

On the 17th I asked for some Cheyenne scouts and six were sent me reaching my camp on the 19th. No suitable interpreter was sent with them. I asked to have one sent but was informed for misconduct, Seminole the only one at Keogh had been discharged and would not be re-employed. I sent for him to join me at my personal expense as I deemed it very important and necessary that a perfect understanding should be had with these Cheyenne scouts. I told them of my orders that I must capture or kill these hostiles, that possibly by going with me they could save their kinsfolk, that if I could surprise them and capture their stock it might open their ears and they would surrender without fighting. If I could not surprise them, then when I got very close they could go into the camp represent the danger of an engagement, the number of troops out after them, the extreme difficulty of crossing the streams to the north, and the indifferent welcome which they would probably receive from the Sioux, that the hostiles had left their agency in the South for reasons which I did not fully understand and could not explain to them, that it was claimed they had committed atrocities along the line of their march and I knew some whites had been killed by them, that Little Wolf had been an enlisted scout under my command and I thought would have confidence in any message he might get from me. I also said I had recommended that these hostiles be allowed to go to the Arrapahoe Agency, but that I could make no promise in regard to it. I could only say give up ponies and guns and I would not fight them. That if after this understanding they (the Cheyenne scouts) did not feel they could act earnestly and heartily in the matter with me, they could go back to the Post. One of the head men replied that to shoot at these people (the hostiles) would be like going back and firing at the children in his own lodge; the other, Brave Wolf, said that he was a soldier, and though he had kin in the hostile village he would do as he was ordered. I desired a perfect understanding with these scouts as I felt they would be the means through which I must in any event at first communicate with the hostiles to secure a surrender either before or after a fight, and I hoped to secure a victory without loss of life, keenly appreciating the fact however that a victory gained at the expense of deception would indeed be dearly bought. I had just concluded this talk or council when one of the Sioux scouts who had been sent over to the Little Missouri, came into camp.

He told me the hostiles had captured his party on March 20th near mouth of Box Elder Creek, that they had built a little fire to cook coffee when the grass caught and betrayed them to one of the hostiles who was in the immediate vicinity, and soon they were surrounded, and taken into the hostile camp. They lied brilliantly and successfully and made the hostiles believe they were on their way to Sitting Bull's camp, that they had stolen the government stock, and that they would lead them to a good ford across the Yellowstone and tell them where they could cross the Missouri, and would make their reception all right with Sitting Bull. The next morning he got one of the hostiles to go out hunting with him and at about noon got away from him and had ridden fast and hard to bring me the news. He had ridden in fact one hundred and twenty-five miles in twenty-four hours. I took camp at 4 p.m. taking wagons and packs and marched twenty-two miles on Bismarck stage road and went into camp at 11 p.m. and soon after Fleury and the other Sioux scout who had been

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