

of green, and wreathed with flowers; while cattle are resonating on the grassy lawns, and lambs are sporting on verdant slopes; while a thousand sweet tones are awake. The valleys resound with the cheerful songs of birds upon each spray. The maidens with silken tresses flowing about their snowy necks, in gladsome strains more beautiful than all besides, trip along the grassy dell. All is lively, sprightly here. All the world is draped in smiles; silver clouds float above us, the air is freighted with a thousand sweet odors. The ground is carpeted with green and bedecked with sweet flowers that adorn both hill and dale. All designed to elevate the contemplative mind to the noblest aspirations of soul, and the refined sensibility of social feeling toward our fellow-beings who are the noblest representatives of the Great Architect.

Odors, odors load the summer air,
Music, music sweetly echoes there;
And brightest minds, with softest glance,
There join the song and lead the dance;
Pealing, pealing come the laugh and shout,
While gaily we sing, till the old forests ring
With joy of our merry rout.

Faintly, faintly sounds the distant fall;
Lightly, lightly woodland echoes call,
And in their voice we deem we hear
The tones of friends once gay and dear,
Pealing, pealing, join the laugh and shout,
While gaily we sing till the old forest ring
With the joy of our merry rout

Written for the press in May 1856 by John Wilcox

Below is a true copy of a letter In answer to Col. Summers request (enclosing tickets) asking support & influence for the Office of State Senator.

O'Fallons Bluffs, N.T.

October 4, 1865

Col. S.W. Summers

Dear Sir

Your favor of 26th Sept. is before me & contents noted. The tickets you enclosed have been distributed.

You truly say that you "have friends in the company", and you may possibly get some votes on the fusion ticket, but pardon me, my dear sir, when I tell you plainly that I vote for principals - not men. I never did, neither can I ever cast my vote with that party, who during the war for the maintenance of the Government, were opposed to it, and the policy of our Loyal Executive and Congress - called all loyal men - defenders and supports of the Government "abolitionists and Lincoln Hirelings" and opposed the suffrage of soldiers; but since the rebellion was crushed by those so called "Government menials" and "blue coats" have become honorable, they (the copperheads) "honey fugal" those same soldiers - pat them on the back and place them on the front seat of old defunct, copperhead democracy, disguised with a "woolly headed" mask called "anti Negro", instead of "Anti-soldier suffrage" (their doctrine a year ago). I would be glad to vote for you, friend Summers, on the Old Staunch UNION platform, - supported by ever loyal union men, but I can not affiliate with copperheads to the detriment of the old & tried Union party. I am sorry to see you or any other soldiers used as cats-paws to hand chestnuts out of the fire.

Very truly yours etc.

John Wilcox

April 27, 1866

Nearly five years since we enlisted as a Private in the Union Army, to do battle for our Country - for freedom and right, in opposition to slavery, secession - and wrong.

Today being the third anniversary of our muster into service with the 7th Iowa Cavalry it recalls many reminiscences of our "soldier life" not only with the Seventh Cavalry, but with the Seventh Infantry also.

The 7th of November 1861 can never be forgotten, for we shall ever bear the scar of Belmont. The 15th of February 1862 will ever be remembered by reason of the gallant charge made by Col. Lawrence's Brigade on the strong defenses of Fort Donelson. The 6th and 7th of April 1862 will ever be memorable for the thousands slain on Shiloh's bloody field. Since 1863, in hazardous scouts, or long expeditions, in summer and winter, through heat and cold, through rain & snow, we have been ranging over the western plains, from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains. We have enjoyed the march across extended Plains of luxuriant grass & beautiful aromatic flowers, we have traveled tedious miles in crossing desert sands, and sighed for a cooling stream. We have admired the fertile valley and bathed or slacked our thirst in the rippling streamlet & slumbered sweetly beneath the shady branches of the elms & cottonwoods that skirted its verdant banks. We have traversed mountain gorges and stood beneath rugged precipices. We have clambered over snowy cliffs in chase of mountain sheep. We have met the "Red Man" in battle & in ___ "The Great Spirit" judge between them and us. But our term of service has at last expired and we are enroute to Fort Leavenworth for muster out as a Regiment.

Through the history of the 7th Iowa Infantry, her duties have been none the less arduous, and her achievements none the less great - each having only labored in separate fields to accomplish the same mutual purpose - putting down the great Rebellion, of which the late Indian war was only an integral part.

