrive at the "Big Horn."

The season was by this time far spent, and the supplies which were furnished this little band of brave men were of poor quality and scanty enough, the most and best of everything being kept at headquarters, for the use of the superior officers and their families.

After they had been on their new line of march three or four days, they came into camp upon a clear, beautiful little stream, in a very broken and hilly section, and after camp was pitched and all things in order for the night, some of the men went bathing in the stream, others lounged around upon the grass in the shade of trees, wagons, etc.,

but our hero took his rod and gun, which was a repeating rifle and private property, *i. e.*, not a government arm, and sauntered along down the stream, fishing. The fish took the bait readily, and he gracefully handed out Mr. and Mrs. speckled trout with more rapidity and dexterity than was beneficial to the multiplication of the fish family in question.

The mules and horses at the camp, in the meantime, were filling their capacious stomachs upon the sweet fresh grass, "and all went merry as a marriage bell."

Our hero wandered along, without thinking of any lurking danger until, in following the windings of the stream, he found himself upon the opposite side of a hill from the encampment, and as the stream was thickly lined with a stunted growth of bushes, it was not easy to discover him at his quiet occupation.

Suddenly, there were shots and shouts at the camp and vicinity, and before our hero could hardly realize the situation, there was a large Sioux Indian, mounted upon his pony, dashing over the hills from the region of the camp, and when he

had the crest of the hill between himself and the soldiers, he wheeled his horse about, and with his back fair and open to our young soldier, sat peering over at the horses and mules which he coveted, but had failed, as our hero afterwards learned, to obtain.

Our hero loosened the strap of his rifle from his shoulder where it was slung, and drawing back the lever threw a cartridge into position, dropped the gun down into the fork of a bush, took aim full at the small of the Indian's back, and then——hesitated on account of the risk of being cut off from camp; however, depending upon the excellence and superiority of his repeater, he fired. The Indian fell forward upon his horse's neck, which dashed away at the top of his speed over the hills and out of view. The Indians invariably tie themselves to their horses to keep their enemies from getting their bodies when slain or badly wounded. And once more our young soldier complimented himself upon at least giving an enemy of his country a bad spell of sickness, if nothing more. He made his way safely to camp, saying nothing of the occurrence to any one.

Our hero learned that, owing to the courage and determination of the wagon master, who stubbornly remained with the animals, keeping them under control and whipping them into corral—which was a circle of covered wagons with chains from one to the other, with an opening for the animals to go in and out—the Indians failed in their enterprise. There were no soldiers hurt or any stock lost. Ever afterwards while grazing, the animals' feet were chained so that they could not run.

Breaking camp upon the following morning, the small command, none the worse for their little experience of the previous evening, but with light hearts and renewed caution, took up their line of march for the Big Horn. They passed through herds of buffalo, which were so numerous that they did not seem to have any more fear than domestic animals; and, indeed, at one time it became necessary to deploy the troops upon either side of the wagon train as flankers to prevent them from running through the train and perhaps overthrowing the teams of mules. The only dog in the command—Fannie, by name—was the cause of

this, however, as she ran out among the feeding bison and, selecting a young calf, kept persistently after it until, in sheer desperation and fright, it ran through between the wagons; and but for the prompt military movement mentioned, the whole herd of several thousand would no doubt have followed it, for they ranged up in line like soldiers, facing the wagon train, giving a stupid, angry stare, with much snorting and pawing of the earth, with shaking of heads in disapproval of the conduct of the dog, which, however, was restrained as soon as possible, and peace with the wild denizens of that primeval locality was duly restored.

At length, after several days of severe marching, the high bluffs overlooking the valley of the Big Horn were reached, and a view was afforded of the locality to reach which was to end the marching of the command, and inaugurate toils and privations of a still more trying character. The valley seemed to be about two miles in width, with the towering peaks of the Big Horn mountains standing in awe-inspiring majesty at the head of it; with the river issuing from its protecting shadow, through a mighty rugged walled cleft or canyon,

and then flowing peacefully upon its course, taking nearly the center of the valley and shimmering like a stream of silver in the sunlit distance. The river was skirted with thrifty cotton woods, furnishing ample shade for the myriads of buffalo, elk, deer and antelope, which could be seen in the distance, moving in lines and patches, like cloud shadows over the beautiful green landscape, between the lines of bluffs or foothills, which skirted the valley on either side.

