# The BOYS' BOOK OF SCOUTS

PERCY · K · FITZHUGH

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BUFFALO BILL

# THE BOYS' BOOK OF SCOUTS

BY

PERCY KEESE FITZHUGH

AUTHOR OF "ALONG THE MOHAWK TRAIL," ETC.

*ILLUSTRATED*

NEW YORK

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

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# PREFACE

As every boy knows, this great country of ours was in the beginning a very little country, occupying a narrow strip of land along the Atlantic Coast. The vast ocean washed against it, and across this ocean brave men, heroic, intrepid, and adventurous, had come, braving its perils, and had founded their little colonies along its wild, rugged shore.

These men were explorers—water scouts, they might be called—and their lives and deeds were marvels of prowess and adventure.

But beyond this narrow strip of land lay another wilderness, mysterious and unexplored, and as dark and perilous and trackless as the wild ocean to the eastward. The thirteen colonies, and later the little republic, lay between these two vast silent wastes; and men soon found that of the two the watery one was the easier to explore.

At least, it was not so difficult to estimate its perils. There were storms and there were pirates; but at least there were no unknown savages, no wild beasts, no frowning mountains, or barren, wind-swept plains—no scorching sands.

This land ocean was as wide as the watery

one and a great deal more mysterious. The venturesome explorers and settlers had solved one mystery only to find another. Miles and miles of frowning wilderness stretched to the westward showing no more sign of path or trail than the broad Atlantic had shown. Ships were of no use here, and there were no other vehicles which could be made use of.

Men had no more knowledge of the extent and character of this wilderness, nor of what lay hidden in its impenetrable recesses, than Columbus had possessed of what lay west of the Azores. The first men to cross this trackless, unknown waste were just as venturesome as the great Genoese, and they had a great many more adventures.

Of course, the same spirit which had prompted men to cross the ocean prompted them to press still farther westward. Many were satisfied to remain where they were, but there were a few to whom the dense wilderness to the west was a continual challenge. They wished to know something about it, to make it yield up its secrets, perhaps to remain and live within or beyond it.

These men were of exactly the same spirit as their nautical brethren and predecessors, but by reason of the character of the enterprises which they undertook and the necessity of devising new means with which to encounter new and different problems of adventure, they have come to be

regarded as a sort of race apart in our history, and the counterpart of the American scout and pioneer is not known in any other land.

Under the general heading of "Scout," which means one who goes ahead of an army to obtain information, we include here men who did much more than that, who were scouts in a broader sense, and whose adventurous deeds were not limited to their military activities. Some of them *went ahead* not of an army, but of civilization, felling forests and fighting, because they had to fight the savages who challenged their advance. They are associated in our minds quite as much with the axe as with the gun, and the log cabin should be their emblem, for they were, most of them, religious men and apostles of the home.

They began very early in our history pushing westward, and continued pushing westward as civilization tagged on behind them.

These men, products of our own land and breathing its bold spirit, are undoubtedly the most picturesque characters in history. They were as much a wonder to Europeans as the red Indian himself was. They were as resolute and as lofty of aim as the old Crusaders.

Most of these men possessed all the qualities of heroism. They were models of physical manhood, strong of will and muscle, romantic in attire and capable of enduring incredible hardships and privations. So extraordinary were

their careers that many a boy in Europe has heard of them as myths. They were, as a rule, noble of stature, experts with gun and axe, and of indomitable persistence. The history of adventure knows no other characters so wholesome and rugged.

Some of these pioneers lived many years ago, others nearer to our own time; as long as there was a frontier with lurking red men and more wildernesses beyond to be penetrated and subdued, they flourished.

We know of some of these heroic figures as scouts, of others chiefly as pioneers, of others as backwoodsmen and of some as Indian fighters. But their hearts all beat with the same intrepid impulse. Patriotism and high resolve and scorn of hardship and suffering surged up within their stalwart bosoms, and we shall call them all scouts, for so they were in a sense.

At least they were all alike in this—that their lives were lives of peril and adventure. They were the very best kind of scouts, for they loved home and peace and they were ready to fight for them.

It would be impossible for the story-teller to imagine such experiences as fell to this noble army of buckskin patriots and warriors.

*The Boys' Book of Scouts* is intended to tell of the remarkable careers of some of the most conspicuous of these picturesque characters. We

are not to think of them as fighters or as "going west to fight the Indians," for they went with no such purpose; but they knew no fear, they shunned no peril, and they carried their guns as well as their axes because they knew there was no use going out to a lonely frontier with pinks in their buttonholes and shaking tin rattles.

# CONTENTS

PAGE

George Rogers Clark . . . . . . . . . . 1
David Crockett . . . . . . . . . . . 21
Samuel Houston . . . . . . . . . . . 36
Christopher (Kit) Carson . . . . . . . . 50
Richard Wooton . . . . . . . . . . . 68
William Frederick Cody . . . . . . . . 81
Belzy Dodd . . . . . . . . . . . . 97
George Croghan . . . . . . . . . . . 110
Daniel Boone . . . . . . . . . . . . 127
Francis Marion . . . . . . . . . . . 144
Samuel Brady . . . . . . . . . . . . 157
Lewis and Clark . . . . . . . . . . . 171
Zebulon Montgomery Pike . . . . . . . . 188
Andrew Lewis . . . . . . . . . . . . 203
General Henry W. Lawton . . . . . . . 219
Joseph, the Nez Percé . . . . . . . . . 233
Old John Smith . . . . . . . . . . . 250
Rube Stevens . . . . . . . . . . . . 265
General George A. Custer . . . . . . . 283
James Bridger . . . . . . . . . . . . 303

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Buffalo Bill . . . . . . . . . . *Frontispiece*

PAGE

George Rogers Clark . . . . . . . . . . 2

The Death of Davy Crockett, last survivor of the Alamo Garrison . . . . . . . . . . 34

Sam Houston . . . . . . . . . . 38

Christopher (Kit) Carson . . . . . . . . . . 50

Trappers crossing the Rockies . . . . . . . . . . 82

National Monument to Buffalo Bill erected on Lookout Mountain, Colorado . . . . . . . . . . 96

An Old-time Plains Fight . . . . . . . . . . 100

Daniel Boone . . . . . . . . . . 128

General Marion and British Officers . . . . . . . . . . 144

Capt. Meriweather Lewis . . . . . . . . . . 172

Gen. William Clark . . . . . . . . . . 176

The Voyageurs . . . . . . . . . . 182

General Henry W. Lawton . . . . . . . . . . 230

General George A. Custer . . . . . . . . . . 284

"Curly," survivor of the Custer Battle . . . . . . . . . . 302

## GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

How he became a Kentucky pioneer; how he was elected to office but didn't get the office; how he procured 500 pounds of gunpowder and carried it over the mountains; together with how he purposed using the powder; how he interrupted a dance; how he made his wonderful journey across Illinois and how he succeeded in opening the West for American expansion. Also of his country's ingratitude and of his unhappy last days.

THE fair ladies and gallant gentlemen of the remote little town of Kaskaskia, on the Mississippi, were having a gala time of it on the night of July the fourth, seventeen seventy-eight, and the music to which they danced floated out through the portholes of their little fort and mingled with the soft evening breeze blowing over the fair country which is now a part of the great State of Illinois.

Above the little fort floated the banner of King George; the officers who danced wore King George's uniform; and the dance which they danced was the minuet which more than one of them had learned at King George's Court.

Of course, they knew there was a war; they knew the thirteen colonies had struck for independence, but they were not so proud and vision-

ary as to suppose that the American patriots would trouble *them* in their remote and all but unknown little settlement.

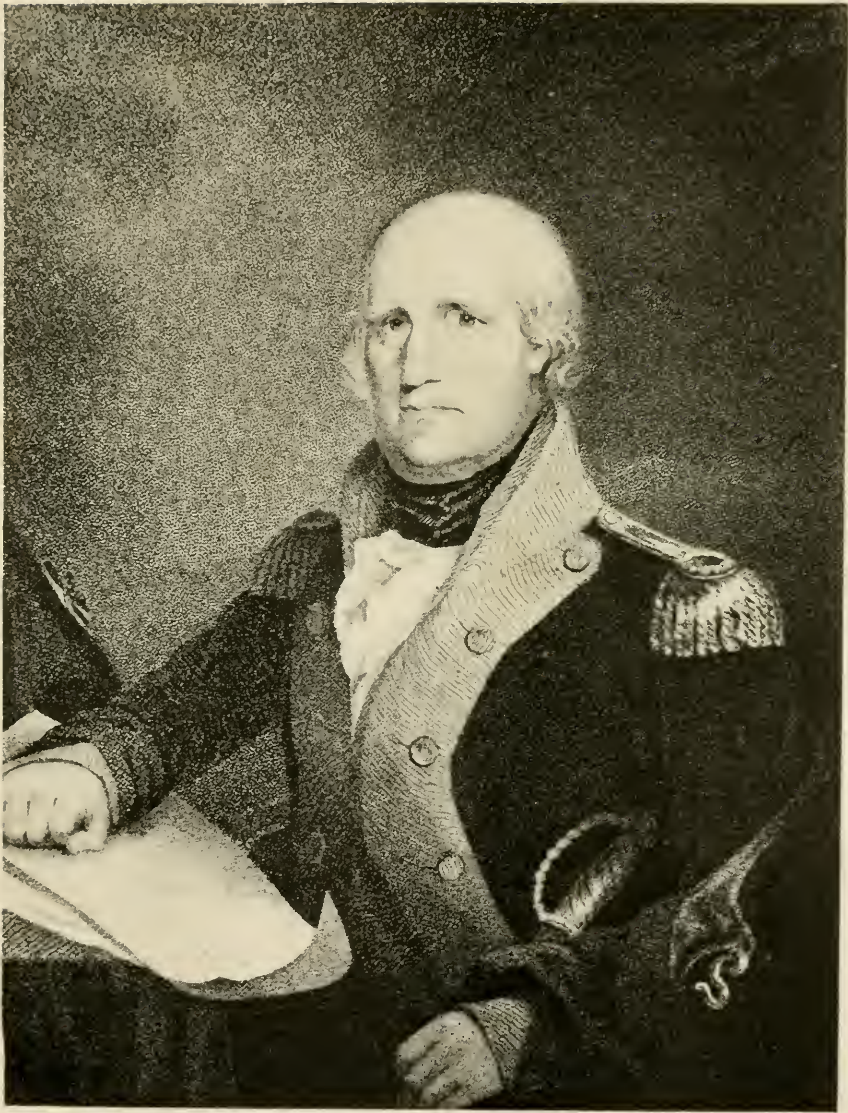
So the gay young officers and fair ladies had turned the little fort of Kaskaskia into a scene of gayety and were loyally tripping the graceful measure of the minuet, when there suddenly appeared in the doorway a tall man in buckskin who bade the merrymakers to pause.

Instantly the music ceased and all eyes turned in consternation upon the intruder whose picturesque but tattered costume of the backwoods must have contrasted oddly with the festive scene on which he gazed.

He told them that he was sorry to interrupt their festivities, but that he had come to take the fort; adding that, while he would be glad to see them continue their dancing, they must bear in mind that they were dancing in honor of Virginia and of the United States of America—not of Great Britain and King George!

The man who thus appeared like an apparition in that remote frontier settlement was George Rogers Clark, a Virginian by birth and an elder brother of William Clark, the famous companion of Meriwether Lewis. He was born on the 19th of November, 1752.

Like George Washington, young Clark became a surveyor, which in those days meant long, hard journeys full of peril and adventure.



GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

He was tall and strong, and said by some to have had red hair, which we can readily believe if there is any truth in the alleged affinity between red hair and recklessness.

Young Clark served with distinction in the war which Lord Dunmore, Royal Governor of Virginia, waged against the Indians, and which is commonly known as Lord Dunmore's War. After that he went to Kentucky, which he had previously visited on one of his surveying trips, and in that famous backwoods country, which proved the stern school of so many good scouts, we find him following the congenial life of pioneer and frontiersman when the War of Independence began.

As soon as hostilities commenced, the Indians of the wild Kentucky frontier availed themselves of the excuse thus offered and began to war upon the lonely, unprotected settlements.

We must remember that these isolated hamlets west of the Alleghenies were considered by the frontiersmen to belong to the thriving colony of Virginia, and the pioneers of that lonesome region were not long in getting together and delegating one or two of their number to make a trip across the mountains and explain their defenceless position to the Virginia Legislature and to the Governor, who was none other than the famous "liberty-or-death" Patrick Henry.

Clark and one other were selected for this

long journey and important mission and the hardy frontiersmen even went so far as to elect the two emissaries delegates from Kentucky to the Virginia Assembly—an original move, to say the least, since the wild country west of the mountains had no more political existence than the moon!

The two pioneers and would-be members of the august body of Virginia made the trip across the mountains and arrived at the thriving metropolis of Williamsburgh, where they found that the session in which they had hoped to participate had come to an end—without even marking them absent!

But they were still emissaries, if they *had* missed their chance to be statesmen, and they found a ready listener in Governor Henry, to whom they described the dangers which beset their lonesome settlements beyond the mountains. They told him that in view of the war and the consequent growing depredations of the Indians, five hundred pounds of powder would come handy.

Patrick Henry could not deny this, but Virginia was in no particular hurry to deal out such a quantity of this valuable commodity for use in the remote and supposedly unimportant wilderness, and it was some time before the earnest pleadings of Clark and his companion prevailed.

At last Virginia gave them the powder and they faced the task of carrying it back across the mountains. They began their difficult return journey in high spirits, however, for they had succeeded not only in procuring the powder, but in winning official recognition of their lonely borderland as a part of Virginia, and entitled to at least some measure of protection and consideration. They made their journey back through a country of lurking savages, incited to the warpath by the British, and after braving many dangers and surmounting innumerable obstacles of travel, they brought the valuable powder and the good news to their companions of the frontier.

But the colony of Virginia, with its gayety and its divers concerns and a heavy share of the burden of war resting upon its patriotic shoulders, did not take the West very seriously. Little those prosperous planters dreamed how that vast wilderness would one day be parceled out in prosperous and populous states, how the all but unknown region between the Mississippi and the Wabash would, in the fulness of time, become the mighty commonwealth of Illinois with a seething world-center within its borders.

They knew that along the Wabash in that far distant region was the old French settlement of Vincennes, and that on the Mississippi, a hundred and fifty or so miles farther west, was

Kaskaskia, also of French origin, both now possessed by Great Britain and holding British garrisons; and they knew, also, of the old French post of Detroit. The knowledge did not trouble them at all, however, for these distant wilderness settlements and the vast country all about them were out of the game, so far as the War of Independence was concerned.

It never entered the heads of the colonial authorities that those sequestered settlements in the great West might possibly be the keys to an enormous treasure chest.

This was the very idea, however, which occurred to the far-sighted backwoodsman whose story we are telling.

Of what use, thought he, is it to fight the Indians when the British sources of supply to them remain open? Why waste valuable powder on the disease when perhaps a bold stroke or two might eliminate the cause?

These were the thoughts that suggested to young George Rogers Clark a scheme which, considering prospects and facilities, was nothing less than stupendous. He believed it would be better to employ his precious powder in the ambitious enterprise of surprising and taking these British posts than in continued fighting with the Indians.

It would be a master stroke against the red men, no doubt; but who shall say that in the

mind of this young frontier patriot there was no prophetic picture of the victorious young republic pressing ever westward? No doubt he, who had seen something of this unknown area, as the Virginians had not, realized that if the thirteen emancipated colonies were going to grow they would need a good-sized backyard to grow in. And he resolved that by one bold stroke he would give them this priceless territory and put an end to the increasing Indian forays at the same time.

We cannot to-day appreciate the bold conception of this plan. We know what the West has become, but we cannot know how difficult of accomplishment, and indeed how unimportant, its winning must have seemed to the patriots whose whole interest and effort were centered along the seaboard and who had heard of Vincennes, Kaskaskia, and Detroit merely as quaint old French settlements, remote and inaccessible in a wild, unknown region, and now garrisoned by the English.

But George Rogers Clark, scout of the Kentucky backwoods, not yet twenty-six years old, had a vision of what the conquest of these crucial posts might mean, and in 1777 he retraced his way back to Virginia to lay his audacious plan before the Governor, Patrick Henry.

Among the wise old heads who, with the gov-

ernor, listened to the enthusiastic young pioneer, was the great Thomas Jefferson, whose shrewd gaze was always cast afar and who often saw where others saw not. It was altogether to be expected that the man who later sent Lewis and Clark to the Pacific and Zebulon Pike to the wilds of Colorado should lend a ready ear to the patriotic young Kentuckian, and his plan was promptly approved.

In order that it might be carried out, he was given a commission as colonel, something over a thousand pounds of currency (which, owing to the war, was of greatly depreciated value), and authority to raise seven hundred and fifty men for his undertaking. The young frontiersman was not disposed to question the generosity of his sponsors nor the adequacy of his equipment, and he went forth delighted to attempt with these very insufficient means one of the boldest and, as it turned out, one of the most momentous feats in American history.

On an island in the Ohio River, close to where the city of Louisville now stands, Clark formed a miscellaneous little army consisting of adventurers and frontiersmen and numbering considerably fewer than the purposed seven hundred and fifty men.

The object of his enterprise was kept a secret, and when at last rumors of it leaked out his followers began to desert right and left until

there remained but one hundred and fifty of them, crudely drilled (for Clark was not a soldier in the disciplinary sense) and sadly unequipped.

On the twenty-fourth of June, 1778, they started down the river in boats. There was an eclipse of the sun on that memorable day and the flotilla of tiny craft, tossed and separated by the tumultuous rapids, was whirled on in almost total darkness.

They reunited where the swift current was less boisterous and made a pleasant voyage down the wide, hurrying stream until, on the fourth day, they fell in with a band of hunters, who had lately been at Kaskaskia. Hearing from young Clark of his intention to take that place, they asked if they might join the party —a request which was granted with alacrity.

The student of frontier history is continually coming upon just such instances as this which pleasantly illustrate the romance of those adventurous times. Hunters, border settlers, scouts returning from other missions, were always turning back to accompany some venturesome expedition or other which they met by the way, and we are forced to the conclusion that, notwithstanding their usually lofty and practical purposes, they loved adventure for its own sweet sake.

Leaving the Ohio, the party started across

the prairie in the southern part of Illinois, headed for the Mississippi. The pitiable inadequacy of their equipment here served them in good stead, for, being unhampered by luggage, they were able to make this monotonous part of their journey quickly, and on the fourth of July, as we have seen, they were at Kaskaskia, whose inhabitants and little garrison were in total ignorance of their approach until Clark struck his dramatic posture (he was a great lover of this sort of thing) in the doorway of the hall where the festivities were in progress.

We are not told whether the dancing continued, but it may safely be inferred that there was at least an intermission.

No one except the doughty scout himself knew how many troops were surrounding the fort, and he was not the man to tell them that his martial legion consisted of somewhere in the neighborhood of two hundred frontiersmen. Instead, he made a fine show of power, demanding the papers of the establishment, which were handed over to him and which revealed completely (if any such confirmation was necessary) Great Britain's intriguing with the Indians.

Thus George Rogers Clark, by his boldness, almost amounting to effrontery, surprised (in the most accurate meaning of that word) the remote old post of Kaskaskia and took the town without the loss of a single life on either side.

With a fine air of military autocracy, which could not have been better if he had commanded serried ranks of warriors, he took the reins of government, ordering the people to their houses, and the people obeyed in fear and trembling, pleading for their lives. They called the Kentuckians "Big Knives," because of the formidable dirks which they carried.

After thoroughly impressing the astonished people by his grim assumption of authority, he announced (we may presume with the same fine air) that he had come from the East bringing them freedom, not oppression, and besought their allegiance to the patriot cause.

Many of the simple inhabitants were, of course, French, and on hearing from Clark the tidings of the French alliance with America and of the proud Burgoyne's surrender, they were only too ready to salute the American colors, which then for the first time were hoisted in that quaint settlement on the banks of the Father of Waters.

The next world to conquer in young Clark's path of glory was Vincennes, about one hundred and fifty miles northeastward on the Wabash River. On hearing that the place was without a garrison and consisted largely of French people, Clark sent a French missionary, whom he had met at Kaskaskia, to take the place with the gentle weapons of persuasion and kindness,

while he remained at Kaskaskia to manage its affairs.

Father Gibault's mission was in all ways successful—a very model of Christian conquest. The inhabitants of Vincennes gladly raised the American flag and swore allegiance to the young republic, and shortly thereafter Clark sent a subordinate, Captain Leonard Helm, to take charge of the place.

Meanwhile Clark, from Kaskaskia, managed with great skill the affairs of the whole vast province, of which it was the capital. Not the least of his duties was to subdue the Indians, whom he knew how to handle if any man did, and there was no more fomenting of discord and no more forays into Kentucky.

But you are not to suppose that the bloodless conquest of Vincennes was to be permanent.

There was one other strategic place on which we know that Colonel Clark had his eye, and this was Detroit, far northward of the two other settlements. Here lived the Royal Governor of the whole province, William Harrison. When this official heard of the doings of Colonel Clark in the southwestern part of his domain, his anger knew no bounds and he resolved to strike into the Wabash River, march down that stream, retake Vincennes, and then march across the Illinois country to the Mississippi and retake Kaskaskia.

On the 17th of December, 1778, Harrison appeared before Vincennes with a force of about one hundred Canadians and as many Indians.

This was not a very large array, but it was larger than Captain Helm's force, which consisted of one man. Undaunted by the imposing array of besiegers, the captain hauled his single cannon to a point of vantage and boldly announced that the fort would not be surrendered until he knew what terms would be granted.

Governor Hamilton, not knowing how large the garrison was, was not disposed to be exacting, and he answered that the troops should march out with all the honors of war; whereupon Captain Helm, with his single soldier behind him, marched solemnly forth and Vincennes was again held by the British.

It happened about a month later that a trader and hunter who had been held captive at Vincennes reached Kaskaskia and informed Colonel Clark that the place had been taken by Governor Hamilton, who, having repaired and strengthened it, had now left it in charge of a large force equipped with artillery.

Clark, nothing daunted, resolved that whatever the dangers and obstacles Vincennes should be retaken. It was winter and travel was difficult, but he knew that if he waited until spring, Hamilton would be upon him at Kaskaskia, and he immediately made preparations for the ar-

duous journey which alone would entitle him to an honored place among scouts and pathfinders.

He knew that the force at Vincennes was greatly superior both in numbers and equipment to his own little band of followers, and he knew that in that month of January, after a season of incessant rain and snow, the trip across the Illinois country would present obstacles well nigh insurmountable. But he knew, too, that when the war should end, America could not lay claim to that vast province of the West unless it held Vincennes, and that delay would probably result in his losing Kaskaskia also.

It is regrettable that Clark's memorable journey across the plains, amid alternate snow and rain and biting cold, cannot be recounted in detail. It was without doubt one of the most difficult marches in history. Braving gales of unprecedented fury, plodding through vast quagmires and crossing rivers which had spread into veritable inland seas, the men labored on, drenched, starving, freezing—but resolute.

In one place the flooded area was so great that they could not see beyond the watery waste. They built canoes and rafts and transported their diminishing stock of provisions across mile after mile of submerged prairie until there was no food left to carry and they were three days without sustenance of any sort.

The floods had driven all game from the

vicinity and they were on the point of starving when one of their number shot a deer which providentially had been caught in the floods. Its meat was divided among one hundred and sixty famished men.

At length, after three weeks of such suffering and superhuman effort as seem scarcely credible, the indomitable Clark and his brave men crossed the Wabash and for two days more followed its overflowed banks until, standing waist deep in the freezing waters, they were able to hear in the distance the welcome sound of the evening gun on the fort at Vincennes.

Their terrible journey was almost ended, and even as they climbed to higher ground in their approach to the town, the welcome sun appeared and they dried their soaked clothing in its cold, but grateful, radiance. During the ten preceding days they had had just three meals. A third of their journey had been made through water and all of it had been accompanied by biting cold and penetrating, wind-driven rain and snow, and other untold obstacles.

No battle which might await these weary but undiscouraged men could test their courage and their grim determination as that cruel journey had tested them!

A little distance from the town Clark paused and sent the following letter by a French citizen whom he had met and taken prisoner:

"To the Inhabitants of Post St. Vincents:

Gentlemen: Being now within two miles of your village with my army, determined to take your fort this night, and not being willing to surprise you, I take this method to request such of you as are true citizens, and willing to enjoy the liberty I bring you, to remain still in your houses. And those, if any there be, that are friends to the King will instantly repair to the fort and join the Hair-buyer General * and fight like men. And if any such, as do not go to the fort shall be discovered afterwards, they may depend on severe punishment. On the contrary, those that are true friends to liberty may depend on being well treated. And I once more request them to keep out of the streets; for everyone I find in arms on my arrival I shall treat as an enemy.

G. R. Clark."

This was a very fine letter to be sent by the ragged, famished leader of a little band of less than two hundred weary, half-frozen men, but Clark's proclamations were always martial, even if his army were not.

He now marched his imposing legion boldly into the town, and with his usual air of auto-

* Hamilton is said to have offered a bounty for the scalps of "rebels."

cratic power disposed his hapless men about the fort, where they concealed their ragged and shivering forms behind trees, and began a lively rifle fire which lasted all night. The garrison was not very responsive, supposing it to be the playful pastime of some drunken Indians until the light of dawn dispelled their illusion.

The rising sun found Clark and his men still shooting away with a will from behind trees and hastily improvised breastworks, and the soldiers in the fort could not man their guns because of the incessant fire.

Some sympathetic French inhabitants of the village now regaled the visitors with a hot breakfast, and this so refreshed their redoubtable leader that he straightway sent a broadside into the fort in the form of another letter, which read:

"SIR:

In order to save yourself from the impending storm that now threatens you, I order you immediately to surrender yourself, with all your garrison, stores, etc. For if I am obliged to storm, you may depend on such treatment as is justly due to a murderer. Beware of destroying stores of any kind, or any papers, or letters, for by Heavens, if you do, there shall be no mercy shown you.

G. R. CLARK."

To this letter Hamilton sent a disdainful reply, then relaxed and asked for a truce of three days, and at last for a parley, at which Colonel Clark announced (with a grand air of finality, we may be assured) that unconditional surrender was the only proposition he would consider. Colonel Hamilton seemed disposed to consider this also, and he asked for an hour in which to make up his mind.

The following morning, upon Clark's promise to treat the garrison as prisoners of war, the British marched out, and once again the fort where the doughty Kentuckian had surprised the merrymakers fell into the hands of the Americans.

As for the one remaining stronghold of Detroit, Colonel Clark had not a sufficient force to proceed against it, and it did not pass to the United States until the close of the war. It was at the council table, then, that Benjamin Franklin was able to win recognition of the Mississippi as our western boundary by pointing to the two settlements of Kaskaskia and Vincennes which the boldness and foresight of the young Kentucky pioneer had taken and held for his country. Thus, by reason of the possession of these crucial points, the whole wide area of the northwest, between the Ohio and the Mississippi, fell to the young republic on the day of reckoning. And the nation's un-

grudging thanks were due the brave young scout who, scorning wind and cold and flood, had made that terrible march across the prairies.

But, sad to relate, his tardy country not only did not reward him, but did not even refund the money which he had contributed to his daring enterprise until many years after he was dead.

His last years were pitiful in the extreme. He had never held a commission in the Federal service, and his commission in the Virginia militia was taken from him—not, however, until after he had served faithfully and bravely in many expeditions against the predatory bands of Indians which still lurked along the frontier.

Clark had never married and his life was very lonesome as he grew old—a sad contrast to that of the average pioneer who, notwithstanding the roaming propensity, has usually been surrounded by children and grandchildren wherever his ultimate frontier cabin has been located. How different those last years in the life of George Rogers Clark from the declining days of glorious old Daniel Boone!

Clark lived alone in a cabin in the backwoods, spending his time in hunting and fishing and at odd times entertaining his old frontier friends. One enemy, too, lurked in his lonely home—the enemy of drink, at whose dissembling hand he sought consolation in his disappointment and abject poverty.

He was finally stricken with paralysis, and stumbled into the fire in his cabin, burning his leg so that it had to be amputated. He asked that a fife and drum be played while the torturing operation was being performed (for the blessing of anesthetics was not known then), and he sat in a chair watching the surgeons and listening to the stirring music.

At last, crippled, poor and forlorn, the broken old scout sought the home of his sister, where his last days were spent under her affectionate care. He died on February 13, 1818, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

## DAVID CROCKETT

How he hunted in the wilds of Tennessee; his own story of how he killed a bear; how he became famous and was sent to Congress; and how he met a glorious death fighting against the Mexicans in Texas.

If Davy Crockett had done nothing else than originate the motto, *Be sure you're right, then go ahead,* he would have been worthy of, at least, a modest place in our history; for it is a good motto, and if one but follows it, he is not likely to go astray.

Davy himself did not always follow it, though he always followed a part of it; for, wrong or right, he invariably *went ahead;* and perhaps the last part of the motto, in itself, is not half bad.

Possibly it was the strain of Irish in Davy, with its accompanying propensity to blarney, or perhaps it was just his extraordinary valor, which made him a favorite among the southern maidens of the young republic. In any event, he had many friends among them, but it is to Davy Crockett and Betsy that we shall here give our particular attention.

Betsy was his trusty rifle, a model of loyalty, indeed, which might stand as a worthy example

to many another Betsy. For it served him faithfully through life and stayed by him in the tragic hour of his heroic death.

Most of the "stunts" of David's life (there is no other name by which to call them) are very well known—Davy himself saw to that—and it is a pity they cannot here be narrated in detail. We must, perforce, let our brief account of him center about the culminating episode of his astonishing career with but a cursory glimpse of his life as a politician and hunter.

Not to go farther back into his interesting ancestry than one generation, let us say that Crockett's father was born on the Atlantic Ocean, and after a restless, migratory career he settled with his family in the mountain country of Tennessee. In this wild region, in a small settlement called Limestone, David first saw the light, on August seventeenth, 1786.

Accounts of his personal appearance as he grew to manhood differ considerably, but agree in one particular; namely, that he was very swarthy, with long, straight, jet black hair. All accounts agree also as to the singular quality of his eyes, which literally glistened with merriment and a kind of dancing recklessness.

He must have possessed, indeed, an exceptionally winning personality, with a fund of humor not common in those strenuous, grim days. Even his naïve boastfulness and grandilo-

quent habit of exaggeration appear to have had their part in establishing an unprecedented popularity for him. Perhaps the secret of his charm lay in the fact that he was intensely human.

At a very early age, almost as soon as he could walk, one might say, he sought the forest. It taught him all he ever knew; for, notwithstanding that he was twice elected to the National Congress, his "book larnin'" was—or, rather, it wasn't.

His early life was characterized by a refreshing spirit of independence which, at times, ran to the point of rebellion. He was apprenticed to a teamster who took him to Virginia, where he left his master and, alone, made an adventurous journey home through the forest. He then went to school, where he remained for less than a week.

This was long enough, however, to permit of at least one good fight, in which he thoroughly whipped an older boy who had attempted to bully him.

After this he played truant, and liked it so much that he resolved to make his truancy permanent, and he ran away from home altogether. After a while he returned and finding that the maidens of the neighborhood jeered at him because of his ignorance, he decided to go to school again.

Completing his education, such as it was, he

succumbed again to the lure of the woods, and what with farm labor, hunting, trapping, etc., he was able somewhat to assist his family, who were very poor.

When he was twenty-three years old, having the appalling sum of fifteen dollars saved up, he resolved to marry. With his young wife he migrated farther west and settled in the south central part of Tennessee. Davy himself tells us that they had things "fixed up pretty grand" in their backwoods home, as they must have had on their capital of fifteen dollars, and he assures us that folks can "love just as hard in the backwoods as any people in the whole country."

Their happiness was not long-lived, however, for two years later his young wife died, leaving the woodsman alone with his small children in their remote cabin. Shortly thereafter he married again.

It was in this period of his life that he acquired his fame as a hunter, particularly a bear hunter, though, to be sure, coons also feared the deadly aim of Betsy, as we learn from the famous protest of one of them who, according to Davy, perceived that resistance was useless and politely offered to come down out of the tree if he would refrain from shooting!

But Davy was not only good at shooting; his own narrative of his hunting exploits were

hardly less remarkable than the exploits themselves, and we cannot do better than let him tell in his own inimitable way of the renowned "barking up the wrong tree" episode, since the expression, like many other expressions of Davy's, has become proverbial.

"That night," he says, "there fell a heavy rain, and it turned to sleet. In the morning all hands turned out hunting. My young man and a brother-in-law who had lately settled near me went down the river to hunt for turkeys, but I was for larger game. I told them I had dreamed the night before of having had a hard fight with a big black nigger, and I know'd it was a sign I was to have a battle with a bear; for in a bear country, I never know'd such a dream to fail. So I started to go above the harricane, determined to have a bear. I had two pretty good dogs and an old hound, which I took along. I had gone about six miles up the river, and it was then about four miles across to the main Obion; so I determined to strike across to that, as I had found nothing yet to kill.

"I got on to the river, and turned down it; but the sleet was still getting worse and worse. The bushes were all bent down and locked together, so that it was almost impossible to get along. In a little time my dogs started a large gang of old turkey gobblers, and I killed two

of the biggest sort. I shouldered them up, and moved on, until I got through the harricane again, when I was so tired that I laid my gobblers down, to rest, as they were confounded heavy, and I was mighty tired.

"While I was resting, my old hound went to a log and smelt it awhile, and then raised his eyes towards the sky and cried out. Away he went, and my other dogs with him, and I shouldered up my turkeys again, and followed on as hard as I could drive. The dogs were soon out of sight, and in a very little time I heard them begin to bark. When I got to them, they were barking up a tree, but there was no game there. I concluded that it had been a turkey, and that it had flew away.

"When they saw me coming, away they went again, and, after a little time, began to bark as before. When I got near them I found they were barking up the wrong tree again, as there was no game there. They served in this way three or four times, until I was so infernal mad that I determined, if I could get near enough, to shoot the old hound at least.

"With this intention I pushed on the harder, till I came to the edge of an open prairie, and, looking on before my dogs, I saw in and about the biggest bear that ever was seen in America. He looked, at the distance he was from me, like a large black bull. My dogs were afraid to

attack him, and that was the reason why they had stopped so often—that I might overtake them. They were now almost up with him, and I took my gobblers from my back and hung them up in a sapling, and broke like a quarter horse after my bear, for the sight of him had put new springs in me. I soon got near to them, but they were just getting into a roaring thicket, and so I couldn't run through it, but had to pick my way along, and had close work at that.

"In a little while I saw the bear climbing up a large black oak tree, and I crawled on till I got within about eighty yards of him. He was setting with his breast to me, and so I put fresh priming in my gun and fired at him. At this he raised one of his paws and snorted loudly. I loaded again as quick as I could, and fired as near the same place in his breast as possible. At the crack of my gun, here he came tumbling down; and the moment he touched the ground I heard one of my best dogs cry out. I took my tomahawk in one hand and my big butcher-knife in the other, and ran up within four or five paces of him, at which he let my dog go and fixed his eyes on me. I got back in all sorts of a hurry, for I knowed that if he got hold of me, he would hug me altogether too close for comfort. I went to my gun and hastily loaded her again, and shot him a third time, which killed him for good.

"I now began to think about getting him home, but I didn't know how far it was. So I left him and started; and in order to find him again, I would blaze a sapling every little distance, which would show me the way back; I continued this until I got within a mile of home, for there I knowed very well where I was, and that I could easily find my way back to my blazes. When I got home, I took my brother-in-law and my young man and four horses, and went back. We got there just before dark, and struck up a fire and commenced butchering my bear. It was some time in the night before we finished it, and I can assert, on my honor, that I believe he would have weighed six hundred pounds. It was the second largest I ever saw. I killed one, a few years afterwards, that weighed six hundred and seventeen pounds.

"I now felt fully compensated for my sufferings in going after my powder; and well satisfied that a dog may be doing a good business, *even when he seems to be barking up the wrong tree.*"

We cannot pause to tell of Crockett's work as a scout under Andrew Jackson in the Creek War, nor of his fights with Indians and outlaws, to say nothing of his bear and coon killings.

As the country became settled he became fairly prosperous and phenomenally popular. Twice he was elected to the State Legislature. Nor was

this enough; for so universally liked was he and so deeply impressed were his simple friends and neighbors with his captivating air and his deeds of "derring do" that they sent him to the National Congress, where he cut an amazing figure, and infused a refreshing breath of humor and originality into the dull sessions of that august body.

Having served two terms, during which he became quaintly famous throughout the country, he failed of re-election, and in the disappointment and chagrin which followed his strenuous campaign he formed a resolution, the fulfillment of which was to lose him his life, although it helped to enhance his unique fame.

"As my country no longer requires my services," he says, "I have made up my mind to go to Texas. My life has been one of danger, toil and privation, but these difficulties I had to encounter. . . . Now I start anew upon my own hook, and God only grant that it may be strong enough to support the weight hung upon it. I have a new row to hoe, a long and rough one, but come what will, *I'll go ahead.*"

There is a note of pathos in his own simple account of how he began that fateful journey. "The thermometer stood below freezing as I left my wife and children; still there was some thawing about the eyelids, a thing that had not happened since I ran away from my father's

home when a thoughtless, vagabond boy. I dressed myself in a clean hunting-shirt, put on a new fox-skin cap with the tail hanging behind, and took hold of my rifle Betsy . . . and started off to *go ahead* in a new world."

The new world in which he was to go ahead was the present State of Texas, and formed then a district of the new republic of Mexico. There were, however, more Americans there than Mexicans, and the territory was American in all except a political sense. Most of the settlers were men like Crockett himself—typical frontiersmen and expert hunters. They were not the sort of people to submit tamely to tyranny and oppression, and when these were imposed by the corrupt government of Mexico, they protested and soon revolted.

This miniature war of independence began in 1835, and was pressed with such vigor by the resolute and hardy settlers that soon San Antonio, the principal town, was taken, and every Mexican soldier driven back to Mexico proper.

Near the town there stood an old mission, built by the Franciscan monks, which was known as the Mission del Alamo and which, under the simpler appellation of the Alamo is sadly famous in our history.

When Davy Crockett, after his long and adventurous journey, reached the Alamo, he found it converted into a stronghold and occupied by

about one hundred and fifty Americans under a gallant young officer named Travis, and a certain Colonel Bowie, whose name is otherwise immortalized by the famous bowie-knife of which he was the originator.

Crockett brought with him a dozen or so kindred spirits, and the little band in their fur caps and travel-worn buckskins was given a rousing welcome.

It was known that the powers in Mexico would not long suffer these triumphant settlers to enjoy the fruits of their victory.

They did not, however, expect that Santa Anna himself, usurper and dictator of Mexico, would pay them the high honor of a personal call, and their surprise may be imagined when, on the 23d of February, 1836, this "Napoleon of the West" appeared before the Alamo heading the advance guard of his five thousand trained Mexican troops, and demanded its surrender.

In answer to this the little garrison raised their flag, and Santa Anna hoisted his red ensign, which meant that no quarter would be given to the Americans. Thus a little party of a hundred and seventy-odd men hurled defiance at an army of five thousand, notwithstanding that the result was inevitable.

The siege continued for ten days, during which time the Mexicans were repulsed and lost heavily

whenever they came within range of the crack riflemen. We may be sure that Betsy did her part in that brief interim.

At last Santa Anna's main army arrived. Historians insist that right up to this time the Americans could have cut their way out and escaped, but apparently no such thought entered their minds. They were there to defend their stronghold. They must have known well what their fate would be; that their defence, however heroic, must be futile; yet they stood their ground, resolved to die game after making the enemy pay the highest price their trusty rifles could exact.

At dawn, on March 6th, the Americans were aroused by the shrill sound of a bugle. They knew what it meant: the Mexicans were to be rallied for the long-expected charge. As the little band listened to that attenuated martial call, so fateful for them, we may suppose that they thought also of the Mexicans' red banner, which meant no quarter.

It is related that Colonel Travis addressed his men, repeating his resolve never to surrender, and offered his freedom to any man who wished to escape. None, so the tradition goes, left the Alamo.

An hour or two of suspense and then the walls of the old mission shook with the mighty onslaught of Santa Anna. The storming host was

received with a rain of shot from the Americans, and, as always, the well-aimed rifles did their work.

But they availed little against Santa Anna's legion. In three columns the Mexicans advanced, sometimes thrown into confusion by the withering fire from the old mission; but reserve after reserve filled the gaps, the storming host outnumbering the Americans fifteen to one.

