Africa

No 3.

Suspect
General George Crook
The famous Col. Bennetts was as usual to pay a visit to the grave of a fellow officer: "Charles Son Tour".

"free age"

which we may render each one in his turn. The turn of another comrade has come. The Latimer, at a quarter past seven A.M., at the Chauncey Hotel, in Chicago, died with fire on deck. Maj. Gen. George Meade.

The summons came so unexpectedly that everybody was startled. A journal says: "If ever necessary to share the report confirmed several times from trustworthy sources before it was finally accepted as true."

The day before, he was perfectly well, going through the usual routine of office work, issuing such orders as his decision of the mission required. One could not perhaps say that his face wore the signs of perfect content, but at any rate, there was the usual equanimity and the pleasant smile, till 7 a.m., and he came as Command to welcome a friend. In the morning, he was exercising with some gymnastic devices, such as Indian clubs and
a kind of ambience for the frontier tramp, New home-back
riding which he had so long practiced on the mountain wilds; when
the stop, inclining upon a sofa, and
then called to his wife: "Oh! Mary,
Mary! I need some help; I cannot
breathe," and this was the fact. The
spirit had fled. Then the intense
report of his wife and intimate friends.
Then of the thousands of public
journalists all over the land commented the
tragedy of his history, and rounded his
praises.
A short time ago the writer saw the
statement that the phenomenal General
of our great war, except him Thumann,
was already dead. This statement is
not true; there are many more whose
records is very bright and will be forever
related to the nation when each one
in his turn shall just pass the final
boundary. It is not our purpose to
offer a transcript of the history of
Maj. Gen. John Thumann; but merely to give
a small contribution to the things said, the contribution of an associate, a com-
paion, a friend. But recently, A.
following his favorite hunt, selected a few companions and went with them to the Indian Jury, on a hunting expedition. He was not very well, and was not look very rugged, but if any body reported of his health, he would answer: "Oh! only a little of the grippe." Then Strong, one of the hunters, party said: "One day he was riding for a trail round along the river hunting wild turkeys. At night he was thoroughly exhausted. Yet, but the strength of will, of limbs and kept back all complaints. These last qualities afford characteristic incidents in the life of George Crook. He and Gen. Grant were much alike in certain habits of mind. This was Spartan heroism and firmness influencing their thoughts, their words, and their actions. As a Captain, in 1857, Crook commanded the Pitt River Expedition in northern Cala, where he had severe combat with the Indians. At one time as he often did, the separated himself from his main body, doubled with a view to march the Indians repeating efforts.
to trim his fears. As he was creeping along the side of a canyon, some indians discovered him and showered their arrows upon him and his detachment. One of its arrows pierced his thigh. The Surgeon extracted it himself and the wound healed over but some sort of goiter was left behind and this fever wound gave him trouble as long as he lived. On that expedition he had one thing with him so that there was actually no remedy but to learn to live and health to overcome the disability. It was indeed a most extraordinary thing for a man to nurse such a wound or the irritation and pain that it caused. He never did so except to his most intimate of friends. Furthermore, he was exposed as he was during his campaigns among the Indians in Oregon and afterward in the war of the Rebellion in the west and the west and again after the war in Idaho, Oregon, and Dakota. He got his symptoms decreased with malaria and influenza. He
became so sensitive to this fact that he could tell a fever infected with malaria, by a single touch, and in spite of this infection which poisoned his system, his temper acquired a supernatural reserve of physical energy, and it was this double portion in a man.

A companion of his named Peg "Yan Cooch" was one of the most temperate and moderate men I have ever seen. He never drank more than barely enough to keep him going; he was a true hero as he never saved himself. I find it difficult to gauge this man's accomplishments. His life was very unremarkable. He was more quiet and retiring than Grant, and always conversed readily and freely upon subjects that did not bear upon matters of science, for example, his youth. Excessively such as had some humorous incident in them. But Crook was more careful than the others.
but he had a friend talk, he carefully preserved a judgment and never unnecessarily committed himself. During him in one of the most trying periods of his life, the writer noticed that he enjoyed some simple game to go out upon a brief hunting trip for a day or two when possible, or to steal away for a short trip to refresh himself. There was no way to divine his thoughts or purposes until his plans were completed and he was ready for action. Such remarkable rhythm is an interpretation against a man. It is said that he does not converse because he lacks the ability, he gains credit for wisdom that he does not possess. In case of uncommonly the answer to such a suggestion, which only rivalry or hostility could possibly raise, it is found in his respect for peace and better touching Indian affairs. In him will he found dullness, yet to a mind true, that clearness and sufficient fulness to put before the mind in the most emphatic way, his plans, his operations, or the thoughts which
he wished to converse. He had a

