

Moore's and Mills's battalions got within supporting distance, and finding things getting very hot, formed his line in some high willows on the south side of the camp, from which point he poured in rapid volleys upon the Indians. Up to this time the Indians supposed that one company was all they had to contend with, but when the other battalions appeared, rapidly advancing, deployed as skirmishers, and pouring in a galling fire of musketry, they broke on all sides and took refuge in the rocks along the side of the mountain. The camp, consisting of 110 lodges, with immense quantities of robes, fresh meat, and plunder of all kinds, with over 700 head of horses, was in our possession. The work of burning began immediately, and soon the whole encampment was in flames. Large quantities of ammunition, especially powder, were stored in the tepees, and explosions followed the burning of every tent. The camp was well supplied with bedding, cooking utensils and clothing, all from Red Cloud Agency, while fixed ammunition, percussion caps, lead and powder were in great abundance. While the work of demolition was going on under the direction of General Reynolds, the Indians poured in a well-directed fire from the sides of the mountain and from every available hiding-place. Not satisfied with this, they made a determined attack on the troops about noon, with a view to regaining possession of the camp. Captain Mills, who had charge of the skirmish line, perceived their movement, and asked for additional men. These were sent in promptly from Egan's, Noyes's, Lieutenant J. B. Johnson's, Lieutenant Rawlins's, and Captain Moore's companies, and the attack was quickly and handsomely repulsed, the Indians retiring in disorder. After the work of destruction had been completed, the withdrawal of the troops began, Lieutenant C. T. Hall, 2d Cavalry, drawing in the last line of skirmishers, and the whole command moved rapidly up the river, 20 miles, to the mouth of Lodgepole Creek, where it went into camp, after two days and one night of constant marching.

The camp attacked was that of Crazy Horse, who is chief of the only remaining band of Ogalalla Sioux now openly hostile. The usual estimate employed in numbering Indians is seven persons to a lodge or tepee. This would give over 700 Indians in the encampment, but there did not seem to be over 500 in this one. Probably several war parties were out on plundering expeditions at the time of the attack. What the Indian loss was could not be ascertained, but about 30 were killed near the camp, and doubtless many more fell under the sharpshooting of the troops. Our casualties were as follows:

KILLED.

Sergeant Peter Dowdy, Co. E, 3d Cavalry.
Private George Schneider, Co. K, 2d Cavalry.
Private Michael McCammon, Co. F, 3d Cavalry.
Private George E. Ayres, Co. M, 3d Cavalry.

WOUNDED.

Artificer Patrick Goings, Co. K, 2d Cavalry, flesh wound, left shoulder, slightly.
Private Edward Egan, Co. K, 2d Cavalry, right lower part of chest, dangerously.
Private John Droege, Co. K, 2d Cavalry, through left arm.
Corporal John Lang, Co. E, 2d Cavalry, through right ankle.
Sergeant Chas. Kaminski, Co. M, 3d Cavalry, left knee, slightly.
Lieutenant Bourke, Mr. Strahorn, and

Hospital Steward W. C. Bryan went with Egan on the charge, and behaved with decided gallantry. The last named had a horse killed under him, and Lieutenant Bourke had his bridle rein shot away. Captain Egan's horse was shot through the neck, and most of the horses in his company were wounded, and nearly every man had bullet holes through clothing or equipments. Lieutenant Bourke and Mr. Strahorn were conspicuous for their coolness and courage throughout the engagement.

After the fighting was over the troops marched rapidly up the river to the mouth of Lodgepole Creek. This point was reached at nightfall by all except Moore's battalion and Captain Egan's company. Company E, 2d Cavalry, was the rear guard, and assisted Major Stanton and the scouts in bringing up the herd of horses. Many of these were shot on the road, and the remainder reached camp about 9 p.m. The troops had been in the saddle for 36 hours, with the exception of five hours during which they were fighting, and all officers, and men, were much exhausted. The horses had no grazing, and began to show signs of complete exhaustion. Upon arriving at Lodgepole, it was found that General Crook and the other four companies and pack-train had not arrived, so that everybody was supperless and without a blanket. The night, therefore, was not a cheerful one, but not a murmur was heard. The wounded men lay upon the snow or leaned against a tree, and slept as best they could on so cold a night.

