Africa

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No 30

Subject

A phenomenal event
"A Phenomenal Scout.

"Should you desire to pasture five horses over these
mountainous rocks, and leave them for an hour
to graze, it would be next to impossible to find
them": This was the writing note concerning
the "Canon's
Meadows" along the southwestern border of
Montana. Here was the meeting
grounds of
the Shoshones, Shudands, Nez Percé
and other Indians, when they assembled to
gather, trade, renew gambly or settle past grievances.

By continuous pressure, here in the
Nez Percé war our forces encamped the 19th
of August 1877. The interposing Chief Joseph
marched some 15 miles ahead, hastily toward
the mountain top, to the Yellowstone Fork.
Instead of allowing his tired warriors to sleep, as
one would naturally suppose, he did the exact
opposite. He left his women and children there in a
safe camp and, with his pierced men, rode
back to disturb our sleeping camps. So, her
took place the night engagement, usually called
"The Battle ofames Meadows" after which our
advance columns resumed the famous long march in pursuit
of the still fleeing Indians.

Hardly a day after this action while we were threading
their main trail thru a narrower stretch of the meadows
there a well wooded ridge on the right side of a
Spur of the Rocky Mountains from our left front, a cry from
some of the men behind us was heard: "Heights! What's
that?" looking back we saw at first a great bank
or crest and soon by our glasses we could discern a
cloud of Indians, at considerable speed, riding straight
in toward us. Indians know how to pose, especially
by some combination
of a horseback and their point
approach. "They are friends of course," somebody
explained.

Yes, for they were following the road, were too few in
number to bear hostile intent, and were holding up by a
tramp or shaking out a white flag. This appeared
proved to be the first installment of a company of
Headquarters Division of the Atlantic,
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK CITY,

[Handwritten text not legible]
To the best of my recollection, the Commander was a short, stout, elderly officer, with a kindly expression and a gentle manner. His habit of thought and speech was calm and unrushed, and he had a remarkable power of concentrating his attention on a single point. He was a man of great experience and a fine soldier, and I am sure that he was a most valuable addition to our command.

As we approached the enemy's line of position, the Commander made a careful reconnaissance of the ground, and then gave the necessary instructions for our advance. At his order, we moved forward with slow but steady strides, the soldiers of the 1st Battalion in the lead, followed by the 2nd and 3rd Battalions in a line on each side. The movement was regular and well-organized, and the whole force moved forward with precision and determined resolve.

On reaching the enemy's position, we came upon a fortified area, well protected by earthworks and trenches. The Commander ordered a preliminary bombardment, and then gave the signal for our advance. The soldiers plunged forward with a determination and vigor that was truly inspiring. The enemy's position was soon taken, and we secured a firm footing on the ground.

As we marched into the area, we were greeted by a salvo of shots from the enemy. The Commander gave the order to advance with greater speed, and the soldiers charged forward with precision and resolution. The enemy's position was soon taken, and we secured a firm footing on the ground.

The Commander was a man of great courage and determination, and his leadership was a source of inspiration to all who were under his command. His calmness and composure in the face of danger were a model for all who followed him. He was a true soldier, and his name will be remembered with respect and admiration for generations to come.
friend of his Indians. He must return to
first call the next day, he said, but he would leave
with me a remarkable guide, S. G. Fisher, whom
he brought up & introduced. Fisher was a white man,
not an Indian; he was well acquainted with
Indian life. He was one of the few civilized men
who had won and ever after retained the
admiration of all the Indians of that region.

This is the man, who was the real chief
of the Pawnee scouts, of whose adventures I wish
to write. The words Grisly, Bascom, spoke of
being good & sensible, but I soon began to know
him for himself & his achievements past & present.