Now they were close under the walls, trying again and again to scale them. The stockade to the north offered a better chance, and they soon concentrated their efforts there, using scaling ladders in the face of a continuous and deadly fire from the Americans.

Once close under the wall, they enjoyed some measure of shelter from the cannon, though the toll of death from rifle shots was still terrible; but the Mexicans, knowing their greatly superior numbers, and that fresh troops were hurrying to their support, persisted.

Colonel Travis was shot dead while loading a cannon. Presently the Mexicans had scaled the walls and were swarming into the Alamo. It was no time for shooting now. The Americans clubbed their rifles and drew their swords, and as they were backed against the wall they fought, hand to hand, against the overwhelming force.

Colonel Bowie lay ill in an upper room. The

Mexicans rushed in upon him, and as they entered he shot them one by one from his bed, until he himself was despatched.

Meanwhile Crockett fought desperately in an open plaza. Nothing more is known of his fate, though traditions are many as to exactly how he died. One story runs that he was still shooting from behind a pile of men whom he had killed when he was overpowered and made an end of.

One thing, at least, is known. His mutilated body was seen lying near the wall by an American woman whom Santa Anna had spared.

The battle, or rather the massacre, was soon over, and only five wretched prisoners remained. These were dragged before Santa Anna and butchered. Two women, several children and some servants were spared.

The Mexican loss was very large—much larger, indeed, than one would have supposed possible—and testified eloquently to the heroic resistance which the little garrison had offered.

Thus, shrouded in a kind of ghastly mystery, ended the unique career of Davy Crockett—a splendid type of scout and one of the most original characters that ever lived. So captivating was his naïve heroism and so charmingly frank his winning nature, that innumerable legends cluster about his name, many of which doubtless have slight foundation in truth.

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THE DEATH OF DAVY CROCKETT, LAST SURVIVOR OF THE ALAMO GARRISON

We may be sure, however, that in that final bloody scene of his career, the trusted Betsy did not desert him, but that he used both ends of her, fighting desperately to the bitter end and scorning surrender.

It would be interesting to know exactly how he died. His own inimitable account of that last struggle would have been good reading. But only a few terror-stricken women and children were left after the frightful carnage, and their recollections were fragmentary and contradictory. So, in a sense, it may be said that there was no one left to tell the tale of one of the bloodiest and most unequal hand-to-hand encounters in our history.

In the city of Austin, Texas, stands a monument, commemorating the heroic death of Crockett and the other members of the little band. Upon it is carved this sentence:

> *Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none.*

## SAM HOUSTON

How he fought under Andrew Jackson; how he lived among the Indians; how he became a member of Congress; how he founded the Lone Star Republic and what he finally said of it; together with what happened to the Lone Star Republic; and various other adventures which befell Sam Houston.

Whatever people may think of Sam Houston (and people have thought a good many different things about him), one fact will be generally conceded: viz., that no other country than the young United States could possibly have produced him, and that the United States, grown older, can never produce such another.

He was not only the first president of the Republic of Texas, but its last as well. He was, indeed, the father of his country in the truest sense, and when it ceased to be a country and became a state, he stood by it and was the father of his state. When it fell into evil ways and began to talk about secession, he "retired to his prairie home" in high disgust, planted a threatening cannon upon his humble cabin and told his rebellious child that she could "go to blazes."

That is the sort of man that Sam Houston was.

Everything about him was big, including his faults. He was huge in stature, he had a tremendous voice, his ideas were stupendous, his heart was as big as that of an ox; and as for his courage, it is quite enough to say that Andrew Jackson was amazed at it. What if he did appear before the United States Secretary of War brandishing a tomahawk and dressed in the garb of a Cherokee Indian, to the Secretary's great consternation and annoyance? Sam Houston was a law unto himself, and so we must consider him.

Should you like to know how he looked on no less an occasion than his own inauguration as Governor?

"A tall, bell-crowned, medium-brimmed, shining black beaver hat, shining black military stock or cravat encased by a standing collar, ruffled shirt, satin vest, shining black silk pants gathered to the waistband with legs full, same size from seat to ankle, and a gorgeous red-ground, many-colored gown or Indian hunting-shirt, fastened at the waist by a huge red sash covered with fancy bead work, with an immense silver buckle, embroidered silk stockings and pumps with large silver buckles."

Truly an imposing figure!

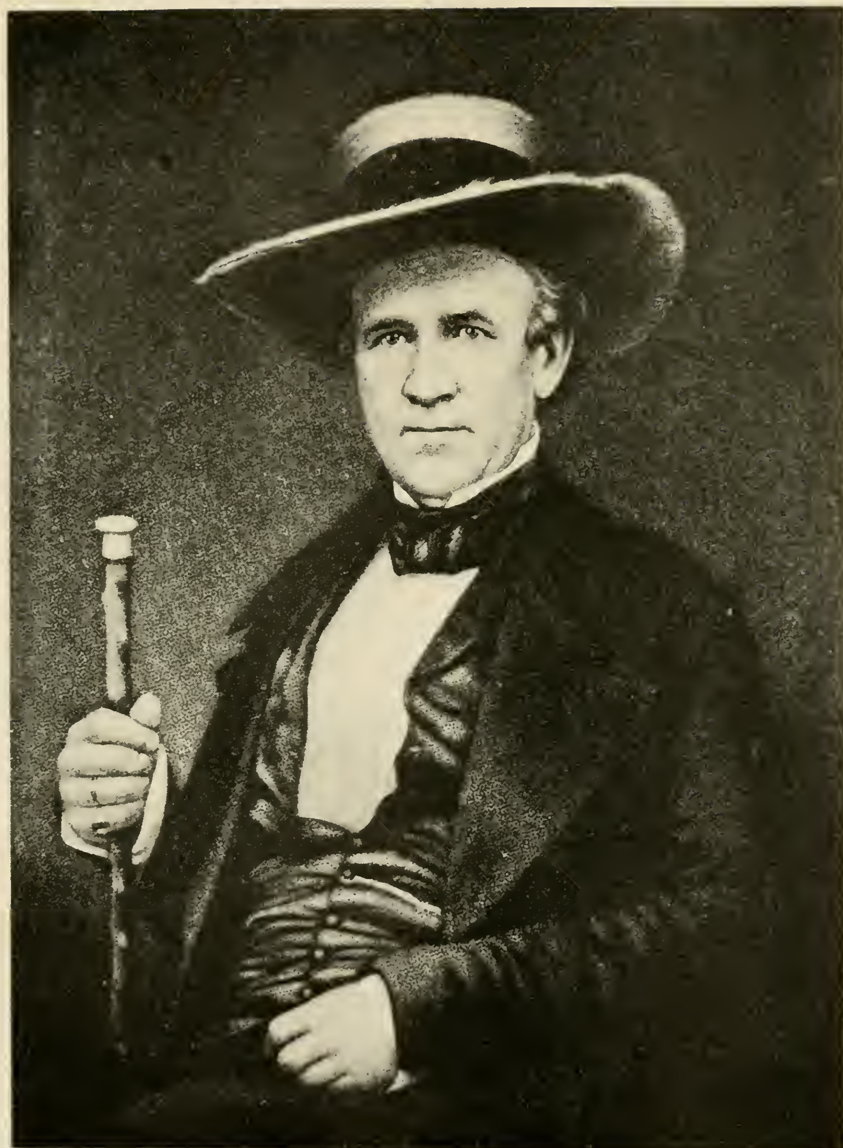
But for all that he was not proud, for even after he became a general he was in the habit of beating the drum himself, believing that he

could do it better than anyone else. There was only one drum in his army.

Sam Houston was born at Timber Ridge Church, in Rockbridge County, Virginia, on the 2d of March, 1793. He was of Scotch-Irish ancestry. His father had fought in the War of Independence, and when he died Sam's mother, who was a typical pioneer woman, took her children westward into Tennessee, where they lived in the wilds, in close proximity to the Cherokee Indians—that once warlike tribe whose power had been broken by young Francis Marion and others.

Young Sam was rather more inclined to study than the average young frontiersman, and while yet a boy his habit of reading every book he could lay his hands on gave him much knowledge which was useful in his political career years afterward.

Indeed, his love of study, so the story goes, was the very thing which led him into a world of adventure, for on being forbidden by his unsympathetic elder brothers to study Latin, he forthwith pocketed his volume of Pope's *Iliad* and sallied forth to a neighboring village of friendly Cherokees, among whom he made his home. The Cherokee chief liked him so much that he adopted him and young Sam continued to lead a wild life among the Indians until he was nineteen years old.



SAM HOUSTON

He was always thereafter more or less identified with the Cherokees, returning to them from time to time and finding balm and solace in their savage life. Later he took a wife from among them.

In 1811 he returned to civilization and started a small school where he must have greatly edified his pupils by the Indian shirt and long pigtail which he wore.

In 1813 he joined the army and was shortly promoted to the rank of ensign. At that time the redoubtable Andrew Jackson had set out to crush, once and for all, the warlike Creek Indians who, under their famous chief, Tecumseh, were making a last stand against the whites in the wilds of Alabama.

In this campaign young Houston distinguished himself in such a manner that "Old Hickory" never forgot it, and when he became President he supported with enthusiasm the schemes of his whilom ensign.

It was at the Battle of Horseshoe Bend that Sam Houston, then not twenty years of age, showed his mettle.

Wounded and bleeding profusely, he was ordered to the rear by General Jackson. The General was not, either in his military or political career, a very safe man to disobey, but Sam Houston was out for glory and he was not to be deterred by either a wound or an order.

Sam's regiment had been ordered to storm the breastworks which the Creek Indians had erected and disregarding his superior's command he had rushed forward with the other men. He was just scaling the rough parapet when a barbed arrow struck him in the thigh. Heedless of the frightful agony he had tried to extract the cruel barb, but could not do so.

He waited until his comrades were near and ordered one of them to pull out the arrow. Twice the man tried and failed, causing him unspeakable torture.

"Try again," cried Houston, "and if you fail this time I will smite you to the earth."

With main strength the soldier wrenched at the arrow, tearing it out and leaving a great bleeding gash.

"Thank you, you are a brave fellow," said Sam Houston.

It was then that General Jackson ordered him to the rear. Young Houston pled with him in vain; as soon as the General's back was turned he was in the thick of the assault again, storming the breastworks at the head of his men.

There soon followed a bloody hand-to-hand combat, in which many Indians were killed. It was a complete defeat for them, but there still lurked in a ravine near by, which was covered by the breastworks, a large body of Creek warriors, so stationed and protected that they could

with small danger to themselves maintain a continual fire upon Jackson's men. Their vantage ground was such that artillery could not be used against them, and Jackson called for volunteers to make a charge.

There was no response from either officers or men until Sam Houston, springing forward despite his cruel wound, ordered his platoon to follow him. His brave act is graphically described by his friend and editor, C. Edwards Lester:

"There was but one way of attack that could prevail—it was to charge through the port-holes although they were bristling with rifles and arrows, and it had to be done by a rapid, simultaneous plunge. As he was stopping to rally his men and had levelled his musket within five yards of the port-holes, he received two rifle balls in his right shoulder, and his arm fell shattered to his side. Totally disabled, he turned and called once more to his men, and implored them to make the charge. But they could not advance. Houston stood in his blood till he saw it would do no good to stand any longer and then went beyond the range of the bullets and sank down exhausted to the earth."

Sam Houston had learned at least one thing from the stoical Indians—to suffer and be strong.

He was many months in recovering and when he did recover he found that Old Hickory had

forgotten his disobedience and remembered only his bravery. That was quite like Old Hickory.

With the help of Jackson's great influence, Sam Houston, still a very young man, became one of the leading figures in Tennessee. Before he was thirty-five, he was elected Governor of the State and it seemed that Fortune was to smile permanently upon him when suddenly, during his campaign for re-election, he dropped his canvass, left his home and his young bride of six weeks, and went back to resume his wild life among the Cherokee Indians.

No one knows why he did this extraordinary thing. He was good enough to say that the young lady was in no way to blame, although there have been historians who appeared to think that they knew more about it than Sam himself did.

It had been said that he was stung by the lies of his enemies, but surely the hero of Horseshoe Bend who could calmly watch while a jagged arrow was torn out of his flesh, ought to have been able to bear the barbed arrows of slander in a political campaign. In any event, if a man wishes to repudiate his bride of six weeks to go and live with the Indians, he should have a very much better excuse than this; and the best comment to make is just that Sam Houston was a puzzle.

The life which he led among the Cherokees

was romantic and adventurous, but not altogether creditable. He followed the trails with them, hunted with them, and, it is to be feared, drank with them, for they called him Big Drunk, which is not a complimentary name for the soldier and patriot who founded the Texan Republic.

For one year he led this wild, reckless life, then he came forth as one risen from the dead and returned to civilization. Clad in a most outlandish garb he made his way to Washington and to the White House where he knew he might be sure of a friendly welcome. Andrew Jackson received him with open arms.

At that time Texas was a province of Mexico. For some time the Mexican Government had encouraged foreign settlement within this large domain and it was now beginning to realize the unwisdom of such a course, for there were more Americans there than Mexicans and they were not at all agreeable to the despotic form of government favored by the cruel Santa Anna, President of the Mexican republic, who was in reality a dictator.

In 1829 President Jackson had offered to buy Texas, and although Mexico had indignantly refused the proposal, it had nevertheless aroused her to the realization that her province of Texas was rather more friendly to the United States than to herself.

It was, indeed, too late for the Mexican Gov-

ernment to stem the tide and there was no sleight-of-hand by which Texas could be conjured into a loyal province with Mexican sympathies. But Santa Anna tried the impossible, by imposing tyrannical laws and unreasonable restrictions and the natural consequence was a vigorous revolt of the hardy settlers.

The story of Davy Crockett tells of the cruel methods of Santa Anna in trying to stamp out the spirit of freedom. The massacre at the sadly famous Alamo was only one of his vile deeds.

It was to this scene of disorder that Sam Houston now betook himself. It is said that he went at the instigation of President Jackson, who wished for nothing better than a successful revolution which would bring the troubled and turbulent Texas headlong into the Union.

Be that as it may, Houston went and scarcely had he reached the scene when he became the hero of the occasion. This was in December, 1832.

We cannot pause to narrate in detail the story of the revolution of the American settlers in Texas. For a while things went against them, as the ghastly death of Crockett and his comrades in the Alamo testifies. And when Santa Anna had glutted himself with a still more inhuman massacre at Goliad he believed that the Americans had been thoroughly cowed and punished.

That is where he made the mistake of his life, for encamped on the Colorado River was a small body of less than one thousand frontiersmen in command of an American scout and Indian fighter—the giant, Sam Houston.

There is no space in which to follow the campaign that ensued. The Americans were outnumbered many times. Moreover, they were but a band of undrilled frontiersmen with no bayonets and no artillery—nothing but their rifles and bowie knives. They had no camping outfits and there was but one drum among them.

Against this hapless band was the well-drilled and triumphant legion of Santa Anna.

A David and Goliath contest indeed!

Yet the tact and skill and courage of the old trailer prevailed. After a campaign of forced marches and of hide-and-seek tactics, which must have astonished the haughty Santa Anna, he was actually taken prisoner by the rough old scout whom he had disdained. On April 21, 1836, two months after the murder of Crockett and his brave companions, was fought the Battle of San Jacinto where Sam Houston and eight hundred Texans utterly routed the Mexican army and put an end to Santa Anna's cruelties forever.

The battle cry on that momentous occasion was "Remember the Alamo!" And who shall say that the spirit of Davy Crockett was not present to witness this triumph of as good a

scout and fighter as himself as he exacted retribution for the massacre in the old Mission?

Whatever people may have thought of Sam Houston's peculiarities and however much his friends may have deplored his faults, he was now acclaimed a hero. The whilom Big Drunk had freed Texas and captured the tyrant and no honor was too great for him.

The long-troubled province now became a republic and its liberator was elected as its president.

Houston was quite willing that his little republic should become a part of the United States, but the United States now would have none of this, for the distant rumblings of the great slavery agitation were already to be heard in the land and Uncle Sam doubtless felt that there were quite enough slave states already.

In 1845, however, with the full concurrence of the Texan people, the Lone Star Republic became the State of Texas, and Sam Houston was sent to Washington as Senator. He wore a many-colored Mexican blanket and was wont to whittle shingles with his bowie knife while listening to congressional debates. Whenever the rights of the Indians came in question, however, he would lay aside his handiwork and let his thunderous voice rise in their defense—in grateful memory, perhaps, of his old life among the hospitable Cherokees.

We cannot follow his political career. The eve of the Civil War found him governor of his beloved state. Old in years, but still vigorous and affecting still his motley garb, he shook his old clenched fist at those who talked of secession.

His attitude made him very unpopular. He refused to take the Confederacy's oath of allegiance and was ousted from office. In that exciting time it was the rule in the Confederacy that all men over sixteen must register and carry a pass when traveling. Sam Houston refused to do either. When his pass was demanded of him, he thundered, "San Jacinto is my pass through Texas!" They let him pass.

After his deposition from office he retired to his home (of which he had seen but little, to be sure) at Huntsville, Texas. Here he was fond of wearing his old San Jacinto uniform.

Though he had opposed secession, his staunch old spirit rebelled at the thought of his beloved state invaded by Federal troops, and he raised his crutch in the air and shook it triumphantly when the Union army was driven from her soil. He had done all he could to prevent secession, but the die being cast his allegiance was with the cause of the South.

He lived to the age of seventy, when his old wounds began to trouble him and he became crippled and very feeble. He died in his Hunts-

ville home, on the 26th of July, 1863, three weeks after General Grant had taken Vicksburg. His last words were "Texas! Texas!" and "Margaret!"

Margaret was his third wife. Perhaps as he uttered her name he thought of that bride of long ago whom he had repudiated; and perhaps as he uttered the words "Texas—Texas!" he thought of the ungrateful state which had repudiated him.

Sam Houston was a strange combination—a man remarkable in many ways. Like Daniel Boone, he loved the forest and its wild life for their own sake, though not enough to give himself up to them as did the great Kentucky pioneer. The world knows him chiefly as an odd character, a brave soldier, and a statesman of no mean attainments. But in the intervals of his military and political career, he was wont to seek the forest and become a backwoodsman.

In the period between his two incumbencies as governor of Texas, and after his fame was fully established, he built himself a log cabin in the wilderness and lived a life of primitive simplicity and wildness. He was an expert tracker, a crack shot, a superb horseman; and no man, unless it was John Eliot of old, ever became so thoroughly familiar as he with Indian life. He understood not only their language, but

their thoughts and their feelings; and they evidently understood him, which is more than can be said of some of his white brethren.

It is to be regretted that his life as a woodsman and scout should have to take a subordinate place in his career. But perhaps this is inevitable. If Daniel Boone had been elected Governor of Kentucky, and had been sent to Washington as Senator, we should doubtless lose much of the wonderful romance which clings like a vine about his beloved name.

# KIT CARSON

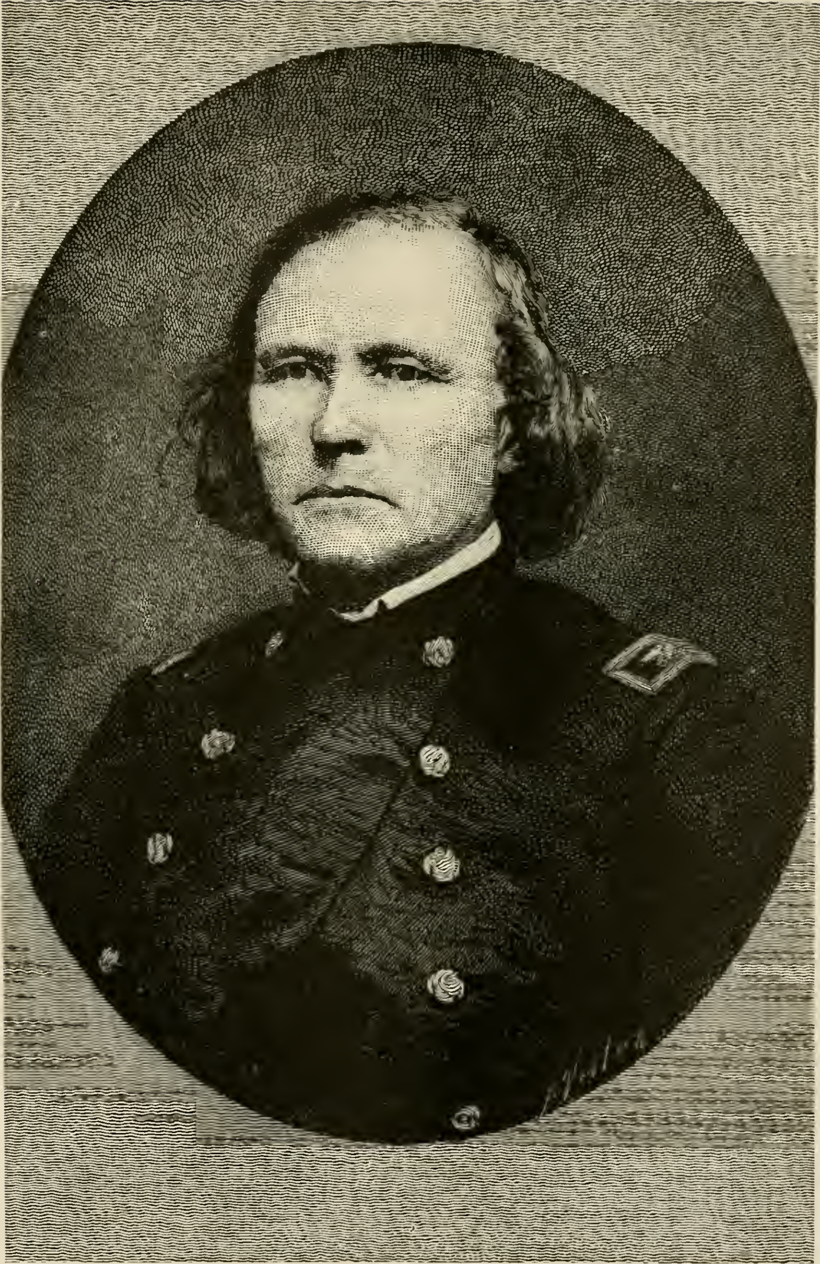
How he first hit the Old Trail; how he performed a surgical operation; how he hunted and fought the Indians; how he acted as peacemaker; together with sundry feats and adventures of this famous plainsman.

A GOOD scout was Kit Carson, who was considerate enough to adventure-loving youth not to run for office and waste the precious years in Congress which he might spend out hunting and tracking Indians.

He was a scout, a whole scout, and nothing but a scout—first, last, and always.

His proper name was Christopher, but he hardly recognized it himself and history and story do not recognize it at all. He did so many things that the mere record of his birth and death seem prosy enough, but it may as well be recorded that he was born in Madison County, Kentucky, on Christmas Day, in 1809.

His early years were spent on the Old Santa Fe Trail. From 1829 to 1838 he was a trapper in the Rocky Mountains, during which time he married an Indian girl. His second marriage, to a Spanish maiden, occurred in 1843. From



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CHRISTOPHER (KIT) CARSON

From a photograph taken about 1863

1838 to 1842 he was hunter and captain of trappers for Bent's Fort, a hunting headquarters and trading-post along the Arkansas. He accompanied Fremont as a guide and hunter on the famous exploring expedition of 1843-44 to the Great Salt Lake and California, returning by the Old Trail and through the Rocky Mountains. He was with Fremont on his subsequent expedition into California, and was scout under him in the conquest of that territory in 1846. He served as a transcontinental express messenger in 1847-48, and in the latter year acted as a ranger in the outposts of California. In 1850 he served as an army scout in expeditions against the Indians. In 1853 he became a gentle shepherd and drove 30,000 sheep overland to California. He became a colonel in the army and served in innumerable battles with the red men. At odd times in his varied career he was a ranchman, a military commissioner, a guide, trapper, hunter, trail detective and, indeed, he served in about every capacity and occupied every post incidental to the old caravan days and frontier life. Yet he was not sixty years old when he died.

Carson was rather below the average stature, and appears to have been of the wiry type and rather delicate looking. His nature was very simple and lovable. He was modest and unassertive, and averse to telling of his own deeds.

It goes without saying that his bravery was conspicuous, and he showed a superb coolness in the face of danger.

In 1868, during a visit to his son at Fort Lyon, in Colorado, he was stricken with apoplexy while riding his horse, a recreation which he continued to enjoy even after ill health had compelled him to give up active life. His death was almost instantaneous. This occurred on May 23d.

His remains were later taken to his old home in New Mexico, where a monument was erected over them.

It would be quite futile to attempt a consecutive brief narrative of Kit Carson's adventures. They seem to be piled up all about, and the best one can hope to accomplish is to select certain conspicuous instances of his prowess and present them by way of amplifying the foregoing capitulation.

While Kit was still very young, his parents emigrated to the frontier region of Missouri, where the boy was apprenticed to a harness-maker, a singularly prosaic calling for so romantic a youth, and he did not follow it long.

The Carson home, which was hardly more than a frontier cabin, was in Howard County, and the great, tortuous Missouri River flowed near by.

Not so far to the west of Kit's lonely home

the river flowed near to the eastern end of the Old Santa Fe Trail, which ran from eastern Kansas to Santa Fe, and was the highway of caravans of pack mules and later of great lumbering prairie wagons, the lurking place of Comanches and Apaches and Mexican bandits, the haunt of trapper and scout.

It was a romantic and historic trail, the scene of many desperate deeds, and abounding in a variety of scenic grandeur.

We may be sure that young Kit often saw the bands of traders and immigrants passing up the river on their way to the Old Trail, and that the sight of these bold adventurers filled him with longing to follow them to the ancient highway which crossed the vast plains and wound its tortuous way among the rocky fastnesses farther west and so to the quaint old Mexican city.

Once, when Kit was scarcely seventeen, a party of traders passed near his home, and he begged that he might be allowed to accompany them.

"Of what use would you be to us?" one of the traders asked.

"I can shoot," said Kit.

"Well, then, let us see you shoot," said the trader.

Kit gave a specimen of his shooting and they forthwith not only consented to let him go, but

implored his parents to consent. Shooting like his was needed along the Old Santa Fe Trail.

So young Kit joined the caravan, and that was the beginning of his career of adventure.

His first notable feat, however, was not one of shooting, but rather of surgery, although we have neglected to mention his surgical skill, to say nothing of the novelty of his methods.

The party had not proceeded far when one of the teamsters, through carelessness, shot himself with his rifle, crushing the bone of his arm, and after a few days the wound gave signs of blood poisoning.

It was decided that only by amputating the arm could his life be saved, but there were no physicians in the party, and no one seemed disposed to perform the operation until young Kit Carson stepped forward and offered to "do the job."

He admitted that he had no experience in such matters, and that his only tools were a razor, a saw, and the king-bolt of a wagon.

The unhappy teamster, with the alternative of certain death confronting him, consented, and Kit performed the operation, cutting with the razor, sawing through the bone and searing the wound with the white hot bolt. The operation was a complete success and the one-armed teamster was the companion of Kit Carson on many an adventure in the years to follow.

While Kit was hunter at Bent's Fort his reputation as a crack shot spread through the whole West. His was the task, and often a hard one, of keeping forty mouths supplied with food. He came to be known as the "Nestor of the Rocky Mountains."

Some of the legends which cluster about this period of his career have a little flavor of the Arabian Nights, but undoubtedly there is a basis of truth in most of them.

On one occasion he is said to have hung from a tree with one arm and so manipulated his gun with the other as to shoot two grizzlies!

With this redoubtable hunter of the Rockies, shooting buffaloes on the plains was mere child's play. It is said that he could often maneuver his quarry into such a position as to shoot and kill two with one shot.

The powerful Utes of the mountains knew him well, as did also the tribes of the plains, and when they were peaceable he was their friend.

On one occasion the warlike Sioux had trespassed upon the hunting-ground of the plains Indians, as a consequence of which there was much bloody fighting along the Old Trail. The plains Indians, who were getting much the worst of it, finally in desperation asked their trusted friend, Kit Carson, to help them.

Instead of leading them forth to battle, as they had supposed he would do, he went himself

to the Sioux, who indeed were in anything but a conciliatory mood, to act as mediator. It was a bold move, which none but Kit Carson would have attempted. The Sioux were confounded at sight of him, and it is a tribute to his prowess and an evidence of the magic of his name that this warlike tribe agreed to withdraw from the plains and cease their encroachments.

At one time in his career, shortly after he had returned from one of the adventurous expeditions with Fremont, he settled (if such a creature could be said ever to settle) on a ranch in New Mexico, and scarcely had he taken up his abode there when the ferocious Apaches made one of their murderous raids through the district, leaving woe and destruction everywhere. A man by the name of White, living near Santa Fe, was massacred, along with his son, and the women and children of his household were carried off into the mountain fastnesses.

Horror and consternation reigned in the countryside after this bloody deed, and all looked to Kit Carson for help. Wrathful and terror-stricken though they were, they would do nothing until he arrived.

When he came a party was organized which took the trail, riding day and night in the hope of overtaking the savages. At last, áfter a weary pursuit, they came upon the Indians in a rocky fastness of the mountains, and Carson

dashed in, supposing, of course, that his men would follow him.

But, instead of following him, they stood gaping in amazement at the reckless bravery of their leader. Not realizing that he was alone, Carson rode on, and did not discover his plight until he was in the Indian stronghold.

It was only his wonderful coolness and presence of mind that saved him. As the Indians made for him, he dropped to the off side of his horse with such dexterity that they hardly saw him, and dashed back to where his party was waiting. Six arrows in his horse and one in his own coat testified to the narrowness of his escape.

We may imagine with what righteous wrath the fearless scout addressed his cowardly companions. "Why did you send for me?" he demanded. His withering scorn had the effect of rallying them, and they charged against the Indians, who fled pell-mell, without offering the slightest resistance. They knew Kit Carson. Five of their number were killed. But the party had arrived too late to rescue the white captives, whose dead bodies were found in the forsaken camp.

At that time the Comanche Indians were at war with the whites, as, indeed, they were a great deal of the time in those early days.

On one occasion Kit Carson was conducting a

company of soldiers through the Comanche country. Reaching a spot along the Old Trail known as Point of Rocks, they fell in with a company of young men who had volunteered for the Mexican War, and the two parties camped in close proximity.

In the morning, as the horses of the volunteers were being led to pasture, a band of Indians captured every animal, and their herders, in a panic, rushed into Carson's camp.

It was a good place to rush to. Summoning his men, Carson sallied forth, and after a brisk fight with the astonished savages, he recaptured most of the animals for their owners. When he learned that the theft had been made possible by a careless guard, who had fallen asleep, he immediately insisted that the culprit should suffer the punishment customary along the Old Trail, which was to wear the dress of an Indian squaw for one day.

Carson then proceeded with his company to Santa Fe, where he parted with them, having successfully acted as their guide through a wild and hostile country.

One night, as he was lolling about in the market-place of the old Mexican city, he heard some talk about two wealthy traders who had lately hit the Old Trail for the states, and he listened with keen attention as the conversation turned upon the doubtful character of their guides.

It was suspected that these were none other than a band of notorious robbers, and from the forebodings which he heard expressed Kit felt certain that the unsuspecting travelers were in grave danger of their lives.

In less than an hour he was at the head of a few picked men, hurrying through a short-cut in the mountains. He had to look out for hostile Indians here, but he knew their haunts and habits and was not easily surprised.

On the second day the party fell in with a company of United States troops, on their way to New Mexico, who offered to join them. Their offer was accepted and presently the party reached the Trail and came in sight of the caravan lumbering along some distance ahead.

Riding forward, Kit Carson made straight for the chief guide, a desperado whom he knew named Fox, and clapped a pair of handcuffs upon him. It presently appeared that this man was accompanied by about thirty conspirators masquerading as a convoy.

Carson's shrewdness and long experience of the Trail enabled him promptly to single out Fox's men, and these were rounded up and driven from the camp. Their leader, against whom the evidence of criminal intent was conclusive, was taken back to Santa Fe, where he had an opportunity to meditate in jail on the lightning-like and decisive methods of his captor.

When the caravan returned from St. Louis, the grateful traders brought a pair of handsome silver-mounted pistols to Kit Carson in acknowledgment of his brave and generous act.

In those days it often happened that trouble occurred through the mistaken zeal of United States troops, in dealing with the Indians. Carson had often said that much bloodshed might be spared if the army officers would but study the red men, endeavor to get their point of view, and, when possible, negotiate with them.

He, of all scouts, stands forever as the shining example of intelligent and kindly firmness in dealing with the Indians. He never fought them wantonly, nor to make a show of power in order to intimidate them. The many instances of his successful negotiation with them remind one of the gentle William Penn. He had small sympathy with the employment of the "leaden argument" until other arguments had failed. *Then* his leaden argument went straight to the mark. The Indians knew this, and they respected him and trusted him.

At one time, as he was returning along the Old Trail from a visit to St. Louis, he learned of a rash act committed by a United States officer in command of a small body of troops in the vicinity. The officer had administered a thrashing to an Indian chief.

Now, if you thrash an Indian chief, it may

safely be averred that you will hurt at least his feelings, if you hurt nothing else, and the humiliated potentate's faithful subjects were burning with shame and rage at this ignoble treatment of their sovereign lord.

It befell that Kit Carson rode with a small caravan through the country of this tribe just as their anger was at its height, and it was a bold and reckless act to venture into that precinct of wrathful mortification following hard upon the royal flogging.

Carson was the first white man to face this blackening cloud of fury, but he rode on ahead of the company, and, with characteristic unconcern, galloped straight into a council of war then being held by the Indians who, of course, knew of the approach of the party.

They knew who he was and, believing that he could not understand their language, they allowed him to sit among them while they proceeded with their pow-wow. When the flow of belligerent eloquence had ceased, Kit rose from his seat and, to their dismay, addressed them in their own tongue.

He told them that he had listened with great attention to their warlike plans, particularly to the interesting plot to scalp his whole party. He politely intimated that it would not be wise to attempt this, and that it would be an alto-

gether inappropriate reprisal for the chastisement of their chief.

Utterly confounded by his audacity and perfect familiarity with their language, the Indians indulged the sober second thought and said that they would visit their revenge upon the proper victim—if they ever caught him.

But Kit's audacious bravery did not run to the point of heedlessness, and he and his little party kept a weather eye open for trouble as they proceeded on their way. He soon perceived that Indians were still lurking near them.

It is said that of the fifteen men who accompanied him, only two were of a sort to be of any assistance in a fight, and that he knew this.

When the little party camped for the night the wagons were formed into a circle, with the men and animals inside. When all was quiet Kit crept out, taking with him a small Mexican boy on whom he knew he could rely and to whom he explained that they were surrounded by red men; that an attack might be made at any time, and that their only hope lay in communicating at once with the troops at Rayedo, a distance of more than two hundred miles.

The little fellow, who was a sort of Man Friday to the famous scout, mounted his horse and hurried off along the lonely trail to summon help.

The story of that ride would be a thrilling tale

in itself. After a time the boy came up with the soldiers whose commander had caused so much needless trouble, and, astonishing though it may seem, this hero refused to turn about and go to the aid of the threatened caravan. His specialty was evidently flogging, not fighting.

Reaching Rayedo, the boy announced his errand to Major Grier, the commander of the post, and soon a detachment was on its way to meet Carson and his party. The red men were properly sobered by the sight of the soldiers passing along the Old Trail, and the meeting with the Carson party was effected without accident.

But there had been slow hours of anxious waiting for Kit Carson. Upon him, and him alone, had fallen the burden of responsibility for the party's safety, and he had watched every movement of the lurking Indians with keen apprehension.

On the morning after the Mexican boy had ridden forth, five Indians visited the slow-moving caravan. What their purpose was Kit did not pause to inquire. He knew when to be high-handed, and in the present predicament this was the only card he could play.

Refusing to listen to their errand, he ordered the Indians from his presence, telling them that troops had been sent for, who would presently arrive and wreak vengeance for any harm the caravan might suffer. He drew his pistols and,

repeating his order that they depart, threatened to shoot dead the first to turn about. They stood not upon the order of their going, and were wise enough not to follow the disastrous example of Lot's wife.

Three years before Carson died there was a veritable epidemic of Indian outbreaks along the Old Trail. Marauding bands of Kiowas, Comanches and Cheyennes lurked on the historic highway and hid in the mountains near its western end. They preyed upon the rich traders and vented their smouldering anger against the civilization which they saw encroaching upon their immemorial domain.

At last the depredations became so frequent and numerous and the peril to travelers so great that the government appointed Kit Carson to lead three companies of soldiers against these murderous and thieving tribes.

With characteristic energy and ingenuity, Carson soon cleared the Trail of these lurking savages, pursuing them to their mountain strongholds and over trackless plains and administering a salutary punishment which broke their spirit for many months to come.

One more episode of Carson's varied career and then we must leave him. He often told of it himself as the one occasion on which the Indians succeeded in fooling him.

After a long day of hunting buffalo he and

his several companions had camped for the night. Their dogs made a good deal of noise, and on investigating the cause Carson discovered two large wolves lurking near the camp. We shall let him tell the rest in his own words as reported by a lifelong comrade.

"I saw two big wolves sneaking about, one of them quite close to us. Gordon, one of my men, wanted to fire his rifle at it, but I did not let him for fear he would hit a dog. I admit that I had a sort of an idea that those wolves might be Indians, but when I noticed one of them turn short around, and heard the clashing of his teeth as he rushed at one of the dogs, I felt easy then. . . . But the red devil fooled me after all, for he had two dried buffalo bones in his hands under the wolf skin, and he rattled them together every time he turned to make a dash at the dogs!

"Well, by and by we all dozed off, and it wasn't long before I was suddenly aroused by a noise and a big blaze. I rushed out the first thing for our mules and held them. If the savages had been at all smart they could have killed us in a trice, but they ran as soon as they fired at us."

It is gratifying to know that though these masquerading Indians succeeded in fooling him, they were not altogether triumphant, for "when they endeavored to ambush us the next morn-

ing," he adds, "we got wind of their little game and killed three of them, including the chief."

It is with regret that we part with this fascinating man. But delving among his adventures is like sounding the dead sea; one never touches bottom. His life was a collection of courageous feats, hair's-breadth escapes, and deeds of such naïve audacity that in foreign literature he has come perilously near to getting himself into the mythical fraternity with such notables as Santa Claus, Jack Frost, Father Time and others. We have seen a reference to him in a Scotch book as one "reputed to have lived in America."

But Kit Carson was very real, as many a bloodthirsty savage and trail bandit in the good old days could have testified.

Perhaps, after all, the best thing that can be said of him—better even and more memorable than the tale of his adventures—is that though he lived for nearly sixty years among the most desperate characters of frontier life, and amid scenes of lawlessness, his own character remained untarnished.

What chances were his for personal gain at the sacrifice of honesty and honor, and what temptations must have beset him had his mind been sordid and his heart weak. But with his grim courage, and amid the bloody work which he must needs do, there came no taint of weakness or dishonor.

He respected right and justice where there were few laws, and those difficult of enforcement.

The very name of Kit Carson spelled safety and protection to immigrant and trader, and how must their hearts have thrilled with joy and relief to see his horse come dashing along the Old Trail which he knew and loved so well, and to realize that he was indeed the kindly light to lead them in that desert wilderness!

## UNCLE DICK WOOTON

How he hit the trail for Bent's Fort in the Rockies; how he killed an innocent mule by mistake; how he killed a number of Indians on purpose; how he hunted and trapped and traded; and how he lived near his mountain road high up in the Raton Range.

We shall include in this Book of Scouts Old Uncle Dick Wooton, the savory smack of whose name would seem to promise good things in the way of adventure. Moreover, he was a friend of Kit Carson's, and any friend of Kit Carson's should be doubly welcome in this company.

Uncle Dick was born in Virginia in the early 80's, and was still a very young child when his parents settled in Kentucky, where the elder Wooton cultivated a tobacco plantation.

Young Dick did not take to tobacco, at least not in the sense of raising it. But he was inordinately fond of adventure. While he was still a boy he left home, resolved to visit the famous frontier town of Independence which was at the western extremity of Missouri.

The journey across that wild, sparsely settled country must have been difficult and perilous enough, and it is not easy to understand

the incentive to such a journey unless we know something of that flourishing frontier community, of which Dick must have heard much in his childhood.

