He says: "I went up to where I thought the camp was, and when I found it could not tell whether they were Crows or Sioux. I stayed on top of a hill concealed among the pines all that day, and at night crept closer to the camp, which was on the opposite side of the river, and hid in the grass. When day-light came I could see that they were Crows, and ate my breakfast, then watched again to make sure, and saw that they were getting ready to move camp. My wife's brother came down to the river brink and I called out to him. He said: "Hello, are you alive?" I said "yes." "No you are dead—you are a ghost." "No I am not dead; I am alive." "Then get onto your horse; shoot off your gun." I did as he told me. "Now ride around." I rode around in a circle and fired my gun again. Then some of the others saw me, and at once plunged their horses into the stream and came over to me. A great many came over, and they also brought a "bull-boat." I could not use my broken arm yet, so I tied a rope to the "bull-boat" and took hold of it with my teeth, swimming with my left arm. My friends were about me as close as they could swim, fearing that I might give out and go to the bottom. When I told them that the Sioux who had Reno's men surrounded ran away at our approach, they were amazed. All those whom they had mourned as dead have returned, save Mich. Boyer. We brought in a number of horses captured from the Sioux which we gave to our friends. All my horses and other property that my wife threw away has been returned to me. And now they say they will go to help the white men whenever they are sent for. They call Custer's battlefield "The place where the gray star fell." They mean the morning star.

Before I left camp, "Half Yellow Face" came. I tell you he is a handsome man, if he is an Indian. His wife ran to him, and putting her arms around his neck cried for joy. He caught his breath a number of times, but managed to walk along as though it was something that did not concern him. I wish we had Mich. Boyer back. Well, I must be going; goodnight."

La Forge appears to be a very reliable man, and knowing so many actors in his story, I was, of course, much interested.

On July 23rd, the camp ground, from various causes became very foul, was moved to a point two miles below Fort Pease. A bright, fire-lit sky can be seen in the direction of the head of the Rosebud. Just before sunset today, what was supposed to be a party of Sioux were seen on the bluffs north of camp. Forty or fifty Crows, men and women, jumped onto their ponies without waiting to saddle and dashed out after them. They went to the top of the bluffs and found a party of five Rees, who had been scouting below.

Mosquitoes are becoming troublesome.

On Sunday, July 23rd, Captain Whellan and Lieut. Hamilton, with C and L companies, 2nd cavalry, started on a scout toward Tongue river. They also had two Gatling guns under charge of Lieut. Lowe, 20th Infantry. Having been confined so long to a salt meat diet, I went out this morning to look for some birds. Not finding any in the sage brush I started for the timber. After riding a short distance, thought I could hear the rushing sound of steam, "steamboat"—was my first thought as I stopped to listen. My horse began to kick, and in an instant such a swarm of mosquitoes beset us as I had never before encountered. A warm rain had fallen the night before, and the mosquitoes rose out of the short grass through which I was riding by thousands. It was not the kind of bird I was hunting for, and if "steamboat" had been my first thought when I first heard them, "run" was the first now. My horse was perfectly willing and away he went on a dead run for the timber, and came plump upon a large buck so busy fighting flies that he did not see us. Turning, I rode back to get behind a clump of bushes, but the deer in turning and shaking himself obtained a glimpse of us. Dismounting, I slipped a couple
of buckshot cartridges into my gun and stole back into the timber. Saw him just as he went bounding away through the bushes — fired and missed him; fired again and missed; and just then he came into full view in the opening — a splendid shot, but I had only an empty gun. The little stinging, biting devils being just as bad here on the plain, I jumped on my horse and galloped toward camp, almost running over another deer; jumped to the ground and knocked him over at 75 yards. My horse won't stand fire. On my return to camp, I found that I had not by any means escaped the mosquitoes. They are tormenting every one; they are biting my feet while I write 'em.

A mail came in on the 24th from Powder river. The steamer is on her way up. A dispatch from Capt. Whellan says that she is thirty miles below here. The paymaster is on board and the troops are to be paid.

Have just heard that there are thirty-nine widows at Fort Abe Lincoln, made so by the Custer massacre.

Since lying so long in camp a number of Crow squaws have joined their husbands. Near the camp is a shallow channel in which the soldiers bathe, and the squaws, who are camped on an island, strip and mingle with the men while in swimming, creating a great deal of fun.

Thirty-nine widows! Who says the army is eager for war?

(To be continued.)


On the 25th I obtained permission from Gen. Gibbon to visit a fossil bed twelve miles below. Started with corporals Wright and Benetell, 7th infantry. Just before leaving seven men made their appearance on the opposite side of the river. Didn't wait to see who they were. Floating idly down the river, we met the Far West eight miles below camp. On board of her were Gen. Terry and staff. Offensive operations are to be begun as soon as twelve companies of infantry arrive from the East.

In the morning, thinking the opportunity to get a deer too good to be lost, I took corporal Wright and started back for camp on foot. He took the open ground and I skirted the timber. We soon lost sight of each other. The mosquitoes were so bad that if a deer had tried to bite me I would not have shot it. My dog rolled over and over on the ground and fairly howled with pain and rage.

Upon my return to camp, found that Stewart and Evans had returned from Crook's camp. They have performed a most remarkable and daring feat. With an abundance of fresh signs all about them they yet declare that they did not see a Sioux. Gen. Crook did not order them back — did not want them to return. A citizen scout who started from Crook's camp ahead of them they overtook. They passed ten distinct trails on their way back.

The Far West has arrived and fright is being unloaded. All is stir and bustle.

This command goes to the Rosebud. A courier has been sent down to arrest the march of that part of the force now at Powder river. The majority of the officers met on the steamer this evening, and an abundance of ale and singing was the order. There were about forty voices, and the chorus singing was most excellent.

On the 27th of July, at 11 a.m., we broke camp and started for the
Rosebud, my company in boats. After landing for camp, went out after chickens. Shot three and was then driven in by mosquitoes.

The main camp is about four miles above us. Have put on a guard of one non-commissioned officer and three privates, and hope the Sioux will let us rest in peace.

On the 28th we camped near the mouth of Froze-to-death creek, with plenty of grass and wood. Pulling out the next morning, we landed in a point of timber where game signs were abundant. Scout Herendeen, who was with me, took one well beaten trail and I took another. He carried a rifle, I a shot gun. Soon afterwards he called me. Going to him, he showed me an immense bear track, twelve inches long and seven wide. We separated again and I killed a deer, and then returned by another trail to the boats. Going back after the deer, we found where the bear had followed along after me, putting his dainty 18 x 7 foot into my track. I am much obliged to him for not seeking a closer acquaintance, as blood would have been spilt, and, as the lean boarder said to his landlady, when speaking of the bugs, "I haven't got the blood to spare."

Quite a number of deer were shot today. We found the main camp a long way below where we expected to, reaching it so late that the men preferred to sleep in the open air rather than pitch tents.

The next morning a number of the officers found themselves so used up as to be unable to march, and so they took passage with us in the boats. Upon our arrival at a point opposite the mouth of the Rosebud, at 12:30 p.m., we found the steamer and a train of 121 wagons. The steamers Josephine, Carroll and Durfee are expected tomorrow with the 5th, 6th and 22nd regiments of infantry. We dug well in the sand and found cool, sweet water, that in the Yellowstone being too warm to drink. Our camp is not a pleasant one, the grass being scant and dirt loose.

