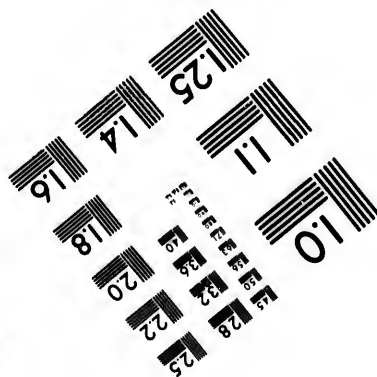
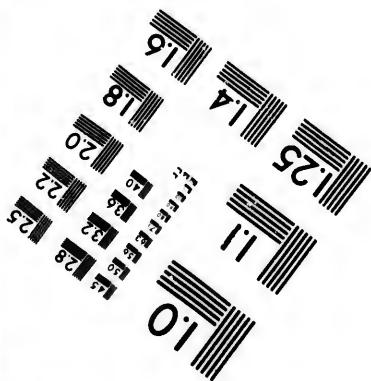
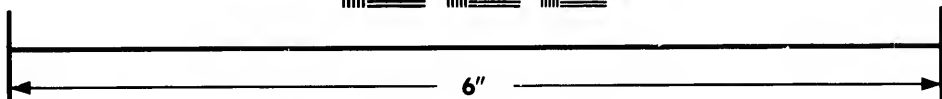
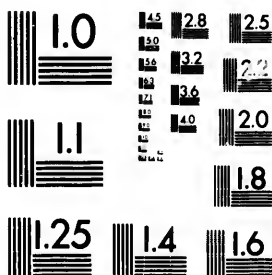


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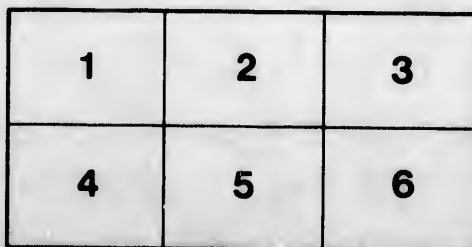
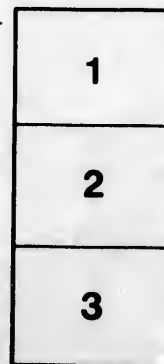
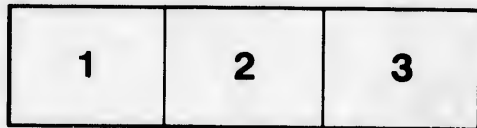
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MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

BY GEORGE E. POND.



VISITOR to Governor's Island, toward the close of a fine afternoon last September, might have seen a tall, robust figure spinning rapidly on a bicycle over the well-kept roads of that beautiful locality. General Miles, at that time stationed there in command

of the Department of the East, was an early advocate of the wheel for army use, and it has long served him for the exercise that keeps him in vigorous health.

The visitor would have noted that the erect, strongly built man of fifty-six looked fit to rough it with the youngest subaltern in frontier campaigning, though his hair, once brown and curling over a broad forehead, had become, like his mustache, well sprinkled with gray; that his nose was the "conquering beak" of the soldier; that the steadfast blue-gray eyes consorted well with the firm lines of his mouth and chin to denote fixity of purpose and a resolute will.

Entering the hospitable house of the General, he would have seen there a profusion of relics of campaigns and the chase—stands of colors decorating the walls, and among them the flag of the Second Corps with its famous trefoil; here the head of a buffalo; there the pelt of a fox fashioned into a quiver, filled with arrows; yonder the gaily colored war-bonnet of Iron Star, trailing to the floor, the hole at the top showing where the bullet went through that killed him.

Half the States are included in the Department of the East; and as General Miles has also had charge at various times of the Divisions of the Pacific and of the Missouri, the Departments of the Columbia, of the Missouri, and of Arizona, and the District of the Yellowstone, his round of commands has been more comprehensive geographically than that of any other officer in the service. Of each of these, with the location of its garrisoned forts, and its strategic character and possibilities, he has a clear and exact knowledge, that must serve him well in that command of the whole army to which, at the recent retirement of General Schofield, he succeeded.

I.

THE central fact in the career of General Miles is that a young lieutenant of 1861, who had had none of the aids that a West Point training gives, has reached the top round of the military ladder in this country. Schofield, Sheridan, Sherman, Grant, were all graduates of the Military Academy; but now for the first time we find the place of senior on the active list attained by one who began his service in the ranks of the Union volunteers.