After some delay and difficulty in getting the heavily loaded wagons down from the rugged bluffs into the valley below, a march of eight miles further brought the little expedition upon the ground chosen for the erection of Fort C. F. Smith in Montana territory. The wagons were unloaded and all those, except the ones especially belonging to and assigned for the use of the troops in building the new fortification, were returned back to headquarters.

A spot was selected upon the point of a large plateau of land near the river and which might be designated as the second bank of the same, for the fort—a place which the savages could not approach,

within a mile, from any point of the compass, without being discovered. A good strong spring of pure cold water, sufficient for the use of the garrison, was conveniently near, and the river, two or three hundred yards away, furnished water for the animals.

Volunteers were called for to perform the labors of digging trenches, cutting logs, etc., for the new fort, at extra wages of forty cents per day, for the winter was not far distant and in that section is very inclement; the snow in some places being from six to twelve feet deep on the level and the thermometer registering forty-one degrees below zero—the guard having to be relieved every half hour during the night through the coldest winter weather.

Our hero wisely concluded that as he never had up to that time done any work in his life, he should prefer bullets to blisters and so elected to do his soldier duty of guarding and fighting; the ones who worked being excused from military duty of all kinds, except, of course, in case of a regular general assault requiring the full available force to resist it; and there were enough volunteer labor-

ers so that it was not necessary to compel any one against his will.

A trench was dug about three hundred feet square, two feet wide and three feet deep; and while this was being done, a party was sent to the mountain each day to cut pine logs ten or twelve feet long, to stand upon end in it, to make a palisade or wooden wall all the way around the square—these logs having been placed in the trench with the earth packed securely around them. At the southeast and northwest corners of this enclosure were little places built out like the bay windows of a house, to receive the two small cannon which they brought with them; port-holes were made through the wall or stockade, so that each cannon could rake two walls on the outside, in case of assault. Log quarters or houses were built on the inside of this stockade for the two companies of soldiers and their officers. A flagstaff was planted in the center of the enclosure, the flag was hoisted at sunrise and hauled down at sunset daily, accompanied by the sound of drums beating, and morning and evening salutes of a single cannon shot, which certainly startled the natives.

And now, dear reader, you have a faithful description of Fort C. F. Smith, Montana territory.

This fort was within the hunting grounds of the Crow tribe of Indians, who were reputed to be friendly to the white man; but up to this time, only a few small parties of them had visited the fort, and their appearance was anything but friendly, although their "How! how!" which was the limit of their English, and that, accompanied with a shake of their very dirty paws, went with them for a hearty welcome to their country, as well as a friendly greeting.

They were watched very closely, and no temptations to take advantage, were ever held out to them, but they were such scientific beggars that they invariably made their visits profitable among the generous hearted soldiers, particularly if their party was well supplied with squaws, for the gallant fellows could hardly refuse a woman anything, because, as one of them remarked, "My mother was a woman." But our hero failed to discover the missing link between his mother and an Indian squaw.

The conspicuous absence of their chiefs and lead-

ing men of the tribe, up to this time, caused the post commander, Brevet Lieut.-Col. Kinney, some uneasiness, and he determined to send an invitation by an interpreter, to the tribe to come in for a "big talk." The scout and interpreter, who was to be sent, was James Beckwourth, a mulatto, who claimed a residence in St. Louis, Mo., but who had been on the frontier from boyhood, and had at one time been a chief in the Crow tribe of Indians, spending many years of his life with them, but had left them "under a cloud," on account of a superstition of the Indians to the effect that he was responsible for the outbreaking of a loathsome disease among them, which decimated the tribe fearfully, and he was compelled to flee for his life, never having renewed his relations with them up to the time of which we write. He realized the risk he was taking and was offered a detachment of soldiers as an escort by Colonel Kinney, but as he possessed an intimate knowledge of Indian character, he explained that if the Indians were determined to slay him, they would do it if he should be accompanied by a thousand men, and as he was then old and infirm, he asked to be

allowed to select one soldier to bear him company, which request was granted. He chose James W. Thompson, a private of company D, Twenty-seventh U. S. infantry, whose native home was Parkersburg, West Virginia.

They were accordingly mounted upon two of the best horses which the command afforded, and they set out for the principal village of the tribe, which Beckwourth had been informed, by the visiting parties at the fort, was located on a small stream called "Prior," an old familiar hunting ground to him.

After some days of traveling, Beckwourth was taken severely ill, and he caused Thompson to provide wood and water in sufficient nearness to be convenient for his use, and then sent him forward upon their mission alone.

