

soldiers killed. It was right after Henry was shot that I went over to where Gen. Crook was. There were no aids there with him, so he told me to go down and tell Capt. Mills to drive the Indians out of the Rosebud canyon. I went down and carried the order to Mills. It was but a short time afterwards that one of the aids came to me and said the General wanted to see me. When I got to Crook, he said:

"I am going to move down the Rosebud canyon, and want you to go with two battalions as far as you can down the defile and find out whether the village is at the other end of the canyon or not."

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I went down the canyon with the two battalions. After getting down into the rocky pass, and seeing what was going on amongst the Indians, I became convinced they would not attack us; would not pay any attention to a detachment when they wanted the entire command. I was aware of this as quick as I got in there. They wanted to draw the entire command down into this canyon and massacre every soul in it. I had not been in the canyon twenty minutes before I knew what was going on. The canyon rose to a height of one thousand feet on both sides of us. The Indians had all of this fortified. I had got almost through the canyon with the two companies when an aide-de-camp (col. Nickerson) overtook us. The Indians had tried so hard to draw the command down into the canyon that the General thought it was a fresh attack made, and wanted the two battalions to come back to the field and take the Indians in the rear-- wanted us to come up in behind them. So, going up into the right of the canyon on the north side, we attempted to come in behind the redskins. But the Indians were watching all our movements, and before we could get in behind them they had drawn off.

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("Subsequent investigation shows what an awful fate we escaped by obeying Crook's order to file out of the trap by our left flank. Immense piles of felled trees in our path and on the sides of that savage ravine showed where the Sioux had lain in ambush for our approach. Half a mile further on, and not a man of our battalion would have come out alive. The five companies of the Second, following to support us (the Third Cavalry) * would have been massacred without fail, for there was no room to deploy or rally. The Indians held the timber barricades in front and flank. They would have closed upon our unguarded rear, and another horror would have been added to the long and ghastly catalogue of Indian-American warfare. However, a miss is as good as a mile, and we felt duly thankful that we escaped being the awful example of that unfortunate campaign." --Finerty's warpath and Divorce.

"In one word," says Capt. Bourke in his "on the Border with Crook," The battle of the Rosebud was a trap, and Crazy Horse, the leader in command here, as at the Muster massacre a week later, was satisfied he was going to have everything his own way. He stated afterwards when he had surrendered to General Crook at the agency (Red Cloud) that he had no less than six thousand five hundred men in the fight, and that the first attack was made with fifteen hundred, the others being concealed behind the bluffs and hills. His plan of battle was either to lead detachments in pursuit of his people, and turning quickly cut them to pieces in detail, or withdraw the whole of Crook's forces down into the Canyon of the Rosebud, whence escape would have been impossible, as it formed a veritable cul de sac, the vertical walls hemming in the sides, the front being closed by a dam and abatis of broken timber which gave a depth of ten feet of water and mud, the rear, of course, to be shut off by thousands of yelling, murderous Sioux and Cheyennes. That was the Sioux programme, as learned, that day, or afterwards at the agencies from the surrendered hostiles in the spring of the following year."

Propaganda