General Miles, however, comes of fighting stock. The Reverend John Myles, or Miles, who migrated to this country from Wales in 1662, was the minister of the first Baptist church in Massachusetts, and for a time carried on a school "for the teaching of grammar, rhetoric, and arithmetic, and the tongues of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, also how to read English and to write." But this soldier of the cross could be, at need, a valiant fighter; for it appears that "he commanded a company in King Philip's war, and his house was known as Miles's garrison." Thus the preacher-soldier of early frontier hostilities is linked with his descendant in the fifth generation, who commanded in what ought to prove our last great series of Indian wars.

Samuel, son of John Miles, after graduating at Harvard in 1684, went to England, where he took orders in the Church, and on returning to Boston became rector of King's Chapel, and there officiated twenty-nine years. Daniel, the great-grandfather of General Miles, and Daniel's three sons, of whom one was Joab, the General's grandfather, served in the Revolutionary army, and one of the sons died on his way home from the final battle at Yorktown. "My great-grandfather," said the General, "was a firm believer in the government; and when he sold his property, he had the payment made to him in Continental currency. So we have as an heirloom in the family," he added with a smile, "a stout package of worthless notes, which I well remember seeing as a boy."

The General's father, whose name also was Daniel, was living at Westminster in Massachusetts, about fifty miles from Boston, when Nelson Appleton Miles, the young-

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GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco.

est of four children, was born. His mother was Mary Curtis, of a well-known Massachusetts family, and a descendant of William Curtis who arrived at Boston on the ship "Lyon" in 1632.

Young Miles's early life was that of other country lads brought up on a farm. He went to the district school, which was taught for a time by his elder brother, then to the academy. He was fond of outdoor sports: at six years he could ride and manage a horse, and he used to take delight in explor-

ing the Wachusett Mountain near by. In 1855, at the age of sixteen, he set out to seek his fortune in Boston, and was soon installed as a clerk in a store on Washington Street, as little forecasting the future as did Grant in the leather store at Ga's.

II.

"I BEGAN as a captain reduced to a lieutenant," is the General's quaint description

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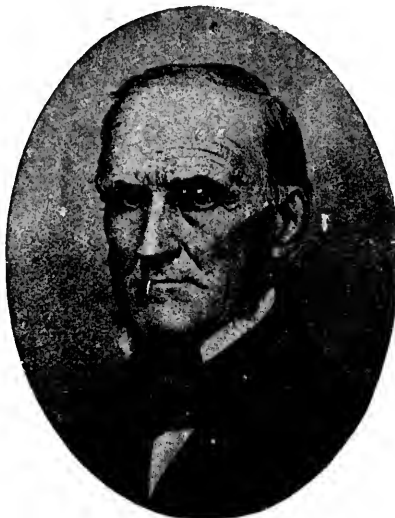
of his entrance upon his military career. With other young men in Boston, when the civil war drew near, he had taken lessons in drill from an old French officer named Salignac. A sum of about one thousand dollars, given to him by his father, he devoted to recruiting a company, and borrowed twenty-five hundred dollars more from a wealthy uncle, for which he gave his note. Company E of the Twenty-second Massachusetts Infantry was duly raised, and he was commissioned as its captain. But on the evening before the regiment was to start for Virginia, Governor Andrew sent a messenger to request him to give up that commission "to an older man," and to accept one instead as first lieutenant of the company. The future general protested against this injustice, but at length submitted, on reflecting that he "had enlisted to fight the enemies of his country, and not to fight the governor of his State."

Those who were with the young officer at the outset of his career speak of his tireless energy as the trait that most struck them—"his incessant activity," as one brigade commander phrased it. For it must here be noted that he was soon detailed from his regiment, as an aide-de-camp on the staff of General Howard in the Peninsula campaign. "Other men let up once in a while," said one of his associates, "but he kept at it always." He was a tall, graceful young officer, and an admirable horseman, whose resolute, handsome face soon became well known in the brigade, for every battlefield, prosperous or adverse, somehow yielded him laurels. At Fair Oaks, the officer commanding the left wing of one of the regiments of Howard's brigade was killed. "Stop here and rally them," said the General to Miles, as he rode on with the rest of his staff; and very quickly the lad who a few months before had been considered as too young to head a company, was leading half a regiment, and winning official mention for his success.

After Fair Oaks followed Savage's Station, White Oak Swamp, Glendale, and Mal-

vern Hill. Miles volunteered to cut a road through the woods from Allen's Farm to Savage's Station, and, collecting axemen from various regiments, made a road practicable for artillery, and saved three batteries from falling into the enemy's hands. Finding Colonel Barlow's regiment, the Sixty-first New York, hard pressed, he led reinforcements to it under a heavy fire, and by great exertions also got forward a field-piece that silenced a destructive musketry fire.