\[ \frac{\text{physique}}{\text{with a youth}} \]

\[ \text{fair} \text{ hair and a light brown, almost} \]

\[ \text{with a good, never} \text{fair} \]

\[ \text{straw-like} \text{ hair, and his eyes always} \]

\[ \text{small and far back, so far back that} \]

\[ \text{they were really no indication to his} \]

\[ \text{soul; still they had the power of} \]

\[ \text{brightening and enlargement which gave} \]

\[ \text{them sufficient personal presence to} \]

\[ \text{hide impertinence, play a part and} \]

\[ \text{heighten respect} \]

\[ \text{One for a long time his} \]

\[ \text{extraordinary} \]

\[ \text{general's power of endurance: } \text{"I have} \]

\[ \text{knew him on one occasion to} \]

\[ \text{take the saddle at 4 A.M., in} \]

\[ \text{hotter winter weather on the high} \]

\[ \text{mountains of Arizona, and ride till 8 A.M.} \]

\[ \text{the next day. Every man in his Command} \]

\[ \text{was worn out when} \]

\[ \text{he arrived at the} \]

\[ \text{San Carlos River. But San Carlos itself} \]

\[ \text{showed no signs of exhaustion. \"As we started} \]

\[ \text{that morning her} \]

\[ \text{guns went out, and shot some birds for} \]

\[ \text{breakfast\". The same officer gives} \]

\[ \text{another vignette: \"His Command left} \]

\[ \text{Soper Creek, in the Big Horn Mountains of} \]
Montana in the Summer of 1876, with
chafl n rations of coffee, bacon, and hard tack
for 15 days. I remained out 60 days
without the change of Clothing, for 27 days
rain fell continually, for 10 days the sun
never shone, and for 11 days the command
had nothing to eat but the flesh of
their horses. A soldier who showed his trick and had the job
20 days after his term
wearing a white scouch hat blue
flannel shirt and brown canovas overall
rode a mule at the head of his
column. At night went into camp
like the peculiarity of the command, that is
one blanket only. The rations were
limited as his meat I have seen him
after a hard day's march sitting on
a saddle eating a piece of raw
bacon and a few hard tack's. Of getting
his coffee from a tin cup.

It should be remembered that Tom
Brown, who was frequently the
remarkable Indian fighter, was usually
kept upon the frontier as long as there
were any frontiers. Before the war he
joined the same regiment in which Tom
(Capt. Grant) belonged, and went through
the armed force of the Northwest. As soon as the war broke out we find him Commanding the 56th Ohio Volunteer Infantry. The next battle was the battle of Medicine Lodge, in which he was again wounded, and was not present at the battle of Chickamauga. For his remarkable service after Antietam, the rank of major was bestowed on him in the Regular Army. His reputation and ability were so thoroughly established that he was soon placed in charge of a division of cavalry in connection with the Army of the Cumberland.

It would take a volume to describe the battles in which he was engaged under Crook's command. It raged手册 over mountains and through wild country. Chasing guerrillas, he defeated the enemy's cavalry and drove them across the Tennessee. At Lookout Mountain, his division repulsed the attack of the Confederate army, and Crook's presence became a source of alarm to the enemy, a message of confidence to his friends.
There was something so uncommon about the marching, capture, and general conduct of this division, that it required enough far away, often spoke of it as accorded to the cheerful energy of the Crook. After Grant had yielded from the command of the last of the Missisipi, which was again reconstituted under a certain command at that of the Kansa who situated in W. Va., here he learned and fought, sometimes successfully and sometimes remaining changes, he passed from the district to a department and was succeeded in the department by Gen. Sheridan. The first to put a larger active force in the Shenandoah Valley, under Sheridan, in all the terrible Shenandoah Campaign, Crook held a command of an Army corps due

Crook's perseverance and ability which were never wanting for he did what he was sent to do and did it well always afforded great satisfac-

To Sheridan, this command was taken by Early's famous attack and Republic.