At a little distance, when mounted, he appeared
like an Indian. There was the dress of
the body, turnings of the kilt, and cowl, graceful
use of the arms, no jerky, angular motions like
those of the cowboys on billy pony. He was about
six feet tall, of symmetrical frame, well built & muscular
his dress, except his broad-brimmed hat, was Indian
throughout. There was the variegated deer-skin jacket
well ornamented, the loose-fitting deer-skin pants held up
by a handsome belt. There was the many-stored
legions and small irregularities to furnish the effectual support. His bearing was affectionate and genial and he seemed rather sorrowful of conscience for the perfect health... like so many other remarkable men of our generation, the first acquaintance furnished little to mark him, except perhaps that clear, steady eye which indicates courage, and a framing face which betrays the absence of hatred.

During our unique Indian chase, usually called the "Big Foot Campaign", where, in continuous pursuit, the cavalry pushed over 1800 miles and the infantry over 1400, we had many scouts. The terror caused by the early Indian outrages, equal in barbarity of not in number to those in 1857 at Cayuse and Touchet, had disturbed large districts of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, stretching their hordes and mountains; so that wholemen, farmers, prospectors and miners, often with their families, had congregated near and there behind ditches for mutual protection.

Numbers of the men at hadadgenous were employed by
our field forces, sometimes only for a few days, in the capacity of scouts. They were distributed upon errands, or sent out in different directions to hunt up fresh Indian trails or the battle ports of themselves. Being well mounted, they seem to run back and make reports to the aide de camp who had charge of gathering and furnishing information.

It is not possible even to indicate all the good qualities one must possess for the effective leadership of a scouting party seeking for Indians. He must be tough and sinewy, able to ride 60 or 70 miles in a day, without expression of fatigue. He must be keen eyed able to catch the dimpest trail, able to discern the faintest Indian sign and interpret its meaning. He must be so quick witted as to read, as you would a print, the face of an Indian and cope with his clandestine manoeuvres. He must be so keen in his observation and judgment as to form right opinions concerning his adversary.

This, concerning their present movements, so as not by glowing or depressing reports lead his general into error or upon a false scent. In brief, a goodly supply of reliability, loyalty, sobriety, sagacity, slyness, boldness, ingenuity,
[Handwritten text in pencil on a lined page]
activity, energy, diplomacy, endurance and unending persistence, is essential to the perfected scout.

Near our tent before fishers arrived had lacked reliability and endurance.

Another man, an Indian, as long as he could scalp his dead foes and gather in plunder was effective and happy; but once his being checked in their compromising dispositions grew sullen, sullen and deserted.

A third had so lively an imagination that in the darkness his fancied tinder trees into men and old stumps into moving炬es.

While a fourth could not pass near a frontier town without hearing drawn his own and the inevitable Salvars which was drawn his rifle, his drink.

And indeed it does always require, in war, savage or civilized, as much appropriate ability and fitness to make a prime scout as the successful commander of a military detachment.
Well, it is not too much praise to say that
we found the desirable qualities without let
or hindrance, in the modern, unobtrusive
fisher.

The next day after the gay & brilliant Indian
Scouts overtook our moving troops, he with his
party
the park. He was soon cut his eyes
upon his side game and watched the irregular
moss as they ran the gap of Sacheen Pass. He
followed them closely through the beautiful forest of
Macleod's basin. He gazed again upon them from
scenery high points in the yellow stones park
and kept his general thoroughly informed of what
his savage foes were doing.

And again, a little later, delayed near the great Gogos
to protect land
for several months. A coalition of the
maine gardens, the abandoned. His fox was living to the
hostile's,
its mountain. The steep hills and
the most difficult

Tracks of closely grown small trees that grew through on
on to Mary Lake situated at the very mountain top. Here
we had our unpleasant experience. His Indian helpers
who had been so full of promise, becoming
Suddenly an admirer, greatly excited, some forty mountain horses that were turned out a few miles back for a night's grazing. After a secret talk they deserted their horse, stole the horses of their friends, and came near driving them beyond our reach or recovery. Fortunately, however, by prompt information, and a sudden arrest and disarming of the chief young Indians including Rainé, the first disaster was prevented. The remainder of the savages, who were implicated, were compelled to break up the stray animals and lead them back. After this affair these helping Brunswicks with a few exceptions, the young men who had been so brilliant and promising at Camp Benson, would serve no more. They put on injured looks, and declared that scouting did not pay them sufficiently and made off for other and more congenial fields of operations.