Nor is it easy to recognize in the present quiet suburb of Kansas City the once flourishing terminus of the Old Santa Fe Trail. But in those days Independence was a bee-hive of commercial activity, and its frontier forges with pack mules waiting to be shod, its "yoke-shops" where yokes for oxen were made and sold by the thousand, and the long trains of laden mules and lumbering prairie wagons arriving out of the mysterious southwest and departing again upon their long journeys, must have constituted a romantic lure to the youth of Missouri and Kentucky to whom the faraway Mexican city of Santa Fe and the long trail which led to it were the subject of many enticing tales told by overland travelers.

The history of that time shows us many a youth fallen under the spell of the old highway and the quaint old mart of commerce at its western end. The market-place and the corrals of old Independence were a veritable Mecca for adventure-loving youths, many of whom had run away from home to see these things and were destined to wander still farther before they returned to the parental fireside.

Young Dick Wooton was one of these, and we

can imagine him gaping at the doorway of Hiram Young's wagon shop, feasting his eyes upon the life which he had come many miles to see. Hiram Young was a colored man who did a thriving business in the manufacture and sale of overland paraphernalia.

Among other things which Dick saw was a caravan belonging to three brothers by the name of Bent, who were about to start for a "fort," or hunting and trapping station, which they had established in the Rockies near the headwaters of the Upper Arkansas.

These Bent brothers fill a goodly space in the history of that time, and indeed it would be difficult to tell the story of any of the western scouts without mentioning them, for almost all of them, from the famous Kit Carson down, were mixed up with the Bents in some way or other, usually as hunters.

A halo of adventure and romance hung over these worthy traders; visions of their remote post in the wilderness arose in the mind of young Dick Wooton, and he felt that come what might, he could not allow their caravan to depart without him.

If he wished for a life of adventure he was certainly on the right track, and he then and there began his long career as a western scout and hunter, which continued until he was almost ninety years of age. Old Uncle Dick,

famous among his comrades albeit his renown seems not to have gone far forth into the world, died in his remote home high among the Rockies.

By that time the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, following the line of the Old Trail through the mountains which *he* had followed for so many years before the breath of steam had blighted the old romance, passed almost by his door; and the old scout, sitting before his cabin, could watch the steel giants puffing out their lungs as they drew their less romantic caravan of prosy freight cars up the tortuous way. And though his place in history is obscure, he did not die unheralded and unsung; for one of those great freight locomotives was named "Uncle Dick," in honor of him, and he used to watch for it with the same eagerness, albeit with eyes weakened by age, as he had watched the bordering rocks for lurking savages in his active days.

I am not so sure but that I should rather have a locomotive named after me than to be given a humble spot in some history or other, for a locomotive makes a great deal of noise in the world and carries one's name a long way.

Let us glance at a few incidents in Uncle Dick's long and varied career.

It is not hard to understand why the brothers Bent agreed to take him along when he naïvely informed them that he could shoot out a squir-

rel's right eye—or his left one, for that matter, they might take their choice.

He went in the capacity of teamster, and his first essay with his rifle did not contribute to his glory. One night, as the caravan was passing through the region of the Upper Arkansas, it was Dick's turn to stand guard while the train was corralled for the night.

It was customary to corral a caravan by forming the mules in a circle, or in two or more circles if there were enough of them, with the wagon and the people inside.

Dick was ordered to keep a sharp lookout, and to shoot any moving object which he discovered outside the outer circle. You are to suppose that after his vaunting squirrel's-eye representation he justly considered himself on his mettle, and was resolved that no "moving object" should get away if he knew it.

At last, after a sleepless and uneventful watch of several hours, young Dick became aware of a "moving object" and he opened fire upon it with commendable promptitude.

His shot aroused the sleeping travelers, and it was presently discovered that Dick had killed "Old Jack," one of the mules of the caravan! He protested that he was not to blame, since he had followed instructions implicitly, whereas the mule had wilfully disobeyed the rules.

Before the end of that long journey, however,

Dick retrieved himself somewhat by helping to save the other mules from thieving Indians.

Of all the notorious pilferers from time immemorial, there have been none to compare with the Comanches. These noble warriors, whose prowess has been the theme of song and story, were in plain fact a crew of contemptible thieves whose valiant deeds were nearly always incidental to their sordid thefts.

When the travelers had reached a point along the Trail called Pawnee Forks they were surprised one night by a large band of this tribe, who descended upon them shrieking like so many demons in the hope of frightening and stampeding the animals, which it was their intention to steal.

Not a single mule did they get, but they received instead a generous shower of lead, and young Dick Wooton did not stint his contribution of rifle balls. He killed his first Comanche that night.

In good time the caravan arrived at its destination and Dick remained at the Fort as assistant to the proprietors, who had grown very fond of him on the long journey.

Here he met the group of hunters and trappers who made their headquarters at the Fort, and here began his lifelong friendship with Kit Carson, chief among them.

He accompanied the brothers on many of their

trading trips among the Indians, learned the indistinct trails which wound through the mountains, and acquitted himself well as a tracker and hunter.

But the relations of the Bent brothers with the Indians were not confined wholly to trading, for on the vast prairies and among the fastnesses of the adjacent foothills there lurked always the treacherous and bloody Pawnees, and the hunter who ventured forth from the Fort alone did so at his peril.

On one occasion Dick Wooton and seven other men were sent along the Trail to meet and convoy a caravan which was expected to bring supplies for the Fort. They soon discovered that a band of Pawnees was also waiting, lured to the old highway by visions of stolen mules and other commodities from the eastern marts of civilization.

They were doomed to disappointment. The scouts were well mounted, and though the Pawnees greatly outnumbered them and received them with volley after volley of arrows, they were no match for the crack shots from Bent's Fort, and thirteen of them were killed in short order.

It happened just at that juncture that the caravan appeared from beyond a small divide, and the Pawnees who had been fortunate enough to escape the rifle shot of the hunters ran pell-

mell for the wagons, seeking the protection of the party they had intended to waylay! Strange to say, they were allowed to go free in accordance with a custom which prevailed along the Old Trail never to deal harshly with one who came seeking hospitality.

It is conceivable that hospitality may be carried too far!

Another interesting experience occurred while Uncle Dick was on his way from the Fort to trade with the Ute Indians. He had with him seven white men and a friendly Shawnee Indian. This Shawnee cherished a bitter grudge against the Utes, who had lately murdered one of his brethren.

One might suppose that in his revengeful state of mind he was not the ideal one to accompany Uncle Dick's party, and so it proved, for the moment he set eyes upon a Ute brave his anger got the better of him and he killed the Ute without regard to the effect of his deed upon the prospective customers. Whatever may be said of his righteous anger, he was woefully lacking in tact and not cut out for a statesman.

The nearest Ute village was not far distant, and after the Shawnee's act it was hardly to be supposed that the villagers would be in a mood for trading. So Uncle Dick abandoned all thought of business negotiations and resolved

to withdraw from the Utes' country with the least possible delay.

But the infuriated Utes, having likewise abandoned all thought of barter, were presently on his trail, outnumbering the whites twenty to one. They pursued the party across the open prairies where it was quite impossible for Dick to make up for his weakness in numbers by obtaining a vantage point, and the plight of his little company was desperate enough.

As it was also out of the question to outdistance the pursuers by reason of the heavily laden pack-mules, Dick soon resolved on the only course possible, however perilous that might be. He made a stand, corralling the animals in a circle, with the tempting wares which he had brought as a sort of outer wall to tantalize, we may suppose, as well as confound the pursuing host.

The eight men, including the wretched Pawnee, took their stand within the enclosure and bravely awaited the issue.

The Utes were soon upon them, circling about the little makeshift stockade and keeping up a lively fire. The white men replied and their trusty rifles, albeit few in number, worked havoc among the yelling savages, most of whose arrows fell short or miscarried.

Screeching and dancing have always been a conspicuous feature of Indian military science,

and while the Utes kept up their ear-splitting clamor and tripped their wild fantastic without, the little party within was busy picking them off and killing their horses by the dozens.

At last the Utes gave up in despair, and casting many a rueful glance upon the good things which they might have had through the exercise of a little forbearance, they left their dead companions and horses and returned on foot to their village.

Not the least remarkable and creditable of all Uncle Dick's feats was the hewing out of a road through the Raton Pass to enable caravans with wagons to make the same short-cut through the mountains as that taken by the pack-mule trains. In this undertaking he proved himself indeed a scout, blazing the way for civilization and commerce. The State of Colorado gave him permission to go ahead with his plan and when the road was completed to collect tolls as his own remuneration and to keep his mountain highway in repair.

Uncle Dick's great dream came true. In good time the road was completed, one of the most rugged and remarkable roads in the world, and old Uncle Dick (he was *old* Uncle Dick by that time) built himself a home on the top of the mountain, where he hunted and trapped and collected his tolls from the caravans and pack trains, and lived out the balance of his useful

life high up in his wild remote home, far from the haunts of men.

A romantic figure the old man must have been to travelers from the East when he stepped from his rough cabin to chat with them as they wound their way through his rocky domain en route to quaint old Santa Fe. To him was due the credit for shortening their tedious and monotonous journey of many weeks, and it was altogether proper and appropriate that when that still greater time-saver, the locomotive, came it should bear the name of Uncle Dick.

He himself tells of his experiences as guardian of that lofty, rock-ribbed road before the railway came.

". . . I had five classes of patrons to do business with," he said. "There was the stage company and its employees, the freighters, the military authorities, who marched troops and supplies over the road, the Mexicans and the Indians."

He had an easy time of it with the first three classes, he tells us, but "with the Indians . . . I didn't care to have any controversy about so small a matter as a few dollars toll. Whenever they came along, the gate went up, and any other little thing I could do to hurry them on was done promptly and cheerfully."

He was a wise toll-gate keeper, was old Uncle Dick.

"My Mexican patrons were the hardest to get along with," he goes on; and we can readily believe that. "They were pleased with my road and liked to travel over it, until they came to the toll-gate.

"They naturally differed with me frequently about the propriety of complying with my request. . . . Such differences had to be adjusted. Sometimes I did it through diplomacy and sometimes I did it with a club."

We cannot refrain from quoting Uncle Dick's own account of a stage coach robbery on his remote mountain which had all of the approved romantic quality of a hold-up by the renowned Robin Hood of old.

"One of the most daring and successful stage robberies that I remember was perpetrated by two men when the east-bound coach was coming up on the south side of the Raton Mountains one day about ten o'clock in the forenoon.

"On the morning of the same day, a little after sunrise, two rather genteel-looking fellows, mounted on fine horses, rode up to my house and asked for breakfast. . . . I knew then, just as well as I do now, they were robbers, but I had no warrant for their arrest, and I should have hesitated about serving it if I had because they looked like very unpleasant men to transact that kind of business with. Each of them had

four pistols sticking in his belt and a repeating rifle strapped on his saddle."

We can appreciate one's disinclination to serve a warrant on such men.

"They had little to say while eating. . . . When they had finished they paid their bills and rode leisurely up the mountain.

"It did not occur to me that they would take chances on stopping the stage in daylight or I should have sent someone to meet the incoming coach. . . .

"It turned out, however, that a daylight robbery was just what they had in mind, and they made a success of it.

"About half-way down the New Mexico side of the mountain, where the canyon is very narrow, and was then heavily wooded on their side, the robbers stopped and waited for the coach. It came lumbering along by and by, neither the drivers nor the passengers dreaming of the hold-up.

"The first intimation they had of such a thing was when they saw two men step into the road, one on each side of the stage, each of them holding two cocked revolvers, one of which was brought to bear on the passengers and the other on the driver, who were politely but very positively told that they must throw up their hands without any unnecessary delay, and the stage came to a standstill.

"There were four passengers in the coach, all men, but their hands went up at the same instant that the driver dropped his reins and struck an attitude that suited the robbers.

"Then, while one of the men stood guard, the others stepped up to the stage and ordered the treasure box thrown off. This demand was complied with, and the box was broken and rifled of its contents, which fortunately were not of very great value.

"The passengers were compelled to hand out their watches and other jewelry, as well as what money they had in their pockets, and then the driver was directed to move up the road. In a minute after this the robbers had disappeared with their booty and that was the last seen of them by that particular coach-load of passengers."

It is pleasant to know that these "genteel-looking" scoundrels met an untimely death even though the law did not overtake them. They were later killed by one of their own confederates who hoped thus to win a reward of a thousand dollars which had been offered for their capture.

It was amid such scenes as this and in continual proximity to the most lawless and desperate characters—Indians, Mexicans and train robbers—that old Uncle Dick spent the declining years of his adventurous career, hunting

and trapping when the spirit of the old days became too strong to be resisted and watching the sun go down beyond the rugged peaks of his beloved Rocky Mountains.

When he was too old and feeble to give an account of himself as he had done so often in younger days, the old scout was still protected, in a measure at least, by a sacred law of the Arapahoe Indians—his friends and neighbors of that lonely Raton Rouge.

One of their chiefs to whom Dick had once done a kindness had summoned his warriors about his dying couch and made them promise that old Cut Hand, as they called Dick Wooton, should never suffer harm at their hands, not even if the tribe should be at war with the whole world of white men.

It is a fine thing to be able to protect oneself with a trusty rifle or a strong right arm. But perhaps it is finer still to earn protection through friendship and kindness, for such protection lasts, as it lasted with rough old Uncle Dick Wooton, when the arm is withered and the old rifle is rusted and rotted away.

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TRAPPERS CROSSING THE ROCKIES.

# WILLIAM F. CODY

## (BUFFALO BILL)

Picturesque career of one of the most familiar of all scouts, and his adventures in the West.

High up among the Rockies in the city of Denver, Colorado, there died on the tenth of January, 1917, an old man with flowing hair as white as snow, whose magnificent frame and iron nerve had enabled him to defy death for many weeks. But at last the stout heart which had never wavered or known a pang of fear ceased to beat, and one of the greatest scouts the world has ever known was no more.

It was altogether a singular occurrence. Not that there was anything extraordinary in the fact of Buffalo Bill's dying, for he had passed his three-score years and ten. But his dying peacefully in a bed—that was the surprising thing; for by all the rules of the game he should have been killed a dozen times in the open air—on the prairie, or in the rocky fastnesses which he knew so well. Tomahawks, arrows and bullets had whizzed about him for half a century or so. Horses had been killed under him; his great

sombrero had been shot full of holes, and yet not until he was good and ready, as one might say, did he lie down peacefully and die, just as anyone else might have done.

We may be sure that he was not afraid to die, since he had lived on familiar terms with death for so long.

Napoleon once said, "I am the State!" meaning that he was the whole of France—with perhaps something left over. It would have come nearer to the truth if Buffalo Bill had said, "I am the Wild West!" For while we can think of France without Napoleon, it is difficult to think of the "Wild West" without Buffalo Bill.

He was its central figure—its very spirit. The West was a vast stage on which he enacted some of the most daring and extraordinary exploits in the whole history of the world. He was America's greatest and most picturesque scout; and he was the last of her long line of scouts. There may be other Napoleons. There may be other General Grants. There can never be another Buffalo Bill.

The adventurous life of William Frederick Cody began in Scott County, Iowa, on February 26th, 1845. Seven years later his father, Isaac Cody, moved his family to Kansas.

It does not require a telescope to see whence young William came by his bold and adventurous spirit, for his father was the typical fron-

tiersman, possessing unlimited courage, a boundless love of adventure, and very little money.

Kansas was a very remote and wild place in those days, and here William's father established a trading-post on the plains. Scarce a week passed but the young boy saw caravans of Mormons or gold-seekers crossing the vast prairies, and doubtless from his lonesome home he watched the plodding horses and lumbering canvas-hooded wagons grow out of mere specks on the horizon till they brought up at his father's isolated abode for supplies.

That was when little Bill Cody first saw the typical frontiersman in all his romantic glory of leather stockings and sombrero, long hair and pistols.

Young Bill made up his mind that come what might his hair should never be shorn, though little did the youngster dream that the day was to come when his flowing locks should be familiar the world over.

There were a good many sectional disputes in Kansas in those days, and these were usually settled, not by the courts, but by the quicker and more decisive method of pistol shots. In one of these sanguinary, miniature wars the elder Cody lost his life and the young son was left the only support of his mother.

Young William got a job carrying stores across the plains to army posts, and it was while so

engaged that he had his first experience in Indian fighting and killed his first Indian. He was but twelve years old at the time. The Mormons had taken possession of the country which is now Utah, and a wagon-train of provisions was being rushed to a detachment of Uncle Sam's troops who were campaigning against these grim and heartless fanatics.

The party was attacked by a strong force of Indians; the horses were stampeded, and the plainsmen forced to fight their way along a series of high bluffs to Fort Kearney, about forty miles away.

One by one, the gallant men were picked off. Young William, mere boy that he was, stood the strain of those terrible hours like a hero, but as night came on he found himself alone and his strength was ebbing fast. It was a predicament to strike terror to the stoutest heart.

About midnight he saw the dim form of an Indian creeping stealthily along the bluff above him, and peering at him cruelly. Quick as a flash young Cody fired. The night was rent by a savage yell as the Indian, with Cody's bullet in his brain, tumbled off the ledge and lay dead almost at the boy's feet.

Having proved that mere Indians were no obstacles to him in the prosecution of his appointed errands, young William, as you may well suppose, came to be in great demand upon the

plains and trails where lurking dangers awaited the timorous wayfarer.

He next accepted a job as a pony express rider over the old Salt Lake Trail, where he soon made a reputation for himself as a guide, and in dealing with road agents and outwitting bands of hostile Indians. The red men came to know him and gave him a wide berth.

But great things were about to happen in the Nation and young Cody hit the devious and bloody trail which was to lead him through the dreadful Civil War.

When hostilities began between the North and South, William enlisted as a private in the Seventh Kansas Cavalry. He was one of the band which became known to the Union and to the Confederate troops as the Jayhawkers.

As you may suppose, he was an expert horseman, and even in those early days of his life he presented an impressive figure as he sat upon his horse with that quiet mien which was to become so familiar to the world in later years, when the superbly proportioned, keen-eyed, handsome man, with flowing locks and great sombrero, sat with quiet dignity upon his white horse and responded modestly to the applause of millions. You cannot even think of Buffalo Bill without his horse—any more than you can think of a pirate without his earrings and his red bandanna.

The war had not lasted a year when young Cody became chief of scouts under General Curtis, with headquarters in St. Louis; and it was here that there befell the handsome young scout the most important adventure of his life.

Riding one morning through the streets of the city, he came upon a party of drunken soldiers who were annoying a group of schoolgirls. One of these, an exceedingly pretty girl, was screaming and wringing her hands in terror. Scout Cody had not the slightest fear of Indian war-whoops, but he was such a coward that he could not listen to the sound of a girl crying.

So he rode up and ordered the drunken soldiers to disperse. And right then the drunken soldiers made the great mistake of their lives; for they hooted at the young horseman, ridiculing him, and making merry over his peremptory order, whereupon young Cody, who invariably followed words with action (leaving a very small space between), knocked three of them senseless, one after another, in rapid succession. The rest of them were seized suddenly with the sober second thought, and dispersed with lightning agility, leaving the young scout master of the situation.

The girl who had screamed did not run away, but stood gazing upon the young horseman with undisguised admiration. Young Cody offered to see her safely to her home, and although there

was no further danger from drunken soldiers, she did not decline his offer.

She was an extremely pretty girl by the name of Louise Frederica, the daughter of a French exile in America, and having protected her as far as her home, the young scout conceived that it would be desirable to accompany her through life.

Everything about William F. Cody was romantic. There is not a prosy thing in his history. Like a gallant knight of yore, one of the true Round-Table, King-Arthur brand, he married Miss Louise Frederica and after the war he took her out to the Salt Creek Valley in Kansas, where he resumed the old frontier life which he loved so well.

In those days the Kansas Pacific Railroad was being constructed and the managers of the great enterprise were experiencing difficulty in feeding their great army of laborers who were laying the rails across the vast, lonely prairie.

Having heard something of the redoubtable plainsman with the long hair and the keen eye, the railroad managers sent for him and asked him if he could be of service to them in procuring and transporting food for their multitude of hungry workers.

"Will they eat buffalo meat?" asked Cody.

"They will eat anything they can get enough of," was the answer.

"Then I will undertake to keep them supplied," said Cody.

In the following eighteen months he killed 4,280 buffaloes, which extraordinary record won him the title by which he came to be known the world over, of "Buffalo Bill."

In the spring of 1868, he became again one of Uncle Sam's scouts, acting as guide for the Fifth Cavalry against the Sioux and Cheyennes, who were beginning to show the sullen spirit which ere long was to find vent in savage warfare.

Besides the assistance he was able to render in subduing the red men, he found time during the years between 1868 and 1872 to act as guide to many overland emigrant parties, and his reputation as a buffalo hunter became great in the land. Instances of his prowess, strange tales of his romantic and perilous adventures, were circulated through the more populous East, and people paused aghast and incredulous at the extravagant reports of the buffalo hunts in which he slew his quarry by the thousands.

Travelers visiting the Far West returned with stories of the tall, silent, handsome horseman whose adventurous career was like a tale of the giants of yore.

Among the enthusiastic easterners for whom he had acted as guide were Mr. August Belmont and some other prominent gentlemen of New

York, who invited the famous scout to visit the metropolis. In due time he arrived there, clad in buckskins, a picturesque embodiment of what a scout and frontiersman was expected to be. No writer of dime novels could have imagined a more nearly perfect figure of pathfinder and Indian fighter than Buffalo Bill presented in the crowded thoroughfares of the great city. People followed him in the streets, boys dogged his footsteps, as he strolled about with that quiet dignity and unconcern which were characteristic of him.

While upon this memorable visit, it chanced that he was taken to a theatre where, to his great surprise, an actor in buckskins appeared on the stage as the "famous Buffalo Bill." The enthusiastic reception accorded to this very poor imitation of himself suggested to him the idea of a *real* Wild West Show with the *real* Buffalo Bill, in all his well-earned glory, at its head. It was long before the idea became a reality, but when at last it did materialize the fame of the great scout made it a sensation and Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show became an institution, not only in America, but in Europe as well, where boys who had no knowledge of our vast western prairies, nor of scouts and Indians and buffaloes, were enabled to see the overland stage coach attacked in realistic fashion by hooting wild men, and buffaloes lassoed with a skill and

dexterity which were nothing less than marvelous in their thrilling reality.

In 1872, William Cody, now a colonel, was elected to the Nebraska Legislature. Later on, when the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, came to America, Cody was selected to act as his guide on a hunting trip. In 1876, the warlike Sioux became troublesome and Buffalo Bill went back to Uncle Sam's army as chief of scouts.

It was in the spring of the year 1876, at the Battle of Indian Creek, that Buffalo Bill performed one of his most famous exploits. He was at the time serving under General Crooke, who had made ready to attack the Indians in a large open place. Suddenly a Sioux chief, superbly mounted, galloped fearlessly into the open, and looking with sneering defiance upon the scout, challenged him to ride forth.

"I know you, Pa-he-haska!"* he shouted. "Come out if you dare and fight me!"

The chief was Yellow Hand, a noted warrior whom Cody knew well. Before General Crooke could interfere, and to the amazement of all beholders, the scout rode forward, bestriding his horse with leisurely mien, his keen eye fixed upon the chief, who was taken aback at this prompt acceptance of his challenge.

Shot after shot Cody fired as he urged his horse forward. The Indian's horse toppled over

*Long Hair.

dead. Cody's charger stumbled and fell, throwing his rider. Then Yellow Hand and Buffalo Bill rushed toward each other on foot, Yellow Hand with a tomahawk, the scout with his hunting knife; and in a desperate hand-to-hand grapple Buffalo Bill drove his knife into the Indian's heart.

Fifteen years later, during the fierce Sioux outbreak that centered about Pine Ridge Agency, in Colorado, Colonel Cody and his friend Major Burke were of inestimable service to the government.

Buffalo Bill took part in more Indian battles than any other American scout or soldier. He was, however, a true friend of the red men when they kept faith and avoided the warpath. Every Indian of the great West knew him and trusted him. They knew he would make good either threat or promise and they believed in him and feared him.

In 1890-91 occurred the most frightful outbreak of the warlike and treacherous Sioux. It began with a "ghost dance" instigated by the wily old chief, Sitting Bull, who knew that in their excitement the braves would presently make of it a war dance. This indeed came to pass, and soon the night was made horrible by their savage yells.

In this outbreak Buffalo Bill took the field resplendent in the uniform of a brigadier-gen-

eral. A friendly Indian chief called on him one day to pay his respects.

"You big general now, too, Bill?" said he.

"Yes," said the scout, drawing his magnificent frame to its full height. "I'm a general now."

"Big—much big general—same as Crooke?"

"No, I'm a general in the National Guard," replied Cody.

The chief looked at him for a minute in surprise. "M'lish! Oh, hell! You much biggest general," said he.

Indeed, it is doubtful if Julius Cæsar himself could have won the reputation for military skill which the American Indians cheerfully accorded to William F. Cody.

Almost every famous scout is chiefly known for some conspicuously heroic episode in his career. But William F. Cody was conspicuous and picturesque because of his whole career. Any one decade of his amazing life is about as full of adventure as another. To describe them all would be to fill a volume.

He became not only famous, but a national character; and his superb physique and mien of simple dignity, his picturesque presence, and gentle modesty in the face of the world's applause won him the love of the country whose flag he guarded so well and whose outposts he helped to push still farther westward.

It was in 1883 that he organized the great Wild West Show that became world-famous. There were some who were sorry to see the romantic scout and pathfinder become a showman, and this indeed might have been the feeling throughout the country had it not been for the fact that his show became more than a show and soon ranked as an institution of world-wide renown.

This was because it was in the truest sense a reproduction of the exploits which he had enacted and the life which he had lived. They were not actor cowboys who followed the trail of Buffalo Bill in his famous tours, nor manufactured Indians, nor broken-spirited buffaloes out of zoological parks and prosy menageries. The figure which bestrode the white charger was the same Bill Cody who had killed Chief Yellow Hand in that personal encounter.

But in July, 1913, began bitter days for the old scout. The famous show had long since lost its novelty and its popularity had begun to wane. At last, after many business troubles and reverses, the celebrated show, last realistic souvenir of the Wild West which is no more, was sold under the hammer, and the Indians were sent back to government reservations.

There was, however, one bright spot for the old scout.

His famous white horse, Isham, which he had

ridden for twenty-five years, was bought in for him by Colonel C. J. Bills, of Nebraska, an old friend and admirer of the great plainsman.

With this old companion, Isham, he retired to a Western ranch and there he spent the greater part of his remaining days.

In June, 1917, five months after his death, the remains of Buffalo Bill were removed to the tomb which had been prepared for them on the top of a mountain near Denver in Colorado, an appropriate spot for the grave of the man who had served Uncle Sam so well and bravely in the country overlooked by that remote sepulchre.

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NATIONAL MONUMENT TO BUFFALO BILL ERECTED ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, COLORADO

## BELZY DODD

How he proved a timely friend to a caravan on the great plains; of his pranks, his hair and his tin can, and how they proved a saving grace to himself and others.

If it were not for the unimpeachable word of Uncle Dick Wooton and some vagrant reminiscences of the late Major Burke, we might be inclined to regard Belzy Dodd as a myth.

Captain Crawford, the scout poet, also claimed to have known him, though why he did not write a poem about him it is not easy to understand. Such a character as Belzy was quite as deserving of the preservative of verse as the Pied Piper of Hamelin or the celebrated Old King Cole. He was the low comedy scout of the Southwest.

History contains no consecutive or full account of the exploits of Belzy Dodd; even Uncle Dick, who met him at Bent's Fort along the Arkansas, knew him only by his nickname of Belzy, and his biographer must needs be satisfied with little reminiscent crumbs picked up here and there.

With these we shall endeavor to piece out a fairly orderly account of his career. No one knows where or when Belzy was born. or where

and when he died, but he flourished contemporaneously with Kit Carson and that galaxy of scouts and trappers who foregathered at the famous trading-post of the Bents, called Bent's Fort. Uncle Dick, indeed, saw him perform the exploit which, repeated many times and under diverse circumstances, won him fame in the Rockies and along the Old Trail to Santa Fe.

Belzy first bobs into notice near Pawnee Creek, along the Trail, where it runs parallel with the Arkansas River. A caravan of traders, who were on their way to Santa Fe, discovered him in a canoe, and beckoning to him asked him if there was much danger to be apprehended from the Pawnee Indians along the Trail.

They discovered Belzy to be a man of meagre physique, extremely wiry, with darting black eyes, and curly jet-black hair.

He told the traders that it was true the Pawnees were on the warpath, and recounted a recent hold-up with attendant scalpings which must have struck terror even to their stout hearts.

He then went on to tell them that he was a scout of no mean attainments, possessing a talisman against Pawnees and all other Indians, and concluding his unblushing self-praises with an offer to be their guide to Santa Fe.

Finding him of a waggish turn, and judging by his rifle and buckskin that he was indeed a

scout, the traders readily assented to his joining their party, and it soon became apparent, notwithstanding his whimsical caprices, that he was thoroughly familiar with the mountains and the plains.

On their monotonous plodding across the prairies he contributed not a little to their beguilement by his eccentric manner and highly flavored yarns.

The history of the plains and of the frontier contains little of humor; the times and circumstances were too strenuous and grim for laughter and merrymaking; and though the coaching stations and the lonely fort of the Bents were often the scenes of rough rejoicings and crude practical jests, we search in vain for any of the more delicate incentives to mirth among those rough plainsmen and hardy mountaineers.

Belzy Dodd, as good a comedian as he was a scout, must have been a refreshing innovation to those who met with him in the lonely rocky fastnesses or the dry toilsome plains.

Such, indeed, his hosts of the lumbering caravan found him, for as they labored on he beguiled the tedium of the journey with a hundred wanton antics and conceits.

Now he gave an exhibition of his agility by running alongside a buffalo, clipping off some of its hair with his hunting-knife, and presently appearing on the opposite side of the beast with

these clippings improvised into mustache and whiskers, to the delight of the children of the caravan, who found in his whimsical disguise a source of great hilarity.

Again he would imitate the call of the prairie dog, confounding that animal himself with the truthfulness of his mimicry; or, perchance, he would render an Indian war dance, or, in soberer mood, offer a demonstration of marksmanship which won the admiration of his hosts.

Such was Belzy Dodd, whose prowess was in full proportion to his drollery and whose rifle shot as well as his clownish pranks invariably hit the mark.

In the course of time the caravan reached the point in its journey where Indian attack was most likely to occur and, notwithstanding the reassuring words of Belzy that he would protect them and his vague references to his mysterious talisman, the traders were not deterred from making preparations against a surprise.

When they asked Belzy about his talisman he answered with a darkly significant wink, and one could hardly blame the apprehensive travelers if they reposed more confidence in his rifle than in any mystic charm which he claimed to possess.

One night the party corraled their mules in the customary prairie fashion, forming them into a ring with the wagons and people inside. Then,

leaving one of their number to patrol the circular encampment, they retired to rest.

It was just as the first glimmering of the dawn had begun to dispel the darkness in the East that the travelers were startled out of their sleep by the sharp report of a rifle. Rousing themselves hurriedly, the men sallied forth to find their guard lying upon the ground groaning from the effects of a cruel wound while all about, in the dim light, they beheld the appalling spectacle of a score or more of savage forms brandishing their tomahawks and making the early morning frightful with their mad cavorting and savage war-whoops.

The traders lost no time in opening fire from behind their improvised fortress and the trusty rifle of Belzy Dodd, who was among the first to rise, had brought down two of the assailants before his companions fully realized what was happening.

The shots now fell thick and fast; two of the traders were slightly wounded and one other who had ventured without to help the stricken guard was shot dead.

It soon became evident that the attacking band had been merely a small party sent ahead by a formidable body of Pawnees, who now arrived in full force, and the predicament of the traders became perilous in the extreme.

Whether, in their desperate extremity, it oc-

curred to any of them to demand of Belzy Dodd that he make good his promise of a saving talisman, we are not told. Completely surrounded by an overwhelming force, they fought gallantly, reposing their faith in their rifles and satisfied, no doubt, to see their guide and guest ply the foe so effectively with his.

Suddenly they were aghast to behold Belzy drop his rifle and, pulling his hunting-knife from his belt, dash recklessly forth through the line of mules and wagons, uttering such deafening and demoniacal yells as had never before assailed their ears.

Then, standing in the open with the shrieking savages all about him, and before they had a chance to recover from their surprise at his boldness, he ran his hunting-knife around under the edge of his hair, and with a frantic shriek tore off his jet-black curly shock (which was nothing more than a wig) and waved it excitedly about him.

The consternation of the Indians when they beheld Belzy's shiny pate and the hair and hunting-knife which he flourished, cannot be described. At the appalling spectacle of this self-scalped man yelling and cavorting before them, they fled in panic fright, accompanying their confused retreat with such clamor as never before had been heard upon the plains.

Belzy Dodd was not one to rest upon his in-

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Drawn by Frederic Remington.

AN OLD-TIME PLAINS FIGHT.

itial laurels, like so many heroes but, encouraged by the effect of his exploit, he pursued the terror-stricken Pawnees with great zest and relish, waving his ghastly souvenir like a flaunting emblem and shrieking like a very demon in their wake. In their precipitous stampede one of the Indians stumbled and fell and lay trembling until a comrade raised him to his feet.

Neither history nor tradition tell us how far the disorganized retreat of the terrified Pawnees continued, but judging from the character of its beginning we may safely aver, in the familiar words of the old song, that "they never stopped running until they got home."

As for Belzy, after half an hour or so had elapsed he sauntered unconcernedly into camp, swinging his wig in his hand, and with beads of heroic perspiration standing out on his glossy pate—the honored testimonials of his triumphant rout.

To say that Belzy now became the hero of the caravan would be stating it mildly. To the grateful traders his bald head, that proverbial subject of unseemly jest, was encircled with a halo and viewed as the very symbol of rescue and deliverance.

No golden amulet worn by doughty knight of yore was ever contemplated with such feelings of reassurance and security as was the shining dome of Belzy Dodd, the ivory surface

of which seemed to reflect a cheering guarantee of future safety.

He had, so he explained, performed this trick before, and always with results most gratifying, although never with quite such salutary and striking success as that which rewarded his exhibition before the murderous Pawnees.

Thereafter, among the Indians in the neighborhood of the Trail, Belzy's fame was secure. He became known as the white man who scalped himself. That he could do this again and again (as he subsequently did) and each time with apparently a fresh crop of hair, served only to increase their dismay and terror, and the savages, one and all, shunned him like a thing of the devil.

Belzy accompanied the traders to Santa Fe, where he received their grateful acknowledgment of his sprightly companionship and timely protection, and then proceeded, in accordance with the frailties which are said to accompany genius, to regale himself rather excessively with the good things which that Mexican metropolis had to offer. He then disappeared in the Rocky Mountains and we find no further trace of him until he reappeared at Bent's Fort some two or three years later with a sumptuous collection of pelts and an equally sumptuous assortment of adventurous yarns.

Perhaps it was on that visit to the famous

hunting and trading post (in any event, it was during one of his numerous visits there) that Belzy repeated his famous "act," to the great amusement of old Uncle Dick Wooton and to the consternation of the Indians who were present.

"I don't know what his first name was," Uncle Dick is reported to have said, "but Belzy was what we called him. His head was as bald as a billiard ball, and he wore a wig. One day while we were at Bent's Fort, while there were a great number of Indians about, Belzy concluded to have a bit of fun. He walked around, eyeing the Indians fiercely for some time, then finally dashing in among them, he gave a series of war-whoops which discounted a Comanche yell, and pulling off his wig, threw it down at the feet of the astonished and terror-stricken red men. The savages thought the fellow had jerked off his own scalp, and not one of them wanted to stay to see what would happen next. They left the fort, running like so many scared jackrabbits, and after that none of them could be induced to approach anywhere near Dodd."

As for Belzy's adventures in the Rockies, which the sometimes dubious voice of tradition has wafted down to us on the original authority of his own reports, we can only say that if no one can prove them to be true, neither can anyone prove them to be untrue, and they are en-

titled to sober record as long as they keep within the bounds of reason. He was without doubt a sprightly and ingenious soul, infusing into his scouting and hunting exploits a dash of inventiveness and humor which must have given piquancy to his yarns and made him, like the village schoolmaster of old, a welcome visitor at every fireside.

On one occasion he had recourse to a variation of that mischievous device of naughty boys, the "tripping line," used, whilom, with such tragic effect on the minister or the sister's beau, but on this occasion only a dismayed grizzly bear was the victim.

Belzy was fleeing as precipitately from the furious beast, which he had wounded, as the awestruck Pawnees had once fled before him, having indeed no alternative but flight, since he had despatched his last shot at the infuriated animal.

He had gained somewhat on the beast and was in a fair way to win the opposite side of the ravine by means of a log which bridged it, if he could only embarrass the grizzly's progress and thereby gain more time.

How to do this puzzled even Belzy's ingenious mind, but suddenly he bethought him of that vicious trick which has proven the chagrin of many a worthy pedestrian in the days when wilful mischief was more prevalent than it is

now. Perhaps visions of his own lively boyhood reminded Belzy of the classic cord with its pendant tin can.

In any event, his wit, which was quite as nimble as his scampering legs, did not desert him in his predicament.

Never slackening his frantic pace, he unwound a sufficient length of his fishing line to reach across the trail and tied one end of it to a pail which he had been carrying to a spring. Then, pausing for a second or two, he fastened the other end to a tree at a suitable height to encounter one or other of the shaggy legs of his pursuer, and laid his pail on the opposite side of the trail in such a position as to hold the line taut. According to the classic formula he should have had two cans, but all of the refinements of civilization were not to be had in the Rocky Mountains, and Belzy had, perforce, to make shift with his single pail.

It was, however, a large pail and capable, as pails go, of a variety of musical tones, from a subdued and dulcet chime to an ear-splitting din, and its strategic position in that rocky pass greatly increased and varied the powers of its performance.

Belzy, having scarcely paused, was now in full swing again, "running on high" and casting occasional furtive looks behind him like a speeding autoist.

Presently the terrible collision occurred. All unsuspecting, the grizzly ran headlong against the line, disdaining even to glance at such a mere thread in his murderous path.

But he had reckoned without rue. The faithful tin pail, jerked from its concealed seat by the wayside, sprang like a tiger at bay straight at the shaggy form which had given it life. Enmeshing the legs of the astonished bear in a complicated tangle of line, the pail, hauled and thrown this way and that in the grizzly's fright and rage, beat against the rocks, causing such a deafening clang and clamor as had never before echoed in those silent places.

The more the grizzly lurched and rolled the more incessant became the din and tumult; the more he reared and snarled at the valiant pail, the more hopeless became his entanglement, and the louder that humble utensil answered him in tones of ringing defiance.

Meanwhile, Belzy Dodd, pausing not to watch this heroic conflict save by fugitive glances, gained the opposite side of the cleft, from which safe vantage point he presently saw the panic-stricken bear lumbering along in pitiable fright and perplexity, with the pail bobbing and dancing in his wake.

There is no way of knowing how long this musical appendage followed Bruin in his foragings about the Rockies. It would be strik-

ingly romantic to conceive it as pursuing him forever like a guilty conscience, dinging its monotonous song in his weary ears and rousing the echoes in his cavernous haunts.

But no doubt the distracted brute succeeded in extricating himself from his unwelcome follower, and we may contemplate the more prosaic picture of the doughty pail reposing, dented and rusted, in some remote spot in the great range, even to this very day.

As for Belzy, he escaped as he usually did —minus his pail. No doubt such an ingenious mind as his contrived to overcome this inconvenience when he had time to pause and think.

Perhaps he was able to use his wig as a domestic utensil when visiting the spring. This, however, is only a random suggestion and has no basis whatever in historical fact.

## GEORGE CROGHAN

How he disobeyed orders; how he won over his superiors; how he used his old sturdy six-pounder; together with all the other particulars of his extraordinary defence of Fort Stephenson.

It would be both pleasant and appropriate to follow the sprightly adventures of that unique scout, Belzy Dodd, with those of another scout of similar mould, one Tom Quick, who, in the good old days, was a hero of no small note in Sussex County, in the northwestern corner of New Jersey. The old inhabitants of that picturesque region will to-day show you Tom Quick's cave in the mountain, where he lay concealed while the Indians hunted for him high and low. They will tell you how at last, when the red men had succeeded in hunting him down and surprised him in the act of splitting a log with his axe, he proved still too wily for them and made good his escape in the following extraordinary manner.

Administering such a blow that his axe sank deep into the log, he besought the guileless savages, on some pretext or other, to insert their hands into the crevice, and when they had done so he removed the axe with surprising dexterity

and sauntered off while they wrenched and struggled to free themselves from this very effective trap.

