Fort Shaw, Friday, March 17, 1876. About ten o'clock A.M. the battalion formed on the parade ground and breaking in column of fours from the right to march to the left moved out of the camp, and took the Helena road. The five companies, including the mounted detachment, numbered twelve officers and one hundred and ninety-five men, and are accompanied by ten wagons containing camp equipage, extra ammunition, the personal effects of officers and men, and ten days' rations - which are expected to last until the command reaches Fort Ellis. General Gibbon, for the present, remains behind with Lieutenants Jacobs and Burnett, intending to join us at some point in advance, the command of the column devolving in the meantime upon Captain Rawn. The captains are all mounted, the lieutenants, except Woodruff, battalion adjutant and commanding the Gatling gun, and myself, commanding the mounted detachment, being on foot. The country is all under snow to the depth of several inches. Weather calm but quite cold in the morning, turning very cold in the afternoon when a keen and piercing wind sprung up that drifted the snow about and filled the air with the flying particles. After a march of eleven miles the command camped at 3:30 P.M. at Eagle Rock, Keating and McFarland of Co. K deserted last night, and I received orders to attempt their capture with the mounted detachment. Finding their trail, which led toward Helena, I followed the tracks with eight men, leaving the post at the same time that the command marched. We reached Krueger's ranch, forty-one miles from Fort Shaw, at half past eight in the evening, took supper, fed the horses, and rested until 11 P.M., and then pushed on with three men, leaving the rest to join the command. Traveled all night, with the mercury showing thirty degrees below zero and snow filling the air, and reached John's ranch about 5 A.M. - distance sixty-three miles.

(On this date General Reynolds attacked Crazy Horse's village on the Little Powder River, took the village and captured Crazy Horse's pony herd, numbering 800 head of horses. Crazy Horse counter attacked, forcing General Reynolds to retire from the village. Crazy Horse then attacked General Reynolds's rear guard, and recaptured his pony herd of 800 horses.)

Saturday, March 18. Passed two hours at John's, breakfasting, feeding the horses, resting, and making inquiries after my deserters. As nothing could be learned of them, I concluded that they had turned off some distance back onto the Mullan road. At 7 A.M. we took saddle once more and crossed over to this road, there finding their tracks - which we recognized by the peculiar shoeing of their horses. As the track was fresh, we pressed on rapidly, and caught a distant view of them as we neared Helena, reaching Widow Durgin's house, four miles out of the town, only fifteen minutes behind them. Here they had passed and left their compliments for certain officers of the regiment, and then ridden off on the Corinne road. Followed at a gallop and overtook them four miles beyond Helena at 1 P.M., having traveled about eighty-four miles since ten o'clock yesterday morning. They surrendered without resistance, and were soon lodged in the Helena jail. Quartered my men at the Overland hotel, and I registered at the St. Louis.

The command broke camp at Eagle Rock at 8 A.M. and marched to Dearborn River, seventeen miles, camping on that stream at 4 P.M., the wagons arriving at the camp an hour later. There were several inches of snow on the road, greatly impeding the march and wearying the men. It was a bright day, and the dazzling glare from the snow seriously affected the
men's eyes. The night was intensely cold, and all suffered much. There was no thermometer at hand, but experienced judges pronounced it at least forty degrees below zero. The lieutenants discovered this morning that there were a number of extra horses with the column, and notwithstanding they had been occupied for a month previous in breaking in shoes and training their legs for the campaign by daily excursions from three to five miles, the discovery of these horses diffused among them universal joy. With eager alacrity they volunteered their services to ride, and it was noticed from this day forth that up hill or down, muddy or dry, cold or warm, none stuck to their saddles with more invincible determination, more unflagging constancy and zeal than the "subs" thus fortuitously provided with a mount. There were nearly enough of these extra horses to go around, and by changing about all had frequent opportunity to ride. Only Lieutenant Coolidge distained such aid, whose excellent pedestrian abilities won for him the regulation of the marches and halts, and henceforth throughout the campaign, with a sturdy sergeant at his side, he was to be seen leading the column at a twenty-eight inch step as nearly one hundred and ten to the minute as frequent reference to a watch could secure.

Sunday, March 19. The command marched at 8 A.M. and made a severe and toilsome march through deep snow drifts to Krueger's ranch, thirteen miles, reaching their camping ground in Krueger's garden at 1 P.M. Throughout the forenoon there was a succession of sunshine and shadow, with the snow flying in clouds and a bitterly cold air. Captain Rawn became seriously snowblind and was compelled to resign the command to Captain Freeman, next in rank. Many of the men suffered from the same cause, and there were also several cases of freezing of more or less severity. Lieutenant Kendrick and Dr. Hart were among the unfortunate victims of the frost, whose icy fingers, judging by the singular experience of these gentlemen, were unrestrained by any considerations of delicacy. Many of the company commanders had provided their men with blue or green vails (sic) as a protection against snowblindness, but these proved wholly inadequate. In fact they were rather an aggravation of the difficulty, as they impeded the sight and annoyed the eyes with their constant flapping. After reaching camp the command was compelled to wait two hours for the arrival of its wagons. Some of these were overturned in the course of the day's march, and what with such accidents, the hilly character of the country, and the bad roads did not come up until 3 o'clock. I had designed to rejoin the command to-day with my prisoners, but found on getting up and going into the light that I was a victim of snow-blindness. I had gone to the jail to give orders about my prisoners, when I discovered my sight failing and was scarcely able to reach the hotel ere I became totally blind. The loss of sight comes on with a feeling such as is created by smoke in the eyes, that, if the case is a severe one, soon increases into the most intense burning pain. The eyes can not bear the light and the eyeballs seem to roll in liquid fire with a grating feeling as though in contact with particles of sand. The temptation to bandage them or apply water is great, but should be resisted, as the one heats the eyes and the other increases the irritation, and the pain is only intensified. This blindness seems principally confined to high altitudes, but I have heard of occasional cases as far south as the plains of western Kansas. It is mainly brought on by the exposure of the eyes to the glare of the sun upon the snow, but is accelerated and aggravated by high wind and flying snow; and it is most likely to occur late in the winter season and early in the spring when the sun's rays fall with a more vertical slant. Indeed, in early and mid-winter cases of snow blindness are extremely rare. The Indians and even wild animals are subject to it, and to the frequenter of our western plains a snow-blind rabbit or even sage or prairie chicken is no uncommon sight. A method of treatment practiced by
some of the northwestern Indians is to drop into the corner of the eye a little skunk oil, which they extract and preserve for this purpose. I have been assured by old hunters who have tried it that it is a sovereign remedy. (Dr. W.B. Strong tells me that the Indians of Labrador, among whom he spent some time, put tobacco grains, or tobacco ash in the eyes as cure for snow blindness.) But prevention is infinitely preferable to cure, and may be affected by blackening the face to the distance of an inch or more around the eyes close up to the lids. This had never failed me, and I have yet to hear of an instance where it did not secure immunity from this terrible malady. (W.A. Logan, called Will Logan in this diary, told me that the Shoshone Indians employed this device, but that it was unknown to the Sioux Indians.) A bit of wet powder or lampblack, the scut off the bottom of a kettle, a charred stick, or powdered charcoal will accomplish this. It is the approved method of warding it off practiced by frontiersmen. (The Esquimo make snow goggles out of wood, the eye holes being mere slits, to ward off snow blindness.) In the month of May, 1857, in the days of my inexperience on the "Plains," I had 30 men out of a command of 40 disabled in this manner as the result of one day's march through the snow on a sunny day, myself being the greatest sufferer, as my duties compelled me to use my eyes most. The number of the well was barely sufficient to attend to the afflicted, and we lay several days almost defenseless in an Indian country. I have enlarged upon this subject somewhat as the information will be new to many of my readers, while the hints I have given may save some inexperienced young officer, or other person, from acquiring his knowledge of it at such bitter cost as I have acquired mine. My case in this instance proved a severe one, and I took to my room and sent for a physician, leaving my prisoners in jail and ordering my three men to rejoin the command. For several days I was hors du combat, suffering tortures like to those of the damned; but Montana's most eminent physician, Dr. J.S. Glick, after examining me and announcing that I was good for thirty days of it, astonished himself by curing me completely in five.

