

This flight alarmed the whole country, the scattering Cheyennes going in every direction and it was evident that a surprise of Crazy Horse would be impossible at least by a direct movement. I then moved over to and down the Belle Fourche and halted near the forks of that stream, having in the meantime sent to Red Cloud Agency to get accurate information of the direction taken by Crazy Horse's Band, and also for additional scouts with fresh horses. This being the easiest method of locating their camp as the Agency Indians are constantly advised of the whereabouts of the hostiles and generally of their purposes.

At this time the condition of my transportation was exceedingly bad, the intense cold weather, with a short allowance for forage, the grass being mostly covered with snow and what little there was of inferior quality, it was growing weaker every moment.

I may mention here that the want of proper transportation on account of meagre appropriation allowed me for this purpose has been and now is the cause of the most serious embarrassment, it being almost utterly impossible to accumulate with it sufficient forage to enable expeditions to remain out for any great length of time in winter.

This together with the fact of which I became convinced before the return of my Scouts, that the hostiles had fled beyond the reach of the endurance of my transportation decided me to return to the cantonment which judgement was confirmed by the return of my scouts who stated that the hostiles had fled in the direction of what is called the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri.