MEMORIAL EDITION

BUFFALO BILL

Thrilling Adventures of Col. W. F. Cody

For Sale by the Author and Publisher
THOMAS BROWER PEACOCK
Denver, Colorado
Also for sale by the Authorized Agents
Price 25 Cents
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Denver, Colo.
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ORACLE, ARIZONA

Camp 9 Bonita
2-10-1919

My dear Peacock,

There is the mountains trying to get under our feet. Nothing is in its place. I have only a few letters to answer after my business affairs. I have a thousand things to do and have been busy writing care packages. We are sending our Christmas goods. I will give the little Wild Children of these Mountains some Christmas spirit. We have stockings in the outside world. We have no least least and need more. I sent you a load of supplies to renew my store. I will send Santa Claus to you.

I have not heard from home, but I will write you soon. Jan. 1, 111, the New Year, of the new country. I am not yet. With your love, I will tell you of the things there. Come down and see what is best. If you will kindly do so.

Your friend,

W. F. Cody

P.s. Will talk over your questions this December.
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PREFACE

To First and Second Editions

In the following poem of the adventures of my friend, Col. W. F. Cody, I have endeavored to entertain the reader in portraying the remarkable and eventful career of one of America's most celebrated men.

The Author.

PREFACE TO MEMORIAL AND THIRD EDITION

Col. William Frederick Cody (Buffalo Bill) who passed from this life January 10, 1917, is the most famous of American pioneers, scouts and plainsmen, and for forty years was the most spectacular of showmen. He gained the friendship of all with whom he came in contact. Even the Indians, at times his deadly enemies, when they met him in councils of peace called him pale face brother, Pahaska, man of long hair. Children were very fond of him, and he loved the little folks. Presidents, Emperors, Czars, Kings and Potentates of every country were his friends. He was born in Iowa in 1845, and while a small boy his parents moved with him to Leavenworth, Kansas, where his father was badly wounded by an assassin's knife. The death of Col. Cody's father was brought about while he was delivering a speech, which he had been invited to make. A Kansas Border ruffian, who differed with Mr. Cody politically, stabbed him twice with a bowie knife, from the effects of which he died a few months later. Young Cody while acting as stage driver and guide learned a great deal of the vast solitudes, which knowledge served him well when, a few
years later, he traversed the wilderness as Chief of Scouts of the American Army. Among other Generals he served as scout for General Custer, Merritt, Carr, Terry, Cook, Miles, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. As Chief of Scouts he was universally liked and was familiarly called "Bill Cody" until in later years he won the sobriquet of "Buffalo Bill" from the fact that within a short period of time he hunted and killed 4,280 buffaloes, for Goddard Brothers, who had the contract for boarding the laborers engaged in building the Kansas Pacific Railroad.

Col. Cody and the author of the following poem were friends for many years and the incidents of the poem were furnished by Col. Cody, who liked the poem, of which he is the subject, so well that he ordered by letter for his Wild West Show, ten thousand copies, and one thousand extra copies were sent at his request to his hotel Irma, in Cody, Wyoming. The letter order for ten thousand copies is given as a marginal note, since it tells the date of his celebrated duel with Chief Yellow Hand.

Among the other letters this Memorial Edition contains an autograph letter, written to the author in 1912, by Col. Cody which shows the man’s noble nature and his fondness for children. When peace was restored between the White man and the Red, the Indians loved him as a brother and he even was adopted as Chief of the Ogalallah Tribe.

The picture of Col. Cody which adorns the front cover was his choice among the many that were taken of him during the last years of his life. A picture of
Col. Cody’s equestrian statue, designed for his grave on Lookout Mountain is also given in this book.

This relates the thrilling adventures of Col. W. F. Cody. Col. Cody (Buffalo Bill) who has probably been admired by more men, women and children during the forty years he toured the world with his Wild West Show, than any other individual whose vocation has been instructing and entertaining the public.