Monday, March 30. Captain Rawn found himself this morning, from the condition of his eyes, wholly incapacitated for command, and returned to Fort Shaw, proper treatment being impossible on the march. His case proved to be a stubborn one, and it was several weeks before he was sufficiently recovered to attempt to rejoin the command. At Fort Ellis, while on route to the command, he suffered a relapse, and was once more forced to return. The command marched at 7:15 A.M., advanced 18 miles, and camped at 8:15 P.M. in a picturesque cove in the Little Prickly Pear Canyon. The weather had moderated, the snow melted rapidly, and the men splashed on through slush and mud all day, and pitched their tents in mud at night. Yesterday - intense cold, the men freezing; to-day - a summer temperature and a waste of water and mud. Such are the changes in this climate. Surely the command has had an unpleasant enough beginning. Though their couch was soft enough in all conscience, wet blankets and clothes did not conduce to pleasant dreams upon the part of our patient 200 that night.

Tuesday, March 21. It was discovered this morning that two men had deserted during the night. One of them, considered rather a simple-minded fellow, had been cunning enough to walk backward through the snow for a mile or so, but was caught for all that. The other man got safely off. The command marched at 7 A.M., but after proceeding only five miles went into camp at 9:30 A.M., near John's ranch, to enable the men to dry their clothes and bedding, the day being pleasant and warm. (John's ranch is situated near the head of Little Prickly Pear Canyon, on the old Helena and Fort Benton stage road, and between Silver and Mitchell stations on the Montana Central Railroad. - H.S.W.) Lieutenant Burnett came up to-day on the coach but passed on to Helena.

Wednesday, March 22. Command marched at 7 A.M. The road was dry and hard
and the men were troubled with blistered feet. After a march of 17 miles camp was pitched at 1:30 P.M., near the dwelling place of widow Durgin, about four miles from Helena. General Gibbon and Lieutenant Jacobs came up in a buggy and passed on to Helena. A number of the officers and some of the men were permitted to visit the city in the afternoon and evening. The two deserters I had arrested were taken from the jail to the camp and released and restored to duty without trial. Dr. Hart remained in the city sick, and did not again join the command. In the absence of a medical officer, Lieutenant Coolidge was appointed acting surgeon. He had amused himself for some years past by employing his leisure in the study of medicine, and is well qualified for the post. 

Thursday, March 23. The command marched at 6:45 A.M., one man less by desertion last night. The road was exceedingly muddy, and it proved a hard day on the men. As Lieutenant Woodruff phrased it, "The march was only 18 miles long to-day but 6 inches deep all the way;" and the men camped near the "Spokane House", a wayside inn, at 2 P.M., thoroughly tired out.

Friday, March 24. The command broke camp at 6:30 A.M. and marched over a fair road 17 miles camping at 1:30 P.M. on the Missouri river, at Indian Creek ferry. I rejoined the command at this camp, by stage from Helena, Dr. Glick having pronounced me fit for duty again. Resumed command of the mounted detachment, which in my absence had been in Lieutenant Woodruff's charge. Sick call, according to a fashion that the boys have fallen into, was received with cheers and groans all over the camp, that deterred many a poor devil who needed treatment for sore limbs and feet from presenting himself at the doctor's tent. But the march had told upon the men, unaccustomed to it as they were, and there was a pretty respectable attendance at the hospital of men too badly off to care for ridicule. The worst cases were allowed to ride on the wagons. But the men are toughening to their work, and will be all right in a few days. I notice that Dr. alias Lieutenant Coolidge examined his patients and prescribed his remedies with the uncture of a professional.

Saturday, March 25. Broke camp at 6:30 A.M., and camped near Galen's residence at 2:45 P.M., after a march of 21 miles. (Ranch of Hugh F. Galen, near Radersburg, Montana.) Lieutenant Coolidge, who marched on foot, says in his journal "weather warm"; while I, who rode, chronicled (sic) in mine "cold wind all day". Road mainly good, but the last few miles quite muddy. Camped in the mud - the best we could do.

Sunday, March 26. Marched at 6:15 A.M., and as the Madison bridge was down, turned to the left and crossed the Missouri river at the ferry something less than a mile below the junction of the Jefferson and Madison and a couple of hundred yards above the mouth of the Gallatin. The question arose among the officers as to where the Missouri properly begins: at the junction of the Jefferson and Madison, or a mile lower down where the Gallatin joins its waters to those of the other two streams. Upon inquiry, it was found that local usage - which ought to govern favors the former. As I interpret Lewis and Clark (who conferred these names) they intended it so. Soon after crossing the ferry we passed the few straggling houses known as Gallatin city, and camped on the plain half a mile beyond at 12:45 P.M., having marched 14 miles. General Gibbon and Lieutenant Jacobs came up soon after we formed camp, returning to the hotel for lodgings after spending some time with us. Within sight of our camp the "mighty Missouri" takes its rise and begins its eventual journey of 3,000 and some hundred miles to the Mississippi. Both from this circumstance and from the history connected with it, the locality is one of the most interesting in Montana, it being here that the first fur trading establishment on the upper Missouri stood, and not far distant, on the Jefferson river, that occurred the wonderful escape of John Colter, a discharged member of Lewis and Clark's command - the narrative of which has thrilled
the hearts of thousands of readers.
Monday, March 27. Marched at 6:10 A.M., and camped near Cockerill's
bridge over the West Gallatin at 12:45 P.M., 18 miles. The men are now
well broken in and march like veterans, blistered feet and stiffened
limbs being a rarity. Lost two men by desertion last night - the last
to leave us in this manner. This makes nine in all, only three of the
number having been apprehended. The General and Lieutenant Jacobs
passed on to Fort Ellis.
Extracts from the Journal of Lieutenant James H. Bradley, (II Contributions, Historical Society of Montana, pages 149-325), covering the march of General Gibbon's column, from Fort Ellis, March 28, 1876, to the Little Big Horn river, June 26, 1876. The Bradley manuscript ends at this date, and the Clifford manuscript then takes up the story from June 26, 1876 to August 10th, 1876, when Generals Terry and Gibbon met General Crook and his column on the Rosebud.

Tuesday, March 28. Broke camp at 6:15 A.M., just after sunrise. The men pushed on with the stride of old campaigners, and seemed to glory in their newly developed marching powers. Road quite muddy as we neared Bozeman. Marched through the town and passed on to Fort Ellis, nearly four miles beyond, camping near the post at 11 M., having advanced 16 miles. Again the men were under the necessity of making down their beds in the mud, as the whole country around Fort Ellis is a wash of slush and mud, with torrents of dirty water sweeping down the slope on which our camp is pitched. We were very hospitably received by the garrison, the cavalry portion of which has but recently returned from a trip down the Yellowstone to succor the garrison of the trading post of Fort F.D. Pease. They are now preparing to join us in the campaign. The interchange of civilities that followed, the invitations to dinners and breakfasts, the calls, the convivial reunions, the - but why particularize? - are they not written in the book of our memories?

Wednesday, March 29. We remained in camp to-day, drawing rations and forage, and preparing generally for the second heat in our campaign. At this point we are to cut loose from the settlements, having in our front only a few isolated cabins, whose owners occupy them in continual peril of their lives;--------

Thursday, March 30. Resumed the march this morning at 7:30 A.M., heading for the Yellowstone. The cavalry is not yet ready, but will follow in a few days. General Gibbon and staff remain behind but will come on with the cavalry. Our route led through the gap and over the divide traversed by Captain Clark in July, 1806, upon his return from the Pacific. -------- The route is a difficult one, half piercing, half surmounting a high mountain range dividing the waters of the Missouri from those of the Yellowstone. Camped at noon upon Fleischman's creek, a small stream rising in the gap and flowing into the Yellowstone; but it was two and a half hours ere the wagons arrived. Marched ten and a half miles. The distances heretofore given conform to local usage, but those that will hereafter appear are derived from odometer measurements made during our march. Snow fell briskly in the afternoon. We learned today that General Crook of the 17th infantry, attacked a large Sioux village on Little Powder river, drove away the Indians with considerable loss, captured and destroyed the camp, and also captured the greater part of the ponies but lost them afterwards through the fault of some of his subordinates. He then returned to Fort Fetterman, withdrawing his forces for the present from the field. (Attack on Crazy Horse's village on Little Powder river during March, 1876.)

