

The "Braves" on the War-Path

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF MR. JAMES HOOPER,
LATE 12TH U.S. INFANTRY

I HAVE been in peril of my life in every part of the world, but I was never nearer death, and that in its most hideous form, than when I was bound helplessly to a wretched wagon by Redskins, awaiting the unmerciful torture which I had seen them inflict upon my comrades.

I had served under the Stars and Stripes during the Civil War, with the Army of the Potomac, and at the close of the operations I found myself at Fort Smith, on the frontier of Arkansas. There was in 1868, when the Redskins were still a terror to the whites in many parts of North America, and committed the most terrible outrages. There are those who have defended the Red man, and talked loudly of the wrongs that have been done to him; and they have spoken of the nobility of his nature and his courage; but as for the rest, he was no question; but as for the rest, he was one of the most bloodthirsty and cruel monsters that ever lived. He had neither mercy nor pity for man, woman, or child. It was worse than death itself to fall into the Redskin's power. They did not expect mercy, and did not give it; but while they received a painless death if they fell into the hands of their civilized opponents, they exulted in prolonging the sufferings of the enemies they captured.

That part of the country where I was stationed had been called the Great American Desert; but it became known as the Redskin Desert, and is now known as the Plains. The warlike Redskins of the West. There were many famous chiefs still living, like Sitting Bull, White Horse, Modie Wolf, Bull Bear, Grey Beard, Roman Nose, Lone Wolf, and Little Raven. But the chief in whom I was most interested was Black Kettle, who was at one time a trusted warrior amongst his own people, and a friend of the white man; but who had turned renegade.

Savage warfare was being waged between the Indians and the regular troops of the United States Army. I was stationed with my regiment at Fort Smith, which, at that time, was a lonely, outlying outpost, liable to be attacked at any moment by marauding tribes. We knew that in the neighborhood there were Redskins of the most ferocious sort, because they were marauding from the famous fighting tribes, like the Sioux, Pawnees, Apaches, Cheyennes, Blackfeet, Kiowas, and Comanches. They were so bad that they had been turned adrift, even by their own people, had made a living by hunting about the prairies, hunting, thieving, and murdering. Whenever they saw a chance of swooping on white men they massacred them, and looted their possessions.

I was detached with a party to take provisions and stores to the Indians of the Plains, and the work meant that we were overhauling on the watch to guard against surprise. But it never seems humanly possible in time of war to take precautions which will insure perfect safety. At the critical moment there is almost bound to be some slip or oversight which ends in disaster.

We were camping for the night, and our sentries were posted. I believe they were certain to be very watchful, because they knew that the Redskins were near us and actually on the war-path. Only a few days earlier tidings had been brought to us that an emigrant train which had been crossing the plains of Texas had been swooped upon by Indians and annihilated. Every man, woman and child in it had been massacred and mutilated, and all the wagons and belongings of the emigrants seized by the victors.

I knew that the savages were prowling about, but I had seen so much campaigning that I could not afford to allow myself to be disturbed by the fear of a sudden rush upon us. I did not expect it, yet the unexpected happened.

I cannot say whether what followed was due to the sentries' carelessness or not, but I believe that one of them was asleep, and he was the man who was posted at that part of the camp where a swoop was likely to be made.

I had gone to sleep, and may have been dreaming peacefully of England and my friends at home; but I was roused from slumber by a terrific blow on the head. For some time I was senseless. When I recovered I found that I was suffering intense pain, and that only three or four of us were living.

In the dead of night the savages had rushed the camp and massacred nearly every man in it, and had taken our military wagons and all our stores. If the sentry had really been watchful, his foes had been too cunning for they had crawled up unobserved and killed him, and they had destroyed him in his sleep. No warning of any sort was given to us. When I recovered enough to be able to take notice of what was going on around me, I saw that I was bound hand and foot to one of the wheels of a military wagon, and surrounded by the Redskins and their squaws and children.

The braves were in their war-paint, because they were on the war-path and out for robbery and slaughter. For the most part they wore their head-dresses of feathers, and feathers were sticking out of the sides of their trousers. One of the Indians was dressed in a soldier's overcoat which had been taken from a man in the United States Army; others had just a woollen blanket and a loin-cloth. Some of them wore a string of beads around their waist, trophies of fallen foes, and tributes to their own valor in battle. They were armed with rifles, bows and arrows, and tomahawks and bow-knives.

