

A ROMANCE OF 1848

The Rescue of the Beautiful Mexican Slave Girl.

UNCLE SAM HOYT'S REMINISCENCE

A Story of the Mexican War Period—Battle with the Navajo Indians and the Rescue of the Slave Children—The Beautiful Granddaughter of Gen. Armiijo—What Has Become of Her—American Soldiers Would Not Take Reward.

In the Washington City Directory he is plainly listed as Samuel N. Hoyt, mining engineer. To this conspicuous friends sometimes prefix "Col.," because he commanded a regiment in '48. To the Navajo Indians he is known as "Man-Who-Killed-White-Man." The Lillooet Indians, of British Columbia, to this day, remember him in legends as the great white chief, "Man-Who-Shook-Neck-of-Battle." One of the younger generation call him "Uncle Sam," partly out of reverent affection, and partly because he bears such a striking resemblance to that much-cartooned personage with red-tipped hair, blue and striped trousers, who is supposed to watch over American interests. A veteran of two wars, a "forty-niner" who panned the golden sands of the Sierras with Millers-like results, and a prospector who led white men to gaze on the wonders of Yosemite, the friend of "Kit" Carson and "Feg-ler" Smith, he is one of the most picturesque of the many picturesque characters of the Capital City. Straight as an arrow, keen-eyed as an eagle, he can, even at the age of seventy-eight, draw his ponderous old Colt down to as fine a "head" as when, nearly fifty years ago, he shot the first of his two hundred and two hundred yards away on the waters of Lac La Hache, or pumped its ounce ball into the mighty grizzly of the Rockies. Can he tell a good story? Well, yes; if one is an apt listener.

"So you want to know why the Mexicans seemed to favor us as much as they did Spain, their mother country, in this little scrimmage," he said to the interpreter to ask if this was so, and the Navajo replied: "Yes, but she not want to come. Wife of chief." "I asked the boy if this was so." "No, señor, he answered. She does want to come. She is not a slave. She cries all the time because she fears she will never again see her father or her mother." "I told the Colonel what the boy said and he got as mad as fury. He turned to the Navajo and said: 'You bring that girl in here by sundown or I will cut you into small pieces and throw you on the rocks for the crows to eat.' That fetched 'em when the interpreter translated it, and they agreed to bring her in right away. 'In about half an hour here she came, galloping astraddle of a pony, forty or fifty Navajos with her, for they didn't like to let her go. 'Pretty! She was the most beautiful human being I ever saw. She was what you call a Spanish blonde, with big brown eyes and hair like three golden curls. She hung down below her waist. She was about fifteen, but she was developed like any Northern woman of twenty. Of course, she was dressed up, for all she had on was a Navajo blanket. But she did look beautiful as she rode up with her eyes full of tears and a look of terror on her pretty face. 'Dónde está el ejército de los Americanos? (Where is the American Army?) she cried, as she looked around and saw the hundreds of Navajos, with a soldier only here and there. I was the only one of the boys who could talk Spanish to amount to anything, and I went up to her and put my hand on her pony and began speaking to her. I'll just give you the English, though I remember what we said in Spanish if it was yesterday. 'There it is, señorita. Don't you see the soldiers sitting on the rocks?' 'Afraid of the Navajos.' 'When she saw our small numbers she began to weep again. 'O, por Dios, I shall never again see my father or my mother.' 'Why do you say that, señorita?' 'Because the Navajos will kill me and all of you before we can get out of here.' 'Why do you say that, señorita?' 'I want one more fight with the Navajos and we will kill all of them.' 'Then she looked about and saw the dead bodies around and she looked at her horse and she said to me, 'I have forgotten it. She was a grand-daughter of Gen. Armiijo, one of the bravest Mexican officers and a man of great wealth who dwelt in a mansion in the city of Mexico, having seen a notice in Spanish posted on the corners of the plaza in Santa Fe, offering \$5,000 in gold for the return of this girl. 'When we marched back we put her right in the center of the troop, where she could not be recaptured in case of an attack. She was such a beauty that the boys made her the darling of the little party. They were a mad bunch, but she couldn't talk to her I could, and we had half of 'em trying to learn Spanish on the return trip all on account of her. 'The colonel was notified and the girl was kept on the plaza and put the children under guard on the plaza, or little plaza. Santa Fe was only a little border town in those days, but the people set to work and did the work of a city. The colonel's children, this girl—I wish I could tell you her name—was soon given some female clothing, though it wasn't any ballroom dress, and she was the happiest thing you ever saw. The colonel's son was sent to school to come in and claim their children. It was three weeks before they could all get there, for the children had been stolen for months around Gen. Armiijo's house, and it took time to bring clothing suitable for the station of his grand-daughter. He lived about 20 miles away to the south, in old Mexico. 'At last he came with a dozen coaches, any one of 'em gorgeous as a band wagon in a circus parade. There were four horses, six horses, and eight horses. There were coachmen, footmen, and outriders. Relatives, too. Wal, you never seen the like of uncles and aunts and cousins that came to see that girl. That meeting was the darndest affecting thing you ever saw. There wasn't one of the boys who could keep the tears back. 'Here Uncle Sam blew his nose with great vigor and his voice trembled slightly. 'Gen. Armiijo was a big, noble-looking man, and he was dressed out with all the trappings of a Spanish General. When the excitement of the reunion was over he came up to Col. Newby and put his arms around his neck and kissed him. He sent a man to his carriage for the bag of gold. When the servant handed it to him the General held it out to the Colonel. 'Here is the \$5,000 I promised as a reward for rescuing my little grand-daughter. I allow me to present it to you,' he said. 'Refused the Reward. 'Then the Colonel looked at him a minute and then he said: 'General, I did not receive your child for money. I did it simply because it was my duty, and because I was ordered to. We did no more for your child than we did for the others, and we were not paid for it. I don't want your money, General, for I do not want it.' 'Gen. Armiijo eyed him a moment, as if he could not trust his ears, and the Colonel had to repeat what he said. 'Colonel,' he said finally, 'you will not give it to the men if you do not want it. Will you not?' 'Then the old Colonel drew himself up and said: 'I was a Major General, and he said: 'Gen. Armiijo, I don't believe I have a man in my command who would refuse to take a reward for his own money, but you may go and see.' 'Then he turned to me and he said:

my musket; but I took my big colt, the first one I ever saw, and the only one in the troop, and stepped out from behind my mule to meet him. Just as he gave a whiff of his colt through his heart and he fell from his horse. 'That stopped 'em. They couldn't retreat, and the other three big chiefs threw up their shields in token of surrender. They didn't know what was coming, so we crossed firing. Then we looked around. On the ground lay 184 dead Navajos and I never did know how many wounded. None of our men was killed. The only thing that was wounded was my mule, and I still have the arrow-head I took out of his haunch. That mule could outrun any horse in the whole troop. He was of Spanish racing stock. 'Navajo country chief, Navon, his son, war chief, and Hikatine, medicine chief, gave themselves up as hostages. Old Navona, who was by the side of White Man when he fell, came up to me and said, 'I'll give you my mule and my horse, and they call me that now. About fifteen years ago Hikatine was in Washington and he came to see me. He said that Navon was still alive at the age of 125. 'About in the forenoon Col. Newby came up, and he was the most surprised man you ever saw. He made the terms of the treaty. They were to restore the children he had stolen, and give us 190 coaches and 100 sheep. They were to give those days, before the government imported so many of the coarse grade, were small and very fine wool. The Navajo blankets they make now don't compare with the ones they made then. 'They wanted to get rid of us and went about fulfilling the terms of the treaty pretty rapidly. The ponies and sheep were driven in, and after awhile we got the above children, about seventy-five of 'em. They were the dirtiest lot I ever saw. They weren't ragged, simply because they didn't have on any clothes, except in some cases a breech cloth. 'The beautiful slave girl.