He sleeps! The mighty chieftain sleeps
On Lookout Mountain, steep and high,
And o’er his grave the wild flower weeps
That one so noble had to die.

The Author.

Denver, Colorado, September, 1917.

The following letter and another given elsewhere in the book are two endorsements of the poem by Colonel Cody.

North Platte, Neb., March 11, 1913.
Friend Peacock—Pardon if I seem indifferent, but I was so ill and worn out and so much to do. Please address Hotel Waldorf, New York, after March 20th. I admire you as a man and a poet. Your friend,

W. F. Cody.
Thomas Brower Peacock, the Denver author and poet, is the author of various publications and numerous poems, among them the great Columbian Ode. The Columbian World’s Fair Board of Managers selected Mr. Peacock’s Ode as the best submitted in the international contest, where one thousand poets competed. It was read by him in the Art Palace, Chicago, at the opening of the World’s Fair in that city, May, 1893. He won the honor from the poets of all countries. He is also the author of “Poems of the Plains and Songs of the Solitudes,” issued at the same time in both New York and London by the old, leading book publishers, G. P. Putnam’s Sons, which volume was favorably and extensively reviewed by the press and the leading literary authorities of America and Europe. This volume was translated into the German language by the eminent German author, Karl Knortz of Berlin. Reference to this translation and a biographical sketch of Mr. Peacock will be found on page 696 of Appleton’s Cyclopaedia of American Biography; also in “Who’s Who in America,” etc.

Mr. Peacock’s Columbian Ode was translated into all of the European and Oriental languages.—F. W. W. in the Denver Daily Post.

BUFFALO BILL—A POEM OF THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF COL. W. F. CODY.

INTRODUCTORY
Awake! Awake! The morn is breaking,
Love’s radiant harbingers increase,
Over the world I sing the wak’ning
Of the morn of universal peace.
The grave of hate we'll live above
    And bury deep war's awful crime,
And build the colonades of love
    Adown the corridors of time.

The lyre and paean tones prolong,
    As did the troubadours of old
By trumpet herald—by wealth of song—
    The life of Cody great and bold.

COLORADO

Colorado and all the states owe what they cannot pay,
    Owe Cody and pioneers of time's earlier hours—
Through them the wilderness has passed away,
    And weeds have blossomed into fairest flowers.

In Egypt the pyramids we see;
    In Rome her ancient buildings grand!
To Swiss, their Alpine scenery
    Seems wrought by the magician's hand.
No sunset of Europe, no!
    With Colorado's can compare;
Her wondrous beauties come and go
    In blazing skies—in splendor there.
The sun paints in the clouds on high
    Radiant light and glorious beam,
Reflected in the glowing sky
    From yellow gold in earth's deep gleam.
Colorado is the choice
    Of connoisseurs of what is best;
The hearts of tourists here rejoice;
    The pilgrims settle in our West.
No cyclones or tornadoes here,
    No earthquakes with dynamic shock,
No sunstrokes that feeble fear,
    No floods man's helpless powers to mock.
Colorado's metropolis—
Denver—of all cities lit the best—
For beauty, health and happiness,
Queen City of our wondrous West.
She has men of great affairs,
Who've builded best they knew,
Among them liberal millionaires,
To their convictions staunch and true.
Denver has philosophers, logicians,
And at her altar fires enshrined,
Reporters and metaphysicians,
And authors of every kind.
Our daily papers are the best
Found in any land or clime:
They helped to build the glorious West,
Improving all the passing time.
When traveling far away,
Around the world, from coast to coast—
The wide world's news we get, be where we may;
In the News, Times, Express and Post.

* * * * * * * *

In lofty verse I touch the lyre!
In poetry sublime I voice
The reign of peace, to thus inspire
The hearts of all to higher choice.

To feel for the departing race
Whose fate and buffalo's are one,
Whose lives are passing in swift pace,
Fast hurried to the setting sun.