These last exploits had a remarkable sequel; for on the recommendation of Colonel Barlow, whose official report had praised Miles's skill and gallantry in the highest terms, Governor Morgan appointed the young officer to the vacant lieutenant-colonelcy of the Sixty-first New York. "It was an unusual proceeding," wrote the governor, years afterward, "to take a lieutenant from another State and thus promote him over the officers of the regiment, but my action was more than justified by the brilliant career of Colonel Miles."



DANIEL MILES, FATHER OF GENERAL MILES.

III.

So closed the young soldier's experience as a staff officer; but his new command quickly opened other opportunities for distinction. The scene of combat for the Army of the Potomac was shifted northward; and at Antietam, where Colonel Barlow was severely wounded and carried from the field, Miles took command in his stead; and when, soon after, Barlow was promoted, Miles became colonel of the Sixty-first New York. He was then but a little over twenty-three years old.

Each of the next two battles, however, came near proving fatal to him. At Fredricksburg he was shot in the throat by a bullet that left a track on the neck several inches long, the scar of which lasts to this day. Riding back to the field hospital, holding one hand to his throat, he met General Hancock, to whom, with mind still intent on the fortunes of the day, he pointed out the value of a bayonet charge against "the stone wall," and offered to lead it.

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GENERAL MILES AND STAFF VIEWING THE HOSTILE INDIAN CAMP NEAR PINE RIDGE, SOUTH DAKOTA, JANUARY 16, 1891.

From a photograph taken and copyrighted by Grabill, 1891, Deadwood, South Dakota.

At Chancellorsville his escape from death was still narrower. In charge of Hancock's skirmish line, consisting of three regiments and of detachments from three more, he held that line successfully against all the attacks of Lee's veterans. But on the second day he was struck on the belt-plate by a rifle bullet that glanced into the groin, crushed through the hip bone, and imbedded itself in the muscles of his left leg. It was feared that the wound was mortal, and there was a dubious *if* in General Hancock's letter urging his promotion—"If Colonel Miles lives he will be one of the most distinguished officers in the service." After prolonged probing through deep cross-cuts in the path of the bullet, it was found and removed. This was Miles's third wound, his first being at Fair Oaks, where he had been shot in the foot; and, to close the score here, it may be added that his fourth and last wound was at Petersburg, where he was struck in the shoulder by a bullet that had split on his uplifted sword.

IV.

To Petersburg, however, the road was still long, and it led through the bloody thickets of the Wilderness. At Spottsylvania, Miles's brigade formed, with Brooks's, the first line of Barlow's division of the Second Corps, in the memorable "assault on the salient" that captured Johnson's division, about four thousand strong, with twenty guns and thirty colors. Lee's effort to recover the lost ground made the fighting of that day as fierce as any of the war; and at Washington may still be seen the stump of an oak, twenty-two inches through, that was cut down by musket bullets in that fight, one of Miles's staff officers barely escaping the tree as it fell. For his services there and in the Wilderness, Miles was made a brigadier-general.

When, after North Anna and the deadly grapple at Cold Harbor, Grant put his army south of the James, and invested Petersburg, Miles rose to the command of the first division of the Second Corps, a division of exceptional size, comprising twenty-seven regiments and two batteries, which he led thenceforth to the end of the war. For a fortnight, during the temporary absence of General Humphreys, he commanded the corps, about twenty-five thousand strong. And when the long struggle was over, and peace came to the land, Miles was commissioned a major-general of volunteers, and received the brevets of brigadier and major-general in the regular army, for Chancellors-

ville and Spottsylvania (the former battle yielding him afterwards, also, a medal of honor), and of major-general of volunteers for the final campaign as a whole, with a specific mention of his services at Reams's Station. He was also made colonel of the Fortieth Infantry. "I believe I was then the youngest colonel, except Pennypacker," said the General, "in the regular army."

The portraiture of General Miles that we find in the records of the civil war is that of an officer eager to take responsibility, one "who never waits to be told how to do a thing, but does it." His superiors mention his gift of seeing at a glance the points of vantage in a battlefield—his "quickness of perception and skill in taking up positions." He had clearly what Hare calls "the geographical eye;" and it was to serve him well in the strategy of his frontier campaigns, as it had in the field tactics of the civil war.

