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Article Summary: In 1907 William Garnett described for Eli Ricker a scene of death and retribution that he had witnessed thirty-five years earlier. On that occasion John Richard Jr., who had been drinking, shot his father-in-law Yellow Bear without provocation. Other Oglala Sioux then immediately attacked and killed Richard.

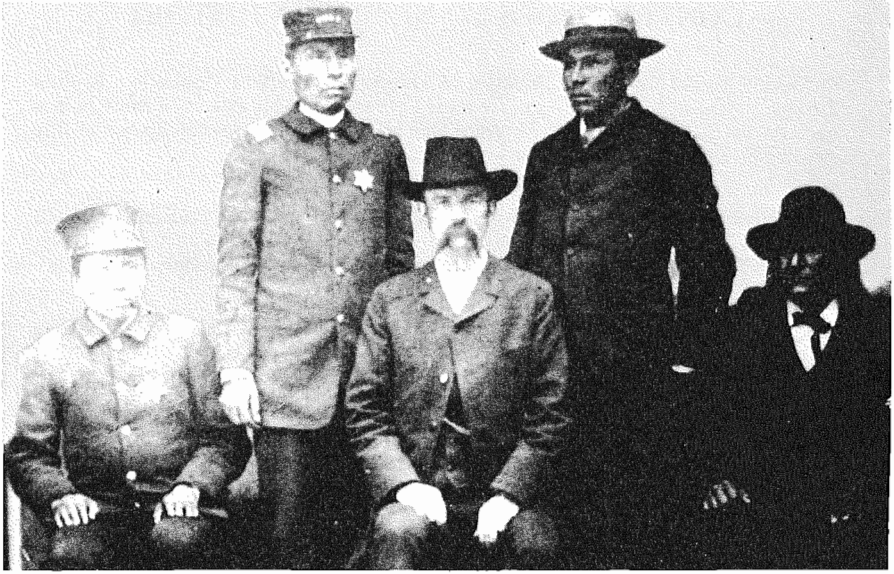
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Photographs / Images: Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse, William Garnett, Dr Valentine T McGillicuddy, Captain Sword, and Standing Soldier in Washington, DC, 1883; Oglala Sioux Chief Yellow Bear; William Garnett; Jules Ecoffey



Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse (right), William Garnett, Dr. Valentine T. McGillicuddy, Captain Sword, and Standing Soldier Bear in Washington, DC 1883 . . . (Below left) Oglala Sioux Chief Yellow Bear. . . . (Below right) William Garnett.



The Violent Deaths of Yellow Bear and John Richard Jr.

BY DONALD F. DANKER

One of the most dramatic accounts recorded in the Eli S. Ricker Interviews¹ is the description by William Garnett of murder and retribution. On May 15, 1872, an Oglala Sioux Chief named Yellow Bear was shot and killed by John Richard Jr., who was in turn slain. Present was a half-blood teenager named William Garnett. He recalled the dangerous and exciting events as part of an interview granted to Ricker on January 10, 1907.²

Garnett himself was an interesting product of the frontier. His father was First Lieutenant Richard Brooke Garnett of the US 6th Infantry and commander of Fort Laramie, Wyoming Territory, from July 19, 1852, until May 18, 1854. Richard Garnett was part of a Virginia family that had first come to America in 1610 on the ship *Swan* and had established themselves as landed gentry in Essex County, Virginia.³ He had entered West Point Military Academy in 1836 and was graduated in 1841, twenty-ninth in a class of fifty-two. As commander of Fort Laramie, he had engaged in a brush with Minniconjou Sioux in which two Indians were killed.⁴ He resigned from the US Army on May 17, 1861, and was appointed a brigadier general in the Confederate Army. He was killed on July 3, 1863, while participating in Pickett's Charge at the Battle of Gettysburg.⁵

William (Billy) Garnett came from "old American" lineage on both the paternal and maternal sides. Whatever the commander's attitude toward Indians in general, he fathered a son by a Sioux girl named Looks at Him. According to V. T. McGillycuddy, ex-Indian agent, Looks at Him was from "one of the leading Sioux families." Her son, Billy, McGillycuddy described as follows:

By heredity descended from his father's side from one of the first families in Virginia and from his mother's side inheriting the stability and reliability of the Plains Indians, he never proved recreant to that heredity and had the confidence of both sides.

