

of sight of where we stand. His trail is all that is left to tell the story of his route, for no white man of all those who accompanied him has since been seen alive. To us who stand upon the ground, and make these observations, his fate is still a matter of doubt, and is now to be solved. One of Colonel Reno's companies is mounted and started for the scene of Custer's fight. It leaves our position, and winding along the rolling hills, ascends the high ground to the right of the high peak, and disappears beyond, just as Custer's command would have vanished probably from the sight of an observer standing where we are now.

Whilst this company is away we are busy preparing to remove the wounded down from the hot, dusty hill where they are lying to my camp, where they will be more comfortable and can be better cared for.

After being absent a couple of hours the detached company is seen winding its way back, and as it approaches we all collect round General Terry to hear the report of its gray haired captain, who won such praises by his indomitable bearing in the fight. He comes forward, dismounts, and in a low, very quiet voice, tells his story. He had followed Custer's trail to the battle opposite the main body of the Indian camp, and amid the rolling hills which borders the river-bank on the north. As he approached the ground scattered bodies of men and horses were found, growing more numerous as he advanced. In the midst of the field a long *backbone* ran out obliquely back from the river, rising very gradually until it terminated in a little knoll which commanded a view of all the surrounding ground, and of the Indian camp-ground beyond the river. On each side of this backbone, and sometimes on top of it, dead men and horses were scattered along. These became more numerous as the terminating knoll was reached ; and