Fisher, now having but two or three with him, never left the freshest trail except to get side views of the ascending forest. He saw them well across the Yellowstone, a little below the Yellowstone Lake, crossing in Indian fashion with all their ponies and luggage, He saw them enter the...
Headquarters Division of the Atlantic,
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK CITY,

[Handwritten text in full]
extensive forest regions and followed their rear so closely. That a White man, Mr. Simmons, who had been captured near the park and carried off by the Indians was enabled to escape to him. This man had been for some days with the hostiles, expecting maltreatment, but for some unexplained reason, when the other travelers who were surprised in the park, had been wounded and left behind, had been spared. The information that Simons brought was most valuable. It saved us from a long tedious march. We had left the forest, a circuit which but for his timely warning we must have made. We had now only to follow the shore of the creek to turn again very soon upon the heels of our enemies. But I will not pursue the details of his good work. He had many a narrow escape and many a new experience which he has doubtless related to his children. He kept with us during that same campaign as till his services were no longer required. Then with a couple of attending Indians he steered straight over the prairies. He was almost bewildered forests and over the broad prairies to his home at Fort Hall. At the close of the memorable expedition
The general wrote of him as follows: "Night and day
while guides and without, Fisher fearlessly hung upon
the skirts of the enemy. The accuracy, carefulness
and fulness, fulness of his reports, of one attempting
to chase Indians across a vast wilderness, were a
delight."

Now to give our young people an idea of this

training through which his able frontiersman had
been self-subjected, I will offer a scrap of his previous
history substantially as he himself has told it.

Fisher's Story.
Prior to the Bannock Indian war which occurred in 1878—Camas prairie in central Idaho was an annual resort or meeting ground for a number of Indian tribes. It was here that the Bannock, Shoshones, (called) Pintos, Nez Percés, Umatillas. Ship-tates, with portions of other tribes met about the middle of June remaining a month or more. The bucks passing the time gambling, running horses, trading, dancing. While the squaws, more particularly the older ones, spent their time gathering and drying, for winter use, the roots of camas, yampa, pah-she-yo, ot-she-yo.

Times dull at my trading post—on the Fort Hall Indian reservation, caused by most of the Indians going to Camas prairie. I concluded to pack some Indian goods and follow them.

Securing the service of my friend Poe-op-ad as guide and interpreter, I packed four ponies with various articles for trade, such as fancy-striped Indian robes, shawls red and blue, Indian cloth, high colored prints, red flannel, bright buttons, paints, beads, all colors, shapes and sizes, brass wire, rings, buttons and bracelets, wampum moons and various other trinkets, besides a good supply of powder, lead and caps. Another pony packed with provisions, buffalo robe and a few pairs of blankets for bedding secured over the top of the packs. We started out on our trip of about one hundred and thirty miles.

At the start of the journey, we had Snake river to cross, which at this season June is at its highest. Having no boat, we borrowed buffalo skin lodge, spreading it out on the ground near the water's edge we piled on small dry willows criss-cross forming a circle of about six feet and our feet thick. Drawing the half round or edges of the lodge up over the brush lace we tied it firmly together on top. The white lining weighing less than two hundred pounds we placed it in the edge of the river, straining it there until we had loaded our plunder, including our riding...
saddles, guns and pails. In a couple of small roups to the light but safe craft, arrangements have been previously made by placing a round boulder the size of your fist at the right point inside, binding it out sufficiently to hold a round back of the boat from the outside.