He was instructed with many important duties and missions as interpreter, courier, investigator, etc., and from my personal acquaintance with his work, I consider him the best interpreter of the day.⁶

Garnett's account to Ricker is the story of the last day of another well known mixed-blood, John Richard Jr. His ancestry bound him closely to the frontier. His father was John Baptiste Richard, who married Mary Gardiner, a half-blood, living with the Oglala.⁷ John Baptiste Richard was from a French-Canadian family whose records go back to the early 18th century. His people followed the fur-trading frontiers and by 1840, when he was 30 years old, he was in the Rocky Mountains trading with the Indians. A varied career of trading and freighting included proprietorship of Fort Bernard, a rival of Fort Laramie before Laramie became a government post. He also operated a toll bridge across the Platte. John Jr. for a time cooperated with his father in various trading ventures. Father and son lived risky lives and died violent deaths.⁸

John Jr. was born in 1844. He was described in 1869 by an Army officer, Captain Henry W. Patterson, as "a dangerous and smart man. He is about twenty-five years of age, five foot-eight or ten inches tall, a dark moustache, slight figure, of good appearance and address, speaks English well."⁹ He has been described as likeable, influential and with a penchant for hard liquor and women.¹⁰ His friends, the Pourier family, who worked with the Richards and whose families were inter-related, account that he was called "The Skinny White Man."¹¹

He had no supporter in General Christopher C. Augur, commander of the Department of the Platte, who in 1869 revoked Richard's licenses to trade with Indians on the grounds that his trade prevented the Indians from trading at the agency.¹² In September, 1869, Richard killed Corporal Francis Conrad of Company E, 4th Infantry.¹³ The motives have been given as trouble over a "loose" woman, a drunken rage, self-defense, and revenge for property destruction. The remains of the unfortunate Corporal Conrad rest today in the Fort McPherson, Nebraska, National Cemetery.¹⁴

Richard fled to the Indians to avoid the wrath of Conrad's fellow soldiers and, perhaps, more formal retribution.¹⁵ While with the Sioux, he boasted of taking part in killings of more soldiers near Fort Fetterman.¹⁶ According to the Pourier family stories, John Richard Jr. was at least present during the killing of some Black Hills miners and had hid some of their gold for future retrieval.¹⁷

Richard, on the run with the Indians, was regarded as dangerous. The *Omaha Weekly Herald*, December 8, 1869, warned, "If Richard puts himself at the head of the new arrangement, with his natural cunning and nerve, and consummate knowledge of the whites and the entire country, you may depend upon it, there will be a long, hard fight."¹⁸ Indeed, the fear became so real that requests, including a 73 signature petition for a pardon for Richard, were sent the War Department. Some petitioners were Richard's business associates.¹⁹ When Chief Red Cloud went to Washington in May and June, 1870, he was accompanied, at his insistence, by Richard. Red Cloud pled Richard's case. President Grant issued the pardon, or the equivalent of one,²⁰ and Richard was soon back at Fort Laramie running a trading house, sometimes described as a "hog ranch," and operating as usual until his death. Following is the account of the events as given by Billy Garnett, to Eli S. Ricker:

*Interview: William Garnett at Cane Creek, South Dakota
January 10, 1907*

Garnett, when a boy just seventeen years old, was working for Baptiste Pourier. He quit to work for Jules Eccoffey, John Richard, and Adolph Cooney.²¹ Pourier was on the Three-Mile Ranch (3 miles above Fort Laramie and on the Laramie River) and was the post guide. The three partners had a department store at the Three-Mile Ranch, and a later adjunct was a billiard hall and a saloon. Cooney and Garnett started down to Fort Laramie. When they arrived, they were joined by Louis Shangrau, John Richard, and Peter Janis (a son of Antoine Janis, Sr.). John Richard asked Garnett to go down to Sod Agency.²² Garnett said he had just hired to Cooney and could not. Richard spoke to Cooney and Cooney told Garnett to go with Richard and when he came back, he would have 80 horses to bring back.