The night had passed, and with the daylight the savages set to work to torture and kill their captives. In addition to myself two living men had fallen into their clutches. One of these was an Irish Canadian named Jimmy Logan. He was about six feet six inches high, broad in proportion and enormously strong. If he had been free to make a fight for it he might have got away; he would at least have come to a merciful death, because they would have had to kill him. They would never have conquered him. I also would have made a desperate struggle to escape or force the Indians to take my life. But the three of us could move neither hand nor foot. We

could only use our voices, and I filled my own with bitterness and venom. My former hope consisted only of a taunt; and I was determined if I could to goad my enemies into such a frenzy that they would kill me. The braves came up and taunted me to my face. I retorted, and sneeringly told them that warriors though they considered themselves to be, they were only thieves and murderers and no better than squaws. You could not offer a greater insult to a Redskin than to tell him he was a woman; but they were indifferent to my gibes. They laughed, and said they understood my purpose. They assured me that in time I should die, but it should be in their fashion, and not mine. Then I became more frantic than ever in my attempts to get them to dispatch me quickly, because I knew they meant to torture me to death. Again they laughed, and at last they left me so that they could proceed with the torture of my two companions.

You might suppose that monsters like these would have left me without either food or drink; but they provided me with both. They brought dried buffalo meat and water. These were given to me, not by the braves themselves, but their squaws; and I assure you that cruel though the men were, their women-folk were infinitely worse. They came and gloated over me, and their children also stared at me, and played about, waiting for the torture, in which they revelled, to begin.

It was terrible enough for me to be bound to the wheel, and to think of the hideous fate which I awaited me. What that fate would be I could only guess; but I knew that it would very likely take one of two forms, both of which were practised within a few yards of me.

I have told you that Logan and the other man, like myself, had been knocked senseless, probably by blows from rifle-bullets, and while unconscious they had been bound hand and foot, so that they could not move. Logan was fastened to stakes driven into the ground; the other man, whose name I forget, was secured in an upright position and made into a human target, and it was upon him that the Indians carried out one of their most cruel and diabolical methods of death.

The Redskins went some distance away from their captive, and then began shooting arrows, their object being to strike him in parts which were as vital as that he should suffer as much as possible before he died. I had seen dead whites on the plains, massacred and mutilated by the savages, and I knew what it meant. The very thought was maddening, and enough to chill the bravest heart.

Time after time the bow-strings twanged, and every time an arrow was shot it found a resting-place in the man's body. The Indians were wonderfully expert with these weapons, and before the suffering prisoner died he was riddled, and the arrows were sticking into him almost like quills in a porcupine.

It was unspeakably terrible and unnerveing to hear my comrades' cries of pain and prayers for mercy, but the cries only added to the excitement and exultation of the madmen. The Indians yelled and danced frolics. They scooped at his pitiful prayers.

I do not know how long it was before the silence came which indicated that Logan had been more merciful than the savages; but eventually I noticed an ominous stillness, and knew that my comrade had joined his fellows who had been massacred and scalped the night before.

The scolding was done with the bow-knives. When an enemy was slain the conqueror seized the hair on the crown of the head, and cut away the scalp to the extent of about the size of your hand. These trophies were already in the possession of the Indians, who would go to any length to get them.

One instance I will tell you of so that you may fully understand the spirit that possessed the Indians when they were out after scalps. In a fight in those regions just at that time a mounted Redskin swooped upon a dying cavalry bugler, and plucked him from the ground and placed him in front of him on the saddle. He was gasping for speed yet he never stopped. For a few moments he kept the poor little fellow on his pony, then he threw him to the ground, and when the United States cavalry scoured the body of their comrade they discovered that the Indian had nicked him up to scalp him. This was all!

But the Redskins did not always triumph. Another little bugler was being dressed by a surgeon. He had a barb and arrow in his head when he came back to camp. "What happened to the Indian who did it?" They asked the boy. Then he dove into a deep pocket and produced the Redskin's scalp. That was his answer. Even with the barb in his head he had been cool enough to kill his opponent with his revolver. At that even the braves met their match in the valiant whites who swept them off their plains.

