



Red Cloud.

RED CLOUD

The Famous Chief's Plea for Justice

In this special issue of the Herald can be seen a picture of Red Cloud, taken in the spring of 1900, at Agate Springs ranch. At the time it was taken this noted Indian was the guest of Captain "Jim" Cook and wife, to whom he pays a visit each succeeding spring.

Red Cloud went to Washington some five years ago, accompanied by American Horse, his principal lieutenant, for the purpose of calling the attention of congress to certain grievances. Rev. Dr. Eastman, a well educated half-breed, went along as interpreter, and did his work very well. He is a fine looking, intelligent fellow, and is popular with the Sioux tribe. Senator Pettigrew, chairman of the committee on Indian affairs, interrogated the old chief, and a stenographer took a complete report of the conversation as interpreted by Dr. Eastman. Red Cloud said:

"I am nearly 77 years old, and am very feeble and almost blind; you see I wear black goggles to shield my fading eyes from the light, which hurts them. Although I am old and feeble, I have come all this distance to plead for justice to my people. In 1851 I made a treaty at Fort Laramie and gave the white man a right to build a railroad across my country. I never gave up any rights to the property, beyond the use of ground for the railroad. I have always lived in and around the Black Hills of Dakota. My people still live there, but the treaties which have been made with them have been violated by the white men. I made a treaty with the great soldier who was president for eight years (Grant), and he assured me that my reservation should never be interfered with. Now white men want to divide the reservation into 80-acre lots for my people to starve on. The lands are bad lands and we cannot raise crops there. In August the hot winds dry up everything, even the little streams.

"We want our lands as they are, so that we may make a living by raising horses and cattle, because the lands are nearly all good grazing lands. We do not want money from the government in place of rations, because we can live on what the government sends us to eat; but nearly all of the beef cattle sent to us are thin and starved to death. We prefer money, and will buy our own clothing. The suits of clothes are made of poor cloth and they fall to pieces. Be-

sides, the tall men get short suits and the small men get long suits, and the distribution is never satisfactory. We would rather have money than government blankets, because they are all rotten. They are made of cow's hair, dipped in ink, and in the rain or moisture the ink runs off them. Besides, they fall to pieces. When we are compelled to take such goods and blankets we are charged big prices for them, and we trade them away for other clothing, and have to give money in addition in order to get decent things to wear.

"We want the lands left as they are. We want decent food to eat. We are entitled to good clothing, or money in its place. We want a law preventing half-breeds from acquiring tribal rights on our reservation. White men come here to marry our young squaws and then claim tribal rights of property and cheat us out of our best grazing lands. If we should kill them for coming among us unbidden the army would punish us for protecting ourselves. Therefore I come to ask that the government will treat my people right and protect us from the bad white men."

In his stalwart days Red Cloud was a mighty warrior and a murderous savage. Nevertheless, it is pitiful to see him now, shambling along, led by others and going to Washington to make an honest and heroic effort to secure for his people the rights which ought to be spontaneously conceded by the government. His days of savagery are gone and he is now an old man, wise and attempting, in his untutored way, to do right and induce the intelligent, civilized white men to also do that which is right.

LITTLE BAT.

Little Bat, who was a half-breed Sioux Indian, was killed two years ago last November, in Dietrich's saloon, Crawford, by Jim Haguewood, in a dispute over payment for some drinks. Haguewood was tried and acquitted on the plea of self defense. On Little Bat's person, after his death, was found some cigarette paper, a little tobacco and \$3 in money. However, Haguewood claimed that Little Bat had previously threatened him. Little Bat, when drinking, was boisterous, but harmless, and was never known to carry weapons of any kind, except when on scout duty. At the

time of the killing he was chief of scouts and was stationed at Fort Robinson. Perhaps no other man has done more to conquer and civilize the savage Indian than Little Bat. His invaluable services to the government in times of Indian wars will go down the pages of time as mementoes of dauntless bravery. Little Bat is seen

standing in center of group, with his two daughters on either side. His squaw wife stands to the right, holding a papoose, while his son John, who is at present chief of scouts, is to the extreme left of the view. The two gentlemen on horseback are officers of the army, one of whom was accompanied by his wife.

country, near the head of Chadron creek, and lay there quietly in camp. General Thornburg followed up with 1,000 troops and camped on Broncho lake, now near the town site of Alliance. Here General Thornburg was relieved of his command, and was succeeded by General McKinzie.