Richard started out saying he must go and see the commanding officer, General F. Smith. (First man to bring troops to Camp Robinson and first man to take Red Cloud to Washington, accompanied by Colonel Bullock and John Richard, when he was pardoned by Grant.)

Cooney and Garnett and Peter Janis and Louis Shangrau went down to Jules Eccoffey's house²³—he lived in the east end of the post. Just at this juncture, Captain Egan²⁴ with his troop of the 2nd Cavalry arrived at the Fort. The Fort is up on a high table. Eccoffey's house was down over the bank on a bottom at the east end. When the Cavalry arrived, it lined up between the sutler's store and the bakery. Richard went to the headquarters of General Smith,²⁵ after having a few words with Egan.

Coming back from General Smith's, he cut across from the south to the east under the bank. Richard and Shangrau each took their Winchesters to Eccoffey's. Each also had a six-shooter on. Peter Janis had two on. They all started down to the river at the slaughter house, half a mile below. Garnett had his bedding and his clothes. They all got into a boat to go down to the Platte. Garnett was put into the prow; Richard took the stern, and Shangrau and Janis took the oars. At the slaughter house, before entering the boat, Garnett received his orders. Richard told him that he had a pair of gray horses and a two-seated buggy on the other side of the Platte, and he pointed out the rig. Told him to take these on down the river, on the north side of the Platte to the village of Chief Yellow Bear, six miles above Sod Agency (Yellow Bear's band was called the Melt Band,²⁶ and this same band is now at the Holy Rosary Mission) and to wait there for him and the others who would go down in the boat after crossing Garnett over.

They went as stated. Garnett could get sight of the boat party once in a while, and see them sometimes shooting swans.

Coming to the Arapaho village, he saw a gray-headed member of the tribe and asked for something to eat, and the old man took him to his lodge where his wife was frying grease bread and had coffee and bacon. (This occurred in May, 1872: Ricker.)

He went four or five miles farther and came to the large village of Man Afraid of his Horses. He went some miles farther and arrived at Yellow Bear's village. He waited there two

hours for the boatmen to arrive. These men in the boat had a box of bottles containing intoxicating liquors. Garnett says that he knew that John Richard had quit drinking, had not drank for quite a long time; he thought John was all right, or would be, in this respect. They got there when the sun was a half-hour high. Garnett went down to meet them. As Richard jumped out, his \$250 watch fell into the water. Garnett grabbed to catch it. Richard laughed and told him it was attached to the chain around his neck, which, when let out at full length, would reach to the ground—was gold—and valued at \$800.

When Richard went north from Fetterman where he killed the soldier (thinks in 1869) he had an Indian wife. While out with the Indians, he took another wife—a sister to the first. These two wives were sisters of Yellow Bear.

When Richard came in 1870 to go to Washington with Red Cloud, he was living with these two women. (They had come in to Fetterman.) These three partners were carrying on a business up there in hay and wood contracts.

In the spring of 1871 (January or February) Nick Janis had come up from the Whetstone Agency to which point he had returned in 1868—come back to Fort Laramie.

Richard now threw away the two Indian wives—both of whom he had bought according to Indian law and custom—and he now took Emily Janis, daughter of Nick Janis, and he married her. The nuptials were performed by Lieutenant Cameron, General Smith's adjutant general.

