

"After the fight was over we gathered in the river bottom and cut willow sticks, then some Indians were delegated to go and throw down a stick wherever they found a dead soldier, and then they were ordered to pick up the sticks again, and in this way we counted the number of dead. It was about six times we had to cut willow sticks, because we kept finding men all along the ridge. We counted four hundred and eighty-eight without sticks along the ridge. We were trying to count the

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dead there in the valley when General Terry came up from the other side, and we fled away. After the battle was over the Indians made a circle all over the ridges and around through the valley to see if they could find any more soldiers, as they were determined to kill every one. The next morning after the fight we went up behind the Reno field and camped at Black Lodge River. We then followed the Black Lodge River until we came back to the Little Big Horn again. Then we camped at the Little Big Horn, moving our camp constantly, fearing pursuit by the soldiers.

"Before the Custer fight we went over on Tongue River and found a camp of soldiers. We rushed upon them and took all their horses away, and the soldiers ran into the brush. We knew there would be other soldiers after us; we knew about where they were, and we felt they would pursue us. At Powder River the soldiers attacked our camp and destroyed everything, and that made us mad. When the soldiers came after us, on the day of the Custer fight, we were ready to kill them all. The soldiers were after us all the time, and we had to fight."

The lonely stretches of prairie, the lonelier graves, the pathetic remnant of Red Men-victors on this field-the hollow silence of these dreary hill slopes, the imperishable valour of two hundred and seventy-seven men who laid down their

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lives on a blood-red altar, until the one lone figure of the great captain lifted his unavailing sword against a howling horde of savage warriors-glittering for a moment in the June sunlight, then falling to the earth baptized in blood-is the solemn picture to forever hang in the nation's gallery of battles.