"The Colonel transacted all of the business through an interpreter, and he asked if that was all of the children and he was told that it was. Wal, of course the interpreter only put such questions as the Colonel asked, and he didn't find out everything. I was standing by watching. I could talk Spanish about as well as I could English, and I asked a little Mexican slave boy near by if there were any more. 'Yes, señor,' he said; 'one more, a girl.' 'I spoke up and said: 'Colonel, this boy says there are not all. There is a girl, a beautiful one. I wonder if she is in a remembrance mood.' 'Wal, I think I can tell you, or at least give you some of the reasons. In the Mexican War I was Sergeant and color-bearer of the First Illinois Infantry. I had a little fighting at Buena Vista and other places, but it ain't necessary to say anything about that. 'After the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in February, 1848, a detachment of two hundred of us, under command of Col. Newby, was ordered up to Santa Fe by Gen. Taylor. 'In those days the Navajo Indians were a powerful, warlike tribe. They were sneaking and treacherous like the Apaches, but they used to get out on the Arapah and make things hum every once in a while. They used to come down in big war parties on the Mexican side, and scalp like any redskin. Maybe it don't look like it now to see 'em raising sheep and making blankets as peaceful as Quakers, but it's true all the same. Another thing they did was to kidnap the children of these white folks and make slaves of them. When we got hold of that territory old Taylor made us his mind to stop all that foolishness and he sent us up to teach the Indians a lesson. When we got to Santa Fe we camped there for a month or so while the Colonel made inquiries and got his pack trains and guides together.

"Expedition Against Navajos. 'A garrison was stationed at Santa Fe, and near the middle of April we started West with about one hundred and fifty men mounted on ponies. We made the passage of the Rio Grande and crossed the range of mountains, a sort of wing of the Rockies. About twenty miles further on we crossed another range, near what is known as the Continental Divide. There we came to a redskin valley, meaning the valley where cattle graze. That was the fourth night out and we camped by the side of a spring or little pond about fifty feet across. We had three rations together and fastened a rope on the end and dropped it down and couldn't touch bottom. You know how flat a flat is, don't you? 'Wal, the Colonel and I were getting mighty close to the Navajos. Our packers and guides were Pueblos and Mexicans, and they told us we were within twenty miles of them. The Navajos were what one would call a peer and a fellow, but immensely rich in ponies and sheep. In the summer they let them graze all over the Kiataua Valley. In the winter, or when they drive them into the Canon, they would straddle valley surrounded by perpendicular cliffs. It had been the stronghold of the dwellers a good many hundred years ago, and could only be entered where the walls formed a narrow gateway on the east. 'Thirty-five of us were sent ahead as a reconnoitering party to see if we could get on with orders to push forward as far as possible. Col. Newby said he would come with the rest early in the morning. We set out at sundown with a few guides and rode all right. It was a quiet little party, and you couldn't hear the hoofs of the horses' hoofs as we pushed up the valley. We stopped at a monte mesa, a high table land, where a spring gushed out, and the guides and I went about 4 o'clock, and the guides told us we could look out for trouble at any time.

"Attacked by Indians. 'We mounted and rode about half a mile when we came to a fine old pine of mesquite. Then the devil and all his hosts seemed to break loose. Such a howling and screaming you never heard. In the light of the stars we could see 'em coming, full of arrows. The Navajos. Luckily for us, they didn't have their guns, and before they could get us in range of their arrows we made a quick retreat. We went to a spring on a monte mesa. We knew the Colonel would come up in a few hours, and we wanted that spring, for water is precious out in that country. We kept up a running fight as we reached the high ground, and then we waited for 'em. 'They wasn't long in coming, and when they came, we were ready for 'em. We didn't have any of our modern small-caliber, high-powered rifles, but we were armed with the old Scott 'buck-and-bird' hunter lock musket, loaded with an ounce bullet and three buckshot. They shot a tremendous charge of powder and kicked like mules. But the way we mowed down them Navajos was something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could see. The heavy ounce balls would crash through two ponies and then kill a warrior, and the buckshot made wide swaths in their crowded ranks. We had our hands full, though, for they sent our company was small, and they kept on charging and yelling like a pack of hounds. Half the time we didn't stop to do much aiming. After about half an hour they sent us a second. Clear up the ground and jar it down. We could easily fire seven or eight shots a minute, and packed like they were, we didn't have to aim. We would just shoot and let them Navajos be something that you could