This movement disturbed by a temporary panic of Sheridan, but were stabilized again by him after Sheridan's return and lasting the offensive did great work in opposing
the enemy that had conquered it, driving
him from the valley. It is no slur
upon the reputation of a general officer
that his men sometimes give way.
Several times Sherman himself met with
discomfort; Grant got away with dif-
culty from Belmont and had a sore
triumphant. Sherman was taken in
prison at Chickamauga, but with dif-
culty brought his remnant to the sturdy
Thomas near the close of the battle, so
with Grover, a rival could pick out en-
gagements in which his men gave way,
after the Confederates in Kentucky by his men
and his remnant in command, never varied.
He was sagacious, he kept himself in-
formed of what the enemy was doing, and he
struck hard blows. As perhaps I may
say was always reluctant in dealing with
a foe, but when he surrendered I submitted.
Grover became kind and considerate Toward
these Missouri Va. settlers. With strange
many of them, caused them finally to be
chosen to command that body of men
which under Stoneman, Pleasonton, and
Sheridan had been moulded into a most
efficient Cav. Corps. I with the Com-
Corps of the Army of the Potomac.
of the great war which took place

the later operations is just before the

surrender at Appomattox. It would

shift away from place to place, always

gaining a head of the enemy; it would

drive at unexpected places, dismount

fight like infantry, never finishing

exercising infantry or artillery. The very

center of inspiration was later work

was our indomitable, energetic, tireless,

dedicated Crook. He was opposed to Sheridan's

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and Mrs. Hay, who served under him,

and Mrs. Hay, not only entertained the

highest respect for Gen. Crook's character

and ability, but considered him as since

an affection that they would not allow

an enemy rival to criticize him in

their presence. Such was Gen. Crook's

standing and position at the end of the

work, however, had barely

began. He was made Lie. Col. of the

Infantry at the time of the reduction

and consolidation of the Army and sent with

his regiment to the Northwest. He came

North, south, and east, and found country

over mountains through forests and over

broads, arid plains, where he had to

march miles to find anything but deep
were planned.

Kaliboo and his men were against Indians who would kill the dwellers upon meeting them. They would chase them and kill them. A single battle as they dealt in different directions, defending their homes. After giving good account of himself, they would defeat the Indians, establish new homesteads, and put in good organized condition. Most of the Oregon, Idaho and Nevada settlers were transferred to Arizona. In Arizona, he had greater country and greater hardships, and a more eager enemy to meet them in the future. He introduced new methods, he put his soldiers into the Indians, strongholds, when they were out raiding, captured them on their returns, the Indians, in their hiding places, until Forts carved into White Mountain Apache and others. They had been conquered.

He operated in Arizona and New Mexico, where the Navajos roamed, and into the border where the Chiricahua raided and robbed and murdered. He had altogether completed his work, because the executive of those who were conquered would not stay conquered. He had exercised a great influence in retiring the Apache, an industrial people, and most of them went to their lands. When he had recovered all the farm lands.
Rattles Their Crops

Their crops were driving the government to support that some would break forch and raid. From the Indians it could not be taken that they are necessarily by white men. Their children and children’s children had never been cheated out of land they had formerly occupied and believed to be their own; they had many of their number killed and many of their number killed not by treachery. Some were slain as feats. Some were slaughtered by concealed weapons. Some saw their own little ones beaten to death while being transported from place to place. The old Apache-ness had never been cleansed after the hanging of Geronimo and the freeing their bodies to decay upon the gallows.