Friday, March 31. The system of mixed guards by details from all the companies was replaced last night by the detail of an entire company with its officers, the senior being deemed officer of the day. There are at present five companies, so that guard duty will fall to each every fifth night. In consequence of last night's snow storm we remained in camp to-day.

Saturday, April 1. Marched at 7:15 A.M., soon reaching the Yellowstone, which we followed down to Shield's river, or Twenty-five Yard creek as it is sometimes called, where we camped at 1:45 P.M., having marched 19 miles. Power's contract train of wagons has been added to our impedimenta. It left Fort Shaw in advance of us, carrying supplies for sixty days, and united with our command at this camp. Passed two occupied places to-day, Quinn's ranch, in the gap, and the rather extensive establishment at the Yellowstone ferry. --------

Sunday, April 2. Broke camp at 8:30 A.M. The footmen marched by a cut-off near the river, while I followed the road with my detachment as guard to the train. The former reached the camping-ground on the Yellowstone at 11:15 A.M., but the train did not come up until 1:30. Distance traveled by the train,
with which the odometer went, seventeen miles, the cut-off taken by the footmen being two or three miles shorter. ——— Last night the sentinels were posted around the camp in groups of three, all lying down but only one required to remain awake at a time. Instead of challenging, the sentinel is directed to whistle to any one approaching his post and fire upon him if he receives no reply. It is an abominable system, more dangerous to ourselves than to the enemy; and seems to be based upon the fallacy that an Indian will have more compunction about putting an arrow into a whistler than a man who talks out in his mother tongue. As we draw near the dangerous ground we are dropping into the methods that are to govern our conduct during the campaign. Among these are the groups of three and the whistling.

Monday, April 5. Marched at 6:15 A.M., and reached the ford within a few miles. The Yellowstone at this point is about one-hundred yards broad and flows with a swift current, but is shallow enough at this season to ford with ease. All the men who could find a place on the wagons were carried over in this manner, and the mounted detachment brought over the remainder, the horses being sent back several times. The crossing occupied only twenty minutes and was effected without mishap, all of which was very creditable to Major Freeman's management. All being over, we resumed the march down the Yellowstone, and, crossing the Big Boulder, a considerable tributary of the former, camped on its right bank at 12:15 P.M. after a march of sixteen miles. The latter part of the march was made through a blinding snow-storm, the snow melting as it fell. It turned quite cold towards night, and was very severe on the animals and the poor fellows of Company A who were exposed in the open air on the wet ground in groups of three. Before the camp was formed the mounted detachment scouted the surrounding country, and as a further precaution the train was corralled, the troops being disposed on its exterior in a position suitable for defense. The Big Boulder derives its name from the profusion of large round stones with which its channel is filled.

Tuesday, April 4. Three inches of snow on the ground this morning, and weather threatening; but nevertheless we marched at 6:45 A.M., following down the valley of the Yellowstone. A cold wind and the bad condition of the road rendered the marching difficult, and after advancing only nine miles camp was formed at 10:15 A.M., upon Big Deer Creek, about a mile from the Yellowstone. A courier came up with us, reporting General Gibbon with the cavalry encamped this evening upon Shield's River. They left Fort Ellis on the first of April and have thus been four days making a distance of thirty miles. This slow progress is attributable to the bad condition of the road over the divide and the snowstorm of yesterday, which was more severe near the mountains. The General has changed his plan of operations in consequence of the news received from General Crock. As it is feared that the Indians defeated by him will endeavor to escape toward the north we are now to keep on down the Yellowstone with a view to intercepting them, instead of turning off toward Fort C.F. Smith as originally planned. The depot at the Crow agency is now of no use and the stores will be removed to the north bank of the Yellowstone.

Wednesday, April 5. Marched at 6:15 A.M. At Bridger's Creek we found a considerable number of white men, with wagons and camp equipage, rendezvousing for the purpose of proceeding to the new gold mines in the Black Hills. We then left the road leading to the Crow agency on Rosebud creek, or Stillwater as it is usually called, which we had been following, and continued on down the valley of the Yellowstone by a dim trail that has been little traveled, camping on the river bank at 11:10 A.M., having marched fourteen miles. Most of the timber we have passed through to-day, though still standing, is dead from the effects of fire. ———

Thursday, April 6. Marched at 6:10 A.M., passing down the valley, which gradually narrowed and finally ran out - or rather, shifted to the opposite bank of the stream. Here we were compelled to ford and follow down the other bank, crossing without difficulty, in the same manner as before described, and camping at 10:55 A.M., after a march of twelve miles. The day was beautiful, and soon after the tents were pitched and the camp settled the river-bank was
thronged with fishermen in gum boots or bare legs seeking the finny inhabitants of the stream. Many of the officers joined in the sport, which was very successful, resulting in the taking of at least two hundred pounds of trout that afternoon.

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Friday, April 7. Remained in camp to-day, officers and men fishing and securing some three hundred pounds of trout. At 3 P.M., General Gibbon and staff arrived, accompanied by Major Brisbin, who commands the cavalry. The cavalry camp to-night at the ford, four miles above, General Gibbon this morning sent word to the Crow agency that he wished to meet the Crows in council at that place. He also requested Mitch Bouyer, a noted guide, to report to him at our camp, designing to employ him to accompany the command if mutually satisfactory.

Saturday, April 8. The cavalry came up about 10 A.M., and went into camp about a mile lower down the valley. Mitch Bouyer arrived this morning from the Crow agency and brought word that the Crows were waiting to see the General, who thereupon took my detachment as escort and set out for the agency. We left camp just as the cavalry arrived, the General being accompanied by Major Brisbin, Captain Freeman and Lieutenant Burnett. Our course led us past Countryman's ranch, a couple of miles below the camp, the last occupied house on the Yellowstone. It is a trading establishment, whiskey being the principal commodity, and the customers being Crow Indians. Here we forded the Yellowstone and followed up the valley of Rosebud Creek (or Stillwater Fork, as it is usually called), reaching the agency after a disagreeable ride of eighteen miles, most of the way through a storm of wet snow. We were hospitably received by Mr. Clapp, the agent for the Crows, who provided quarters for officers and men and stabling for our horses. We found here Company E, of our regiment, (7th infantry) which marched from Camp Baker in advance of us (March 14) to form part of the expedition, and came on from Fort Ellis to this point in charge of a train of twenty-eight wagons bearing part of our supplies (100,000 lbs). It is commanded by Captain Clifford and is accompanied by Lieutenant Young. He arrived here April 1, unloaded his train, stored his supplies in the agency ware-rooms, and has been lying here awaiting our arrival.

Saturday, April 9. Toward 10 o'clock A.M., the head men of the Mountain Crows began to assemble in a room provided by Mr. Clapp for the holding of the council, and at half-past ten the council opened. General Gibbon and the military officers and gentlemen of the agency occupied one end of the room, Lieutenant Burnett and myself, selected to report the proceedings, sat at a table in their front, with the interpreter Pierre Shane standing near, while the remainder of the room was occupied by the chiefs and head men and the riff-raff of the whites, seated on benches provided for the purpose. Having enjoyed no experience as a fashion reporter I shall not attempt to describe the dress of the savages, but will say in passing there was very little display of finery. Among the principal men were Blackfoot, Tin Belly, Iron Bull, Bull-that-goes-hunting, Show-his-face, Medicine Wolf, Old Onion, Mountain Pocket, Crane-in-the-sky, Sees-all-over-the-land, One Feather, Spotted Horse, Long Snake, Frog, Small Beard, Curly, Shot-in-the-jaw, White Forehead, Old Crow, Old Dog, White Mouth and Crazy Head. Of these Bull-that-goes-hunting has the largest number of personal followers, but Blackfoot is reported to have the most influence. --- The only good object effected by the council was to advertise our purpose among the Crows, and toward evening quite a number of the young men offered their services. We are assured that we shall easily fill up the complement in spite of the cold water cast upon our efforts by the "coffee-coolers" as the shiftless, superannuated loungers about the camp are very aptly termed. As Blackfoot remarked, the commands or desires of the chiefs avail little in matters of this kind. The young men settle the question for themselves and will go or stay as they individually prefer. Captain Clifford marched with his company in the afternoon to join the command.

