number of small fires as are built in Indian camps. To want actually to see the lodges they laughed at as a ridiculous idea, for even in respect to the number they could estimate sufficiently near from the smoke; and in this case they were satisfied that there were not less than two or three hundred. Finding that I could not rely upon them to assist me in the execution of my night enterprise, I resolved to accept their advice and return. It had been the hope of my men that we encounter any or find a camp sufficiently weak for us to attack, and when they had learned that a village was before us they waited impatiently my decision respecting it. When therefore I returned and calling them around me informed them that unfortunately for our hopes of a conquest we had struck a village of several hundred lodges, and that our only chance of life depended on getting away from it without being discovered, there were more that looked disappointed than showed anxiety. It afterward turned out that this camp contained about four hundred lodges, or from eight hundred to a thousand warriors, but for all that there were not wanting men among those bold rascals of mine that would have darenafter attack it with our twenty-seven. But they all lived to be thankful that we didn't. A sight of the Custer field, six weeks later, with its two hundred and six naked and bloody corpses, the victims in part of this very village, satisfied them that we had done well not to poke a stick into the hive.

At 6 o'clock we mounted and set out on our return, having been in the vicinity of the camp for two hours. We traveled briskly for about an hour, when finding water I halted, fed the animals the last of the grain we had brought, allowed the men to eat their supper, and then moved on. Being at a safe distance from the village and knowing that the country was clear we traveled with less regard to concealment, leaving to the right the difficult wooded heights we had been so glad of in the forenoon, and making good time. Continued the march till half-past nine, then halted, unsaddled, and rested two hours, allowing the men to sleep, and again pushed on. The night was very dark, but now that we were going in the direction of their desires the Crows showed an excellent knowledge of the country, and led us by an easy route. Knowing that we had somewhere in our front the thirty Sioux who passed up the river, we kept the best possible lookout and traveled silently.

Wednesday, May 17. [Crock's column starts its movement north toward the Yellowstone River, from Fort D.A. Russell, Wyoming; Terry's column starts its movement west to the Yellowstone River, from Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota]. Traveled all night, crossed the Rosebud just at daybreak (a little higher up than our first crossing) and about half an hour after sunrise arrived upon the bluffs overlooking the camp. I had feared the command might have moved, and was glad to find it still where we left it. A boat was soon sent over to me, and leaving my detachment on the margin of the stream I crossed and made my report to the General. The command was under orders to march and was then packing up preparatory to so doing; but, after an hour's deliberation, the General countermanded the order and issued another to get ready at once to cross the river for the purpose of moving on the village. It was two months to a day since we had left Fort Shaw for the purpose of clearing out the Sioux nation, and during all that time we had done nothing but march, march, and rest in camp; but now the enemy had been found and we were going over to whip them. The accumulated satisfaction of the sixty blessed days that had preceded, if combined in a single lump, could not have equalled that with which this order was received. Not that there were no sore-heads who were personified gloom and despondency and whispered of dire overthrow and dreadful disaster; but the great majority were hopeful, jubilant and full of the fire of battle. Everybody fell to with a will, and there was more real good feeling and enthusiasm in the camp than I had witnessed in a body of men for a long time. But there came a sober, serious time to most of us,
and that was when we sat down to pen to the far-off loved ones letters that might be the last they would ever receive from us. We did not then credit the Sioux with the prowess we have since learned to, but still we did not despise our foe, and felt that the fight would probably be well enough contested to make some vacancies among us. (The late George F. Chase, Brigadier general, U.S.A., retired, who was a Lieutenant, 3rd Cavalry, serving under General Crook in this campaign gave me the following statement: That it was the firm belief of all Army officers at this period — 1876 — that a number of disciplined troops could whip a vastly superior force of Indians, if only the Indians could be made to stand their ground and give battle, that under these circumstances the General believed that had Custer withdrawn, and refused combat when in striking distance of the Sioux village on June 25, 1876, he would, in all probability, have stood a court martial on charge of cowardice in the face of the enemy. J.G.C.)

Among the most enthusiastic were the Crows who had chafed under the disgrace they had suffered in the abstraction of their horses, and who now beamed with satisfaction at the prospect presented of recovering from their enemies their own with usury. They announced their determination to fight, and I have no doubt that to a degree they would have done so and some of them very bravely; but I feel sure that within the tawny hides of the greater number lurked the resolution to leave the bulk of the fighting to the "mahrstakshcheeah" — as they call us — and devote their choicest energies to the gathering in of the stray ponies of the Sioux. Captain Sanno's company (K) of the infantry was to remain in charge of the camp, the rest of the force constituting the column to advance against the Sioux. This column comprised five companies of infantry and four of cavalry, the mounted detachment and Crow scouts, numbering in the aggregate thirty-four officers and three hundred and fifty men, including the Crow scouts, to which are to be added about eight of our civilian camp followers, making our total effective force three hundred and ninety-two men. We were to carry one blanket and one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition per man, and seven days' rations, thirty pack mules being provided as transportation. Taking as the basis the time occupied by my detachment in crossing, it was estimated that the entire command would be over by dark, when we would have made a forced march and got as near the village as possible before daylight, being governed by circumstances as to the time and method of attack. To render the camp as compact and defensible as possible, the most of the tents were taken down, and Captain Sanno bestirred himself vigorously in the construction of rifle-pits and other preparations for defense. The cavalry were ordered to cross first, the infantry holding themselves in readiness to follow as soon as the cavalry were done with the boats. The crossing began about noon, perhaps a little earlier, at a point about a mile above the camp, and for four mortal hours it went on at a most tedious, discouraging rate, about ten animals being got over per hour, though the officers and men engaged in it seemed to have done their best. What the trouble was I did not then understand, and I don't now, and I have never seen anybody that did. Everything worked at cross purposes, accident succeeded accident, and at last after many narrow escapes on the part of both men and horses four of the latter were drowned. The General had evidently chafed under the delay, but, where to all appearances everything was being done that men could do, saw no chance to accelerate matters. It had become evident that not even the cavalry would be over by dark, and when there came the catastrophe of the drowning of the four horses, it proved to be the last straw that broke the back of our warlike enterprise. Orders were given to recross the cavalry horses already over the river and my detachment, which had remained on the other side, and the expedition was abandoned. Before dark we were all together again in camp,
tents were repitched, and everything had settled into its accustomed state. And so we failed to march against the foe. There never will be a difference of opinion as to the propriety of the course pursued, but as I am not writing a critical history I will not take this advantage of my fellow officers to record mine. The Crows, who, when the order to advance on the village was given, were the most jubilant, were now, on the other hand, the most crest-fallen and depressed. The crossing of a stream is such a simple matter for them that they did not understand how it should have proved an insurmountable obstacle to our advance, and they are inclined to look upon it as a device to conceal our cowardice. I often talk with them and explain the mysteries and advantages of our prolonged movements and combined operations of different columns, which appear very perplexing compared to their simple methods of a dash in and out with a single force, but I fear it all avails little when they recall to mind a little passage that occurred in the course of our council with them in April. Said one of their speakers, Old Crow:

"If the Crows go with you, and they find a camp, they will bark like a dog. Will you then jump on the camp and fight right there?"

General Gibbon - "That is what we want."

Old Crow - "That is good."