Dates

[Occurrences]
All these things were grievance enough in themselves, and repeated in constant
incidents upon the Indians as a warrant for them to go to war. A single
attack on a small village would often make a few
Indians wild. In intoxication, struck down
and his neighbors who had been most friendly to them, the Indians peace
policy came in with the hope of allaying
all this bad work. The Indian
peace commissioners sought out the main
tribes of the Cherokee from the Ozark
Mountains, and sent them upon a reservation.
At this time Gen. James A. Garfield, the
Commander of the Army, knew the writer of this
book, and understood the peace methods
of the Peace Commissioners. He approved
of them, and he zealously assisted the work of making peace, tribe with tribe,
and the Government. In 1896 the same
indomitable man was in the North con-
ducting another campaign against the
Sioux. He successfully organized a
force, fought some battles, successfully
and entirely conquered all the bands that
were in arms against him. notwithstanding
the terrible example of that bloody thirty
year Indian War in the same area.
of the brave Curar, and his detachment. They refused not only in conquering
the Indians, but also in defending their
Confidence. It is that during
the last season we have had an
 instance of a treaty made with the Sioux
in which they have been induced to
sell their lands and take other lands in
security, and allow the settlement of the
Whites on their lands and the Extension
of railroads and telegraph lines through
their territory. I shall not speak
much to bring this to pass. Being satisfied
that it was the best the Indians could do
in their behalf, the
The
urged them to comply with the terms
of the Treaty.
He had another severe Conflict
with the Cheyenne, in 1876. Speaking
of a friend says: "It was a bitter
prolonged campaign against the Cheyenne,
when one kept rations of much meat
in the face of stinging blizzards. He
underwent the severest exposure
without flinching. That hastened his death."
He withstood every form of disease
and now, while fairly well off, he is
more eloquent than mean. Whenever he was unwell,
While expecting the enemy daily Crook was made to fear storms of abuse and vilification.

That tells the whole story.

I really have seen the history of every Indian campaign. The most trying of any that the General can be called upon to conduct. The many years who are at home must comfort about the generals men. They have been near with little direction. But the letters that such things are very certainly. I have heard for Ben. Crook who has gone to his rest as adjutant general.

Rory Williams speaks of him as the Crook with whom I was born together at West Point. He had been my friends ever since. I have served many years under his command. I know him personally and officially well. I know of no character more loyal, true, upright and honorable. That above all I can say.

During this last year Ben Crook has interceded in conjunction with other officers, to insure justice and kindness to the Apache prisoners now at Mt. Vernon, Ala., about 400 in all. The writer has received
latter from him pleading for them; that
funds might be raised to purchase
lands on which to settle them, or
that influence might be exerted
to get legislation in their behalf.
This whole course, towards their
enforcement exhibited a
remarkable trait of character.
Some of them had been his dearest,
and the thought they had been treated
with injustice. Some of them had been
impeached to his enemies; he thought they
had been suddenly
should be forgotten, and it is not a
little remarkable that so many army
officers who have been prominent
and successful in battle should
exhibit so strong a desire for justice
and mercy and move toward a concerted
front. For this reason, Ellen Croag
was surely not behind any

Again, after the death of a man we
are inclined to forget his weaknesses,
and his errors and to put forth, for
remembrance and imitation, his virtues
and

Undoubtedly, the Croag
underwent changes. Time
and the nature of his nature
by and there came on that
a strong desire to build upon these
who had few friends and no efficient
support.

The reality of his qualities and his praiseworthy
conduct toward whites and Indians, as
well as his character and his conduct in
the field, make him a true soldier, a good
citizen, faithful to duty, upright in disposition,
frank and honest in his dealings.

At all costs, his life and example should
be commemorated to all young men and
especially to those of the Army in
which he so honorably served.

It is not claimed that Geo. Brooxid
was one of the Grant,
Sherman or Sheridan, but certainly
he had good abilities, grand qualities,
and a pure life, and performed an essential service in
the execution of that plan.

Thus, there has been ever since the
war one companion who has been
able to confine the aspirations of Geo.
Brooxid’s rough life to his godly
and faithful wife. They were not blessed
with Children, but their companionship has been near. Not everyone knows how much a man’s success is due to the unselfishness and fidelity of a good wife. It was a delight to friends to be entertained at their home. One was taken in by the home-life and the home-comforts, in whatever rough place that home was located. Someone of the Cross could have spoken again. He would have said:

"Mary! Mary! my only regret is in leaving you behind. God grant that the man of thunders which I made the Cross is life-endurable and his fate happy, may forever be grand. For a reason may the final manison secure Full Judgment."