

WHAT THEY ARE THERE FOR

By Cyrus Townsend Brady



THE most thankless task that can be undertaken by a nation is warfare against savage or semi-civilized peoples. In it there is usually little glory, nor is there any reward save the consciousness of disagreeable duty well performed. The risk to the soldier is greater than in ordinary war—since the savages usually kill the wounded and torture the captured. Success can only be achieved by an arduous, persistent, wearing-down process which affords little opportunity for scientific fighting, yet which demands military talents of the highest order. There is nothing spectacular about the performance, and everybody wonders why it takes so long.

And as injustice and wrong have not been infrequent in the preliminary dealings between the Government and the savages, the soldier, who has only to obey his orders, comes in for much unmerited censure from those who think darkly though they speak bitterly. Especially is he criticised if, when maddened by the suffering, the torture of some comrade, the soldier sinks to the savage level in his treatment of his ruthless foemen.

Long before the Spanish-American War and its Philippine corollary our little army had shown itself capable of the hardest and most desperate campaigning against the Indians of the West; as difficult and dangerous a work as any army ever undertook. There was so much of it and it abounded with so many thrilling incidents that volumes could be written upon it without exhausting its tragedy, its romance. There is scarcely a soldier who served beyond the Mississippi from 1865 to 1890 who did not participate in a score of engagements, whose life was not in peril more than once in many a hard but now forgotten campaign.

One of the bravest of our Indian fighters was Guy V. Henry. Personally he was a typical representative of the knightly American soldier; officially it was his fortune to perform conspicuous services in at least three expeditions subsequent to the Civil War. He was a West Pointer and

the son of another, born in the service at Fort Smith in the Indian Territory. Graduating in 1861, a mere boy, he participated in four years of the hardest fighting in the Civil War from Bull Run to Cold Harbor. At the age of twenty-three his merit won him the appointment of Colonel of the Fortieth Massachusetts Volunteers, "a regiment that was never whipped." The tall, brawny Yankees fairly laughed at the beardless stripling who was appointed to command them. He mastered them, and to this day they love his memory.

He was thrice mentioned in despatches and brevetted five times for conspicuous gallantry in action during the war, out of which he came with the rank of Brigadier-General. For heroic and successful fighting at old Cold Harbor he received the highest distinction that can come to a soldier, the medal of honor. Having two horses shot from under him in the attack upon the lines, he seized a third from a trooper, mounted him under a withering fire, and led his soldiers forward in a final assault which captured the intrenchments—this third horse was shot under him just as he leaped the breastworks.

"Thin as a shoestring and as brave as a lion," he was a past master of military tactics and a severe disciplinarian. "I tell you he is a martinet," cried one young officer angrily, smarting under a well-deserved reproof. "You are wrong," replied a wiser officer who knew Henry better, "he is trying to make your own record better than you could ever make it yourself." Sudden as a thunderbolt and swift as a hawk when he struck the red Sioux, in his family and social relations he was a kindly, considerate, Christian gentleman. He could kill Indians, but never cruelly, mercilessly; only in open warfare—and teach a class in Sunday-school. I've seen him do that last, and no man did it better; the boys of his class simply idolized him. And his men in the army did the same. Cool and tactful, a statesman, for all his fiery energy, he was perhaps the best of our colonial governors. When he died the people of Porto Rico mourned him as

a friend, where the little children had loved him as a father.

At the close of the Civil War he was transferred to the Third Cavalry, a regiment with which he was destined to win lasting renown. It must have been hard for men who had exercised high command and who had proved their fitness for it to come down from general officers to subalterns, but Henry accepted the situation cheerfully. He was as proud of his troop of cavalry as he had been of his regiment and brigade of volunteers. His new detail took him to Arizona, where for two years he commanded a battalion engaged in hard scouting among the Apaches. The winter of 1874 found him at Fort Robinson in the Black Hills. While there he was ordered to go into the Bad Lands to remove certain miners who were supposed to be there in defiance of treaty stipulations.

