

Walker - Campaigns of Gen'l Custer & S.B.

subordinate chiefs and warriors, and it is not probable a surrender would have been effected for some time to come, had it not been for the nearly naked and half-starved condition of his old men, women and children.

The steamer "General Sherman" has just landed with Sitting Bull and about one hundred and fifty old men, women and children, including about warriors. His father, and White Bear, a handsome-looking and good-natured chief, accompany him as close attendants, apparently as staff officers. The writer, by special permission, boarded the steamer, and upon entering the cabin found "standing room only," men, women and children of all ages, sizes and nationalities, had gathered from the rural districts and adjacent towns in the surrounding country, composed<sup>89</sup>/the audience, all of whom were anxiously waiting their turn to "shake and how" with the famous old war-horse. The writer considered his mission and interview with the chief too important to "get left," and at once mounted a chair in the front end of the cabin, and looking over the surging crowd, at last caught a glimpse of a row of six Indians, all sitting at the left side of the cabin, with scout Allison standing beside Sitting Bull. I succeeded in getting through the crowd and reaching the point where Allison stood, who at once gave me a formal introduction to "chief Sitting Bull," who sat in a chair at the head of the row. Mr. Allison, knowing that I was concluding my last chapter of this book, was, in his always courteous manner, very obliging to me, and took special pains to tell the chief that I was the "white chief of a book," and an old Indian trader. The chief looked up rather smilingly, and at the same time extending his right hand and drawing his blanket, that covered a once white shirt, more closely around his broad shoulders with the other, said, "How." I at once returned the "how," and then made some signs known in the Southern Indian language as "friendship," which he seemed to recognize at once and rather good-naturedly. Preparatory to going on the steamer, and bent upon getting his photograph, if possibly within the reach of human ingenuity, I put in my pocket a photo of my own (like the one of this frontispiece), with the view of giving it to