The regiment is camped this evening on Little Blue, a clear rapid stream some four rods wide, the banks of which are heavily skirted with timber common to the west. The valley is about one mile wide, bounded on either side by abrupt hills. Spring in all her loveliness has appeared and like a queen spread out her verdant carpet - and scattered her fragrant bouquets. She has also draped the trees and shrubs in green and sent troupes of warbling songsters to enliven the scene & entertain her guests. The sun has just set - beneath a clear & tranquil sky. The moon is in all her rising splendor, and the azure heaven is glittering with

twinkling diamonds which differ in magnitude and brilliancy as one man or one spirit differs from another on the plain of life, or heaven of immortality. The evening is tranquil, pleasant & lovely and the scenery grand. We are alone in pensive thought. In our imagination we see all the wild herds and beasts of prey that ever traversed this beautiful valley. We see also the spirits of ancient warriors in the case, in battle, in the council or lover's wooing beneath the elm shade. While from their starry homes the spirits of our own departed loved ones are looking from the lighted windows, and smiling approbation's upon us, and our own dear star, is blazing out in love and constancy, viewing with the brightest in its unsurpassing brilliancy. Oh, the thoughts of home, of Heaven and of Immortality! Have we friends who think of us while we are absent? Is there one whose love is trusting and constant though all others should forget and forsake us? My little star smilingly twinkles yes! Do our friends in heaven wait & wish for us? The multitude should they do! "Homeward bound!" Oh where is home & rest for the weary soldier & pilgrim? There is not better home than the home of the heart - a house and a mansion ___ and undecaying, for it is built of love and lighted by Heavenly truth. In that blessed mansion may heaven preserve us & may the blessed angels visit us in mercy till the loved shall meet on the Heavenly Plains of bliss to part no more for ever Amen, so mote it be.

John Wilcox

A POLITICAL "STUMP SPEECH" TO CO. "B", 7TH IOWA CAV. AT ST. JAMES
N.T., OCTOBER 1863

Fellow soldiers: As patriots we have left our homes and dear loved ones to do battle for our common mother - our beloved country which gave us birth, and under the folds of whose "starry banner", we have ever been protected in "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness", after this magnanimity, shall we not, as grateful children & the heirs of a common heritage, now stand by and defend our mother country against the assaults of assassins and murderers who would stab her to the heart and rob us of our heritage. As soldiers, we should ever be watchful and vigilant against surprise, and prompt to repel our foes. As patriots we should bear in mind that Eternal Vigilance is the price of liberty. We have many duties to perform which are stern & honourous, but we should perform them with the alacrity and delight, if no other reason than because it is duty to country. It may yet be our lot to repel her foes at the cannon's mouth - such a duty, if well executed would be to us an honorable and glorious one. There are numerous other duties for us to perform, which would seem less dangerous, but would tell as effectually upon the Nation's future. A single circumstance may change the entire future of a mans life as well as shape the destiny of a Nation. It is an easy matter for heroes to lose by diplomacy all they may have gained by the sword. We are soon to enter upon a duty of the diplomatic or legislative character - tomorrow we cast our suffrages for State & representative officers of Iowa - in the performance of this duty, there rests upon us as great a responsibility as would our conduct on the field of strife & courage!

What would be thought of a soldier, who in action would fire upon his comrade in arms, instead of the enemies of his country? Let me ask you my fellow soldiers what it was that impelled us from our homes and the dear ones who love us? - I answer - patriotism, which burns with unquenchable ardor in our every heart - a patriotism that will sternly on through fire and hail, and know no impossibility until the rebel crew is hurled from freedom's soil, and peace shall spread her snowy wings over our country saved from a rebellion of slavery & monarchy. Now if you had rather fire upon armed forces than your own comrades, why had you not rather vote for true union men than for copperheads, who by legislation would do more to destroy the government than we can do to save it by force of arms? But says one, they would compromise with the rebels & stop the war. I tell you there is no peace by compromise with rebels till we conquest a peace that shall endure through all time. The shortest road to peace is a vigorous prosecution of the war, and are you ready to give your suffrages to men

who would tie the hands of our army & then fire upon their backs? No! Emphatically No!! You had rather die than betray your country by armed rebellion or at the ballot box - For my part I am for Stone & victory.