The day after Christmas with his own troop and fifteen men of the Ninth Infantry under Lieutenant Carpenter, with wagons, rations and forage for thirty days, the men set forth. The expedition involved a march of three hundred miles over the worst marching country on the face of the globe and in weather of unimaginable severity, the cold continually ranging from twenty to forty degrees below zero. The miners were not found, and on the return journey the command, which had suffered terrible hardships, was overtaken by a blizzard.

When in an eastern city the thermometer goes down to the zero mark and it blows hard, with a heavy snow for twenty-four hours, people who are not familiar with the real article call such insignificant weather manifestations a blizzard. Imagine a fierce gale sweeping down from the north filled with icy needles which draw blood ere they freeze the naked skin, the thermometer forty degrees below zero, a rolling treeless country without shelter of any sort from the blinding snow and the biting wind, and you have the situation in which that expedition found itself. The storm came up an hour after breaking camp on what was hoped to be the last day on the return journey. To return to the place of the camp was impossible. To keep moving was the only thing to be done. The cold was so intense that it was at first deemed safer to walk than ride. The troops dismounted and struggled on. Many

of the men gave out and sank exhausted, but were lifted to their saddles and strapped there, Henry himself doing this with his own hands. Finally the whole party got so weak that it was impossible for them to proceed. In desperation they mounted the exhausted horses and urged them forward. Henry had no knowledge of direction, but trusted to the instincts of his horse. He led the way. Many of the men had to be beaten to keep them awake and alive—to sleep was death.

Finally, when hope and everything else was abandoned, they came to a solitary ranch under the curve of a hill, occupied by a white man and his Indian wife. They were saved; that is, they had escaped with their lives. The horses were put in shelter in the corral, the men crowded into the house, and the painful process of thawing out was begun. The ranch was fifteen miles from Fort Robinson, and when the blizzard abated the next day, wagons and ambulances were sent out and the helpless soldiers were carried back to the post.

Most of them were in a terrible condition and few had escaped. All were broken from the hardships they had undergone, especially from the freezing, which those who have suffered from, declare causes a prostration from which it is difficult to recover. When Henry entered his quarters his wife did not recognize him. His face was black and swollen. His men cut the bridle reins to free his hands and then slit his gloves into strips, each strip bringing a piece of flesh as it was pulled off. All his fingers were frozen to the second joints, the flesh sloughed off, exposing the bones. One finger had to be amputated, and to the day of his death his left hand was so stiff that he was unable to close his fingers again. As he was a thin, spare man with no superfluous flesh, he had suffered more than the rest. Yet he made no complaint, and it was only due to his indomitable persistence that the men were not frozen to death that awful day. Henry's winter march is still remembered by those in the old service as one of the heroic achievements of the period.

The heroism and sufferings of the young soldier were nothing, however, to what he manifested and underwent two years later. Just before the Custer Massacre, General Crook with some eleven hundred men

moved out from Fort Fetterman, Wyoming, on the expedition that culminated in the battle of the Rosebud. Col. W. B. Royall had command of the cavalry of Crook's little army. One morning in June the Sioux and the Cheyennes under Crazy Horse, who as a fighter and general was probably second to no Indian that ever lived, attacked Crook's men. The left wing under Royall was isolated in a ravine and practically surrounded by a foe who outnumbered them five to one. The rest of the army, heavily engaged, could give them no succor. The Indians made charge after charge upon the troops, who had all dismounted except the field officers. Henry had command of the left battalion of Royall's force. Cool as an iceberg he rode up and down the thin line steadying and holding his men. At one time by a daring charge he rescued an imperilled company under a brother officer.

At last, in one of the furious attacks of the Sioux, he was shot in the face. A rifle bullet struck him under the left eye, passed through the upper part of his mouth under the nose, and came out below the right eye. The shock was terrific. His face was instantly covered with blood, his mouth filled with it. He remained in the saddle, however, and strove to urge the troops on. In the very act of spurring his horse forward to lead a charge he lost consciousness and fell to the ground.