One circumstance remains to be mentioned that had undoubtedly much to do with the General's decision not to march on the camp. Within an hour after my arrival from the village, the Sioux appeared in view on the prairie on the opposite side of the stream. My first impression was that it was the party of thirty returning from their bootless up-river trip; but those who saw the Indians estimated their number at not less than seventy-five, so that it must have been a party from the village on Tongue River. They had undoubtedly become in some way aware of our visit and followed us, and had not the darkness favored us we should probably have had to fight before we got back. They remained in the vicinity all day, killed several buffalo in plain view of my men, and two or three times tried to creep upon them. In the afternoon, when I went over to recross my detachment, and sent the most of them over, they came down within two hundred yards of us. My guard gave the alarm, and seizing our guns we charged up the hill, but by the time we gained the summit they were far out of range. I counted seventeen still in sight, but there were undoubtedly men who were concealed from view by a swell of the prairie. Whether or not they knew we were trying to cross is uncertain, but it is safe to presume that they did. If so, it would of course have been impossible for us to surprise their camp. During my absence from the camp only one incident occurred there that requires mention - a false alarm about 10 o'clock on the night of the sixteenth. The guard posted on the bank of the river over the boats imagined they saw in their front moving objects bearing a light, and, taking them for Indians signaling, fired three shots at them, soon followed by two more. The command turned out, but upon investigation was dismissed. This fright of the guard occasioned the following terse criticism by one of our men, an old warrior of thirty odd years' service in the army: "Well, by God, I've lived a good many years, and seen lots of Indians, and served a good deal in their country, but these are the first Indians I ever knew to go hunting a camp of soldiers with a lantern." A similar alarm occurred this evening at the same place. Three of my horses were missing, and, thinking that the guard might fire on them as they grazed toward the camp, I asked permission to take my detachment and go after them lest they be shot before morning. The guard pointed out to me the place where they had seen the moving objects, when I deployed the detachment and with arms in readiness moved in that direction. About three hundred yards from camp we came suddenly upon a small light, and without waiting for orders some of the men began to fire at it and had fired several
shots before I could stop them. We then moved up to the light and found
it to proceed from a nearly consumed log, there being just fire enough
left to flash up like a torch when fanned by a gust of wind. We scouted
around for about half an hour without finding the horses, but later in
the night they approached the camp and were secured.
Thursday, May 18. Road still bad and a rainy day, so that the command
remained in camp. About noon Thompson's and Wheeler's companies of the
cavalry left with three days' rations, accompanied by two Crows, to scout
down to the mouth of Tongue River. The object is presumed to be to dis-
cover promptly any disposition upon the part of the Sioux to leave the
south side of the river, where it is desirable that they be kept until
the forces converging upon them arrive within co-operating distance of
each other. If they can be confined to the south bank, some one of our
columns will be pretty sure to strike them, whereas if they escape into
the vast, difficult country to the north they could more easily elude
pursuit, if necessary crossing the line into the British Possessions.
In the afternoon four of the Crows crossed the river with the design of
proceeding on foot to the Sioux village to steal horses. Soon after the
cavalry companies left the General ordered me to march at dark with my
detachment on a three days' scout up the river, or until we meet a party
of couriers now due. I started as soon as it was dark enough to leave
unobserved, taking twelve of my detachment, LeForgey and five Crows,
traveled twelve miles and halted to rest and graze, bivouacking without
fire at the foot of the river bluffs. Twice during the night the horses
became restless, rearing and snorting with alarm; and once the sentinel
reported a moving object in the valley. Took LeForgey and one Indian and
scouted around the camp, but could discover nothing, and concluded that
there were buffalo about. A heavy dew fell and being without bedding we
were chilled to the marrow of our bones.
Friday, May 18. Daylight revealed an old buffalo bull grazing quietly
some distance from our resting place, who was probably the innocent cause
of our night's alarm. Saddled up and moved on just after sunrise. Striking
a small band of buffalo just before reaching the Great Porcupine I gave
the Crows permission to kill one, which they effected after a lively run,
dropping him in an excellent place for a halt. Stopped therefore to enable
the men to butcher him and get breakfast. Having no fears that there were
any considerable number of Sioux in the neighborhood, we built fires,
made coffee and had a "square meal". While this was going on I discovered,
with the aid of my glass, two men on the bluffs about five miles up the
river who turned out to be the couriers we were looking for, arriving
at our camp at about 9 o'clock. They had made a quick trip and seen no
sign of Sioux; but had they happened along a couple of days earlier they
would probably have fallen into the hands of the thirty who passed up on
the fourteenth. Again I repeat, this is a dangerous service. As my orders
were to return upon meeting the couriers, I remained only long enough to
give them a breakfast and feed the animals grain, and about 10 o'clock
took the back track. The day was quite showery. Stopped half an hour to
lunch at a splendid mineral (sulphur and iron) spring situated at the
point where the road leaves the valley; a real gem of a fountain pouring
out a considerable stream of clear cold water. Reached camp at half past
three, bringing joy to the command, for the couriers bore an ample mail.
We learn that General Terry has taken the field in person, and that we
may look for the arrival of Custer at the head of the entire 7th
Cavalry in about a month. In the meantime we are ordered to remain in
this vicinity and hold the Indians, if possible, on the south bank. At
least two steamboats have been secured for service on the Yellowstone in
connection with the movement of the troops - the Josephine and Far West.
There is plenty of water and we are liable any day to see the black
chimneys creeping around the headlands below. How this method of carrying
on an Indian war would astonish the shades of Miles Standish and Anthony
Wayne!
Saturday, May 30. Orders this morning to remain in camp as a brisk rain was falling. About 8 o'clock the Crow war party arrived from over the river with startling intelligence. About noon yesterday, while reconnoitering the country from the top of the Wolf Mountains, they discovered the Sioux to the number of several hundred warriors sweeping down toward them from Tongue River. It was too late for them to fly, so they lay close and watched this formidable host defile by within a few hundred yards—all mounted and apparently equipped for war. After passing the mountains, the Sioux pushed on toward our camp till they disappeared in the Rosebud valley, when the Crows quickly descended, made a wide detour to the left, struck the river several miles above camp, crossed on a log, and hastened to us with the news. The General, fearing for the safety of Thompson's command, immediately ordered out the remaining mounted force and five companies of infantry to proceed down the river to his relief. Captain Kirtland's company (B) was left in charge of the camp; and to expedite the march of the infantry, ten wagons were supplied to them in which the men rode by turn. Got off in about an hour and a half, in a drenching rain. My detachment as usual took the advance, scouting two or three miles across the front, and observing particularly the margin of the river for indications of a crossing by the Sioux. Passed the mouth of the Rosebud several miles, but found no sign, and as the Sioux would most likely have crossed here if anywhere, owing to the favorable character of the banks, the General became satisfied that they were still on the other side, and halted the command about nine miles below camp. Here they bivouacked while my detachment scouted on down the river, under orders to communicate if possible with Thompson's command. Thirty miles lower down we discovered that there was a cavalry trail leading back up the river, which induced me to believe that the cavalry companies had returned and that by taking different routes we had passed each other. I therefore turned back on this trail, finding it to lead off to the right through ravines into a broken country a mile or so from the river, and finally approach the river again through another long, deep and devious ravine. It was surprising that the command should have taken such a course, but the mystery was soon increased by our bocbounding upon a cove in the bluffs where there were indications of a halt of some length having been made and several empty cartridge cases lying about on the ground. It savored somewhat of preparation for an Indian fight, but the rain had injured the sign so much that we could not form a very correct idea of its age. The approach of night put an end to our efforts to solve the puzzle, and, as the Crows confessed themselves completely at fault as to the direction the command had taken from this point, I returned to camp, arriving about an hour before midnight, without having found in the twenty-two miles we had followed the river any sign of the Sioux. The troops were in bivouac at the point they had stopped in the afternoon.