On August lst the steamers spoken of above arrived and the troops were paid.

Intelligence comes by the boats that a large body of Indians was seen at Powder river. They were carrying away some corn that had been left there by the steamer Far West when she went up to Fort Pease.

Just before sunset today, a citizen named Hughy was sent over to me, (officer of the day), to be confined for disorderly conduct near Gen. Terry's headquarters. He is well known and well liked, being quite a character. He was placed under guard, and while I was at supper the sergeant of the guard reported to me that he had permitted Hughy to go to the river to bathe under charge of a sentinel. Hughy stripped and went into the water, telling the sentinel that he (H.), must be very careful and not get beyond his depth as he could not swim. The banks are quite bold, the water very rapid, and Hughy soon got beyond his depth, and after floundering about for a while to make the sentinel think he was drowning, struck out like a beaver for the opposite shore, which he reached in safety, at least half a mile below where he started. He then scrambled along through the brush and dead timber to the summit of a high bluff above camp. There he stood for some time, perfectly naked, sharply outlined against the blue sky, while the dying sun shone full upon him. The bluff was at least three hundred feet high, and from where we stood it seemed impossible for any one to ascend or descend, but Hughy started, sliding through the dirt and stone, one time rolling at least thirty feet. When he reached the base, without halting an instant, he plunged into the stream, swam back and gave himself up to the guard. He sent
for me and said he wanted to see "Fighting Johnny," (Gen. Gibbon), that he had served with him during the war, and knew he would be released if Fighting Johnny knew he was in the guard house. Gen. Gibbon ordered him released after retreat. Hughy told the sergeant of the guard that he preferred to wash that way.

Upon the arrival of the steamers Durfee and Carroll, with the 5th, 6th and 23rd infantry, Col. Otes, 23rd infantry, reported that the Indians were crossing the Yellowstone at the mouth of Powder river, and taking a quantity of corn that had been left there by the steamer Far West. Capt. Baker, 6th infantry, and Lieut. Woodruff, 7th infantry, were ordered on board the Far West. Taking a 12 pounder Napoleon gun they started for Powder river. Arriving there, they saw a number of Sioux on the hills some distance away. Three men, Dave Campbell, pilot on the boat, Brockmeyer, a scout and another whose name I have forgotten, went ashore without orders, and rode some distance back from the river across a table land. After going about a mile and not seeing anything they started to return. As soon as they did so, a party of twenty Sioux who had lain, concealed in a "coley," waiting for their nearer approach, darted out in pursuit of the scouts. The people on board the steamer saw the Sioux but the scouts did not. At once Lieut. Woodruff ran the brass piece up onto the river bank and sent a shell after the Sioux, dividing the party in two—that is, there were fourteen in the rear and six in front. Those in the rear turned and made for the hills as fast as possible. The six in front, unaware that they were being fired on, continued the pursuit. Another shell was sent after the six, and all but one of them turned and ran off. This one, evidently not knowing that his comrades had deserted him, kept straight on, alone, after the scouts. They, (the scouts), at the first discharge of the big gun, pulled up short, and one of them exclaimed, "by God, they are firing at us." When another shot followed they looked back and saw the Indians after them. One of the scouts started to run, but Dave, who has been for years piloting on the upper Missouri, called out: "Hold up! Don't run!" and wheeled his horse, he and another fired. Down went an Indian. But a volley had been fired by the Sioux just before, hitting Brockmeyer in the chest. A horse had also been struck, and falling and falling on the rifle lying in the "boot," across the saddle, fixed it immovably. This was the man who had started to run. The noise of the flying shell had frightened the Sioux away, and Dave went out and scalped the dead Indian. Both bullets had struck him fair; either would have proven fatal. The most remarkable thing about the whole affair is that Dave, as usual with boatmen, no rider, being barely able to keep his seat in the saddle, was riding a horse that has, even in this country of bucking bronchos, a very bad reputation, and at every report of a pistol or rifle tries to run away; but when Dave wheeled him about to face the oncoming Sioux, "he seemed to know," said Dave, "that all depended on him, and stood like a rock." Dave calls himself "chief" among the pilots now.

Brockmeyer, the wounded man, died seven hours after being wounded, and was buried with Masonic honors by Lieut. Woodruff, on the south bank of the Yellowstone, W. reading the burial service from a manual found on the body of the slain scout. Afterwards W. sent a spring of sage, a cottonwood leaf and the manual to Brockmeyer's sister in the East.

Immediately after the scouts reached the boat, Woodruff began shelling the different ravines, and out of each of them, as a shell would drop in, would rush a swarm of Sioux and scamper away off over the hills.

The steamer, after remaining a short time at Powder river, returned to the Rosebud.

(to be continued.)
On the 3rd of August we crossed from the north to the south side of the Yellowstone and went into temporary camp. The days are exceedingly hot, and the men spend most of their time in the water, which is quite warm. While lying here a number of men, "poking" about in the dense brush at the mouth of the Rosebud, came upon the body of a 7th cavalry horse with saddle, bridle, and carbiner. The horse was shot between the eyes. Not the slightest trace of the rider is, however, to be found, and the query naturally suggests itself, What does it mean? Did one of Custer's men escape and reach this far? Who shot the horse? If Indians, why did they not take the equipment? A number of theories are advanced. One is that the fugitive, half crazy with hunger and his long flight, shot the horse himself and then attempting to swim the Yellowstone, was drowned. Another, rather more probable, is that a random shot killed the animal, and then the rider, fleeing over the hills, the Sioux pursued and killed him, and did not care to return for the horse or equipment. Still another is that he made a raft and floated down the river, perished from hunger, or was drowned. His fate is the absorbing topic of conversation in the camp, and everyone is trying to arrive at a conclusion satisfactory, at least, to themselves. I wonder if "time will tell."

On the 5th of August, at 5 o'clock a.m., we broke camp at the mouth of the Rosebud, moving up that stream, which at present is not a stream but a succession of water holes, like the rest of the streams in summer time that are not surrounded by mountains.

We went into camp near where Custer camped his first night out from the mouth of the Rosebud, at 2:30 p.m., having made 9 8-10 miles odoimeter measurement. We have a train of 213 wheeled vehicles of all sorts, and they being heavily loaded and the country exceedingly rough, move very slowly. The day has been intensely hot, but there is an abundance of pools of strong alkali water, which pools I judge, are never quite dry. The scouts have been out all day on either flank, but no sign of the enemy. Gen. Gibbon commands the infantry - 5th, 6th, 7th and 32nd. Col. Miles, 5th infantry, commands the right wing; Lieut. Col. Otis, 32nd infantry, the left. Maj. Brisbin has command of the cavalry - 3rd and 7th. Today the infantry, deployed as skirmishers, has covered the flanks of the train, while the cavalry has covered the front and rear.

Capt. Sanger, 17th infantry, has been left at the camp opposite the mouth of the Rosebud, in charge of our baggage, tents, etc. We are in light marching order, being allowed nothing but what we carry on our persons, except the food and ammunition, which is carried in the wagons.