Indeed, if one's credulity appears robust and capable of heavy strain, the good people of that district can give it a severer test still with other instances of Tom Quick's phenomenal exploits, and there is a musty old book somewhere or other which tells of his deeds of derring-do.

This ancient volume, however, has proved quite as elusive as Tom himself was, and as the traditions about him are rather hazy and extravagant, we shall dismiss him from our pages with this brief mention, notwithstanding that we had indulged a certain neighborly pride in the hope of presenting a true New Jersey scout.

We shall, then, turn our attention to Ohio, where scout trails have been many and where the somber backwoods and lonely borderland were once replete with adventure; and our story will be of Major George Croghan, whom we may well call a boy scout, although he lived long before the days of the "Be Prepared" motto and the khaki uniform.

Those who have read the story of George Rogers Clark will remember that the old frontiersman died at the home of his sister, near Louisville, on the Ohio River.

This sister was a Mrs. Croghan, and as if it were not enough to have one of the bravest

brothers that ever a proud sister possessed, she must also be the mother of one of the most redoubtable youngsters that ever disobeyed orders and hurled defiance at his foemen and elders.

In the same house in which his old uncle died in 1818, George Croghan was born on the 15th of November, 1791.

As we know, George Rogers Clark was a brother of William Clark, of Lewis and Clark fame. The elder Croghan had fought with distinction in the War of Independence; so, what with his parent and his famous uncles, we may infer that the boy who was destined to win fame while still almost a stripling came naturally by his adventurous and daring character.

Nor was he backward in the gentler accomplishments, for he graduated from William and Mary College when he was eighteen, having shown more love and aptitude for learning than any of his trio of sturdy forebears.

Howbeit, he sought the woods and a life of adventure, as so many boys did in those days, and he was still under age when he got himself mixed up with old Tippecanoe Harrison's famous expedition against the great Indian, Tecumseh, in 1811. So favorable was the impression which the young man made on Harrison that the old Indian fighter made him his aide-de-camp.

But it was in the War of 1812 that young Croghan performed the deed to which we shall give particular attention in this tale. Though a military operation, the remoteness of the scene and the daring and romantic character of that achievement bring the youthful hero within the category of scouts, according to the rather elastic meaning which we have here given to that word. Indeed, if we were to confine ourselves to the literal definition of the word *scout* we should have to exclude some of our sturdiest heroes and limit ourselves solely to men who have gone ahead of armies to "scout" or obtain information. In this sense the Boy Scouts would not be scouts at all. We have inclined, therefore, to a rather liberal rule of admittance into our galaxy and prefer to think of a scout as one whose exploits of whatever character, be they only adventurous, have been performed in the lonely borderland of civilization.

In the wild country of northern Ohio, along the headwaters of the Sandusky River and not far from the shores of Lake Erie, there stood in those days an old Indian stockade built with wooden piles a dozen or more feet high and surrounded by a ditch. This ramshackle structure, which was dignified by the name of Fort Stephenson, was about as much like a modern fort as an ancient prairie stage-coach is like a modern twin-six.

Fort Stephenson stood on low ground close to the Sandusky River, and if it held pre-eminence for any conspicuous quality, it was the rather dubious one (for a fort) of being an exceptionally good target, since it was surrounded by high hills and was quite defenseless against artillery.

If we ask why a "fort" was built in such a place, the answer must be that it was not built as a fort at all and also that artillery was a rare luxury in the border fighting of those romantic and adventurous days.

But Fort Stephenson, such as it was, was the repository of valuable stores, and General Harrison, who was at Seneca Falls, some miles distant, had sent young Croghan to garrison the old stockade. With him were one hundred and sixty men, all youngsters like himself, full of fight and patriotism, and ready to follow their youthful commander to the ends of the earth.

In July, 1813, the British General Proctor, with about three thousand Indians, including the famous chief Tecumseh and some five hundred British troops, advanced against the old stockade with a covetous eye upon the valuable stores which he knew the old chicken-coop of a fort contained.

Of course, General Harrison knew what Proctor was up to, which was just to surprise and capture the place, then fall on his own force at

Seneca Falls, and presto, have the whole vast country of Ohio in the palm of his grasping hand.

While there was yet time General Harrison went up to take a look at Fort Stephenson and see what kind of a defence it could put up against the attack which was imminent.

He very promptly decided that it could not put up any defence at all, and he therefore directed young Croghan to evacuate it as soon as it became certain that General Proctor was on his way to attack it.

Croghan was fond of his old ramshackle fort in the wilderness and he maintained a discreet silence when his superior issued this wise order.

Shortly, the scouts whom General Harrison had sent out returned to Seneca Falls to inform him that Proctor, with his regulars and Indians, was on the march, and he immediately despatched two messengers directing Croghan to lose no time in destroying the stockade and repairing at once to Seneca Falls.

The adventures of these messengers would make a pretty good scout story in themselves. They were lost in the woods; they were pursued by savages, and after a hair's-breadth escape they made their belated way to Fort Stephenson and delivered General Harrison's mandate to young Croghan.

The first thing that Croghan did after read-

ing the message was to call his youthful companions about him and ask them if they were ready to stand by him in defending the fort. They answered with alacrity that they were, whereupon our young hero, who was stronger on courage than on discipline, sent the following note to General Harrison:

"SIR:

I have just received yours of yesterday, ten o'clock P.M., ordering me to destroy this place and make good my retreat, which was received too late to be carried into execution. We have determined to maintain this place, and by Heavens, we can!"

This was pretty good from a young man scarce of age to old Tippecanoe, and it would be interesting to know how the General felt when he read it. In any event, we know what he did. He sent an officer to supersede young George and a small band of cavalry to accompany him and to escort the insubordinate youth into his stern presence.

The progress of this band of cavalry to Fort Stephenson would also make a pretty good scout story. It was not exactly a May walk. They fought their way inch by inch through hostile Indians, killing a dozen of them on their arduous journey up the river, and at last, after numerous setbacks and a variety of adventures,

they succeeded in reaching the fort, where they delivered Tippecanoe's mandate to his doughty insubordinate.

There was nothing, of course, for Croghan to do but to obey, and he repaired, crestfallen, to headquarters. We are to suppose that he was quite as brave of tongue as of arm, and of a clever tact to boot, for he straightway explained to General Harrison that the defiant wording of his missive had been intended not for that stern old veteran's official eye, oh, dear, no, but for the perusal of the enemy, and had been intended to strike terror to the hearts of the foe.

We may believe that General Harrison winked the other eye on hearing this, but it is not improbable that he was impressed with young Croghan's reminder that delivery of the message had been delayed and that the intervening country in the meantime had become so infested with hostile savages that a retreat through it would have been most unwise and hazardous. He begged that he might be allowed to hold his precious fort, and so fond was General Harrison of the enthusiastic young fellow that he forgave his unruly conduct and consented to his going back to his ramshackle old stockade to hurl defiance at the British and Indian forces.

No schoolboy at the joyous threshold of vacation time ever repaired more gaily to his sports than did young Croghan to his lonely,

dilapidated fortress, where his companions, on hearing of his conquest of old Tippecanoe, greeted him with cheers and congratulations.

He now proceeded to make ready for the defence of his beloved stronghold. There was no more time than was necessary, for scarcely were the few preparations under way when the copper-colored visage of an Indian was discovered peering over the wooden piles which formed the enclosure.

The information which this savage scout secured was not destined to be carried far, for the trusty rifle of one of Croghan's companions from Kentucky toppled him over, as rifles from Kentucky were pretty certain to do, and "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

Other venturesome Indians met with the same fate, and it was soon decided that this kind of spying was not a safe game.

A number of red men then assembled at the edge of the clearing in which the fort stood, but these were presently dispersed by "Mistress Bess," a lonely cannon which was the pride and delight of the youthful commander and his comrades.

Very soon things began to happen in earnest. Late in the afternoon the barges of the British appeared around a bend in the river and as soon as the troops had disembarked they opened fire on the fort with a six-inch howitzer.

"Mistress Bess," however, was not to be tempted into an untimely response. Instead, young Croghan and his redoubtables hauled her from one port-hole to another, poking her nose through each in order to create the impression that there was a gun in every port-hole! Occasionally they let her rip in order to give artistic finish to the ruse.

The enemy, British and Indians, gathered about the old stockade, numbered considerably more than a thousand—ten times the number of men under Croghan. They were amply equipped with artillery against the one poor, wandering gun of the defenders. We know of no instance in frontier history where an attempt has been made to defend a fort or a position with such a preposterous disparity in numbers and equipment, unless it was the tragic defence of the Alamo by the intrepid Davy Crockett.

To the besiegers there was, of course, not the slightest doubt as to the issue. General Proctor expected to take the fort much as he would have picked a raspberry. He, therefore, sent three of his officers, Colonel Elliot, Major Chambers and Captain Dixon, with a white flag, to demand that the fort be immediately surrendered.

A parley ensued near the stockade between these worthies and young Edmund Shipp, aged

nineteen, who had been sent out by Croghan. Young George himself watched this interesting meeting from the rampart and interrupted the conversation by one pithy observation, as we shall see.

The parley, as reported, was as follows:

*Colonel Elliot:* I demand the instant surrender of the fort, to spare the effusion of blood, which we cannot do, should we be under the necessity of reducing it by our powerful force of regulars, Indians and artillery.

*Ensign Shipp:* My commandant and the garrison are determined to defend the post to the last extremity and bury themselves in its ruins rather than surrender it to any force whatever.

*Captain Dixon:* Look at our immense body of Indians.

*Ensign Shipp:* I see them.

*Captain Dixon:* They cannot be restrained from massacring the whole garrison in the event of our undoubted success.

*Major Chambers:* Our success is certain.

*Ensign Shipp:* Is it?

*Colonel Elliot:* You appear to be a fine young man. I pity your situation.

*Ensign Shipp:* Do you?

*Colonel Elliot:* For God's sake, urge the surrender of the fort and prevent the slaughter which must follow resistance should you fall into the hands of the savages.

*Captain Dixon:* It is a pity so fine a young man as your commander is said to be should fall into the hands of the savages. Young man, for God's sake surrender and prevent the dreadful massacre that will be caused by your resistance.

*Ensign Shipp:* When the fort is taken there will be none to massacre.

*Captain Dixon:* Think well, young man.

*George Croghan* (from the rampart): Come inside, Shipp, and we'll blow 'em all to Hell!

As Ensign Shipp turned, an Indian sprang from the bushes and seized him, but Captain Dixon instantly stepped forward and released him from the savage's hold. The Captain then explained again how impossible it was to control the Indians and repeated his warning of a massacre.

Croghan, standing upon the rampart, disdainfully regarded this whole incident as a put-up job designed to intimidate his ensign. If such it was, it did not succeed, and thus ended the interesting but fruitless parley.

The besiegers now began a lively bombardment with five six-pounders which they had concealed among the bushes on the neighboring hill. That night the boys in the fort hauled their old cannon to the block-house in the northwest corner, where, with the greatest difficulty, they succeeded in hoisting it upon the wall in such a

position that it commanded the stretch of ditch where they had reason to believe the enemy would concentrate their attack in the morning. The muzzle of "Mistress Bess" was effectually concealed so as to afford the besiegers no inkling of her position. In the morning they gave her a furlough while they busied themselves with the agreeable occupation of picking off Indians who appeared from under cover.

Meanwhile, others were hurrying to and from the storehouse carrying bags of sand to strengthen the northwest corner, against which the enemy had already opened their batteries and were keeping up a relentless fire.

A little before sunset a storming party was discovered advancing through the woods. Even as they approached, the clouds which had been gathering ominously for an hour or more, murmuring their portentous threats in continuous low rumblings, burst in a torrent and the fading daylight was illuminated with dazzling streaks of lightning, while the earth seemed to tremble with the mounting voice of the thunder as the furious storm increased, uprooting trees and working havoc in the whole wild place.

On through rain and wind and gathering darkness came the storming party, their advance concealed by the thick and pungent smoke of smudge fires, augmented by the heavy downpour and

borne toward the old stockade by the furious wind.

It seemed, indeed, that Nature had come like an ally with strong reinforcements to help overwhelm that little band of youngsters who were maintaining their hopeless cause so gallantly.

Meanwhile the one lonely old cannon, hidden on the block-house, held its peace amid the din and tumult.

Suddenly those in the fort could discern streaks of red close by amid the smoke—the uniforms of George the Third, and here and there a savage form peering out of the darkness.

The stormers were now greeted with a well-aimed rifle volley from the port-holes, which threw them into momentary confusion, but did not break their advance.

On they came with fixed bayonets—silently, irresistibly. They were close to the ditch now and could be seen plainly from within the fort.

"Come on, men!" shouted Colonel Short. "We'll give the damned Yankees no quarter!"

With this they jumped into the ditch, intending to climb the opposite side of it, scale the rickety palisade and enter the fort triumphant.

But just then something happened. Into the supposedly safe shelter of the ditch (which the stormers knew was too near the walls for successful rifle shot from the ports) there presently

descended such a furious storm of slugs and shot as never before rained out of the iron mouth of George Croghan's single cannon.

There she sat, with a clear and unobstructed range, upon the block-house, fully revealed now and with her grim muzzle pointing straight down into the ditch. The storming host was caught like rats in a trap. If Satan himself had stepped blithely out upon the block-house amid the wind and storm his appearance could hardly have caused greater consternation.

In that terrific greeting to the storming party, which spread panic and dismay among them, more than fifty lost their lives and a number were wounded.

Colonel Short, who had threatened to "give the Yankees no quarter," received a mortal wound, and as he fell back he raised a white rag upon his bayonet.

Meanwhile the men who, fortunately for them, had not yet entered the ditch were treated to an incessant and effective rifle-fire from the ports. When they reached that fatal ditch which they had hoped might be the portal of their triumphal entry, they turned and fled while the frowning muzzle of the old six-pounder ominously rose and pointed in their direction. Their path of retreat was marked with scores who fell. Those who gained the shelter of the woods discreetly remained there, where their astonished

leaders succeeded in bringing order out of chaos; but the attack was not renewed.

For those who remained in the ditch Major Croghan did all that he safely could do to mitigate their sufferings throughout that long dreadful night. Buckets of water were lowered to them and as soon as it could be done a way was made to bring them into the fort, where they were kindly and humanely treated.

About thirty per cent. of Proctor's men had lost their lives in this most disastrous enterprise which had begun with so much bluster and assurance.

Major Croghan lost just exactly one man (if you can call him a man who was but eighteen) in the whole encounter. Besides this there were a few scratches, cuts and things—but nothing to worry about.

The next day the attacking legion made good its retreat through the woods, leaving a large stack of munitions and provisions of which the valorous young men of the garrison made good use.

Perhaps the most surprised person of all after this extraordinary defence (which it is almost impossible to exaggerate) was old Tippecanoe Harrison, who could find no words to express his commendation of the young man who had performed this incredible exploit. "It will not be the least of General Proctor's mortification,"

he said, "to find that he has been baffled by a youth who has just passed his twenty-first year."

Indeed, we may add that if this did not occasion the General sufficient chagrin he may have still suffered a passing blush of humiliation to reflect that all of George Croghan's officers and most of his men were younger than himself.

A troop of Boy Scouts indeed, and worthy of the full salute which, as every good scout knows, means the three first fingers of the left hand raised to the level of the forehead.

So let us give the full scout salute to the memory of young George Croghan and his band of youthful patriots.

Salute!

## DANIEL BOONE

How he crossed the Alleghenies and explored Kentucky; how he lived alone in the wilderness; how he helped found and defend the town of Boonsborough; together with an account of his adventures with the Indians and his strange captivity among them, and other matters in the life of the great scout.

The pen falters at the task of writing of Daniel Boone, the most romantic and best known of all backwoodsmen and one of the greatest of all scouts.

Irresistibly there rises in the mind's eye a picture of the lone woodsman in his coonskin cap, standing, rifle in hand, in the trackless Kentucky wilderness. One is almost appalled at the romance of his career.

His fame is great in American history, and justly so, for it rests not upon an isolated act of heroism, but upon a whole long life of indomitable prowess and unceasing deeds of courage. It is difficult to write briefly of his career.

Daniel Boone was not born in the locality with which his name is identified, but on a farm in Pennsylvania near where the city of Reading now stands. His parents were Quakers and he was the fourth son and sixth child in a family

of eleven children. He was born on the second of November, in 1734.

While still a boy, it was his delight to wander away into the forest, far from the haunts of men, and before he had passed his teens he had become an expert woodsman and hunter. The love of nature and solitude were born in him and throughout his life he instinctively moved away from civilization.

At eighteen he moved with his parents to the Yadkin Valley in the northwestern part of North Carolina. Why they went to North Carolina is not known, and although their new place of habitation seemed remote and wild enough to satisfy the most adventurous spirit, it did not long satisfy the migratory longing of young Daniel.

His first venture, however, was not of an exploratory sort, but rather matrimonial, for he wooed and won Rebecca Bryan, whose parents, like the Boones, had migrated from Pennsylvania.

Miss Rebecca was but seventeen at the time, and very fair to look upon, so we are told. She was a true daughter of the wilderness, and proved an ideal helpmate and companion for her restless husband, following him in all his wanderings. A large family of children were born to this pioneer pair.

Let us pause for a brief glimpse of the famous woodsman as he looked in his twenty-first

DANIEL BOONE

year, at the time of his marriage, as given by a border historian:

"Behold that young man exhibiting such unusual firmness and energy of character, five feet eight inches in height, with broad chest and shoulders, his form gradually tapering downward to his extremities; his hair moderately black; blue eyes arched with yellowish eyebrows; his lips thin with a mouth peculiarly wide; a countenance fair and ruddy, with a nose a little bordering on the Roman order. Such was Daniel Boone, now past twenty-one, presenting altogether a noble, manly, prepossessing appearance. . . ."

Indeed, he must have presented an attractive picture in his fringed suit of buckskin and the famous coonskin cap which the world forever associates with him.

For a while life in the Yadkin Valley was a life after Boone's own heart; a life of hunting and trapping and fishing, and occasional troubles with Indians, but in the main peaceful. In his quest for game he was wont to wander far from home and in those lonely rambles he would often penetrate the forest on the lower reaches of the great mountains which rose to the westward, now known as the Cumberlands.

We may well suppose that now and again he

wondered what lay beyond those rugged heights and the temptation must have been strong upon him at times to continue his quest up their wooded sides.

The cabins about his own increased in number, the few straggling frontier households became a settlement, and Boone became restive under these signs of advancing civilization. You are not to suppose that the remote Yadkin Valley became at any time a populous place, but a locality did not have to be populous for this redoubtable nomad to shun it. A dozen cabins or so were quite enough to drive him forth to pastures new. He was a pioneer rather than a settler and ever ready to lay aside his plow for his trusty rifle. The wilderness was always calling him and luring him, and he found it a dearer friend even than humankind.

There returned one day to the little settlement a certain John Finlay, who had crossed the mountain barrier and explored a small section of what is now Kentucky. His accounts of the mysterious land which lay beyond the hills (notwithstanding that he had explored but a very small corner of it) filled the young men of the settlement with enthusiasm and he found a ready listener in young Daniel Boone. This was in 1767, or thereabouts.

It is by no means certain that Boone had not already crossed the mountain himself, for on an

old tree in Washington County, Tennessee, is an inscription which reads:

*D. Boone cilled a bar on tree in the year* 1760.

It is not unlikely that Boone "cilled a bar" west of the Cumberlands some seven years before the return of Finlay, although there is no other than this rough record to testify to such a trip. In any event, Finlay's alluring tale of the wonderful forests teeming with game and rich in every variety of natural beauty found young Boone in a susceptible mood and he headed a party of six adventurous young men who resolved to explore that vast tract of "no man's land" which is now the Blue Grass State of Kentucky.

Crossing the Alleghenies in June, 1767, they gazed in wonder and delight at the prospect which lay spread before them, for indeed there is scarcely a more beautiful view in all our land than the panorama which lay below them.

Descending the trackless face of the mountains, and pressing through the wild tangles of the land beyond, they spent six months in hunting and exploring, finding the region a veritable hunter's paradise.

In order that their explorations might be the more thorough, they divided into two parties, one of which consisted of Boone and a young man named Stewart.

The experiences of these two would fill a book. They hunted, explored the rivers, were captured by Indians, escaped, and after many perilous vicissitudes found their way to the camp of their companions. This in itself would have been a miracle for any one but Daniel Boone. As a tracker and woodsman his equal has probably never lived.

Not a sign was there of the other party and from that day to this the world does not know what became of them. They were never seen or heard of again.

Boone and Stewart continued their hunting until early winter and had about determined to recross the mountains and journey homeward when they saw one day in the forest two men who, as they approached, proved to be Daniel's brother, Squire, and a companion who were searching for them. The coincidence of this meeting in that vast wilderness was nothing less than miraculous.

Squire Boone brought good reports of the family back in the Yadkin and the four men resolved to spend another winter in the Kentucky wilderness. Before very long Stewart was killed by the Indians and Squire's companion, wandering off alone to hunt, never returned. His fate also remains a mystery.

The two brothers hunted together until spring when Squire returned to North Carolina for

supplies, leaving Daniel alone in that vast, trackless wilderness.

Those lonely months, which the intrepid hunter and woodsman spent with no companion but his gun constitute, perhaps, the most striking and heroic episode of his whole life. There was the true Daniel Boone in all his romantic greatness!

In the early summer his brother returned and they met at an appointed spot. From July, 1770, to March, 1771, they hunted and explored and finally hit upon a spot along the Kentucky River where they decided a permanent settlement should be made — though, alas, no settlement could be permanent for Daniel Boone. He had been absent from his home for more than two years and the brothers now set forth, with a goodly store of peltries, for the Yadkin Valley.

Reaching their home no time was lost in making preparations for the migration into the promised land. In September, 1773, the little caravan, consisting of the Boone family and several others, set off on its journey across the mountains. But misfortune befell the pioneers, one of Boone's sons was killed by the Indians, and the party, greatly disheartened, settled in western Virginia, much to Boone's disappointment.

In time, however, the vicissitudes of his life were to take him again into Kentucky. In 1775, he was engaged to lead a party into the land

which he loved so well and to build a fort in the country between the Kentucky and Cumberland Rivers, where a proprietary company had secured a vast tract of land. It was purposed to make the fort the headquarters of the company and around it grew up the famous settlement of Boonsborough, fittingly named in honor of the leader and moving spirit of the adventurous pioneers who settled there.

When the fort was finished Boone brought his good wife and their children to this new home; other families soon followed, and so began the settlement of Kentucky in the first year of the War of Independence.

We cannot, in so small a compass, attempt a detailed history of this community in the wilderness. In time, other settlements were started here and there and the enterprise thrived.

Owing to the depredations of the Indians, the settlers found it futile to attempt agriculture save on the smallest scale; they must needs depend much upon the prowess and sure aim of Daniel Boone for their food supplies, and the redoubtable hunter and trapper did not disappoint them. It is doubtful, indeed, if any record for hunting and marksmanship can be mentioned in the same breath with his, unless it be the specialized record of William F. Cody's amazing buffalo hunts. We cannot but infer that the little settlement of Boonsborough depended, at

times, almost exclusively upon its resourceful leader, who knew the forest as the Puritan knew his catechism.

At one time Boone's daughter, Jemima, and two girl companions were captured by the Indians. Jemima, though but fourteen, must have been not only a true daughter of her father but a true child of the forest, for she insisted on blazing the trees as she was carried along and when deterred from this she tore her dress, dropping pieces along the forest trail.

On finding that the girls were missing, Boone formed a small rescue party and they were not long in picking up the trail. On the second day they came upon the camp of the Indians and were much perplexed for a means of rescuing the girls before the surprised savages had a chance to kill them.

Creeping stealthily, Boone and one companion approached, undiscovered, to within a few yards of the camp. Then, as the other members of the party opened fire, the two rushed into the camp and, placing themselves between the frightened captives and the astonished savages, shot the latter one by one. Some fled and escaped, but the girls were saved.

This particular adventure was destined to have a very happy ending, for shortly thereafter, Elizabeth Calloway, one of the rescued girls, married the young man who had been Boone's companion

in surprising the savages. This is said to have been the first marriage ceremony performed in Kentucky.

Boone's encounters with the Indians were altogether too many to enumerate. He was captured time and again, escaped time and again, came near to being scalped, and resorted to every ruse and subterfuge which long familiarity with the woods and the savages had taught him. He was a marvel not only of prowess but of cunning, and it would require a volume to tell in full the story of his deeds and adventures.

One memorable instance of his being captured, however, must be told, because of its relation to events which followed. While hunting he was surprised by a large band of Indians and made captive along with several companions.

On learning that his captors were on their way to attack Boonsborough he told them that he had wearied of the settlement, quarreled with the people, and intended not to return there. He represented that Boonsborough had ample defences, that many new settlers had lately arrived, and that an attack upon the fort would prove a very perilous enterprise.

In plain truth, the place was all but defenceless without Boone and his companions, but the Indians were greatly impressed with his convincing representations and, deciding that discretion was the better part of valor, retraced their way

to their own village, contenting themselves with the captives they had made. Thus Boone sacrificed himself to save Boonsborough.

The singular story of his long detention among these Shawnee savages would fill a book. His companions were distributed among other tribes and he had no further tidings of them. He became a great favorite of the chief, Black Fish, who liked him so much that he went through the ceremony of adopting him, giving him the name of "Big Turtle."

Big Turtle kept a weather eye upon his hospitable captors and soon perceived that in conjunction with other tribes they were making elaborate preparations for a great attack upon Boonsborough.

The name of Big Turtle was a singularly inappropriate one for so wily and fleet a prisoner as Boone, as the genial Black Fish was presently to learn, for when the captive had become thoroughly acquainted with their plans he disappeared, much to the consternation of his guards, and hit the trail for his beloved Boonsborough.

Again the story of his one hundred and fifty mile journey homeward would make a sizable volume. He had but one meal on the way; he crossed the swift and turbulent Ohio in a ramshackle canoe left on the shore by Indians, and finally, by hook and crook, he reached the settlement, where he was greeted as one risen from

the dead. His wife and children, supposing him killed, had gone back to their old home in the Yadkin.

It is a shame to crowd the famous defence of Boonsborough into a few words. Indeed, Daniel Boone, whether in type or in life, required space. The whole Kentucky wilderness was not big enough for him, and even his humble biographer must needs have plenty of elbow room.

You may suppose that the forest fort became at once the scene of feverish activity, of which Boone was the leading spirit. The Indians soon advanced, and to check and discourage them Boone with a small party sallied forth, surprised an isolated band, and drove them back.

But the main body came on apace under the redoubtable leadership of Black Fish, who, we may suppose, was deeply chagrined and wounded at the base ingratitude of his foster son, Black Turtle, who now awaited his coming within the hastily strengthened stockade.

Upon the arrival of the savage host some very nice diplomatic intercourse took place. They demanded the surrender of the fort, and Boone, who was not yet satisfied with the preparations for defence, asked for two days in which to consider the demand. The preparations were continued in feverish haste and at the end of the two days Boone advised the besiegers that he

had not, and never had had, any intention of surrendering.

Black Fish was no match for Big Turtle in the arts of diplomacy.

The Indians then suggested a parley, which was granted, and, upon their attempted treachery in trying to overpower the members of the council, all pretense ended and a lively firing began.

From the walls of the stockade Boone and his companions poured volley after volley among the besieging host. The women within the fort moulded bullets and few that left Boone's rifle were wasted. The fight became furious. Realizing the hopelessness of their attack in the face of the white men's sure aim, the Indians at length set fire to the fort, but a timely shower extinguished the flames.

At last, having suffered a very heavy loss, the disheartened savages withdrew. Boone and his companions had put up a gallant defense, losing but two of their number. This was the end of Black Fish's ambitious designs against Boonsborough, for he doubtless felt that as long as his whilom protégé was there attack would be useless.

Be this as it might, Big Turtle presently started for North Carolina with the intention of convincing his family that he was not dead. We are not permitted a glimpse of their joy-

ous consternation at beholding him alive and well; but in any event they accompanied him back to Boonsborough, which was now beginning to be quite a community. The old woodsman contemplated the new cabins, not without a pang of regret, and a growing longing for the old solitude beset him.

Soon with his family he again penetrated the forest, crossed the Kentucky River, selected a wild spot remote from human intercourse, and settled down once more to the lonely pioneer life which he loved so well.

In 1782, while he was visiting Boonsborough, a messenger rode into town one day with the news that the Indians were attacking Bryan's Station, a small place some miles to the westward.

A rescue party, including Boone, was immediately formed, but when they reached Bryan's Station they found that the Indians had gone away after a stout resistance by the settlers.

Notwithstanding the heroic repulse of the savages, it was resolved that they should not escape without further punishment, and the question arose whether the rescue party should wait for reinforcements from the country round about or trail the retreating red men without delay.

Unfortunately, the latter course was decided upon, and they came upon the savages safely ambushed in a wild hilly region beyond the river.

It would have been well if the party had accepted the councils of Boone, who knew the country thoroughly and understood perfectly the great advantage which the Indians had in their lurking place. He advised that they pause where they were and wait for reinforcements; but a certain hair-brained dare-devil among them, named McGary, started suddenly to ford the stream, calling upon all who were not cowards to follow him.

Impetuously they crossed after him, and, as might have been expected, there presently followed a bloody hand-to-hand struggle between them. and a company of Indians greatly outnumbering them. The white men, having discharged their rifles, were forced to fight with the butt ends against the frantic tomahawk assaults of their yelling assailants.

In the bloody conflict Boone found himself apart from his comrades, fighting frantically with his clubbed gun and hunting-knife. His son, Isaac, had been mortally wounded and lay dying near him. He lifted the boy in his arms and, battling desperately, he succeeded in eluding the Indians and reached a deep ravine, where, in a rocky glen, he tenderly laid the body in which life was now extinct. Then he made his way back and crossed the river, fighting desperately.

The Indians paid dearly for their bloody vic-

tory, and Daniel Boone was among those who later devastated their country and wreaked such vengeance upon them as to leave the settlements of Kentucky safe from further molestation.

The last battle of the War of Independence had been fought and Boone was now nearly fifty years old—still rugged and indomitable. He was growing old as an oak grows old.

Some eleven years later he migrated again, this time into the wild country of Missouri, where he resumed his old life of hunting. Here, in the frontier cabin, in the full enjoyment of the solitude and wildness which they loved, his good wife died in the year 1813; but the rugged old pioneer was still surrounded by his children and grand-children, and his trusty rifle remained his constant friend.

When Lewis and Clark passed through the Missouri country in 1804 on their memorable expedition to the Pacific they came upon an old man in the woods who wore a coonskin cap and an ancient suit of buckskin. It was Daniel Boone.

He lived to be eighty-six years old, ranging his beloved forest almost to the very end. The wilderness withheld none of its secrets from him, but imparted to him the blessings which only its dim grandeur and solemn dignity can give—the blessings of health, serenity and peace.

The old pioneer died on the twenty-third of September, 1820. Twenty-five years later the

Blue Grass State claimed the ashes of her favorite son and the mortal remains of Daniel Boone and those of his wife were brought back to Kentucky, with which state his name is forever associated, and whose wondrous hills and silent forests and winding rivers he had been the first to explore.

## FRANCIS MARION

How he fought the Cherokees; how he helped to build the palmetto fort; how he formed his singular brigade and what they did, together with other particulars in the adventurous life of the "Swamp Fox."

We come now to a scout who was neither a land scout nor a water scout, but a swamp scout, the very mention of whose name suggests gloomy, impenetrable marshes, dank underbrush and dim recesses redolent with the pungent odor of tropical foliage.

For these were the haunts of Francis Marion. If he had one pre-eminent quality it was the quality of elusiveness. He did not escape, he did not hide, in the ordinary sense; he disappeared; and all the resources of man and all his tracking and trailing lore could not find him.

He was a sort of Robin Hood of the morass; and, like that redoubtable outlaw of the ancient greenwood, he had his company of merry men.

Francis Marion was born in South Carolina in 1732, the same year in which George Washington was born. He was of Huguenot descent, and his grandfathers had been forced to flee and hide from the persecution of Louis XIV so often

GENERAL MARION AND BRITISH OFFICERS

that it is no wonder if the elusive habit became fixed in the family and burst forth in young Francis as a veritable art.

When young Marion was sixteen years of age he went to sea in a small vessel bound for the West Indies. The ship was wrecked and its crew drifted for days in a small boat without food or water. Two of them starved to death. The others were finally rescued and Francis Marion never went to sea again.

When he was twenty-three years old his father died and upon the young man fell the duty of supporting his mother. They moved to a place in South Carolina known as Pond Bluff, where he made his home for the remainder of his life. The estate is still called Marion's Plantation and lies within cannon shot of the old battle-field of Eutaw Springs.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the depth and gloom of the uninhabited lowlands of South Carolina in those early days. The dim forest, upon the edge of which stood his home, extended far to the westward and down into dripping swamps and treacherous glades. There were no paths or trails there and none knew the secrets of that tangled morass. There the lazy mud turtle and the treacherous snake basked, stupid and unmolested; the swamp fox stole about amid the dank undergrowth, torpid lizards and uncanny birds perched on slimy rock or drooping

limb, and none disturbed them in their chosen haunts.

But there was one man who came to know every nook and recess of that dim, damp wilderness. This was Francis Marion, and they called him the Swamp Fox of South Carolina.

His frame was slight and supple; he was agile as a panther; he could run like a deer. Sleep was a superfluous and troublesome thing of which he seldom thought. He could go for days without food. He was wont to issue forth at night like a bat and perform his amazing feats. In the War of Independence he conducted many raids, yet such was the lightning rapidity and marvelous elusiveness of the man that many of the British believed to the very end that no such person as Francis Marion really existed. Many an English child in the eighteenth century heard of him along with St. Nicholas and Jack Frost and Father Time and other renowned worthies who have never been actually seen in the flesh.

When Marion was twenty-seven years old a report reached the colony that the Cherokee Indians were massacring the settlers along the Western frontier. Tales of horror came from the pioneers of midnight raids, of kidnappings, murderings and scalpings.

Presently it became known that this bloody tribe was mustering its braves to deal a mighty blow to the colonists.

Assembling a little army of volunteers, Francis Marion made ready to pursue and attack the warlike Cherokees, but he was doomed, just then, to disappointment. The wily Indians, perceiving these ominous preparations, decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and peace reigned in the colony for two years more.

Then the storm which had been brewing burst in all its fury; the savages made the nights horrible with their war-whoops and murderous raids, and there followed a brief but sanguinary war.

Marion flew to the governor to offer his services, which were promptly accepted, for his knowledge of the woods and the Indian country made his presence as a scout and leader of inestimable value. He was made a lieutenant under a man who afterwards, like himself, became famous—the gallant Captain Moultrie.

A miscellaneous army of about two thousand men was soon pushing its way through the wilderness to the homes of the suffering pioneers. It must have been an odd-looking host; some of the men were clad in the gorgeous uniform of George III, and some wore no uniforms at all.

Through tangled brush and treacherous morass they pressed on until they reached a deep gorge between two mountains which formed the only pass into the land of the red men.

At this point Marion was chosen to lead a

small party forward and explore the dangerous path. Suddenly, as he reached the entrance of a long ravine, wild shrieks were heard and a storm of bullets and arrows came whizzing among them.

Twenty-one of Marion's men fell dead. Then from behind rocks and trees rose scores of painted savages, pursuing the survivors back to the main army which was following.

The next morning the sun broke upon a frightful scene. The Indians were defending the pass which led into their country and the whites, fighting every inch of their way, were slowly pressing them back.

In this desperate fighting Marion was always in the lead and at almost every shot fired from his well-aimed rifle some yelling savage dropped from rock or cliff.

The red men fought like maniacs, but at last the whites cut their way through the bloody pass and entered the land of the Cherokees.

The pride and power of this warlike tribe was at last broken and their murderous depredations were at an end. Broken-spirited, they became wanderers over the land. Some cast their lots with other tribes in the Far North, but most of them fell to begging from place to place among the prosperous settlements along the shore. Thus, and largely through the prowess of young Marion, ended the mighty tribe of Cherokees.

One more episode must be told of the days before Francis Marion became the "Swamp Fox." The crushing of the Cherokees was followed by sixteen years of peace for the daring young fighter. Then the news of the Battle of Lexington reached the southern colonies.

Instantly young Marion was in the saddle, and flying from town to town gathering recruits for the regiment which he had now determined to form.

At this time it was known that the British general, Sir Henry Clinton, was on his way to Charleston with a fleet to attack the city. Not far from the mainland was a small piece of land known as Sullivan's Island, and here Marion with his hastily recruited band started to erect a fort.

They built it of palmetto trees and plastered it with mud. It must have been an odd sort of defence. They called it after General Moultrie because he was in chief command there. It was soft and yielding and shook with every passing wind. The arrogant General Lee, who had arrived in Charleston, laughed at it and said it was no defence at all. But, like the tall and slender bullrush in the gale, it bent and swayed but did not break.

While these preparations were going on Marion was made a Major-General.

It was an enthusiastic band of men that worked

upon this odd makeshift fort and scarcely was it finished when the cry arose:

"A fleet! A fleet!"

It was indeed Clinton, the British general, and the little army prepared to defend its stronghold. As soon as the ships were close enough a terrific fire was opened upon the little fort. Marion himself called it the battle of David and Goliath. The little fortress, shaking with the shock of her cannons, hurled a storm of iron curses at the approaching foe. The flag was shot down, but one of Marion's men raised it aloft and there it stayed throughout the rest of that glorious day, until the British fleet raised anchor and stole away with a hundred wounded and more than fifty dead.

That was the end of Marion's career as a soldier in the ordinary sense. Thereafter he was to be unique—even among scouts and raiders. He gathered about him a miscellaneous company of kindred spirits, woodsmen and adventurers, who, though abounding in patriotism, loved fighting and adventure for their own sweet sake.

This haphazard band was known as Marion's Brigade; but they came no nearer to being a brigade, as we understand that military term, than the followers of Robin Hood were a brigade. They must have been a motley crew in their combination of homespun and tattered

finery, which we are told their redoubtable leader wore with such a fine air as greatly to shock the dignified General Gates, who arrived in the South to conduct military operations there. Some of them had no uniforms at all, others had no arms, but there was one valuable asset which they all had—particularly the wily leader. They knew the forest through and through, and the tangled, impenetrable marshes in which they made their homes.

The first thing that Marion did was to sack the sawmills of the neighborhood in order to get steel for his weapons. We are not told whether they used buzz-saws in the game of hide-and-seek which they played, but we know that they procured a number of hand-saws which they hammered into rough swords.

Riding forth through swamp and forest, they crossed the Pedee River, where they found a body of Tories encamped. These were greatly surprised (as parties attacked by Marion usually were) and they retreated after losing a captain and several soldiers. None of Marion's men were killed, and they rode gaily forth again into the dense forest.

Not far away they descended upon another camp. Marion had left some of his little band in ambush, and he pretended to retreat from the enemy until he had drawn them well out of their stronghold into the woods, then he suddenly sum-

moned his ambushed men, defeated the enemy and disappeared. An expedition was formed to trace him and capture him. One of the British officers nearly lost his life in quicksand, and at length the party returned, drenched, bedraggled and weary—but without their captive.

Not long after this Marion and his followers rode to the Upper Santee, where a rumor reached them that Gates had been defeated by Cornwallis. Learning that a strong British guard was approaching with some prisoners, Marion waited, fell upon the British, routed them, freed the prisoners and disappeared.

Cornwallis ordered Marion's "immediate punishment." But you must catch your goose before you can kill him; and Marion was not to be caught.

He had, in fact, turned south toward the swamps and forests which he knew so well. The journey was full of excitement. His men worshipped him and loved the adventurous game they were playing. He broke up meetings of British loyalists, destroyed recruiting parties, intercepted communications, and spread terror everywhere. He would arrive unexpectedly in the darkness, do his work like lightning, and be gone.

It was a new kind of warfare, all his own. Often when the little party disappeared within the morass they would disband, trailing their

way separately, and reuniting at some distant point.

The British Colonel Tarleton was very anxious to catch the wily Marion. With high hopes he set out for the reported hiding-place of the band. Marion learned of his coming, concealed some of his men, lured the unsuspecting Tarleton into a pestilent thicket, summoned his men forth at the proper moment, beat the British unmercifully and left them to pick their way back into the world again as best they could. Tarleton was greatly chagrined. He scarcely realized what had happened to him until it was over.

Then Marion started north again. He rode night and day, finally pitching his camp near the head of the Waccamaw River. Here, in the deep forest, the hungry little party sat down to dine. Seated on fallen trees and on the ground, they made their simple meal of sweet potatoes and hominy. We are told that they were wont to beguile the time on such occasions by telling stories, though surely no story which they told could have been more romantic than the tale of their own experiences.