At that instant, the war-bonneted Indians, superbly mounted, delivered an overwhelming onslaught on the left flank of the line. The men, deprived of their leader, for a time gave back. The Indians actually galloped over the prostrate figure of the brave soldier. Fortunately he was not struck by the hoofs of any of the horses. A determined stand by Chief Washakie of the friendly Shoshones, our Indian allies in that battle, who with two or three of his braves fought desperately over Henry's body, prevented him from being scalped and killed.

The officers of the Third speedily rallied their men, drove back the Indians, and reoccupied the ground where Henry lay. He was assisted to his horse and taken to the rear where the surgeons were. Such was the nature of his wound that he could not speak above a whisper, he could not see at all, he could scarcely hear, and he

had great difficulty in breathing. As the doctor bent over him he heard the wounded man mumble out, "Fix me up so that I can go back!"

There was no going back for him that day. Through the long day he lay on the ground while the battle raged around him. There was little water and no shelter. There wasn't a tent in the army. Although it was bitter cold during the nights in that country at that season, at midday it was fearfully hot. He was consumed with thirst. His orderly managed to give him a little shade by holding his horse so that the shadow of the animal's body fell upon the wounded man. His wound was dressed temporarily as well as possible and then he was practically left to die.

One of the Colonel's comrades came back to him during a lull in the fight. There he lay helpless on the bare ground in the shadow of the restive horse which the orderly had all he could do to manage. No one else could be spared from the battle line to attend to Henry's wants—although as a matter of fact he expressed no wants. The flies had settled thickly upon his bandaged face. The officer bent over him with an expression of commiseration.

"It's all right, Jack," gurgled out from the bleeding lips, "it's what we're here for."

Royall's forces were finally able to effect a junction with the main body by withdrawing fighting, and Henry was carried along any way in the hurried movement. The Indians at last withdrew from the field—the battle must be considered a drawn one—and then there was time to consider what was to be done with the wounded. The facilities for treatment were the slenderest. The column had been stripped of its baggage to increase its mobility to enable it to cope with the Indians. All they had they carried on their persons, and that included little but the barest necessities.

Nobody expected Henry to survive the night. He didn't expect to live himself, as he lay there through the long hours listening to the men digging graves for those who had fallen and wondering whether he was to be one of the occupants thereof or not. The next day they sent him to the rear. He was transported in what is called a travois. Two saplings were cut from the river bank, two army mules, one at each end, were placed between the saplings, which

were slung over the backs of the animals. An army blanket or piece of canvas was then lashed to the poles, and on it the sufferer was placed. There were a number of wounded, none of them, however, so seriously as Henry. It was some two hundred miles to Fort Fetterman, and they carried him all that distance that way.

The weather at night was bitterly cold. In the daytime it was burning hot. The travois was so short—they had to take what poles they could get, of course—that several times the head of the rear mule hit the wounded officer's head, so that finally they turned him about, putting his head behind the heels of the foremost animal, where he was liable to be kicked to death at any moment.

On one occasion one of the mules stumbled and fell and pitched Henry out upon his head. The officers of the little escort stood aghast as they saw him fall out, but it is a matter of record, solemnly attested, that such was Henry's iron self-control that he made no sound, although the agony was excruciating. In fact, on the whole journey, he made no complaint of any sort. His only food was broth which was made from birds shot by the soldiers as they came upon them, and he got this very infrequently.

Finally the little cortège reached Fort Fetterman. The last mishap awaited them there. The river was crossed by a ferryboat which was pulled from shore to shore by ropes and tackles. The river was very high and the current running swiftly, and as they prepared to take the wounded officer across, the ropes broke and the whole thing went to pieces, leaving him within sight but not within reach of clean beds, comforts, and medical attention he hoped to secure. Some of the escort, rough soldiers though they were, broke into tears as they saw the predicament of their beloved officer. He himself, however, true to his colors, said nothing. Finally they offered to take him across the raging torrent in a small skiff—the only boat available—if he were willing to take the risk. Of course if the skiff were overturned he would have been drowned. He took the risk, and with two men to paddle and an officer to hold him in his arms, the passage was made.

