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prepared a sumptuous feast for them, which fact being conveyed to them by the Indian courier they were not slow to respond. Sitting Bull met me with a slight exhibition of friendliness, evidently reluctantly assumed. Being deprived of the counsel and support of Chief Gall, he

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was at a loss what to do. Constitutionally a coward, fears for his own personal safety caused him to waver and withhold his consent to ~~come in with me at once, and then, too, he was only human, and doubtless, coward though he was, his mind was stirred with other considerations than personal fear. His exalted position as Patriarch of a people, who, in his opinion, were the greatest nation on earth, was fast slipping away from him. It had been the boast of his life that he would never be dependent upon the hated white man. Time and again he had met them in battle, and had always been the victor. Must he at last, in this tame, humiliating manner, surrender himself, and become a prisoner in the hands of an hereditary foe? Who can tell how fierce the struggle of that moment? The mental anguish endured, while he revolved these, to him might questions, in his mind? What wonder that he hesitated, and asked a few more days to think and talk with his people about it?~~ I / explained to him fully, that his sur-

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render must be virtually unconditional; the only thing guaranteed was that their lives should be spared. I was free, however, to express my opinion that they would be eventually treated as other Agency Indians, and promising to wait ten days for a decision, and apprehending that Mulligan was doing too much talking on his own account, I dispatched him, with a report of progress, to Major Brotherton. During the following ten days, from the first to the tenth of December, I visited the camp three times, staying over night the first time with Sitting Bull, the second time with No Neck, and the third time with