Sunday, May 31. Thompson's command arrived to-day, and the mystery I had fallen upon yesterday was cleared up. It appears that on the morning of the nineteenth, the day following their departure, as they were about to move out of the timber where they had passed the night, they discovered a party of between forty and fifty Indians approaching from the direction of Tongue River, apparently with the design of crossing the river at a point some three miles above. Captain Thompson thereupon moved rapidly back under cover of the ravines and hills to the cove where I had found the empty cartridge cases and other signs of a halt, so as to bring his command directly in front of the Indians, and prepared to give them a warm reception should they cross. The Indians came down to the margin of the stream and tried the depth of the water with poles, but apparently resolved not to cross at that place and withdraw into the timber. Mitch Bouyer and one of the Crows then solicited permission to go over and try
to get some of their horses, which was granted, and stripping to their skins
they swam the river, carrying no arms. In the timber they came on the Indians,
unexpectedly, who discovered them at the same moment that they were themselves
seen, and both parties fled; Bouyer and his companions recrossing the stream
in all possible haste, fortunate to have escaped with their jives. Finding
that the Indians would not cross, Capt. Thompson quietly withdrew his command
and proceeded with his scout. He reached the mouth of Tongue River and
returned without further incident without meeting any Sioux sign, until he
neared the vicinity of our camp. Here he encountered my yesterday's trail,
and found that we had been followed for some distance upon our return by a
small party of Sioux whose trail approached from the river as if they had
crossed a few miles below. As the ground we bivouacked on last night appeared
preferable for a permanent camp to that above, the general decided to remain
and send the wagons back this morning, accompanied by details from each company,
to bring down the tents and other property. By 4 o'clock P.M. the transfer
had been made, and an hour later the tents were pitched, the train corralled,
and everything arranged for a lengthened stay.-------
Monday, May 23. Three cavalrymen while hunting in the hills back of camp
were fired upon by Indians and retreated to the camp. Wheelan's company and
my detachment were ordered out to pursue the Indians, he going down stream
and I up, the Crows who could get a mount taking the middle course. I turned
into the hills to the right two miles up and made a wide detour around the
camp, meeting the Crows, who had found the trail of eight or ten Sioux. We
attempted to follow it but soon found that they had scattered, when we lost
it completely. Traveled so rapidly that two of my horses gave out. Described
a circuit of about twenty-four miles, returning to the camp at 5:30 P.M.
without seeing Indians or discovering any further sign. Wheelan was equally
unsuccessful, and returned about the same time.
Tuesday, May 24. Company I (Lieut. English) left at 7:30 A.M., as escort
to the contract train of John W. Power, which has been discharged, E. G. Maclay
& Co. having been awarded the contract for hauling in Montana this year.
English takes one Gatling gun, and is accompanied by Lieut. Johnson. Bravo
and two of the Crows go along for the purpose of visiting the Crow village
to procure horses for the dismounted Crows, all but two having agreed to
send for them. Lieutenant English will continue on with the discharged train
until he meets the "Diamond R" supply train now on route from Fort Ellis
under charge of Lieutenant Kendrick, when he will send Power's wagons on,
returning in charge of the supply train to this camp where we will remain
until rejoined by him. Company F, 2nd Cavalry (Lieut. Roe) left with Lieut-
enant English and will travel with him for two days and will then return, as
it is considered that the train will then be out of danger. Citizen Herendeen,
while out hunting this morning a couple of miles from camp, heard rapid
firing in the hills and saw Indians at the point where it occurred, and as a
small hunting party had gone in that direction he believed them attacked,
and hurried in with the news. Companies G, H and L of the cavalry were ordered
out at once in that direction, finding at the distance of three miles from
camp the bodies of Privates Raymeyer and Stoker, Company H, 2d Cavalry, and
Citizen Teamster Quinn, riddled with balls, and Stoker scalped. The Sioux had
ambuscaded them in a ravine and probably killed two of them instantly, but
the other had evidently fired several shots in his defense, before he was
totally dispatched, and it is thought killed one Indian as they marked the
body in the manner that they are said to do in such cases - by sticking their
knives into the head. The Indians had decamped, carrying off an infantry
rifle and two cavalry carbines and pistols, with which they had been armed.
Company L returned with the bodies, while Companies G and H pursued the trail
of the Indians, who from the indications number about forty, but further on
traces were found of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred men. As usual
the Indians baffled pursuit by scattering so as to leave no trail and the companies returned towards evening. The bodies were interred with military honors at 7 P.M. It should be added that these unfortunate men were absent from the camp without permission; though the same thing is liable to happen any day to parties absent with permission. The General gives hunting-passes freely, believing that the experience is good for the men and that it is as good a system of scouting as could be devised for the vicinity of the camp.

Several Indians rode into view on the opposite side of the river just before dark, one of them wearing an immense war-bonnet, which he shook at us defiantly. They were about a mile distant, and after surveying us for a few minutes rode away. It was thought that the camp might be fired on to-night from the opposite side of the river, and as a preparation therefor the twelve-pounder was after dark rolled up near the bank convenient to reply. Each company has been assigned a position to be taken in case of attack, and, as Indian attacks usually occur just before day, we are hereafter to form thereon about 2 o'clock, remaining until broad daylight.

Wednesday, May 24 - Friday, May 26. During these three days we have remained quietly in camp, occupied by day principally in trying to keep cool, the weather having been very hot. On the twenty-fourth a strange horse was seen below camp about a half a mile distant, and Lieutenant Coolidge with ten soldiers and three Crows were sent down to investigate the cause of its presence. Upon their approach a Sioux appeared in view, mounted the horse and fled, making good his escape. These rascals have a good deal of a certain kind of boldness. Lieutenant Roe's company (F) returned at 10 A.M. on the twenty-sixth, having accompanied Lieutenant English to within two miles of our camp on the tenth inst. - about twenty miles below Fort Pease. Had seen no Indian sign. About 11 A.M. on the twenty-sixth the planet Venus was discovered shining with a pale light, and continued visible through the remainder of the day. The day was intensely bright, the sun shining from a cloudless sky, and the appearance of the star excited general wonder. I identified it as Venus by observing later in the day that it was the evening star. The moon was between five and six degrees distant from it, near the western horizon, and served as a guide to finding the star.

Saturday, May 27. I was sent with my detachment on a scout over the river this morning to see what had become of the Indians, none of whom have appeared in view during the last few days. Captain Clifford went over with his company soon after daylight to occupy the bluffs and support me in case I had to fall back, and as soon as he was through with the boats I crossed my command, swimming the horses. Made the crossing in about half an hour, all being over by 5 o'clock. I had with me thirteen men of my mounted detachment, Le Forgey and five Crows - twenty including myself. Passing up the river about a mile we entered a deep, dry ravine which we followed up for several miles till it ran out some three or four miles from the base of the Little Wolf Mountains, and then crossed the plains to the mountains, heading for the point from which we had made our observations on the sixteenth inst. After leaving the ravine the country afforded no opportunity for concealment which made it rather ticklish business exposing ourselves in such small force. As we pushed on we were forcibly reminded of the danger of such an excursion by the abundant Indian sign we found on every hand. The country was dotted thickly with the carcasses of freshly killed buffalo, the hides all having been removed in the manner it is done when they are designed for lodge-skins. The pony tracks were innumerable, showing that there must have been hundreds of mounted Indians here within a recent period. Near the mountains, where they had been compelled to travel close together to pass defiles, they left a beaten track like a traveled road. The tracks appeared to be generally about a week old, though there were some of much later date, and the carcasses had been exposed for about the same period. All this goes to show that the Crows did not report falsely when they claimed to have seen from the top of the mountain an
army of Sioux warriors pass by toward the Rosebud on the nineteenth inst.

After a four hours march, having traveled some fourteen miles, we reached the foot of the hills at the same place we struck them on the sixteenth, and leaving the detachment in the same sheltered cove I ascended with the

crows to our old point of lookout to make a survey of the country. We had no sooner reached the summit than we discovered smoke on the Rosebud River, and, bringing our glasses to bear upon it, found ourselves again in the vicinity of an immense Indian camp. In numerous places up and down the valley the smoke was rising in columns and blending in a cloud over the camp, the break in the bluffs revealing the tops of several lodges - in a few instances the entire lodge. The plain above the camp was dotted with hundreds of moving black specks that could only be horses, and while we gazed there came distinctly to our ears from the broken ground at the base of the hills the sounds of several rifle shots showing that the Sioux hunters were at work. Feeling sure that my line of retreat was open I made no haste to return, but passed about half an hour watching the camp and studying the probabilities. When I passed here on the sixteenth there was no sign of a camp on the Rosebud, and it therefore appeared probable that the village we had discovered on Tongue River had since moved over. Then they were about thirty five miles from our command, but now they were only eighteen; and the fact that they had moved down within easy striking distance seemed to prove that they held us in no awe. This movement probably took place on the nineteenth inst., and the body of Sioux warriors seen by the four Crows were merely the advance guard of the camp designed to cover its march. As near as I could estimate the village was about eight, possibly ten, miles from our lookout, so that objects appeared indistinct, and I could not have felt sure that the animals in sight were not buffalo but for the attendant circumstances. But there was no doubt about the shots, the lodges, and the smoke, and to the Indians none about the animals, their better trained eyes distinguishing them readily as horses and enabling them to make out the most decided colors. (The late Maj. Gen. Hugh L. Scott in his Memoirs, gives the following, in substance: In an Indian pony herd the ponies belonging to each lodge bunch together, not mingling with the the other ponies, so that the pony herd will appear at a long distance as a number of groups or bunches, placed close together. Buffalo do not herd together in this manner. Gen Scott obtained this information from Indians.