At last, in 1780, the British resolved that this troublesome band of men must be captured; there must be no more half-way measures.

Marion was at that time located on a small piece of land called Snow's Island, which was surrounded by marsh.

An expedition was formed to dislodge him from this stronghold. He waited until the expeditionary party was well within the forest lowlands. Then he sallied forth and met it in a dismal swamp. A short conflict followed and Marion retreated. He always knew when to retreat.

The next day the battle was continued at another spot not far distant and the British lost rapidly. The faultless aim of Marion's rangers brought down some redcoats with every shot.

At last the British commander sent a note to Marion complaining of his mode of warfare and urging him to come out in the open and fight. The following day Marion did so and beat the enemy thoroughly.

Then he disappeared again within the forest. Where had he gone? No one knew. Somewhere in that vast, solemn wilderness he and his merry men were gathered about their cheerful campfire; but none could trail them, for their remote haunts were amid the swampy fastnesses where there were no tracks or trails.

The British commander was well-nigh insane. On account of this troublesome and elusive little band he was compelled to establish a line of fortified posts extending all about the southern colonies.

Once, as Marion's men were crossing a bridge they heard an alarm gun from a British camp.

They galloped over, reached the main road, and there dismounted. Marion ordered a few picked men to attack the old house near by where the enemy was posted. Another detachment was sent to the right and a band of horsemen to the left. Marion quickly followed with a small reserve. The British were defeated and the "fort" taken.

Marion and his men then rode to Williamsburgh, where they obtained tidings of other gatherings of British near the Black River. One of these was reported to be very well supplied with muskets and ammunition, and Marion cast a longing eye upon these stores.

At midnight he rode into the camp. The redcoats were playing cards and feasting when the little band fell like a bolt from Heaven among them. Marion succeeded in completely annihilating them, procured the stores, and was off again to the swamps.

At the news of this attack, Tarleton arose from his sick-bed, resolved to crush, once and forever, this obstreperous little band. He set out with a goodly array and Marion, as usual, retreated into the everglades. Tarleton advanced boldly into the swamp to overtake him, but could not find him. Through bogs and tangled, dripping underbrush he pushed his way, but Marion was nowhere to be found.

At length Tarleton, weary and discouraged and

perishing with thirst and hunger, turned to his followers and said:

"Come, my boys, let us go back. We can soon find that gamecock, Sumpter. But as for this damned swamp-fox, why, the devil himself couldn't catch him!"

And at that very moment the "Swamp Fox" with his adventurous brigade was scarce a mile distant!

Such was the career of Francis Marion—unique among woodsmen, pathfinders, scouts and soldiers.

After the war he returned to his quiet home. The old place had been sadly treated by the British, who, being unable to find the "Swamp Fox," had taken vengeance on his estate.

During his declining years the old raider, who was a bachelor, met a fair lady named Mary Videau, who, like himself, was of Huguenot ancestry. They were married and his last days were spent in simple happiness. He was greatly loved by all living round about, and his name was spoken always with reverence and affection.

In his last moments he was able to say, "I thank God that I can lay my hand on my heart and say that I have never intentionally done wrong to any."

## SAMUEL BRADY, RANGER

How he narrowly escaped burning at the stake; how he made a famous leap, and how his life was saved by a gentle pond-lily. Also the singular account of how he stuffed a horse; how he attended an Indian council in masquerade; how he rescued Jenny Stripes and why he tomahawked her little dog; together with other particulars in the career of the man who was said to be the original of Cooper's "Leather Stocking."

THIS is the story of a red-headed scout who came of a red-headed family which, as every boy knows, means spunk, recklessness, and daring. If there is any question as to this we have only to narrate that Samuel Brady's father, James, was one of the very few survivors of his regiment in the Battle of the Brandywine and was severely wounded. Shortly after the war he was killed by the Indians.

James Brady's brother John was also wounded at the Brandywine. Samuel's brother James, whose hair was also red, but exceedingly long, being surprised one day by the savages, ran for his gun, procured it, shot an Indian, ran for another gun, shot another Indian, was at last overpowered, tomahawked and scalped.

All the male members of the Brady family

were six feet tall or more, most of them had red hair, and all of them, to the second line removed, were fighters.

But compared with Samuel Brady, chief of the Rangers, they were as the other planets are to Jupiter.

Samuel Brady was the Daniel Boone of western Pennsylvania, and his authenticated adventures, I should warn you, read like extravagant fiction.

He was more than a scout, he was more than a ranger; he was a character.

One or two of his exploits have an Arabian Nights flavor, but history presents its records to confirm them, and so far as Samuel's own veracity may be called into question, he was deeply religious, a great student of the Bible, a very stickler for righteousness and truthfulness.

He was born in the year 1756 and was one of thirteen children, eight of whom were boys. Three of these died while still young and all of the remaining five were soldiers, either in the Revolution or in the War of 1812.

When the War of Independence broke out, young Samuel, being then nineteen years of age, enlisted and fought gallantly in the engagements near Boston, the Battle of Long Island, the Battle of White Plains, the Battle of Germantown, and, as if this were not enough, he barely escaped with his life at the terrible mas-

sacre of Mad Anthony Wayne's troops at Paoli.

If there was any fighting going on the members of the red-headed Brady family were not likely to miss it. Samuel's career in the War of Independence was one of continual adventure. At the ghastly affair at Paoli, he was completely surrounded and death seemed inevitable, when suddenly he made a desperate rush and (to use an expression which must be used often in any account of him) barely escaped with his life.

It was not, however, as a soldier that Sam Brady was pre-eminent, but rather as a scout and ranger, guarding the western frontiers of Pennsylvania from hostile savages, as Boone guarded the frontiers of Kentucky. It is one of the freaks of history that his name is not as familiar as that of Boone, for his adventures and prowess were quite as remarkable.

As every boy knows, the present flourishing city of Pittsburgh derives its name from an outpost fort which stood there, and the country between Pittsburgh and Lake Erie, which is traversed by the Allegheny River, was the frontier country of Pennsylvania.

It was a very wild region, infested by lurking red men ever in wait for those who ventured to settle in its depths, and at times the solemn stillness of its vast woods re-echoed with their warwhoops and the cries of the dying.

It was in this remote and hostile territory that

Sam Brady and his rangers roamed, and here some of his most remarkable adventures befell him. He was a typical scout and frontiersman, ever at home in the woods, ever on the trail and ever in advance of civilization. The thriving towns and growing settlements to the east of his perilous haunts owed him and his little band a debt of gratitude which can hardly be measured, for they were a sort of border police, clearing the unknown country of its dangers and striving to make it safe for the hardy but less adventurous home builders who were ever pressing farther westward.

Not the least remarkable adventure of this redoubtable scout was when he penetrated with a small band of followers into the wild country which is now part of the State of Ohio, in pursuit of some fugitive Indians who had committed depredations in his own county.

In the locality of what is now Portage County, in Ohio, is a lake which, by reason of the ranger's exploit, was named after him. Here, after an exciting chase through a country which would have been impenetrable to any but the hardiest and most persistent ranger, Brady and his party succeeded in ambushing their quarry. In the fight which ensued nearly all of the savages were killed and Brady and his men were congratulating themselves upon their complete success when suddenly a savage war-whoop rent the air and

there appeared upon the scene, apparently by the merest chance, a party of savages greatly outnumbering the little band of rangers.

But Brady and his followers were not the men to flee, despite the frightful odds against them, and they fought desperately a losing game. Some of the little band escaped, but most of them were massacred and scalped. Brady himself was taken prisoner.

The savages had heard of the tall frontiersman and they resolved to make his capture the occasion of festivity, so instead of massacring him out of hand (which would have been the wiser course, as things turned out) they bore him to their village and proceeded to circulate an invitation among the neighboring tribes to come and witness the pleasant spectacle of his torture and death.

It was, indeed, to be a gala affair—an exhibition to be witnessed with solemn delight, and told and retold by the old squaws in days to come. From far and near on the appointed day Indians of both sexes, old and young, betook themselves to the festive scene in holiday spirit and array.

While these parties were arriving a sort of preliminary exhibition was given. The unhappy Brady was lashed to the stake and the flames allowed to play about his limbs, not, however, close enough to burn him. Thus, while the hos-

pitable hosts were busy welcoming the new arrivals, the little Indians were diverted by this amusing spectacle.

Suddenly, in a moment when they had scampered off, perhaps to plan some new torment, Sam Brady, whose mighty strength his captors had not estimated, drew his gigantic form together, expanded his muscles and his chest, writhed, struggled, tugged . . .

And when the Indians returned to the spot they found it would be necessary to call off the exhibition, for its principal actor was gone.

Pursued by a howling mob of infuriated Indians, the fugitive, unarmed and all but naked, fled through the dense forest, hiding by night and hurrying stealthily by day, until at last he regained the spot where he had been captured. If he could ford a river here he would be comparatively safe in the familiar country beyond. To his surprise, however, the Indians had reached the ford first and cut off his only path of escape.

The stream at this point flowed in a roaring torrent between precipitous banks, which at the river's narrowest stretch in that locality were about thirty feet apart.

It did not take Sam Brady long to determine what he should do. The Indians, guarding the ford, and knowing that he was at their mercy, did not concern themselves greatly with his maneuver as he retreated a few paces from the

precipice, took a running jump, landed below the brink of the wall opposite, scrambled up, and made for the thicket beyond. It all happened in a moment, and again Sam Brady had *barely escaped with his life.*

One of the Indians, gazing blankly at the spot, said, "White man, him make damn good jump. Red man, no try."

But the fleeing ranger was not permitted to go unscathed, for one of the chagrined savages managed to shoot him in the leg as he disappeared in the woods beyond the river.

Crossing by the ford, the red men were soon hot upon his trail, and again his capture seemed imminent, for he was lame from his wound. It happened, however, that he presently reached the lake where his companions had been murdered, and seeing some pond lilies on the surface, a bright idea came to him. Crawling into the water, he completely submerged himself, breathing through the hollow stem of a pond lily.

The savages, reaching the lake, scoured its shores in vain for the elusive quarry, and seeing the trail of blood leading to the water without any corresponding trail from it, they concluded that he was drowned and retraced their weary way homeward.

Again Sam Brady had barely escaped with his life.

The year 1782 was long known as the Bloody Year because of the sanguinary warfare of the savages at that time. Indeed, it was rumored throughout the towns that a bloody conspiracy was on foot, in which several tribes were to participate in an enterprise no less ambitious than that of wiping out the settlements in Pennsylvania and thereabout.

General Washington was greatly concerned by these rumors, and he requested that a suitable man be selected and sent forth to ascertain if they were well founded. It would be necessary for the messenger to adopt Indian disguise and to speak the Indian language, and to do this, as we should say now, was Sam Brady's middle name.

The choice quickly fell upon him, and he was asked how many companions he would like to have accompany him on his perilous expedition. He answered that he would like one companion. It would be hardly fair to say that his request was excessive. The comrade chosen for him was Lewis Wetzel, an appropriate choice, for if ever there were another Sam Brady, Lewis Wetzel was that man.

Covering their faces with war paint, blackening their hair and donning the Indian garb, the two men sallied forth to play the part of spies in a hostile camp. Arrived at the great council which was being held, they introduced themselves

as a delegation from a distant tribe which was desirous of joining the great conspiracy.

Surprising as it may seem, the pair were hospitably received, and mingling freely with the unsuspecting council, they came by a full knowledge of all its secret and carefully laid plans.

There was one wily old chief, however, who began to cast a shrewd eye upon the visitors, which annoyed them and caused them to debate his rather disturbing scrutiny in secret.

The old chief soon made known his suspicions by an attempt to tomahawk the pair, whereupon they shot him, and the game being now up they succeeded after a desperate struggle in making their escape on two horses which the Indians had previously stolen from the settlers.

Then there followed such a journey as never before or since has been known to those returning homeward from a masquerade party. Hotly pursued, the two adventurers sped through the forest. Wetzel's horse fell dead and they took turns in riding the other horse until the poor beast also sank exhausted, and the men were forced to run for their lives. They reached a camp of friendly Indians who knew them, and here they succeeded in procuring one horse.

On they went, taking turns as before, and perplexing and confounding their infuriated pursuers by every trick known to experienced scouts and rangers.

At last they came to the Ohio River. The water was icy cold, for the season was winter, but they forced their horse in and managed to cross the torrent, Brady riding on the beast's back while Wetzel clung tenaciously to its tail. And surely the famous crossing of the Delaware by Washington was no more picturesque than the crossing of the Ohio by this hapless pair with the disguising war paint dribbling from their faces in many-colored drops, their fine feathers bedraggled, and the weary form of Wetzel trailing after the wretched horse like the tail of a comet!

Arrived on the other side of the river, Brady discovered that his comrade was frozen almost stiff, and again his resourceful mind devised a novel expedient. Killing the horse, he disemboweled it and placed the frozen body of his companion within the warm and cosy interior!

He did not wish to kindle a fire for fear of the Indians but this he presently resolved to do, and in its warmth he chafed and rubbed the limbs and arms of his companion until the circulation was re-established, and they were able to pursue their journey, unmolested, back to the settlements.

They had spoiled the game for the Indians, who, their plans being known, gave up the conspiracy.

In those days there lived in Pennsylvania two

kindred spirits named Benington and Briggs, who gravitated to Brady on the principle that birds of a feather flock together. The three formed a daring trio, and their ranging exploits sometimes verged upon the incredible.

Upon one of their scouting expeditions along the Pennsylvania frontier they came upon a ruined cabin with all the accompanying signs of Indian vandalism. While they were investigating the devastated scene a horseman rode up whom Brady recognized as a settler named Gray, the owner of the cabin, and together the four inspected the pathetic remains of what had, but a few hours before, been Mr. Gray's home.

No sign of his wife or her sister or the settler's seven children could be seen.

Grim with the spirit of vengeance, Gray resolved to rescue his people and visit punishment upon their captors, and the three scouts were nothing loath to accompany him.

Brady soon succeeded in picking up the trail, and before nightfall they were able, from a vantage point, to discover thirteen savages with their nine captives, encamped in the very spot where Brady had suspected they would pause for the night.

After a while the weary savages and their captives fell asleep and the four trailers stole down upon them. Incredible as it may seem, these four resolute men, led by Brady, killed

every single Indian of the party, nine of them as they slept, the others finding only death awaiting them as they awoke.

The women and children were rescued and the party made a safe journey to the nearest settlement.

The scene of this extraordinary rescue was near a spring which to this day is known as Bloody Spring in memory of the astonishing exploit of Scout Brady and his friends.

On another occasion Brady was returning from an Indian community where he had secretly made a map of the locality and learned many of the secrets of the savages, when he saw an Indian on horseback carrying a white woman. Alongside them trotted two white children. Brady still wore his Indian disguise. Raising his rifle, he shot a bullet through the Indian's heart, leaving the captive woman uninjured and amazed at one Indian's thus shooting another, until, rushing forward, he cried:

"Don't you know me? I am Sam Brady."

The woman was Jenny Stripes, wife of a settler whom Brady knew well.

Her captor had left his companions, among whom was a little dog belonging to Mrs. Stripes. This dog trailed his mistress and the Indians followed. As the dog came running toward them Brady tomahawked it, for he had but two loads left in his rifle and feared that he might need

them for more important game. Thus he confounded the pursuers and succeeded in bringing Mrs. Stripes and her weary and frightened children to Fort Pitt.

Resourcefulness and presence of mind, which are much advertised to-day as desirable scout qualities, were possessed by Sam Brady in superlative degree. There was almost a touch of sleight-of-hand about his many escapes and daring exploits.

On one occasion, when he had been bound hand and foot, he rolled to a fire, burned his thongs and got away. At another time he came upon two Indians, one standing on the shoulders of the other picking bark from a tree. Brady had but one load in his rifle. He shot the Indian who stood on the ground and the one above tumbled to the earth, at his mercy.

Though a crack shot and of matchless courage, he appears always to have used his brain before he used his rifle, and the faculty was his to do quick thinking in a predicament.

Indeed, this is the only explanation of his many hair's-breadth escapes. No amount of mere physical prowess could have carried him through his amazing experiences on the frontier to the day when he died peacefully in his humble home. He was not only a great scout, but a very original and ingenious one, and he might, indeed, serve better than others more famous as

a scout model. It is said that he was the original of Cooper's famous character of *Leather Stocking.*

Be that as it may, he was not only a good scout, but a very good man, a patriot through and through, the defender and protector and rescuer of women and children, the stalwart and fearless guardian of a lonely frontier, and it is pleasant to reflect that the latter part of his useful and splendid life was spent in the quiet shelter of his own home where children, whom he loved, were wont to cluster about him and listen to the blood-curdling tales of his early adventures.

## LEWIS AND CLARK

How they were the first to cross the continent and the story of their famous expedition.

There are scouts and scouts, and some of them have been pre-eminent for one thing and some for another. In the case of some their scouting —which means, briefly, going ahead and exploring—has been incidental to their trapping and hunting; while in the case of others it has been incidental to their pursuit of Indians, or their quest of a home.

Most of our scouts have been scouts by circumstance rather than by profession. That is to say, they did not go into new territory simply to observe and get information, though the incidental results of their activities entitle them to be called scouts.

Lewis and Clark, on the other hand, were typical scouts—professional scouts, if you will. They were, if we may so express it, hired for that purpose. This does not dim the glamor of romance which we are wont to see about them. They performed one of the greatest scouting exploits in the history of the world, and they saved time and did it the better, because they followed

a program and did just exactly what they set out to do.

Perhaps they were not the greatest scouts, but they were certainly typical scouts.

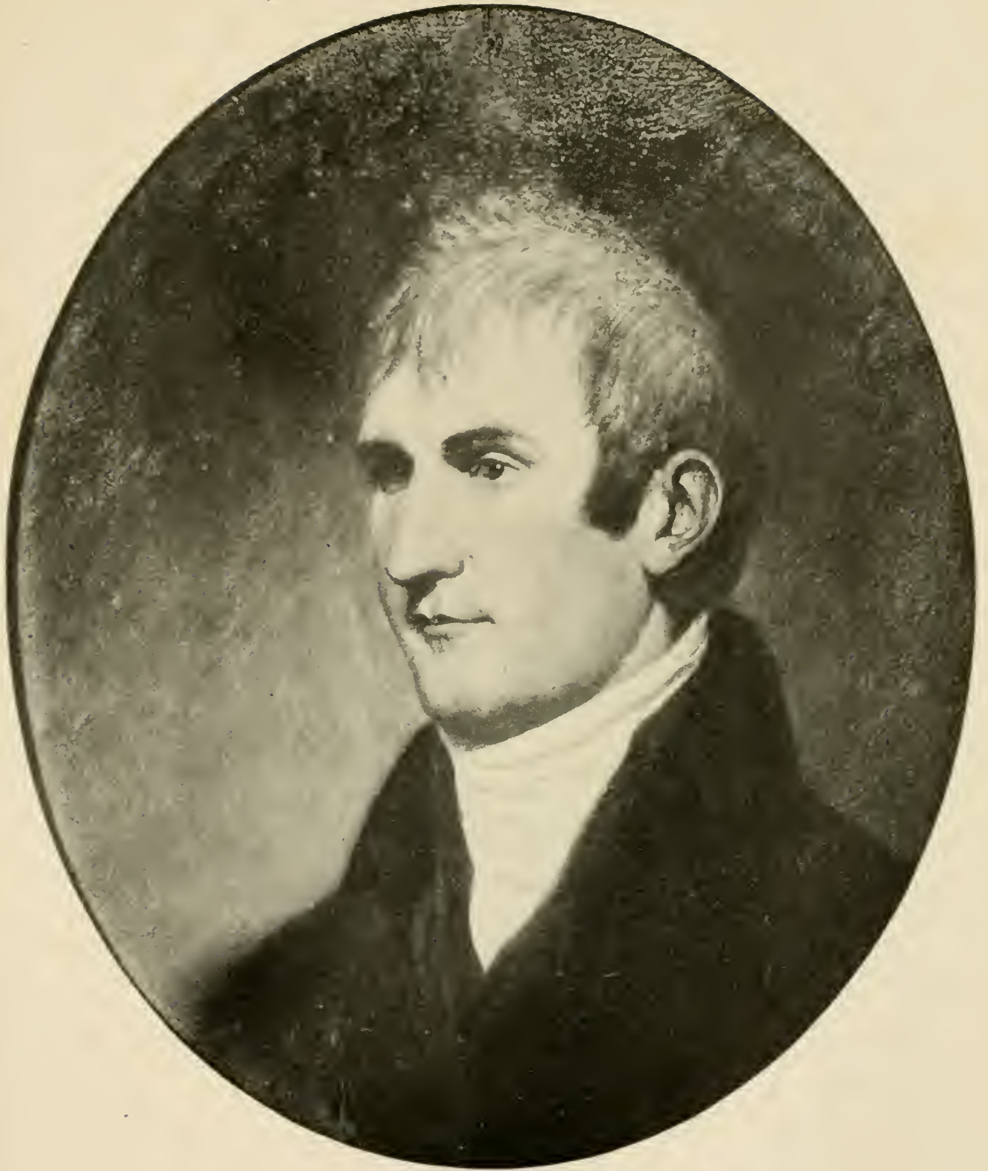
We have tried to consider each famous scout individually, giving each one, so to speak, his day in court. Thus we have ruthlessly torn General Fremont and Kit Carson apart, nothwithstanding their many adventures together, for we could not permit the redoubtable Santa Fe trailer to play second fiddle to anyone.

But we cannot separate Lewis and Clark. They are bound together by their great exploit, and seem to have no story worth the telling either before or after that one adventurous expedition.

So let us follow the trail of Lewis and Clark, according equal credit to both, as indeed they accorded equal credit to each other. They were as inseparable as those renowned heroes, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and they got along together a great deal better!

As every boy knows, the vast tract of land formerly known as Louisiana was sold by the great Napoleon to the United States in 1803. The price which our country paid for this enormous territory was fifteen million dollars, and Napoleon was very glad to get the money, for he needed it in his imperial business.

Roughly speaking, Louisiana then comprised



CAPT. MERIWEATHER LEWIS

all the land west of the Mississippi, bounded on the north by the British possessions, and on the south by those of Spain. In other words, it covered the region which is now occupied by the states of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, South and North Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, and parts of Idaho and Colorado.

In all this vast territory there were not a hundred thousand white persons. Many extravagant and absurd tales were circulated about the region and were believed. Stories of strange animals, quite unknown to zoologists, were bandied about; savages, more primitive and ferocious than any before known, were described as roaming the vast northwestern wilderness, and even President Jefferson himself believed many of these tales.

When he selected Meriwether Lewis to lead the memorable expedition across the country he said to him, among other things, "Our Consuls, Thomas Hewes at Batavia in Java, William Buchanan in the Isles of France and Bourbon, and John Elmslie at the Cape of Good Hope, will be able to supply your necessities by drafts on us." It is perfectly evident that President Jefferson had grave misgivings as to the outcome of the expedition and as to where his transcontinental explorers would eventually arrive.

When the purchase of this vast territory was

completed President Jefferson resolved that it should be explored, and he proposed to the Congress then in session that an expedition should be formed for that purpose. He had as his private secretary this young man, Meriwether Lewis, who had risen to the rank of captain in the army, and in suggesting him as a suitable leader of the proposed party, he enumerated some of the young man's qualifications for the hazardous mission, incidentally furnishing about the best description of an all-around scout which we have ever heard:

". . . of courage undaunted; possessing a firmness and perseverance of purpose which nothing but impossibilities could divert from its direction; careful as a father of those committed to his charge, yet steady in the maintenance of order and discipline; intimate with the Indian character, customs and principles; habituated to the hunting life; guarded by exact observation of the vegetable and animal life of his own country, against losing time in the description of objects already possessed; honest, disinterested, liberal, and of sound understanding, and a fidelity to truth so scrupulous that whatever he should report would be as certain as if seen by ourselves. With all these qualifications, as if selected and implanted by nature in one body for this express purpose, I could have no hesitation in confiding the enterprise to him."

We should think not! Indeed, it leaves little to be told of Meriwether Lewis except that he was born in Virginia in 1774, in the town of Charlottesville.

Lewis selected as his assistant and to lead the party in the event of mishap to himself, William Clark, who was four years older than himself and who, we are told, was "almost a duplicate of Lewis in all his qualities." Clark was likewise a Virginian by birth.

Both of these young men held the rank of captain and in the whole course of the expedition's progress to the Pacific Coast and back they exercised equal authority without the suggestion of a rift in the affectionate friendship which existed between them. This is not the least remarkable feature of that remarkable journey.

As finally organized, the famous expedition was made up of these two captains and twenty-seven men. Nine hailed from Kentucky and were accustomed to frontier life; fourteen were soldiers of the United States Army; two were French *voyageurs,* or watermen (one of whom understood the Indian language and was to act as interpreter); one was a hunter, and the other a negro servant of Captain Clark, who, in his appropriate character of minstrel and comedian, greatly enlivened the party and became quite a character among them. He was viewed with

consternation by the savages of the Far West, who had never before seen a black man, nor a white man either, for the matter of that. In all their long wanderings only one of the party lost his life.

In addition to these men a small additional party of voyageurs and soldiers was to accompany the expedition as far as the country of the Mandan Indians in the region which is now North Dakota, for it was believed that hostile attacks were more likely to be made east of that point than west of it.

The purpose of the expedition was very clearly defined. The men were, if possible, to find a waterway across the continent. They were to explore the country thoroughly as far west as they could get. They were to procure information which would be helpful in making maps. They were to observe the Indians, particularly their manners, customs, government, diseases, etc.; they were to observe the wild life, the flowers and minerals, and indeed were to report on anything and everything which might be of any service in the future settlement and development of the country.

On May 14th, 1804, the expedition left the neighborhood of St. Louis and started up the Missouri River, in three boats. The largest of these was fifty feet long, and was equipped with sail and oars and mounted a small gun. The others

GEN. WILLIAM CLARK

were much smaller and of rough construction. The boats were to be used as far as the river would permit.

Four days later they reached the last white settlement on the river, a little village called La Charrette, consisting of a dozen or so cabins. In one of these lived Daniel Boone, the famous pioneer of Kentucky, then seventy years of age.

Leaving La Charrette, they pursued their way through an unknown country, following the tortuous windings of the great river. After journeying for a few days they came upon a raft carrying a hunter and trapper named Dorian, who had lived among the Sioux Indians for many years, and on hearing of their purpose he gladly agreed to accompany them.

After an inland voyage of more than five months, during which time they held friendly intercourse with many Indian tribes, they came to the Mandan villages and, having found a suitable spot, they proceeded to fell trees and make preparations for their winter camp, which they called Fort Mandan. This was in the vicinity of the present city of Bismarck.

They found the Mandans hospitable and friendly, and the winter spent among them passed pleasantly. Corn and other supplies were bought from the red men and the hunters of the party found game plentiful.

Early in April they broke camp, and having

sent back the extra members who had been detailed to accompany them that far, proceeded up the tortuous river.

Eight days later they passed a place which they named Chaboneau Creek, after one of the French voyageurs, who had previously encamped there. "Beyond this," the famous journal of the expedition reads, "no white man has ever been, but two Frenchmen."

All through this region they saw large numbers of fallen trees which had been cut down by beavers, and there were multitudes of these industrious little animals which are now so scarce. They encountered also great herds of buffalo and innumerable grizzly bears. These latter were very ferocious.

On one occasion, six of the men, all good hunters, simultaneously attacked one of these monsters and, though all the bullets struck the beast, such was its amazing vitality that some of the attackers were forced to flee in a canoe while the others concealed themselves and kept up a continual fire. With every shot which took effect the beast became only the more enraged, seeming to gain in strength under the fusillade of shot. At length, just as the hunters had given up in despair, and were scrambling down a precipitous bank to save their lives, one of them turned and shot the animal between the eyes, which put an end to his career. He had been

able to pursue them with eight bullets in his body!

On the 26th of May, Captain Lewis, standing upon a hilltop, beheld, about fifty miles distant as he thought, a range of lofty peaks which he knew to be the Rocky Mountains. Somewhere there, he felt sure, this mighty, sinuous stream which they were following had its source, and beyond, on the westerly slopes, he hoped to find the trickling headwaters of the stream or streams which should carry them, or at least guide them, through the mysterious unknown country, on to the Pacific.

How the hearts of all those bold adventurers must have thrilled as they gazed upon the gray peaks; and we may believe that even in their stout resolve they were not free from misgivings at thought of the obstacles which those unknown mountains might present to their progress. Shortly, they knew, they would have to abandon their boats and press on afoot in quest of a pass into the strange land far to the westward.

The river was still more than one hundred yards wide and they continued their journey without difficulty. As they approached the mountains, game became more plentiful and they lived on the fat of the land.

They were now passing through a region rich in memorials of ancient life, and every mile they

traversed revealed wonders of animal and floral life of which they had never dreamed.

This was the immemorial home and hunting-ground of the Minitarees. As they toiled up the narrowing stream they came at length to a point where it was difficult to determine which of two branches to take, but they decided that the southern branch was the true Missouri, and they followed it, naming the northern branch Maria's River, after an old sweetheart of Captain Clark's.

This was the region which is now the State of Montana. Presently they came to the great falls of the Missouri, where they paused to build canoes, transporting them above the falls by means of a rough wagon which they made. A perfectly round cottonwood tree sawed into thin sections supplied the wheels.

Here, according to the famous journal of the expedition, strange, booming sounds were heard continually. These are still heard by travelers in that wild, lonely region, and their cause has never been determined.

They were now within the lower reaches of the Rockies, pushing through an untrodden wilderness, such as is surpassed nowhere in the world.

As they journeyed on they came to three forks and they were in a quandary as before as to which stream to follow. They wished, of course, to pursue the one which would bring them to that

part of the mountains nearest to the source of some westerly flowing river.

Whether by reason of their skill in scoutcraft or by sheer good luck, they chose the right one (which they named Jefferson River) and following it up to its source they came at last to a tiny trickle, the infinitesimal beginning of the mighty Missouri River whose windings they had followed through the unexplored wilderness which is now five states.

This spot is known as Lemhi Pass, and it was upon the 12th of August, 1805, that Captain Lewis, traveling a little in advance of the others, stood there realizing (may we not assume, with a thrill of pride and satisfaction?) that he was at last near to the backbone of the continent.

Keeping still ahead of his companions, Captain Lewis pressed on through the rocky intricacies of those mighty heights till he came to another little trickle which flowed westward and which he believed must bear its crystal contribution down through rock and cavern to swell the flood of the Columbia as it swept on to the Pacific!

So far as he knew, no white man had ever before trodden these dim recesses, and we may fancy the pride and satisfaction of the intrepid scout as he gazed upon that tiny brooklet among the rocks which would show the way, however difficult and baffling, to the shores of the great ocean.

Still keeping ahead of the main party, he came upon a band of Shoshone Indians who gazed at him in consternation, for they had never before seen a white man and he was as much a marvel to them as Columbus had been to the natives of San Salvador.

When their astonishment had somewhat subsided, Captain Lewis was able, after a fashion, to hold intercourse with them and he found them inclined to be peaceable and friendly. He borrowed horses from them and persuaded the chief to accompany him back to the main party where a further surprise awaited the warrior. For on meeting with them who should he discover but Sacajawea, his own long lost sister, who had come along as the wife of one of the French voyageurs. She had, it seemed, been stolen by the Minatarees while a child and her people had given up all hope of ever seeing her again.

Pausing at the camp of these friendly Indians, the party waited while Captain Clark explored one of the streams and the westerly flowing Salmon River of which it was a tributary.

He found, as the Indians had told him, that the country below in this direction was too rough for travel, so, taking several of the Shoshones for guides, they descended in another direction until they reached the head of Bitter Root River.

This they followed through the wild Rocky Mountain country until it brought them to a

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Drawn by Frederic Remington.

THE VOYAGEURS.

stream which they called Lolo Creek and here they made a camp, calling it Travelers' Rest.

Resuming their journey through the passes of the Bitter Root Range they followed Lolo Creek to a point which they called Lolo Pass and came at length in their tortuous wanderings to a place in the mountains from which the natives told them how they might descend in canoes.

They had, of course, abandoned even these as they ascended and the streams became less navigable, so they made camp again in order to rest and construct enough rough craft to proceed by water.

Here they remained from September 26th to October 7th, 1805, making preparations and constructing the canoes for the last stage of their long journey. As usual, they found the natives greatly interested in them, obliging and friendly. Here also they secured provisions, which had of late been alarmingly low.

Resuming their journey on October 7th, they descended in their canoes till they came to Snake River, or, as they called it, Lewis River, in honor of their leader. This stream broadened as it descended until presently they were sailing down the wide bosom of a noble river, which wound its way through deep ravines. Above them on either hand rose precipitous rocky heights between which the hurrying stream was at times churned into perilous rapids.

Following the erratic wanderings and braving the dangers of the river, they reached the point where it separates the present States of Oregon and Idaho, and presently they were sailing down the wide expanse of the lordly Columbia, their gaze enthralled by the magnificent prospect of green and lofty mountains which rolled away into the misty distance on either hand.

On November 7th, they had their first glimpse of the Pacific Ocean, and before that memorable day was over the welcome sound of its incessant breakers reached the ears of the weary and triumphant explorers.

Their long journey was over, their mission accomplished. Not a serious mishap had there been. It was a triumph without alloy.

A little above the mouth of the great Columbia River, at a spot which they called Netul, they made their camp. Here, in a dim grove of stately pines, they built rough cabins and being in the neighborhood of the Clatsop Indians they named their little makeshift settlement after that friendly tribe.

They lived now chiefly on fish and elks' meat, nd though their fare grew monotonous as the winter months wore away, and even though starvation sometimes threatened, the contemplation of their successful expedition buoyed them up and gave them strength and spirit for the tedious journey homeward.

Toward the end of March, 1806, after a winter which, despite its hardships and privations, was by no means unpleasant, they abandoned their little home among the pines and set forth again up the Columbia toward the mountains.

They had traded off all their glass beads and miscellaneous gewgaws to the Indians and they had nothing wherewith to buy necessaries and safe conduct home save only the friendship which their justice and honesty had won them among the Indian tribes through which they must again pass.

But this good-will served them in good stead. Moreover, Lewis and Clark had acquired the reputation of famous doctors, and on their journey homeward they found lines of patients waiting for them such as would swell the pride of the most arrogant specialist of to-day. They made "eye water" and traded it for horses, dogs, fish and game.

Their clothing had gone in tatters and they were clad wholly in skins.

In good time they crossed the mountains again, and after some adventures with the Blackfoot Indians, they pressed their way eastward and came at length to their old camp among the Mandans in Dakota.

They reached St. Louis on September 23rd, 1806, after an absence of two years and four months. Their primitive costumes and tanned

faces were viewed with amazement by those who had never expected to see them again.

In acknowledgment of their exploit and its great value to the young nation, Lewis was made Governor of Louisiana and Clark was raised to Militia General of the same vast area and also appointed Indian agent for the many tribes whose acquaintance he had made. The other members of the expedition were given double pay and three hundred and twenty acres of land each.

Meriwether Lewis died in September, 1809, while on a journey to Washington upon official business. He was found dead in a little inn in Tennessee where he stopped, but whether he killed himself or was murdered no one knows.

In 1813, Clark was appointed Governor of Missouri and he held that post until the territory became a state. In 1822 he was made Superintendent of Indian Affairs, which office he held until his death in 1838.

The Lewis and Clark Expedition was unique in many ways. For one thing, its two leaders shared the authority of leadership without a suggestion of jealousy or discord. For another thing, although they encountered many Indian tribes, they had no serious trouble with the red men, although there were, of course, instances of individual theft and treachery, and a varying measure of hospitality shown them in their arduous progress westward.

To be sure, the Indians of the Northwest, having never before seen white men, had not been swindled and oppressed, and cherished no grudge against these strange creatures whom they now saw for the first time. Yet this does not fully explain the refreshing absence of scrimmages and massacres in that long journey of two years and doubtless much credit must be accorded to the tact and kindness of the two leaders.

That only one man lost his life in all that two years of journeying and camping in an unknown country seems scarcely credible, but such was the fact. We might have supposed that the Rocky Mountains alone would have claimed at least one victim.

The Lewis and Clark Expedition was one of the most ambitious and venturesome ever undertaken in our country, and it was out and away the most successful. Meriwether Lewis and William Clark must have possessed indeed all of the qualities which the astute Thomas Jefferson accorded to his young secretary. It seems evident that that great and true democrat could do other things besides write the Declaration of Independence.

He knew a good scout when he saw one.

# ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE

How he explored the Mississippi and later the Rocky Mountains; how he searched for the Red River and didn't find it; also how the Spaniards found him and what they did with him; together with other particulars of his adventures in the Southwest.

Near the central part of Colorado there rises above the surrounding rock-ribbed heights a towering mountain which is famous throughout the world as Pike's Peak. Fourteen thousand and one hundred feet above sea-level it rears its mighty head and from that rocky, woodless summit, miles upon miles of trackless desert can be seen to the eastward, while on the west and north and south Nature may be viewed in all her magnificent disorder, in a thousand cañons, valleys and gray chaotic heights, fading away in the enveloping mist which shrouds the distant wilderness.

It is a singular fact that the man whose name this majestic giant of the Rockies bears never climbed to its summit nor even approached very near to its wild and rugged base.

But in the immediate country which it overlooks he suffered as acutely as man may suffer at the hands of untamed nature. His name was

Zebulon Montgomery Pike and he was a brave young soldier and a good scout. He was born in the State of New Jersey in 1779, and in 1799 he entered the army, becoming a captain in 1806.

When the vast Louisiana territory was purchased by the United States, President Jefferson, as we know, was anxious that it should be thoroughly explored in order that its character might be made known to our people.

For this momentous task of scouting and exploring he selected Lewis and Clark to penetrate the west and if possible to press on to the Pacific.

But there were other things which that great president wished to determine in connection with the acquisition of this vast area, and chief among them was the source of the Mississippi. So, while Lewis and Clark were still upon their perilous errand, President Jefferson selected young Zebulon Pike to ascend the Father of Waters, ascertain all that he could of its source, and at the same time make certain observations along the northern boundary of the newly acquired land.

His choice of young Pike for this mission, like his choice of Lewis and Clark, was a particularly happy—or shall we say, shrewd—one? Pike was nothing if not courageous, resourceful and adventurous.

With a company of twenty men he set forth from St. Louis in August, 1805, in a rough boat

about seventy feet long and with provisions for four months.

His chief object was to explore the Mississippi to its tiniest beginning. The little party ascended the river, pausing to construct new boats and before they had approached near to the headwaters Pike was the proud commander of a sumptuous fleet of four small craft which he contemplated with much satisfaction.

"Our four boats under full sail," he said, "their flags streaming before the wind, were altogether a prospect so variegated and romantic that a man may scarce expect to enjoy such a one but twice or thrice in the course of his life!"

They formed a happy little scouting party, we may assume, having "violins and other music on board," and taking great pride in their little flotilla.

With music playing they sailed gaily across Lake Pepin, in the present State of Minnesota, and were soon in the region which Jonathan Carver was supposed to have traveled in 1766.

Hereabouts Pike encountered agents and trappers of the British Fur Companies, whom he informed of the Louisiana Purchase and requested that they withdraw from the country.

Spending the winter in that northern wilderness, Pike explored the headwaters of the Mississippi, hunted, and made rough maps of the

locality, gathering much information about the unknown region, and after acute hardship and suffering from the cold, the little expedition retraced its way down the great river, reaching St. Louis in April, 1806, at just about the time that Lewis and Clark were beginning their return journey from the Pacific.

So resourceful and indomitable had young Pike shown himself to be on this important mission into the unexplored wilderness of the north that he was presently selected to lead an expedition for the same purpose into the Southwest, and in July of the same year he set forth for that region of mountains and prairies where the great peak which is now his namesake frowned upon the resolute scouts who would challenge the untrodden wilderness at its foot.

The expedition consisted of a miscellaneous company, including a surgeon, a sergeant, two corporals, sixteen privates and an interpreter. They were very insufficiently equipped and provisioned, as it turned out.

Sailing up the Missouri from St. Louis in two rough boats, they came after six weeks' traveling to the Osage River, which converges with the greater stream in the central part of Missouri. Here they abandoned their boats and procured horses with which to continue their journey.