All being now ready, we slip to the skin, putting on our clothes on top of the float, mounted our two horses bareback, rope in hand, we plunge into the cold and rapid river as soon as our horses can swim. We float to the left until our craft, with which we strike the animal, with the rope in our teeth or in the hand with which we hold to the mane, swimming with our legs and the one loose hand, we swim for the opposite shore, while the squaws and papooses belonging to the lodge we have in tow, drive the balance of our horses in after us. Owing to the force of the current we landed half a half mile below our starting point, while the distance straight across was not more than an hundred and fifty yards. Unloading our stuff, the owner, much back with his lodge, holding the fifty cents in his mouth that I paid him, the squaw of transforming his house into a boat for a short time. I have often seen these boats or rafts used in crossing an entire camp of several hundred Indians, squaws, papooses and often dogs and young cattle, taking passage thenon.

Again backing up we floated the river several miles to Danileon Spring, where we lay over until sundown, when we start across a forty mile stretch of lava without water, we use the old Oregon wagon road of 1846, little or no travel except by Indians. We ride alternately at a jog trot, and walk, leading one pack animal while the rest followed.
I enjoyed this cool night's ride listening to Poe op-ah recounting his many adventures while traveling over this same road many years ago, when he was but a boy as guide, mighty hunter, and for the early Oregon emigrants, often accompanying them as far as the Blue Mts in Oregon. His reminiscences would make a very interesting chapter but I will omit them here as this narrative relates entirely to this one of my many mountain trips among the Indians. However, it is in place to start here while in this business he learned to speak English and alias won his name, Poe-op-ah. Translated means Road Fetter. Poe, road or trail, op-ah, Father.

About 2 a.m. we came to a little grass plat where we pulled off our packs and saddles, perched some and toke the balance of our horses' blankets around us with saddles for pillows and a bough of a couple of horse while our horses rested and fed.

Once more in the saddle we jog along to the springs on the Big Butte, which we reached some time after sunrise. Here we built a fire and having left our bread in a long handling frying pan, and roasted our meat before the fire on forked sticks, there with coffee composed our breakfast. Then we started on our journey again.

When within a few hundred yards of this new camp, Poe (as I called him for short) asked me to stop; I did so, while he commenced riding his horse at the same time making signs with his right hand.

Suddenly, I saw an Indian well checked out with bright streamers, mount the back of a large snow-white pony and make towards us on a run. But, when yet a hundred yards distant, he whirled his horse dropping out of sight on the opposite side of his charger. Then turned around us in a circle.
Poe was going through the same manner in an opposite direction. For the next ten minutes, 2
men rode as fine riding and handling of horses as I have seen. Presently, their war-horses were dashed up
side by side, from opposite directions, when by their riders they were fairly set back on their hanches.
while Poe, and his brother shoot hands. They had met for several years, but readily recognized
each other by signs. After introducing us by telling me that the new comer was his younger brother,
and explaining to him that Poe was his (Bil) best white friend, the object of our visit we proceeded
to one of the largest Indian homes I had ever seen up to that time. There were several thousand
big and little, old and young, all rigged out in their fancy.
Our packs were soon off, and animals turned
love with thousands of others, eating the finest of grass.
With a few willows and a couple of pairs of
blankets we soon constructed a sort of encamp;
sufficient to shelter us from the sun at least.
I sold my entire stock of vermilion and
other paints, within an hour after my arrival for
there was to be a great dance that night. And such
dances from faces hideously painted, and topped
off with huge headresses made more
guastly, and frightful by the changing reflection
from camp fire to moon light, as they whirled and
twisted, stalked and raised their naked bodies, at times
jumping high in the air and coming down stiff,
legged giving appalling piercing yells, all the while
the continuous and monotonous beating of raw hide drums alike. War-bonnet, breech-
cloths, moccasins and paints constituted their entire
costume for the occasion.
I hardly think a timid Easterner like Bell, would
have cared to join that motley crowd, even if it was
the grandest affair of the season. And I am as well
own up to that I did not put a placid
sense of safety, being as I was an hundred
miles from the nearest white settlement, and with
such a band of demons - at least in look and action.
While the dance was going on, the old women
were preparing a "Big Eat" of baked roots, roasted fish
and venison. They were eagerly devoured by the hungry
natives who were very hungry.