TEMPERANCE

Temperance is the virgin of wisdom, purity and refinement. Her habitation is the temple of knowledge, situate in the park of progression. Her pleasurable strolls are among sporting rills and dashing cascades, reflecting rainbows in the spray. While the hanging dew drops gleam like sparkling diamonds upon nature's beautiful tapestry. As she views with admiration these vivid scenes of smiling nature; verdant lawns, woodland foliage and radiant meads, enchantment to the scene, rendered delightful by pure balmy atmosphere, freighted with the rich perfumes, and sweet aroma of a thousand opening flowers that bedeck the gorgeous scene with all bright, beautiful and variegated hues.

INTEMPERANCE

Intemperance is the prostitute of ignorance, vice and blunted sensibilities. Her habitations are the grogshops along the filthy alley of drunkenness and sensualism. Not a green blade of leaf is seen - all is barren, parched and scar - no cool murmuring rill or sparkling fount - naught but the hot waters of distilled damnation seeping through the faucets, or safety-valve of hell, is found in this inhospitable region denominated "sink holes of hell". Humanity, beware, for there are a thousand stumbling stones & trap doors in this vicinity of infernal virus that sink the unwary traveler down to the pit of ruin, where mortals in mangled corpses lie, and grim despair grins defiantly at his silly victims.

Written at Dakota N.T. January 1864

NEGRO EQUALITY

The opprobrious epithet of "nigger equality", "woolly", "black abolitionist" etc. is sneeringly cast into the face of every honest, loyal man who upholds and supports the Government against the machinations of knaves, fools, bacchanalias and black hearted traitors, who directly or indirectly seek to overthrow a free republican Government. What pure-minded, intelligent patriot can be swerved by such epithets from the villains and ignoramuses who are unprincipled enough to utter them; but as true philosophers, consider who are the persons or party really in favor of Negro Equality; has it been the men who from the innate sense of right and justice to humanity and the best interests of government who have argued this moral question; or has it been those traitorous misanthropes, who have Anglosaxonized three-fourths of the African race from their own loins, and chattilized their own offspring? These are the devils (we won't say men) who are fearful that some better principled Negro will equal or surpass them in the scale of humanity. These devils are not only found in Jeff Davis's army, but they prowl as thick as fiddlers in hell, a curse to man and humanity everywhere.

They go under a false garb of "democracy" but it is no more difference to detect the "nigger" by the brogue than it is to detect the wolf under a sheep skin when the nose and tail protrude.

Written at Dakota City, N.T.

February 1864

SCENES ON THE ROUTE OF MARCH

I know of no better way to spend an hour, after our day's march is ended, than to gather up the old camp stool and pencil on my knee, the occurrences and adventures of the day, which when it is known that "the boys" are in good health and fine spirits, and the weather being pleasant, the time passes more agreeably than otherwise. We marched twenty-five miles today up the Platte Valley, and are now within sixty miles of Fort Kearney. To describe this country I will say that the signification of Platte is broad. Just conceive of a river from two to five miles wide - shallow and full of islands - the banks low and occasionally skirted with small clumps of cottonwood and willow. Then cast the eye in every direction from the river, and there is to be seen only one vast level plain, without rock or shrub, and destitute of water except in the larger tributaries of the Platte. This country has been well denominated the plains. Over these plains ruminant numerous herds of buffalo, elk and antelope, today several herds of elk & antelope were seen from our column on march, Lieut. Comstock and our wagon master, left the column and went in pursuit of a herd to our right. The herd soon betook them to flight & our heroes joined in the chase, the wild enemy hoisted their flags of truce at full mast but to no purpose, for our two relentless braves dashed on; their coattails & horsetails streaming in horizontal lines to the rear. Soon ___ wild elk, wild antelope, with Lieutenant ___ Wagon master were wildly dashing in one promiscuous group. Being possessed of a little "sowbelly" and prizing horse flesh more than the game in chase we refrained from joining the fleeing and pursuing group, but enjoyed the sport hugely & this evening enjoy a fine steak of elk and that without the personal expense of horse flesh, but with many thanks to the gallant hunters & more especially to Mrs. Comstock, who by the way, is not only an excellent cook but a good little woman & excellent lady.

Written in manuscript June 21, 1864

JULESBURG - REFLECTIONS

On a barren plain seventy miles from shrub, shade tree or anything green, except a few dwarf willows from twelve to eighteen inches high on the islands of the Platte, and a small bell of green grass along the river banks near the waters edge, which with a few stray branches of sage and cactus, is all the verdure seen; the balance is brown and sterile, without a sparkling rill or cooling fount - there is naught away from the Platte to slake the thirst of man or beast, except occasional stagnant ponds of alkali to drink of which is to drink of death. This country can never be of any practical use, only as a natural thoroughfare to connect the west with the east by rail & telegraph, yet it is the best place in the world for individual speculation - all the capital necessary to start a lucrative business is an adobe ranch, a cache of hay, a box of tobacco, a few cigars and a barrel of "rot gut whiskey", all of the latter sell readily for two bits per single chew, smoke or draw. "Lunch" only costs \$1.50 & a can of fruits \$2.50 Fortunate indeed is the poor soldier or "pilgrim" who has on hand a small supply of "hardtack" & sowbelly.