A party of eight Crows started last night to go to Crook's command, but came back tonight. Another party starts tonight.

On the morning of the 8th we resumed the march at 5 a.m. Yesterday and last night it was so hot as to cause suffering among the men and animals. This morning there came cold, damp wind from the north, with showers. Many of us were blue with cold; shivering bodies and chattering teeth was the order. The train moved too slowly to afford sufficient exercise to the marching column to keep the blood in circulation. Twelve hours on the road and only 10 3/4 miles.

About 3 p.m. a part of the Crows that had started for Crook's camp last night, came in, reporting that they had seen twenty Sioux. Five of the Crows went on towards crook's camp, telling the others that they would not turn
back unless they ran into a Sioux camp. Those who returned came in singing and were met by Col. Miles, who only partly understanding them, sent back word to Col. Cotes that they had been "run in." Cotes sent word to Maj. Freeman, who commands the 7th Infantry, to keep a sharp lookout for Sioux. The left wing of the 7th infantry was ordered up to higher ground and deployed as skirmishers. We saw nothing of the enemy. We are camped tonight on the ground where the large Sioux camp was seen on May 27th, by Lieut. Bradley, 7th infantry, and on June 17th, by Maj. Reno. Their camp covered an area of from 50 to 250 yards wide, and about five miles long.

There is nothing definite known as to where the Sioux camp is. We expect to strike the trail day after tomorrow. They took away, I am told, about 30,000 pounds of corn from Powder river, and if any of that is found, we may be sure of being on the right trail. The white scouts report seeing Sioux today. We are beginning to "burn," as the children say in one of their games.

On the 10th we broke camp at 4:30 a.m., and made fifteen miles. About noon today we who were in the rear saw, some four or five miles ahead, a column of dust, and just below us on the plain, (we were deployed on a high ridge of rocks), could see, like a panorama, all the movements of the far-reaching train, and the suddenly rapid evolutions of the 2nd cavalry, which was in the advance. The regiments were drawn up in column of fours by company, the wagons were moving with redoubled speed, and corralling as fast as they could move in. The right wings, under Col. Miles, was forming in column of companies as fast as the wagons, which they were guarding, joined the corral.

The 7th infantry was ordered to take up a new position on a higher ridge. While this move was being executed, the scene below was hidden from view. Suddenly we heard cheer after cheer rise from the companies in front, and the ejaculation could be heard on all sides, "By God, they're at it." Upon gaining the higher ridge, a still more extended view presented itself. Away beyond the skirmish line of the 2nd cavalry, behind a point of timber on the Rosebud, we could see a broad column of dust, and just disappearing behind this point, were two companies of cavalry. Far up the valley, in the direction of the Little Big Horn, was another long cloud of dust, and all were on the qui vive of expectation, some of the men impatiently slipping cartridges into their rifles without orders. Curiously interested in the different emotions displayed by the different men, I watched them furtively. Some of them lay on their backs looking at the sky, seemingly utterly indifferent to the stirring scene going on below them; others, lying on their stomachs, would nervously hitch themselves forward as if desirous of getting a little closer. The tobacco chawer would bite off a chew, grind away furiously for awhile, spit out the tobacco, and savagely break off another chew. Others out with their pipes and calmly went to smoking. One made quite a picture as he stood, holding on by a pine sapling on the farther verge of the rocks, grasping his rifle in the other hand, he leaned eagerly forward and seemed just ready to leap into the moving mass miles away. After waiting here for half an hour, the march was resumed, and upon reaching the plain learned that all this commotion had been caused by Crock's command. Four days ago he struck a broad trail leading toward Tongue river and had followed it ever since. There was rather more excitement in his column when we were discovered than there was in ours upon discovering him. Each mistook the other for the Sioux. The feeling was, however, deeper in his column, as they had been following a trail for four days. Their scouts reported a large column in their front. Skirmishers were thrown out and all the preparations for an attack began. When our identity was discovered.

Tomorrow we move out with the united forces of Terry and Crock, about 3,800 men. The Indian scouts think that the Sioux cannot be far away. We
take one blanket per man and ten days' rations. The wagon train, under convoy of the 5th infantry, with three Rodman guns and one brass 12-pounder, returns to the mouth of the Rosebud. The regiment will proceed by steamer to the mouth of Powder river to prevent the Sioux crossing the Yellowstone.

We are camped tonight (10th), on the ground where the Montana miners, in 1873, had one of their battles with Sitting Bull.

The miners made rifle-pits, which are still plainly visible. They numbered 148 men, I am told by George Herendeen, who was one of them. The fight lasted two days. The Sioux afterwards admitted a loss of over one hundred. The miners lost one man, killed.

(To be Continued)
FRAGMENTS OF THE DIARY OF CAPTAIN W. CLIFFORD, U.S.A.,
Covering the Custer Campaign of 1876 and the Ute Campaign of 1878. This
Diary was printed in part in the Rocky Mountain Husbandman of White Sulphur
Springs, Montana, and is partly in the form of notes in the handwriting
of Captain Clifford. Both clippings and notes were loaned by the grand-
son of Captain Clifford to the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian
Institution, and were copied by the Bureau for their permanent file,
during the spring and summer of 1937. Captain Clifford was with General
Gibbon's column in the 1876 campaign, and his Diary continues from the
point where Lieutenant Bradley's diary ends. J.G.C.

THE CUSTER CAMPAIGN OF 1876.

April 1, 1876.

Pulled into the Crow agency, and it certainly is the finest
agency I ever saw or heard of. The whole distance from the Canyon of the
Yellowstone, the valley is not more than three miles in width, and often
not more than a mile or even less. Any one who would be scoundrel enough
to persuade anyone else to leave the east and settle here to farm, should
certainly be hung, and that would be too good for him. How this can ever
be a farming country I fail to see, though it must be good stock raising
land, as the grazing is good all the year round. We are to stay here
until the main command arrives. Have just been ordered by General Gibbon,
who came in yesterday, to take my company and join the main command.

Have noticed since I arrived here that the Crows have a curious
custom, that of stealing each others squaws, though they must not, dare
not proceed to this extreme unless there has been illicit intercourse
between them before. The proceeding differs from an elopement in this, that
instead of their being mutual agreement between the man and woman, the
buck may obtain the aid of one or more of his pals and abduct her, and
this is often done without her consent, and unless she can put her finger
on the point of a knife and swear that she has never known him sexually
(their form of oath) she has no redress, and must go with him.

He puts her on a horse behind him and parades with her through
the camp, and then they have a big dance, the two riding on the outside of
the circle. A custom prevailed some years ago, of each year giving a prize
to any woman or girl of the tribe who could put her finger on knife point
and swear that she was virtuous. It seems that they dare not violate this
oath. There is but one woman in the tribe here now that can take the oath.
She is unmarried, about 17 years of age. I do not know for sure that I have
seen her. I have not been into the lodges at all. I saw enough of that at
Berthold.

Written for the Rocky Mountain Husbandman, The Indian Campaign of 1876,
by Capt. W. Clifford, U.S.A. (Omit following on this page. Repetition of
June 16, 1876.)