When the three men alighted from the boat, Garnett noticed that Richard and the others staggered and that the case of liquors was gone. He spoke to Richard and remarked that he thought he (Richard) had given up drinking. Richard said his leg was asleep was what was the matter with him. He told Garnett to hitch up the team. He also pointed out to him Yellow Bear's lodge—a large one—in the east part of the village, and told Garnett to drive over there, for he was going to take the younger of the two ex-wives who were sisters of Yellow Bear, with him. Garnett began to talk to Richard and reason with him, saying that he had discarded the Indian women and had now a fine looking half-blood wife, and that he ought to let the others alone and keep the one he had, and urged him to drop this scheme and to come and get into the

buggy and go. Dave Janis²⁷ was ugly in speech, abusing him and ordering him to go and hitch up the team. When Garnett drove down to Yellow Bear's, Peter Janis and Louie Shangrau were standing outside the tent. Yellow Bear's mother was living in a lodge a little way to the rear of her son's; and the Chief was coming up from her lodge and Richard was following behind with his gun lying on his arm across his breast. The four men entered the lodge.

Garnett stood outside with the team all the time after the four went in. Indians kept streaming into Yellow Bear's tent until 30 or 40 had got inside. The four men had been in the lodge ten or fifteen minutes when Peter Janis came out and asked Garnett to go in. Garnett objected, saying that it was his place to stay with the team. Janis said he would watch the team and again told Garnett to go in. Garnett asked, "Why don't you bring him out?" Janis said he could not and again urged Garnett to go in and bring Richard out. Garnett replied that he had had a chance to keep him away before when he was trying to persuade Richard not to go to Yellow Bear's and that Janis had then interfered with him and caused him to abandon his persuasions, and ordered him to go and get the team. He concluded by saying that he could not get him now. Garnett ceased his resistance and went in. The lodge was packed with Indians. It was the ordinary lodge, circular in form, fully 20 feet in diameter. Yellow Bear had two wives. Flanking the entrance on either side were devices for couches—one for each wife: these resembled a tripod supporting a buffalo robe as a head piece, while the bed was made down, foot toward the door. At the farther side and opposite the opening was a long and ample couch, probably where the youthful Yellow Bears and visitors snoozed off the long nights. When Garnett passed in, Louie Shangrau was seated on this mammoth bed. Yellow Bear was on the right, opposite the center of the lodge, leaning comfortably against the robe suspended upon the tripod. John Richard was between the Chief and Shangrau, and between Richard and Yellow Bear were two or three Indians, all seated.

The beds were always piled up during the day by folding the robes and blankets and laying them down so that they afforded seats. Next to the tripod on the left sat Slow Bear, afterwards a son-in-law of Red Cloud (now living at the mouth of

the White Clay Creek, Pine Ridge Reservation), who was to be a notable actor in the scene soon to follow. Garnett went in and took a seat by this man, another sat on Garnett's right, peeling kinni kinnic.²⁸ (Slow Bear was a scout afterwards on the Cheyenne expedition. Ricker.) Two ranks of Indians in close order were ranged across the entrance preventing egress. A fire burned moderately in the center.

Richard held his Winchester in his lap. He was chatting nonchalantly with the assembled Indians, detailing some of his exploits and telling how he was at one time connected with a party of Indians in the killing of some soldiers in the vicinity of Fort Fetterman, members of this company of Egan's, the 2nd Cavalry, just arrived at the Fort.²⁹ He broke off the conversation to say to the Chief that he had come to get that youngest wife of his.

Richard wore a fine summer hat of some kind of vegetable fiber, with a wide black band. Garnett says it was a very fine one and must have cost four or five dollars.

Yellow Bear answered that he could have her, but that she was not there; that she was down at the Agency at the Scalp Dance. There had been a party out that had a fight and killed a Ponca Indian and scalped him, and a great dance was in progress in honor of the event. Several of the Indians had just come from there and had seen the woman at the dance. They thrust in their voices, declaring that they had just come from the dance and had seen her down there. Yellow Bear told the company that he had been telling his brother-in-law that she was at the dance, but he would not believe him.