Rumor, like scandal, never loses anything by circulation. From the sensation rumors afloat ^ the extreme here, about Indian depredations & Indian hostilities, we may reasonably infer that by the time those rumors & telegrams reach the States they will have grown to a great Indian War (on paper). True, there has been a few pilgrims, ranch men & freighters, robbed & a few less murdered, but it has been equally true that no considerable force of soldiers have been able to overtake the guerrilla predators be they Indian or white or both. For our part - we have been scouting on the Republican or marching along the Platte for the last month & have not been able to find or overtake an open foe, Indian, or rebel. The truth is, those troubles were instigated by rebels & are now incited by their allies - copperheads, alias, "Conservative democrats", none of whom have really suffered by it - though some of them apparently lose a little stock through sham, they doubtless get their share of scrip for all the stock & plunder run over to Arkansas & Texas.

But the murders and depredations perpetuated by these menial allies of "the Confederacy" are exaggerated by them into sensation rumors of great massacres and general uprising of all the Indian tribes from Texas to British America - should this be even as rumored, they are responsible for it, and the men who are ever ready to croak about "Federal repulses" & "Confederate Successes" are guilty of all these Indian depredations & raise the sensation howl & write exciting letters & telegrams. The whole thing is short lived & was gotten up "for buncum" like the rebel raids into the northern states - to divert attention from the rebel front. A

man who will so debase himself as to live with, or cohabit with a squaw is really not a man & only "fit for treason stratagems & spoils". The truth is one third of the ranch men on the overland road, have squaws for wives or mistresses - half are French & two thirds of all are rebels or copperheads under guise of conservative democracy, who have continually about them transient loafers who though white skinned, are of the "butternut" or moccasin & bead style - & doubtless of the Price & Quantril school. If all these devils were hanged or shot as they justly deserve, the Indian hostilities would cease. It is a significant coincidence that among the ranch men robbed or killed, everyone has been a loyal union man whose business was perhaps in competition with his rebel neighbors. The schemes of copperheads and rebel emissaries exceed in intrigue, deception and villainy, all the machinations of their father - the wily old serpent & the first secessionist - from hell he came to hell he will return & take with him all his bastard copperhead progeny. As Heaven is high over hell so will God and liberty triumph over the devil & slavery. With Grant as engineer, Lincoln at the helm, and the "Stars & Stripes" floating at the masthead, the ship of Union will soon outride the storm of rebellion, and anchor safely in the harbor of peace. August 16th

The excitement is increasing; all trains stopped; the mail coaches have ceased to travel the road - the stage stock is ordered off by Holiday - Large large forces of Indians reported marching in three different columns to attack the trains & ranches on the road - Julesburg said to be in imminent danger. We think it all a big scare, but all ready to give rebels - red or white - a warm reception and will not leave till we are whipped. A number of women and children have assembled here as refugees for protection. Should Julesburg be attacked (as supposed by rumor) we will, by the help of God, make a mighty fight in its defense & no woman or child shall be scalped while we have an army to defend. John Wilcox

CHICAGO PLATFORM

I have just read the Chicago Platform, McClallan's letter of acceptance & a speech of Voorhese who figured largely before that convention. In the whole, I can see but one honorable loyal sentiment and that one is in McClallan's letter - "The Union at all hazards", but he bedaubes it by cringing & pandering to traitors & their terms. (Should they propose any terms except unqualified Succession, yes, he would acknowledge the war a failure and union patriots inferior to southern rebels, he would give them all, or even more than they ever asked, if they would only come back & forget that they were an injured people - he would even bare the neck & prostrate the honest yeomanry of the north to the tread of his southern chivalrous brethren - yes, he would even bind the carcass of slavery to the wheels of National Union & free Government to reconcile murderous assassin rebels.) But as much as he crawls in the dust - to meet bloody treason halfway - he stands erect - when compared to his party in general, as well as the platform on which he stands (or rather lies). Voorhees thinks that those who have fought in this war would like to have peace! So they would - but had rather die in defense of their country than to crawl and lick the dust from traitors feet, and humbly, humanely submit to Confederate rule over the Federal Union, or to peace on any other terms than submission to the laws of Government of the United States - this is the sentiment today of every patriot in blue - but when armed treason ceases then will peace, permanent & lasting ensue and not till then - for that day, all devoutly pray as well as fight.