The little band of Indians who had continued up Running Water was soon

had been sent back to the Indian Territory only a short time before. The Indians were persuaded to peacefully accompany the soldiers over to White river, where they camped for the night. The next morning when the start was made in the direction of Fort Robinson, the Indians rebelled and flatly refused to go any farther. At first the Indians believed they

SOME LEGENDS OF CROW BUTTE

Scene of Many Hot-Fought Battles Between Sioux and Crow Indians--Crows Escape--How it Derived its Name.

BY WAYNE T. WILSON, CHADRON.

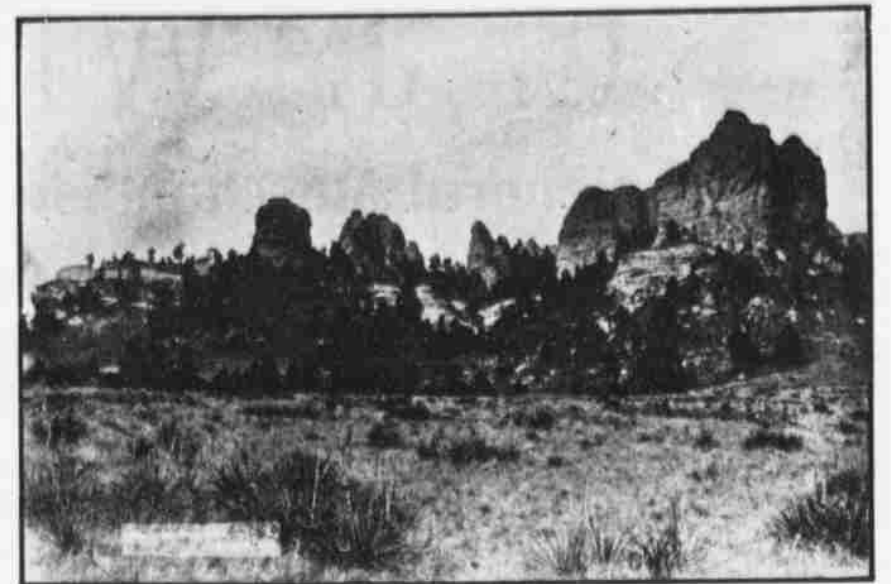
The buttes of the Northwest are as mile-posts marking periods and events in the history of the country. Among the numerous buttes of this section of the country none has a more interesting history than "Crow Butte." Located five miles east of Crawford it can be seen for miles in every direction, standing like a sentinel guarding the pine-clad hills on the south and the beautiful White river valley, which winds across the country at its feet on the north. Its battle-scarred sides are evidences of the hard fought battles which occurred between the tribes of hostile Indians that once inhabited this section of the Great West. A view of this stately rock can be seen in this issue, showing also the approach to the summit, which is 1,000 feet higher than the surrounding country. The walls on the opposite side near the top have a perpendicular elevation of 100 feet.

Many beautiful Indian legends are told about this historic place. The incident that gave "Crow Butte" its name occurred years before white

blankets, which they tied together, and subsequently used as a means of escape over the north precipice of Crow Butte, a distance of 100 feet. They accomplished this dangerous task during the night, leaving the old men on top to chant their songs.

It was several hours before the Sioux learned of the ruse. They at once decided to place a guard around the entire butte and starve to death the remaining few. Several days passed and still the chanting of the old men was wafted down on the breeze from the pines on the hillside. One moon elapsed and the chantings ceased, and the majestic butte was enveloped in a mist.

