

of them. The next morning we started back to the wagon train. Starting upthe Rosebud, we camped at the head of it. After we had been in camp sometime the Crow allies got stampeded for some cause, drove in their ponies, saddled them up and left us, starting back for their village taking their wounded along with them. Breaking camp next morning, we reached the wagon train the same evening, and the sagon train and a large escent of troops were sent back to Fetterman for supplies.

(Finerty, the Chicago Times war correspondent, who in common with the soldiers shared all the dangers of the campaign, entered into the battles with all the spirit of a free lance, and had many narrow escapes from capture and death, still "kept one eye opin" as a newspaper correspondent. He missed little of detail and lost nothing of the horrors or humor of battle. I here quote (With his permission) from his worderful volume (Warpath and Bivouzc) some portions of his account of the battle of the Rosebud:

Gen. Crook divined that the Indian force before him was a strong body—not less perhaps than 2,500 warriors—sent out to make a rear guard fight, so as to cover the retreat of their village, which was situated at the other end of the canyon. He detached Troop I of the Third Cavalry, Capt. Andrews and Lieut. Foster, from Hills to Henry, after the former had taken the first line of heights. He reinforced our line with the friendly Indians, who seemed to be partially stampeded, and brought up the whole of the Second Cavalry withintsupporting distance. The Sioux, having rallied on the second line of heights, became bold and impudent again. They rode up and down rapidly, sometimes wheeling in circles, slapping an indelicate portion of their persons at us, and beckoning us to come on.

One chief, probably the late lamented Grazy Horse, directed their movements by signals made with a pocket mirror or some other reflector. Under Grook's orders, our whole line remounted, and, after another rapid change, we became masters of the second crest. Then we got there, another just like it rose on the other side of the valley. There, too, were the savages, as fewsh, apparently, as ever. We diamounted accordingly, and the firing began again. It was evident that the weight of the firing was shifted from our front, of which haj. Evans had general command, to our left where hoyall and Henry cheered on their men. Still the enemy were thick enough of the third crest, and Colonel Hills, who had active charge of our operations, wished to dislodge them. The volume of fire rapid and ever increasing, came from our*left. The wind freshened from the west, and we could hear the uproar distinctly.

Soon, however, the restless for dame back upon us, apparently reinforced. He made a vigorous push down our center down some rocky navines, which gave him good cover. Just then a tremendous yell arose behind us, and along through the intervals of our battalions came the tabultuous array or the Grow and Shoshone Indians, rellied and led back to action by Maj. George M. Randell and Tientenant J John W. Bourke, of General Brook's staff. Orderly Sergeant John Van Moll, of Troop A, Mills' battalion, a brave and digantic soldier, who was subsequently basely mordered by a drunken mutineer of his company, dashed forward on foot with them. The two bodies of savages, all stripped to the Freech-clout, moccasins and war bonnet, came together in the trough of the valley, the Sioux having descended to meet our allies with right good will. All, except Tergeant Van Moll, were mounted Then began a most exciting encounter. The wild fremen, covering themselves with their horses, while going at full speed, blazed away rapidly, Our regulars did not fire, because it would have been sure death to the friendly Indians, who were barely distinguishable by a red badge which they carried. Horses fell dead by the score-they were heaped there when the fight closed--but, strange to relate, the casualties among the warriors, including both sides, did not certainly exceet five and twenty.