Undated. About four hours ago Bostwick and Taylor, (white scouts), started
to find General Custer. They have just returned and report a large body of
Indians moving across the Little Big Horn valley from the direction of
Tullock's Fork, and now the speculation is that these fellows were lying
in wait for us in the pass between Tullock's Fork and the Little Big Horn,
and failing to catch us in that trap, have concluded to scatter. We lie
down full of anxiety for Custer. Many believe that he has been defeated and
is now hemmed in not far from us, but all are loth to take this view of
the situation.

June 27 - Resumed the march at 7 a.m. Quite a number of Indian ponies
STATEMENT OF WIDOW OF GENERAL KENNON:

(1933)
The following statement was made to me at the Washington Club, Washington, D.C., in the winter of 1833 by Mrs. Kennon, widow of General Kennon, U.S. Army, one year before Van der Water's book, entitled the Glory Hunter was published: Mrs. Kennon stated to me that she and her late husband, General Kennon, were friends of the late General Alfred H. Terry; that General Terry had stated in her presence, and in the presence of General Kennon, that he had advised General Custer verbally that the best thing that he, General Custer, could do for himself in the 1876 campaign against the Sioux was to get himself killed in action, because he was in such bad standing with President Grant that he had no future in the United States Army. That after General Custer was reported killed in the Battle of the Little Big Horn, General Terry expressed his great displeasure about this battle before General and Mrs. Kennon, because General Custer in getting himself killed in action took so many good men with him. He expressed no regret at the death of General Custer.

JOHN G. CARTER.

BATTLE OF THE ROSEBUD according to PLENTY COUPS: (June 17, 1876)


(153) "The Absarokees are red men," Plenty-coups began, "and so are their enemies, the Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapahoe, three tribes of people, speaking three different languages, who always combined against us and who greatly outnumbered the Crows. When I was young they had better weapons too. But in spite of all this we have held our beautiful country to this day. War was always with us until the white man came; then because we were not against him he became our friend. Our lands are ours by treaty and not by chance gift. I have been told that I am the only living chief who signed a treaty with the United States.

I was a chief when I was twenty-eight

(154) (1875), and well remember that when white men found gold in the Black Hills the Sioux and Cheyenne made war on them. The Crows were wiser, we knew the white men were strong, without number in their own country, and that there was no good in fighting them; so that when other tribes wished us to fight them we refused. Our leading chiefs saw that to help the white men fight their enemies and ours would make them our friends, we had always fought the three tribes, Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapahoe, anyway, and might as well do so now. The complete destruction of our old enemies would please us. Our decision was reached, not because we loved the white man who was already crowding other tribes into our country, or because we hated the Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapahoe, but because we plainly saw that this course was the only one which might save our beautiful country for us. When I think back my heart sings because we acted as we did. It was the only way open to us.

One day in the springtime (1876), when our village was on the Rosebud, the Limping Soldier (General Gibbon) came to talk to our chiefs about going to war with him against the Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapahoe, who had been fighting his soldiers. We agreed, and when he asked us for some Wolves (scouts) we gave him twenty men. These went away with him to his camp, where he told

(155) us he was waiting for The-other-one (General Terry) and Son-of-the-morning-star (General Custer).

We moved next day, and when our village was at the mouth of Grapevine Creek, two other men came to see us. They had been sent by Three-stars (General Crook). One was a half-blood Sioux, named Left-hand (probably Frank Gruard, supposed by the Crows to be half Sioux, but a native of the Sandwich Islands). I do not remember the other's name or what he looked like. We met them in council. They told us that the Great White Chief (the President) had told Three-stars to ask us to help him. They said his camp was on Goose Creek (where Sheridan, Wyoming, stands now) and that he had
many soldiers with him there.

"We listened until they had finished all they had come to say. Then I spoke: 'Let us help this man,' I said. 'His Wolves (scouts) here say he has many soldiers in his camp and with them we shall whip our old enemies. Besides, we shall make the white man our friend. This is a fight for future peace, and I will carry the pipe (lead the party) for all who will go with me to the village of Three-stars.'

"One hundred and thirty-five young men offered themselves, and we got ready at once. Alligator-stands-up was our war-chief, and besides him there were many good men in our (156) party. The Bighorn River was bank-full, but we were happy and before night were across it with camp made to kill buffalo for supplies. Two days after this we came to the hills that looked down on the flat on Goose creek. I shall never forget what I saw there. It was nearly midnight and countless little tents were in straight rows in the green grass and there were nearly as many little fires. Blue soldiers were everywhere. I could not count the wagons and horses and mules. They looked like the grass on the plains - beyond counting.

"The Wolves (scouts) of Three-stars had seen us and had told him we were coming. Even before we dismounted to dress up and paint ourselves for war a bugle sand a war-song in the soldier's village, after which many blue men began running about. Then, under our very eyes, and so quickly we could scarcely believe them, countless blue legs were walking together; fine horses in little bands that were all of one color were dancing to the songs of shining horns and drums. Oh, what a sight I saw there on Goose creek that day in the sunlight! My heart sang with the shining horns of the blue soldiers in Three-stars' village.

"Our faces painted, we put on our war-bonnets and sprang upon our horses, We gave the crow war-whoop, and, firing our guns in the air, dashed down the hill."

(157) The old man grew excited. Rising, he gave the war-whoop, drumming his mouth with his open hand. His body was tense, his face working, his hands, signing his now rapidly spoken tale, were swift indeed. How he was riding! His old body swayed from side to side, and his imaginary quirt lashed his horse cruelly. I could fairly see him ride! I wish I might tell his story just as he did.

"Ho! Suddenly - like that - the soldiers stopped, the horses stopped, all in little bands!" panted the old Chief, sinking back into his chair exhausted.
"All were in straight lines, all, with Three-stars (General Crook) and his head men on beautiful horses in the lead.

"Whoooooosh!"

The urge was too great. The hour had returned, and the old man, standing again, gave the Crow yell so heartily that I dodged.

"Whoooo! Our guns were cracking and we raised a big dust. We threw our bodies first one way and then another on our horses, just as we do when fighting (to dodge enemy missiles). Some of us sprang to the ground and back again without even staggering our horses, and all the time our beautiful bonnets were blowing in the wind. Ah, that was a great day!"

He settled into his chair again, reaching for his pipe with trembling hands. "Three-stars was glad to see us," he went on, sobered by thoughts (158) of what followed. "He put his right hand to his hat and held it there until we had passed him. Yes, and even until we had circled the whole village, riding very fast while all the soldiers stood still, their guns and the long knives of the horse-soldiers flashing in the sun's light. Then their guns spoke together many times - always together - and powder-smoke nearly hid their blue clothes. Oh, what a sight I saw that day on Goose Creek! My heart was afire!"

He fell silent and repeatedly brushed his face with his hand, as though
wiping away thoughts of the summer of 1876. "When we camped near the village Left-hand (Frank Gruard), the Wolf (scout) who had visited us on Grapevine Creek, came to tell me and other chiefs that Three-stars (general Crook) wished to speak with us in his lodge," he went on, speaking very slowly. "I went at once, and Three-stars gave me his hand. 'I am glad you have come,' he told me. 'I have waited for you and Chief Washakie (Sun-dance rattle) of the Shoshones. I am now three days late.' He led me to the shade of a tree. 'Sit down here,' he told me. 'I want you to know my chiefs.'