It must be borne in mind that although our

country had purchased this vast tract of Louisiana from France, there were many complications in connection with its transfer. Spain was by no means agreeable to the negotiations between the United States and France; there was much dispute and dissatisfaction over the question of boundaries; and to go no further into the matter, it may be stated that the Spanish authorities in New Mexico kept a jealous eye upon all Americans who ventured west of the Missouri and bent their course southward.

Not that Captain Pike cared anything about this. He knew that he was in American territory and he intended not to trespass upon Spain's possession to the south. He was not, if he knew it, going to accept Spain's arbitrary dictum as to where these possessions ended, however. Indeed, the line of Spain's southern frontier was, if one may so express it, up in the air.

On learning that Pike was on his way to drive a wedge into the southwest wilderness the authorities in Santa Fe sent an armed force northward to intercept him. They advanced as far northward as the Republican Fork in the southern part of the present State of Nebraska, and here as Pike and his men pressed southward they came upon the trail of this formidable searching party.

It was all they ever saw of it, for after much wandering in this direction and that, its leader,

having paid a visit to the Pawnee Indians for the purpose of securing their allegiance (Spain claiming this whole area), led his troops back to Santa Fe.

Pike said that if he had met them he would have fought them, and we can readily believe that, although it would have been one of the most uneven conflicts in American history.

Pushing southward and westward, Captain Pike came upon the Pawnees to whom the Spaniards had presented a Spanish flag, claiming their allegiance. The young scout presented them with an American flag, upon which they promptly agreed to furl the banner of Spain in favor of Old Glory.

It was while among these warriors of doubtfull allegiance that Pike received in a roundabout way a report of the safe arrival of Lewis and Clark in St. Louis, and we may infer that this news buoyed the young explorer up with fresh courage and resolve in the prosecution of his own difficult task.

Reaching the Arkansas River, which corresponds to the line of the Old Santa Fe Trail, Pike began following it westward, intending to reach the mountains, where he expected to turn to the south, find the Red River (which rises in the western part of Texas) and return home by that route.

On November 15th, as they were slowly press-

ing their way westward over the monotonous plains, Pike discerned an irregular line of shadow far ahead, and as they came nearer he perceived it to be a range of mountains with towering peaks, at intervals piercing the clouds.

Cheered at the sight of these noble heights, the weary travelers paused and gave three cheers for the "Mexican Mountains."

What they saw was, of course, the great range of the Rockies. Encouraged by the apparent proximity of these magnificent heights, they plodded on, intent on reaching the foot of the mountains the next day.

But the next day the peaks seemed no nearer than before, and they pressed wearily on, killing buffaloes from the great herds which were continually crossing their path, and drying some of the meat to carry along with them.

They now entered an area of evil repute known as the hostile ground. This was the rugged country at the eastern base of the mountains and was so called because of the many fierce encounters which had occurred there. In this Bloody Way, as it was also called, predatory bands of Comanches and Pawnees lurked and roamed, ever in wait for traders who should venture within these perilous precincts.

Here Pike and his companions met with a war party of Pawnees who outnumbered them four to one. He was wise enough, therefore, to offer

them presents instead of shot, which they accepted with true Pawnee alacrity and appeared satisfied until the little pow-wow broke up.

Then their greed overcame them and they manifested a disposition to levy upon the remaining goods of the travelers. It was time for diplomacy now, and Pike informed the chief that each and every red man who so much as laid a finger upon his possessions would be instantly killed.

There must have been something in young Pike's eye to confirm his portentous words, for, after a few moments' council among themselves, the Indians left the explorers to pursue their journey unmolested.

They presently arrived at the Grand Fork, which is about where the city of Pueblo, Colorado, now stands, in the lower reaches of the mountains.

Here they built a rough fort of logs, which was the first American establishment of any kind in Colorado, and the main body of the expedition settled down to a much-needed rest while their intrepid leader with three companions explored the neighboring mountains.

After a journey of thirty or more miles, the four men found themselves at the base of one of the towering peaks which they had seen from afar. It was November, the cold was intense, and as they climbed the forbidding height they

were forced to plow knee-deep through the snow.

Their sufferings on that difficult ascent were indescribable. Their stock of clothing was so reduced that they wore only overalls. They had no socks and their worn-out shoes were held together with cords. Their food was insufficient, and while the ghastly specter of famine crept in their arduous path, they climbed and plodded on unheeding, amid wind and storm, in imminent peril of freezing.

The resolute Pike would not hear of turning back, and after such climbing and suffering as few men would be able to endure, the exhausted party reached the summit, from which they gazed out through a blinding snowstorm at a mighty peak about fifteen miles distant. This was the mountain which was afterward named for the dauntless man who thus beheld it for the first time.

He called it the "Grand Peak," and so it must have seemed as it towered serenely amid the wind and beating snow, a very symbol of grandeur and majestic power. The ragged, half-starved adventurer did not know as he gazed upon its lordly summit that its fame would carry his name to the farthest corners of the world, associating it forever with all that is grand and noble and beautiful, and terrible and forbidding, in Nature. Zebulon Pike could not have had a more befitting namesake.

Retracing his way to the fort, Pike found his men suffering frightfully from lack of food and clothing. They could not remain long in such a predicament. The perils of braving that forbidding wilderness with such slight prospect of obtaining food as might offer, seemed better than inaction, and Pike led his weakened and disheartened followers on up the Arkansas River toward its source in the mountains.

Why he did this, in his desperate strait and in the face of increasing privation and suffering, is not known. The Red River, which he had expressed his intention of following, lay to the southwest and the presumption has always been that Pike was fully aware of this.

There seems no explanation of the subsequent pitiful wanderings of the wretched party, except just that they were lost in those rocky entanglements where they journeyed with apparent aimlessness this way and that, their sufferings ever increasing.

After some time they found themselves at the headwaters of the Arkansas in the mountain fastnesses. Their feet were naked and freezing; they were without food and almost without clothing, sick at heart, and almost dead with fatigue.

They managed to improvise a rough sled to carry their few remnants of baggage. Chroniclers differ as to whether the expedition was lost and hopelessly bewildered or whether its

indomitable leader, still ignoring peril and privation, was bent on new discoveries.

The one thing which is definitely known is that they experienced such hardship as few such expeditions have experienced. At length they reached a spot where Pike resolved to build a shelter which he called a fort.

Here they stored what little baggage remained, and leaving an interpreter and one other man to guard it, they set forth again with packs on their backs across the mountains, with the single purpose of finding Red River —that beacon stream which should guide them homeward out of this heartless, chaotic wilderness.

It was in January, 1807, that they started. Each forlorn wayfarer carried forty-five pounds of baggage and a few provisions. They pursued their way southward amid a severe blizzard and penetrating cold. Very soon two of the men were compelled to give up because of frost-bitten feet. The party could not with safety pause, and these wretched sufferers could not go on.

A difficult choice confronted Pike. He decided that the stricken men should be left behind with all the provisions which the party had, save enough for one scanty meal.

Bidding good-bye to the sufferers the others pushed ahead, and on the 28th of January they were cheered by falling into a well-defined trail

with odd markings on the bordering trees. They were, indeed, approaching the Mosca Pass, nine thousand seven hundred feet above the plains, and shortly to their delight and relief they could gaze off southward on a vast panorama, where the welcome sight of the Rio Grande greeted their eyes. They believed it to be the Red River.

But their sufferings were not at an end. Half-starved, weary, and benumbed with the cold, they labored on, cheered by their dauntless leader, until they found themselves in the San Luis Valley.

Here, at last, they found game and were able to remedy one cause of their sufferings and ghastly apprehensions.

They were now in the extreme southern part of Colorado, on a branch of the Rio Grande called the Rio Conejos, and on its northern bank they built another fort. It was a very rough affair, constructed of logs, with a moat around it, and as well equipped for defence as their poor means and exhausted strength could make it. For the intrepid Pike was now resting his weary followers in a country where he had every reason to apprehend trouble with the Spaniards, and he intended, weak and spent though they were, to dispute by force every claim which the powers at Santa Fe might advance.

As a matter of fact the party was encamped in territory which the Spaniards claimed and

which, had he known where he was, Pike would have conceded to be of their possession. But he thought he was on the Red River in Texas, where their jurisdiction was, to say the least, doubtful.

Several men were now sent back to bring the two who had been left behind, but the poor wretches could not travel and all that their would-be rescuers could do was to minister to them, and, having made them as comfortable as might be, leave them to their inevitable fate. As they returned, they carried back several bones from the feet of the unhappy victims—ghastly souvenirs of their wretched fate.

At last the expected happened. An imposing company of mounted militia under Don Ignacio Salleto appeared before the little fort. Don Ignacio, with the utmost tact and courtesy, inquired after the health of the heroic Pike and expressed the greatest solicitude for him and his ragged and exhausted companions. He was kindness itself, was Don Ignacio, and very considerate of the pride and feelings of the brave, travel-worn trespassers.

"Señor," said he, "the Governor of New Mexico, being informed that you had missed your route, ordered me to offer you in his name mules, horses, money, or whatever you may stand in need of to conduct you to the head of Red River, as from Santa Fe to where it is sometimes nav-

igable is eight days' journey and we have guides and the routes of traders to conduct us."

This was certainly very polite.

"What!" said Pike. "Is not this the Red River?"

"No, señor."

When Pike had recovered from his astonishment he immediately ordered his flaunting colors lowered, a rather inglorious sequel to his martial preparations. He was now ready enough to admit that he was unwittingly trespassing.

As a matter of plain fact, the Spaniards considered that he had been trespassing during practically the whole of his unfortunate wanderings, and they would have still considered him as trespassing if they had found him on the shores of the Red River. But here, at least, there could be no dispute, and he promptly accepted Don Ignacio's invitation to accompany him to Santa Fe to "visit" the governor.

It was in reality a kind of sugar-coated arrest, made palatable by much-needed food and provisions, and an accompaniment of superb courtesy.

Arrived at Santa Fe, the Americans were treated with consideration, and the acute sufferings which the party had undergone as well as the prowess of its redoubtable leader were quite sufficient to guarantee them a cordial hospitality, and, ere long, a safe conduct from Spanish territory.

Thus ended the hazardous expedition of Pike into the unknown southwestern wilderness. Notwithstanding his undoubted courage and scout resourcefulness, he had found the Rockies a foeman worthy of his steel.

In good time the little expedition reached the East and Pike received the grateful acknowledgments of the government for his journey and for the very considerable amount of valuable information which he brought back.

He rose rapidly to the rank of brigadier-general. In 1813 he was also appointed adjutant and inspector-general and put in command of the land portion of the expedition against York in Upper Canada, in the War of 1812. He arrived at York with seventeen hundred men, landed under a heavy fire, and while storming a battery was killed by the explosion of a magazine.

But although he fought gallantly and died a soldier's death in the Far North, his name is forever associated with the frowning heights which he also stormed in the mountain wilderness of the Southwest, and with the mighty mountain which stands like an immortal monument to commemorate his prowess and his suffering.

## ANDREW LEWIS

How he won renown as a border fighter and how he led the pioneers of Virginia against the Indians in Lord Dunmore's War.

A MIGHTY man was Andrew Lewis, at whose very tread the world shook (if we are to believe his friends), and compared with whose forbidding visage and awful mien that of a lion would be docility itself. He had a voice like thunder, a presence like that of Hercules, and an eye whose very glance was like unto a shot from his own trusty rifle.

He was a man to frighten naughty children with, was Andrew Lewis.

But he was not so bad when one got to know him, as we shall try to do in this little sketch of his life and adventures.

He was Irish and proud of it, and a scout and border fighter of the first rank. He had only to raise his hand for a horde of sturdy borderers like himself to rally around him; and if, perchance, the raising of his hand failed, the raising of his voice more than sufficed.

He was born in the year 1720, and his parents emigrated to America while he was still a very

young child. They settled in Virginia, and as Andrew grew up all doubt was dispelled (if indeed any had ever existed) as to his choice of a profession. He intended to fight, if there were any fighting to do, and there proved to be plenty of it.

His early manhood was spent as a typical borderer, always with a band of sturdy woodsmen at his back. There was not an Indian lurking on the frontier who did not know of and fear Andrew Lewis. For years he protected the settlements from savage attacks, penetrating far into the backwoods and leading the most primitive sort of life.

There is, however, one episode of Virginia's history with which this sturdy woodsman's name is forever associated; a little war which, coming just before the Revolution, seems to us now like a tempest in a teapot, but which in plain fact was one of the most desperate encounters with the Indians that frontier history has known.

It is known as Lord Dunmore's War, but it did not belong exclusively to Lord Dunmore, as we shall see.

In the year 1774, there were rumblings along the border which told the settlers that trouble was brewing, but open hostilities with the red men might have been averted by friendly council and new treaties, had it not been for an incident which at once put aside all prospect of

peaceable adjustment and plunged Virginia into a bloody war.

At that time there lived along the Ohio River on the western edge of what is now West Virginia, an Indian named Tah-gah-jute, to whom the settlers of Virginia had given the name of Logan.

Though of the Iroquois nation, he lived among the Shawnees and his fame and influence were great among all the tribes. In all their squabbles and dissensions he held himself aloof, and exerted his great influence to induce his brethren to remember their treaties of amity and friendship with the white men. The fame of Logan is great now, even as his influence was great then, and there are few who have not read his famous speech, delivered after the close of the war, which for dignity and touching pathos is not surpassed in the annals of savage eloquence.

The friendship of Logan was a guarantee of peace in the wild Virginia borderland and the white men knew his word was to be trusted.

In April, 1774, a trader by the name of Greathouse visited this friendly savage and after plying Logan and his entire family with liquor, cruelly murdered them all with the exception of Logan himself. Why this ruffian spared the great savage is not known, but he certainly reckoned without his host.

When Logan awoke to the realization of what

had happened he became a fiend incarnate, and in his savage wrath he resolved to wreak vengeance on the whole world of white men.

If he had slain the wretch who had so wronged him the settlers would have borne no grudge against Logan, for the rough pioneers were, on the whole, fair-minded men, with a high sense of justice and a rough-and-ready honor.

But no Indian, however wise and friendly, has ever been able to draw the distinction between injustice to his race and the irresponsible murder of one of its members. To the savage mind —even to the most enlightened savage mind (and Logan's was such)—the race must always be blamed for the crime of the individual.

If Logan had wreaked vengeance upon Greathouse no one would have resented it, and he would have done a service to the world in ridding it of a criminal, but instead he let loose his fury upon the settlers of western Virginia and the peaceful frontier settlements with their innocent women and children fell within the measure of his wrath.

His great prestige among the tribes was now exercised to incite them to the warpath, and presently the lonely borderland was rendered frightful by the flames of burning homesteads and the cries of the dying.

At that time the Royal Governor of Virginia was Lord Dunmore, who, seeing this terrific

storm gathering momentum as it advanced, mustered the Virginia militia and all the woodsmen and pioneers from the wild country roundabout and set in motion a campaign to check the Indians' work of massacre and devastation.

The "left wing" of this miscellaneous army was given in charge of Andrew Lewis, who at once sent out a call to his men to rendezvous at a spot which has since been named in his honor—Lewisburg. The other wing was to be commanded by Lord Dunmore himself and had its rendezvous at Frederick.

There soon began assembling at Lewis' rendezvous, which he called Camp Union, such a motley array of scouts and backwoodsmen as were probably never before brought together. From the more populous eastern settlements across the Blue Ridge Mountains came score upon score of sturdy settlers, while out of their remote homes in the backwoods to the south and west others, clad in buckskin, made their arduous pilgrimage to Camp Union to enlist under the standard of the redoubtable Lewis.

It was one of the most singular armies ever mobilized. George Rogers Clark, Simon Kenton, Daniel Morgan, and indeed almost every famous Kentucky scout and pioneer of that time, whom one could mention, joined that rough-and-ready legion. They were not strong on discipline, and though their relish for the game in

hand was undoubted, it is a question whether any but Andrew Lewis could have controlled them. Of warfare, in the sense in which we understand the term, they knew nothing. But they were all crack shots, thoroughly familiar with the forests and the habits of the Indians, and they were past masters in all the qualities of scouting.

We shall concern ourselves chiefly with this branch of the Virginia army. The plan was for Lewis to lead his men westward until they came to the Kanawha River and follow it to the point where it empties into the Ohio. Here Lord Dunmore and his force were to join him and all were to advance against the Shawnee towns and destroy them.

As soon as all was ready Lewis and his men set forth on their difficult journey across the mountains. Not a sign of trail was there and they pressed on through the dense forest, cutting down trees as they advanced in order to open a way for their pack horses. None but such men as these could ever have traversed those tangled mazes of brush, surmounting the hundred and one obstacles which the rugged mountains presented. It was a journey of over one hundred and fifty miles of the wildest country imaginable, but here Lewis and his men were in their element, and at last they reached the upper waters of the Kanawha, where they

built canoes, to which they transferred their luggage, sending their horses back.

Here also they found a note in the hollow of a tree, ordering them to march up the Ohio and join Dunmore's forces. As all of Lewis's party had not come up, however, he decided to camp until the remainder of his men arrived. While they waited, two young men of the party set out one morning on a scouting and hunting expedition. They had not gone far when they encountered a large band of Indians who immediately attacked them. One of the scouts was instantly killed. The other killed his assailant and escaped, reaching the camp after a remarkable flight through the forest. Rushing into camp, he gave the alarm, and immediately preparations were made for defence.

The band of Indians which had thus been discovered was much larger than the young scout supposed. It constituted, indeed, the entire force of savages which old Cornstalk, the Shawnee chief, had assembled to attack Lewis's force, of whose advance he was well aware.

Logan, the moving spirit of the whole uprising, was not present in this company, but old Cornstalk was a host in himself. His plan was quite in conformity with the best military strategy, for it was to fall on one party (whose number he knew was about equal to his own) before it could possibly effect a union with the other

party, of whose advance in another quarter he also knew.

If it had not been for their discovery by the two young men the Indians would undoubtedly have fallen upon Lewis's force that very night and a bloody massacre would very likely have resulted.

There was nothing now for Cornstalk to do but to lead his warriors forward, and he was wise enough not to give his enemy any time for preparation.

Scarcely, therefore, had the young scout panted out his appalling news to Lewis when the deafening war-whoops of the approaching savages could be heard, and soon their painted forms were seen rushing pell-mell through the woods, incited by the wily chief whose voice could be heard amid the uproar.

In the brief interval of hasty preparation, Lewis and his men had supposed that the Indians were merely a small band sent to reconnoitre. All such hopeful thoughts were now dispelled as they saw the motley array advancing through the forest.

For a few moments Lewis's stern eye was fixed upon the multitude of warriors and their shouting chief, then with an air of grim determination he reached for his trusty—pipe. When he had lighted it he took several good puffs, then forth from the savory smoke issued his

sonorous command for one of the columns to move forward.

Instantly the men obeyed, moving from tree to tree, the Indians doing the same. Then the main body of Lewis's force advanced and the engagement began in earnest.

The Indians fought with savage desperation and remarkable skill under the keen eye and continual orders of old Cornstalk, who proved himself master of the situation. Rallying his men again and again, he led them forward to bloody charges, which resolved themselves into grim hand-to-hand encounters among the trees.

Amid flying tomahawks and rifle volleys the giant form of Andrew Lewis could be seen hurrying about, encouraging his men and giving orders in tones that made the forest ring.

It was a typical hand-to-hand battle, one of the most savage in all the border history. Old Cornstalk commanded his warriors with a skill and foresight which won the admiration of the white men. Once he was seen to cut down with his own hand a cowardly Indian who had hesitated to obey his order.

Andrew Lewis, from beginning to end, was the spirit and incentive of his makeshift but sturdy army, and his thundering voice might be heard mingling with that of his noble adversary as he instilled fresh courage into his men.

All day long the bloody conflict raged, one

side, then the other, driven back, and there was no foretelling what the issue would be.

As the day waned, the Indians, in the course of the shifting battle, found themselves upon a little eminence, deeply wooded with protecting trees, and high enough to give them an advantage.

In desperation Lewis and his men tried to dislodge them, but they could not be driven from the hill.

The fighting now became desperate in the extreme. The woods echoed with the war cries of the frantic savages, while the Virginians from behind trees poured volley after volley among them.

At last the Indians began to show signs of weakening and Colonel Lewis detached some of his men, under a sturdy pioneer named Shelby, to make a roundabout march and attack them in the rear.

It will be remembered that at the beginning of the battle some of Lewis's troops, who were coming over the mountains, had not yet reached the camp, and it was to await them that Lewis had decided to camp where he did.

Cornstalk, who was exceptionally sagacious for a savage, knew of the expected arrival of these other troops, and when he discovered Shelby and his men opening fire upon him from the rear

he mistook this small party for the large band of reinforcements.

Lewis gave him no time to deliberate or to discover the truth, but advanced at once with redoubled fury, and the suddenness of the attack, together with the old chief's misgivings at the supposed turn of affairs, caused him to withdraw his men, which he did in a masterly manner, leaving the grimly contested field in possession of Lewis and his brave border fighters.

The ground was strewn with the dead of both sides, and if the woodsmen could call the result a victory, it was a victory which they had won at a staggering cost. Seventy-five of them had been killed and about fifty wounded. The Indians had not lost nearly as many.

That very night the rear guard of Lewis's army arrived. They remained at the bloody spot for several days to regain their breath and bury their dead. Here, also, they built a rough fort, and, leaving some men to garrison it, they pressed on through the wild country to effect a junction with Lord Dunmore.

The spot where this sanguinary combat occurred was called Point Pleasant—a singularly inappropriate name and better suited to a modern summer resort than to the scene of one of the most terrific border fights in pioneer history.

Lewis and his backwoodsmen were not in a very amiable mood toward Lord Dunmore, and

as the sturdy giant in tattered buckskin led his weary and wounded men along the trail his face bore an expression of grim resolve which boded ill for that tinseled dignitary.

He and his men believed that Dunmore had planned from the beginning that on these brave backwoodsmen should fall the burden and the perils of an encounter with the formidable Indian force. Moreover, the spirit of '76 was already beating in the breasts of these rough pioneers, and they looked upon Lord Dunmore as an aristocrat who despised them and their simple lives, and who represented a king whom they, in turn, despised. They believed that Lord Dunmore would have been well pleased to see them and all other patriots annihilated by the Indians.

The Virginian Governor was not quite as bad as that, although he did, when the time arrived, prove himself a pretty staunch supporter of the king. It is not improbable, also, that he did look with a certain aristocratic disdain upon these rough men of the border and that he was willing enough to have them bear the brunt of the battle—which they certainly did.

But there is no evidence of premeditated treachery on his part, although, as it fell out, with all his martial preparations and his vaunted boasts, his task simmered down to the less glorious one of drawing up a treaty of peace

with the Indians whom Lewis had fought. This was the beginning and the end of Lord Dunmore's participation in Lord Dunmore's War, which ought to have been called Andrew Lewis's War, or Cornstalk's War, or Logan's War.

When the two divisions of the Virginia army met and the tattered frontiersmen beheld the Virginia militia in all its fine feathers, their indignation rose and it is reported that fifty or more sturdy woodsmen were required to restrain their furious leader from a personal assault upon the Governor.

However this may be, they could not hold his mighty voice in check, and glaring upon the uniformed lord, he delivered a volley of broadsides from his lusty lungs which struck terror to all the bystanders.

Lord Dunmore wielded his pen if not his sword, and taking timely advantage of Lewis's victory, he effected the treaty which brought his namesake war to an end.*

In good time the chiefs assembled to ratify this treaty with Virginia, but one there was who did not attend the conference. This was Logan, whose deep chagrin and noble pride held him aloof from the council. He gave as the reason for his absence that he could not restrain him-

* As this is the story of Andrew Lewis rather than that of Lord Dunmore's War, we have not, of course, given a complete account of the war itself.

self in the presence of the white man. This was not a very hopeful augury for the emissary who was afterward commissioned to visit him and secure his approval of the treaty, but it was essential that someone should see him, for a treaty would have been indeed a "scrap of paper" without Logan's mark.

So a hardy old woodsman was despatched to make this perilous visit to the lion in his den. Contrary to all expectations, Logan received him not unkindly, and it was to him that the Indian delivered his famous speech, the most often quoted of any Indian utterance and which has been reprinted many times and in several languages. There is the same note of pride and pathos in it which one finds in the briefer speech of Joseph the Nez Percé in the hour of his defeat, and which imparts that touching quality to all the simple and dignified eloquence of the American savage.

"I appeal to any white man if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him no meat; if ever he came cold and naked and he clothed him not? During the course of the long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his camp, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as I passed and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white man.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man.

"Colonel Cresep, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan,* not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance.

"For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life.

"Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!"

There is something which occasionally occurs in the affairs of men and which is known as poetic justice; which means a retribution or a punishment singularly appropriate and happy.

An instance of it is found in the fact that as the wheels of time revolved and the War of Independence got under way, Andrew Lewis happened to be the very man whose cheerful task it was to drive Lord Dunmore from Virginia. His exaggerated sense of wrong caused him to prosecute this grateful duty with great zest, thus winning the commendation and lasting friendship and support of General Washington.

He fought bravely for the good cause but al-

* Logan always erroneously supposed that a certain Colonel Cresep was the instigator of the crime of which Greathouse was the immediate perpetrator.

ways remained, as he had been from the beginning, a woodsman and border fighter rather than a full-fledged soldier. He died in the year 1780, after about as strenuous a life as it is possible for man to lead on this planet.

He was more than a scout, more than a pioneer, more than a borderer—he was a moving spirit among such hardy characters, a leader of men whom it was not easy to lead, and when he thundered forth his commands and raised himself to his gigantic height among them, the Morgans and the Clarks and the Kentons and the Girtys, and even old John Sevier, who was afraid of no man, and all the other rough-and-ready heroes of the frontier, sat up and took notice.

## GENERAL HENRY W. LAWTON

How he pursued the Apaches and captured their wily chief; how he fought in our country's war with Spain; and how he lost his life running down insurgents in the Philippines.

We shall consider General Lawton in his picturesque rôle of trailer and Indian fighter rather than in his capacity of soldier in the more strictly military operations in which he was engaged. This will not be unfair to his memory; for though he served with distinction in the Civil War and with striking heroism in the war with Spain, opening the battle of Santiago by the capture of El Caney, his name is forever fixed as the captor of the wily Apache, Geronimo, and as the relentless pursuer of insurgents in the jungles of the Philippines.

It was his extraordinary prowess in these romantic fields which entitles him to a conspicuous place in this category, even though our account of him must be somewhat one-sided and incomplete.

He was born in Lucas County, Ohio, in 1843. In 1861 he joined the Federal forces as a sergeant and was rapidly promoted until he attained the rank of brevet-colonel in 1865. The

following year he entered the regular army as Second Lieutenant of the 41st Infantry (colored) and was transferred in 1871 to the Fourth Cavalry with which he remained until 1888, and during this time occurred the Indian adventures to which we shall give particular attention.

At the beginning of the war with Spain Lawton was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers by President McKinley, and given command of a division of the Fifth Army Corps under General Shafter.

Later he was sent to the Philippines to help quell the insurgent uprising which was an accompaniment and aftermath of the war.

He was a man of gigantic size, of phenomenal strength and activity, of utter fearlessness, and with a capacity for endurance and privation which was nothing less than miraculous. He was quite as picturesque as any scout of old. He never told his men to go ahead—he led them. He loved danger for its own sake.

Let us glance briefly at the second Apache war in which Lawton performed his most conspicuous feat.

It has been said that most of the quarrels in the world are caused by questions of money, and it may be safely added that two-thirds of our country's latter-day troubles with the Indians have been caused by questions of "reservations." The farmer who is ousted from his

land in order that a railroad may be put through is not likely to appreciate the great advantage of a railroad. And that was very much the trouble with Chief Geronimo, one of the most remarkable savages with whom our government has ever had to deal. He was a chief of the Apache tribe which inhabited Arizona and New Mexico.

There have been few Indians sagacious enough to appreciate the wisdom of the United States Government in driving them from one place to another. Usually it has been explained to them that they will be much better off in lands selected for them by the government, and as a rule they have failed utterly to perceive this and have answered such representations with rebellion.

As if one Apache war were not enough, a second one came about through our government's ordering the tribe to leave the reservation where they had been living contentedly and go to another one at San Carlos.

Of course, they were dissatisfied. First they grumbled, then they threatened, and then they rose in open rebellion and left the reservation altogether.

So again Uncle Sam's cavalry must take the saddle and there presently ensued such a wild-goose chase as the West had never seen before. It continued like a colossal game of hide-and-

seek until General Henry W. Lawton became "it."

Among the spirited Apaches was a famous chief named Geronimo and another, hardly less notable, by the name of Chato.

These two Indians were cousins and they professed to hate each other. Chato offered to help the troopers in their efforts to run down Geronimo. But all the while these wily cousins were playing a very successful little game on the troopers. Chato would send word to Geronimo in which direction the pursuit lay, and Geronimo would take a different direction.

Thus Geronimo, with a couple of hundred followers, was able to lead his pursuers a wild-goose chase for many days.

At the outset, Geronimo traveled one hundred and twenty miles before making his first camp. Try as they might, the troopers could not get within gunshot of him, and though the chase was pressed for hundreds of miles, the elusive chief with his marauding band kept out of reach of the white men.

In the Sierra Madre Mountains were many hidden recesses, known to Geronimo, and here he lived for a while in comparative safety, fleeing from one refuge to another, subsisting on roots and herbs, and enduring privation and hardship with all the amazing fortitude for which his people were famous. Often he and

his followers went for days without food and journeyed for days without rest.

Now the troopers would be close upon his trail; now he would be miles away. They learned at length to place no faith in the advice of the wily Chato whose elaborate directions led them nowhere.

But General Crook never despaired, and at length the chief and his band were corraled; but it was like trying to hold an eel.

For just one night Geronimo remained a captive; then he disappeared. While the soldiers were discussing the question of responsibility for his escape he stole back to camp in the darkness of the following night, carried off his wife, and was beyond reach again before the troopers knew what had happened.

This was too much.

Our government had an agreement with Mexico by which our troopers might pursue marauding Indians beyond the Rio Grande when they were seeking to escape into Mexico.

That is exactly what Geronimo did.

It was then that there appeared conspicuously upon the scene that wizard of the chase, General Lawton. He took the field with the Fourth Cavalry in March, 1885, declaring that if Geronimo were not a myth he would run him down.

The elusive chief's exploits had, indeed, made him seem something of a myth and there were

those who had come to regard the hunt for him as a pursuit of the will-o'-the-wisp.

But Lawton declared that he would capture the slippery Geronimo if he had to pursue him to the City of Mexico.

The resolute trooper was as good as his word. The fugitive crossed the Rio Grande, as he had done before, but this time with Lawton close upon his heels. Then followed an exciting chase of over two hundred miles.

From time to time the chief and his followers were approached near enough to permit of attack, and in each such instance he resumed his flight with fewer warriors, but he always resumed it!

Farther and farther into Mexico the wearying pursuers toiled. They explored canyons so deep and dark that through the narrow ribbon of sky high above them the stars could be seen at midday. They lived upon the flesh of wild beasts, when they could find them, and in the vast lava fields they suffered the pangs of thirst.

Now and then from some remote fastness in the mountains far above them a shred of blue smoke drifted on the sultry air followed by the spent sound of a rifle shot, which told the keen pursuer where his crafty quarry was concealed.

In this intricate wilderness of valley and mountain horses could not longer be used and Lawton ordered his cavalrymen to follow on foot.

"We will walk him down and climb him down if we cannot run him down," he said to one of his men.

At last, after six weeks of pursuit, the like of which for resourcefulness and persistence, it would be difficult to find, an emaciated Indian made his way to Lawton's lonely camp and said that his chief could elude the white man no longer and was ready to surrender.

Unaccompanied, the courageous Lawton made his way to the remote spot where his quarry lay and kindly received Geronimo's submission.

The doggedness and vitality and resourcefulness of the amazing Apache had met with a doggedness and resourcefulness and vitality quite as remarkable as his own. No ability to stand deprivation, no untiring energy, no fleetness of foot or familiarity with swampy retreats and mountain fastnesses could save the Apaches from this grim and resolute trooper, who galloped as long as he could, then climbed after them wherever they might go, seeing through every ruse, undeterred by morass and thicket, pressing the pursuit ever more persistently until the weary quarry was at last brought to bay.

For three hundred miles into Mexico the chase had been carried. The trail wound in and out of canyons and mountain ravines, repeatedly doubling upon itself, but with the resolute pursuer ever drawing nearer to the dusky fugitives,

who at last were so worn out that surrender was the only alternative to utter exhaustion.

A friend of General Lawton has given us a vivid picture of the great trailer as he appeared after his phenomenal chase of Geronimo, which we cannot refrain from quoting, for it fixes him in the mind's eye as no amount of general description could do.

"He stood on the Government reservation at San Antonio, surrounded by the tawny savage band of Chiricahui Apaches, whom he had hunted off their feet. Near him, taciturn but of kindly visage, stood young chief Naches, almost as tall as he. In a tent close by lay Geronimo groaning from a surplusage of fresh beef, eaten raw. The squat figures of the hereditary enemies of the whites grouped about him came only to the general's shoulder. He towered among them, stern, powerful, dominant—an incarnation of the spirit of the white man whose war drum has beat around the world.

"Clad in a faded, dirty fatigue jacket, greasy flannel shirt of gray, trousers so soiled that the stripe down the leg was barely visible, broken boots, and a disreputable sombrero that shaded the harsh features burned almost to blackness, he was every inch a soldier and a man. To the other officers at the post the Indians paid no sort of attention. To them, General Stanley and his staff were so many well-dressed lay figures,

standing about as part of a picture done for their amusement; but the large, massive man with the stubble on his chin had shown them that he was their superior on hunting-grounds that were theirs by birthright, and they hung upon his lightest word."

What to do with Geronimo was a question. He and his tribe bore a bitter grudge against the white men, and as long as he inhabited the Southwest the ranchmen would feel unsafe. Accordingly, he and his leading chiefs were sent to Fort Pickens in Florida. Others of the tribe were sent to Fort Marion in St. Augustine. Here their health became so poor that they were again removed, this time to Mount Vernon in Alabama.

There were fewer than five hundred of them altogether, men, women and children. A school was opened by our government, whither the Apache boys and girls were sent to receive instruction, and it is pleasant to relate that some of the brightest pupils in the well-known Indian school at Carlisle were the boys and girls whose fathers tried to elude General Lawton in the mountain fastnesses of Mexico.

As for the redoubtable trailer himself, he was destined to win new laurels in strange and far distant fields, and we shall pass over his career as a soldier in the ordinary sense of the word

and follow him again upon the trail—this time in the tangled jungles of the Philippines.

The establishment of peace between the United States and Spain did not greatly influence the insurgents of the far-off Pacific islands, who, inspired by their crafty leader Aguinaldo, kept up a troublesome savage warfare against our country's forces.

It is a pity that Geronimo and Aguinaldo could not have met, for they would have found much in common, both being past masters, not only in the art of elusiveness, but in the faculty of inciting their followers by false representations.

Aguinaldo told his people that they would fare worse under American rule than they had under Spanish (which was saying a great deal), and that our troops must be exterminated.

The prospect of peace and prosperity for which our government was working was very soon clouded by the activities of these insurgents, incited by the wily and ambitious Aguinaldo.

Assaults and robberies were committed on our troops, citizens and friendly natives were killed, clubs were organized to encourage hatred of Americans, all boys over sixteen were forced to service in Aguinaldo's ramshackle army, while every blacksmith in Manila was kept busy forging arms for the insurgent mob.

There were some intelligent people among the

natives who really desired good government and who feared that the United States would become disgusted and abandon the islands altogether. They pleaded with Aguinaldo to write to President McKinley and beseech him not to take such a course, and Aguinaldo promised that he would. But if he ever did it he neglected to mail the letter.

Aguinaldo formed a plan to drive out all the American forces. With the help of his trusty lieutenant, Rio del Pilar, whom he called a general, he arranged that the militia of Manila should rise and assist in a sudden and overwhelming attack on the small army of the United States.

No very definite plans for this crushing attack were made, and since Aguinaldo and his "staff" could not agree, they fell back on the novel resource of each directing his own "troops" in his own way.

This free and easy form of warfare resulted in a reign of terror. The peaceful native population fled in dismay, the streets and houses of the towns were deserted, the rural districts became infested with marauding bands of murderous insurgents with about as much military discipline as that governing a pack of wolves.

Conspicuous among the men who braved the perils of the fever-laden jungles to root out these bands of insurgents was General Lawton,

who had been sent to the Philippines for this purpose.

It was altogether proper that he should be selected for this purpose, for he was at home in mountain recesses and never so happy as when in hot pursuit across wide plains, or working his way through the labyrinth of some all but impenetrable thicket.

He was indeed the very Francis Marion of his later time, delighting in adventurous exploits. Inspiring his men with his own contagious patriotism and spirit, he was the most conspicuous figure throughout the early part of the fighting in the Philippines.

He drove the insurgents from the vicinity of Manila into the swamps and mountains, pursuing them relentlessly, and no secret cave or pestilent lowland was too remote or inaccessible for him to penetrate.

The insurgents, like the Indians of our own country, came to regard him as a sort of supernatural creature, against whom opposition and strategy were useless.

Returning to Manila in 1899, after a whirlwind campaign in the north cf Luzon, Lawton started for the town of San Mateo, where a body of insurgents was committing great depredations.

A march of some twenty miles was before him, and he led his men through a dense, jungle-

GENERAL HENRY W. LAWTON

covered country in the darkness of night. The rain fell in such a torrential downpour as occurs nowhere outside of the tropics, and the soldiers plodded knee-deep through the green slime of the morass, cheered and heartened by their intrepid leader.

Now their way led up some precipitous height where tangled underbrush challenged their advance; now through some dark and dripping glade with no more sign of pathway than there is in the waste of ocean; and all night long the rain fell.

Perhaps as this dauntless trailer, undismayed, made his way through the tropic maze, his resolute purpose never shaken by storm or swamp or jungle or darkness, his thoughts wandered back to those days in Arizona when he trailed the weary Geronimo and caused even the seasoned pathfinders of the warlike Apaches to open their eyes in dismay. He was always fond of recalling his quest of the elusive Geronimo.

At daylight the little force came upon the enemy, five hundred strong, entrenched beyond a small river. The general formed and advanced his troops to within three or four hundred yards and then, with several officers, rode forward to reconnoitre.

His tall, straight figure made him a conspicuous target for the Filipinos. One of his officers earnestly besought him to be careful, but he re-

plied: "I must see what is going on on the firing line."

He had advanced hardly twenty paces more when he met two of his aides returning. Before they had a chance to speak a word they saw him start, clench his hands and turn pale.

"Are you hurt, General?" one of the aides asked.

"Yes, I am shot through the lungs," he replied, as he fell forward with blood pouring from his mouth.

General Lawton never spoke again. In a few minutes all was over. No doubt it was fitting that this great soldier and trailer should thus ride to meet his death through storm and darkness, through swamp and jungle, and out of the fastnesses which never baffled him and which he loved so well.

## JOSEPH, THE NEZ PERCÉ

How he arose among his people in the hour of their need; of his qualities of scout and pathfinder, and how he played a wonderful but losing game with his pursuers.

It would be strange if a book of scouts contained no representative of the Indian race, for there can be no question of the Indian's supremacy in many of the qualities which are inseparably associated with scouting. As a tracker and trailer the American Indian has had but one rival, and that is the East Indian, whose skill in path-finding and kindred arts of the scout approaches close to the miraculous.

We shall find in American history no such amazing feats as those recorded of our primitive American's eastern brother, the authenticity of whose phenomenal "stunts" may sometimes be fairly called into question. Many amazing instances of deductive and tracking skill are also related of the Arabs, whose proficiency in this phase of scouting may be considered as natural enough when we remember the vast desert which is their home.

General Sir Baden-Powell, Great Britain's Boer War hero, tells of an instance which illustrates this skill.

"An officer lost his field glasses during some maneuvers on the desert five miles from Cairo, and he sent for the native trackers to look for them. They came and asked to see the tracks of his horse; so the horse was brought out and led about, so that they could see his footprints. These they carried in their minds and went out to where the maneuvers had been; there, among the hundreds of hoofmarks of the cavalry and artillery, they very soon found those of the officer's horse, and followed them up wherever he had ridden, till they found the field glasses lying where they had dropped out of their case on the desert.