The following day was grand race day, between
the various tribes present. Each tribe backing its own
animals. Races took the way from one hundred yards
to five miles, and back, with weights without saddles
or bridles, simply a small rawhide cord fastened by
claw hitch around the racers under jaw and eagle
feathers pasted on his foretop and tail. His little
tail of a rider with a single ribbon or buckskin
string around his waist. His only garment - except
perhaps an eagle feather or two tied on top of his
head. No thoroughbred with his high-bred gene
enjoy a race more than does the Indian ponies
his naked rider. No jockeying, throwing, or foul
tricks. Every horse goes for blood. Each rider starts his horse
in the chase, just as soon as possible, while the
owners judge the outcome. In case of a dead heat,
which seldom occurs, especially in long races, the
race is settled at once. A

There were sixteen horses entered in a race
of about ten miles that day, each entry was backed
by the jockey. To be run for, no second and third
money, the first horse back on the score
the post. The ground selected to run over included
the crossing and re-crossing, of a stream some
twenty yards wide and nearly, or quite, two feet
deep, with a high and steep bank on one side,
while a portion of the distance was covered with
a thick growth of sage and rabbitbrush.
Five minutes spent in scoring away the willow leaves, took the water like ducks scurrying up the bank and were soon lost to sight. Presently, here they come again, every rider kicking and whipping and every horse doing his level best. A long bunt stick belonging to a Mr. Penn led down the bank like a serpent winding through the stream and covered the score several lengths ahead of all. A shrill yell of satisfaction from his owner and friends, a hoarse grunt from the balance and all was quiet.

While in camp there, I was placed in rather an embarrassing position, by a young Umpqua squaw, falling desperately in love with me, or pretending to.

After spending some time in arranging green willow boughs around and over my blanket, she took to following me around, holding a large spreading willow over me, as a protection from the burning sun. I asked her what the woman meant.

"Oh, she just likes you and wants to be your woman, that's all!"

With the aid of an interpreter, I explained to her that I was not anxious at present to enter the Egyptian fields of matrimony and hastily compromised the matter by giving her a pair would-be charmer, five yards of turkey-red curtain calico, and a half dozen brass finger-rings, which effectually healed the sad wound I had unconsciously given her maiden heart.

Leasing that an old discarded war chief, then camped at a point up Arrow River, had a large amount of guns and powder, I decided to hunt him up and if possible trade off the remainder of my goods before starting home. Just sun-down, after a long day's ride, we found old Nag-tal-po-hog-aunt's camp.
friend and would remain so as long as we lived. On reaching the main trail that afternoon we fell in with a few Indian families on their way back to the reservation. They were living on dried roots, so were not backward in helping furnish small stock of meat. It was dried meat and roots for supper, and roots straight for breakfast. In fact it was a root diet with me for the next two or three days, as I was too claimy to eat soup and ground hops, which rhymes about all the game we walked along the lava beds. One old squaw supplied me with raw half dried, young roots which I ate almost continuously, in vain trying to appease the game wolf of hunger.

In this condition the 4th day of July 1870 found me. As the day advanced the heat became intense. We wound along the snake-like trail in single file, turning at almost every step to the right or left around some projecting point of rocks, or to avoid some yawning chasm formed perhaps millions of years ago while the cooling process was along going on, finally leaving this rented, twisted, contorted and blackened mass in every conceivable shape and form, looking as fresh as though the work were done but yesterday, while the almost unbearable heat helped to strengthen the delusion of death and action dies. As contrastingly.