He sent for them and I sent for mine, those who had not already arrived. We were glad to get acquainted before we went into trouble with our enemies; so there was much talking there in the shade of the tree, with Left-hand telling each what the other said. 'We will wait here to-(159)day,' said Three-stars, 'I am expecting a message from Elk River (Yellowstone River), and besides I expect Chief Washakie and his children this afternoon. We will give them a welcome, and I ask you to help me do this. As soon as Washakie comes we will start. I will wait no longer for the message. I am already three days late.'

'I noticed he had said these last words twice now, and I thought he was puzzled because the message had not come. While we were talking I heard the Shoshone war-whoop. Three-stars spoke to a chief near him and the chief went away from us. Quickly a bugle sang, and soldiers ran about, horses made dust, and out of it came the same beautiful sight we crows had seen from the hills.

'I ran to our camp with the news, and instantly we mounted to help the soldiers welcome Washakie and his children. Guns cracked, horses ran, warbonnets fanned in the wind, and the shining horns and drums of the soldiers sang for the Shoshones as they had for us. We joined our red brothers, who looked very handsome indeed, with their faces painted for war and their bonnets blowing about, like our own. Twice we rode round the village, and twice the guns of the soldiers spoke together, while our own were yelping like coyotes, no two together. Three-stars' heart was singing when he led Washakie and me to the (160) shade, where he said over again the words he had spoken to me. His soldiers were laughing and giving presents to the crows and Shoshones, who were dancing the war-dance to their own drums, many, many of them, beating as one. Our hearts were full, yet light as breath-feathers, while we looked at such numbers of fighting men - white and red - together. Never again shall I see such a sight.

'We can whip the Sioux, the Cheyenne, and the Arapahoe - whip anybody on the world,' I said to myself, as I looked at the countless men and guns and horses in Three-stars' village that day on Goose Creek. But I was wrong. Three-stars (general Crook) was whipped! And as Washakie (Sun-dance rattle) and I were with him, we all got whipped good on the Rosebud, as you shall see.

'Many of us had cartridge guns now, and the soldiers gave us whole boxes of cartridges, cans of powder, and more balls than we could carry. I had never before seen plenty of ammunition. My own people were always out of either powder or lead. We could make arrows for our bows, but we could not make powder or lead for our guns. But now everybody had more than he needed, more than he could use. And besides cartridges and powder, the soldiers gave us hard bread and bacon - too much of it. They had wagons filled with such things, and the soldiers were generous (161) men. We had everything we wanted and we were in good condition to fight.

'I suppose Three-stars had his Wolves (scouts) out on the hills. I know mine were out and had already seen the enemy. The country was alive with Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapahoe. I told Three-stars about it, because I did not know his ways. He only said: 'We shall move in the morning. I hope to get a message from Elk River (Yellowstone River) tonight.'

'I am certain no message came to him that night or any other time. None
could have reached him. No messenger could have lived between us and Elk River (Yellowstone River). The enemy were like lice on a robe there, and hot for battle. That night when I was sleeping Left-hand (Frank Gruard) came to me and said Three-stars (General Crook) wanted me. I rose and went to his lodge.

"Select nine good men and begin to scout at once toward the Rosebud," he ordered me. "I expect to meet The-other-one (General Terry), the Limping Soldier (General Gibbon), and Son-of-the-morning-star (General Custer) within two days," he said. "I wish you to lead your scouts yourself. We will follow you at daybreak and will march without resting from sun to sun," he finished.

Plenty-coups asked for a cigarette, and Plain-bull lighted one, which the old man puffed with deep satisfaction. "I do not know why Three-stars believed he would meet those other soldiers in the Rosebud within two days," he said, puzzled (NOTE: This was on the night of June 15-16, 1876. The battle of the Rosebud occurred June 17. Crook did not meet up with Terry and Gibbon until August 16, 1876, lower down on the Rosebud River. Custer was defeated June 25, 1876.), "unless a message had reached him before we came to Goose Creek. He heard nothing from his friends after our arrival, I am certain. And if he had perfectly understood all that the crow Wolves (scouts) told him I am sure he would not have tried to go down the Rosebud at all. (Indian force not less than 3,500 warriors; Finerty, p. 186; Crook's force, entire, about 1,100 men; Finerty, p. 135) Crazyhorse was there, the Oglalla chief, with his warriors, on their way to join the big war-village on the Little Big-horn. Three-stars (general crook) had been told all this many times and must have known the way was very bad, if Left-hand (Frank Gruard) talked straight. Three-stars was a good man, and I have always believed that if he had understood all our Wolves (scouts) told him through Left-hand he would not have tried to go down the Rosebud, but would have gone into the Little Bighorn Valley instead (NOTE: Where he would have moved into permanent quarters in the Little Bighorn Battlefield Cemetery). I am always suspicious of interpreters. Too many have forked tongues (lie)."