Monday, April 10. The General has, very much to my satisfaction, given me
command of the Crow scouts. I completed the desired number of enlistments to-day, swore them in on the point of a knife — said to be a binding oath among them — and uniformed them with a band of red squaw-cloth about six inches wide, which they are to wear on the left arm above the elbow. This ceremony ended, they desired General Gibbon and myself to take an oath to believe all they should tell us and do as they wanted us to do — a rather preposterous proposition which they retired from upon our swearing to see them furnished with the same pay, rations and allowances as were received by white soldiers. The detachment consists of twenty-three Crow Indians and two squaw-men — Le Forgey and Bravo — who have lived among the Crows for several years and acquired their language, and therefore will be very useful as interpreters. The warriors are mostly young men of less than thirty years of age, but two are veterans of middle age and two more old men over sixty, who are expected to do little service beyond giving the young fellows the benefit of their encouragement and advice. They furnish their own arms, all carrying good breech-loaders except two, one of whom has only a revolver and the other a bow and arrows. Lieutenant Jacobs arrived to-day from the camp, bringing a train to remove the supplies delivered here by the contract train. He is accompanies as escort by a detachment of the 2nd Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant McClernand. Before night the stores were all loaded and the train packed ready to return to-morrow. A snow storm set in toward evening, the wet flakes falling rapidly.

Tuesday, April 11. About eighteen inches of snow on the ground this morning, but as the storm continued it was feared we would be completely snowed in unless we extricated ourselves at once and it was decided to move in spite of the prospect of a hard pull. Toward 9 o'clock A.M. we were all in motion; the general, Jacobs with his train, McClernand with his detachment, and myself with mine. We followed down the Stillwater valley and as we receded from the mountains found the storm less violent and the snow less deep, till, on reaching the Yellowstone valley, there were but two or three inches and the weather was clear. Lost two mules in crossing the Yellowstone. Found that the command had, on the ninth inst., changed camp, moving down the Yellowstone fifteen miles, the cavalry and infantry camping for the first time together. The command is now, with the exception of the Crow scouts who will join to-morrow, all together and composed as it is likely to remain throughout the campaign. It consists of six companies of the 7th Infantry, commanded by Captain Freeman, and numbering 13 officers and 320 men; and four companies of the 2nd Cavalry, commanded by Major Brisbin, numbering 10 officers and 186 men. The entire force is under command of Col. John Gibbon, 7th Infantry, and is accompanied by a twelve-pound Napoleon gun and two Gatling guns, calibre .50, all under charge of Lieutenant Woodruff and designed to be served by a detail from the infantry. As for transportation, the force is provided with a train of 24 government and 13 contract wagons, the whole number of non-combatants amounting to about twenty men, who in case of necessity will constitute a fair reserve. Dr. Paulding accompanied the cavalry from Fort Ellis, and will be the surgeon of the expedition. Elsewhere may be found a detailed statement of the strength of the command, which here may be summarized as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Type of Unit</th>
<th>Officers</th>
<th>Men</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>General Gibbon and staff</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Infantry battalion</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>320</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cavalry battalion</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Non-combatant</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>436</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Officers and men: 453. 35 Crow scouts added; Grand total: 478 all told).

Wednesday, April 12. Passed the day in camp, preparing for an advance to-morrow. The quantity of stores on hand being in excess of our means of transportation, a temporary depot is to be established here for the surplus. Company A, 7th Infantry (Captain Logan), remaining in charge of it. One of the Gatling guns will be left with them. Lieutenant Jacobs occupied the day
in sorting the supplies and reloading the train, and the company commanders in getting their companies in trim. Bravo came up toward evening with most of the Crow scouts, accompanied by a number of their friends whose presence we had not bargained for. In the evening they entertained the boys with songs accompanied with a thumping of a buffalo robe spread before them — a mystic ceremony termed "making medicine," that is to say, conjuring for good luck. They were in danger of pushing their incantations into the "wee sma' hours" of the night, but, thinking it best to begin with them at once as I mean to continue, I explained to them the mystery of "taps" and got them quieted down so as not to interfere much with the general repose of the camp.

Thursday, April 13. The command marched at 7:15 A.M., Company A, according to programme remaining behind. The remainder of the scouts, except Le Forgey and one Crow, came up early in the morning. My command, consisting of the mounted infantry detachment and the Crows, has been assigned to the permanent duty of scouting in advance of the column when in march. I sent Bravo with ten scouts ahead early in the morning and followed with the mounted detachment and the remainder of the scouts in time to precede the column a few miles. Route today down the valley of the Yellowstone; camped at 3 P.M., having marched 11.8 miles. No Sioux sign. Had no interpreter with me today, and the Crows took advantage of my inability to give them orders and hung around the column instead of remaining in advance with my detachment. Le Forgey, very much to my satisfaction, arrived just as we went into camp, and I shall now be able to keep one interpreter with me and have the best of these slippery Crows, who are now all with me.

Friday, April 14. The mounted detachment moved out at 6 A.M., the command following at 7. The Crows did excellent scouting today, scouring the country for a breadth of ten or twelve miles and holding themselves well in front. It allowed them to be mere camp loafers, but if urged and looked after they will do good work. No sign of Sioux yet; but the scouts found a camp of five white men engaged in hunting and trapping. Advanced 14.3 miles and camped at 3 P.M. in the Yellowstone valley, about a mile and a half above the point attained last summer by the steamer "Josephine," Captain Grant Marsh, the highest ascent of the river yet achieved.

Saturday, April 15. Marched at 6:45 A.M., mounted detachment and scouts in advance following down the valley across what is known as the Clark's Fork Bottom, so-called because the stream of that name enters the Yellowstone within its limits. On our left the bluffs rose perpendicularly nearly two hundred feet, being crowned with a wall of rock so steep and unbroken that within a distance of several miles it is said to afford only one place of descent. From its appearance this story seems very probable. At the lower end of the bottom the bluffs crown close on the river, and the road ascends to the plain which it crosses for some miles, and then by a steep descent regains the valley at Baker's battle-ground. Here at 5 P.M. we went into camp having marched 17.3 miles.

Sunday, April 16. Lieutenant McClearnand being sent forward this morning with a working party to fix the ford, I was ordered to cover him with my detachment and the scouts. Left camp about 8 A.M., crossed the river a couple of miles below, and passing down the opposite bank took a position in the hills below Pryor's River, from which I could overlook the country for miles and remained there throughout the day. The command broke camp at 9:35 A.M., marched six miles, fording the Yellowstone above Pryor's River, and camped at 3:15 P.M. just below the mouth of the latter stream. Lieutenant Schofield had a narrow escape from drowning in crossing the ford. His horse deviated from the ford, got into deep water, and became unmanageable. In his frantic efforts Lieu-tenant Schofield was swept from the saddle and left struggling in several feet of water, and, being unable to swim, was submerged, and becoming insensible would have been inevitably drowned had he not clung to the bridle reins and been dragged ashore by the horse. Toward evening I left my perch in the hills and went to the camp. Still no sign of the Sioux, though the
scouts predicted that we should find it about Pryor's River, which, said they, the Sioux continually infest. Two years ago the crow camp while pitched on this spot was assaulted by several hundred Sioux warriors, and as the Crows were present in strong force a lively battle ensued, lasting nearly all day and finally terminating in the repulse of the Sioux with severe loss. One of my men picked up a rusty carbine on the field—undoubtedly a relic of the fight.

Monday, April 17. Marched at 8 A.M., my detachment in advance. Followed down the Yellowstone valley, crossing Arrow Creek (otherwise Cache Creek) in our course, and camped a few hundred yards below Pompey's Pillar at 4 P.M., having marched 15.8 miles. We have been a good deal annoyed by the presence of fourteen Crows who attached themselves to our command and have exerted a bad influence over our scouts, seducing them from their duty and encouraging them in restlessness under the restraint it is necessary to impose. General Gibbon gave them their choice this evening either to leave the command or make a scout down the river, in the latter case being furnished with three days' rations. They chose the latter, received their rations, and left just before dark, accompanied by two of my scouts who are to return with such information as may be gathered during the scout. "Muggins" Taylor and one of my Crows set off this evening to scout toward the Big Horn.