O'Fallens Bluffs, Oct. 1, 1864

John Wilcox

HOME

Situate in a nice little cottage in a rural spot, where gushing fountains send their crystal waters in rippling streamlets meandering through flowery meads and verdant lawns, surrounded by beautiful and romantic landscapes of placid lakes, dashing cascades, woodland hills and mountain peaks. In so lovely a spot - possessed of health and competence who could not feel at home? But there is a home brighter far than princely parks or castled heights - it is the home of the heart - a home where love unchanging never dies. O'er snowy Alps, or through seething seas, it is as undying and constant as heaven. All else is delusive and transitory - home is where the affections are. There can be no real home this side the Spirit Land, but in the tender emotions, the finer feeling, and holier affections of the human heart. He that does not love, and is himself unloved and friendless, has no home. He that enjoys pure, holy reciprocated love, enjoys home in its highest earthly sense - though he possesses neither houses nor lands, nor has a tile to shield him from the stormy blast that howls and chills without; thank God he has warmth, peace, happiness, home & Heaven within, and blessed be the name of God. This priceless treasure cannot be taken away - though oceans intervene, "many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it" it cannot be purchased with gold, "if a man would give all the substance of house for love it would be utterly contervised ___ " God is love and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God. Love is the highest word and the ruling power of the Universe Home is where the affections are.

Nov. 1864 O'Fallons Bluffs N.T.

(In transposition of the above the following lines composed by Eliza Cook are appropriate)

O! ask not a home in the mansion of pride,
Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls;
Though the roof be of gold it is beautifully cold,
And joy may not be found in its torchlighted halls.
But seek for a bosom all honest and true,
Where love once awakened will never depart;
Turn, turn to that breast like a dove to its nest,
And you'll find there's no home like a home in the heart.

O! link but one spirit that's warmly sincere,
That will heighten your pleasure and solace your care,
Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just,
And be sure the wide world holds no treasure so rare.
Then the frowns of misfortune may shadow our lot,
The cheek-searing teardrops of sorrow may start,
But a star never dim sheds a haie for him
Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

LINCOLN ASSASSINATION

Nature's sun never shone more beautiful in the firmament than today, but a dark wall overshadows our beloved country, her flag floats at half mast in condolence of her greatest statesman fallen - Lincoln is no more! After having steered the Old Ship of State safely across a sea of shoals, reefs and whirlpools, in the most terrible storm of rebellion ever known; he fell a martyr to freedom in sight of the haven of peace. He fell not by shipwreck nor in the battle race, but by the assassin traitor's hand - the most fiendish tragedy ever perpetuated by villainous man, or incarnate devil - a Nation in tears bewails the untimely demise of her noblest son - but the country still lives. As Lincoln sealed his patriotic devotion to country with his life's blood, so will it seal the Union to freedom forever - Freedom, the word that thrills our every heart - from every mountain top let freedom's banner wave, the tyrant blast and liberate the slave

Ft. Laramie D.T. April 15, 1865

John Wilcox

He who to mountain tops ascends shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below,
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Bound him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toil that to their summits led.

SLAVERY THE CAUSE OF REBELLION

It is an uncontrovertible fact, certain as inspiration and as true as prophecy, that slavery was the cause of the monster rebellion that is now drenching our country in fraternal blood and tears, crippling her agricultural, financial and commercial interest; severing the ties of association and making sad, lonely or desolate, homes once prosperous and happy. War: Civil and fraternal war. What can be more terrible? Can it be that this Republic, the greatest, the most civilized, enlightened and powerful nation on earth, a nation whose flag has been respected on every sea, and in every port, a nation famed for its liberty and free institutions; a nation whose broad prairies and fertile valleys have been an inviting asylum for the poor and oppressed of European and Asiatic Despotism's; can it be that she is engaged in civil war? Yes, lamentable fact; yes, we are in the midst of a rebellion, the most gigantic ever known to history, and for what? for the so called "divine right" of men to own and sell his fellow man; to task him, to lash him; to live upon his labors, or upon his sinews bought or ____, even denying him the inalienable rights common to the race of men.

BATTLE OF HORSE CREEK

Headquarters, Detachment 7th Iowa Cav.