While we watched, a large band of horses were driven down into the valley to water, and after awhile re-appeared and spread themselves over the plain. This movement was made so deliberately that it excited no apprehension on our part; but soon another took place that looked like a hurried catching up of the horses, which made us think that possibly scouts had reported our presence, and a party was making up to look after us. The Crows felt sure that this was the case, and, as we were about as far from our camp as they were, there was a chance of their getting in behind us and cutting us off unless we made good time back. The Crows had been very cool up to this moment, but now they got terribly excited, and when I told them I wanted to bring my men up where they could see the camp too they protested against it most earnestly, insisting that we had not a moment to lose. I went back to the command, told them what we had seen, and offered them the opportunity to go up and take a look at the camp if they wanted to, but they all said it would please them better to get out as quickly as possible. I was rather anxious they should see it, because upon our return from our first scout there had been some parties ungenerous enough to deny that we had found a village, and I wanted to accumulate testimony. Having got started upon our return I considered it best to make good time, and we were only two hours in going a distance we had taken five in coming, getting back to the river at 11:30 A.M. Having crossed and reported to the General,
I was ordered to bring back my detachment and effected the crossing in almost half an hour. Captain Clifford's company remaining over until dark. Everybody wondered why we were not ordered to attack the village; but the General probably had good reasons. The village was only eighteen miles distant, we had half a day to cross in, and by leaving the horses behind could have been over the river ready to begin the march at dark, when we would easily have reached the village before day. The absence of Lieutenant English's company left us with an available force of only about three hundred and fifty men, and whether that was enough to have attacked successfully is uncertain. It was subsequently ascertained that the village contained four hundred lodges, representing a fighting force of between eight hundred and a thousand warriors. It was pretty big odds, but I imagine the majority of our officers would not have hesitated to give them a trial, and there are some who assert confidently that we would have gained a rousing victory, dispersed the village, and prevented that tremendous aggrandizement of force a month later that made the massacre of Custer's command possible. On the other hand we might ourselves have been massacred. As it is thought that General Terry will by this time have reached the vicinity of Glendive Creek or Powder River, General Gibbon has for a day or two been preparing to send despatches to him by way of the river. A skiff was put in good order, supplied with extra cars and with padded ear-locks, and this evening, just after dark, sailed on its venture-some voyage, the crew consisting of citizen Williamson and two soldiers of Captain Clifford's company, Bell and Stewart, who had volunteered for the service. They will keep a careful lookout for Custer's column, and if they fail to strike it continue down the river to Fort Buford, or until they meet one of the steamers. About the same time the boat put off, Bell's and Thompson's companies marched for Tongue River, to scout the country in that direction and look after the boat.

Sunday, May 28. Mr. McCormick, accompanied by two men, arrived to-day in a mackinaw, bringing a cargo of vegetables, butter, tobacco, cigars, canned goods, etc., and a large mail. They saw no Sioux and met with no accident. It is understood that General Gibbon has received new orders from General Terry. The hostiles are reported concentrating in large numbers at Glendive Creek, and we are to march to that point to co-operate with the forces now en route from Fort Abraham Lincoln. It will be impossible to do so until we are joined by the supply train that Lieutenant English is bringing down; and to facilitate its arrival every available wagon here is to be sent back to-morrow to meet and lighten it. Captain Sanno will go in charge of them, taking as escort his own company and Lieutenant Roe's. The day was passed in getting the train and escort ready for an early start in the morning. It is exceedingly unlikely that such a concentration is taking place for the village opposite us is apparently working the other way, having already crossed from Tongue River to the Rosebud.

Monday, May 29. Captain Sanno's command got off this morning. The officers with him are Lieutenants Jacobs, Woodruff and Roe. He has twenty-four wagons and took two of the Crow scouts. About 2 P.M., Captain Bell's command arrived from Tongue River; they found no recent Sioux sign, and did not see the despatch boat. In McCormick's cargo was a limited quantity of whiskey and champagne cider, and convivial re-unions are an unnatural consequence. Some of the gentlemen concocted a new drink that speedily won favor. In consideration of our near vicinity to the stream of that name it received the pleasant appellation of "Rosebud". It continued a favorite throughout the campaign, or as long as the ingredients lasted, and ever since the return of the expedition old memories are occasionally revived by a recurrence thereto.

Tuesday, May 30. Two of the crows this evening made another of those abortive attempts at horse stealing, for which they have distinguished themselves since they have been with us. They were carried over the river
just before dark, and passed out of view in the gathering gloom, but not long afterward were discovered on the bank of the river calling lustily for a boat, announcing that the Sioux were close at hand. A squad was drawn up under arms along the bank to cover the advance of the boat, which was hurried over with all possible speed, and the Crows were soon safe on this side. Their story was that when first set over they advanced toward the bluffs, fancying they saw moving objects in their front which induced them to proceed with the utmost caution. Entering a ravine they followed it up till they reached the top of the bluffs, but had no sooner done so than to their consternation they perceived about thirty mounted Sioux near at hand coming directly toward them. Discovery seemed inevitable but at that moment two others appeared from a different direction and, meeting the main party, all halted and conferred together for some time but a few yards distant from the crouching and trembling Crows. They then turned off and disappeared from view in a neighboring ravine, and, as soon as they could safely move, the Crows made all possible haste back to the river. It turns out that we have not wanted any Sioux villages, but had it been otherwise it seems likely that we would have continued to want them for all that the crows would have found for us. They are mortally afraid of the Sioux, and, even when they pluck up their courage and start, the slightest misadventure suffices to convince them that their "medicine" is bad, and then back they come.

Wednesday, May 31. Wheeler's company, accompanied by Le Forgey and five crows, made a scout up the river to the distance of sixteen miles, starting soon after daybreak and returning about 5 P.M., without having seen any sign of Sioux. The Yellowstone has been rising rapidly for many days and is now very high. A measurement of the channel at this point makes its breadth a little over three hundred yards. To show how our gentlemen are amusing themselves I quote from the journal of one of them: "Up all night playing 'Pedro' for eggs." When the attack was made on Baker's command in 1878, it found several gentlemen wide awake and absorbed in the mysteries of "poker", from which circumstance the fight is sometimes jocularly called the "Battle of Poker Flat." Being already dressed they were quickly at their posts, and judging by this precedent there seems little objection to these egg-hungry disciples of "Pedro" giving, if they choose to, the benefit of their night vigils to those of us who prefer to sleep. We can slumber in greater security, knowing that an assemblage of grim-visaged and valiant warriors sit ready at the first alarm to throw themselves into the breach and give time to the rest of us to throw ourselves into our brecches.

Thursday, June 1 - Saturday, June 3. On the first instant it snowed most of the day, melting as it fell but accumulating to the depth of about one inch toward evening. It continued stormy through the following night, and upon the second inst., was so cold all day that fires were necessary to comfort. The cold had the effect of reducing the flow of water in the mountain tributaries of the Yellowstone and the river fell two and a half feet in three days. An effort was made on the second inst. to induce the crows to form a war-party to go to the Sioux village after horses; but after deliberating awhile they decided that the moon is too bright - that is, the nights are not dark enough to conceal their movements. On the third inst. Captain Ball's company marched up the river to the Great Porcupine to look out a good crossing for the train and bridge that and other streams wherever necessary.