In 1868 General Miles married Mary, the daughter of Judge Charles Sherman, and niece of General W. T. and Senator John Sherman.

V.

WE now come to a second stage in General Miles's career. Indian warfare in our generation is no matching of spears and arrows against modern rifles and machine guns; for, as has well been pointed out, the dusky warriors of the West have often had breech-loaders when the regulars did not.

In the six campaigns of General Miles against Indians he cut loose from methods that had only custom to recommend them, and turned to account his experience in the civil war. He believed in giving hostile forces no rest until they were subdued. If the winter made campaigning hard for the troops, it must, he held, be worse for the Indians, with villages to care for and a dearth of supplies.

In 1874 raids were made upon the borders of Kansas and Colorado by bands of Southern Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Comanches from the Indian Territory; and General Miles, then colonel of the Fifth Infantry, was ordered to fit out an expedition to punish them. He left Fort Dodge in August, and marched rapidly until, about a dozen miles north of the Red River, among the "breaks," as the deep gypsum ravines there are called, the hostiles, about six hundred strong, suddenly sprang from ambush upon his advance, whooping and firing. They held a line of rugged bluffs; but, "confident that they would not stand a charge," General Miles sent in his cavalry,

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under Compton and Biddle, and pushed up his Gatlings, under Pope, with their infantry support, and the astonished hostiles were quickly driven in a retreat that continued to and beyond the river, and only ceased when the labor of pursuing down ravines and over buttes, now through a burning village and now across a waste of sand, in terrible heat, and with only the acrid and filthy water of the Red River to drink, had forced a halt.

Throughout the autumn and winter this campaign went on. The scene was the borders of El Llano Estacado, the Staked Plains, a desert-like stretch, where stakes

settlers of the Northwest; and among the most interesting chapters in the annals of frontier fighting is the one that records how a comparatively small force subjugated that nation, and robbed the names of Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse of their terrors.

In June, 1876, General Custer's command was slaughtered on the Little Big Horn, and the Fifth Infantry was ordered to Montana to take part in the resulting operations of Generals Terry and Crook. These over, with little accomplished, and the hostile Sioux still unsubdued, most of the troops were withdrawn, and Miles was left to winter alone on the Yellowstone, with his own



GENERAL MILES FIRED UPON BY LAME DEER.

were driven to mark trails. Very little respite did the hostiles get. At one time they were followed through sand-hills for a hundred miles; at another, the troops were after them when the mercury was twenty-five degrees below zero, the frozen streams bearing up the loaded trains. There were "nine different engagements and affairs," and at last they went back to their agencies, worn out, almost starving, and completely broken in spirit; and from that day to this they have never again been on the warpath.

VI.

TWENTY years ago the Sioux, from their numbers and prowess, were the dread of the

regiment and six companies of the Twenty-second Infantry, so as to be ready for a spring campaign. But to an officer thus isolated, discretionary power had to be entrusted, and Miles used it in a characteristic way. He resolved, as soon as the work of hutting at the mouth of the Tongue River was cared for, to strike the hostiles at once. "They expected us to hive up," said the General, "but we were not of the hiving kind." The Indians who had left their reservations were in two principal bodies, one under Sitting Bull, in the Yellowstone Valley, and the other under Crazy Horse, in the Wolf Mountains.

Made insolent by recent successes, Sitting Bull sent word to Colonel E. S. Otis, who

was escorting one of Miles's supply trains, to get out of the way, as he was scaring off the buffalo. "If you don't," said the note, "I will fight you again. I want you to leave what you have got here, and turn back. I mean all the rations you have got and some powder." Colonel Otis, however, kept on, the Indians from time to time exchanging shots with his troops.

When General Miles heard of this affair he moved after Sitting Bull, and on the 21st of October found him near the head of Cedar Creek. The famous medicine-man sent in a flag of truce, and an interview was held between the lines, under

an agreement that General Miles should take six persons with him, and Sitting Bull also six.

"Sitting Bull," said the General, in telling the story to the writer, "spread out a blanket and wanted me to sit down upon it, but I stood up while he sat down. As we talked, one and another young Indian sauntered up, until there were, perhaps, ten or fifteen in a half circle. One of my men called my attention to this. I said to Sitting Bull: 'These men are not old enough for you to talk back to them. Unless you will stop talking.' Soon afterward the interview came to an end with nothing settled. I found out later, from a scout and interpreter named

John Brughier, that one Indian muttered, 'Why don't you talk strong to him?' and that Sitting Bull replied, 'When I do that, I am going to kill him.' Brughier also told me that one of the young warriors slipped a carbine up under Sitting Bull's buffalo robe. But I had in mind the fate of Canby, and had instructed the troops on the ridge back of us to keep the spot in range."