Owing to some misunderstanding, our four dead men were left on the field to be mutilated by the Indians. How this occurred is not fully explained, and may be the subject of investigation. These men could have been removed easily, but they were not, and that they were not caused a great deal of dissatisfaction among the troops.

Saturday at noon General Crook and the remainder of the command arrived. In the meantime a portion of the herd of ponies had straggled into the ravines, and fallen into the hands of the Indians. The village was very rich in plunder—the accumulations of a great many stealing expeditions. This was all effectually destroyed, not enough being left to make a respectable bed for a pappoose.

It does not seem probable that there are half as many hostile Indians in this northern country as the War Department has supposed. For nearly two weeks this command has been marching through the best part of the whole unceded Sioux lands, and it has not seen 1,000 Indians in all. I doubt if there are 3,000 hostile people south of the Missouri and east of the Big Horn Mountains. Other military expeditions will soon follow this one, and in the end all these tribes will be glad to take agency rations, poor and insufficient as they generally are, for the rest of their days.

The scene of this engagement is on the left bank of the main Powder River, about 55 miles north of old Fort Reno, very near the southern boundary of Montana. This region is terribly rough and sterile, and only the narrow river bed, running deep down in the canyons, affords water and limited pasturage. The country has no attractions for a civilized man, and can offer nothing in mitigation of its general sterility and worthlessness. I must decidedly agree with General Hazen in his view of the barrenness and utterly valueless character of this whole region of country, in respect to its adaptability to agricultural and pastoral uses. As a fastness for a few wretched Indians it has its advantages. Even these can only live in it by stealing from the frontiers and the agencies,

To rely upon game would be to embrace starvation, for there is very little to be found.

It is hardly proper to close this sketch of the engagement without referring more particularly to those causes which prevented its complete success. First among these was the failure of Captain Moore's battalion to reach the position assigned it in the rear of the village, or a point covering the rear, before the charge was made by Captain Egan. This failure allowed the Indians to make good their escape to the rocky fastnesses of the mountains overlooking the valley, from which they subsequently poured in a galling fire upon our troops. Moore's battalion was a strong one in number, and needed only to be led to the front where it could be effective to do good service. When it was discovered that the battalion would not be at the place assigned it, and that its commander did not apparently intend to put it there, Major Stanton and Lieut. Sibley, with five men, left it and went on, taking up the position which the battalion should have occupied and gave the flying savages the best enfilading fire they could. But they were too few to prevent the escape of the Indians. This was the first serious blunder. The next was that after the herd of ponies, numbering over 700, had been captured, driven twenty miles from the scene of action, and turned over to General Reynolds, commanding the troops, he failed to place a guard around them, so that the greater portion of them strayed off during the night, and were picked up by the Indians. Furthermore, there were large quantities of buffalo meat and venison in the village, which Gen. Crook had directed, in case of capture, to be brought out for the use of the troops, who were on half rations of fresh meat. This was not done, and as a result, the soldiers have had no fresh meat except ponies since that time."

The following rich morceau we clip from the *Irish World* of New York. Our contemporary is mistaken (*unintentionally of course*) when he says there is no British soldiers in Canada—there is still a garrison of Imperial troops at Halifax, N.S. But the removal of British troops from Canada is not the reason why the Fenians don't attack Canada—on the two former occasions that they invaded this country, they received so warm a reception from the loyal Volunteers, that there is little fear of their making a third attempt. The *Irish World* knows full well that the people of Canada are loyal to the heart's core, to the mother country, and are ready at any moment to rally in her defence against all her enemies—whether they be Fenian or American sympathisers:—

"Ireland has a score to settle with England; but as Canada is not a party to the quarrel, and as O'Donovan Rossa and his skirmishers intend to do nothing wanton, Canadians should not feel uneasy. Canada is now practically independent of England. Canada is the only British colony in the world at this hour without British soldiers. Whilst England's red-coats defiantly trod Canadian soil, there was, it must be confessed, a strong temptation for Irish Americans—and for Americans of other races, too—to dash over the border, every now and then, and shoot at England's ensign. England perceived this. England perceived, too, the possibilities of a war between her and the United States, growing out of com-