Deep sorrow for the heroes red,
Soon gone to happy hunting grounds,
Who fought, retreating as they bled—
Fought bravely, giving wounds for wounds.

The red man has rights as well
As pale face close upon his trail,
And God alone Himself can tell
Where right and wrong with each prevail.
O'er Boone and Carson, men sublime,
   And pioneers we'll not recall,
Silhouetted 'gainst the sky of time,
   Looms Cody, greatest of them all.

To congregate all tribes today
   Those left of once a mighty power,
That once owned all America,
   When in their glorious manhood flower,

Is Cody's aim and one to please,
   This dauntless man of iron will,
This mighty Modern Hercules,
   Known round the world as "Buffalo Bill."

THE RACE FOR LIFE.

Hark! 'Tis the sound of clattering feet,
Oft heard in the city's busy street,
Now heard in the solitudes of God,
Where long the Indian monarch trod.

Who comes? A horse with thundering bound,
Tears madly o'er the echoing ground,
A powerful horse with wondrous speed,
Now passes on, far in the lead

Of scores of Indians on the track
Of a mighty man on the horse's back—
Up hill and down—on, on, away!
Across the plains—no pause or stay.

Now they reach a running river,
And they must cross it—now or never—
Leap! Plunge! The river crossed, again
They thunder o'er the spreading plain.
The rider turns, and like a flash,
As on, in mad career they dash—
Hark! Hark! Reports of rifle ball!
Crack! Crack! A dozen Indians fall;
His Winchester speaks so oft, the pack
Of Redmen following on his track,
Afraid of losing time perforce,
Keep firing volleys at man and horse,
Constantly shooting, to slay in hate
This man protected by hand of Fate.
“On, on, Friend Joe! Go forward! Flee!
A slower pace, all’s up with me.
Full seventy miles we must swifty go
Before we’re safe from the coming foe.
It gives me pain to run you hard,
Brave Buckskin Joe, my dearest pard.
God knows well, and I know too,
This is the only thing to do,
For the Redmen’s shot have pierced my clothes—
They hope to get me—these Indian foes!
Spat! Through my sombrero a ball
Has given me, Joe, a very close call!
On! On! We must not slacken speed;
We have but twenty miles, my steed.
Though you are dripping now with sweat,
And like bellows panting, pet—
To reach the fort should we now fail,
We’d land beyond earth’s troubled vale!

On! On! ’Tis now but ten good miles
O’er plains and through dark, rough defiles.
Our foes have given up the chase;
They’re lost to sight, both form and face.
On! On! But five short miles remain,
And we’re not numbered with the slain.”

BUFFALO BILL’S FIGHT WITH INDIANS

The midnight moon across the plains
Sails like a mystic barque of God;
The oak that on the mountain reigns
Casts shadows on the valley sod.
A mountain cascade to the dell
   Goes through the vale of flowers rare,
Past wigwams, where the red men dwell,
   Remote from white man and his care.

Hark! sound of constant shooting rattles
   From firearms on the ear of night.
A lone white man with Indians battles—
   A score of red foes in the fight.

Surrounded in a rocky basin,
   With his back against a wall—
A wall as smooth as though trowel of mason
   Had fashioned it for banquet hall,

This man stands and works his rifle,
   (Full many times its firing worth),
As though he deemed it but a trifle
   To wipe his enemies from the earth.

Many balls have pierced his clothes,
   A score have ruined his sombrero,
But his dead and living foes
   Have failed to slay the fighting hero.

Believing he could not be killed
   Until his fatal hour had come
And all his dreams of life fulfilled,
   Ere called through other worlds to roam,

His nerve was ever strong and steady,
   His aim was always sure and quick,
His rifle at his shoulder ready—
   His foemen falling fast and thick.