Sunday, June 4. Captain Logan's company bridged a dry creek about three miles below camp, putting up a substantial log bridge of two spans. At 2 P.M. the long looked for Diamond R supply train rolled into camp, and our command is all together again. Matt. Carroll, of the firm of E.G. Maclay & Co., comes in charge of the train and is an agreeable addition to our circle of associates. It will be remembered that, when in April the supply
camp below Stillwater fork was abandoned, Lieutenant Kendrick went on to Fort Ellis in charge of certain discharged contract wagons. He arrived there on the fifth day of May, the fourteenth of May set out on his return in charge of the Diamond R contract train of ten wagons, carrying one hundred thousand pounds of freight, his original escort strengthened by a detail of fifteen infantrymen from the garrison of Fort Ellis. Six miles below Baker's battle ground, on the twenty-eighth of May, he met the train and escort commanded by Lieutenant English, who then sent the discharged train on to Fort Ellis escorted by the detail of fifteen men that had accompanied Lieutenant Kendrick from that post and turned about with his company. Being the senior officer, he relieved Lieutenant Kendrick of the charge of the Diamond R train and continued in command until the thirtieth of May, when, fifteen miles below Pompey's Pillar, he was met by the train which, under the command of Captain Sanno, was going up to his assistance. The Diamond R train was then lightened by loading a portion of the stores on the empty train brought by Captain Sanno, who assumed command of the whole and conducted it to our camp, meeting Ball's company, at the Great Porcupine yesterday, which returned with him. The march of all these columns had been without special incident except the unfortunate killing of Sergeant Pelicke of Company C, 7th Infantry. He was a member of the additional escort furnished at Fort Ellis to Lieutenant Kendrick upon the return trip, and while camped near Little Timber Creek seems in making the rounds of the sentinels after dark, to have gotten unintentionally outside of the line. He was challenged by a sentinel in the abominable manner practiced in this command — by whistling, but failed to respond, when the sentinel, supposing him an enemy, fired, killing him instantly. He was buried near the place he fell — a victim to this wretched method of challenging. There could be but one thing worse: to fire on sight without challenging at all. By either method we would kill about a hundred of our men to one Indian, but, though it would be rather unpleasant to have murdered the hundred in this way, there would be a deal of satisfaction in having got away with that solitary red-skin. Bravo and his two crows returned with the train, having been successful in getting horses for the dismounted Crows, so that once more all are provided with a mount except the two who would not send for one. The sight of their comrades comfortably seated in the saddles, curvetting and prancing in high glee, makes these two obstreperous fellows feel very crest-fallen. They might have had horses also, but for a fit of Indian obstinacy or ill-humor that induced them to throw away the opportunity to send for them. Bravo is entitled to great credit for this service, as it was attended with considerable risk. He left the command at Pompey's Pillar on its up trip, swam the Yellowstone where the water was almost icy cold, sought the Crow village at a venture — uncertain where to find it, luckily reached it, got his horses, and set out on his return, overtaking the command on its return trip about twenty miles below Fort Pease — all this in country where he was constantly liable to come in contact with the Sioux. We are under orders to march to-morrow, Monday, June 5. Since the twenty-fourth ult. we have turned out about 3 o'clock in the morning and lain on our arms in line until broad day-light, but this morning the practice was discontinued — much to the satisfaction of everybody. Reveille is appointed for 3:30. Marched at 8:55 A.M., keeping down the valley, and camped at 1:30 P.M., having advanced nine miles. Soon after we halted the General and his party routed a bear out of the thicket near camp and after a short chase the General killed it. He caused it to be butchered, and distributed the meat to several of the officer's messes, giving to many their first experience of such fare. It was quite palatable and strongly suggestive of fresh pork. Our camp is beautifully located near a chute of the river, groves of timber near at hand and long green grass beneath our feet. It was only half a mile from here that Captain
Thompson's command lay in wait in the hills for the party of Sioux who attempted to cross on the nineteenth of May. The afternoon was very warm, but by rolling up the sides of the tents and admitting the slight air stirring it was pleasant enough. It looked more like picnicking than going to war, to see officers and men comfortably reclining in the shade reading books and newspapers, writing letters, posting diaries, playing cards, talking or dozing "the happy hours away," according to their individual moods. And the picnic impression was heightened when, later in the afternoon, the supper was made ready on the grass and hungry groups gathered here and there over cups of steaming, savoury coffee and other fare. Nor was coffee the only beverage. From the capacious recesses of secure mess-cheats came forth at odd times nutmeg, lemon, sugar, Angostura bitters, champagne cider, and spiritus frumenti, from which were made tempting "Rosebuds," cocktails, toddies and other harmless compounds. When each member of the charmed circle had been duly supplied, the master of ceremonies would briefly announce, "Here's How!", and, with a chorus of "Hows" from his co-laborers, the exhilarating compounds were gently put where they would do the most good. In the dusk of evening, when most of the officers were gathered in front of some of the tents, a chorus of cavalrymen not far away burst forth with a round of merry camp songs, that came pleasantly to the ear and suspended for a time the conversation upon battles we haven't fought and victories we haven't won. And when "taps" imposed silence upon the enlisted men, the officers, who enjoyed larger liberties, took up the suspended harmony and woke the night air with many a song of sentiment and jollity. We have a number of very sweet singers in our command, and the music at times is of a delicious sort. But rest is needful for the march of tomorrow and after a time the group of singers and listeners broke up with a mutual "good night", tents are sought, sleep settles upon the camp, and all is quiet upon the Yellowstone. Not even a sentinel is visible, for, disposed in groups of three around us for some distance from the camp, they are all lying flat upon the ground with nothing to mark their locality. It is hard to realize when about the camp that we are an invading army, liable at any moment to be engaged in deadly conflict with a cruel foe. I presume to few except myself has absence of danger come home at all, and to me only when exposed with a handful of men miles from the command.

Tuesday, June 6. I left camp with my detachment and the Indians at 8 A.M., getting a good start ahead of the command which followed an hour later. It took the train three hours to get up the hill at the foot of which our last night's camp was pitched. Finding myself several miles ahead of the command I halted, posted sentinels, and unsaddled, remaining several hours before the command appeared. At one time there occurred rapid firing on the river which excited a momentary apprehension that the boats had been attacked, but it proved to be Captain Clifford and men firing upon elk, one of which they killed and secured. After crossing the high grounds, for a distance of some three miles, the road entered the valley again. After a march of ten miles we turned off to the river and camped, at 4 P.M., in a beautiful cottonwood grove on splendid sod. In the evening we were treated to a high wind that roared grandly through the trees. It came up suddenly and for a time threatened a general conflagration, as it set troops of burning coals hopping through the camp from the cook fires and deluged the tents with sparks. While this display of fire-works was going on, the gloom was rent with lightning flashes, and the low rumble of distant thunder swelled on the air. There was a sublimity in the scene that produced a strong impression on many minds. There was a drawback to its enjoyment, however, in the tossing boughs that threatened destruction to the tents pitched beneath them and the necessity of manning the poles to keep the tents from going down before the blast.

[Handwritten notes and corrections are present in the document, but not transcribed.]
Wednesday, June 7. Marched at 7:45 A.M., continued down the valley a few miles, then ascended to the highlands which abut on the river for several miles above and below the mouth of Tongue River. Toward evening turned to the right and approaching the river descended to a small patch of valley where we pitched camp at 7 P.M., having marched twenty-two miles. The descent to the valley was by a difficult ravine, where the wagons lost half an hour. It was 9 o'clock before the camp was fairly in shape and half an hour later before supper was ready, by which time there were four hundred very hungry men. Found a clear, cold spring in the bluffs about a mile from camp, but it furnished a very limited supply of water.