Three hundred miles away, at Fort D.

A. Russell, his wife was waiting for him. Long before he reached Fort Fetterman she heard through couriers the news of his wound, which was reported to her as fatal, although he had taken care to cause a reassuring message to be sent her with the first messenger. With the heroism of the army wife, although she was in delicate health at the time, she immediately made preparations to join him. The railroad at that time ran as far as Medicine Bow. Beyond that there was a hundred-mile ride to Fort Fetterman. All the troops were in the field, none could be spared from the nominal garrisons for an escort. Again and again Mrs. Henry made preparations to go forward, several times actually starting, and again and again she was forbidden to do so by the officers in command of the various posts. It was not safe to send a woman across the country with a few soldiers—the Indians were up and out in all directions. There was no safety anywhere outside the forts or larger towns; she had to stay at home and wait. Sometimes the devoted wife got word from her husband, sometimes she did not. The savages were constantly cutting the wires. Her suspense was agonizing.

Finally the arrival of troops at Fort Fetterman enabled a stronger escort to be made up, and Henry was sent down to Fort D. A. Russell. The troops arrived at Medicine Bow on the 3d of July. The train did not leave until the next day. They were forced to go into camp. The cowboys and citizens celebrated the Fourth in the usual manner. That night the pain-racked man narrowly escaped being killed by the reckless shooting of the celebrators. Two bullets passed through the tent in which he lay just above his head. The next morning found him on the train. His heart action had been so weakened by chloral and other medicines they had given him, that at Sherman, the highest point on the journey, he came within an inch of dying.

His thoughts all along had been of his wife. When he got to the station he refused to get in an ambulance in order to spare her the sight of his being brought home in that way. A carriage was procured, and supported in the arms of the physician and his comrades, he was driven back to the fort. With superhuman resolution, in order to convince his wife that he was not seriously

hurt, he determined to walk from the carriage to the door. Mrs. Henry had received instructions from the doctor to control herself, and was waiting quietly in the entrance.

"Well," whispered the shattered man, as she took him tenderly by the hand, alluding to the fact that it was the Fourth of July, "this is a fine way to celebrate, isn't it?"

After the quietest of greetings—think of that woman, what her feelings must have been!—he was taken into the house and laid on the sofa. The doctor had said that he might have one look at his wife. The bandages were lifted carefully from his face so that he might have that single glance, then they were replaced, and the wife, unable to bear it longer, fled from the room. The chaplain's wife was waiting for her outside the door, and when she got into the shelter of that good woman's arms, she gave way and broke down completely.

"You know," said the chaplain's wife, alluding to many conversations they had had, "that you asked of God only that he should bring him back to you, and God has heard that prayer."

Everybody expected Henry to die, but die he did not; perhaps it would be better to say, die he would not. And he had no physique to back his efforts, only an indomitable will. He never completely recovered from that experience. He lost the sight of one eye permanently, and to the day of his death was liable to a hemorrhage at any moment, in which there was grave danger of his bleeding to death.

He took a year's leave of absence and then came back to duty. In 1877 when his troop was ordered to the front in another campaign under Crook against the redoubtable Crazy Horse, he insisted upon accompanying them. He had been out an hour or so when he fell fainting from the saddle. Did they bring him back? Oh, no. He bade them lay him under a tree, leave two or three men with him to look after him, and go ahead. He would rejoin them that night when it became cooler and he could travel with more ease! What he said he would do he did. A trooper rode back to the post on his own account and told of his condition. An order was sent him by the post commander to return. Henry quietly said he would obey the first order and go on. He remained with the troop for six weeks, until

finally he was picked up bodily and carried home, vainly protesting, the doctor refusing to answer either for his eyesight or for his life if he stayed in the field any longer.

Thirteen years after that Henry was commanding the Ninth Cavalry with headquarters at Fort McKinny. The Ninth Cavalry was a regiment of negroes. From the overcoats which they wore in Wyoming in the winter they were called the "Buffaloes," and sometimes they were facetiously referred to as "Henry's Brunettes." Whatever they were called they were a regiment of which to be proud.