The conversation went on again pretty much as before. After a little while, Richard reverted to the same subject, determined to be put off by no reasonable explanation. He declared that she was there in the village, but that they had hid her to keep her from him. Again the Chief assured him that she was not in the village, but at the scalp dance; that she was his according to the law of the tribe—he had bought and paid for her—and he could have her by going after her. All this time, Richard was playing with the trigger of his gun. Garnett felt uneasy. These actions were symptoms of deadly trouble. He wished a hundred times that he was out of there. But the doorway was packed and he was wedged and hemmed in without possible means of escape. He had not so much as a

knife to rip open the lodge if extremity should make it prudent for him to get away suddenly. Richard kept returning to the charge every few minutes.

A large number of the Indians had come up from the dance. A lot of their horses were standing around the lodge. The people of the village had attended to their horses for the night—the old mares were hobbled; these always by instinct of association held a good many of the younger animals near them during the night; others had been tethered; those precautions all showing how much the Indians were at this period on their guard. For the era of organized and systematic horse-stealing by the whites was fully inaugurated, and these were now more to be dreaded than the depredations by the Indians to whom horse-stealing was neither crime nor vice, but sanctioned by universal law and upheld as a virtue almost martial in merit which entitled the experts of the practice to distinguished consideration.

It was now two hours since Yellow Bear and Richard had seated themselves in the lodge. Night was gathering visible objects into a smaller circle. But there was a good moon.

Now Richard began to taunt this venerable Chief, whose name was a sweet sound to all Indians because of his mild and just character, his peaceable disposition, his exemplary behavior, and his love for all members of his race.

Richard told Yellow Bear that he had given to him those horses that were grazing around his lodge and that he (Richard) ought to kill them. Yellow Bear replied that it was true he had given him some stock; that if it was his wish to kill those that once were his, he was free to do so without objection or complaint. However, while some of the horses out in the camp were some that Richard gave him, and that he might do as he wished with them; yet, there were a lot that Richard did not give him, horses of his own raising, and some that he had given to his daughters; that these he would not be justified in touching. Richard toyed with his Winchester. Garnett heard the click when the hammer was raised. The thought rushed to his mind that perhaps Richard would go out and shoot one or two of the old horses, become satisfied with this species of revenge, and that then he would go on his journey to the Agency in peace. How many of the Indians may have thought the same thing is conjecture.

Yellow Bear certainly realized his own danger and the imminence of it. Above his head hung some smoking utensils and knives and his revolver. It was noticed that he glanced upwards several times at these as if measuring the distance. They were out of reach. It would not do to get up deliberately and take down the revolver. Such an act would bring instant trouble, with all advantage against him. The only thing that he could do with any show of safety was to maintain his agreement and trust to whatever chances might run in his favor.

Richard rose, gun in hand, and took a step as if he would go out of the lodge; like a flash, he swung toward the Chief, presented the Winchester at his breast, and fired. Yellow Bear settled backwards against the buffalo robe which had been supporting his back. There was just an effort to raise himself up, and then he was dead.

Swifter retribution for cowardly murder never came. Instantly, a dozen Indians were on Richard to restrain him from the further deadly madness of killing. His Winchester was too long for close quarters, but somehow he had got out his revolver. Many hands held up his arm; this did not arrest his busy fingers, for he kept discharging the weapon, sending swift balls through the dry skins overhead. This was like pastime and as short as it was futile. The man who had been on Garnett's right whittling kinni kinnic, buried his knife in Richard's breast. Stab after stab in breast and back followed in succession. The men who had him by the arms were unconsciously holding him up and preventing him from falling. He was stabbed to death, but perhaps not dead when Slow Bear sent a bullet crashing into his brain.

Garnett, the boy, saw all this. Who will doubt that he wanted to get away from this scene of horror—where a large crowd of excited and murderous men had scant space to turn, where two men lay dead, where guns were hot with use, and knives were terrible (or dripping) with blood, and the air was suffocating with the fumes and smoke of powder? He essayed to lift the lower rim of the lodge back of where he had sat, but it was tied down. Then he sprang for the entrance and landed on the shoulders of the men who blocked the way. He slid down among these and when the mass surged towards the open air, he was carried along.