Thursday, June 8. Took the advance as usual with my detachment and the Crows, the command following at 7 A.M. Had gained the valley of a nameless creek a few miles below camp, when from the hills in front came the wolf-cry that indicated a discovery by the Crows in advance. The Crows rapidly rallied on the detachment and we prepared for fight, but fortunately were not called upon to do so. The occasion of the signal was that one of the Crows had found a trail of two shod horses leading down the river, and, following it a short distance, came upon a seamless sack lying on the ground, which he picked up and brought back without opening. I caused it to be opened and found the contents to be a quantity of sugar, tea, bacon, crackers, hard bread, butter and cartridges, several of the articles being wrapped in pieces of newspaper. They were such supplies as were likely to have belonged only to white men, and the fact that the horses were shod made it pretty evident that the owners were white men, the fresh character of the provisions indicated that they had only quite recently quit a steamboat or large camp. It seemed probable that they were couriers from General Terry, who discovering our Indians supposed them to be Sioux and fled, either losing the sack or throwing it away because it delayed their flight. A further examination of the trail disclosed that it first came up the river valley and then, turning to the right into the hills, doubled on its former course. Sent back a written report of the circumstance to General Gibbon and then moved on, took position on a high, flat, detached hill, standing near the river, from which we had a wide view of the surrounding country, unsaddled, and waited three hours for the command to come up. A couple of miles lower down the command halted for two hours in a grove on the river bank, then moved on for six miles, and camped near the river at 7:40 P.M., having marched sixteen miles. The valley is here quite extensive being some three miles wide and at least fifteen long, but is almost entirely destitute of timber. We had great difficulty in finding wood enough for cooking purposes, but a friendly drift in the river helped us out. The grass is heavy but provokingly matted with prickly pears, so that it was impossible to pitch tents in line. A considerable rapid spans the river a few rods below our camp. As it was expected that we would have to camp tonight on the high-lands at some distance from the river, Captain Clifford was directed to take two days rations in his boats to be prepared for a separation from the main command. It was the General's intention that he should make only about the usual run and go into camp, so as to be as near the command as possible; but a mistake was made in the delivery of the order and Captain Clifford understood himself to be at liberty to make the two days' march in one run, and so passed on with the intention of fortifying at the mouth of Powder River, there awaiting our arrival. He is accompanied by Major Brisbin and Lieutenant Doane.

Friday, June 9. About 3 A.M. citizen Herendeen and a Crow Indian, who had accompanied Captain Clifford yesterday in the boats, arrived in camp with despatches from General Terry. At Powder River Captain Clifford had met the steamer Far West and soon afterward General Terry himself, who came in with two companies of the 7th Cavalry. Learning that our column was so near, the General at once sent back orders to General Gibbon to leave his command in camp and come down himself to meet the boat, which would continue up the river till the meeting took place. About 7 A.M. the General started, preceded
by my detachment and the Crows and accompanied by Ball's company as escort. About eight miles down we met the boat, it having on board General Terry and staff and Captain Clifford's company. General Gibbon went on board, and Captain Terry, finding our camp was so near, passed on up the river with the boat, Captain Ball and myself returning by the way we came. We reached the camp about noon, and soon afterward the boat arrived, landing opposite the camp. General Terry invited all the officers to meet him on board. After a stay of about two hours the boat was cleared and returned down the river. The arrival of the 7th Cavalry at Glendive Creek disproved the reported gathering of the hostiles in that quarter, and our whole force is now to push up the river after the village we had first discovered on Tongue River and afterward on the Rosebud. The 7th Cavalry under Custer will scour the country south of the Yellowstone, while we return up the north bank to prevent the Indians from escaping to this side. As it is feared they may attempt to do so, the four companies of the 2nd Cavalry were placed under orders to move back at once, and would have got off to-day had not a heavy rain set in, accompanied by hail, which caused the movement to be suspended until to-morrow. The infantry will soon follow, and we will go into camp near the mouth of the Rosebud to await further orders. Meantime the steamer returns to Glendive Creek, to bring up the stores left there to Powder River. The trail we found yesterday had been made, as we surmised, by couriers from General Terry—Williamson and a companion, who had been promised two hundred dollars if they went through. They had been frightened back by the sight of our Crows, and so lost their two hundred dollars at the moment it was earned. Williamson made the run down from our camp near Rosebud without difficulty and safely delivered his dispatches. On our way back to camp to-day after meeting the boat, Le Forgey, one of my interpreters, had a fall from his horse while chasing antelope, breaking his collar bone. I was compelled to leave him where he fell, in charge of two of my men, till an ambulance could be sent for him. He appeared to mind the fracture but little, and in the evening was walking around camp.

Saturday, June 10. It rained all last night and continued through the forenoon. The road is exceedingly muddy; but the cavalry marched at 3 P.M., under command of Major Brisbin, Bravo and six Crows accompanied them. The infantry are under orders to march to-morrow, moving at 7 o'clock.

Sunday, June 11. Marched at 6:30 A.M., forty minutes ahead of time. Made rather slow progress, as the road was heavy from recent rains. About 10 o'clock reached the nameless creek that enters the Yellowstone six or seven miles below Tongue River, and found it swelled to the dimensions of a river. It took two hours to make one crossing, whereas on our way down we crossed it three times without difficulty. We here came in sight of the cavalry, whose train was toiling slowly up the steep hill on the opposite side of the creek, having been compelled to seek a new road, as the rise of the creek had rendered the regular road impassable. About noon we were all over and the train was corralled, and the mules turned out to graze, while a large working party fell to, to make a new road up the hill just below the point where the cavalry wagons made their difficult ascent. The work had scarcely when a heavy rain set in, suspending our labors and compelling us to form camp for the night. The maps give no name to this creek and nobody in the command had ever heard a name for it, so our engineer officer, Lieutenant McClermand, christened it quite appropriately Mud Creek. The water is horribly muddy and all attempts to settle it failed. It answered neither for cooking nor washing, and we might almost as well have been camped in a desert. Vinegar cleared it somewhat, and the addition of lemon-sugar made a fairly palatable lemonade that quenched thirst.

Monday, June 12. Broke camp at 6 A.M., and consumed three and a half hours getting the train up the hill at a cost of one wagon overturned. It was
righted and reloaded, the damage having been slight. Once up we made good
time across the plateau opposite Tongue River where the road was level and
dry. This plateau is between ten and twelve miles long and about three miles
wide, crowding upon the Yellowstone on the one side and breaking into bad-
lands on the other. The plateau itself is generally quite level and clothed
with fine grass. Stanley's quadruple trail of 1875 is distinctly marked
throughout its whole length. I rode over and took a look into Tongue River
valley. It is heavily clothed with timber as far up as the eye could reach.
The mouth of Tongue River was not in sight as the stream made a sharp curve
to the right and entered the Yellowstone under a screen of timber. The latter
stream here washes the base of the bluffs on the north side, the valley
being wholly confined to the opposite shore. As we reached the upper end of
the plateau we caught a glimpse of the cavalry about eight miles in front.
We descended into the valley and camped at 7 P.M. at the foot of the hill
three miles from the river, having marched sixteen miles. We obtained water
from stagnant pools and used sage brush for fuel. The discovery of an
occasional rattlesnake in camp enlivens our stay here.

Tuesday, June 13. Marched at 7 A.M. The road was quite heavy, being largely
a sticky clay, and we made slow progress. At 1 P.M. we halted at a creek
and passed two hours making a crossing place for the wagons; but even with
this precaution broke two wagons in crossing and tipped one of them over
into a ditch. After a march of only thirteen miles camped at 4 P.M. at the
upper extremity of the valley across which our road has been to-day.