After another day of severe riding, Thompson arrived at the Indian encampment. Having no knowledge of their language, he succeeded by signs and by the use of Beckwourth's Indian name, which was Eetsedacarsha, meaning, in English, the antelope, to induce them to accompany him back to where he had left the decrepit scout.

This title of the antelope Beckwourth gained in his young manhood, while living with the "Crows," by performing the almost incredible feat of running on foot, while being hotly pursued by a band of mounted hostile Sioux, a distance of ninety miles in one day, winding up the race by plunging into the "Big Horn" river and swimming under a pile of drift wood and remaining there until given up for drowned by his pursuers. As miraculous and inconsistent as this may seem, the writer saw the bursted and ruptured veins in the limbs of the old plainsman, which he claimed to have acquired upon that occasion, and among all of the old scouts and frontiersmen of his day and time who knew him, and also of the Indians among whom he lived, there were none who discredited the truth of this incident.

Upon the arrival of Thompson with the relief party of Indians at the place where he had left the once famous scout, they found him lying in the same position in which Thompson had left him, but his immortal spirit had winged its flight to the far beyond, to receive judgment in the last day.

The Indians were deeply grieved, and if they

had cherished any animosity, it seemed that they considered an atonement had been made, and they painted themselves with black and mourned bitterly, in their own savage fashion; much to Thompson's discomfort. They gave Beckwourth's remains a funeral in accordance with the dignity and honors of a chief of their tribe, which consisted of much hacking of the flesh of their own bodies with knives, accompanied by frantic leaping, and tearing of their hair, at the same time uttering the long, wailing howl of the wolf and the shrill screams of the panther.

They tried to induce Thompson to join in the ceremonies, at least to the extent of having a finger or two hacked off, as a testimonial of grief; but he very strenuously objected, preferring that his part should be done by proxy. They wound up the entertainment by wrapping the body in a large buffalo robe, lashing it firmly with rawhide thongs. Then, after having constructed a platform up in the branches of a large tree, they hoisted all that remained of the poor old scout upon it, and securing it firmly there, took Thompson and returned to their village.

After the tribe had obtained its winter supply of dried venison and buffalo meat, which was their employment at the time of Thompson's arrival among them, they resolved to accept the invitation of Colonel Kinney in a body.

After Thompson and Beckwourth had been absent from the garrison, upon their mission, two weeks or more, and had been given up for lost, there was an alarm of "Indians! Indians!" which called the post to arms, and there upon the opposite side of the river could be seen a band of horsemen, coming over and down the bluffs into the valley, nearly opposite the fort. One band of horsemen was not great cause for alarm; but before it had got well out from the shadow of the hills and commenced to cross the intervening space between them and the fort, there seemed to be a never-ending stream pouring over the hills at the same point and down into the valley behind them. This continued until the first party had reached the bank of the river and for hours afterward.

The commandant and the interpreter, James Bridger—for whom old Fort Bridger was named—with a small party of officers and soldiers, repaired

to the river, there to discover, upon the opposite side, Thompson with the head chiefs of the Crow tribe. They were invited to cross, which they did, and Thompson and the chieftains, the latter of whom were decorated from "top to toe" with feathers, beads, and ornaments of shells and brass, proceeded to the fort with the officers. Then began the encamping of the tribe, as fast as it came in, upon the opposite bank of the stream.

A village is divided into families, and each family has a lodge or tent of skins; they also have their private horses and dogs in abundance. The war horses of the male members of the family are driven loosely, without loads, by the boys and squaws, and the others are compelled to carry them and their belongings of food, furs and camp equipage. The first thing on coming upon the ground where the village is to be erected, the poles for the lodge are unlashed from either side of the horses, where they have been dragging, by means of a stout leathern thong through the top end of each; and the tent-like covering of skins is unstrapped and unrolled ready for use; then two squaws lash two poles together near the top and spread them

at the bottom until they somewhat resemble the letter x, with the cross near the top; they then hold them upright until other squaws brace them, by tying other poles in the top of the cross around on every side, until the structure resembles the ribs of a round basket; then the covering of skins is taken by the squaws and, by poles fastened at two corners upon the same side, is pushed up to the proper height upon the frame-work of poles, lapping tight at the top, with an aperture for the passage of smoke; these two latter mentioned poles are then stuck into the ground and allowed to rest against the lodge. The bottom is then drawn in snugly around and fastened with wooden pins, leaving a hole for an entrance, which is covered by a movable wolf or bear skin.