In the evening tide, as the autumnal sun sank slowly behind the distant western hills, the mist was lighted in a blaze of glory and the guards beheld three beautiful Indian maidens floating in the distance, and finally the maidens, bearing the old men who had been left on the butte, and surrounded by a strange light--according to the legends of the Indians--floated



Crow Butte.

located and were immediately returned to their reservation in the Indian Territory, with but little trouble. The band on Chadron creek had not yet been discovered nor missed. The intention of the Indians was not hostility, but to get back to the home they loved and the scenes of their childhood. They were mostly married bucks and had found their wives among the Sioux, their friends and neighbors, on the Pine Ridge Agency.

General Larrabee, then in command at Fort Robinson, kept the country

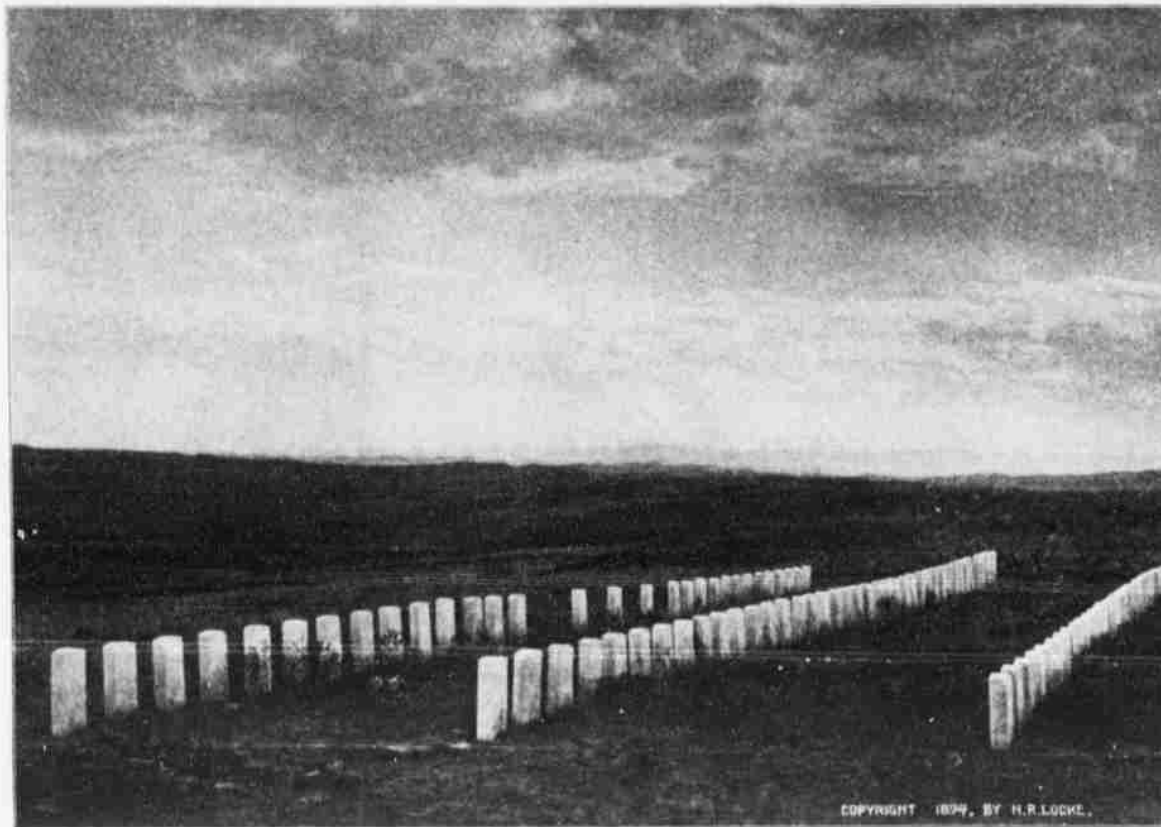
were being returned to the Pine Ridge Agency, but when they found this was not the intention of the soldiers they refused to go. They remained there that day, and when night came on a messenger was sent to the fort for reinforcements and some large guns. When day dawned the next morning the Indians, who had camped on a lower piece of ground than the soldiers, looked up into the mouth of several pieces of field artillery. Under this persuasive argument the Indians peaceably accompanied the soldiers to the fort.

Once here they were confined in the old barracks, which were later replaced by new ones for the soldiers. Here they were kept from September until the following January. They would not return to their southern reservation, and all overtures in this direction availed nothing.