Wednesday, June 14. Broke camp at 7 A.M., entered the coulee opposite camp,
crossed the three mile wide ridge, descended into the valley above and followed
it up nearly to our old Rosebud camp, where after a march of twelve miles
we pitched camp at 2 P.M., a few hundred yards above the cavalry who arrived
yesterday. We are about two miles below our last permanent camp, about four
below the mouth of the Rosebud, and nearly opposite the point where our three
men were killed in May, which, after one of the number, is now called by us
Raymeyer Butte. As we are likely to remain here some time the camp was laid
out with great care, and what with the level ground and its growth of fine
grass, presents a very neat appearance. Just above is a dense thicket of willow
and cottonwood, and scattered about the camp are a few cottonwood
trees, which combine with the camp and the river to form a very pleasant and
picturesque view. Many of our camps in the march down and up the Yellowstone
have been of the same agreeable character, and have imparted quite a charm to
this warlike jaunt of ours.

Thursday, June 15. Thompson's and Wheelan's companies left to-day on a five
days' scout up the Yellowstone to see whether the Indians are keeping south of
the river. Six Crows accompany them. The remainder of the cavalry moved up
and joined on the lower side of our camp. A mail was sent with Thompson's
command, and will be forwarded by couriers from the point where they turn back.

Friday, June 16. To-day the Crows discovered a heavy smoke across and up the
river, apparently on O'Fallon Creek. It suggested a world of speculation, one
of the theories being that a Sioux village had been attacked and destroyed by
either by Custer or Crook. It means more likely that the Sioux are moving in
that direction and accidentally set the grass on fire. Toward evening it died
out. Some rain to-day.

Saturday, June 17. Still lying in camp, waiting for the steamboat which is
daily expected. Orders were to-day issued to company commanders to keep three
days' cooked rations constantly on hand and to be prepared to cross the river
at once upon the arrival of the boat. The cavalry pickets thought they saw two
men on the bluffs across the river, but the Crows who were on the lookout saw
nothing, and it is probable that the pickets were mistaken. (On this date
Gen. Gibbon with 478 officers and men, exclusive of civilians and Indian scouts,
was camped on the north bank of the Yellowstone River, four miles below its
junction with the Rosebud River. Gen. Terry's command, including the forces detached on scout duty with Reno, but excluding civilians and Indian and other scouts, numbered 500 officers and men, and was proceeding up the south bank of the Yellowstone, between the mouth of Tongue River and the mouth of Rosebud River. Reno, detached from Terry's command on scout duty, with the right wing of the 7th cavalry and a Gatling gun, was proceeding north, down the lower Rosebud River, to its junction with the Yellowstone. Gen. Crock was at the south end of Rosebud canyon, near the head of Rosebud River. He had cut loose from his wagon train, which he left parked with a camp guard on Goose Creek, at the headwaters of Tongue River. He had about 1,100 soldiers, officers and men, and in addition guides, scouts, and Crow and Shoshoni Indian auxiliaries, and a few civilians. Crazy Horse, with a force of not less than 2,500 Sioux attacked Crock's command before 8 A.M. Crock counter attacked, and drawing troops from his left wing, sent them through the center of Crazy Horses' line, down the Rosebud Canyon, to take Crazy Horses' camp thought to be at the north end of the canyon, and then to take Crazy Horses' forces from the rear. Crazy Horse drove home an attack on Crock's weakened left wing, which forced Crock to recall his thrust through Crazy Horses' center, and use the forces thus engaged to strengthen and save the left wing. Crock then advanced his whole line against the forces of Crazy Horse, advancing for about five miles, the Indians putting up a stiff resistance. At 3 P.M. Crock withdrew from the field with his forces, his ammunition supply and rations running low. He sustained a loss of 26 killed and 31 wounded, among the wounded being Col. Guy V. Henry, whose fall somewhat weakened the morale of troops under the Colonel's immediate command. Crock's command expended 25,000 rounds of ammunition during this fight. On the evening of the 17th, Crock encamped near the field of battle, buried his dead, and attended to his wounded. On the 18th, he retired south to his temporary base on Goose Creek. There he sent back his wagon train to Fort Yerkes, with the wounded, and most of his infantry as escort, and awaited the advent of supplies and reinforcements.

Sunday, June 18. This afternoon Major Reno, with six companies of the 7th cavalry, appeared at the mouth of the Rosebud and went into camp. General Gibbon went up opposite the camp and held a conversation with him by means of signal flags and afterwards communicated with him by letter through two Crows who swam the river for that purpose. Reno's command had scouted up Powder River, then crossed to the Rosebud, and scouted down the latter stream, meeting with no Sioux, but finding recent traces of a large village at the place I discovered it on the twenty-seventh of May. Mitch Bouyer, our guide, who had been detached to accompany Reno, counted three hundred and sixty lodge fires, and estimated that there were enough beside to make the number of lodges about four hundred. The lodges had been arranged in nine circles within supporting distance of each other, within which Indians evidently secured their horses at night, showing that they considered an attack not unlikely and were prepared for it. A well defined trail led from the site of the village across the plain toward the Little Big Horn, and it is now thought that the Indians will be found upon that stream.

Monday, June 19. Major Reno's command broke camp this morning and moved down the river after supplies. Towards evening Thompson's and Wheelan's companies returned, having scouted up to the mouth of the Big Horn. They met no Sioux and saw no sign of them on this side, and but little on the other. The Crow village which some weeks ago was on the Big Horn seems to have disappeared from that country - another indication that the Sioux are heading in that direction. It is pretty well demonstrated that they have no intention of crossing to the north side of the Yellowstone, as they would not have passed so high up the stream for that purpose.

Tuesday, June 20. Captain Freeman has been ordered to march up the river to-morrow with Companies F, H and K of the infantry battalion to bridge creeks and otherwise put the road in order. He will take ten days' rations and will be accompanied by six Crow scouts.
Wednesday, June 31. Captain Freeman's command got off about six A.M. Soon afterward the steamboat was reported in sight, whereupon orders were issued to prepare to move. At 8 A.M., having on board General Terry and staff and Captain Baker's company of the 8th infantry. We were ordered to march at once to Fort Pease, and got off at 9:30 A.M., Captain Ball commanding. General Gibbon and Major Brisbin having gone on board the boat, intending to rejoin us at some point in advance. Custer with the entire 7th cavalry was reported near at hand, and soon after we started he appeared in view on the table-land across the river, marching toward the Rosebud. The steamboat met him at the mouth of that stream, when he drew rations for his command for sixteen days and struck out up the Rosebud with the design of following up the trail found by Major Reno. (A council of war was held on the steamer Far West, at the mouth of the Rosebud, June 21, at which were present Generals Terry, Gibbon and Custer. On June 22 Custer set out up the Rosebud with the 7th cavalry, numbering 32 officers, and 585 men, with 31 Indian scouts and 6 civilians, or a total force of 655. He had a pack train of 180 mules, carrying a 15-day ration of sugar, coffee and hardtack, and 12 days rations of bacon, and 24,000 rounds of reserve ammunition, salt and extra forage. Each trooper carried 100 carbine and 34 pistol cartridges, and 13 pounds of oats.) Prior to his (Custer's) departure a conference took place on the boat between Generals Terry, Gibbon and himself with reference to a combined movement between the two columns, and, thought it is General Terry's expectation that we will arrive in the neighborhood of the Sioux village at the same time and assist each other in the attack, it is understood that if Custer arrives first he is at liberty to attack at once as he deems prudent. We have little hope of being in at the death, as Custer will undoubtedly exert himself to the utmost to get there first and win all the laurels for himself and his regiment. He is provided with Indian scouts, but from the superior knowledge possessed by the Crows of the country he is to traverse it was decided to furnish him with a part of ours, and I was directed to make a detail for that purpose. I selected my six best men, and they joined him at the mouth of the Rosebud. Our guide, Mitch Bouyer, accompanies him also. This leaves us wholly without a guide, while Custer has one of the very best that the country affords. Surely he is being afforded every facility to make a successful pursuit. We marched eighteen miles and camped at 7:05 P.M. on the Yellowstone, a short distance below the mouth of the Great Porcupine, having passed Captain Freeman's command in camp at the spring a couple of miles back. As we passed, Capt. Ball ordered him to move down and join us--a very unwelcome order to Captain Freeman's men who were comfortably settled for the night. The camp was barely formed when a terrible gale arose, followed by a storm of hailstones as big as walnuts. The herd showed a strong disposition to stampede, and it required great exertions to prevent them from doing so. The hailstones diminished in size as the storm continued, and soon turned to rain; but the shower was of short duration, and before dark the sky partially cleared and the sun treated us to a gorgeous display in the west.

