

Vancouver, W. T.

Captain F. D. Baldwin,

Dear Sir:

You ask me to favor you with an account of how I was received in Sitting Bull's Camp, when carrying dispatches.

On October 2nd, I left Fort Keogh, Mont. Ter., to take a dispatch to the Sitting Bull, who was then camped on Rock Creek, near the Boundary Line; the Government had given him just 30 days, in which to make up his mind to surrender. Well, I reached the camp all right, and interpreted Gen. Miles dispatch to him; it made the Indians perfectly furious, and I would have been certainly killed, had I not taken advantage of their Masonic signs, and by my own strategy.

We were sitting in a circle, with a fire near the center, and Sitting Bull's young son, a boy about 4 years old, was sitting near the door; I beckoned to him, and he came over to me and I bade him sit down on my knees. During this time, the Indians were getting very much excited, and were looking "Daggers" at me; some one was moving very suspiciously outside the Lodge, and I felt as if every instant I would receive a knife or bullet in my back; pleasant feeling I assure you. Now, Sitting Bull was setting on my left, and his councilors were on my right. They were getting very angry, and uncontrolable. Sitting Bull was laughing in derision at Gen. Miles message, and also getting very angry at me for bringing it. Something had to be done to stop him, and that at once. My six shooter was on my left side and by me sitting on my saddle I was a little raised off the ground. As Sitting Bull's little boy sat in my lap, I began fumbling with my left hand in my coat pocket for a piece of candy to give him. By him sitting on my knees, he shielded me from the firelight, and also from the other Indians, except Sitting Bull. I pulled my belt around so that my six shooter laid in my lap, the muzzle being right under Sitting Bull's right arm, and against his side. With my right hand I grasped the stock, and with my thumb on the hammer and my forefinger pressing against the trigger, I waited "For the Ball to begin."

Seeing that there was real danger of me being killed, I took a piece of tobacco with my left hand and offered it to "Old Bull" (who was getting fearfull angry, and making very suspicious motions toward me). Saying as I gave it to him "Echew Kola," take this friend, at the same time making the Indian "Sign of Distress" and pulling back the thumb of my right hand; click, click, went the lock, and, as Sitting Bull looked down in my lap, he saw the muzzle of my six shooter close to his side, saw my forefinger on the trigger, looked me full in the face, gave a groan, took the tobacco, and hung his head; I had conquered him. The instant he took the tobacco, every Indian in the council stopped talking and hung their heads. Silence reigned instantly. Sitting Bull, with a very sorrowful look, cut up the tobacco, and gave a small portion of it to every Indian in the council. Not a word was spoken. He then filled the big stone pipe, took a coal from the fire, and lighted it, taking a few whiffs, he passed the pipe to me, and thus the "Pipe of Peace" passed around the circle. x x x Some of the Indians then got up and left, crying, as they went out, that their hearts were broke, and the white men had ruined them, etc.