The next day came a second interview. The General tried hard to induce the Indians to obey the government, and go to their reservations. Sitting Bull's answer was emphatic:

"The Great Spirit made me an Indian. He did not make me an Agency Indian, and I do not intend to be one."

Seeing that further parley was useless, General Miles gave an ultimatum through the interpreter:

"Tell him that either I will drive him out of the country, or he will drive me out. I will take no advantage of his being under a flag of truce, and will give him fifteen minutes to get back to his lines. If my terms are not accepted by that time, I will open fire."

Sitting Bull started up with a grunt, and rushed out in a fury, followed by his chiefs, not stopping to shake hands. In a very short time the Indian lines were all astir with yelling warriors dashing about on

ponies; and presently the grass was burning here and there to stop any advance of the troops. Miles had with him only three hundred and ninety-eight rifles, while the Indians swarmed in far greater numbers in front and on the flanks; but his men went forward with a rush, and the hostiles were driven two-score miles to the Yellowstone, leaving some of their dead in their flight.

Six days later, about two thousand Indians surrendered, and agreed to go to their agencies, while five chiefs, given up as hostages, were sent down the Missouri River. Sitting Bull, during the retreat, had broken away from the main body with his lodges, and was joined by those of Gall and

Pretty Bear; but Miles pursued him through the snow, and on the 18th of December Lieutenant Baldwin surprised his camp, then numbering one hundred and twenty-two lodges, and captured a good part of its equipment.

VII.

The winter had now set in with great severity, and the brilliant success already achieved might well have justified pausing until spring. But Miles could not rest, with Crazy Horse, a very brave fighter, still at large. Having returned to the cantonment, he fitted out his command as if for an Arctic expedition. Besides having thick woollen



MRS. MILES.

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GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

From the original painting by C. Ayer Whipple, 1895.

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garments supplied to them, the men cut up buffalo robes and made moccasins or overshoes and mittens. They cut up grain sacks and bound them around their feet and legs. With holes in their mufflers for seeing and breathing only, they looked like so many Esquimaux or Ku-Klux, and one man could not be told from another. General Miles wore a fur-trimmed overcoat, which gave him among the Indians the name of Bear

Coat. It was a strange-looking column that started, four hundred and thirty-six strong, from the Tongue River cantonment four days after Christmas. The men slept on the snow, and the loaded wagons and the two field guns crossed rivers on the ice.

After three skirmishes the Indians, mostly Ogalalas and Cheyennes, were found on the crests of a deep gorge of the Wolf Mountains. They shouted down derisive wel-

comes to the troops. "You'll eat no more fat bacon," they called; "you've had your last breakfast." Suiting his tactics to the nature of the ground, General Miles deployed all his force, keeping no reserve, and set the men at climbing up the steep hillsides, now through gullies filled with snow, and now over the slippery ice. Despite the drag of their heavy clothing, they reached the crests, and there, facing the Indians on equal ground, at length drove them through the mountains. Big Crow, their medicine-man, had told them his medicine was so strong that the whites could not kill them; and he may have had faith in it himself, for, coming out in front, he ran about in a circle of perhaps a dozen feet in diameter, shaking his gun. "It was a dare-devil thing to do," said the General, "but Indians sometimes try it, perhaps counting on the constant change of position to protect them." Shot after shot failed to hit him, but at length a bullet brought him down; and then a panic spread through the camp. The end of the battle and the flight of the Indians took place in a blinding snow-storm.

Returning to the cantonment, General Miles sent Brughier to Crazy Horse's camp, with a demand for his surrender; and during the spring that chief, with Little Hawk, Little Big Man, The Rock, and more than two thousand Indians, gave themselves up at the agencies; and about three hundred more, under Two Moons, Hump, White Bull, and Horse Road, at the cantonment. Sitting Bull had found refuge on Canadian soil.

VIII.

WHEN spring opened it was learned that one band, mostly Minneconjous, under Lame Deer, was still out, along the Rosebud. Early in May, therefore, General Miles started after them, using as scouts some of his surrendered Sioux and Cheyennes. A hard and secret march enabled him to surprise Lame Deer's village, of fifty-one lodges, at the mouth of Muddy Creek. Desiring to avoid bloodshed, the General directed Lieutenants Casey and Jerome to charge through the village, cutting off the herd, while another body of troops, following more deliberately, was to call out that, if the Indians would throw down their arms, their lives would be spared. This was done, White Bull making the demand for surrender, while General Miles rode up and held out his hand to Lame Deer, saying: "How, how?" and Lieutenant Baird, of his staff, in like manner grasped Iron Star's hand.