Twelve hundred of these structures were erected upon the bank of that stream, within sight of the little garrison of less than two hundred men, upon that afternoon. And it goes without saying that the whites were not a little anxious that the Indians should be pleasantly entertained and a satisfactory treaty be made with them for the occupancy of their hunting grounds.

After the chieftains had been in conference some little time with the officers of the garrison, they withdrew, and before night had their lodges and families brought over the river and encamped underneath the walls of the fortress—showing thereby their confidence in the honesty and good faith of the white men. The village remained upon the other side and its herds of horses filled the valley as far as the eye could discern an object of that nature. The chieftains and their families were entertained by the officers and soldiers of the garrison, and the courtesies were reciprocated by the Indians in the most primeval fashion, and were truly consistent with their limited physical and moral training.

The Indians were not monogamists, and among the fifteen or twenty lodges of the chiefs' encampment at the fort, there were about a hundred and fifty of the fair sex—young and old—which gave the gallant soldiers ample opportunity to acquire the society usages of the elite of the Crow nation; and we are safe in saying they were highly edified.

Indians have three methods of obtaining wives. One of them is by conquest, one by adoption, in

case of a woman having no male relatives to hunt for her—game being the main dependence for food—and lastly, by purchase, paying the woman's parents or guardians a certain number of horses for the privilege of having her to wife; there being no limit in regard to the number of wives allowed to each brave. The young women are generally favored, and are the rulers of the lodge, the older ones doing the drudgery of carrying the wood and water, dressing skins, etc. The male avocations being to hunt and make war, and to assist in the councils of the nation.

After the legislative duties of the tribe, in relation to the treaty, had been performed, the major part of it broke up into small bands and disposed themselves about over their domain, among the valleys and favorite haunts of the game, for the winter, the chiefs and some of the more prominent braves remaining encamped near the fort almost the entire winter, and with all their professions of amity, and their full and free permission to abide upon their lands, the mail parties en route to Fort Philip Kearney, were constantly attacked and harrassed, claimed by them (the Crows), however, to be the work of the Sioux.

CHAPTER VIII.

WINTER set in upon the scene with all of the customary rigors to which the locality mentioned is subject. The regular monthly trips of the mail parties to Fort Philip Kearney were discontinued until such times as the weather should moderate enough to admit of camping out with the light baggage, which is customary with troops and escorts required to move rapidly, and the officers and men of the command settled down resignedly to the business of keeping vigilant guard over the post and its environments, watching the insinuating friendly (?) Crows, quite as much as though there had been no treaty ratified with them, and doing their best under the unfavorable circumstances, to render themselves comfortable. It was a very trying situation to be placed in. They did not like to drive away the visiting Crows and con-

vert them into positive enemies by so doing, and they did not, by any means, feel sure of their friendship. This sentiment was highly intensified a short time after the holidays, by the advent of some Indian runners. The white men knew not whether they were the professedly friendly Crows or the hostile Sioux, as it was understood that the hostile Sioux had actually been inside of the garrison, and were not betrayed by the Crows. At any rate, they brought news of a "big fight" at Fort Philip Kearney, with great slaughter to both the Indians and soldiers. They signified that there was much weeping in the Sioux lodges, which, of course, was the most gratifying part of the story to the garrison of Fort Smith.

After this the guards were doubled, and there were no Indians allowed to enter the stockade, unless a few individual visitors, who were vouched for by the chiefs. The rations were getting low, and matters were looking very gloomy. There was no way of obtaining news from the outside world, and the officers caused a bulletin board to be erected in a public place in the barrack square, and upon this they would daily post clippings from

old newspapers, which they happened to have in their baggage; this served to break the dull, gloomy monotony which seemed to pervade everything, and in some measure to distract their attention from their desperate situation. The snow was very deep and the weather remained bitter cold; the rations gave entirely out, and they were compelled to take the grain which was brought for the animals and boil it to make food with which to sustain the lives of the garrison.

At this time the Indians seemed to be faring much better than their white entertainers, for they received their full share of the horse feed, as used by the garrison, and in addition they secured rabbits and other small game, which the white men could only succeed in capturing semi-occasionally, and if compelled to depend wholly upon food obtained in the chase, they would have fared plain enough, for the soldiers unanimously agreed that rabbit tracks did not make good soup; and there was where the Indian exhibited his superiority—the white man could find the tracks, but the Indian could find the rabbit; and it would be a person of very limited comprehension, indeed, who

could not determine which had the better soup for his dinner.