General Larrabee then resorted to other and more severe tactics. He first took their fuel away, and as this failed of its purpose, their rations were also taken. The Indians, without either fire or rations, became savage. On the night of January 10, 1879, they broke through the windows of their barracks and attacked the guards with knives and war clubs, which they had made out of the floor of the barracks. The guards were killed and their guns taken.

By this time the soldiers, who had retired for the night, awoke to the awful realization of the fate of their comrades. Hastily they dressed; and without waiting for orders, grabbed their guns and fiercely attacked the belligerent Indians. The dawn of morning showed that 28 Indians and a number of soldiers were lying dead on the commons east of the barracks.

The remaining Indians fled up White river. The women and children were induced to return to the fort, where their wounds were dressed. Many of the women and children had been badly wounded. One squaw was shot 22 times, and is still alive and living on Pine Ridge Agency. The bucks fled across into Hat creek, where they were pursued by the soldiers. They finally took refuge in the head of a canon, where they were impregnantly fortified. Artillery was used to shell them out and the little band of 22 sacrificed their lives rather than accept exile to a strange land.



The Custer Battle Field.

Courtesy of Photographer C. F. Peterson, Deadwood.

men saw the plains of Nebraska and when this land was the chosen field of large herds of antelope and buffalo. Here the Indian came in quest of food and raiment and here the tribes met and struggled for supremacy. This was disputed territory between the Sioux and the Crow Indians, who were ever bitter enemies, and the entrance of one tribe or the other into this valley meant hostilities, which only ended with the extermination of one band or the other.

It was in the early '60s--no one can ascertain the exact date, but as the Indian will tell you, "many moons ago," long before the Red Cloud agency occupied this same ground--that two bands of Indians met here and fought unceasingly for hours and hours, until both sides were reduced to less than half their number. Such open fighting, such carnage, had never before been witnessed in tribal warfare. At eventide, on the third day of the conflict, the Crows recognized their disadvantage and ultimate defeat, and under cover of darkness, withdrew to the summit of this butte, with the intention of using it as a fortification. The Sioux knew well there was no escape for the Crows, except by a narrow path, by which they had gained the top.

Accordingly, they put a strong guard across this path and fell back into the creek, to care for their sick and wounded.

For a time it looked as if the Crows were doomed to starvation. The chiefs and wise men were called into council to devise means of escape. It was decided that a few old men among them who had outlived their usefulness should be sacrificed that the others might live.

The old men were stationed on the side of the butte where they would be in plain view of the Sioux guard and instructed to chant their wondrous songs, so that the Sioux might not suspicion their undertaking. The rest of the band were, meanwhile, busily engaged in tearing in twain their

into the heavens, upon the wings of great birds of pure white.

The Sioux chiefs were gathered in council to explain this strange phenomenon, but all shook their heads and only spoke of the Great Father. Finally, one old Sioux arose and explained that the old men had been taken to the happy hunting ground, and that the maidens had been sent as messengers of peace, and that unless they made treaty with the Crows there would be a drouth and the antelope and buffalo all leave the country; but if they did make peace the game would stay and they would not want.

A messenger was sent after the Crows, who requested them to return, which they did, and a compact was entered into, which has not been broken to this day.

Thus Crow Butte received its name.

BRAVE BAND OF INDIANS KILLED

A Party of Fifty Cheyennes Prefer Death to Exile.--Refuse to Live in Indian Territory.--Occurs January 10, 1879.

BY WAYNE T. WILSON, CHADRON.

In the military cemetery at Fort Robinson are the graves of about 50 Cheyenne Indians. These braves were killed in one of the sharpest conflicts that ever took place between soldiers and Indians. It was in the summer of 1878 that a band of Indians, who had been removed from Pine Ridge Agency to the Indian Territory, came wandering back up the Platte and crossed over into the Running Water, where they divided into two divisions. One division continued up Running Water, while the other moved over into the Pine Ridge



American Horse--Red Cloud's Principal Lieutenant.



Little Bat and Family; Army Officers to Right.