I asked if Left-hand was Frank Gruard, but the Chief could not say. However, I believe Gruard was the interpreter, and if he was Left-hand there is no doubt about his ability or responsibility. (Finerty, p. 99; June 14, 1876, says: "I proceeded there at once and had an interview with the celebrated scout, Gruard, who is half a Frenchman and half a Sandwich Islander. He was brought to this country from Honolulu when a mere boy; ran the mail for the government on the Pacific coast for some years, and, when only nineteen years old, was captured by Crazy Horse's band of Sioux. The chief spared the young man's life, and he lived in the Indian village, having espoused a handsome squaw, for some years. A misunderstanding with his wife's relatives made the village too hot for him, and, being allowed comparative liberty, he took the very earliest opportunity of taking 'French leave.' He was then about twenty-eight years of age, was familiar with every inch of the country, could speak nearly every Indian dialect, and was invaluable to General Crook, who would rather have lost a third of his command, it is said, than be deprived of Frank Gruard.") "Anyway," said Plenty-coups, with a wave of his hand dismissing the matter, "It was the middle of the moon (June 16, 1876), and day would come before I reached the high hills. I hurried to pick my Wolves (scouts), nine of us, and leave the village. The stars were yet in the sky when (163) we painted our bodies to look like wolves and climbed the hills. The great soldier village was still. Only a few men walked about with guns, while the rest slept in their little tents that were all in straight rows on the grass. A few fires were burning, and in their light stood white wagons, one behind another, until the lights of the little fires could reach no further. The village of Three-stars was pretty to look at and made my heart sing. 'We can whip all the Sioux, all the Cheyennes, all the Arapahoes on the world,' I thought, wishing we might begin the fight at once.
"I scattered out my men and was soon alone. The stars were growing very dim by now, and while I was taking a last look at the soldier-village I heard a howl (signal by voice) off to my right. I knew, of course, that it was a Sioux talking to his friends, and not a wolf that howled. He was telling his companions that he had seen the village of Three-stars (General Crook's camp), I believed. But anybody might see it. Nothing could be easier. I had told my Wolves (scouts) to go slowly, to be careful, and to tell me any news they gathered; but since I sent them out I had heard nothing from them. When day came I saw Sioux, several of them, and even made signs to them, which they answered. I felt good-natured toward them, because I thought we should soon give them a good whipping (Navajo informants told Dr. John Harrington that they always laughed with a man, and felt good, whenever they thought how easy it would be to kill him, or do him some injury or trick. That idea made them feel like laughing.), and they were willing to (164) joke with me a little, because they knew they had us in a very bad fix. "The sun was beginning to warm the hills. I knew that by now the soldiers must be coming on their hard march. About this time I saw three buzzards in the air and stopped to watch them circling under the clear sky. I knew they saw something on the ground that was food for them, and I must learn what that thing was. Marking the spot that seemed to me to be the center of their circle, I went there as fast as I could. I found two fine horses. Both were dead, both were naked, without saddles or bridles; nothing was on them, except that both had iron on their hoofs. Now I had positive proof that Three-stars (General Crook) had received no messages from his friends on Elk River (Yellowstone River). I thought I had better tell him about the two dead horses which had belonged to the soldiers; so I awaited close by, watching the country, until Three-stars came along with his soldiers. (Crock had 1100 regulars, besides nearly 250 Indian allies, of whom all but 80 or 90 were Crows.) "We camped that night, all of us, on the Rosebud. I thought it a bad place to choose when trouble was so near; and there was a worse place below, where Crazy-horse was waiting to trap us. Three-stars had left all his wagons on Goose Creek, packing his mules, and these were the last to reach our camp. The horse-soldiers came (185) in first, next the walking-soldiers, and finally, when we were in our robes, the packers came. I had been out looking around before dark, I did not believe the night would pass without a fight; and I did not like our position. I told Three-stars we were near big trouble, hoping he would move to a better camp, but he did not. (Night of June 16, 1876) "All night long the enemy gathered. Coyote yelps and Wolf howls in the hills told me he was closing in on us. (Signals of enemy scouts) while I waited in my robe. I kept thinking about the bad canyon just below us and of our poor stand for a big fight, until I began to hear Owls (scout signals); then I left my robe. I realized that Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapahoe were thick about us, like ants on a freshly-killed buffalo's hide. We were going to have a hard fight in a very bad place. "Before daybreak (3 o'clock) Three-stars was moving, with the Crows divided into parties ahead, and before the sun had been long in the sky we ran into the enemy. (June 17, 1876) I fell back to be with Three-stars, for the big fight I knew was on our hands. He stopped when he heard the first shots, (6:30 A.M., Finerty, p. 133) setting his men in position. This is the way I saw them: the pack-train was facing south, the walking-soldiers were among the bushes in the gulch, the horse-soldiers, afoot now, were facing east and north. There were two flags: one with the walking-soldiers and one with the horse-soldiers. (186) Everybody was ready for the trouble that was following us Crows as fast as it could. "We swung in between Three-stars and the advancing enemy, facing west and
a little north, with the Shoshones. Then, seeing that Three-stars was ready, we Indians charged the enemy, driving him back and breaking his line. But he divided and turned his ends around ours to get at Three-stars. When we saw this we turned back, with our wounded, because Three-stars needed us now. His horse-soldiers were backing up, leaving their position when we got there; but his walking-soldiers in the willows were holding their ground. Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapahoe were pressing them hard. I saw horse after horse go down and many a soldier go under, before the horse-soldiers began to run, so mixed up with Indians and plunging horses we dared not shoot that way. The enemy was clubbing the soldiers, striking them down, with but scattering shots speaking, when we charged.

"Our war-whoop, with the Shoshones! waked the Echo-people! We rode through them, over the body of one of Three-stars' chiefs who was shot through the face under his eyes, so that the flesh was pushed away from his broken bones. Our charge saved him from being finished and scalped."

The old Chief, clutching at his wrinkled face (167) to describe the officers' hideous wound, staggered against the wall, his husky voice trailing off into silence. I led him back to his chair, his face damp with perspiration. "We saved him," he murmured, accepting a pipe from Coyote-run's, "I do not know his name, or if he lived."

I was glad I knew the story of Crook's fight on the Rosebud. "He lived," I told him, "and the white man's history says that you saved him. His name was Guy V. Henry, a brave soldier and a good man. He was a little chief when you saved his life on the Rosebud, but he grew to be a head chief before he died."

"I am glad, very glad," he whispered. "I can tell a brave warrior when I see him," he smiled, "and that man was brave."

"The enemy fell back," he continued. "He was fighting desperately, but losing, when suddenly I felt my horse break in two behind me. His front part staggered, slid a little way, and then fell. A bullet had broken his back. I struck the ground hard, and I rolled myself away from the many wild hoofs around my head, the Sioux yelling in my ears. They thought they had me. I can hear them yet. They believed they were going to count coup on me, but I fooled them. (The Plains tribes deemed it the highest military honor that could be gained to strike a living and armed enemy on the battlefield. This ranked higher as a military honor than killing an enemy.)

"Discovering a hole in a ledge of rim-rock, I worked my way there as fast as I could. Bullets slapped the stone, and dust flew up around the (168) hole when I was going in. But I had kept my gun and did some good shooting from that hole in the rocks, until finally everybody got out of range. Then I crawled out to look for a horse to ride, and caught a fine bay with a black mane and tail.

"The Crows and Shoshones had now turned and were coming back, with the enemy pressing them very hard. I thought I had better try to reach the walking-soldiers, because I saw that we should all have to make a stand with them or lose the fight. But before I could get to them they began backing up. They were whipped and likely to run any time. While bullets were cutting the air around me, striking the ground, glancing to whine away, I made up my mind to ride for the walking-soldiers in the willows. I leaned low over my horse, lashing him to his best, till I felt him tremble like a leaf in the wind. Before I could even straighten myself on his back he went head first to the ground, dead. A bullet was in his heart. How the enemy did yell!

"I realized I was in a bad fix, but instantly I saw a gray horse with a saddle on his back. In less time than I am using to tell it was in that saddle and away. The horse was no good. I had to beat him to make him even walk. Yet if he had not been so slow and lazy, I suppose I might have been killed. A crow would not own such a horse as that Sioux gray.
"Just then I saw Alligator—stands-up, our war-chief, make the sign to form wings; so I turned with the nearest Crows. This was the end of the fight on the Rosebud. We Indians drove the enemy away down the creek."

Plenty-coups stopped to smoke, his face telling me his mind was busy with the events of that unfortunate day. I did not disturb him with questions, but myself reviewed my remembrances of the battle of the Rosebud, as set forth in our history. I found myself feeling astonished at the Chief's accuracy after so long a time. General Crock was whipped on the Rosebud, and the positions the troops occupied at the beginning of the battle were, I recollected, about as Plenty-coups had said. Waiving the old man's quite natural tendency to extol the importance of his people's part in the fight, his description of the day's action compares favorably with its written history. General Henry, then a captain, was shot exactly as described by Plenty-coups, and it is likewise true that if the Indians had not charged when they did he would have been killed and scalped. I was now certain there would be other historical details unfolded when the Chief should resume, and there were.

"The poor soldiers had suffered," he went on, laying the pipe on the floor. "They were whipped and wanted no more to do with Crazy-horse just then. I saw some strange sights that day. I met one soldier riding very fast with both his arms shot nearly off. They were hanging down like two strips of bloody meat.

