

many Indians, who had the advantage of being afoot, and / <sup>74</sup> protected by heavy timber and dense underbrush, while the soldiers had to advance, mounted, in plain view of the Indians, across an open field of ice.

"Quick! Mount and go!" said I. "You must reach your camp before these soldiers are within rifle range, and no matter what happens, don't you allow one of your warriors to lift a gun! And as soon as possible, display a white flag, and surrender. I will take you to Buford, nevertheless." He threw himself on to the back of the beautiful black pony and was away with the swiftness of a deer. Calling Patriarch Crow, who had been standing a little way off, I climbed with him to the top of the trader's store, from which point we could watch the movement of the troops, and had a plain view of the timber in which the Indians were encamped. Our interest was centered on the movements of Chief Gall, for everything depended on his ability to reach the camp, which was only <sup>75</sup> / about a mile and a half distant, before the Indians were aroused by the approach of the troops. Fortunately for the troops, he got there in time, but none too soon, for he had no sooner disappeared in the timber that hid the camp, than the troops formed in line of battle, wheeled the two pieces of artillery into position, and without making any attempt whatever to hold a parly with the Indians, with a view to a peaceful surrender, immediately opened fire on the camp, firing volley after volley into the camp, from the small arms, and at the same time shelling the woods with the field pieces. I have never ceased to wonder at the almost superhuman power exerted by Chief Gall over his people, which enabled him to hold them from returning the attack, and I wonder more that he restrained himself; but he is a man of strong determination, and having made up his mind to quit the war path, nothing could turn him from his purpose.