236 The whooping was persistent, but the Indian voice is less hoarse than the Caucasian, and has a sort of wolfish bark to it, * doubtless the result of heredity, because the Indians, for untold ages, have been imitators of the vocal characteristics of the prairie wolf. The absence of the very heavy losses in this combat goes far to prove the wisdom of the Indian method of fighting.

Finally the Sioux on the right, hearing the yelping and firing of the rival tribes, came up in great numbers, and our Indians, carefully picking up their wounded, and making their unwounded horses carry double, began to draw off in good order. Sergeant Van Moll was left alone on foot. A dozen Sioux dashed at him. Major Randall and Lieutenant Bourke, who had probably not noticed him in the general melee, but who, in the crisis, recognized his stature and his danger, turned their horses to rush to his rescue. They called on the Indians to follow them. One small, misshapen Crow warrior, mounted on a fleet pony, outstripped all others. He dashed boldly in among the Sioux against whom Van Moll was dauntlessly defending himself, seized the big Sergeant by the shoulder and motioned him to jump up behind. The Sioux were too astonished to realize what had been done until they saw the long-legged Sergeant, mounted behind the little Crow, known as "Humpy" dash towards our lines like the wind. Then they opened fire, but we opened also, and compelled them to seek higher ground. The whole line of our battalion cheered "Humpy" and Van Moll as they passed us on the home-stretch. There were no insects on them, either.

237 In order to check the insolence of the Sioux, we were compelled to drove them from the third ridge. Our * ground was more favorable for quick movements than that occupied by Royall, who found much difficulty in forcing the savages in his front--mostly the flower of the brave Cheyenne tribe, to retire. One portion of his line, under Captain Vroom, pushed out beyond its supports, deceived by the rugged character of the ground and suffered quite severely. In fact the Indians got between it and the main body and nothing but the coolness of its commander and the skillful management of Colonels Royall and Henry saved Troop L of the Third Cavalry from annihilation on that day. Lieutenant Morton, one of Colonel Royall's aids, Captain Andrews and Lieutenant Foster of Troop I, since dead, particularly distinguished themselves in extricating Vroom from his perilous position.

In repelling the audacious charge of the Cheyennes upon his battalion, the undaunted Col. Henry, one of the most accomplished officers in the army, was struc, by a bullet, which passed through both cheek bones, broke the bridge of his nose and destroyed the optic nerve of one eye. His orderly, in attempting to assist him, was also wounded, but temporarily blinded as he was, and throwing blood from his mouth by the handful, Henry sat his horse for several minutes in front of the enemy. He finally fell to the ground, and, as that portion of our line, discouraged by the fall of so brave a chief, gave ground a little, the Sioux charged over his prostrate body, but were speedily repelled, and he was happily rescued by some soldiers of his command. *

238 Several hours later, when returning from the pursuit of the hostiles, I saw Col. Henry lying on a blanket, his face covered with a bloody cloth, around which the summer flies were buzzing fiercely, and a soldier keeping the wounded man's horse standing in such a position as to throw the animal's shadow on the gallant sufferer. There was absolutely no other shadow in that neighborhood. When I ventured to condole with the Colonel he merely said, in a low but firm voice, "It is nothing. For this are we soldiers!" and forthwith he did me the honor of advising me to join the army. Col. Henry's sufferings, when our retrograde movement began, and, in fact, until--after a jolting journey of several hundred miles, by mule and wagon--he reached Fort Russell, were horrible, as were, indeed those of all the wounded.

As the day advanced, Gen. Crook became tired of the indecisiveness