One wonders that my thoughts even carried back to former fortunates of July that I had enjoyed in some pleasant shade, grown near the county village, where ice-cold lemonade sold at a penny a glass and a long pre-to-alltable blood loaded with every salable that heart could wish, while the little brass six-pounder, or town blacksmith's авто returned forth to expound sound beneath the noble old flag of stars and stripes.
We were riding slowly along in advance of the column, silent, hungry and patient little band. Contrasting the present with former days, my reverie was suddenly broken by "Look! Look!"

Turning in my saddle I saw Poe who was close behind pointing towards a large black-tail buck which was limping along a little knob scarcely a hundred yards away.

Having been no game for the previous two days I had that morning loaded my Winchester rifle in one of the packs. Having ready, I had a musket in the holster.

Before Poe could get a rest for his gun on the two slides which he as well as the rest of the tribe for that purpose, the deer had gotten out of sight over the little hill. Fresh meat was what we wanted and having old "Fondida", my best horse under me, I at once gave chase.

The big buck led me a lively race, up hill and down, over rocks and brush, for a couple of miles notwithstanding one of his hind legs broken.

Coming up with him at last I opened fire with my pistol severely wounding him, at which he turned on me and with a mad plunge struck my horse full in the chest, but without injury, for as luck would have it his horns were in the velvet, a soft bunch or knot on each prong. It was his last plunge, for as old iron sides spring to one side I sent a bullet through his brain.

The coming up we soon had the deer skinned, quartered and loaded on the packs.

After reaching water a few miles farther on we made camp. While unsaddling and taking off the packs - up two swarty stallions went the trail and demanded the slaughtered deer. They had wounded him early that morning a long way back in the mountains, and had never been
following his tracks. All of which was, no doubt, true, but I was too\n
honorable and refused to give it up.

After considerable party and faculty, Jimmi, a
little chap in my outfit, proposed that we wrestle for
the deer. The boy had great faith in my ability to
don them as he had often seen me throw down
the best men in his tribe. I consented to this and
also offered to shoot off hand for the meat.

One of the fellows was a tall, powerful Indian man
about my own height but at least twenty-five pounds
heavier. After walking around in a circle, king, and
juggling of my arms and legs he declined and
also refused to shoot except with a rock which
I in turn refused, but finally compromised the

matter by giving him the hide and hind quarter
that they had wounded. In the mean time our
squires had fires built and were eagerly waiting

the meat. Settlement. In less than a minute after the

treaty was concluded, the entire three quarters
of venison was roasting before the fire—fifteen minutes late
we were letting out our bets one hole at a time.

One of our party, a rather good looking young
Bannock, took an interest in completing juggling
himself that he was compelled to submit to the

healing process—to ease his pain and assist his

digestion.

Having often heard of but never having seen
this peculiar medical treatment, I watched it with
much interest. It was simply a proved effective
in this case—being conducted as follows:

The glutton lay at full length on his back
with arms and legs extended while a squaw pro-
ceded to grease his upper body, or rather the upper
portion of it with marrow from the deer's legs
this done, a squaw gave maiden steeply

upon his prostrate form with care full of

truth.
slowly up and down—occasionally slipping off from the high and well rounded form of his body, with a
laugh, she would again mount the pumpkin
shaped back and continue to administer
some old woman would scold her for her carelessness
and immorality and more as serious an affair.
I understood that the girl was badly
for the young blood—and was then no doubt trying
to make a 'mash' on him. I suspected
means to win the heart of the white man.

Two days later, on reaching home in an old
lady's house for sugar, coffee, flour
which I gave her, and continued to give for the
next two years. Her begging became so annoying
that at last refused her. Well I fed you when
you were hungry, now I am hungry, and you
won't give me anything. This little argument on
her part won her a fresh supply.

Leaving my trading post and leaving the
country, I lost sight of the old girl for ten years;
in which time I bought the place again
and had scattered and settled down—when one
day I was at dinner with my family in
wearing an old stooped and gray-headed squaw, pointing
at the door I told her to go out. She paid no
attention to this, but walking up
she extended her black
and tangle hand, while the proceeded to again repeat
the same old rust story, which I interpreted to my
wife and children. Well, the old woman not only got
her dinner, but left with a flour-sack filled from the
table and cupboard. By close calculation I find that
three roots cost one and twenty dollars a pound
and the end is not yet; but as the old creature has
already seen a "great, great," many snows—while my hair
is only slightly grizzled, I live in hope.