In 1890 occurred the last outbreak of the Sioux under the inspiration of the Ghost Dancers, which culminated in the battle of Wounded Knee. Troops from all over the United States were hurried to the Pine Ridge Agency as the trouble began. On the 24th of December Henry and the "Brunettes" were ordered out to the former's old stamping-ground in the Black Hills on a scouting expedition. It was bitter cold that Christmas eve, but thank God there was no blizzard. Fifty miles on the back of a trotting horse was the dose before them. They rested at 4 o'clock on the morning of Christmas day. Some of the garments the men wore were frozen stiff. They had broken through the ice of the White River in crossing it. How the men felt inside the frozen clothing may be imagined. Eight miles farther they made their camp. They did not have much of a Christmas celebration, for as soon as possible after establishing their base at Harney Springs they went on the scout. They hunted assiduously for several days, but found no Indians. These had gone south to join their brethren concentrated about the agency. One day they rode forty-two miles in a vain search. They got back to camp about seven o'clock. At nine a courier from the agency fifty miles away informed them of the battle of Wounded Knee and that five thousand Ogalala Sioux were mustering to attack the agency.

"Boots and Saddles" instantly rang out, and the tired troopers mounted their jaded horses again. This time the camp was broken for keeps and tents were struck, wagons packed to abandon it. It was a bitter cold night. There was a fierce gale sweeping through the valley blowing a light snow in the faces of the men wrapped to

the eyes in their buffalo coats and fur caps. They pushed steadily on in spite of it, for it was Henry's intention to reach the agency in the dark in order to avoid attack by the Indians.

It was thought advisable, therefore, to leave the wagon-train under an escort of one company and press forward with the rest. The men arrived at the agency at daybreak, completing a ride of over ninety miles in less than twenty hours. Fires were kindled, horses picketed, and the exhausted men literally threw themselves on the ground for rest. They had been there but a short time when one of the men from the escort came galloping madly in with the news that the wagon-train was heavily attacked and that succor must be sent at once. Without waiting for orders, without even stopping to saddle the horses, Henry and his men galloped back over the road two miles away where the escort was gallantly covering the train. A short, sharp skirmish, in which one man was killed and several wounded, drove back the Indians, and the regiment brought in the train.

It was ten o'clock now, and as the negro troops came in to the agency word was brought that the Drexel Mission, seven miles up the valley, was being attacked, and help must be sent immediately. There were two regiments of cavalry available, the Seventh and the Ninth. For some unexplained reason the Ninth was ordered out. In behalf of his men Henry made protest. They must have a little rest, and so the Seventh was despatched and was soon hotly engaged. Two hours later a messenger reported that the Seventh in the valley where the Mission was situated was heavily attacked by the Indians, who had secured commanding positions on the surrounding ridges. Unless they could be relieved they would probably be overwhelmed. Again the trumpet call rang out and the tired black troopers once more climbed into their saddles and struck spur into their more tired horses, galloping away to the rescue of their hard-pushed white companions. The ridges were carried in most gallant style, and after some sharp fighting the Indians were driven back. The Seventh was extricated and the day was saved.

In thirty-four hours of elapsed time the Ninth Cavalry had ridden one hundred and

eight miles, the actual time in the saddle being twenty-two hours. They had fought two engagements and had rested only two hours. Marvellous to relate, there wasn't a sore-backed horse in the whole regiment! One horse died under the pressure, and aside from that and their fatigue, horses and men were in excellent condition.

That was probably the most famous ride ever performed by troops in the United States. For it Henry was commended for a further brevet as Major-General—the sixth he had received!

The Spanish-American War was too short to afford Henry an opportunity to distinguish himself in the field, but in Porto Rico he showed that his talents were not merely of the military order. In the short period his health permitted him to remain there he accomplished wonders and did it all in such a way as to gain the respect, nay, the affection of the people over whom with single-hearted devotion and signal capacity he ruled. He stayed there until he broke down. I, sick with typhoid fever on a transport at Ponce, saw him just before he collapsed. We were old friends, and he came off to the ship to visit me. I was not too ill then to realize that his own time was coming. He would not ask to be relieved.