Tuesday, April 18. We passed the day in camp. The Crows were scattered around in different directions, a party being sent some miles back on our trail to ascertain whether we are being dogged by Sioux. All but one returned in the evening without having found any sign. The absentee has taken French-leave and connected himself with the volunteers who left camp last night for the down-river scout. Taylor and his companion came in without having seen any sign, though they had advanced quite to the Big Horn. It is pretty evident that the Sioux are not yet about us and are ignorant of our presence here. But in lieu of Sioux the scouts report innumerable buffalo feeding quietly. This is accounted for by some as further proof of the absence of Sioux, but, inasmuch as the Indians often observe such care in their buffalo hunts that the same herd will graze for days in the immediate neighborhood of their camp, though suffering daily loss, it is not in itself conclusive evidence.

Wednesday, April 19. Marched at 7:30 A.M., route down the valley of the Yellowstone, cavalry and train fording the river twice. Scouted both banks with the Indians and my detachment, the infantry following a rugged game trail over the ridge that forces the road across the stream and thus avoiding the fords. Marched 18.5 miles, and camped at 3:30 P.M. near the river bank. Still no sign of the Sioux.

Thursday, April 20. One of the sentinels thought he saw a signal light on the bluffs last night, but the Indians who were sent to investigate it could find no sign of human presence. Marched at 7:30 A.M., my command in the lead. Forded the Yellowstone not far above the mouth of the Big Horn, which stream we passed to-day. The Yellowstone has been rising for some time, and it was difficult to find a fording place for the train. As it was the water entered the beds of the wagons, and many of the mounted men caught a plentiful supply in their boots. The road after gaining the left bank of the Yellowstone ascends to an irregular upland, which it traverses for a few miles, regaining the valley about two miles above Fort P.D. Pease and some five miles below the mouth of the Big Horn. At this point we went into camp at 5 P.M., having marched 17.8 miles. The Crows found to-day fresh tracks of two horses and other fresh horse signs which we at first supposed to indicate the presence of Sioux scouts, but it transpired that there are a couple of wild horses in the neighborhood. So no Sioux yet; but we are getting well into their country, and the scouts are very cautious in their movements. Fort Pease is in plain view from our camp; and parties from the command visited it this afternoon. The flag is still flying as it was left when
abandoned some weeks ago, and the fort itself is untouched. It is evident that the Sioux have not visited it, as there are no traces of their presence, and besides they would have set the place on fire had they been here. A greyhound was found inhabiting it, who has been its solitary occupant for weeks. He was overjoyed to see human beings again. How he subsisted is a mystery, but probably by hunting rabbits and other small game.

Friday, April 31. Will Logan (son of Capt. Logan) accompanied by a soldier arrived this morning from the supply camp bearing mail and dispatches. It appears that General Crook has not yet retaken the field and will not before the middle of May, and that General Custer will not start from Fort Abraham Lincoln until about the same time. We were to have acted in conjunction with these forces, but we are now, when well advanced in the Sioux country, left unsupported. (Crook fell back to Fort D.A. Russell, after his partial success in attacking Crazy Horses village on Powder river in March, and was there organizing his command; Terry was delayed at St. Paul, awaiting Custer who was delayed in Washington, because in the bad graces of President Grant. Gibbon alone moved his command to the place appointed on schedule.)

General Crook's victory was not so decisive as we have regarded it, while the fighting seems to have demonstrated that there are heavier forces of warriors to encounter than had been counted upon. General Terry fears that the Indians may combine and get the better of us; and we are therefore to cease our advance for the present and remain in this vicinity until further orders, in a state of inactivity unless sure of striking a successful blow.

Now for tedious camp life and a long campaign. In the afternoon the command moved down the river and camped at Fort Pease, whose buildings will make good store-houses for our supplies while we lie here inactive. The train will be unloaded and sent back after the supplies left behind in Captain Logan's charge.

Saturday, April 22. Two couriers left Captain Logan's camp on the nineteenth inst., one day before Will Logan, and from the length of time they were out fears were entertained that they had been intercepted by Sioux or drowned in crossing the river. Four of the Crows were sent back at 1 o'clock this morning to look for them, two of whom have returned. They report having found the trail of the couriers, which turns back up the river at our last camping ground, the tracks indicating that one of them is afoot. The mystery was only deepened by this discovery, but we subsequently learned that one of their horses gave out, when, despairing of being able to overtake the command, they turned back. Of the absent Crow one is sick and the other remains to take care of him. One of the two that returned insists upon taking back the horses and effects of himself and the two absentees, to the end that all three may return to the agency. It is difficult to impress upon these fellows the fact that their act of enlistment imposes the duty of obedience to orders and inhibits that free skurring to and fro over the country to which they have been accustomed.

Four cavalrymen left for Fort Ellis at 1 o'clock A.M., carrying mail. It is dangerous service, as these small parties are exceedingly liable to be cut off by the Sioux. Some of the Crows are each day kept scouting about camp, but have seen no Sioux sign as yet.

Sunday, April 23. Captain Freeman, accompanied by Lieutenant Kendrick, left this morning with his company (H, 7th Infantry) in charge of twenty-seven wagons, part of which are to be used in bringing down the supplies left at Logan's camp, the remainder, five in number, to return to Fort Ellis, being discharged contract teams of Power's train. An ambulance, with four mounted men as escort, left with them to bring back the sick Indian, returning this afternoon. He had recovered and, with his companions, was returning horseback.

Monday, April 24. Captain Clifford and Lieutenant Johnson with two men went down the valley hunting this morning, which afforded the camp an excitement and me an opportunity for a scamper. They were sighted by the Crow scouts at some distance below and mistaken for Sioux, whereupon the latter made a
tragedical rush for our camp to give the alarm. As they appeared in view
across the valley running in single file at a lively speed, occasionally
deviating from a direct line to describe a small circle indicating that
they had seen an enemy, quite an excitement was aroused in the camp. The
soldiers gathered in throngs, while the Crows formed in line, shoulder to
shoulder, behind a pile of buffalo-chips placed for the purpose and stood
there swaying their bodies and singing while the scouts approached. As the
leader of the scouts came up he paused to kick over the pile of buffalo-
chips, which was equivalent to a solemn pledge to tell the truth, then sat
down surrounded by his fellow Crows and, after resting a minute or two,
told what he had seen. The Crows full of enthusiasm rushed after their
horses and stripped for a fight; while I got my detachment in the saddle
as quickly as possible, and away we went down the valley looking for a
brush, and hoping to bag a few Sioux. About eight miles down we found
the trail of the party seen by the scouts, and behold it was the trail of
Captain Clifford and his little hunting party, who ignorant of the commotion
they had innocently aroused had ridden on to other fields. We returned to
camp considerably crest-fallen, and with impaired confidence in the judgment
of the Crows. Companies H (Capt. Ball) and F (Lieut. Roe), 2nd Cavalry, about
eighty strong, commanded by the former officer, left this afternoon for a
scout up the Big Horn River. They are accompanied as guides by two of my
scouts - Le Forgey, and a Crow, Jack Rabbit Bull. The men are rendering
their stay here as pleasant as possible by raising their beds off the ground,
building shades of boughs over their tents, etc. The camp now wears quite a
pic-nic air. Still no sign of Sioux.

Tuesday, April 25 - Sunday, April 30. During these six days we have remained
quietly in camp, amusing ourselves as best we could. Hunting parties go out
occasionally, but do not procure much game; and fishermen throng the bank,
securing a fair return in cat-fish, hickory shad and suckers. The Crows have
kept a lock-out around camp, and a party of six made a scout down the river
as far as the mouth of the Rosebud River, leaving camp on the twenty-seventh
and returning on the thirtieth, finding the country full of buffalo but
discovering no sign of the Sioux. Three of the Crows - the same who desired
to leave a few days ago - stole away on the twenty-ninth with all their
horses and effects and are yet absent. They have undoubtedly deserted. An
Indian is a sufficiently lazy creature, but he likes to choose his own time
and method of indulgence, and this enforced camp-life is very distasteful to
the Crows. We received a mail from above on the twenty-eighth.