It came to the turn of the Irish Canadian, and, frightful as the form of his comrade's death had been, it was not so awful as the fate which awaited him. The Redskins were tired of their target practice, and wanted a change, and in Logan's case they prepared to make it. I cannot go into details as to what they really did, because they are too ghastly; but they began operations with their bow-knives. Words cannot describe the terrible noises which came to my ears, for the Irish Canadian was only about fifty yards away. With all the skill and cunning of their devilish nature, and they were experts in the art of torture, the savages had taken care in cutting not to wound him mortally, so that he was living and perfectly conscious of all that was done.

Having gone so far the Redskins brought up a quantity of pine knots, which are very inflammable and burn fiercely. These they lighted, and with fire they finished the work they had started with their knives.

Need I dwell on this episode of the massacre? Cannot you imagine the whole scene for yourself, and is it difficult for my mental torture when I heard and

saw what was happening? I do not think it is; any way, I must leave what followed to your imagination. There was so much in that Red Indian warfare which cannot be written or spoken about.

Perhaps in the ordinary way, even these braves might not have gone to such extremities, because they knew that although they had scored a little victory, yet there were other regular troops of the American army in the neighborhood, and they knew, also, that as long as there were white soldiers left in the west they would be hunted down and destroyed in retaliation for the massacre. But it happened that they set to work to finish the survivors; they were not human beings at all, but monsters.

At such a time as this there is always one great leading spirit who takes upon himself the direction and ordering of affairs. These particular savages were led by the Redskin of whom I have spoken, Black Kettle, who, even amongst the renegade Indians of North America, was notorious for his craft and cruelty. He was one of the most awful looking brutes I ever saw. It was Black Kettle who had planned and carried out the swoop on our camp and the massacre, and he directed the torture of the captives. He was the chief by repute, and from what I had seen during that dreadful day I was sure that I could expect no mercy from him. I had tauntingly called him a squaw, and had assured him that if he would set me free I would fight either him or him and all his braves together—that, indeed, I would do anything if I might at least die like a man. The morning and afternoon had passed, and now that my two companions were dead, my own turn came. I dared not dwell on the possibilities of my escape, and I was alone, bound hand and foot to the wheel, surrounded by drunk-maddened savages, and there was no promise whatever of help or rescue.

Amongst the American troops there was a negro soldier. In the attack on our camp he was shot through the throat and fell to the ground. As soon as I could move my numbed hands and feet, I took from the nigger's belt a pair of loaded revolvers, with three or four rounds in each, and shot the Indian who came across who showed any sign of life. There were a dozen cartridges in the chambers, and as I set to work deliberately, I suppose I accounted for that number of my enemies. And after that I had seen of the Indians' work, can you blame me for my share in the business of extermination?

IN THE MUSICAL WORLD

WHAT a queer thing a miscellaneous concert is. First comes some sort of noisy and effective piece for the piano to awaken attention. Then each member of the company in turn appears with a solo after its kind, saving the "star" for the most favorable position on the programme. Then there is usually an inevitable demand for one or more of the pieces—usually in them all—and there is a second part in which everything goes through again in the same order, and thus it has been the majority of the concerts, amateur or professional, attended by the writer for over fifty years.

The selections at most of these entertainments are generally of a kind supposed to be popular, which too often are a whole leaves the pianist in turn an empty and limp condition when the national anthem is reached.

When the performers at such a concert are all of mediocre powers, incapable of any one of their own awaking any musical emotion, the case of those who attend in order to fulfil a duty is hard indeed. Often there is the "star," who may be in the mere and yellow leaf of life, but still with good qualities, only to attract a large section of the public for "old acquaintance" sake. Commonly, however, the pianist is the best musician of the lot, and is probably the

most memorable occasions when the amateurs give an entertainment which is used as a grand concert, and then talk about it for six months after, when another is started.

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"We reached our seats without the aid of an usher, and listened at first to a grand piano overture. I am not very strong on music, but a rough guess I don't think the Couponville boy at the piano had anything on our friend Pad-czewski. Even if he had been endowed with hair appropriate in color, he would still have been a few chips shy on technique.

"I leaned to the girl by my side and made a cursory remark about his marvelous facility, and she smiled in return.

"I thought there was going to be a relief after that performance, but what followed was worse. I had attended many amateur and semi-professional entertainments in my life, but this was my first real impression of how badly people could sing and perform while being committed to jail. This bunch of young Couponvillites was the saddest lot of shine talent that ever stole a half dollar of my money.