Thursday, June 32. During the night Lieutenant Low, 30th Infantry, joined us with his battery of three Gatling guns. They belong to Custer's column but were detached therefrom under the impression that they might impede his march. (Note: The guns were drawn by condemned cavalry horses.) It rained considerably during the night, and as a consequence the road in the valley was very muddy. The cavalry battalion separated from us this morning, under orders to push on to Fort Pease as rapidly as possible, the infantry following as fast as it can. Low's battery goes with the cavalry. The cavalry started at 6 A.M., and we followed at 7, soon passing the cavalry whose train got stuck in the mud. The two battalions crossed the Great Porcupine at different points, the infantry after crossing taking at once to the bench lands, while the cavalry continued on up the valley. As a consequence the order of things was getting rapidly inverted, the infantry going to Fort
Pease first, and glorying in their ability to outmarch the D.P.'s: (Dirty Pants) but at this juncture Captain Freeman chivalrously halted his column and let the cavalry go by. We marched twenty-nine miles and made a pleasant camp on the bank of the Yellowstone at 5:30 P.M., the cavalry camping in sight above us, having been able to gain only a mile and a half. We expected the steamboat to pass us to-day, but it has not appeared. Throughout the campaign the General has allowed neither drums nor bugles to sound, believing they might be the means of communicating information to the enemy. As a consequence strength of lung has been a very essential qualification for our battalion adjutants, who, when the time for roll-calls or beginning the days march arrives, must post themselves in a conspicuous position and bawl out the command loud enough to be heard all over the camp: "Form your companies!" Fortunately the gentlemen officiating in this capacity in their respective battalions have not been wanting in this regard; but still the cheerful rattle and toot of the prescribed instruments has been greatly missed, so much so that one of our officers who met some of the companies of Custer's command was heard to declare that, favorable as the general impression they produced on his mind, there was nothing that delighted him more than the refrain of their bugles. Our cavalry comrades have been particularly restless under this prohibition, and it was observed to-day that no sooner did they cut loose from us than they began to sound their bugles with hearty good will. So much did the buglers glory in their new found freedom and the mellow notes they poured forth that they exerted themselves fit to crack their throats, and repeated the calls far more freely than was necessary for the mere information of the command. And candor compels me to say that, notwithstanding its dulcet capabilities, the voice of our adjutant shunting his old familiar cry of "Form your companies!" did not begin to produce as pleasant an effect upon the ear as the "sonorous metal" of the cavalry "braying martial sounds." (At noon this date Custer with the 7th cavalry, numbering 31 officers and 555 men, with 31 scouts, 8 civilians, total force 655, and pack train of 180 mules began their march up the Rosebud. They marched 18 miles up the river and camped, about 5 P.M.) Friday, June 23. The reveille of the cavalry bulges came sweetly to the ear this morning across the intervening space. Broke camp at 6:05 A.M., and soon came up with the cavalry, who were still in camp but saddling up. Their train had pulled out and had the road ahead of us, and our train was unable to overtake it although our teamsters were stimulated to do their best by the promise of a considerable purse that some of our frolicsome infantrymen made up in the interests of a race. The day was excessively hot and there was a deal of dust; making the marching quite disagreeable. The cavalry kept well in advance of us all day, in fact passed quite out of sight. Lieutenant Doane and "Muggins" Taylor, who were scouting ahead, saw several Sioux on the bluffs across the river, and also about a thousand buffalo running at full speed. A considerable number of the latter crossed the river and were intercepted by Lieutenant Doanet's party who killed several of them. The cavalry supplied themselves liberally with the meat and had the kindness to butcher some also for the infantry; Lieutenant Doane remaining in person to notify us of it and point it out as we came up. We were greatly in need of it, having had very little fresh meat for a considerable period, but Lieutenant Jacobs, our quartermaster, with unaccountable obstinacy and disregard for the men's welfare objected to the train halting for the few minutes necessary to take it on, and Captain Freeman yielded the point and passed it by. So we marched into camp and supped on bacon, instead of the excellent buffalo steaks we might have had. At 5:30 P.M. we camped on the bank of the Yellowstone about a mile below Fort Pease, having marched twenty-two miles. The cavalry had gone on and camped about two miles above the fort. The steamboat was sighted a few miles below this evening, and will probably be up early to- morrow.
(June 33. Custer and his column marched 33 to 35 miles up the Rosebud.) Gibbon and Terry are proceeding up the Yellowstone to the mouth of the Big Horn, having set out from the mouth of the Rosebud. Crook is still at his temporary base camp on Goose Creek, near the head waters of the Tongue River, awaiting reinforcements and supplies from Fort Petterson.

Saturday, June 24. The steamer passed our camp at 4:30 A.M., and moved on up to the camp of the cavalry. At 6 A.M. we broke camp and joined the cavalry, and soon afterward the whole command, except Captain Kirtland's Company (B), were ordered to prepare to march at once with eight days' rations and a pack train. The cavalry companies were assigned six and the infantry companies four pack-mules each, the train and camp equipage being left behind guarded by Company B. About 11 A.M. twelve Crow scouts were carried over the river by the steamer to scout up Tullock's Fork, with orders to proceed until they found a Sioux village on a recent trail. About noon the boat began to ferry over the remainder of the command, the cavalry going first in three trips, the Gatling battery, my detachment, and part of the infantry on the fourth trip, and the remainder of the infantry on the fifth, all being over about 4 P.M. My detachment then passed to the front, and the march began up the Big Horn, just below the mouth of which our landing had been effected. Arriving at Tullock's Fork, a tributary of the Big Horn, we turned up its valley and at 6 P.M. camped about a mile above its mouth at the foot of a perpendicular wall of rock, having marched about five miles since leaving the boat. General Terry and staff came up and joined us about an hour later; they are provided with common tents - a small wedge shaped tent - while the command bivouacs in the open air. General Gibbon has been quite sick and is still on the boat, but is expected to join us tomorrow. Just before dark the twelve Crows came whooping down the valley behaving in such extravagant fashion that all expected some startling disclosure, but it turned out that they had merely seen, six miles up the valley, a buffalo that had been recently wounded with arrows. Their orders had been to go ahead until they found a village, and now after wasting eight hours in advancing ten miles they return with this paltry piece of news. It was amusing to listen to the comments of some of the "pilgrims" (newcomers, unused to the ways of the country) as to the importance to be attached to this momentous intelligence. It really amounted to nothing, as the buffalo might have been wounded by a small war party a hundred miles from any camp; but the "pilgrims" saw it in positive evidence of the near vicinity of the village we are after. The Crows know better than to attach any such importance to it, but were glad of any subterfuge to return to the protection of the command. We are now fairly on route to the Indian village, which is supposed to be on the Little Big Horn. It is undoubtedly a large one, and should Custer's command and ours unite we, too, will have a large force numbering all told about one thousand men, armed with splendid breech-loading Springfield rifles and carbines, caliber forty-five, and strengthened by the presence of Low's battery of Gatling guns. Should we come to blows it will be one of the biggest Indian battles ever fought on this continent, and the most decisive in its results, for such a force as we shall have if united will be invincible, and the utter destruction of the Indian village and overthrow of Sioux power will be certain result. There is not much glory in Indian wars, but it will be worth while to have been present at such an affair as this. The Far West will, if practicable, ascend the Big Horn as far as the mouth of the Little Big Horn, and there await tidings from us. (Custer's command march 36 miles up the Rosebud, and then turning west up the east slope of the Wolf Mountains, going west toward the divide which separates the Rosebud from the Little Big Horn Rivers. After a halt they resumed their march toward the divide at 11:30 P.M., marching 8 miles, and halting near the summit of the divide, the column being scattered and thrown into much confusion during the night march.)