

were stretched out as if they had been cut down by a gigantic mowing machine. The defenders of the corral had suffered in their turn. Lieutenant Jenness, brave and earnest in defense, had exposed himself to give a necessary command and had received a bullet in his brain. One of the private soldiers had been killed and two severely wounded. The thirty-two had been reduced to twenty-eight. At that rate, since there were so few to suffer, / <sup>378</sup> the end appeared inevitable. The spirit of the little band, however, remained undaunted. Fortunately for them the Indians had met with such a terrible repulse that all they thought of for the time being was to get out of range. The vicinity of the corral was thus at once abandoned.

"Red Cloud determined, after consultation with the other chiefs, upon another plan, which gave greater promise of success. Seven hundred Indians armed with rifles and muskets, and followed by a number carrying bows and arrows, were told off to prepare themselves as a skirmishing party. Their preparation was simple, and consisted in denuding themselves of vestige of clothing, including their war shirts and war bonnets. These men were directed to creep forward, taking advantage of every depression, ravine or other cover, until they were within range of the corral, which they were to overwhelm by gun and rifle fire. Supporting them, and intended to constitute the main attack, was the whole remaining body of Indians, numbering upwards of 2,000 warriors. With the wonderful skill of which they were possessed, the skirmishing party approached near to the corral and began to fire upon it. Here and there when a savage incautiously exposed himself he was shot by one of the defenders, but in the main the people of the corral kept silent under this terrible fusillade of bullets and arrows. The tops of the wagon sides were literally torn to pieces, the heavy blankets were filled with arrows, which, shot from a distance, did no damage. The fire of the Indians was rapid and continuous. The bullets crashed into the wood just over the heads of the prostrate men, sounding like crackling thunder, yet not one man in the wagon beds was hurt. Arguing perhaps, from the silence in the corral, that the defenders had been overwhelmed and that the time for the grand attack