He's Buffalo Bill, the fearless ranger,
   The plainsman, pioneer and scout;
Though ever on the brink of danger,
   His foes could never count him out.
All suddenly the fight is over
    And the loud voice of battle still.
Why does the pioneer and rover
    Come from his cover near the hill?
Go, ask the winds that now are keeping
    A requiem o'er those without breath;
They tell the white man's foes are sleeping —
    Sleeping the long, long sleep of death.

THE LIVING ARSENAL AND HIS DESPERATE
    STRIFE WITH APACHES.

Of all the tribes of the Indian race
    The Apaches are most given to cruelty.
Their history as far as I can trace
    Is a trail of blood and tragedy.
Revenge and hate and hearts of steel
    And fiercest passions known to life—
No mercy for their foe they feel,
    No quarter given in the strife.
Buffalo Bill they hated long
    Because he found their stronghold out;
To their home on the mountains high and strong
    The way was known unto the scout.
All foeman that went there to attack
    Had failed to capture the wily foe.
The Apaches ever had driven them back
    To the beautiful sleeping valley below.
But Cody a powerful army had led
    To their camps on the mountains high;
This army dispersed them and wildly they fled.
    They declared that this paleface should die;
They'd held these mountains for two hundred years,
    And during these years had known no defeat,
But the scout at last had awakened their fears
    When the paleface had found their retreat.
Big Bear, the chief, cries, "Ere another moon wanes
The scalp of him who has betrayed one and all,
The scalp of Cody, 'Evil Spirit of the Plains,'*
Shall hang a trophy on my wigwam wall."
Cody learned of the threat and the chief defies,
Though he felt it was wise, whatever his fate,
To be ready to meet what-ere might arise
In the days that were coming—the days soon or late.
He straps on a broad belt with revolvers well filled.
To do this was wisdom, no one can gainsay.
"With these and my Winchester, though I may be killed,
The fight I will give them they'll remember always."
Lo! the day is at hand! the Apaches appear!
They see the bold scout and raise a wild yell!
Alas! for them, for the yell they paid dear;
In a moment and fully a dozen fell,
A score or more Indian deadly shots do outpour;
They reach the brave scout; they reach him in vain.
He fights them still as he fought them before,
And their numbers steadily add to the slain.
"Why does he not fall? We have struck him, I feel—
Many times we have fired," thinks the chieftain, Big Bear.
Their bullets had glanced from thick belt and braces of steel,
And harmlessly bounded far out in the air.
"By some mystic power he's protected, I ween;
Even on these old trails we have many moons trod
Fly! Fly! Why war with the mighty powers unseen?
Perchance with great Manitou and the white man's God?"
And fly they do now as in fright, best they could,
And vanished like phantoms, wild, savage and grim!

* Colonel Cody was known to this and other tribes as the "Evil Spirit of the Plains."
Into a cavern that opened nearby a dense wood,
Leaving Cody their dead—all to him.
A living, breathing arsenal, Buffalo Bill is he,
Brightly bristling with war’s dread arbitrament,
A monarch of the broad land and mighty sea,
His mind on progress, power and emprise bent.

**CUSTER’S LAST FIGHT.**

Hark! ’Tis the clatter of hundreds of steed
Thundering down to the valley below,
Three hundred riders recklessly speed
Down, down on the savage Indian foe.

Ogalallah, Cheyenne, Arapahoe,
Wild Horse and his pitiless braves,
Await their dreaded oncoming foe,
Descending on them like storm-beaten waves.

“Revenge!” cries the mad savage, Rain-in-the-Face;
“Revenge!” shrieks Wild Horse on Chief Yellow Hair;
“For moons he has been on our trail to this place;
We will entrap him in Sitting Bull’s lair.”

“He has lived too long; he has killed many braves!
The moons of this paleface must be few.
Through him our best warriors sleep in their graves;
I, Yellow Hand, know this is true.”

The horde of wild Sioux darkly enclose
Brave, gallant Custer and his followers bold,
Whose singing bullets mow down the foes,
Whom they fearlessly fight like Spartans of old.