Monday, May 1. About noon four of the Crows, who had crossed the river and
gone up to the mouth of the Big Horn, were seen running rapidly along the
summit of the rocky ridge on the opposite shore, occasionally describing the
circle that indicates an enemy seen. When they got near enough to be heard,
they shouted that the Sioux were close at hand and begged that a boat be sent
over for them instantly. The boat was sent, and they were soon safe on this
side telling their story, which was to the effect that dense swarms of mounted
men in three bodies were pouring down Tullock's Fork, that they were undoubtedly
Sioux, and that we might expect them soon to attack the camp. This information
caused no excitement, as Capt. Ball was expected to return to-day, and by
way of Tullock's Fork, so that the mounted men were pretty certain to prove
to be his two companies of cavalry. And so it turned out, for about 3 P.M. he
arrived in camp. He had ascended the Big Horn to old Fort C.F. Smith, crossed
over to the Little Big Horn, thence passed to the upper part of Tullock's
Fork and descended this stream to its junction with the Big Horn, without
having encountered the Sioux or seen any recent sign of them. The officers
speak in the highest terms of the beauty and fertility of some of the country
they traversed on the trip. The ruins of Fort C.F. Smith are still in a good
state of preservation, though the place was abandoned eight years ago. Its
adobe walls do not yield to the incendiary's torch, or the Sioux would have
long since got rid of them. We are now minus six of our Crows, - three who deserted the other day, and the three who left us at Pompey's Pillar on the seventeenth ultimo to accompany the party of Crow volunteers on their scout. We hear that this second party scouted to the Rosebud and then returned to the Crow camp, our three scouts going with them instead of rejoining us with the information gained as they had been ordered to. This evening Bravo, interpreter, and one of the Crows, Little Face, were sent back to the agency, bearing a letter to the agent who is requested to use his influence to get these six renegades to return. Bravo has much ill-merited influence over the Crows and Little Face is a good old fellow who will do all he can, and the chances are we will get them all back. Little Face's son is among the absentees. They are allowed eleven days for the round trip.

Tuesday, May 3. An uneventful day in camp. A good deal of speculation is rife in the command as to the whereabouts of the Sioux. We have now been two weeks in their country, a protracted scout has been made by the cavalry up the Big Horn and another by the Crows down to Rosebud River, and all without discovering a vestige of them. It is not long since Crook routed them on Powder River, so they are not likely to be lingering there. Where are they? The question is answered in different ways, but the general impression seems to be that having learned, as they undoubtedly have, the extensive preparations making for waging war upon them, they have become frightened and resorted to the agencies, where under the protecting aegis of the Indian Bureau they have been transformed from implacable, blood-thirsty warriors into good, peaceable Indians, and where they will stay fattening on government rations, accumulating the means of waging renewed war, but crying, Peace! Peace! until the storm blows over, when they will again take the field and resume their old trade of shedding white-men's blood. (The Interior Department refused the request with its necessary help the previous day.)

Wednesday, May 3. We have found the Sioux, or rather, they have found us. Reveille passed off as usual this morning, every one turning out of bed and falling into ranks to answer to his name, and then turning into bed and falling asleep for another doze. But presently it was discovered that Bostwick's horse (Shady) and mule, which had been picketed out the evening before to graze just outside the line of sentinels and about three hundred yards from camp, were gone. Investigation proved them to have been taken by Sioux; and as soon as the Crows heard of the circumstance they rushed to the island just above camp where they had left their horses overnight to graze, but every head was gone - thirty-two in all, gobbled by the Sioux. A search around the camp disclosed the fact that they had been in close vicinity to our sentinels, a broken saddle, three blankets, several wipping-sticks and other articles being found. The rascals managed the thing very adroitly, indeed. The Crows had a good cry over their loss, standing together in a row and shedding copious tears, after which they set out to follow the trail of the robbers. It was found to lead down the valley to a point about eight miles below, where it crossed the stream. The Crows heard shots upon the opposite bank, which seemed to indicate that the Sioux were not very anxious to get out of the way and had little dread of pursuit. Fearing to cross, the Crows turned back. The trail indicates that about fifty Sioux were engaged in the affair, about twenty of whom reconnoitered our camp and secured the horses while the remainder held themselves in reserve a little way off. Of the seventeen Crows now with us, not one has a horse. It is an unfortunate state of affairs, as it will greatly impair their usefulness as scouts. The General has been disposed to allow them every possible latitude to prevent the restraints of service from becoming too irksome to them, and so has permitted them to look after their horses in their own way, believing that their instinct and training would enable them to judge rightly what precautions were necessary. As commander of the scouts, and therefore personally concerned, I will add this has not been my theory. I have desired to practice a more rigorous discipline with the Crows, and would
have done so had I been unrestrained. In the afternoon there was an alarm
that the Sioux had got the herd, which was grazing about a mile up the
valley. A light snow had been falling and a heavy fog overhung the valley,
concealing distant objects, out of which two or three animals could be seen
galloping towards camp. We were quickly under arms, but it proved to be a
false alarm. Croff and Madden, of my detachment, went out hunting this
morning before we learned of the presence of the Sioux. Croff has returned
but can give no account of Madden, who is still absent. With the Sioux
around, his position is critical.

Thursday, May 4. During last night two couriers arrived bringing a mail.
They had been fired upon after dark about ten miles from camp, but were
not pursued. Sergt. Farrell with five men of my detachment, LeForgey, and
one Crow, went out at 7 A.M. to look for Madden, returning with him at 3
P.M. It was a great relief to find him alive, but he has had a narrow
escape. When found he was traveling directly away from camp, being com-
pletely bewildered. He had passed the night under an overhanging rock
which sheltered him from the snow, but he had no food. It was found that
a Sioux trail crossed his. This was probably made by the party who had
fired on the couriers; and they must have crossed during the night, as
had they seen it they would undoubtedly have followed and killed him. As
bewildered men are so apt to do he traveled in a circle, and after going
several miles this morning found himself back at the rock where he had
passed the night. The General had a conference with the Crows to-day and
tried to induce them to go in search of a Sioux camp, but they declined,
saying the time had passed by when Indians could go to war on foot, their
enemies being too well mounted.

Friday, May 5. Sent the Crows all out on foot to-day to follow back the
trail of the Sioux as we are anxious to learn if possible where they are
from—whether from down the river or across the country from Fort Peck. In
due time they returned with the information that the trail keeps the north
bank of the Yellowstone, heading from below and apparently from the
interior, but they feared to follow it on foot far enough to settle the
point. Requested and obtained the General's permission to mount two Crows
on my own horses and send them to-morrow several miles farther out on
the trail to try and obtain additional information.

Saturday, May 6. Mounted Half Yellow Face on my own horse (Mink) this
morning, and gave Jack Rabbit Bull a good mount also, and started them
off on the Sioux trail. They followed it some fifteen miles, finding that
the Sioux thieves had not come from the interior, as had been surmised,
but from some point on the river below us. As they were cautiously
advancing they discovered three Sioux near the river about a mile in their
front, and, waiting until their enemies had disappeared from view behind
a ridge, charged them boldly at full speed. They were close on the Sioux
before the latter discovered their approach, and, ignorant of the numbers
assailing them, the Sioux fled into the broken ground near the river,
abandoning three horses to the Crows. These were quickly secured and the
triumphant Crows beat a hasty retreat to our camp, where they arrived
early in the afternoon, proud of their exploit and three horses richer
for it. It was a daring deed, for the three Sioux they saw might have
been merely lookouts of a heavy force near at hand. It is very unlikely
that this small party of Sioux are alone, and I requested the General's
permission to take my detachment and some of the Crows and make a night
march down the river to see what I could find. He at first refused, but
finally consented, though he postponed the departure till to-morrow night.
I had wished to start this evening, fearing the Sioux, if in small force,
may leave to-night.