During this period of distress and suffering, for lack of the necessities of life, at the garrison, our hero received an invitation from the great chief of the Crow tribe to dine with himself and family, which, after having received the sanction of the commanding officer, he accepted with alacrity, declaring, boastfully, to his comrades, that "He should have the extreme felicity of filling himself once more with meat—venison, perhaps—but in the absence from the larder of the larger and fatter varieties of game, rabbits would answer, and would be very nice, if there were only enough of them."

The chief, whose name was Tsedapoomatah, or in English "Iron Bull," led the way, smilingly, out of the fort with our hero at his heels, and after a five minutes' walk arrived at the wigwam of the big chief, as he styled himself. Their arrival was not unannounced, by any means; we do not mean to convey the impression that the band played, or that there was an apotheosis of our hero by the people, for it was a bitter cold day, and there was not a person belonging to the tribe in sight; but

the chief and his friend, our hero, were announced by about forty dogs of the most vicious species (they being over half wolf) it had ever been his lot to encounter; he certainly would have been torn in pieces but for the vigorous activity of the chief, who slashed them with his heavy bow and finally with the flat side of his tomahawk, sending them rolling right and left until, tiring of the entertainment, they, howlingly, ran out of reach.

Having settled the preliminaries of their approach, the chief drew the bear skin from over the entrance to his lodge, and pushed our hero through the hole, and, at the same instant his heels came in contact with some reserve fuel for the fire, which was burning in the center of the place, and he was precipitated sprawling upon the broad of his back upon the ground on the interior. This act was hailed with unstinted applause by the females and children of the family, and he scrambled to his feet amid shouts of "Itsick! Itsick! meaning good, good, and laughter immoderate. Having some knowledge of their language, and feeling somewhat hurt by their laughter as well as by the fall, he set them off screaming once more

by saying soberly, "Barrett, barrett itsick!" meaning, no, it is not good.

After the people had recovered from their merriment at our hero's mischance, and his eyes had become accustomed to the dim light of the fire, he improved his opportunity to take items of his surroundings.

From the appearance of the numerous females, it was evident that the big chief considered that it was necessary to divide his greatness, and not overburden a single individual with too much "big chief," and our hero, looking upon the reverse side, thought that it was a case of "too much of a good thing being worse than none." The laughing squaws seemed to be aged from eleven years up to a century and, possibly, with another half added in the case of some of them. They sat upon robes and furs all around the lodge, close up against it, leaving room for a passage between them and the fire, there being nothing in their code of etiquette against such an act. There was an earthen vessel upon the fire, which emitted a savory odor, which our hero understood to contain the dinner. The old warrior filled the head of his tomahawk, which

was hollowed out like the bowl of a pipe, with tobacco, lighted it, and proceeded to smoke, drawing the smoke through the handle, which was perforated like a pipe stem, sharing every alternate whiff with his visitor, which proceeding was called at the garrison "smoking Indian." Now, this was a treat, indeed, to our friend, for the garrison had been out of tobacco for some weeks, the Indians having begged so pertinaciously that they had become the sole proprietors of the stock of tobacco in the vicinity.

After the smoking performance was concluded, with all due ceremony and gravity, the chief commanded the dinner to be served. Our hero being the honored guest, was given his share in an old castaway oyster can, which had been obtained from the fort. This was done, no doubt, in deference to the custom which they saw prevailing among the soldiers of the garrison, of each man receiving his share in his own can. This was not Crow etiquette, as our hero soon ascertained; for upon delivering to him his share, the squaw in charge went out and brought in a large lump of snow, and began dropping it into the vessel, until the

mixture was sufficiently cool; she then inserted her hand into it, and scooping a handful into her mouth, passed it to the next, who did likewise, and so it went around until all had partaken and the dish was emptied. He tried hard not to notice the great ridges of dirt which were between the fingers of each of the Crow ladies(!) and partially succeeded in so doing; to the extent, at any rate, of swallowing his own portion. After having accomplished the mighty task, and wishing to divert his thoughts by a conversation with his host, he pointed to the dish and asked: "Besha?" meaning to inquire if it was buffalo.

The chief shook his head and answered, "Barrett," meaning no.

The young soldier ventured again, "Eetseda-carsha?" meaning to inquire if they had been eating antelope.

The chief again shook a negative, then throwing back his head and puffing out his cheeks, at the same time pointing out through the entrance of the lodge, he made these sounds, "Bow-wow! bow-wow! bow-wow."

