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Black Bull, using every argument and persuasion at my command, to induce them to return with me to Buford, and having a better command of the Sioux than I have of English, I do believe I waxed really eloquent, for while talking to a small assembly in Black Bull's lodge, that Chief⁵⁵/confessed that my words, while describing their distressed, hunted condition, and the hopelessness of their children's future, had moved him to tears, something never before accomplished by a white man.

On the morning of the ^{Dec 80}tenth, I made an appointment to meet Sitting Bull and his warriors in the Trader's Store, at Woody Mountain, there to receive his final decision. Accordingly, about noon they were assembled and ready for the council, at which, by my request, Major Crozier was present, and gave me all the aid in his power; but not till he withdrew from the council, did I finally succeed, about two o'clock p. m., in getting a promise from Sitting Bull and all of his followers, to raise camp the next morning, the 11th of December, 1880, and move with me toward the Missouri River. As soon as they had thus decided, most of them departed at once for their camp, to prepare for the morning's march, Sitting Bull among the⁵⁶/ number; I having promised to follow in time to reach the camp that night, and sleep in Bull's lodge. Five or six of the warriors remained in the store to do some trading. One of them was Black Bull, or as he was called by the Indians, Lame Brûle, a chief noted for bravery, another was the son of Black Moon, who, on the occasion of my second visit to the camp, had fired a shot at Strong Hand.

After purchasing as much food as I could conveniently pack on my horse, and sending a dispatch by a Cree half-breed to Major Brotherton, I started on Sitting Bull's trail to the camp eighteen