On the outside, he saw Shangrau who had forced a way out



Jules Ecoffey

in the beginning of the melee. He saw Shangrau scuffling with some Indians who were trying to take his gun. Then there was the gleam of a knife. Shangrau let his gun go in order to knock the Indian down who was going to strike with the blade. Then he grabbed for his gun. Garnett had started to run. A horse lying down in his path was startled and attempted to rise just as he was bounding over it. This threw him headlong to his hands and knees. Gaining his feet, he stopped to assist Shangrau who was struggling with an Indian who was holding his gun by the muzzle to keep Shangrau from shooting him. Garnett commanded the Indian to get away. The Indian said Shangrau would shoot him. Garnett assured him that he would not and told him again to release his hold, which he did and went away. The Indians standing back watching the contest, as soon as the Indian was at a safe distance, opened fire on the two, but without harm to them. The two started to run. The boy, Garnett, much more fleet than his companion, soon noticed that he was out-distancing him, and he turned back. They had got among the stumps and the horsemen were approaching, going from the village to the Agency. They hid in the shadows and these men passed between them. Then they went down close to the river.

The two started to run. The camp was in the form of a bow, the river taking the place of the string. It enclosed a large area.

They came to the water's edge. The boy was an expert swimmer. Shangrau hurriedly asked, "What shall we do?" Garnett answered, "I am going to swim the river." The stream was then very high and ice cold. Shangrau was astonished and expostulated and begged the boy not to leave him there alone, as he could not swim.

They knew no time must be lost. Not a man of the party who came with Richard had one hope of escape if discovered. The village was in a tumult. Red rage was everywhere on horseback. The boat was thought of by Garnett, but the other said the Indians, for a certainty, were in possession of that.

The two bent their way cautiously in the direction of the Agency. East of the village was a patch of ground where there were large and high cottonwood stumps. The road which led to the Agency passed through this piece of ground. The moon, shining bright, cast heavy shadows. The two men had reached this place. Flying Indians, coming from below, were drawing nigh. The boy said, "Let us get in the shade of the stumps." They did so and the riders passed between them.

Then came a consultation over the route of escape. Garnett said to take the sandhills; it would be quite a circuit.

The horsemen, passing all the time, were Indians in search of the two men and going toward the Agency. When they got down to the water's edge, they were under and shielded from view by the river bank. It was down here where Garnett suggested that they try for the boat. It was while here that Garnett asked Shangrau, why he did not shoot those Indians that were giving him trouble, and Shangrau said there were no cartridges in his gun; that when coming down the river in the boat, he was shooting at the wild fowls and spent all his cartridges and the gun was empty. He went to reloading. Then took place the conversation about swimming the river. When it was settled that the boy would not go over alone, they deliberated on the route to be taken. Garnett said that they should bear off to the north into the hills and make a circuit, coming around to the road and river below the Agency from the opposite direction. This, he argued, would take them three or four miles from the river and this road, between the Indian village and the Agency where the Indians would be looking for

them. Shangrau assented, saying it would be a good long way around and take all night, but it was the only safe course.

At this point, another party of Indians was heard thundering along the road toward the Agency. Shangrau said he was going to open fire on them. Garnett forbade it, saying that must be stopped, or he should plunge into the river and swim for his life. For to open fire would be to betray their present security and lead to their destruction by the Indians who were now hunting them. The two began their journey and had not passed the road by more than 150 yards when other Indians came dashing out of the village, making the third party going toward the Agency after these men; supposing, of course, that they had gone down the road as fast as their powers of endurance would sustain them. The two laid down flat on the ground and the others went by without observing them. Then Garnett and Shangrau betook themselves to the hills. It was almost morning when they arrived at the Agency. They found that Dave Janis had arrived there very early, outrunning a horse that started about the same time he did. He was a noted runner, but on this occasion, outdid himself.