"These trackers," the General adds, "are particularly good at spooring camels. To anyone not accustomed to them, the footmark of one camel looks very like that of any other camel, but to a trained eye they are all as different as people's faces, and these trackers remember them very much as you would remember the faces of people you had seen. About a year ago a camel was stolen near Cairo. A tracker was sent for and shown its spoor. He followed it for a long way until it got into some streets, where it was entirely lost among other footmarks. But the other day, a year later, this tracker suddenly came on the fresh track of this camel; he had remembered its appearance all that time. It had evidently been walking with another camel whose

footmark he knew was one belonging to a camel owned by a well-known camel thief. So without trying to follow the tracks when they got into the city he went with a policeman straight to the man's stable, and there found the long missing camel."

The General could hardly tax our credulity more if he told us what the two friendly camels talked about as they strolled together. Nor does he vouchsafe us much time to digest this extraordinary episode, for he goes on to describe the scouting proficiency of the South American cowboys who, we infer, could follow the trail of anything short of an aeroplane.

"The Gauchos, or native cowboys," he says, "are fine scouts. Though the cattle lands are now for the most part enclosed, they used formerly to have to track stolen and lost beasts for miles, and were therefore very good trackers. The story is told that one of these men was sent to track a stolen horse, but failed to follow it up. Ten months later, when in a different part of the country, he suddenly noticed the fresh spoor of this horse on the ground. He had remembered its appearance all that time. He at once followed it up and recovered it for his master."

As for the uncanny scouts of Hindustan, who were said to distinguish family resemblances in animals, recognizing the children and grandchil-

dren of aged tigers and other beasts miles from the parental home, we shall pass these heroes over as belonging in the category of magicians rather than scouts; and we may do this with a clear conscience, remembering that many of the feats ascribed to Daniel Boone and Kit Carson which have gained currency in Europe have no foundation whatever in fact.

It would be quite possible, if one cared to, to divulge some of the exploits of one Woo See, a pig-tailed scout of China, whose scouting achievements along the headwaters of the Yang-Tse-Kiang did him great credit and constituted him a fitting rival of Aladdin.

But we shall renounce these and other temptations far afield in order that we may see America first, and follow the trail of one of our own familiar red men whose feats, we apprehend, will be quite sufficient to set a test upon our credulity.

As we know, many of the scouting qualities which the American pioneer acquired he learned directly from the Indians. Indeed, it may be questioned whether any American scout of the white race has ever quite attained the supremacy of his red brother in tracking and stalking, and in that knowledge of the forest which makes possible the elusive flights by which the Indian has been able to evade capture and baffle pursuit for many days at a stretch.

The white pioneer was not long in the backwoods before he had shown his undoubted superiority in marksmanship, a quality which the astonished Indian always envied, but could never quite master, in anything approaching to the white man's accuracy of aim. It has been said that the Indian's immemorial use of the bow and arrow, his weapon for generations, has operated as a permanent embarrassment in his practice with the rifle.

But if his aim was not as true, his foot was stealthier and he could approach nearer to a wild beast than any of his white neighbors was ever able to do.

Never in the history of the world has the art of stealth been developed to such perfection as by the American Indian. To let a brittle twig crack beneath his foot in his flight meant disgrace and sometimes death at the hands of his own companions. He could follow a trail where there was no trail and could conceal himself within a yard or two of his pursuers.

Some of the signs which he used in the forest, and which formed a veritable language, have been introduced to the Boy Scouts of to-day, but these are only the A B C of an alphabet whose strange combinations and undeciphered meanings are to-day a source of interest and mystery in the rocky caverns and mountain fastnesses where the Indian once made his home.

We shall select to represent the Indian race in our galaxy of scouts, Joseph, chief of the Nez Percé, not because he was the greatest of Indian scouts, for he was not that, although he was certainly remarkable, but because his story forms a somewhat more or less collected narrative, and because, as Indians go, he was a good Indian.

Moreover, there was a note of pathos in Joseph's employment of his scouting qualities which adds a halo of real heroism to his memory.

When Lewis and Clark made their famous expedition from St. Louis to the Pacific Coast, 1804-1806, they discovered, in what is now the State of Idaho, a tribe of savages called the Nez Percé Indians. These savages were kind, peaceable and hospitable. They welcomed the strange white men with dismay, but with every evidence of good-will and friendship. It is to the eternal glory of Lewis and Clark that they never abused such good-will in all their wanderings. The Nez Percé Indians continued the unwavering friends of the white man until about the close of our Civil War.

They were organized, as most of the tribes west of the Rocky Mountains have been, into small tribes, but they had no supreme chief.

About the time our Civil War was ending, there appeared among the Nez Percé a man who

had been appointed by our Government as Indian agent.

This agent was a great busybody, and instead of tactfully devising means whereby the Indians' welfare might be advanced, he straightway set about reforming their customs, abolishing their cherished superstitions and time-honored ceremonies, and altering their social and political customs. He had a little too much of the missionary in him to be a good Indian agent, and the results of his meddling were disastrous and far-reaching.

He thought it would be a good plan for the Nez Percé to have a Grand Chief, so he assumed the heroic rôle of king-maker on a small scale and selected a certain Indian to fill that post. This chief had learned to speak English at a mission station, and it was thought by the Government representative that by reason of this accomplishment he could be easily controlled.

The Nez Percé knew well enough that an English-speaking Indian would never make a first-rate chief. But they accepted him because they were of a peaceful and compliant disposition, and they waited patiently for him to die.

It is said that a watched pot never boils, and this English-speaking chief was a long time in dying. When he finally did die, the Nez Percé suggested to the Government officials that they would prefer a chief who could not speak Eng-

lish. By way of concession, they mentioned that they had among them an Indian with an English name, Joseph, and they thought that might stand in lieu of ability to speak the English tongue. Joseph was a member of one of the most illustrious families of the tribe, and the father of one of the most remarkable Indians that has ever lived.

But a second English-speaking chief was chosen by the agent and old Joseph withdrew in disgust from the councils of the Nez Percé. His proud old spirit was broken and his dignity wounded by these foreign innovations. He never ceased to claim the position which his people wished to give him. How his aged breast would have beat with pride and joy if he could have lived to see his amazing son checkmate and outmaneuver the white men and win the plaudits even of his enemies!

From time immemorial, the dwelling-place of the Nez Percé had been the beautiful Wallowa Valley, famous for its healing roots, its abundant fishing and its fertile fields. Here, untouched and untroubled by any of the devices of civilization, they had lived in peaceful contentment. With the potent herbs of their bountiful home, they cured the few ills from which they suffered, and the time ran on in humble prosperity and happiness.

Then began the old, old trouble. White peo-

ple began to settle among them. As time went on these whites became more numerous until at last there came a time when they were strong enough to win the upper hand. They were at no great difficulty in devising measures to dispossess the friendly savages of their beautiful valley. Soon came the "treaty" period, and the poor Nez Percé found themselves putting their marks to papers and documents which had no meaning to them whatever.

Between 1858 and 1868 several "treaties" were made between these Indians and the Government by which the tribes were provided with a reservation and some money in lieu of their lands.

Some of the Indians who were opposed to these measures became known as "non-treaty" Indians. Old Joseph and his band refused to go upon the reservation and remained in their ancestral home in the Wallowa Valley.

In the year 1871, the elder Joseph died in the beloved valley which had always been his home, leaving his son Joseph as head of his father's band. The younger man, like his father, denied the right of a portion of his tribe to give up their lands. Neither he nor his father had signed any treaty to that effect, and he announced his intention of continuing to occupy the Wallowa Valley.

After a while, settlers began to encroach on the lands of the non-treaty Indians. President

Grant, who sympathized with them and was mindful of the justice of their cause, tried to prevent this, but it was a very difficult thing to prevent. Finally, he yielded to pressure and ordered that all of the Wallowa Valley should be thrown open to settlers.

Presently the settlers began to crowd the Nez Percé and the poor Indians remonstrated. In answer to their protests they were ordered to leave the valley and go to the reservation. It is not pleasant to write and it is not pleasant to read such facts as these, for they are a stinging disgrace to our Government. The peaceful Nez Percé Indians were to be exiled from their ancient home.

It is gratifying to know that they rebelled against this ultimatum and that a great man rose among them.

Young Joseph was tall and straight, his shoulders were broad, and he bore himself with a noble mien. Long afterward, it was the good fortune of many to see the Nez Percé hero face to face at the ceremonies at the tomb of General Grant in 1897, when he attracted the attention of thousands by his magnificent presence and his gracious and dignified bearing.

The stories which are told of Joseph's early days and of his wanderings in the Bitter Root Range of the Rockies are imperfect records at best, and tinged with the shades of romance.

But from the very existence of these clustering local legends, we may safely infer that his knowledge of mountain and valley and his wisdom of wild life and forest lore must have been very remarkable.

Once, when the specter of famine stalked among his people, he went forth into the mountains in quest of game and, having used his last arrow in a vain attempt to bring down a bear, he stalked the beast and fell upon it unarmed, strangling the monster after a most terrific struggle.

It was said of young Joseph that he could follow a trail by scent, and though this may be doubted, it seems well established that the most infinitesimal signs left by prowling creatures were quite sufficient to enable him to follow their trail.

The single hair of a bear caught in the bark of a tree was a glaring signboard to him; he could tell if a tree had been climbed, even by a human being, months after the act occurred; and he never failed to determine accurately whether stones in a stream had been placed for fording or had come by their positions naturally. A leaf along the way was as full of information to him as a printed tourist guide to a modern autoist, and he read the obscurest footprints with ease.

Joseph decided that war was the only digni-

fied answer to the encroachments from which his people were suffering.

It was in vain that General O. O. Howard, in command of the Department of the Columbia, pleaded with the Government as to the righteousness of Joseph's claim to the Wallowa Valley. The Government did not heed Howard's wise and humane suggestions; and Joseph, who had held back for months from a resort to hostilities in which he was reluctant to engage, at last, just before the time fixed for driving him from the home of his fathers and when the soldiers were preparing to invade his domain, plunged into war.

About the middle of June, 1877, the country was startled by the announcement that the Nez Percé had risen in Idaho and were on the warpath.

Rushing into a little settlement near Fort Lapwai, Joseph's warriors and another band under White Bird murdered a score of citizens. Captain Perry, who was sent against them, was severely repulsed. General Howard made a forced march, and came upon the Indians at the mouth of the Cottonwood River, where, after a bloody engagement in which eleven of his men were killed and twenty-four wounded, he shelled them from their position and put them to flight.

Then began the losing, but amazing, career of Joseph. Unable long to stand against the

United States Regulars, Joseph, at the head of his band, repeatedly eluded them with masterly skill, and led them a wild-goose chase about the country. The Government officers were non-plussed at his remarkable sagacity and skill.

The strange chase continued for hundreds of miles, Joseph keeping his women, children and impedimenta not only intact, but beyond reach of his pursuers, who could not but pause in admiration of his genius.

They followed him where they knew he had gone, and yet there was so sign of his trail, notwithstanding that he led a considerable company and carried much baggage.

Time and again he doubled upon his tracks, picked up the trail of his pursuers, and followed them when they thought they were following him. Again and again they followed his trail until it ended abruptly and the chagrined and bewildered soldiers retraced their weary way, baffled and confounded. No one knew how Joseph contrived thus to terminate his tracks abruptly far from trees or water, and no one knows to this day.

Neither is it known how he crossed ravines which his pursuers found it impossible to cross. Once, in a delusive moment of elation, the troopers came upon his well-defined tracks and following them found that they branched and that these branches branched again and again until

there were more branches than troopers. All of them ceased abruptly, showing no return tracks, except one which went straight to the brink of a chasm thirty feet wide. There was no sign left of Joseph at the precipitous bed of the cleft.

Time after time this master of mountain and forest fooled the seasoned troopers, leading them on a wild-goose chase to some supposed haunt or camping ground of his, where they would find the camp deserted and the birds flown. He outmaneuvered his adversaries so completely as to make them seem ridiculous.

Once he lay concealed, almost in the path, waited until the troopers had passed, then went back and finished some game which they had left and which he knew they had procured from having heard their shots. Thus he fed his famishing party.

In this singular chase Joseph showed himself a master of every ruse which could be used to baffle and deceive pursuers. To say that this fleeing Nez Percé was a pathfinder and a scout seems paradoxical, but in the course of the running game he employed, first and last, about every item of knowledge, every trick, every sign, every resource known to scouts; he exhibited a familiarity with every ingenious form of forest strategy known to savage and civilized man alike, and a foresight and calculation of his enemy's

probable moves which was nothing less than phenomenal.

At last the little band, headed by Joseph, passed through the mountains of northern Montana, where they were confronted by General Miles with some regular troops. Even then Joseph could not be brought to battle, but skilfully crossed the Missouri, under the very eye of his enemy, and escaped.

At length, however, his camp was surrounded in the Bear Paw Mountains and the brilliant savage was brought to bay. It has been always so with the red man; his prowess has brought him only humiliation in the end; his brilliant triumphs have marked the inevitable pathway to defeat. We can recall no instance of an Indian's sagacity and ability and almost triumph in which one could more heartily wish him victory than in the case of Joseph the Nez Percé —scout, trailer, leader, and pathfinder of the first order.

Joseph fought with great bravery and with a regard for civilized methods which surprised and won the admiration of his adversaries.

Of course, he was defeated. Holding his head high and stepping forward with dignified bearing to where General Howard was sitting on his horse, the Indian handed up his rifle.

"I am tired of fighting, I am tired of the warpath," he said. "Our chiefs are killed. My

old friend Looking Glass is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who say yes or no. He who led on the young men is like one dead. It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. I am tired. My heart is sick and sad. Hear me, my chiefs! From where the sun now stands I shall fight no more forever."

General Howard greatly admired the chivalrous warrior, whose fine pride touched him deeply. Joseph had conducted his whole campaign from beginning to end with rare skill and without any of the outrages and cruelties which Indians at war had usually perpetrated.

The General took his hand and promised to be his friend. He had always sympathized with the noble chief and his friendly, ill-treated nation, and he regretted his country's mistaken course.

Howard proved as good as his word and secured for Joseph and his followers a favorable location where they might live in at least partial contentment, and perchance forget their wrongs.

Joseph lived among his people, honored and beloved as was his due, until at last he passed to the happy hunting ground which is the dream of the red man.

He was by no means the greatest Indian nor perhaps even entitled to a place with Tecumseh, Pontiac and Philip. He had not Tecumseh's or Pontiac's qualities of statesmanship nor Philip's prowess as a warrior. But he was a better woodsman and tracker than either of them; and if familiarity with untamed nature, and a faculty for making it yield its secrets while preventing it from divulging one's own, are prime requisites of the scout, then Joseph the Nez Percé was a scout pre-eminent.

Unfortunately, like most Indians, Joseph kept no journal of his adventures and lacked a biographer. So there has been no one to sing his praises, and his brilliant light has been hidden under a bushel. Only the rocks and caverns, the mountain ravines and plains and winding streams where he fled and hid and baffled his pursuers, know the secrets of the ruses which he used to puzzle and weary them, and these wild and rugged witnesses of his amazing skill are as silent now as when they kept his secrets for him in the days when his fate hung in the balance.

# OLD JOHN SMITH

How he ran away and joined the Indians; how he made an adventurous trip across the plains; of his fights with the red men; of his dubious reputation in the West; and more particularly of the single occasion on which he flinched and lost control of himself entirely.

The name of John Smith, however much it may infest telephone and city directories and be met with in every nook and cranny of prosy civilized life, is withal a valorous name, and one which has struck terror to the hearts of red men from an early period of our history.

Of the two doughty heroes who have borne this cognomen, it is difficult to make a choice for presentation in our group of scouts. The halo of romance which overhangs the famous captain of the Jamestown settlement and his dusky Pocahontas has never lost its charm.

But we shall cast our choice in favor of old John Smith of the Plains, because there is that flavor of the woolly West about him which most boys find so engaging. Moreover, there is an abundance (or, as he was himself fond of saying, an *abundacious quantity*) of anecdote in his altogether amazing career. He always began his reminiscences by lighting his pipe with an ember

from the camp-fire and saying: "Boys, if I don't disremember, it was back in the forties, etc., etc." He always said *Injuns* and *varmints* and *critters,* and was in all ways a typical plainsman.

We believe he killed more Indians than any other scout of the West. He abhorred Mexicans. He said they were always praying and swearing. He was one of the most eccentric and interesting characters of the old trail days and was famous from Kansas to the Rockies as a hunter, trapper and guide.

We have not been able to ascertain with certainty when old John was born, but he himself said that he was a youngster "back in '26," so we may infer that he was born about 1810. The place of his birth is uncertain also, and the best we can do is to state it in the terms used to announce the arrival and departure of vessels in the present great war by saying that he was born "somewhere" in Missouri.

In any event, wherever his parental abode was, he ran away from it when he was very young and gravitated naturally to the fraternity of traders whose adventurous lives were spent along the Old Trail from the Missouri to Santa Fe in New Mexico.

So susceptible was he to the beguilements of savage life that we soon find him hobnobbing with the Blackfoot Indians. Finding, however,

that his own life was frequently endangered by their domestic quarrels, he decided to take up his abode with a more peaceable tribe, the Sioux. If he considered the Sioux peaceable by comparison we can only say that we should not have cared to live long among the Blackfoots.

But old John (he was young John then) did not remain long with the gentle Sioux, for, the adventurous vicissitudes of his life taking him among the Cheyennes, he became enamored of a dusky maiden of that tribe and married her.

Notwithstanding his adventurous and wandering propensities, his heart became thus permanently anchored, and throughout the long period of his life he remained a faithful and loving husband to his Cheyenne bride.

Not only that, but the Cheyennes adopted him, and much of his after life was spent among them. When his trapping and hunting days were over and the innovation of the steel rails gave him some respite from his old occupation of scout and guide, he settled down among his wife's people and became a power, not only in their councils, but throughout the whole length and breadth of the plains. He became very wealthy, as wealth was counted on the prairies, as an owner of horses, and we regret to say that as he grew old he was unable to withstand the temptations of prosperity and power.

He became, indeed, a rapacious old rascal,

exacting tribute like the Barbary pirates and enforcing his demands for graft (for that is the short and ugly word which applies) by the whole power of his savage horde. He had a voice in every bargain, and few travelers or Mexicans were able to conclude a transaction without old John's having something to say about it and reaping an outrageous profit for himself.

When traders came among the Cheyennes they were forced to sell their goods at old John's price, and if that were not satisfactory they were ordered to leave them as tribute instead of their scalps. Travelers, meeting him on the trail, discreetly asked his permission to proceed, or to shoot buffaloes, or to corral in the vicinity, which permission he usually granted for a consideration.

So notorious became his unscrupulous power that the governor of New Mexico offered a reward of $500 for his capture. But there was none who cared to challenge the anger of the Cheyennes, and old John went merrily on, superintending horse trades, exacting lawless tribute, and receiving peace bribes until his high-handed effrontery became a veritable scandal even in the free and easy life of the plains.

He died in the full glory and exercise of his autocratic powers, having lived in such terms of intimacy with the Cheyennes that he had become almost an Indian in his manners and customs

—and assuredly in his viewpoint, which was that might makes right.

Yet there was a time in the life of this redoubtable old robber when the mere sight of a little orphan boy caused him to weep. Nay, even in later years the memory of a little bird chirping innocently on the barrel of his rifle filled him with tenderness and gratitude.

He was altogether a queer old codger.

Throughout his life, even in the days of his retirement, old John occasionally acted as guide and interpreter to army detachments. About the camp-fire he always maintained his autocratic demeanor. When Uncle Sam's soldiers asked him for a yarn he would, as often as not, contemplate them with haughty disdain, blowing the smoke from his atrocious old pipe in their faces, and vouchsafing never a word.

But there were times when he condescended, though seldom upon request, to rake among his adventures. On these occasions he would portentously remove his pipe from his mouth, and scarcely would the promising words, "Boys, if I don't disremember," be uttered, when there would be a veritable stampede in his direction and dead silence would reign among his auditors as he poured forth, amid volumes of smoke, random memories of his more active days.

Let us recast from his own inimitable narrative one or two of the surprising episodes of

his life which we can only hope that he did not "disremember."

It was about the year 1845 (if he didn't disremember) that he and three companions, Curtis, Thorpe and Comstock, were returning from the Rockies, where they had been hunting and trapping for three years. "Thar weren't no roads nor nuthin' in them days—nuthin' but the Old Santa Fe Trail and Injuns and varmints."

They were bringing back a goodly stock of pelts and were camping along the trail at a spot known as Point of Rocks, when a suspicious snort from one of the mules convinced the sagacious trappers that Indians were in the neighborhood.

It did not take them long to grasp their rifles, and very shortly the appalling sound of shots farther down the trail confirmed their suspicions that something was amiss. Old John made no bones of expressing his annoyance that this grim duty called just as he was on the point of lighting his pipe for a good smoke, and we may infer that it did not altogether dissipate his irritation to perceive that all the pother of shots and shouting was caused by an attack of Pawnees on a Mexican bull train.

John hated the greasers with an ardent hatred, but the fighting took on a new color to him when he saw three American people—a man, a woman, and a little boy—jumping frantically from a

wagon which the Indians had succeeded in isolating from the train and attempting to escape from the savages who practically surrounded them.

Before the trappers had a chance to intervene the Pawnees had caught and scalped the man and carried off the woman. The terrified little boy was scampering as fast as he could to reach the comparative safety of the caravan with a mounted Indian in hot pursuit of him, when Al Thorpe, one of the four scouts, "drawed up his gun and took the red cuss off his critter without the paint-bedaubed devil knowin' what struck him!"

Good for Al Thorpe!

The little boy made straight for his rescuers and they took him to the main body of the caravan and laid him gently in one of the wagons.

Old John observes, with significant contempt, that he and his companions now took matters into their own hands, corraling the oxen of the bewildered greasers, for "if there was to be more fighting," he adds, "we know'd we Americans would have to do it, as them Mexican bull-whackers weren't much account, nohow, except to cavort around and swear in Spanish, which they hadn't done nuthin' else since we'd come up to the train. . . ."

In a little while the Pawnees, having rallied for a pow-wow, returned in full force and with

deafening yells, to receive the surprise of their lives. One after another they were picked off their ponies by Smith and his comrades, who had constituted themselves the protectors of the whole caravan. Old John recalls with great relish how not a single one of their shots was wasted, and their unerring marksmanship must have surprised the greasers quite as much as it confounded the Pawnees, who, dismayed at their losses, soon decided that discretion was the better part of valor and rode off to the sandhills.

Smith and his comrades, having decided to cast their lot with the hapless Mexicans (since their destination was the same), piloted them safely eastward without further adventure for the time being.

In those days we see Uncle John at his best, not only as a scout, but as guardian of the little boy who had been deprived of his parents. No one dared to dispute his claim to the little fellow who came to have a genuine affection for the rough plainsman and an unbounded admiration for his bravery.

The relations of these two form a very pretty story, embedded like a jewel in the rude setting of that stormy progress eastward over the hot, Indian-infested plains. All that was tender in the grim, rough scout came to the surface, as it seldom did later. He watched over the little orphan like a mother, amusing him and telling

him stories, and teaching him to fish and hunt, so that the strangely assorted pair became boon companions.

Ten days later they had another run-in with Indians.

"It seemed like we hadn't been asleep more than an hour when me and Thorpe was called to take our turn on guard. We got out of our blankets, I putting little Paul into one of the wagons, then me and Thorpe lighted our pipes and walked around, keeping our eyes and ears open, watching the heavy fringe of timber on the creek mighty close, I tell you. Just as daylight was coming we noticed that our mules, what was tied to a wagon in the corral, was getting oneasy. . . . Before I could say to Thorpe, 'Them mules smells Injuns,' half a dozen or more of the darned cusses dashed out of the timber, yelling and shaking their robes, which waked up the whole camp.

"Me and Thorpe sent a couple of shots after them that scattered the devils for a minute; but we hadn't hit nary one because it was too dark yet to draw a bead on 'em."

We can readily believe that there was some good reason for the failure to hit the mark. Soon it became light enough to "get a bead on 'em," and then there were doings indeed.

"Just as they circled back we poured it into 'em, killing six and wounding two. . . . Well,

boys, them varmints made four charges before we could get shet (rid) of them, but we killed as many as sixteen or eighteen and they got mighty sick of it and quit.''

We can easily believe that also, and they were wise Indians. The measure of their success was one dead Mexican (which counted for nothing with old John) and an arrow wound in the arm of Thorpe.

''I was amused at little Paul,'' John goes on to say, ''all the time the scrimmage was going on. He stood up in the wagon where I'd put him, a-looking out of the hole where the sheet was drawed together, and every time an Indian was tumbled off his pony, he would clap his hands and yell, 'There goes another one, Uncle John!' ''

In good time the train reached Independence, the eastern terminus of the Old Trail, near Kansas City, ''with no more trouble of no kind,'' Smith remarks. We should say they had had their full share!

Here the four trappers sold their pelts ''and had more money than they knowed what to do with.'' Howbeit, old John ''knowed'' what to do with some of his, for he took little Paul about among the shops of that romantic frontier community and bought him a pony and had a sumptuous outfit of buckskin made for him from the pelt of a black-tailed deer which he had shot in

the Rockies. "The seams of his trousers were heavy fringed," and he must have been a proud youngster as he trotted about with his redoubtable guardian, who was the observed of all observers even in that motley community of traders, frontiersmen, trappers, Mexicans and the like.

They saw no more of the greaser bull train, nor was any trace or hint found as to who little Paul was or where he belonged. The child could tell nothing himself and seemed to have but one desire in life, viz., to remain with "Uncle John" and fight Indians. The little fellow made a great impression among the people of the town and several, who must have been exceptionally courageous, had the hardihood to propose to "Uncle John" that they adopt the child. He did not "get a bead" on these imprudent philanthropists as one might have expected, but he "allowed if there was going to be any adopting done I'd do it myself, 'cause the kid seemed now jes' like he wuz my own."

After a stay of several months in Independence, Smith, Curtis and Thorpe bought a prairie wagon and new outfits and joined a large caravan bound for Mexico, intending to leave the company when they reached the Rockies and repair to their wonted fastness in the mountains, for hunting and trapping.

With what eager anticipations must little Paul

have viewed these delectable preparations for their long adventurous journey and their romantic sojourn in the wild retreats of the great range! How the little fellow must have counted the days to the momentous hour of departure when they bade good-bye to their former comrade, Comstock (whom they never heard of again), and turned their faces once more to the great plains.

We may indulge a pleasant vision of that long journey in the new covered wagon and imagine little Paul a favorite in the big caravan with its seventy-five mule teams and its miscellaneous traveling community. It must have had all the romantic delights of following the circus, and we can picture the rough old trapper happy in the company of his little ward in sombrero and buckskin, fishing, hunting, telling yarns, with always a weather eye out for "Injuns."

The caravan must have been too imposing in its size to encourage Indian attack and the long train made an uneventful journey across the plains, until at the end of a month they pulled up at Bent's Fort, along the headwaters of the Arkansas in the foothills of the Rockies.

Here, in the wild country about the famous trading-post, they camped for the night—a night destined to be a momentous one in the life of old John Smith.

We shall let him tell of it himself, just as he

is reported to have told it to his comrades years later, for there is a note of pathos in his narrative which we cannot reproduce.

"I knowed they had cows up to the Fort, so jest before we wuz ready fer supper I took Paul (he could never leave Paul behind) and started to see if we couldn't get some milk fer our coffee. It wuzn't far, and we wuz camped a few hundred feet from the gate, jest outside the wall. Well, we went into the kitchen, Paul right alongside of me, and thar I seen a white woman leanin' over the adobe hearth a-cooking—they had always only been squaws before. She naturally looked up to find who wuz comin' in, and when she seen the kid, all at once she give a scream, dropped the dish-cloth she had in her hand, made a break for Paul, throwed her arms around him, nigh upsetting me, and says, while she was a-sobbing and taking on dreadful, 'My boy! Oh, my little boy!' Then she kind of choked again while Paul, he says as he hung on to her, 'Oh, mamma! Oh, mamma! I knowed you'd come back!'

"I jest walked outer that kitchen a heap faster than I come into it and shut the door. When I got outside fer a few minutes I couldn't see nothin', like."

Poor old John Smith! When we think of him back with his dusky squaw among those wily, grasping Cheyennes, squeezing his ill-gotten

gains out of every barter, lording it over trader and greaser with an iron hand and sinking ever lower in the scale of dishonor, we must try to divert our thoughts for a moment to the picture of the rough old fellow going about in old Independence with the trusting hand of little Paul in his own scarred old paw, buying him ponies and goodness knows what not, and happy in the little fellow's company.

And with this pleasanter picture in our minds, we shall let him pass on in his lonesome journey westward to the mountains which he knew so well. He had many more adventures and we shall meet him again in the story of another scout, but we do not know of any other occasion when he flinched and "couldn't see nuthin', like."

The story of Mrs. Dale's (for that was little Paul's name) escape from her Pawnee captors is remarkable. Choosing a favorable opportunity, she had selected the fastest pony they had and ridden it forty miles until she fell exhausted by the trail, where she was picked up in an almost dying condition by a caravan. This train, on its progress westward, had paused at Bent's Fort, where, finding Indian women employed, Paul's mother had asked for work in the kitchen, intending to bide her time until a caravan should stop there, whose leaders she could trust to take her to St. Louis.

"Next morning," says Uncle John, "our car-

avan went on to Mora, and after we'd bid good-bye to Mrs. Dale and Paul, before which I give the boy two hundred dollars for hisself, me, Thorpe and Curtis pulled out with our team north fer Frenchman's Creek and I never felt so miserable like before nor since as I did parting with the kid that morning."

High up through the rocky passes the old trail ran and wound away into the haunts of the mink and the beaver and through the dim fastnesses where the grizzly made his home. We can fancy that we see the lumbering old wagon climbing those heights which frown upon the old fort of the Bents—farther, farther, and still farther into the solemn depths of the hunting and trapping grounds, until it became a mere speck in the distance.

## RUBE STEVENS

How he was captured by the Indians; how they treated him and how he made his escape; of his long ride and how he fell in with friends in need and became their companion; of his grim resolve, of his life as a scout and hunter, and of one of the most remarkable encounters with Indians in the history of the West.

It was fortunate for Rube Stevens — Little Rube, they called him—that he fell in with old John Smith just when he did; for not only did Uncle John materially assist in saving Rube's life, but, what is more (or rather less), he recounted Rube's adventures for him—a thing which Rube could not possibly have done for himself, for he had no tongue with which to do it!

Rube did not, as so many of the Western scouts and trappers did, set out with the intention of becoming a man of the plains and mountains. The number of boys who ran away from home in the old caravan days was almost appalling, and it sometimes seems to the student of western and frontier history that the schools in St. Louis might just as well have been closed at times, as they are in these more prosaic days in deference to an epidemic.

But Rube Stevens did not run away to join a mule train. He was born about 1827 on a farm in Pennsylvania, where the years of his early youth were passed. When he was about seventeen his parents decided to move to Oregon, where his father had taken up a claim.

When we reflect that to the average stay-at-home person a trip across the continent is regarded as something of an adventure even today, we can fancy with what romantic anticipations the Pennsylvania farmer's boy contemplated such a journey something less than a century ago, and what visions of buffaloes and stage-coaches and Indians must have filled his young mind.

Alas, young Rube Stevens was destined never to see his father's claim in Oregon. The little family made the usual tedious, thirst-haunted pilgrimage across the plains, as a part of one of the large caravans. They had reached the Bitter Root Valley in the region which is now Idaho and were encamped within sight of the Bitter Root Mountains, beyond the gray and rugged heights of which lay the promised land, when the caravan was attacked by a band of Blackfoot Indians and every single member of the train was massacred except Rube himself.

Why they spared the boy, who was then scarce seventeen, is not known. It is not uncommon to read that this or that hero who became fa-

mous on the plains or in the Kentucky backwoods was the only one spared in some wholesale massacre, and we can hardly avoid the conviction that a special Providence watched over them in consideration of the great things they were born to accomplish.

However this may be, young Rube's life was spared, and he was taken captive. For a while the Indians kept him as a slave; then, on the suspicion that he intended to make a dash for liberty, they cut out his tongue! Just how they expected that this would prevent him from escaping is not explained, but it is known that the squaws and Indian maidens had both pitied and befriended the young captive, and it is not improbable that the observant braves apprehended that the soft hearts of their women folk would melt completely at the boy's entreaties to them to connive at his escape.

A prisoner who is popular with the fair daughters of his captors need not look too despairingly upon his shackles and the jailer's key.

The Blackfoot women, unable to prevent this cruel treatment of young Stevens, constituted themselves his willing nurses and so skilfully treated his wound that but for the loss of speech (a great loss, indeed!) the boy suffered no permanent ill effects from his mutilation.

As you may suppose, when the Blackfoot braves perceived that young Stevens' frightful

handicap only increased the tender regard of the Indian damsels, they were very angry. Dismayed at these unlooked-for caprices of the female heart, they visited their jealous wrath upon the boy, until the poor dumb fellow resolved that he would escape or sacrifice his unhappy life in the trying.

It was more than a year, however, before the chance came, and when it did come it was Mars, the god of war, and not the gentle goddess of compassion, that connived at his escape.

It befell that the Blackfoot tribe had a mighty battle with the ferocious Sioux during which the Blackfoot braves were so engrossed with their prodigious deeds of valor that they did not notice the dumb boy who, mounting the fleetest pony they had, rode off to freedom while the sanguinary conflict was at its height.

But, after all, who can say that the Blackfoot damsels had not suggested this and were not accessories before the fact?

All night long and all the next day Rube rode like mad. He had a few odds and ends of food which, even in his haste, he had not forgotten to bring, and partaking sparingly of these he managed to subsist for several days.

He did not know where he was going and he did not care, so long as he got away from his captors. He felt that the width of the continent was not too much to separate him from those

bloodthirsty savages, and he continued to ride, though with less frantic haste, day in and day out, until at last he was cheered by the sight of a queer little structure built against a ledge of rock in a very wild region.

He was, in fact, in Colorado, and must have ridden more than three hundred miles—a distance which seems considerable as we think of it now, but which was nothing to the inhabitants of the mountains and the wide plains. We read of a plainsman going to visit such and such a place as if it were around the corner, and when we look it up on the map we find it to be several hundred miles away. The game was played on a large board in the old caravan days.

The structure, the sight of which thus gladdened the heart of Rube Stevens, was a small ramshackle affair about ten feet high with a hole in the roof in lieu of a door—a precautionary feature of Rocky Mountain architecture, intended to strengthen the half cabin, half dugout, against Indian attack. There was a small window, scarcely more than a peek-hole, in one of the exposed sides. It was a typical hunter's shelter, of which there were not a few in the Rockies in those days.

The sound of voices within emboldened Rube to approach, not without some trepidation lest he might find himself in the fire after escaping from the frying pan. But luck favored him and

he found himself in the presence of two redoubtable men in buckskin, Al Boyd and Bill Thorpe by name, both of whom were widely famous as scouts, trappers and guides. Thorpe has already been mentioned as one of the companions of John Smith in our story of that old hickory nut of a scout.

These men received the poor dumb youth with all the bluff hospitality which the wide plains and lonely mountains seemed to inspire and which was such a fine feature of the rough life of the West.

The destiny of the boy seemed now pretty well assured, and under the care and tutelage of this experienced pair he began his career as a mountain man and scout of the prairies.

He became, however, that dangerous thing—a man with a grievance. As he grew older and came to realize more and more the dastardly act which had deprived him of the birthright of speech, he made a grim resolve that he would never leave the prairies where he had been orphaned and cruelly mutilated, and that he would consecrate his life to the killing of Indians, and woe to the Blackfoot who should cross his path!

The better to carry out his grim resolve, he practiced marksmanship with such avidity and application that he became uniquely famous as a crack shot, even among his steady-handed and

steady-eyed companions. "Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed," and even Thorpe, famous himself as a rifleman, said that the equal of Rube Stevens did not exist in all the length and breadth of the plains.

These three remained together and became partners and close friends. They penetrated far up into the haunts of the beaver and the mink, where they trapped and hunted, carrying their stock of valuable pelts eastward from time to time, and falling in with pack trains, where they were always welcome as traveling companions and guides.

Timorous sojourners along the lonely trail which wound through the mountains and across the dry, wind-swept prairies to the frontier settlements on the Missouri, heard of the silent, keen-eyed Rube and waited and watched for him and felt reassured in his company. Many were the pack trains which he piloted past the perils of Pawnee Rock and other places of shuddering memory; and frightful was the blood tribute which this silent scout exacted from Pawnees and Comanches—and Blackfeet when his wanderings took him into their haunts.

Once, after a journey up into the heart of the mountains, Thorpe, Boyd and Stevens returned to their little shelter among the rocks, and began trapping in the vicinity. It was winter and the weather was very cold. One day Rube went out

along a neighboring stream to examine the traps which had been laid at intervals for several miles along the banks, while Boyd and Thorpe went in another direction hunting for deer.

After attending to the traps Rube pressed on to a spot where the stream widened and began to fish through a hole in the ice.

Boyd had just brought down a deer and was stooping over it when Thorpe called to him:

"Drop everything, Al, and make for the dug-out! Look there!"

One glance showed Boyd that a large band of Sioux Indians was almost upon them.

"If we can only get to the cabin," panted Al as they ran with all their might, "we can keep off the whole tribe."

Scarcely had he said the words when Rube came running toward them with an Indian close upon his heels. He had neglected to take his rifle when he went to examine the traps; but Boyd had not forgotten his and, raising it with characteristic deliberation, he interrupted the Indian's premature yell of triumph and sent the savage sprawling upon the rocks.

Running desperately, the three men reached the cabin, where they made ready to put up what defence they could against the yelling horde which was following them.

Spying through the hole in the side, Thorpe was able to count no less than thirty warriors

clamoring about the little shelter like so many demons.

The predicament of the three hunters was desperate in the extreme. The number of Indians appeared to make their success certain, but the awful fate which confronted the three made them resolve to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

"Off with your coats," said Thorpe, grimly. "We'll get along better if they have nothing to lay hold on but our naked bodies."

Indeed, every slight advantage counted in that encounter against such fearful odds. "It ain't goin' ter be no boys' play," Thorpe observed as he stripped himself, and assuredly he was right.

For such a desperate defence, however, the shelter was well constructed. There was no means of ingress save the hole in the roof through which but one at a time could enter. Beneath this Rube grimly took his stand, axe in hand, ready to brain the savages as fast as they appeared.

By this time the rifle shot of the Sioux was hailing upon the logs of the little shack "like rain on a tent," as Thorpe said. Presently, a stealthy movement could be heard upon the roof and a copper face peered down through the opening. Instantly Thorpe's rifle brought the prowler tumbling into the little room.

Another Indian tried to squeeze through the

tiny window in the side and presently became wedged in the opening, being unable either to advance or withdraw. Thorpe took a beaver trap and beat out his brains with it.

Finding these tactics unavailing, several of the Indians clambered onto the roof and began to tear off the logs. Standing upon a box so that his chest was above the opening, Rube felled two with his axe and these, together with a couple of logs and another Indian, fell sprawling into the room. The two whom Rube had struck were dead, and he now despatched the other.

"Let's see, that leaves twenty-five, I reckon, don't it?" queried Boyd.

It was hard keeping tabs.

Rube now discovered that no less a personage than the chief of the band (whom he distinguished by his war-paint) was descending through the larger opening which his braves had made, and he assisted him down, intending to finish him on the floor. A fearful tussle ensued between the chief and Rube Stevens, while Boyd, creeping near, sought for an opportunity to stab the Sioux without endangering the life of his friend, for the two combatants were mixed up together like a pair of infuriated tigers. At last Rube himself managed to get out his hunting-knife and put an end to his adversary.

"Twenty-four, ain't it?" Thorpe asked.

"Thirty, and six out, twenty-four's right," said Boyd.

They used the body of the chief to plug up the hole in the side. "That's 'bout all he's good fer," said Thorpe.

The Indians outside, perceiving now that their attempts to enter the cabin were, to say the least, fraught with great hazard, began another rain of rifle shot which fell harmlessly upon the logs.

"If we ony hed some more dead Injuns," said Thorpe, "we cud build a reg'lar breastwork. We need two more, I reckon, to plug up that thar gap," he added, pointing to a break the Sioux had made close to the little window.

As if in answer to his wish, two Indians, more courageous than their companions, started to let themselves down through the roof. Instantly Boyd, who is represented as a perfect giant, grappled them by their throats, one with either hand, and strangled them until they fell dead upon the floor.

"Eight out leaves twenty-two," said Thorpe, as Rube and Boyd stuffed the two bodies into the gap.

But now the savages, finding the little cabin to be a veritable death-trap, hit on the expedient of setting it on fire, and the hope which the three had entertained of killing, or at least dis-

couraging, their yelling assailants was turned almost to despair as they realized the purpose of the enemy.