"After some singing there was a minstrel second part, with all the stale chicken, elephant, and local jokes that had done duty for a score years, and as I body wearing a broad look, I saw the local minister holding his sides with laughter so that the tears were rolling down his cheeks. Women were hysterical with mirth, and the young fellows behind me were pounding their hands into blisters. Never since I saw any thing in my life like it. They were like a lot of kids just let out from school.

"I don't know when the show ended, for I was in a cataleptic state long before the finale. I sat down that same night and wrote a column long criticism for the Couponville Express, which was the worst thing I could invent, yet a more statement of how really bad these performers were when viewed from the front.

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These memorabilia occasions when the amateurs give an entertainment which is used as a grand concert, and then talk about it for six months after, when another is started.

"I was deputed to write up the affair, for which I was given one ticket, but as I had asked the prettiest girl in the village to accompany me, I had to dig down in my own pocket for the extra half dollar.

"We reached our seats without the aid of an usher, and listened at first to a grand piano overture. I am not very strong on music, but a rough guess I don't think the Couponville boy at the piano had anything on our friend Pad-czewski. Even if he had been endowed with hair appropriate in color, he would still have been a few chips shy on technique.

"I leaned to the girl by my side and made a cursory remark about his marvelous facility, and she smiled in return.

"I thought there was going to be a relief after that performance, but what followed was worse. I had attended many amateur and semi-professional entertainments in my life, but this was my first real impression of how badly people could sing and perform while being committed to jail. This bunch of young Couponvillites was the saddest lot of shine talent that ever stole a half dollar of my money.

"After some singing there was a minstrel second part, with all the stale chicken, elephant, and local jokes that had done duty for a score years, and as I body wearing a broad look, I saw the local minister holding his sides with laughter so that the tears were rolling down his cheeks. Women were hysterical with mirth, and the young fellows behind me were pounding their hands into blisters. Never since I saw any thing in my life like it. They were like a lot of kids just let out from school.

"I don't know when the show ended, for I was in a cataleptic state long before the finale. I sat down that same night and wrote a column long criticism for the Couponville Express, which was the worst thing I could invent, yet a more statement of how really bad these performers were when viewed from the front.

"Jack Horsfall, the editor of the paper, was shy of news so printed it, and I shall never forget the night when the papers came out to the village. They were printed in Toronto weekly, and came out to the post office in bundles.

"The first man who opened his paper was the minister, and he at once espied this column reviewing the show. He began to read it, and his eyes stuck out then his cheeks, and then his ears. He looked like having an apoplectic fit when he finished reading, and then he showed it to some one standing near. Pretty soon every eye in the post office was reading it, and those who were not regular subscribers rushed to the book store for copies. The Couponville Express was a quick seller for once, and a few hundred more copies were telephoned for from Toronto in order to fill the demand. All the evening crowds were in the street discussing it, and then the question began to go the rounds, 'Who wrote it?' Everyone knew right away that the editor didn't write it, and wouldn't have taken the trouble if he could. Horsfall's limit had all ways been to say that 'One of the most famous evenings of the winter was enjoyed at Oldfellows' Hall on Tuesday by those who were fortunate enough to be present, etc.'

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JAPAN'S MILITARISM COOLING OFF

THE victories of Japan are said to have so inflated the people with the pride of military glory that the army and navy have been allowed to draw too heavily on the public purse, thus seriously impeding the growth of national prosperity and commercial development. The interests of the country on this question have been divided. The ruling and the military class have clamored for large military and naval forces. The trading class and the agricultural and peasant class call out with equal vigor for fewer soldiers and more trading-ships and factories. Japan groaned in the grasp of the octopus of militarism until the ministry of Katsura succeeded that of Marquis Saionji. Under the former auspices Yamagata and Terauchi controlled national finances in favor of militarism. As The International (London), a well-informed monthly devoted to the discussion of foreign politics, tells us:

"The militarists of Japan have long held the right of way in all matters of national policy. In recent years there has hardly been a movement of importance that has not been affected by their influence or a significant political policy that has not been colored by their views. Under the leadership of their officers like Prince Yamagata and soldiers like General Terauchi, whose ambitions after armament expansion received the late war, an ever-increasing and undue proportion of the national revenue has been commandeered for military purposes. The amount allotted to any department was influenced to depend not on obvious or inherent necessity, but on the personal influence of the minister in control. In making up the annual budget apportionments were made after the manner of a brag-bag bet rather than by due deliberation in cabinet council. At least one of the members of the present cabinet the former plan of distribution is to find no place. Each department will be dealt with on its merits by the executive and as the exigency of circumstance demands.