The boy asked the chief clerk for a bed. The clerk asked if he had seen the affair at the village. Garnett said he had, but would not give any account till he had rested, for he was worn out from lack of sleep previous to this exciting night, and the events he had just passed through had brought him to the point of exhaustion. Declining refreshments, he laid down to slumber. He does not know how long he slept, but the first he knew he felt someone shaking his feet. Rousing up, he saw Baptiste Pourier, his old employer, who listened with tears in his eyes, while the boy himself could not keep back his own tears. The clerk had stood by during the narration and taken copious notes of what Garnett had said.

In closing this relation of the bloody scene, it should be said that the Indians gratified their lust for vengeance by filling Richard's body with bullets. The mixed bloods, not at first understanding that Richard was the one to blame, in their fury, mutilated the body of Yellow Bear and burned it.

The Indian village was so distressed by this affair that all the people removed at once over into the White River Country, it is said, in the neighborhood of the Spotted Tail Agency in the bend of the river a few miles below where Crawford now

stands. A year afterwards, they returned to the Platte.

Garnett did not leave the Agency enclosure for four days after these events, not being assured that his life was worth anything when he should get outside. His mother was living down there, outside of the stockade, but she could not persuade him to come to her lodge for several days. After this, he went back to work for Baptiste Pourier.

Garnett says it was in 1869 that Richard took Yellow Bear's daughters as wives, but he did not marry both of them at the same time. Shangrau told Garnett that Dave Janis was urging Richard, coming down the river, to take the daughters of the Chief.³⁰

It also transpired that when Richard said at the Fort that he was going to see the commanding officer, General Smith, that it was only a ruse; that he did not go near him. When Captain Egan spoke to him privately when the company came up, it was only to warn him to get away, as some of the soldiers either knew him or would find him out and kill him for killing some of their friends who were their comrades in Egan's company; and this is why he came round under the bank to join the other members of the party.³¹

NOTES

1. See pages 151-154 in Donald Danker, ed., "The Wounded Knee Interviews of Eli S. Ricker," *Nebraska History* (Summer, 1981).

2. Eli S. Ricker Collection, Tablet 2, Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln, Nebraska.

3. Louis Garnett, Hotel St. Francis, San Francisco, California to William Garnett, Kyle, South Dakota, July 28, 1914. Letter in the Wyoming State Archives, Cheyenne, Wyoming. Louis' and William's grandfathers were brothers. Louis, who had been looked up by the ex-Indian Agent, V. T. McGillycuddy, shared family history with his part Indian relative.

4. Remi Nadeau, *Fort Laramie and the Sioux Indians* (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice Hall), 1967, 86-88; Francis Heitman, *Historical Register and Dictionary of the US Army* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1903), 447.

5. *Ibid.*; and Louis Garnett letter.

6. Affidavit, State of California, City and County of San Francisco, September 13, 1922, by V. T. McGillycuddy. Document in archives of State Historical Society, Memorial Hall, Pierre, South Dakota.

7. LeRoy R. Hafen, ed., *The Mountain Men and the Fur Trade of the Far West*, Volume II (Arthur H. Clark Company: Glendale, California, 1965). Chapter by John Dishon McDermott, "John Baptiste Richard," 293.

8. *Ibid.*, 303.