Just then a scout foolishly pointed a rifle at Lame Deer, as if to cover him. "The chief, who was a big, powerful fellow," said the General, "jerked away his hand from mine, and reached down for his gun, as if he suspected treachery and thought, 'I'll send him, at any rate, to the happy hunting-ground.' My horse started back, and Lame Deer's bullet, whistling by, killed a soldier named Stringer, just behind me."

The troops at once opened fire, and then charged the hills, to which the Indians had retreated, keeping up the pursuit for eight miles. Among the killed were Lame Deer and his chief warrior, Iron Star, and twelve other warriors; and the band, under other leaders, afterwards surrendered at the agencies. As for the captured horses, they were used for mounting the Fifth Infantry.

IX.

ONE of the noblest figures in Indian history, and one of the greatest warriors, is the Nez Percé Chief Joseph. In this same year, 1877, he had resisted attempts to put him and his band on the Lapwai reservation, in Western Idaho, and had sought to carry all his people hundreds of miles to Canada. He outran the force that General Howard had on his trail, escaped from Big Hole, where General Gibbon fought him, and again from General Sturgis, who engaged him in the Yellowstone Valley. Sturgis had been sent out by Miles; and when the latter, on the evening of September 19th, heard what had occurred, he started the same night with all the available force of the Tongue River cantonment, to head off Chief Joseph before he should reach the border.

Hard marching brought the command, on the last day of the month, to Joseph's village, in the Bear Paw mountains. It lay within the curve of a crescent-shaped bank, in the valley of Snake Creek, and the warriors occupied the beds of adjoining ravines. A brilliant charge of the Second Cavalry battalion, under Tyler, cut off the herd of eight hundred ponies; and then battalions of the Seventh Cavalry and Fifth Infantry, under Hale and Snyder, headed by the Sioux and Cheyenne scouts, under Lieutenant Maus, charged directly into the village. The heroic attack was resisted with a valor as heroic, and in a short time Captain Hale, Lieutenant Biddle, and twenty-two soldiers were killed, and four officers and thirty-eight soldiers wounded, among them being Lieutenant Baird, of the General's staff. One gallant charge by Captain Carter,



GENERAL MILES AND STAFF AT CHICAGO AT THE TIME OF THE RIOTS IN 1894.

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with a small body of the Fifth Infantry, had cost over a third of his command. Promptly varying his plans, therefore, and adapting them to the situation, the General moved up his artillery, and disposed the troops so as to hold the Indians under siege, with escape impossible.

On the sixth day Chief Joseph advanced to surrender. It was a scene for a painter, a typical scene in American history, when this noble-looking warrior, facing General Miles, a worthy counterpart in mien and bearing, handed his rifle to his white conqueror, and with impressive dignity pointed to the sun in the heavens, saying: "From where the sun now stands, I fight no more."

General Miles, in announcing the victory, used the terse, significant phrase: "We have had our usual success." His full report described his brave adversaries as "the boldest men and best marksmen of any Indians I have ever encountered," and Chief

Joseph as "a man of more sagacity and intelligence than any Indian I have ever met."

X.

IN 1878, the Bannocks, of the Fort Hall reservation, in Idaho, began a thieving and murdering raid, and General Howard's troops, pursuing, repeatedly struck and scattered them. One band, however, under Elk Horn, crossed the mountains in August, at a time when General Miles chanced to be passing through Yellowstone Park, accompanied by some guests, under an escort of about one hundred soldiers and a force of Crow Indians. Learning of their approach, he sent his guests, guarded by a part of his troops, to Fort Ellis, and with the remainder moved out to intercept them. A part of his force was ordered to Boulder Pass; with the rest, consisting of thirty-

two soldiers and seventy-five Crow Indians, he made a forced march to Clark's Fork Pass. Having concealed his men in a pocket of the mountains, he waited a day, until the hostiles had appeared and gone into camp, and then, stealing up, attacked them at daybreak of September 4th. The whole band was captured, eleven being killed in the fight, while the chief loss to the troops was that of Captain Bennett. The Bannocks had with them two hundred and fifty horses, and these General Miles turned over to the Crows, having agreed to give them all they could capture.