"This new policy will strike a serious blow at the military octopus that has

been strangling the nation's financial interests."

The prevalent rumors and reports with regard to Japanese belligerency, and the speculation of her designs on Russia and upon the interests of the United States in the Pacific, receive a practical rebuttal from the following facts with regard to the Japanese budget and its appropriations:

"Already postponements of extensive but unnecessary naval and military operations have been decided upon by the new cabinet. The vast programme which had been compressed into six years by the late administration the Katsura cabinet has determined to spread out over a period of some ten years. The rate at which revenue is to be saved from idle use on unproductive enterprises may be seen from the fact that in one year alone no less than 70,000,000 yen (\$35,000,000) will be withdrawn from the naval and military fund and the railway monopoly. It has been agreed that no further loans shall be negotiated for the present. The main resources of national income will be devoted to the economic rehabilitation of the country and the adjustment of its indebtedness. It is urged that at least 60,000,000 yen (\$30,000,000) annually must be given to the national debt. If the future may depend upon a persistent promotion of this policy of redistribution of budgetary allowances there is no doubt that Japan will soon recover from her present economic depression and commercial and industrial prosperity go on with renewed vigor."

Premier Katsura has an advantage in prosecuting his policy of peaceful development and military retrenchment. He has no political party to hamper him. Japan under him repudiates the system of party government which prevails in Europe, and so long as the present administration remains in power he will carry out his individual views—that the burden of military extravagance will no longer be allowed to cripple the advancement of the country in trade, manufactures, agriculture, and the development of mines and railroads. The writer we are quoting closes with the following clear and optimistic statements:

"The Prime Minister has frequently declared his personal aversion to partyism in government, and there is no doubt that in the administration of affairs he will adhere to personal conviction. The Marquis Katsura insists that no party can be adequately representative of the nation, and avers that he will permit no party to be the arbiter of national policy. This is all very good; but class government is sometimes, if not more often, as dangerous as party government. The Prime Minister meets this apprehension by expressing the conviction that only the truly independent minds of the nation's most experienced statesmen will ever be trusted with an adjustment of her problems and a formation of her policies. He intimates that so long as he is at the head of the Government there will always be a readiness to hear the opinions and receive the advice of party leaders and the representatives of clan and class; but the Government's use of suggestion and discretionary use of suggestions offered will be invariably preserved. It may, I think, be confidently said that, with a man of his type and strength at the head of affairs, Japan may safely trust the future and anticipate an effective prosecution of that policy (of military retrenchment) which in time will come to be unanimously regarded as the surest road to national achievement.

A MOVING STORY

EVERYBODY has lost things when moving at one time or another, and many people have found some forgotten treasure on the same occasion. But the French Government, while the Colonial Office moved a few weeks ago into more comfortable premises, found something rather valuable. It found a colony—a little colony of France—which had been entirely mislaid for many years.

The colony in question was Clipperton Island. It is a very little island, but its position near the Isthmus of Panama made it of some importance. France occupied Clipperton in 1888 and forgot all about it until comparatively recently, when, finding the Mexicans there, it invited them to go, and hoisted the French tri-color. But the Mexicans refused to go, and the French Government could find no title deeds to prove its claim to the island.

It was not until the Pavillon de Flore began to be emptied of its colonial papers, that in an obscure corner the title deeds of Clipperton were found under a mass of documents covered with dust.

And now France may be able to make good its claim. It has found a colony.

WHAT TO EAT—AND WHY

THE egg is very nearly a complete and perfect food.

The young chicken finds the egg is all it needs to attain its perfect growth upon, when it steps out of its shell a new animal ready to begin life.

An egg, without shell, contains six foodstuffs nearly 74 per cent. water, 13 per cent. nitrogenous material, 13 per cent. fat; it also contains some sulphur and phosphorus.

Beef, compared with eggs, contains 41 per cent. water, 20 per cent. nitrogenous material, and 6 per cent. fat.

Eggs, however rich they are accorded to be in nutrition, are not sufficient food in themselves; but, as they contain the right proportion for body building, they are a most valuable food for children that are growing and for those who cannot endure a heavy diet, being fairly rich in fat and protoid (the white of the egg or albumen, being the protoid, while the yolk is the fat).

Egg also contains