In field near Julesburg, C.T.

June 21, 1865

Capt.:

I have the honor to report that in compliance with Special Orders from Maj. Mackey Commanding Post Fort Laramie, Captain W.D. Fouts & 7th Iowa Cavalry, in command of his company D and small detachments of companies A & B, of the same Regiment in all four commissioned officers and one hundred and thirty-five enlisted men, left Fort Laramie on the 11th day of June 1865, enroute to Julesburg, in charge of 165 lodges of Sioux Indians, numbering in aggregate, from 1500 to 2000 persons. Among them was an organized company, uniformed by Government and under the command of Charles Ellison, who had for some time been entrusted with the supervision of the entire Indian encampments near Fort Laramie, and who was entrusted with 70,000 rations for those Indians on the march to Julesburg. The Indians were all well armed with bows and arrows and most of them with firearms also. They were ostensibly quite friendly and expressed themselves as well pleased with their removal. Nothing of interest transpired during the first three days of the march, except signal smoke by Indians north of the Platte by day, and reputed conferences by night between them and the Indians in charge of Captain Fouts.

On the evening of the 13th, Captain Fouts and command encamped for the night on the east bank of Horse Creek and the Indians pitched their teepee's on the west. Late in the evening, the Indians had a dog feast, and three hundred and eighty-two warriors sat in secret council.

On the morning of the 14th reveille was sounded at three O'clock A.M. and the order of march announced to be at five. At sunrise I was ordered by Capt. Fouts, to proceed with the advance guard (Companies A & B detachments) two miles on the route of march then halt and wait till the wagon train closed up on rear of the advance guard, and the Indians on rear of the wagon train, then when all the command was properly formed and closed in column to move forward in this order of march. I had proceeded with the advance guard two miles as directed, had halted and dismounted my command, waiting for the train & Indians to close up, just as the wagons were closing up I heard the rapid report of firearms to the rear, believing it to be a revolt and attack by the Indians, and knowing the great disparity in numbers against us, as well as the fact that Captain Fouts family, the family of Lieut. Triggs and Mrs. Eubanks and child

(late rescued Indian captives) being with us, I determined to first prepare for defensive warfare, and had the wagons corralled in the best possible shape, and the teams unhitched from the wagons and put inside the corral and the men in line outside, ready for action. In this condition I awaited orders from Captain Fouts. A messenger coming up reported that Capt. Fouts had gone across the creek to hurry up the Indians whose lodges were struck and were apparently ready to march, that the Indians had revolted, killed Capt. Fouts etc. and they (the Indians) were then fighting among themselves. I immediately dispatched a messenger on the fleetest horse to communicate with Fort Mitchell and the telegraph office, distant eighteen miles, (the messenger was closely pursued by Indians). The rear guard (Co. D) coming up I demanded of Lieut. Haywood why he did not stand and fight the Indians? He replied that his men had no cartridges, and this his Captain had refused to have them issued to his men, stating that they would not be needed.

Ordering Lieut. Haywood to have his men fill their cartridge boxes immediately, and ordering Lieut. Smith and Triggs with sixty-five men to hold the corral - keep the stock securely hitched within and keep their men in line outside the dig rifle pits near the corral in a manner defensible from all approaches, I, with Lieut. Haywood and seventy men, mounted on the best horses (the horses were all very poor & unserviceable, from hard service without forage), repaired with all possible dispatch to the scene of action. Passing over the late Indian encampment we saw the body of Capt. Fouts, dead, stripped and mutilated. The Indians had fled two or three miles to the Platte - the "squaws and papooses" were swimming the river on ponies, the warriors on their war horses were circling and maneuvering in hostile array. Supposing that a part of them were really friendly and would join us in subduing the others, I charged on after them (we overtook & passed a few squaws & papooses, I forbade my men to injure or molest them - they returned unharmed to our corral) when within six hundred yards of the warriors I halted my command in line and sent the interpreter (Ellison) to the front to signal and tell all who were our friends to return and they should not be harmed, but all were hostile, and with hideous yells, charged upon us. I dismounted my men and deployed a line of skirmishers to the front with long ranged arms to receive them. When within three hundred yards, the Indians fired upon us, my men answered them promptly with a volley that repulsed them in front, but more than a hundred warriors were soon dashing by each flank and were closing on our rear, while from the hills to our left they were bearing down like an avalanche upon us. Seeing that all the warriors were against us and that we were assailed by more than five hundred savages (they were largely reinforced from the north) equally armed and better