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The Vanishing Race.

by Joseph K. Dixon

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The Story of Chief Runs-The-~~THE~~Enemy. - Sioux Leader.

I fought at the Custer fight with a band of one hundred and thirty Two-Cattle Sioux under me. With the bravery and success I had had in former battles, I was able to command the force at this fight. We were encamped for two days in the valley of the Little Big Horn. The third day we were going to break camp and move farther along, but the old men went through the camp saying they were going to stay there still another day. After the cry had gone through the camp that

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we were to remain, the horses were all turned loose and were feeding on the hills north and west and south, and we were resting in camp. Everything was quiet. I went over to the big teepee where there were several leading men ~~smoking~~, and we were sitting there talking and smoking. About ten o'clock a band of Sioux, who had been visiting the camp and had gone home, came rushing back with the tidings that the soldiers were coming. We could hardly believe that the soldiers were so near, and we were not very much depressed because of the report for two reasons: the soldiers had gone back to Wyoming, and we did not think they were near enough to attack us; and from the history of ~~our tribe~~ all our tribe, away back for generations, it had never been known that soldiers or Indians had attacked a Sioux camp in the day time; they had always waited for night to come. And still we sat there smoking. In a short time we heard the report of rifles, and bullets whizzed through the camp from the other side of the river. I left my pipe and ran as hard as I could, as did all the others, to our tents. As I ran to my tent there was a scream ran through the camp: "The soldiers are here! The soldiers are here!" The Indians who were herding the horses on the hill rushed to the camp with the horses, and the dust raised just like smoke. When I got to my tent the men who were herding the horses had got the horses there, and they were screaming. I grabbed my

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gun and cartridge belt, and the noise and confusion was so great that we did not know what we were doing. The women were ~~running~~ running to the hills, and my heart was mad. The guns were still firing in the upper part of the camp. I did not have time to put on my war-bonnet; I jumped on the horse I had and made a pull for where the firing was. The first thing I saw when I got to the battle line was a horse with a bridle on with the lines hanging down, and a dead Sioux. When I got to the line of battle - I thought I was quick, but I found a lot of Sioux already there - they were rushing on up the hill. We were all naked, and the soldiers with their pack saddles and their uniforms on and their black horses looked like great big buffalo. The Sioux were all riding up the hill. We saw one lone Indian on the hill going down toward the soldiers, and the river. We could not see him as he came down the hill, but we could see the smoke coming from under his horse's head, and we all thought that he was going to make a charge on the soldiers, and we all charged. It seemed as though that one Indian had the attention of all the soldiers, and