Under command of Sitting Bull rally
The savage horde, and war whoops arise!
Pandemonium o'er mountain and valley
Reigns, and roars from earth to the skies.

The Big Horn valley with red blood is gory;
Where is bold Custer and his brave men sublime?
They have passed from earth, and bright is their glory—
Immortal their fame to the end of all time.

THE DUEL OF BUFFALO BILL AND YELLOW HAND.

Lo, who is he in the shadowy twilight,
There waiting by the deep river side,
While gather the dark mystic shades of night
Over desolate prairie, wild and wide?

His hands on his trusty rifle rest;
His horse paws, in suspense, I ween;
An eagle sailing in the west
Is the only other live thing seen.

The mountains rear their lofty heads
Above the flowery vale below;
A mountain stream its far course threads
Its way through vale where tall pines grow.

From out the mountains comes, behold!
A giant chief with haughty mien;
His feathers, yellow, shine like gold—
*Yellow Hand, the chief, is seen.

"Yellow Hand, 'tis a duel to death,"
Cried Cody, handling his trusty gun;
"I'll fight you as long as I have breath;  
    I'll fight you from morn till set of sun."

The Chief rides out on open plain,  
    Circling his white foe round and round;  
Each foeman fires, the Chief is slain,  
    Falling from horse dead on the ground.

"You are avenged, Custer; hear me, though dead;  
    The one who slew you will never slay more,  
The sands of the desert with his heart's blood is red,  
    And Cody, your friend, has settled the score."

* * * * *

NEW YORK, May 6, 1913.

Thomas Brower Peacock, Denver:

Dear Friend—Could you send me a few thousand copies of your poem of the adventures of myself, and I will sell them with the Wild West Exhibition. What will ten thousand cost—per thousand? Very truly yours,

W. F. Cody.

P. S.—The name of the Indian chief I killed in a duel on July 17, 1876, was Yellow Hand.

* * * * *

THE AVALANCHE

In eastern skies awakens morn;  
    No longer sable night's robes trail.  
Voices of birds from forest borne,  
    Lark, robin, mocking bird and quail.  
The lion in the mountains calls  
    Across the canyon and the meres!  
A mighty avalanche there falls  
    That slumbered many thousand years.

And to the yawning depth below  
    Thunders! Where wild beasts slink and cower,
Shuddering in fear of dreaded foe
    That defies their useless, puny power.

From his aerié high, the eagle flies
    In wonder! Awe struck! Upward driven
And soars from sight in distant skies,
    Seeks safety in the depths of heaven.

THE INDIAN.

Lo! from the sylvan wildwood there
    Above the mountain's icy lake,
A score of Indians bravely dare
    The storm, whose voice the dead might wake!

Behold! The disappearing race,
    To which I rythm in digression,
Mysterious people, who can trace
    The trail that leads to your creation!
O, Indian! Aborigine!
    Your strange career must end at last;
Stern progress dooms your destiny—
    The days of your heroic past.

COL. W. F. CODY.

The plainsmen of the past's eventful day
    Were not as found in fiction's mirror;
They were not wicked in their way,
    Their ties of friendship, stronger, dearer,
Than oft we find in smoother walks
    Of life, in city and rural homes,
And of their sense of honor Cody talks
    To many, as he onward roams.
Our hero has seen all sides of life,
Who is at home in hut or palace rare.
He has lived through war's destructive strife,
   He has made the wide world's crowned heads stare.
The oldest coach that crossed the plains
   He drove in the shadows of Death's wings.
Beyond the sea, on this coach, he held the reins,
   When in it sat four of Europe's greatest kings.
And now today this son of Fate
Upon the rostrum does debate
Problems in which all statesmen delve,
Perchance to solve, perchance to shelve.
To honor him for labor done.
In opening the West to every one,
In two cities of our land
To him two monuments will stand.
Cody has seen mutations made
From farthest north to southern glade,
Where engineering feats strike awe
Upon the Isthmus of Panama.
The greatest engineering feat of time,
Wondrous in conception and sublime!
The dream of man for centuries past,
Well nigh accomplished by man at last.
The commerce of the world 'twill change,
Give destiny of nations wider range.
Across this Isthmus of Panama
The ancient Aztec and Inca saw
Their plundered wealth transported o'er,
In the vanished days of yore.
First dreamed Charles the Fifth, of Spain,
That he might build a water main,
Across the Isthmus; De Lesseps next,
Three centuries later his country vexed
In emptying the treasure vaults of France,
With little results to the world's advance.
A new era of both peace and war
Over the world, both near and far,
Destined by puissant fates,
The canal is built by the United States
Of America, well nigh finished the present year
Worthy of commemoration here;
The mightiest vessels of peace and war
Can sail the canal from shore to shore.
The Munroe doctrine will gain more power
Onward from this eventful hour;
Bought in the strenuous Roosevelt regime,
Realized the Spanish monarch's dream.

CODY'S BUFFALO HUNT

I hear the treading feet!
   Loud sounding like the surging shore
When mad, the battling waters meet
   Mid-ocean in the thunder's roar.

At least a million buffaloes,
   As mighty a herd as ever ran,
Pass on like rushing river flows,
   A giant bull leads in the van.

What horseman he that gallops on
   Behind the rolling, tossing mass,
In the early twilight dawn
   O'er rocks and weeds and tufts of grass?
'Tis the mighty hunter, Buffalo Bill,
   Winning trophies on the plain,
Giving the Russian Duke his fill
   Of buffaloes in numbers slain.

BUFFALO BILL'S FLIGHT AND OCEAN SWIM.

Lo! what before mine eyes unroll,
   Like troubled memories in the soul!
Like a thousand phantoms of the past,
   A host of wanderers earthward cast—
Painted and feathered in grewsome glare,
Like something we shun but still must bear,
Rushing like storm that wakens awe,
When the night is dark and the air is raw,
A multitude of savage men
Pursue past tarn and lonesome fen,
A horseman armed from foot to head,
A man they seek and likewise dread—
This man they wish alive to take
And burn him at the blazing stake,
He’s Buffalo Bill; on! onward flying—
A thousand men and death defying
The Pacific ocean spreads at hand,
Brave Cody sees it sweep the strand.
A thought which hope gives to the scout—
“The sea the safest place, no doubt.
A space from shore an island small;
I’ll try to reach in spite of all!”
The ocean gained, Cody is free
To seek his safety in the sea,
Leaving the mad mob on the shore,
Where the wild breakers sob and roar,
He reaches a port, where sea-gulls dip,
And rests till rescued by passing ship.
Thus Cody’s years upon the plains,
Where long the wilderness obtains,
He wrought to civilize the West,
His way of progress seemed the best.
He saw the Indian crowded out
Of his wild stronghold and redoubt;
The prairie schooner he defended
When on its western way it wended.
The Santa Fe trail he helped to make,
With the Redman, wide awake,
In ambush hiding night and day,
Waiting the paleface to waylay.
Along the buffalo and Indian trail
He helped extend the metal rail.

* * * * * * * *
REQUIEM.

He sleeps! the mighty chieftain sleeps!
    On Lookout Mountain, steep and high,
And o’er his grave the wild flower weeps
    That one so noble had to die.

’Tis false! our departed are not dead;
    We say they’re dead—we saw them die—
’Tis false! beyond the skies o’erhead
    They still live on, as you and I.

Death is a great delusion, friend;
    It is not real, or true or just—
Body and spirit closely blend
    Till body back returns to dust.

Then paths of God the spirit glides,
    Welcomed by friends who’ve gone before,
To dwell where love, where peace abides
    On Heaven’s rich and radiant shore.

* * * * * * * * *