End of the story. Written 1932.
Some time after the adventurous expedition of S. H. Fisher which was described in 1873, he in 1874 held a trading post in the neighborhood of Ross Fork, Idaho, situated some 12 miles from Fort Hall. There was news of an Indian outbreak, and already much suspicion and threatening conduct on the part of the numerous Indians on and off the Reservations. The white people were in great fear and shut themselves up in buildings belonging to the trading agency and hastened their messengers to the fort to apprise the command of their precarious situation. He dispatched Lieut. Nelson of the 12th Infantry with a detachment of troopers for assistance to the frightened and beleaguered whites. Nelson started during the night and reached the agency before daylight, galloping with his small force toward the occupied buildings, intending to dismount and let his horses go in case he was fired upon, and fight his way an of enemy approaching to the unprepared people. But to his surprise he found the Indians had withdrawn; and so the siege was
great and the distress relieved. The withdrawal was affected by the own watchful fishes.
During the night he had ordered out on hands and knees among the Indians, highgrass to a place where the Indians were in council. He observed that they were few to the old and the young. The latter urged the massacre of all the whites in the building, but the old Indians were more moderate and fisher believe that with some prompt encouragement to their aged mood the more cruel could be overborne.
He made all the haste he could, making his way to the Agency buildings, and then came out boldly, took the main road and walked fearless into their council. He joined at once in their speeches, which his knowledge of the Indian language enabled him to do, and soon persuaded them all to better something better than to murder him or another white people about them.
They listened to his grave words, and admiring his courage, they quietly withdrew and became most friendly. Blessed are the peace-makers.
Are they not called the children of God?

Wm. The Terribly Danneck war had been inaugurated. S. H. Fisher was entrusted to go to Eastern Oregon and take the chieftainship of the Scouts. He would not go, declining all offers however flattering or remuneration.

He at first gave no reasons, but finally being pressed by an Ainslie, who was his warm friend, for him, he said that he resented so differently from other Scouts, and that often he was obliged by his own sensibility, to express himself so much more than they, most of them died. That he felt too apprehensive that he would be killed. It was a reason that once did not weigh much with him, but now he had a family of children to support and, no matter if the work was attraction, he believed that he must avoid the extreme danger. This way of thinking on the part of Fisher is for less sense seems very strange to all of us who knew him. But we were made to see that
He prudently resolved to keep his family from the excitement of the campaign and from the pleasure. This commendation for extraordinary valor gives him in favor of a higher duty, namely, the immediate protection and support of his family.

A few years later in 1885 I visited his home near Ross Fork. In the change of Agents on the Reservation, he had somehow lost his official rights as an Indian trader; but he remained then in comparative poverty as his language friend. He traded men in his buckboard carrying and new horses. Indian homes scattered over a field lying for twenty-five miles, where healing was always needed by the household with the utmost confidence. There was a show of affection. I found them when they were too poor to buy. I loaned them seed for planting, and gave them remunerative credits in trade.

"Do they ever repay you?" I asked.

"Not invariably, unless some procedure prevents."

It is his good man & phenomenon spirit who has as lost because he was quick, astute, and all the friends of the Indians who are interested in the Reds for Indians, major.
(Capt.) Oliver C. Howard

Dear Friend,

Nov 12, 1863

I know that you have been thinking of my health and that of the boys, and I want you to know that we are all well. We have had some hard times, but we are all doing our best to carry on.

The weather here is very pleasant, and we are looking forward to the next move. The boys are all doing well, and I am happy to know that they are working hard.

Thank you for your kindness and support. I miss you and wish you all the best.

Yours truly,

[Signature]