"It was past midday when we began to help the soldiers pick up their wounded. I remember I wanted water, but though my tongue was like gravel on the dry ground in my mouth, I did not take the time to drink. There was too much to do for one to waste his time. We found many wounded soldiers in the bushes, and the dead horses I shall never forget. They were everywhere, often with wounded soldiers between them on the ground. I do not know how many men were killed or wounded, but there were a good many, and some of the wounded would die, I feared. We Crows had only one man killed, and he was not exactly a Crow. He was a Cree who had lived with us for years, so that we looked upon him as a Crow. (The plains tribes regarded losses by reason of killed in action as worse than defeat itself, and such losses would spoil any victory. Their idea of a great victory would be one accomplished with no losses, and horses stolen and coups counted on the enemy.) Three Crows and three Shoshones had been wounded in the fight on the Rosebud, but when we charged the enemy at the beginning of the battle seven Crows had been wounded, making ten disabled men, some of them badly shot. The Shoshones had been lucky. Not one had been killed. But there were more Crows in the fight to be shot at than there were Shoshones; so we had more chance to lose than they.

"I saw the soldiers do a foolish thing with that chief who had been shot in the face. The man was in bad shape, and to carry him away from the Rosebud they tied two poles between two mules and put the wounded chief on a blanket they had lashed to the poles. When the mules came to a steep hill the ropes broke and the mules ran away, pitching the suffering chief head-first down the hill. He did not complain at all. I liked that man. No Indian would have done such a thing with a badly wounded man. I should have liked to tell the soldiers how to handle their chief, but they did not ask me, so I had to keep still. (See Clifford's diary, supra, June 26, 1876, for account of removal of Reno's wounded by mule litter from the battle field on the Little Bighorn, and how the Crows took out one of their wounded on a travois.)"

"I believe it was late that afternoon, though it may have been next morning, that Three-stars started back to his village on Goose Creek, where he had left some of his soldiers and all his wagons. We shook hands, and then we Crows went on to our own village with our wounded, ten in number. We had ten enemy scalps, a good many horses, saddles, and blankets. Of course, most of the enemy dead had been carried away by their friends so
that we could not take their scalps. But we felt satisfied with what we had, and we still had plenty of ammunition for our guns, a thing we were always short of before we met those soldiers. We believed we had helped the white men and felt proud of it, but to this day the Government has paid us nothing for

(172) aiding Three-stars, who is probably dead now."

I felt glad of an interruption that came just here, although sorry the news brought was bad. An old warrior had passed away, and his son had come to tell the Chief. I wished to make a note that would remind me to look up the name of the man whose arms had been so badly torn by bullets. I remembered there had been such a man in the battle of the Rosebud. Later I found the written details. He was Bugler Snow, who had been sent out with dispatches by General Crook. The incident of General Henry having been thrown from the rude litter is also exactly true and may be read in the history of Crook's campaign.

There followed a short conversation between Coyote-runs, Plain-bull, and Plenty-coups, concerning the man who had just died. I began to be afraid the Chief would not continue telling his story, because of his respect for the dead man, which I knew was great. But he dismissed the messenger and resumed.

"The white men might have done a better job in their fights with our old enemies, the Sioux, the Cheyenne, and Arapahoe, if they had been more careful and had kept together better. Son-of-the-morning-star (General Custer) was wiped out because he did not wait for his friends to help him do a big job."

"Why do you believe this? Who told you that

(173) Son-of-the-morning-star (General Custer) should have waited for his friends before fighting?" I asked, to get his personal opinion of the bloody affair on the Little Bighorn.

"I have always believed it," he said, leaning toward me confidentially. "Nobody told me; nobody had to. Anybody would believe that way if he knew how things were around the Little Bighorn. I have always thought that The-other-one (General Terry) told Son-of-the-morning-star (General Custer) to look a little for Three-stars (general Crook), and that when he saw the enemy's trail he forgot, because he wished to fight. The-other-one (General Terry) must have known the country between him and Three-stars (General Crook) was alive with enemies. His Wolves (scouts) must have told him this, since any Wolf (scout) would know it. I have never been told so, but I believe the two dead horses that had iron on their hoofs, the dead horses the buzzards showed me on the Rosebud, had belonged to two Wolves (scouts) sent out by The-other-one (General Terry) to Three-stars (General Crook), and that these chiefs expected to fight together against the village on the Little Bighorn."

General Terry's orders to General Custer are well known and have never ceased to excite argument. Even Terry's supposed oral order, in bidding Custer farewell, has been the theme of many articles exalting and condemning General Custer's actions on the Little Bighorn, June 25, (174) 1876. I tried now to get the names of all the Crow scouts who went with Custer into the valley of the Little Bighorn, but could not.

"Of all those Crows who fought with Three-stars (general Crook), or went as Wolves (scouts) with Son-of-the-morning-star (General Custer), but fifteen are alive today," said Plenty-coups. "It is not good to speak their names, or I would tell them to you."

Then he changed the subject. "I lost two good horses with Three-stars (general Crook) on the Rosebud," he said, "and after the fight had trouble to keep any horses even here. The Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapahoe needed horses very badly, and almost every night they came here to steal some of ours. We killed two of the thieves on Dog-head, but withal we had a good time while our enemies were having a heap of bad luck."
"I have forgotten the number of days after Three-stars (General Crook) fought on the Rosebud that the men who had gone away as Wolves (scouts) with The-other-one (General Terry) and Son-of-the-morning-star (General Custer) came back to our village. We at first believed them Sioux, and a party of young warriors went out to meet them and give them battle. Quickly we saw that Half-yellow-face and White-swan were not with them, and asked about them.

White-swan had been so badly wounded on the Little Bighorn that the white soldiers had taken him away on a steamboat, and Half-yellow-face, refusing to leave him, had gone too. When finally Half-yellow-face came back to us, I learned what he saw on the Little Bighorn. He had at first been with Son-of-the-morning-star (General Custer) but at last, when the soldiers divided, he had been with another chief (Major Reno). He told me that Hairy-moccasin, a Crow Wolf (scout), had first discovered the big enemy village and told Son-of-the-morning-star (General Custer), and that he, Half-yellow-face, had then tried to stop Son-of-the-morning-star (General Custer) from attacking it. He said that when the soldier-chief gave the order that divided his men, he had spoken to him, through an interpreter, saying, 'Do not divide your men. There are too many of the enemy for us, even if we all stay together. If you must fight, keep us all together.' He said Son-of-the-morning-star had not liked those words and that he had replied, 'You do the scouting, and I will attend to the fighting.'

As soon as the soldiers had begun to separate into bands, as they had been ordered, Half-yellow-face had stripped and painted his face. 'Why are you doing all this?' Son-of-the-morning-star (General Custer) had asked. 'Because you and I are going home today, and by a trail that is strange to us both,' Half-yellow-face had answered. It was then that Son-of-the-morning-star (General Custer) sent Half-yellow-face with that other chief (Major Reno).

"He would have been killed if he had not been sent with that other chief, but as it was he and the others had a very hard time. It was Half-yellow-face and White-swan who led many of that other chief's men into a safe place among the bushes. And it was they who, when at last night came, showed these soldiers where they could creep away and cross the Little Bighorn to reach the chief who was on the hills with the rest of his men. Half-yellow-face and White-swan, who was badly shot, stayed in those bushes with the wounded white soldiers until The-other-one (General Terry) came and relieved them all, two days after Son-of-the-morning-star (General Custer) had been wiped out.