9. Brian Jones, "John Richard, Jr., and the Killing at Fetterman." *Annals of Wyoming* (Fall 1971), 243.

10. *Ibid.*, 239.
11. Hilda Gilbert, *Big Bat Pourier* (Sheridan, Wyoming: Mills Publishing Company, 1968), 34.
12. James C. Olson, *Red Cloud and the Sioux Problem* (Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1965).
13. Jones, 243.
14. *Ibid.*, 245.
15. Olson, 88, and Jones, 245.
16. See Garnett interview, page 7 in this article.
17. Gilbert, 37.
18. Jones, 246.
19. *Ibid.*, 249-250.
20. *Ibid.*, and Olson, 116.
21. These men were from families with Indian blood or marriage connection, long associated with the Sioux in Wyoming and South Dakota. Some of the family names are to be found today.
22. The Red Cloud Agency on the Platte, 32 miles downstream from Fort Laramie, was known as the Sod Agency. This was the first of four Red Cloud Agencies. Olson, 139.
23. The Ecoffey (correct spelling) family was of Swiss descent.
24. James Egan, born in Ireland, enlisted as a private in the 2nd Cavalry, September 13, 1856. He was made captain of the 2nd Cavalry, February 6, 1868, and in that rank still served at the time of the death of Richard. He won his commissions during the Civil War for gallantry and meritorious service at the Battle of Cold Harbor. Francis Bernard Heitman, *Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1903), 399.
25. Brigadier General John Eugene Smith was commander of Fort Laramie. He was in the 14th Infantry. He had been appointed brigadier general for gallantry at the battles of Vicksburg and Savannah. *Ibid.*, 900.
26. Yellow Bear belonged to the Tapesheleca or Spleen Band of the Oglala Sioux. A synonym of spleen is the word melt, often spelled milt. Beef melt now is used for fish bait. Either Garnett or another interpreter probably chose this common usage instead of the word spleen. Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 30, *Handbook of North American Indians*, 691.
27. The editor has not been able to identify Dave Janis. Perhaps Peter Janis had a nickname.
28. Kinnikinnick, smoked in pipes, is a mixture of native tobacco and other plants, principally the silky cornel, which bears a marked resemblance to the red-bark willow. Frederick W. Hodge, ed., *Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico*, Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of Ethnology, Bulletin 30, Part 1 (2nd Edition, Washington DC: Government Printing Office, 1912), 692.
29. Private John A. McCallister and George McKenna of Company K, 2nd Cavalry, were killed near Fort Fetterman while Richard was with Indians in that vicinity. Jones, ft. 24, pp. 245-246.
30. The reference to Yellow Bear's daughter, rather than sisters, refers to a story recalled by Bernice Pourier, a granddaughter of Baptiste Pourier, friend and partner of Richard. She stated that Yellow Bear wished Richard for a brother-in-law and announced that Richard would marry his sisters. However, Richard, who had visited in the Yellow Bear Lodge, said the daughter was more to his liking, but because he was only 18 years old, he did not wish to marry. Yellow Bear, however, brought his daughter to the Richard family who convinced John Jr. it would be an insult not to receive her and would lose the family the respect held for them by the Indians. John Jr. and Yellow Bear's daughter lived together for awhile, but the girl got tired of Richard's long absences and went home to her parents. This made Yellow Bear angry at Richard, and John often heard Yellow Bear's friends say, "Whoever kills Skinny White Man will

have tongue to eat." Later, in 1871, Richard married three of Yellow Bear's sisters. Gilbert, 17-18, 37. Other accounts mention only two sisters.

31. The following telegram was sent, reporting the incident:

"Fort Laramie, Wyoming, May 19, 1872. Comm. of Indian Affairs, Washington, D.C.

"On Friday evening last, four miles from Red Cloud Agency, John Richard killed Yellow Bear and was in turn killed by Yellow Bear's friends. The excitement intensified threats of destruction to the Agency and against Whites and half-breeds. Company Cavalry camped near the Agency. Richard had the official Agency mail, which was destroyed.

"D. R. Risley, US Indian Agent"

The above is from Red Cloud Agency Records, 1872. Reel 716, Nebraska State Historical Society.

TO A WOMAN WHO MADE A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN

It is perhaps inevitable that only those who once turned their backs upon a lush green land and faced weeks of empty prairie and sky truly realize the meaning of a tree, a garden. They have seen that a cedar upon a far bluff is a sudden holiness, even a tiny garden plot a union with the strength and the beauty of nature. Too long we have been immortalizing the destroyers of life, those whose greed for power and possessions have been a blight upon man and the green of his land. It is time we commemorated those modest ones who worked with the earth to bring forth beauty and fruitfulness, and the hope of a new spring to us all.

—*Mari Sandoz.*