Sunday, May 7. Captain Clifford says in his journal of this date: "The
entire force of scouts went down the river and are very liable to be
scooped up by an overwhelming force of Sioux." This alludes to the departure
of my detachment on the scout arranged yesterday, and expresses the general feeling of the camp over our enterprise. The General evidently felt great misgivings, and I feared he would revoke the permission to go but he did not. Myself and men passed the day in preparation, and as soon as it was dark enough to conceal our departure, we mounted and rode forth, the greater part of the command gathering to see us off, many looking on us as doomed men. The detachment consisted of seventeen soldiers, citizen Bostwick, LeForgey and four Crows, twenty-five including myself. We marched continuously down the valley, and found fresh pony tracks six miles out, showing that the Sioux are hovering around us. Made careful disposition of the command with reference to a possible ambush and moved on, but the darkness of the night and the necessity of great caution in passing through the thickets in the valley made our progress annoyingly slow. Ten miles down the valley ran out against the river bluffs, which we ascended and for five miles crossed the highlands at fair speed. We were now near the scene of yesterday’s exploit, and advanced with great care. Presently the low wolf cry, that signals the enemy, came from the scouts in front. It was an excellent imitation and would have deceived anyone. (Note: Old Indians and old scouts have told me that the human imitation of the wolf cry gave an echo, whereas the genuine cry of the coyote, or the wolf, had no echo. J.G.G.) They had found some moccasins, and a little farther on distinguished three war lodges through the gloom, shelter for about thirty men. That was about the number I wanted to strike, but alas! for our hopes of performing an exploit, they were gone. They had left a hatchet and some other trilling articles, and appeared to have been gone about twenty-four hours. Had they still been there we would probably have destroyed the most of them, for they rarely keep out sentinels in such expeditions, and we could have been upon them ere they were aware of our presence. These lodges are about a mile from the place where the two Crows captured the three horses, and so it turned out that the Sioux they saw were but three of thirty and that the two bold Crows were in great peril indeed.

Monday, May 6. It was about 3 A.M. when we struck the three war lodges. Thinking the Sioux might have moved down the river a few miles and camped again, I determined to pass on. The remainder of our night’s ride led down the left bank of the stream, through a succession of thickets and openings, and across the tributary of the Yellowstone called by the Crows “They-froze-to-death”; some of their tribe having once perished there in that manner. The whites call it, in doubtful English, Froze-to-death Creek. Just as it was getting light we found more Sioux sign, where a party of them had crossed the river to the opposite bank. Desiring to take an observation before advancing further we turned off to a high point favorable for the purpose, about two miles from the river, within whose clefts and depressions we could conceal our horses and see without being seen. Here we unsaddled and fed the horses while the Crows looked out for smoke or other indications of a camp, but made no discoveries. Thousands of buffalo were grazing quietly in the valley and on the hills. Satisfied that there was no party or camp within striking distance I saddled up after a few hours’ stay and moved down into the valley, where again we found Sioux sign. Among the other tracks Bostwick recognized that of his lost mule, which he knew by the shoe marks. The tracks were about two days old, and kept down the left bank of the Yellowstone. Judging by the trails and other indications I should say that, after capturing the Crow ponies, the Sioux divided, about twenty pressing on rapidly with their plunder while the remainder, about thirty in number, remained behind to watch our movements, but have now, since their discovery by the Crows, gone off also. We continued down the valley for three or four miles, and finding a good place to graze, halted, posted lookouts, unsaddled, and rested from 10:30 A.M. to 5 P.M. Here we found
more Sioux sign — war lodges, horse and moccasin tracks, fresh ashes, and
an elaborate arrangement of buffalo-chips and skulls for "making medicine."
It was probably a stopping place of the Sioux on their way up to our
camp, the sign appearing just about old enough. Resuming the march at 5
P.M., we passed down the valley about two miles to the Great Porcupine
Creek, where we found a large band of buffalo, and before I knew what
their intentions were the Crows were chasing them at full speed firing
into the herd. They killed several and the meat was acceptable enough,
but the firing might have brought the Sioux down upon us. The carelessness
of these fellows at times is simply amazing. One would think that the
Indian's life of constant exposure to danger would make caution and pre-
caution so much his habit that he would never lay them aside, but it is
quite otherwise. In my scouts with the Crows I was compelled to watch
them constantly to prevent the doing of some foolish or foolhardy thing
that might have betrayed us to an enemy and brought destruction on us
all. As there was nothing to be gained by a farther advance we turned up
the valley of the Great Porcupine, homeward bound, followed it six miles,
ascended one of its tributaries — a dry ravine — till it ran in the
prairie, and then crossed to Froze-to-death Creek, where we camped at
3 A.M.

Tuesday, May 9. Saddled up and marched at 8 A.M., crossed the prairie
for a distance of about twelve miles, struck the Yellowstone valley about
six miles below camp, which we reached about noon, having seen no Sioux
sign during the return trip. In the course of this scout we traveled
about eighty-five miles. Captains Freeman and Logan had arrived yesterday.
After leaving our camp on the twenty-third ult., Captain Freeman marched
up the left bank of the Yellowstone, arriving at Captain Logan's camp
above Clark's Fork at 9 A.M. on the twenty-eighth. The train was loaded
the following day, and on the thirtieth both companies began their march
to Fort Pease, Lieutenant Kendrick with an escort of ten men of Co. H,
7th Infantry, continuing on to Fort Ellis with the discharged contract
wagons of Power's train. At last after twenty days' delay we are under
orders to move down the river to co-operate with the force that is about
to leave Fort Abraham Lincoln under Custer. (Note: The force left under
command of General Terry, but Custer accompanied the column in command
of his own regiment. Bradley did not know that Custer had gotten in the
bad graces of President Grant by reason of his testimony before the
McKenny Committee. Terry's column left Fort Lincoln May 17th. It could
have left much sooner, but for Custer's political activities in Washington.)

We march in the morning. Upon our arrival at Fort Pease we found several
boats which had been abandoned by the garrison, the best of which have
been put in repair and are to be taken with us. Captain Clifford's
Company E, has been assigned to the duty of navigating them, and I am
ordered to furnish him with two Indians to do the necessary scouting
along shore. Two couriers left this evening bearing mail.

Wednesday, May 10. Marched at 8:45 A.M., my detachment in advance,
Captain Clifford's company in the boats. Marched seventeen miles, the
last few through a drenching rain, and camped in the valley at 7:30
P.M. The train had a hard pull out of the valley; the latter half of
the march was across the table-land. A mail arrived to-day. The Crows
picked up a couple of poor horses — evidently lost or abandoned by Sioux.

Thursday, May 11. It was ascertained this morning that the Sioux are
hanging around us again. The Crows found a place in the willows close
to camp where four of them had lain last night. We remained in camp
to-day.