"Thar's ony one thing to do, boys," said Thorpe; "we got to get outer this. You foller me!"

The shelter was becoming enveloped in flames, while the shrieking Sioux surrounded it, gloating over the certain capture of the hunters.

The three men sallied forth, each carrying his rifle in one hand and his hunting-knife in the other, and their appearance was the signal for such a savage war-whoop as seemed to rend the heavens. Instantly they were surrounded and, though Rube was quick enough to shoot one of them, it did no good and onlv served to still further infuriate the others.

The three were made prisoners and Thorpe and Boyd, tied back to back, were bound to a tree, while Rube was lashed separately to another one. Some of the Indians then began to gather sticks, which ominous preparations even the hardened scouts must have contemplated with dismay.

There is a report, which must have passed the lips of at least several persons before it was finally written down, of the conversation between Boyd and Thorpe as they waited, lashed back to back and tied to the tree. Probably it is fairly accurate.

"What are they going ter do with us?" asked Thorpe.

"Roast us, you bet," Boyd replied. "They'll find me tough enough, I reckon."

"It must be a painful sort of death," Thorpe observed

"Wall," said Boyd, "it ain't exactly what yer would call the most pleasant sort of one, but wot the devil are they doin' ter poor Rube?"

Rube was tied to a tree about a hundred feet distant, and as Thorpe craned his neck and painfully strained his eyes in that direction he could see an Indian dancing about the young fellow (Rube was still not twenty-one) and brandishing a tomahawk. In the face of this appalling demonstration Rube observed a calm demeanor, never flinching, but gazing with a scowl upon the menacing savage.

In this interval of waiting and preparation several Indians who had disappeared returned to the scene dragging the carcass of the deer which Boyd had shot just before the attack began. This they proceeded to make ready for cooking, kindling a fire the while, and as if the harrowing fate which awaited their victims were not enough, the savages, with a refinement of cruelty equal to that of a submarine commander, proceeded to cook and to gorge themselves with savory morsels of the animal which the hungry trio had intended for their own repast.

For more than an hour the three captives witnessed this artistic variation of savage torture, inhaling the luscious aroma wafted to them from the cheerfully crackling blaze, which bore also the appalling remainder of their own impending fate.

The Indians stood about, chatting as they ate the toothsome morsels, with anticipatory relish of the entertainment which was to follow, when suddenly a series of sharp reports rent the air.

The buffet lunch came to a sudden end as the astonished savages beheld seven of their number lying dead upon the ground.

Scarcely had they recovered from their surprise when another volley rang out and seven more of the feasters dropped, their portions of venison flying into the air. In another minute a half-dozen men in buckskin emerged from the forest, who, with hunting-knives and clubbed rifles proceeded to work havoc among the few remaining savages. Several of them were killed in hand-to-hand combat, and the others, seeing that their only hope lay in escape, stole away, leaving the carcass of the deer still cooking for the refreshment of their assailants.

Conspicuous among these timely rescuers was the burly form of John Smith, scout and trapper, whom we have already met. He tells how one of his companions, Ike by name, having killed three Indians with one shot, observed, as they unfastened Thorpe and Boyd,

"I always like ter git two or three of the red devils in line before I pull the trigger—it saves lead."

We should like to have known Ike; there can be no words but those of praise for his worthy spirit of economy.

The astonishment and relief of the three captives, who were now set free, cannot well be described, and there are few who would begrudge them the savory banquet which by a tantalizing fate they had won, then lost, and now won again.

No longer did the savory aroma torment them; the entire party gathered about the fragrant fire and fell to with a relish while Uncle John explained how he and his companions had happened upon the scene.

" 'Bout a mile down the creek," said he, "me and six other trappers had a camp, and this morning, bein' scarce of meat, we all went a-hunting. We had killed two or three elk, and was 'bout goin' back to camp with our game, when we heard firing and supposed it was a party of hunters like ourselves, so we did not pay any attention to it at first; but when it kept up so long and there was such a constant volley, I told our boys it might be a scrimmage with a party of red devils and we concluded to go and see."

After a while they came in sight of a camp-

fire in the distance, and John and one of his companions crept cautiously in advance of their friends to reconnoiter. What they discovered was the very scene which we have described. The shots which had aroused them to investigate must have been those of the encounter between the three men in the hut and the Sioux.

At the sight of Thorpe and Boyd and Stevens lashed to the two trees with fagots lying at their feet and the Indians regaling themselves in anticipation of their entertainment, Smith and his comrade lost no time in retracing their way to their companions where, in a hasty council, their course was decided upon.

So the luscious carcass of the deer was despatched with great relish by its rightful owners and their welcome guests; and if the feast lacked the gracious accompaniment of genial converse, it was not because there was nothing to talk about. Uncle John tells us that the whole party went back to his and his companions' camp, where they "made a night of it," so we may infer that they knew how to celebrate good fortune and timely deliverance from peril.

It would add a touch of piquancy to this remarkable episode if we could picture the escaping Sioux as wandering famished in the Rockies with the haunting aroma from the crisp and luscious deer forever assailing their nostrils.

But there is no ground for placing any such

moral top-knot upon our tale. Already the whole affair smacks rather suspiciously of the dime novel. But in plain fact it occurred, substantially as described, and constitutes another of the many instances in which truth is indeed stranger than fiction. If this matchless gem of adventure in its fine wild west setting had been embodied in a story for boys we may be sure that it would have been diluted by much heroic and extravagant talk and its actors made ridiculous as Boone and Custer and Cody and Carson and Sitting Bull and all the rest of them have been made ridiculous, by having put into their mouths vaporing speeches which they would never have uttered.

The subsequent life of our hero, Rube Stevens, was adventurous to a degree. Thorpe was later killed by the Indians and Boyd disappears from notice. Very likely he withdrew, as many of his ilk did, into the hunting grounds of the Rockies, there to live out his days and die in the remote obscurity of those mighty heights.

Rube was seen thereafter upon the plains, where he acted as guide and scout for many caravans and more than one exploring party. Much of what we know about the scouts of the great West is gleaned from their own verbal reminiscences, bandied about in camp or corral and passed from lip to lip, until it has filtered into our literature and history.

But Rube Stevens was the silent scout, for he could not talk. However, Uncle John did his talking for him, and next to one's own tongue we should say that Uncle John's was about the best procurable for purposes of friendly reminiscence. If we were a hero we should much prefer to commit ourselves to Uncle John's keeping than to that of the average modern story-teller, after whose ingenious treatment we should probably have great difficulty in recognizing ourselves and our most chivalrous deeds.

## GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER

How he became a romantic figure in the Civil War and of his picturesque followers; how he became an Indian fighter and pursued the Cheyennes, together with the particulars of how he put an end to the outrageous career of Black Kettle, and how he lost his life fighting the Sioux.

Among the picturesque heroes in our history General George A. Custer must be counted one of the most conspicuous and striking. He had that quality which is called *dashing* and he measures up in all ways to the artistic requirements of romance.

He was the typical Indian fighter, as Robin Hood was the typical outlaw. Dame Nature (who has a good deal to do with these things and has always a fine eye for effect) saw to it that General Custer was generously equipped with the features which befitted his rôle.

He was of a noble presence, with eagle eye and flowing hair and the gracefully drooping mustache which only heroes should wear. His mien, as he sat upon his gallant charger, was nothing less than magnificent. In appearance he had only one rival, and that was Buffalo Bill.

Though a soldier of the army, he affected the

buckskin costume of the scout. He was a familiar and engaging picture about the romantic camp-fire, and the latter part of his splendid career was so closely identified with Indians and the woolly West that he seems the very incarnation of adventure.

He was the kind of hero who was always having horses killed under him and holes shot through his hat. How many horses suffered this fate it would be hazardous to say, but in the fiction which tells of Custer the number runs very high. History places it somewhat lower. Nor would he venture an estimate as to how many holes were shot through his picturesque sombrero, but they were certainly enough to ventilate it.

Volumes have been written about General Custer. His widow wrote several, and with these as a basis innumerable stories have been concocted representing him as a marvel of dashing prowess. He was undoubtedly a very brave and, alas, a very reckless man.

"White Chief with Long Hair," as the Indians called him, was born in Ohio on the 5th of December, 1839, so that he was only thirty-seven years of age at the time of his tragic death—a period all too short, one would say, for so much adventurous accomplishment!

His early years were spent on the farm of his parents and he received a good education, com-

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GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER

pleting his studies at the Hopedale Normal School in Ohio. When he was twenty-eight years old he was appointed to the Military Academy at West Point, where four years later he graduated with—you thought I was going to say with *high honors.* Nothing of the kind, for he graduated at the foot of his class.

But he was not at the foot of his class in the grim, hard school of the Civil War, where his hat received its first honored puncture. During the winter of 1862, while he was awaiting orders to active service, he won his first triumph in the hand of Elizabeth Bacon—a true affinity if ever there was one, for she accompanied her husband in his adventurous campaigning in the West, sharing all of the hardships and many of the perils of the rough camp life. The pair were not married, however, until 1864, when the proud young groom introduced the innovation of taking his young bride with him to his headquarters in the field.

Before that, in June of 1863, Custer was appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers. He soon won a unique fame in the army as "the boy general with the golden locks," and a romantic figure he must have been, confirming by his ready gallantry the high opinion which his comrades of every rank had formed of him. He was, indeed, a most captivating young man, with his flowing locks and his reckless bravery.

In October, 1864, when he was only twenty-five years old, he was made a major-general of volunteers, his promotion being the direct consequence of his bravery, and he was the youngest man in the army to hold that rank.

It was as commander of the Third Division of Cavalry that Custer's fame spread in the army. His men, who seemed unable to resist the charm of his personality and the contagion of his dashing mien, imbibed the spirit of their leader and unconsciously assumed his manner. They wore their hair long, they affected cavalier hats like his, and flaunting red scarfs which trailed in the wind with a fine abandon as they galloped along.

Truly, a motley outfit, with all the dash and glamor of the valorous knights of old; and if the setting had been the ancient Wars of the Roses instead of our own great civil strife, young Custer and his cavalry would hardly have been out of place.

We must not follow the history of this heroic little band as it galloped through the Civil War. Eleven horses (verified) were shot under General Custer and his hat, it is reported, became a veritable colander. In six months he captured over a hundred pieces of artillery, sixty-five battle flags and more than ten thousand prisoners. During this time he did not once meet with defeat.

He was the most daring raider that ever crossed an enemy's lines. He loved danger and was always ready to take his life in his hands. He fought from Bull Run to Appomattox with tireless energy and with a spirit that knew no fear, and when the end was in sight it was he, and appropriately he, who received the flag of truce with the momentous tidings that General Lee was at last ready to surrender.

At the close of the Civil War the "boy general" was ordered with a division of cavalry to Texas. The next year his gallant service was rewarded by promotion to the rank of major-general in the regular army, a distinction indeed for a young man not yet past his twenty-seventh year!

We must now follow this gallant young man in his headlong career to the field where his activities bring him more especially within the compass of our plan.

Most of the brief accounts of Custer (and indeed there should be no brief accounts of such a man) deal almost exclusively with the campaign which terminated his meteoric career, and his adventurous life upon the plains prior to that time has been neglected.

In 1866 his career as a typical scout and Indian fighter may be said to have begun when he was ordered to Kansas with his famous Seventh Cavalry to check the Indians who had been

conducting a very carnival of crime and depredation, scalping men, kidnapping women and children, stealing horses, attacking stage-coaches, burning ranches, and carrying things generally with a high hand.

In all this bloody game only eleven Indians had been killed when Custer rode upon the scene. It was winter and it was not the habit of the Indians to exert themselves greatly in that season. Neither was it the habit of Custer to sit around and wait for spring.

The army was encamped in the Indian Territory and General Sheridan was in command of the Department. A plan was formed by which Custer should lead his men southward on a scouting expedition, while Sheridan himself should explore the country north and west as soon as he could get his larger force in condition to march.

At four o'clock in the morning on November 23rd, the thermometer in camp stood at ten below zero and the tents were almost buried under a blinding snowstorm. Not very propitious weather, one would say, in which to scout for obstreperous Indians.

"What do you think of this?" General Sheridan asked, as the beautiful snow descended upon him.

"Fine!" said Custer. "Couldn't be better. We can move, but the Indians can't."

General Sheridan beat his ears and shook his head and said nothing. He knew Custer.

After a hasty breakfast the indomitable Custer and his troopers, looking more like a group of arctic explorers than a scouting party, rode forth into the furious blizzard, while the army band played *The Girl I Left Behind Me.*

With the aid of a pocket compass Custer led his troopers through wind and snow with the blinding hurricane beating in their faces. It is surprising that this extraordinary march is not more famous than it is, for it was certainly a most remarkable one.

All through the morning they plodded on knee-deep in snow, across the vast, wind-swept plains. The guides, returning, pleaded that they could not possibly lead the troops, but the intrepid Custer, depending only upon his little compass, pressed on.

Early in the afternoon they made camp, kindled a fire, and proceeded to prepare dinner. At night they corraled their equipment and were off again early in the morning.

On the second day there was some abatement of the storm but the cold continued, and as the sturdy troopers plodded on their sufferings were intense.

There is no wind like the wind of the plains. Unconfined and unobstructed it pursues its mad career, tearing up the sand in summer and the

snow in winter, and assailing the wayfarer with unprecedented fury.

In such surroundings the troopers passed Thanksgiving Day, pausing long enough to eat their scanty fare, which must have been a dismal reminder of the festive celebration of their friends at home.

At last, after untold hardships, they reached the Canadian River. Here General Custer detached a small body of troops to follow up the stream and scout for Indians while he, with his main force, crossed to the opposite side and continued their march.

The river was, of course, frozen, but the ice was not thick enough to bear the weight of the wagons, so they were forced to break the surface here and there until they found a place which they could ford.

The crossing of the frozen Canadian by Custer and his men rivals Washington's famous crossing of the Delaware. Scarcely had they reached the opposite shore when a man on horseback approached them at breakneck speed, who proved to be a scout of the small body which Custer had sent up the river.

This man brought tidings which fell like a bombshell among the troopers. He reported that Major Elliott, who was in command of the small party, had discovered a trail in the snow which

could not, he believed, be more than twenty-four hours old.

Custer sent the scout back posthaste with orders that the trail be followed until evening, when the party should camp and await his arrival. He then directed his men to leave the wagons and baggage in charge of a small guard and follow him with as much expedition as possible to the spot where the trail had been discovered. Custer himself started immediately.

The troopers, divested of everything except absolute necessities, were soon in his wake and ere long the indomitable leader and his resolute men were upon the trail which Major Elliott had discovered. Hour after hour they followed it through the deep snow, and it was long after dark when they reached the camp of Elliott and his men. They found it to be in a deep ravine, and here, effectually concealed and fairly well sheltered, the reunited troopers made their evening repast of hardtack and coffee.

As soon as they had rested and the moon had risen they took up the trail, plodding on through the snow, until Little Beaver, the general's Indian scout, came back in great excitement to say that he smelled fire. On this report Custer with several scouts hurried on in advance and discovered upon an eminence in the distance what appeared to be the unextinguished remains of a camp-fire. For a time there was great excite-

ment among the little advance party and hope ran high; but it was soon discovered that the light was merely from the embers of a plainsman's fire.

Still Custer and his scouts pressed cautiously forward, the main body of troopers following at a distance. The next night one of his scouts discovered smoke in the distance and shortly they could hear voices, thin and spent, which convinced them that they were approaching a considerable encampment of Indians. Anxiously they awaited the morning.

They had, indeed, almost overtaken a formidable band of Cheyennes, under command of the redoubtable scoundrel, Black Kettle, whose name should have been Black Soul, for if ever there was a fiend incarnate Black Kettle was that individual. The catalogue of his bloody crimes would have shocked old Sitting Bull, who was no saint, and would have excited the jealous envy of King Philip.

This was the band that Custer was after. This was the unspeakable wretch, the thought of whose possible capture had inspired the gallant trooper through those miles of wind and snow.

There he was, comfortably ensconced in a valley, the cheery smoke from his camp-fire rising in the clear, cold air, and the numerous little cone-shaped tepees of his camp plainly visible.

Delighted at this successful termination of his quest, General Custer lost no time in planning for the attack. After a careful survey from a neighboring hill he decided that the Cheyenne encampment should be approached by four parties from four different directions, one of which should be led by himself. Major Elliott was to lead a second and the remaining two were in charge of Captain Thompson and Captain Meyers respectively.

Long before daylight on the following morning the four divisions were in motion, and shortly they separated for their long detours. The moment of attack was set for dawn and it was hoped that the four bodies of troops might close in upon the unsuspecting encampment and completely surprise them.

But Black Kettle was not to be caught napping. With the first glimmer of dawn the approach of the troopers was discovered and a pistol held, it was afterward learned, by the chief himself, gave warning of the presence of the converging host.

Secrecy being no longer possible, the intrepid Custer ordered the bugle sounded, and its attenuated note, floating far upon the crisp morning air, bore the signal to the other commands to advance with all haste upon the encampment.

With Custer's party was a little band which had enlivened the weary march with many

sprightly tunes. Turning to these heroes of the fife and drum, Custer ordered them to play *Garry Owen,* which was a prime favorite with his men, and under the inspiring strains of this lively air they dashed forward to the charge.

If Black Kettle was not surprised, he was none the less dismayed. He had supposed that the winter, and such a winter, would afford him and his marauders temporary immunity from pursuit, and lo, here was a white man with long hair and dashing mien, who pursued his quarry with the same grim determination in the winter as he would do in the good old summer-time.

On he came at the head of his troopers, some of them on their chargers, others running afoot, and the band plodding heroically through the snow, and blowing out its enlivening melody. From other sides the attacking parties advanced and presently the valley was the scene of turmoil and battle.

The lawless Cheyennes were doomed from the moment when the signal strain of Custer's bugle rent the air. They had reckoned without rue, for never before had a band of troopers sought them through their supposed protection of cold and snow.

Black Kettle, with all his evil deeds upon his head, went down to a merited death, fighting like a demon. He had been a kettle of crimes indeed

—one of the worst Indians of one of the worst tribes that ever infested the plains.

Here and there the Cheyennes concentrated and fought desperately, the women, who were spared by the troopers in all cases, joining in the combat and fighting with the aggressive energy of modern suffragists.

Now and then one of Custer's men fell, but the loss among the Indians was far more heavy. Major Elliott and a few men, pursuing a group of fugitives, encountered a larger force, and all of Elliott's men were killed, their fate not becoming known until some time later.

Having thus destroyed the chief mischief-maker and most of his marauding followers, Custer pursued the survivors, who, broken in spirit and in a pitiable confusion of fright, went scampering down the valley, leaving their lodges and ponies to the triumphant troopers. There remained, too, a few terrified squaws who were in a state of panic at the fear of being massacred, and one sagacious female, said to have been a sister of Black Kettle.

This astute lady, perceiving Custer and his sturdy men to be invincible, now sought by the gentle art of matchmaking to propitiate the general, and bringing forth the fairest damsel of the almost deserted village, she shrewdly offered her to the conqueror as his blushing bride. The gen-

eral, smiling graciously, acknowledged her generosity, but declined the fair tribute.

Thus ended the organized marauding career of the thieving Cheyennes. Fugitive bands of them still preyed upon travelers along the Old Santa Fe Trail, but their power was broken since the redoubtable Black Kettle was no more. Custer had cleaned them out with grim thoroughness, and thereafter his name spelled terror to the Indians of the Southwest.

This was by no means the end of the gallant trooper's career in Kansas and the Indian Territory, but we must now follow him northward to the region where a tragic fate was to complete his romantic and restless life.

In the year 1875, General Custer was sent into the region known as the Black Hills, to explore the country, observe conditions, and make an exhaustive report on all he found. With him was a strong cavalry force.

The region was one which had been set apart by our government as a reservation for the powerful and warlike Sioux Indians. They were the most numerous of all the tribes and more difficult of conquest than any of the other savage nations within our national domain. It was supposed that if they rallied all their strength they could muster fifteen thousand warriors—a formidable legion when compared with the predatory tribes of the Southwest and the nations of the Pacific Slope.

The Black Hills, which had been assigned to them, occupy portions of what is now Dakota and Wyoming, and here they lived, reconciled but never satisfied, and always with a jealous eye upon the whites who came among them.

In particular, their old chief, Sitting Bull, viewed with inhospitable and ominous silence the agreeable surprise expressed by travelers stopping at his rugged home, and he contemplated Custer and his seasoned troopers not altogether in the light of welcome guests.

General Custer, always sanguine and enthusiastic, was charmed with the fertility and beauty of the region, and he embodied in his report a glowing prophesy of its development. He described it as another Florida in the varied exuberance of its floral beauty, and extremely rich in precious metals.

As a consequence of his glowing representations, adventurers from every part of the continent began to pour into the Black Hills, and Sitting Bull saw the home of his people overrun with a growing horde of settlers and wealth-seekers, encouraged by the government quite regardless of the Indians' rights.

Naturally enough, a cloud of discontent overspread the Sioux villages, and there were ominous signs of an impending storm.

At last the expected happened. The famous chieftain was asked to sign a treaty giving up

part of his lands and agreeing to remain within the bounds of a certain new reservation. Sitting Bull refused.

He and his people were then notified that if they did not remove to the specified reservation before January, 1876, they would be treated as enemies of the government. Sitting Bull answered that he had always been an enemy of the government, and he refused to stir.

In the spring of that year, therefore, the regulars opened the campaign which is known as the Sioux War.

Sitting Bull chose a strong position in the rugged country of southern Montana, known as the Bad Lands, and here the warriors of the great Sioux nation flocked to his standard by the hundreds.

The plan of the regulars was to advance against this formidable array in three columns, converging toward the big Sioux encampment from three directions, thus hemming in the whole enemy horde and destroying it. The column approaching from the West was to be led by General Gibbon; that from the South by General Crooke; and that from the East by General Terry. The force led by Terry was by far the strongest of the three, for it included the famous Seventh Cavalry, six hundred strong, commanded by the gallant General Custer.

It was believed that any one of these forces

could defeat the Sioux and that the three, acting simultaneously, could utterly overwhelm them and force them, willy nilly, upon the reservation.

We shall not here follow the expeditions led by Crooke and Gibbon more than to say that they were greatly disappointed in their expectations, finding the warlike Sioux (at the points where they encountered them) to be very much better equipped and stronger in numbers than they had dreamed. Our interest is with the column commanded by General Terry, and more particularly with that part of it under the gallant Custer. Custer, indeed, might have commanded the whole column but for an unfortunate political squabble in which he had allowed himself to participate, and which had brought upon him the displeasure of President Grant.

On May 17th, the column marched from the headquarters at Fort Lincoln, parading before the women and children to reassure them by its imposing appearance, for it was realized by all that the work in hand was grim and dangerous. Conspicuous in the martial display was the picturesque figure of Custer with his seasoned cavalrymen, most of whom had seen service on the plains in Kansas. Again his trusty band played *Garry Owen.* It is related that the whole column, having started out, paused upon the plains near by in order that the men might bid a last farewell to those they were leaving behind. Then, to the

music of *The Girl I Left Behind Me,* they marched away, the vivid scarfs of Custer's gallant legion floating in the breeze as the horses reared and pranced to the sprightly air. The girls they left behind them never saw them again, for not one of the Seventh Cavalry returned; and no one to this day knows exactly how they died.

General Terry's column moved up the Yellowstone River as far as the Rosebud, where they made a fortified camp. On June 22nd, General Custer with his cavalry rode from this camp intending to move around to the south and up the Rosebud, where they hoped to surprise the Indians encamped there and drive them into the grip of the larger force.

Three days later Custer came upon the main trail of the Sioux, which he followed until it brought him into a region known as the Big Horn Valley. Satisfied that the Indians were at no great distance, and that an encounter must shortly occur, he detached seven companies under Major Reno and sent them forward to attack the Indians from the West while he himself assailed them from another point. The details of General Custer's plan are not clear and our information is limited to what actually happened.

Before Major Reno had a chance to surprise the foe, he was attacked by them and forced to remain on the defensive for a whole day. It has been alleged that he did not fight bravely, that

he lost his nerve, and some have gone so far as to say that he was a coward.

Be that as it may, Custer with his remaining five companions unexpectedly came upon the lower end of the Sioux camp. To his consternation he found it to be of immense size and much more formidable in every way than the force which he had expected to encounter.

But without hesitation he immediately charged. All we know of this sad affair has been learned from the Indians themselves, since not a single white man survived.

Within a very few minutes the gallant and reckless Custer found himself surrounded by a savage horde, greatly outnumbering his little force, and with the prospect of easy vengeance upon their hated foe. All historians agree that the Seventh Cavalry fought gallantly, but the full particulars of what actually took place can never be known.

Perhaps it is just as well that they should not be known. There were about two hundred of the troopers and every one of them, including the brave Custer, was massacred. One of his Indian scouts, Curly by name, wrapped himself in his blanket and managed to get away before the work of horror was well started.

There was one other to escape. A splendid horse, which had earned the right to be called a veteran, was discovered some days later near the

bloody field, suffering from several bullet wounds. His name was Comanche, and he had formerly borne one of Custer's troopers across the snowy plains of Kansas, through the wind and storm, to the encampment of the Cheyenne scoundrel, Black Kettle.

Since we have had to relate some facts not altogether to the credit of our government in its dealings with the Indians, it is pleasant to relate that Uncle Sam knew how to treat a veteran horse even if he did not always know how to treat the Sioux and other Indians.

Comanche was ordered taken to Fort Reilly in Kansas, the wind-swept plains of which district he knew so well, and where he had once reared his noble head to the inspiring tune of *Garry Owen.* Orders were given by the Secretary of War that he should be treated with the utmost kindness as long as he lived, and no one was ever permitted to mount him.

In time he recovered fully from his wounds, and when he was led forth upon parade, wearing his old Seventh Cavalry saddle and bridle, he was always greeted with deafening cheers, which were surely no more than the just due of the only survivor of the Custer Massacre.

"CURLY," SURVIVOR OF THE CUSTER BATTLE

## JAMES BRIDGER

How he became a hunter and trapper in the Rockies; of his discoveries and exploits, and of how his name became forever associated with that of the great range.

In the good old days about half a century ago a group of men sat about a large table in a temporary structure which formed one of the few poor buildings in the little mountain hamlet of Denver, Colorado.

Before them was spread a rough map and many papers, and upon their faces were the indubitable signs of dejection and perplexity.

These men were not scouts, they were engineers, and they had made an heroic progress westward armed with compasses and transits, for they were planning the line of the great Union Pacific Railway.

All about them, and especially to the westward, rose the frowning heights of the Rockies, and how to get past this mighty obstacle, with their steel rails, was the question.

Of course, they knew they could not storm and conquer the Rockies as a gallant army may storm a fortress. They would have to find a way through, and where to look for such a pass in all that tremendous, rocky jumble which frowned

upon them and challenged them, had been a matter of discouraging debate for some days.

At last an old pioneer said, "Why don't yer ask Jim Bridger?"

"Who is Jim Bridger? Is he an engineer?" inquired one of the railroad men.

"A engineer? Lord, no! Jim Bridger, he's a mountain man, an' he knows these here pesky Rockies as nobuddy else ever did nor yet ever will. He'll show yer the likeliest way, quick as he'd shoot a grizzly. You send for Jim Bridger!"

Further inquiries about Jim Bridger disposed the railroad men to summon him into their august presence, and on learning that he was at that time in St. Louis, they sent him a pass via the overland stage with the request that he come at once to Denver. They did not mention what they wanted to see him about, for railroads and railroad magnates were as independent then as they are now.

In good time there ambled lazily forth from the rattling old stage-coach a weather-beaten, deeply tanned, wrinkled man in buckskin who betook himself leisurely to the tavern, where he spent the evening greeting his old friends and resting, without so much as a thought or a question as to the reason for his urgent summons across the wide plains.

It was not until the next morning, indeed, that he casually inquired who "them critters wuz" who had magnanimously favored him with such

sumptuous traveling accommodations across the prairie. On hearing that they were railroad men who wished to consult him about passes through the Rockies, he joined a card game with several of his whilom cronies and whiled away the morning in friendly play and converse about trapping and hunting in the mountains.

This is not the way that people treat the Union Pacific Railroad in these degenerate days, when congressmen, nay, even senators, have been known to respond with courteous alacrity to its polite summons and its proffer of passes. It may be imagined, therefore, with what pardonable annoyance the capitalists and scientific gentlemen contemplated the lanky man who sauntered into their presence some time or other during the day and, sprawling his ungainly limbs from a chair, lit his atrocious pipe and inquired what they wished to see him about.

The engineers lost no time in explaining their difficulty. They said, in effect, that they could not for the life of them hit on a suitable point whereat to make their hop, skip, and jump over the mountains, and they besought Jim Bridger to tell them, if he knew, where lay the most promising route.

"Is that all you wanted?" Jim asked, with a note of disgust in his voice.

"Isn't that enough?" one of the gentlemen rejoined.

"An' that's wot yer fetched me all th' way here fer?"

"It is a very important and complicated question," said one of the engineers, "and it is causing much delay and perplexity."

Jim Bridger bent upon the group a look of withering, but tolerant, contempt.

"Gimme a piece uv paper," said he. "I could uv tole you fellers all that in St. Louis and saved myself the trouble uv comin' here. Or leastways you might uv come to see *me*."

Good for old Jim Bridger!

To this day, there is carefully preserved in the archives of the great Union Pacific Corporation, an old piece of manila paper, containing a rough diagram drawn in smeary black lines. It is the very map made by Jim Bridger when, with a fine contempt for all the scientific paraphernalia about him, he stooped and picking a dead coal out of the fire, drew the crude outline which showed the puzzled engineers the way they were seeking.

Pointing to a certain peak, the veteran said, "Thar's whar you fellers kin cross with your road without more diggin' and cuttin' than you think fer." And to-day the thundering trains which wake the echoes of those gray canyons as they wind through the mighty range cross the main spur just where Jim Bridger indicated on his crude, coal-drawn diagram.

That map was made by the greatest mountain man who ever lived. He knew the Rockies as no other scout or trapper ever knew them, which is saying a good deal, for Kit Carson and others wrenched their secrets from them and were thoroughly at home in their lonely fastnesses.

But these were all men of the plains also, whereas Jim was a sort of Rocky Mountain specialist. He it was who discovered the defile which has known the tread of many adventurous feet since his time and which to this day bears the name of Bridger's Pass. It is in the wildest country known to man, and the first to discover and explore it must have been a venturesome creature indeed.

It is superfluous to say that Jim Bridger ran away from home when he was a boy, for nearly all famous scouts did that, and this reckless act of boyhood, so delectable and spicy in extravagant fiction, becomes nothing less than monotonous in the history of the great plains.

Jim was born in Washington, D. C., in 1807, and while still a very young boy (the expression sounds familiar) he ran away and joined the expedition of the explorer, James Ashley—a very good man with whom to cast his lot if a boy must run away from home at all.

His falling in with this redoubtable wilderness breaker could not have been at a more propitious time. Ashley was planning an extensive trapping

expedition into the extreme West and he welcomed the young fellow with open arms.

He had already under construction a rough headquarters or "fort," as they called such stations, on the Yellowstone River, which runs across the country that is now Dakota and has its source in the Bitter Root Range.

Here, in the year 1822, Ashley assembled a daring company of twenty-eight men, the youngest of whom was Jim Bridger, fifteen years of age. It is said that even then Jim was a crack shot, and we can thereby form some estimate of his qualities in marksmanship after a subsequent practice covering a period of many years. The accuracy of his aim must have been something uncanny in those latter years!

When all was ready the adventurers, led by the fearless Ashley, bent their course westward toward the frowning mountains, but they were soon to meet with almost as resolute a challenge to their advance as the rugged heights themselves would present. This was the Arikaras tribe of Indians who had made a vow that no white man should pass their country.

Encountering the little party of explorers, they killed fourteen of their number and wounded ten, leaving four out of the twenty-eight to debate whether it would be prudent to go farther.

It was in that affray that Jim Bridger killed

the first—and the second—of his long list of Indians. Quite a dime novel young hero indeed!

This setback delayed, but did not discourage, the intrepid Ashley, and as for Jim Bridger, now that he had had a taste of adventure and Indian fighting, wild horses could not have dragged him from that delightful field.

Consequently when the enlarged expedition set forth a year or two later this doughty boy scout was on hand overflowing with adventurous expectations.

He was now recognized as a rifleman of superb skill, a trailer to rival the red man himself, an Indian fighter of envious renown even among his companions—bold, tireless, resourceful, unflinching, as brave as a lion, with the vitality of a camel, as tough, in short, as a hickory nut, and religious—oh, very religious!

In that notable party were other men destined to win fame in the romance of the Golden West —Andy Henry, who had already crossed the Continental Divide; Billie Sublette and old Jed Smith, who used the same bullet time and time again on the plains or mountains, for buffalo or grizzly. An economical, thrifty old soul was he.

But young Jim Bridger could draw a bead with any of them, and could conduct prayers into the bargain. He was the scout evangelist of the Rockies.

Accompanied by his sturdy band, Ashley pushed up the North Platte, through the Sweetwater Range of mountains, and into Green River Valley, which lies in the southwestern part of what is now Wyoming, and is entirely enclosed by mountains.

This was the destination which they had set for themselves, and here they established a headquarters for rendezvous. The plan was for small parties to go out into the mountains, trapping and hunting, and to return at the end of a year, bringing their pelts for shipment to the East.

Thus Jim Bridger, following up the beaver streams and exploring the wild, rocky country, had his first glimpse of the mighty Rockies.

Granting the young man an adventurous disposition to begin with, it is not difficult to appreciate the romantic hold which those giant heights gained upon him—a hold which was destined never to relax in all his long life. Wherever he went thereafter he was always sure to return to his beloved mountains, wandering among them, sometimes alone, sometimes with one or more comrades, exploring their wild retreats and their rocky passes and winding caverns and echo-haunted ravines, until it seemed that the great range could have no more secrets to reveal to him.

After the first year's hunting the men returned from their wanderings and young Bridger, like the others, turned over a goodly stock of valuable

pelts, the trophies of his exploring and his marksmanship.

Then the intrepid men set out again in small parties of two or three for another sojourn in the mountains while Ashley returned to St. Louis with a stock which made him rich.

It was on that second hunting trip that Bridger and his two companions had a friendly argument which was destined to bear momentous consequences.

They were resting in a wild spot called Cache Valley through which the small Bear River flowed, and Jim's two comrades fell into a lively dispute as to where this stream emptied. The end of it was that they made a bet and requested Jim, he being a disinterested or at least an impartial listener, to go and find out.

It was agreed that the others should camp where they were until he returned, and he thereupon set out upon his exploration. The first stage of his journey took him through a region where he had already trapped and hunted, but before long he found himself following the stream into unfamiliar territory where he watched for one or other of the larger rivers into which he supposed the smaller stream flowed.

At length he thought he caught a glimpse of a wide expanse of water between high hills far ahead. Scarcely crediting what he saw, for he knew the Pacific to be many miles away, he

pressed on until his uncertain, distant view was confirmed by a sight which caused him to pause in astonishment.

For, rounding the foot of a hill, he beheld a vast sheet of water flanked by rugged heights and the farther shore of which he could barely make out in the hazy distance.

When he reached the shore of this inland sea he paused and gazed across its vast bosom. Then he tasted of its water and found it to be salt.

He was, in fact, standing upon the brink of Bear River Bay, an arm of the Great Salt Lake, which he was thus the first white man to discover.

Returning to his companions, he told them of his discovery, and as the water which he had tasted was undoubtedly salt, they decided that it must be an arm of the ocean.

This belief they continued to hold until some months later, when several other members of the Ashley party sailed completely around the lake in a skin canoe.

So young Jim Bridger, still in his teens, discovered the Great Salt Lake, an exploit, albeit accidental, which should have made his name more famous than it is among American explorers.

When the altogether successful enterprise of Ashley was over, he and the band of sturdy trappers whose courage and sure aim had made him rich went east to St. Louis, where, we are told, he "treated his men handsomely," as certainly

he should have done, giving them the run of the best hotels (which, considering the times, is not saying much, to be sure), paying them good wages for all the time they had been away, and making them each a present of three hundred dollars and a suit of fashionable store clothes, in which they must have looked strange enough, even in that frontier community. We should like to have seen Jim Bridger in his store clothes.

As for the three hundred dollars each, that was not nearly so surprising. It may not be amiss, now that we are about to take leave of our company of scouts, to observe that most of the Western plainsmen and mountaineers could usually show imposing, sometimes even staggering, rolls of greenbacks.

We have withheld this statement until the end of our trail in order that the sordid mention of money might not obtrude itself upon the territories of romance. But it is a fact that nearly any one of these scouts, guides, trappers, and Indian fighters could have hauled forth, at almost any time, from the depths of his tattered buckskins, money enough to buy a high-grade twin-six touring car in these prosaic times, and have had cash enough left to buy tires and gasoline for a year!

Uncle Dick Wooton would have thought shame to go about with less than a thousand or two in his pockets, and we have already seen how old

John Smith had suits made and bought presents for a little orphaned boy, and finally gave him a parting gift of two hundred dollars "fer his-self." Rube Stevens, who could not talk, had always a few hundreds with him, and even the blithesome Belzy Dodd, whose sprightly genius might incline one to think him impecunious, thought nothing of receiving a thousand or two for pelts after a winter's trapping in the Rockies.

Not that these rough, brave, resourceful and supremely picturesque men were mercenary. They were not; they merely thought of a hundred dollars in the same light spirit in which they blithely spoke of traveling a hundred miles.

They received, and justly so, large sums for the perilous and adventurous work they did; whether it was freezing in the Rockies, sweltering on the plains, guiding, scouting, trapping, or, perchance, fighting the Indians.

The sums which passed from hand to hand among the rough old scouts who smoked their atrocious pipes and told their amazing yarns at Bent's Fort were sometimes fabulous. And when, peradventure, their wanderings took them to St. Louis, or Independence, or Santa Fe, they spent small fortunes with a fine prodigality. There is an instance reported of one Job Cutter betting five thousand dollars cash that he would hit a certain buffalo; and there is no doubt that he was amply equipped to make good his bet.

After his adventures, both romantic and profitable, with the Ashley expedition, Jim Bridger's trail was pretty clearly defined. Back he went to his beloved Rockies, and there, with the variation of an occasional trip eastward, he lived out his days. He became the greatest trapper and hunter the mountains had ever known, acquiring a familiarity with the great range which won him a unique renown even among his colleagues.

Like Kit Carson (and perhaps he was Carson's only rival) Bridger was of a gentle and kindly nature, honest to a dot, and with a simple modesty that won all hearts.

In 1855, Sir George Gore, a famous Irish sportsman, took it into his head to come to America for an exploring and hunting sojourn in the Rockies.

He did not exactly come alone, for with him, by way of retinue, were more than half a hundred subordinates in the capacities of cooks, stewards, secretaries, dog-tenders and goodness knows what! It required thirty wagons to accommodate this sumptuous outfit, but Sir George, notwithstanding his suspiciously elaborate equipage, was no dilettante or amateur huntsman.

Hearing of Jim Bridger, he at once engaged him as scout and the two, so different in birth and breeding, became fast friends. Jim piloted this motley parade wherever it was possible for such a cumbersome caravan to go in the Rockies,

and where the company could not go he led Sir George here and there among the secluded glens, killing grizzlies with him until they had "dropped" forty-seven. Sir George, never having seen a grizzly before, had the time of his life shooting them, but he could never (despite long experience as a huntsman) acquire the skill of his tough companion and guide.

In 1856, Jim Bridger, for what purpose we cannot imagine, bought a farm in Westport, Missouri, within earshot of the din and clatter of the growing town of Kansas City. He soon, however, thought better of his decision to settle down in contaminating proximity to civilization, and was off again to the Rockies where he belonged.

He was close to fifty then—raw-boned, rugged, browned, and still keen-eyed. Occasionally he went East with his pelts (it was while on such a trip that the Union Pacific engineers heard of him) but mostly he roamed among his wonted haunts "far from the madding crowd," hunting, trapping, until he became old and feeble and almost blind.

Then he went home for good, if one may call it home, to his prosy farm near Kansas City. We should prefer to think of him as dying as Scott's "pilgrim of Nature" died, in the sheltering and loving arms of his noble mountains. More stately indeed would have been his couch

in those lonely caverns and deep ravines which had so often echoed to the report of the steady rifle which never missed. But may we not believe that, wherever his last mortal resting place, his spirit still lingers in the solemn places of the wild, lonesome range which he knew and loved so well.