This was explicit enough for the young soldier,

and we blush for his etiquette, but the truth in this instance must be told; he caught up the oyster can, which had served for a dinner plate, held it to his mouth and it was soon full and running over with the recently swallowed dinner, and a portion, also, of the scanty breakfast which he had partaken of at the fort, thrown in along with it by way of good measure. He then realized for the first time the true significance of the first line of the poem so often quoted in Indian affairs:

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind,"

and he immediately supplied a line for its fellow:

"In case of need, enjoys dog soup as well as any kind."

As soon as his rebellious stomach had ceased its pranks, he was suddenly seized by a half dozen or so of the chief's wives, who, in utter disregard of his frantic struggels of resistance, began to disrobe him, while others prepared him a bed of furs, believing him to be dangerously ill, as no Indian was ever known by them to make such a demonstration on account of disgust for quality or manner of preparing food.

Having resisted until compelled to desist, from exhaustion, with mortification and anger he lay

quiet, and watched them place his clothes, after critically examining their texture and construction, in a safe and remote part of their lodge; then he wondered what was next on the program. He had not long to wait for developments; an old woman soon came forward with a large, hot stone, wrapped in a tanned buckskin and placed it at his feet, and another one brought some kind of a decoction of herbs, which she forced him to drink. By this time he was sick enough, and was soon in a profuse perspiration, which was followed by a deep sleep, which lasted till the following morning. Upon awakening, he signed to the chief for his clothes, which were good naturedly given him; and he immediately, after donning them, struck a bee line for the fort; the chief going to the confines of the village with him, to keep off the dogs. Our friend felt weak and debilitated enough to compare with any one who had really attended an elaborate wine supper, such as is usually given in bon ton society; and it is hardly worth while to state that an account of his entertainment was not given to his comrades.

The Indians, becoming tired of the white man's

diet of horse feed, took their departure as soon as the departing winter would permit them; and the little garrison was once more enduring its privations unaided. But word came that there was a relief train en route, and that it would come on as soon as the snow barriers would permit.

In due time it came. As soon as the wagons were sighted coming over and down the high bluffs into the valley, eight miles from the fort, many of the troops hastened to go out and meet them; and we will venture to state that there never were as many chews of tobacco given away in the same length of time in the history of the world. Although they were all suffering from a dearth of bread, tobacco was invariably the first request. Every driver of the train, and every soldier of the guard, was solicited until, positively, they had no more about their persons to bestow. But there was an ample supply in the wagons.

The garrison was overjoyed to be placed upon full rations of good food once more, but were saddened to hear the particulars of the great massacre of their comrades at Fort Philip Kearney, which confirmed the report previously alluded to.

There has been a book written in relation to it, therefore we will content ourselves with the statement that there were ninety-one officers and soldiers, who went out from the fort to give the Indians battle; they were led into an ambush of many thousands of them, and not one was left to tell the tale; they were shockingly mutilated—one soldier fought so desperately that when his body was found there were one hundred and sixty-five arrows sticking in it. This occurred in the month of December, 1866.

After the train had unloaded and departed, the Indians again returned to share the hospitality of the white men, and Iron Bull, with some thirty or forty of his braves and their families, had a good time eating and drinking for a number of days.

One day during their sojourn, there was a band of fifty or seventy-five Indians appeared out upon the plateau, near the fort, and seemingly were not disposed to come in, but kept hovering around suspiciously. Colonel Kinney examined them attentively through a field glass, and then permitted Iron Bull to do likewise; the chief instantly pronounced them to be the hostile Sioux, and requested

permission from Colonel Kinney to allow him to go out and fight them, which the colonel cordially granted. The little band of Crows hastily mounted and rode out within arrow shot, and then began a parley; a war of words and abuse followed. The soldiers lined the walls of the fort under arms, and prepared themselves against a surprise, at the same time eager to see the fight. The Indians shouted and gesticulated in an amusing manner for some little time; at length each band, in a twinkling, arrange themselves into a circle, riding furiously, one following another in an endless chain, looking like two large moving wheels with their edges together, the warriors of each band lying along their horses, on the opposite side from his enemy, which they were enabled to do by braiding the mane of their ponies so that it formed a loop, through which the rider thrust one arm in such a manner that the bow could be used to discharge arrows underneath the neck of the horse at the respective enemy, the leg being kept in place upon the back of the pony by a strong hair rope, which encircled its body. As soon as the order of battle was arranged, the arrows began to fill the air, each