"Here I was sent," he said, "here I will stay until my duty is done."

He was the knightliest soldier I ever met and I have met many. He was one of the humblest Christians I ever knew, and I have known not a few. It was his experience at Porto Rico which finally brought about his death, for it is literally true that he died as a soldier should, in his harness. In those trying times at Ponce, when life and health were at a low ebb, he wrote, in the sacred confidence of his last letter home to his faithful wife, words which it was not his custom to speak, but which those of us who knew felt expressed his constant thought:

"I am here alone. One by one my staff officers have fallen ill and gone home. Home!—let us not speak of it. Jesus is here with me and makes even this desolation home until a brighter one is possible."

So, his memory enshrined in the hearts that loved him, his heroic deeds the inspiration of his fellow soldiers, passed to his brighter home, Guy V. Henry, a Captain of the Strong!

THE DISMISSAL OF LYDIA DAY

By Annie Nettleton Bourne

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

I



THE lowest grade of the Hedgeville public school was a district school transplanted. When the old academy had given place to a graded school, there was nothing for Miss Lydia Day to do but lead her little roomful from the old building that had become like her shell to her, to the room assigned to the primary department. But it was not the shell that had formed the pupils, and the new shell could not shape them. The school was Miss Lydia herself, who was making the same imprint on the children that she had made on their fathers and mothers. There was not one among them whose parents had not got their first taste of learning at Miss Lydia's knee, and their first taste of pumpkin pie at Miss Harriet's. What wonder that all the villagers loved and honored the Day girls! They were the embodiment of two sterling products of New England—education and pie.

It was literally at Miss Lydia's knee that the youngest pupils were taught. They came one by one to stand in front of her. The book lay on her lap. It had become second nature to her to open it upside down. But the eyes of the little learner sought far less often the word at which his grimy finger pointed than the tell-tale lips of Miss Lydia. At her knee the natural child became a machine. The words shot from his throat as from a popgun. At each expulsion the little head was thrust forward and jerked back like a hen's. The end of a sentence, when it chanced to be sighted from afar, was indicated by so sudden a drop in the voice that the reader seemed to have run down. If the last word had been delivered inadvertently in the usual high monotone it was repeated in a deep guttural. "You are a good child," was Miss Lydia's highest praise; "I want you should do better to-morrow," her most

severe reproof. Punishment she administered rarely. When Jennie Dean, for the edification of her schoolmates, directed a significant grimace toward the desk, if she had turned her eyes that way too, instead of watching her admirers, she would have seen that the chair was empty; Miss Lydia, making the rounds to inspect the slates full of sums, chanced to be just behind her. It was a sight never to be forgotten when she led the delinquent by the ear to a seat on a high stool. With no one knew what import she placed a sheet of nice note-paper, a book, and a newly sharpened pencil on Jennie's lap. "I want you should write a letter to your father, Jennie Dean, and tell him that you made a face at your teacher," she said. Jennie's heart stood still. The letter advanced but slowly. It might not have been finished at all had not Miss Lydia spelled more than one word in a whisper. When it was done, she folded it and put it in her desk, but she never sent it.

If Miss Lydia had any favorites, she never singled them out. Even Annie Griggs she treated like all the others. But Annie gained companionship with her teacher by a lucky chance; their pathways to school joined midway. She was the envy of all the children when they arrived hand-in-hand and the object of unaffected contempt when she appeared alone. To shout from afar, "Miss Lydia has come," seems like a mild revenge, but it was a dear privilege to those who detected the look of disappointment that lay behind such faces as Annie saw fit to employ for its concealment.

II

THERE was another road to the village and Annie might have gone that way with even heart-beats. But the old road did not join the new until just at the school-house door, and it was by the new that Miss Lydia was at that moment coming. The