

contemplate, they made no less than six several and distinct charges in three hours upon that little band. After the first attack made by the men on horseback, not a single casualty occurred among the defenders of the corral. It was after noon before the Indians got enough. They could not account for this sustained and frightful fire which came from the little fort except by attributing it to magic. 'The white man must have made bad medicine,' they said afterwards, before they learned the secret of the long range breech-loading firearms, 'to make the guns fire themselves without loading.' Indeed, such had been the rapidity of the fire that many of the <sup>380</sup> gun barrels became so hot that they were rendered useless. To this day the Indian refer to that battle as the bad medicine fight of the white men.

"The ground around the corral was ringed with Indian slain. Red Cloud, recognizing the complete frustration at that time of his hopes of overwhelming Fort Phil Kearney and sweeping the invaders out of the land, now wished only to get his dead away and retreat. In order to do this he threw his skirmishers forward again, who once more poured a heavy fire upon the corral. This seemed to Powell and his exhausted men the precursor of the final attack, which they feared would be their end. Indeed, Powell says in his report that another attack must have been successful. From the heat and the frightful strain of the long period of steady fighting the men were in a critical condition, and the ammunition, inexhaustible as it had seemed, was running low. Many of the rifles were useless. They still preserved, however, a calm, unbroken front to the foe. Red Cloud, however, had no thought of again attacking. He wanted only to get away. Under cover of his skirmishers he succeeded in carrying off most of the dead, the wounded who were able to crawl getting away themselves. A warrior, protecting himself as well as he could with the stout buffalo shield which he carried, would creep forward, attach the end of a long lariat to the foot of a dead man, and then rapidly retreating, would pull the dead body away. All the while the hills and mountains resounded with the death chants of the old men and women.

"In the midst of these operations a shell burst in the midst of the Indian skirmishers, and through the trees off to the left the weary defenders saw the blue