"It was now that we learned Son-of-the-morning-star (General Custer) had gone to his Father, and that all his horse-soldiers had gone with him. He had died fighting, as a warrior should, and there were two mortal wounds in his body. He had been foolish to attack so great a village alone, but he had been too brave to take his own life, like a coward.

"We knew even at this time that Curley, who had been with Son-of-the-morning-star (General Custer), had got away from the soldiers before the fighting started on the Little Bighorn, and that he had gone back to the battle ground with The-other-one (General Terry). The white soldiers had been unlucky, but just the same they had broken the backs of our worst enemies. And we believed we had helped them (177) do it. We could now sleep without expecting to be routed out to fight very early, and this was the first time I had ever known such a condition. I am tired. Will you come again in the morning?"

The watch was presented to Praid-e-scalp-lock, who said it was five o'clock; and I therefore left for my quarters, thinking particularly of the short and significant conversation between General Custer and Half-yellow-face, which the old Chief had repeated.
(243) A short time after the battle of the Rosebud, Gen. Crook got dispatches ordering him to await the arrival of reinforcements (the Fifth Cavalry). In the meantime the command moved up the Little Goose creek close to the Big Horn range. Our Snake or Shoshone Indians had left us, so that we were without any Indian allies whatever. There was not much going on for awhile. Gen Crook spent most of his time in the mountains hunting. While the General was up in the mountains hunting, I was out riding around the country trying to find some traces of hostile Indians; and one day, happening to be up on the mountains, I saw some Indian down on the divide between the Rosebud and Little Big Horn. These signals were to the effect that the Indians and troops were fighting, and the Indians had the best of it. This was between 9 and 10 o'clock in the morning. (June 35 or 36, 1876) Getting on my horse and going down into camp, I told the officers that the Indians were having a fight - I supposed with the troops - and had got way the best of them. The officers had never heard of Indian signals, and didn't suppose such things were in existence.

(244) They laughed at the idea of Indians having smoke signals; hardly crediting my statement. It made me a little bit out of temper the way they talked about it, and I told them that I would prove to them I was right. I saddled up my horse and started for where the signals had been given, reaching what at first seemed to be the trail of troops on the divide between the Rosebud and Little Big Horn just about dark on the night of June 25th, and soon found that troops had been along there. I started to follow up the trail, which led down a creek. In following up the trail, it led me almost to the mouth of the creek where it empties into the Little Big Horn, then turning off to the right, traveling along parallel to the creek and back into the bluffs. I found out afterwards that Custer and Reno had separated there where the trail left this creek, but not knowing this at the time, I could only follow the plainest trail I could find. I followed the trail out where the Custer command had tried to cross the Little Big Horn, out again, and went still further down the creek, but away from it. It was just 11 o'clock at night when I got to this place. I must have passed close to where Reno's command was entrenched, but did not know it. It was very dark and I could not see things plainly. It was cloudy and trying to rain; in fact, a few big drops of rain did fall.

The first intimation I had of getting onto the battlefield was when my horse got scared at something lying in the trail ahead of me, and I could not get him to pass it. I was riding an animal that did not usually scare at anything - a jet black beauty that Gen. Crook had given (245) me. Getting off the horse and stooping down, so that I could feel along with my hands, I came in contact with some object. I did not know what it was, so I commenced examining it, when I found that I had my hand on the head of a man who had been scalped. Well, of course, I cannot exactly tell the feelings I did have; but I got onto my horse pretty quickly after I found out what it had frightened at. I was going on to a kind of divide - on to the main divide. It seemed as though the soldiers had tried to reach a main divide from there, and I thought by taking down the ridge I would avoid any more such horrible objects, such as I had found on the lower ridge; but instead of that I got right into the midst of the dead, and was forced to follow the ridge all the way down. It seemed to me for a long time - I could not see them, but could tell by the way my horse acted - that I was traveling amongst dead people all the way down the ridge. I don't think I was over ten minutes riding down the ridge, but it seemed quite awhile before I could get away.

Finally I did get up through them, and went down and crossed the Little Big Horn to the other side onto the high lands, then turned and followed up the river, but keeping away in order to find the Indian trail, if possible.
It was along toward morning before I found the trail leading up the Little Big Horn towards the mountains. Following that up and keeping off the main trail, I could hear the Indians traveling backwards and forwards, but could not see them. I heard no firing of guns. Reaching the outskirts of the Indian camp on Pass creek at the mouth of Twin creek on the Big Flat, I arrived at their main camp close to daybreak. Riding around from the lower end to the upper end, and keeping away from the lodges, I found an old Indian driving up his ponies, or herding them, rather.

I rode up to him for the purpose of finding out, if I could, what had been the result of the battle I knew had so recently occurred. I was dressed up as an Indian, and had a blanket over me, so the old fellow could not tell who or what I was. As soon as I commenced talking to him in the Sioux tongue, he asked me who I was. I told him that I was Sitting Bull's brother; (Grouard had been captured by Sitting Bull and adopted by him, and had lived over 18 months in the camp of Sitting Bull, who knew him as Standing Bear. His Sioux nickname was Grabber, as the bear is said to grab its prey and hug it close to its body.) Grouard's father was French and his mother a Tahitian, and he was born in Tahiti, and brought by his father to San Francisco as a boy. He was dark skinned) that I was looking for my horse; that I had been out on a scout and had not seen the fight, as I had just got back that evening. He suspicioned me of not being what I said I was, and tried to find out who I was by getting up close to me, and I saw I could not get any information out of him. It was then daybreak, and on his asking me again who I was, I told him that they had always called me the "Grabber" That was the nickname the Indians had for me when I was among them.

Quick as he heard who I was, the old man gave one yell and about two jumps, and was across on the other side of the creek halloing that the troops were on them. (Grouard, believing Sitting Bull planned his death, escaped from the Sioux camp, where he had been captive and adopted brother of Sitting Bull, and later joined the United States forces as a scout. This was well known to the Sioux) Well, by this time the whole camp was in commotion. I had started back toward Tongue river on a pretty good gallop. I got quite a distance - five or six miles, I guess - before any of them came in sight, and by that time it was broad daylight. (June 26, 1876) I had such a start of them that they could not catch me. They ran me clear back to Tongue river - a distance of forty miles. Not being able to overtake me, they gave up the chase. After they left me I was so tired out that when I got over on Soldier creek I went into the brush, unsaddled my horse and went to sleep. I must have slept there all that night until the next morning between 10 and 11 o'clock. (June 27, 1876)

When I woke up I could hear Indians talking. Crawling out so that I could see what was going on, I discovered that quite a large scouting party had camped right in below me - not over five hundred yards from where I was resting. For fear they might run across me or see me I led my horse into the brush, threw him down, tied his feet so that he could not get up and went off to the best hiding place I could find and stayed there until after dark. Then, everything being safe, I untied my horse, saddled him up and started to get out of there as quietly as I could. I reached the command about 6 o'clock the next day. (June 28, 1876) The command had received rumors of the Custer massacre just before I got back. (Finerty, War Path and Bivouac, p. 151, says news was received on June 30 of the Custer fight)