Friday, May 13. Marched at 7 A.M., following Stanley's trail of 1873, and
camped in the Yellowstone Valley at 5:30 P.M., having marched nineteen
miles. Our last camp was just below the point where I found the three
war lodges on the night of the seventh; the present one is about three
hundred yards from my noonig place on the eighth. The thousands of
buffalo then in this vicinity are gone. Captain Clifford found some
fresh Sioux sign along the banks of the river to-day. Toward evening
Bravo and Little Face returned from their trip to the agency, and
brought back with them the six crow deserters. They have done well.
This gives us eight more mounted scouts — ten in all.
Saturday, May 13. We passed the day in camp. Lieutenant Jacobs with
Taylor, Houstick and Sergeant Wilson (who accompanied me on the seventh),
crossed the river and scouted toward the Rosebud, intending to have gone
to that stream, but, mistaking a small creek therefor, turned back with-
out reaching it. They found no Sioux sign. Four of the Crows crossed the
river in the evening, and have gone off on foot to look for a Sioux camp.
They all carry lariats, and their object is to steal horses to provide
themselves with a remount. I heartily wish they may be successful, for
they are of little use to us on foot. Two of the Crows got into a
quarrel this morning over the ownership of one of the Sioux horses found
on the tenth inst., and at last one of them in a rage drew his knife
and settled the dispute by killing the horse. Instead of resenting the
act the other, when he saw what his adversary was about to do, whipped
out his knife also and assisted in the killing, a few amicable stabs
upon the part of each in the poor beast's body sufficing to restore
good feeling between them.
Sunday, May 14. Marched at 8 A.M., reached Great Porcupine Creek in two
miles, and had considerable difficulty in crossing it. During the delay
thus created I visited a notable rock which towers over the Yellowstone
valley a couple of miles from the junction of the two streams. It has
generally been called Castle Rock. The rock rises perpendicularly out of
a conical clay peak, the whole towering between two and three hundred
feet above the valley. Being desirous of the view, I made strenuous
efforts to climb it, and at great risk to neck and limb finally attained
the summit and left my name and the date inscribed thereon. The summit
bore signs of Indian visitors, and it is said to be a favorite lookout
for Sioux and Crows. Marched seventeen miles, and camped at 4:30 P.M. in
the Yellowstone valley. The road lay mainly down the valley, but once
ascended to the high grounds and returned to the valley through a long
devious, deep ravine, affording unlimited facilities for an ambuscade.
Soon after camp was formed, a terrific hail-storm suddenly burst upon us
accompanied by a high wind and followed by a deluge of rain. The herd
stampeded to the camp and into the timber, tents were blown down, pools
formed all through the camp, drowning out the occupants of many tents
which stood in some cases in nearly a foot of water, everybody got wet,
and a good many lost their supper. Major Brisbin and Lieutenants
English and Johnson were among the unfortunates that the wind left out
of doors. It was a terrible storm, but soon subsided; and there was a
busy time through the rest of the afternoon moving and repitching tents,
fishing personal effects out of the water and mud, and reclaiming the
stampeded animals. It continued to rain most of the night, the tents
all leaked, bedding was drenched, and we had rather a cheerless time of
it. This camp will long linger in the memory of its unfortunate
occupants as Hail-stone or Drowned-out camp.
Monday, May 15. We lay in camp to-day, the road being too muddy to admit
of marching. A scouting party of Crows went down the river a few miles,
but returned without having found any Sioux sign. The war party that left
our camp on the thirteenth inst., returned to-day about 10 o'clock A.M.
Yesternay they struck a trail indicating about thirty mounted Sioux
leading up the river on the opposite side, and followed it in the hope of
catching the party in camp in the evening and getting off with their
horses. But the storm came on completely obliterating the trail; the
night was intensely dark, and unable to accomplish anything they gave
up the pursuit and returned disheartened to camp. After gathering the
story of the Crows, I reported it to the General, and then requested permission to do a little village-hunting myself, stating my belief that the thirty Sioux whose trail had been found by the Crows had come from a village on Tongue River, and promising to find it if there was one there. After some hesitation, fearing the destruction of my detachment, he finally consented, leaving the details to me. I made up a party consisting of twelve men of my detachment, eight volunteers from the infantry companies, and Bravo with five Crows—twenty-seven including myself. I had hoped for some volunteers from the cavalry, having been promised some by Major Brisbin, but none came forward. During the day three days rations were got ready and other preparations made, and toward evening the men left camp one by one so as not to excite suspicion of a watchful enemy, and gathered upon the bank of the river covered by the timber. The river was very high and running like a mill-race, but aided by Captain Clifford with his boats we crossed in about twenty minutes without accident, swimming the horses, and just at dark all were assembled upon the opposite bank. The most of the command had gathered to see us off, and a good deal of apprehension was felt on our behalf, not a few feeling assured that we would never return. Covered by the darkness we began our march, climbing the river bluffs and crossing the high ground toward the Rosebud. The route pursued was terrible—up hill and down, through muddy gullies, and along steep, slippery hill-sides, tiring out men and horses and wasting precious time. The Crows had said openly that we were going to certain destruction and it had been hard to get out of the whole band the requisite number for the scout, none volunteering, so that I had been obliged to make a detail of the five I took. Being aware of their reluctance and timidity I became convinced that they were purposely selecting a bad route to tire me out, waste time, and induce me to abandon the undertaking; and finally I halted the column and gave them a severe lecture. I was satisfied from their replies that I had not misjudged them, and assured them that we would go to Tongue River if it took a month, threatening to become my own guide if they did not do better, when we might run into dangers that we could avoid if they did as well as they might. Seeing that they had nothing to gain by their subterfuge, they agreed to do the best they could, and pushing on we soon emerged into a better country. We passed the Rosebud some five miles out, and, traveling about nine miles further, halted soon after midnight in a grassy ravine which the Crows assured me was near the base of the Wolf Mountains. As it was not safe to pass these hills without first taking a view of the surrounding country I unsaddled, posted a guard, and let the men sleep and the horses graze till daylight. Tuesday, May 16. Found this morning, when it grew light, that the Crows had deceived me and that we were yet about five miles from the Wolf Mountains. Saddled up at 4 o'clock and moved on, reaching the hills about 6. The morning was slightly foggy, which conduced to our safety, but about the time we reached the hills it cleared off leaving the day beautifully bright. Finding a sheltered cove where the grass was good and concealment perfect, I unsaddled and went with the Crows to the top of a promising peak, from which an excellent view was obtained. We had a fair view of the Rosebud from its mouth upward for over thirty miles, within which there was no smoke or other sign of a camp, nor was there any anywhere within our range of view. A ridge of considerable elevation interposed between us and Tongue River, so that we could not tell what might be there. Spent about three hours in making these observations, then saddled up and moved on. We soon struck the trail of the thirty Sioux who passed up the river a day or two ago, and
became satisfied it led from Tongue River at a point some fifteen or eighteen miles above its mouth. We were now pretty sure of finding a village, and it became necessary to travel with the utmost caution, keeping concealed as much as possible. We effected this by marching in ravines wherever they offered, under cover of the knolls that were occasionally presented, and finally by ascending the summit of a wooded ridge, whose pine timber screened us completely for several miles. When necessary to pass over open ground we closed up in a solid mass and dashed across it as quickly as possible. Two of the Crows, mounted on gray horses (which show least from a distance), were kept two or three hundred yards in advance, and when we reached especially open ground they were sent to the summit of the next ridge in front before the main body showed itself. With all these precautions it would have required a very watchful enemy indeed to discover our advance. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the two Crows in front signalled that they had made a discovery. They were then on the summit of a ridge, and, placing the detachment in a basin-like depression near by where it was hidden from view on all sides but one, I joined them and found that our village was at hand. Tongue River lay between five and six miles in our front, the timber showing through one break in the bluffs, while up and down the stream the smoke was rising in different columns and uniting in a cloud which hung low over the valley. Nothing could be more certain than that it marked the presence of an Indian village, though we could not see a single tepee on account of the interposing bluffs. While we lay watching it, hundreds of buffalo which had been quietly feeding between us and the river became suddenly agitated, and the whole in bands from ten to a hundred fled at full speed across our front to the right. Herd after herd that we had not seen before came into view over the hills on our left, some passing in our front, others in our rear, until I estimated that not less than five thousand had gone by. One of these bands, about twenty in number, came directly toward us, the wind not betraying our presence, and only swerved from their course when they reached the summit of the ridge and were within twenty yards of us. For a time this stampede of the buffalo filled us with apprehension lest we had been discovered by the Sioux, whose sallying forth to meet us had occasioned it; but the Crows soon became satisfied it arose from the movements of the Sioux hunters lower down the stream, and their reason appeared satisfactory. There was danger, however, that the hunters might continue their pursuit into our neighborhood; once we thought we detected a couple of mounted men skurrying over a ridge a couple of miles distant, but they did not reappear, and we might have been mistaken. Becoming satisfied that we had not yet been discovered, I formed the plan of remaining where we were until dark, approaching then with the detachment as near as the conformation of the ground might render prudent, and going on myself with Bravo and one or two of the Indians, all on foot, sufficiently near to see the lodges and get an idea of their number. This scheme, however, the Crows with one accord violently opposed, arguing that it would be sure to result in our discovery and destruction; and it was evident that they sincerely believed that no white man had the address necessary to the successful management of such an enterprise. I would not let them go alone, as nothing was more certain than that their horse-stealing proclivities would get the better of them so that, in their effort to possess themselves of a few Sioux ponies, they would be liable to bring the whole village down upon us. But they were not anxious to undertake it, and insisted that our best course was to get back as fast as possible. No Indian, they said, would think of asking better evidence of a village than we already had in the peculiar smoke which could only come from a