The following year, by an expedition from Fort Peck, General Miles once more drove Sitting Bull over the Canadian border. That invisible line of latitude had the curious property of allowing hostile Indians to cross it forth and back without hindrance by the Dominion, while suddenly turning to a wall of steel against our troops that pursued them. But at length, worn out by constant harrassings whenever they showed themselves this side of the boundary, great numbers of them surrendered during 1880 at Fort Keogh.

Railways could now be built and farms cultivated with safety everywhere in the Northwest. Peace had come, and the problem of settlement and civilization had been solved.

As the Kansas legislature had thanked General Miles for his campaign against the Cheyennes, Comanches, and Kiowas, so the Montana legislature expressed its gratitude for the subjugation of the Sioux; while a brigadier-general's star, awarded near the close of 1880, formed the military recognition of his services. Then he was assigned to command the Department of the Columbia.

XI.

FOR centuries the Sierra Madre of northern Mexico and the region now included in New Mexico and Arizona were the prey of the savage tribe of Apaches. Crafty, active, and seemingly untamable, they found cover in the rugged mountains and trackless wastes, where fierce heats and the lack of water baffled white pursuers.

In the year 1885 a threatened conflict between Indian Territory tribes and the cattlemen had caused the President to transfer General Miles to the command of the Department of the Missouri, with one-fourth of the available army under his orders. These troops were skilfully disposed, and the dangers of bloodshed averted, but

scarcely had this duty been performed, when he was sent to fight the Chiricahua and Warm Spring Apaches, under Geronimo and Natchez, for this purpose relieving General Crook in the command of the Department of Arizona.

When General Miles arrived on the scene he found many of the border industries paralyzed, and it was reported that one hundred and forty persons had been killed by the hostiles within a year. "A more terror-stricken lot of people I have never found," he said. There was some reason, too, for their discouragement. The raiding Indians, not being numerous, were all the harder to find, as "they roamed over the most rugged mountain region on the continent, six hundred miles north and south, and three hundred east and west." They were of astonishing physical endurance, and "as mountain-climbers they had probably no superiors on earth." They rode stolen horses, and subsisted on stolen cattle and sheep, or, failing these, on "their natural food of field-mice, rabbits, seeds, desert fruit, and the substance of the mescal and the fruit of the giant cactus."

Devising a plan of campaign suited to the region and the enemy, General Miles began his work by dividing the whole area into observation districts, and organized a relay system, under which the troops of each district were to follow the hostiles until a fresh command in the one adjoining should take up the pursuit. "The animal does not live," he held, "that can stand being hunted without cessation." Then, on the lofty peaks he established signal stations, which flashed to each other heliograph tidings from mirrors over enormous distances. Thus every movement of the raiders was made known, and, as Major Baird, in his admirable account of these campaigns, has well said, he turned his two greatest obstacles, the mountains and the sun, into allies.

Scarcely were these plans formed when the hostiles, having begun their raids in Sonora, swept northward across the border. The troops, pursuing, struck them again and again, until they found no course open except to turn and head for their fastnesses in the Sierra Madre. Fortunately a treaty with Mexico allowed our forces to cross into that country; and a picked body under Captain Lawton, which General Miles had organized for the purpose, followed Geronimo three hundred miles south of the boundary, day after day and week after week, now over lofty peaks and now down deep ravines, where, with the mercury at



GENERAL MILES IN HIS OFFICE AT GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

one hundred and twenty in the shade, "it was so hot you could not touch a gun-barrel or sit on a rock." Satisfied, at length, that the hostiles were thoroughly worn out, General Miles communicated with them through two friendly Indians, and then Lieutenant Gatewood rode into their camp and made known the terms of surrender. They gave themselves up, and were sent under guard to Florida, as were also the four hundred Warm Spring and Chiricahua Indians near Fort Apache.

The settlers were overjoyed at this complete clearance. Public meetings expressed their gratitude; and at Tucson, General Miles received a richly decorated sword, while the legislatures of New Mexico and Arizona passed resolutions of thanks. The results achieved were permanent, as not one of the Indians then removed has ever gone back, and, save for the occasional marauding of some outlaw, there have been no hostilities on the Southwestern border.

XII.

THE two most prominent tasks of General Miles, of late years, have been the suppression of the "Messiah" outbreak of 1890 among the Sioux and the suppression of the Chicago riots of 1894. These events

are so fresh in public remembrance as to require only a brief mention here.

