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COMANCHE.

The death of Comanche, the most celebrated horse in the United States cavalry occurred at Ft. Riley. He was twenty-five years of age, and the only living thing belonging to the United States service that escaped the massacre at the battle of Little Big Horn where Custer and command were killed. He was one of the Oregon mounts of the Seventh cavalry when the regiment was organized in 1866, and had been in almost every battle with the Indians since. After the battle of Little Big Horn, he was found covered with wounds, riderless and saddleless, some distance from the scene of the massacre. He was taken in charge by Capt. Rowland and sent to Fort Riley, where for ten years he was not subject to bridle, and was the special charge of the Seventh Cavalry.

Dead is the steed Comanche,
Whose tongue could never tell
The woe on the Little Big Horn
Where Custer's soldiers fell.

Of Custer's brave three hundred
He only lived to see
The closing of the combat,
He only lived to flee.

And he could never tell us
The history he knew,
Of how three thousand red men
Three hundred white men slew.

Such odds as that! what wonder
With staring, stony eyes,
The white men lay at evening
Beneath the silent skies.

That night the horse, Comanche,
Splashed with Miles Keogh's blood
Utterly lone and riderless,
Wounded and hungry stood.

No dream of fame consoled him,
Nor sordid love of pay,
But honors to the warrior horse
Accorded were that day.

The Little Big Horn, battle
Was old Comanche's last;
Oh! that he could have known then
What fortune had forecast;

Discharged with honor was he,
The Seventh Cavalry
Kept him a royal tribute
To Custer's memory.

On all display occasions,
Comanche, draped in black,
Paraded with the soldiers,
But none might stride his back.

Never might living rider
Across his neck draw rein,
Since Keogh's crimson life-blood
Had stained his sweeping mane.

Dead is the horse, Comanche,
But list! his place is planned
When fair Columbia shows all men
The best things of her land.

Mounted, in regal action,
Comanche will be seen
To tell the truth of soldiers' hearts
And keep their memory green.

—[Selected.]

Quite Consistent.

Miss Mainchantz—I suppose you've heard of my engagement to Mr. Jenks?

Miss Ascott—Yes, and I confess I was surprised. You told me once that you wouldn't marry him for a million dollars.

Miss Mainchantz—I know, dear, but I discovered later that he had two millions.

—[Ex.]