"A Messiah was about to come, who would bring back to life all the Indian dead, outnumbering the white men, and they would drive countless herds of buffalo, elk, deer, and horses before them." Such was the strange and dangerous delusion that broke out among the Indians half a dozen years ago and spread from tribe to tribe. Ghost dances were held, and the red men were to march in great bodies to Western Nevada, where the Messiah was supposed to be. Sitting Bull, who had surrendered in 1881, saw in this frenzy a means of gratifying his still smouldering hatred of the white man, and with him it became a conspiracy.

To General Miles fell the duty of dealing with this widespread and perilous movement. Promoted to the grade of Major-General, he had just before been transferred from the command of the Division of the Pacific to that of the Division of the Missouri, with headquarters at Chicago. Forces were hurried to him from all parts of the West, and these he carefully placed so as to show the malcontents the hopelessness of a resort to the war-path. The great strength of the outbreak was among the Sioux, whose extensive reservation accordingly had to be watched at every point, while in the rough region of the Bad Lands

the most turbulent of the bands had gathered in great numbers. Besides being excited by the Messiah delusion, they had some grievances against the government, complaining especially of a lack of rations.

But "Bear Coat" and the campaigns from 1876 to 1880 were well remembered by the Sioux, and, thanks to his prestige among them, to a judicious union of firmness and diplomacy, and to a proper distribution of the troops, the disaffected Indians went back to their agencies, and the threatened revolt was quelled. Sitting Bull had been killed by men of his own race—the Agency police—while resisting arrest.

As to last year's overthrow of Debs and his followers, it is perhaps enough to say that when General Miles began his operations at Chicago not a freight train was running, and "over a thousand locomotives and cars were said to be more or less injured." He took possession of the strategic points, such as the Lake Front Park, the Government Building, and the six great railroad centres, where twenty-two trunk lines came together, stationing his forces with masterly skill. Then construction trains, guarded by troops, were made up to repair tracks and start the flow of traffic, and many simultaneous movements so divided the attention of the rioters that trains began to run and the reign of lawlessness came to an end.

XIII.

THE sketch of General Miles's career here given has dealt largely with his field services. And this is natural, since it may be doubted whether any general officer now living has been oftener and longer under fire in battle. Fox, in his "Regimental Losses in the Civil War," says that "the hardest fighting and greatest loss of life occurred in the First Division of the Second Corps, in which more men were killed and wounded than in any other division of the Union army, east or west," and this was the division in which Miles served—the division successively commanded by Richardson, Hancock, Caldwell, Barlow, and himself. Of all the officers, too—regular or volunteer—who fought in the war for the Union, he more than any other has increased his renown by field services performed since.

But General Miles finds a source of satisfaction also in the occasions when he has been able to avoid hostilities with the red men, notably in three such occasions—one when he went out against the Jicarilla Apaches and Muache Utes; a second when

he dealt with the Colville Indians, and a third in his management of the Indians of San Carlos reservation. His plan in the Messiah disturbances, too, was to avoid bringing upon the white settlements another war. To him the chief significance of his frontier campaigns seems to be their bearing upon the opening of great regions in the Northwest and the Southwest to safe settlement and to the march of civilization.

Whatever, indeed, pertains to the development of the country has for General Miles an interest. On the Pacific coast he sent exploring expeditions to Alaska that enlarged our knowledge of that territory. On the arid plains he studied the problem of irrigation, and has made known in a magazine article his views on that important subject.

XIV.

A MEMBER of various social organizations, General Miles yet takes much more pleasure in home than in club life. He has the happy art of making strong and loyal friends. He has always enjoyed outdoor sports and athletic exercises, and did not miss, you may be sure, being at the America's Cup races in September. He is fond of horseback riding, and appears to great advantage mounted, but has come to prefer the bicycle; and in his daily spins on the wheel, his daughter or his son, a lad about to enter his teens, is often his companion. He likes to have pet animals about him, especially good dogs; "and his pets," as a friend once said, "are the pets of the whole family."

In manner the General is quiet and self-controlled, but none the less affable and courteous, and it has been remarked that he never refuses to see anybody who calls upon him. Perhaps it is a systematic method in routine work, with a habit of beginning as soon as possible whatever has to be done, that gives him this abundant leisure for visitors. The members of his family have access to his library in his working hours, and never seem to disturb him. He is free from affectations, and presents no eccentricities or angularities with which to point a "character sketch." He likes a joke, and in conversation has an agreeable, well-modulated voice, which, of late, has frequently been heard in public addresses. General Miles also is an exceptionally good listener. Much of his leisure lately has been taken up with writing a book on the growth of the West, particularly as he has observed that growth during the last twenty years.

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