

*resting*

many cattle. Then followed the camp proper, the squaws leading and driving the ponies, all heavily laden with camp equipage, not even the little colts were exempt from burden, and all in an indescribable state of disorder. Bringing up the rear, was a guard of about seventy-five mounted warriors. From this company, at intervals of about a mile, all along the line of march, small detachments of five or six were sent ahead, riding rapidly on either flank, until they reached a point a mile or two in advance of the main column, when, taking a position on some convenient hill, they would dismount, sit down in the snow, and fill a pipe for a smoke, while their horses were free to forage in the snow for the nutritious buffalo grass. Here they would remain until the rear guard came up, when they would rejoin them. In the mean time, another party of <sup>65</sup> flankers had gone out, and so on, all day long. Our progress was necessarily slow, and we made only about an average of twelve miles a day. As to myself, I rode at will, sometimes with the advance guard, and sometimes with the main body, and again with the rear guard; always speaking words of encouragement to the feeble, and cheering the little ones with a prospect of good things, when we should get to Fort Buford. The weather was not cold for the first week, so there was but little suffering from that source; but we found no game, save an occasional jack rabbit, and the scant supply of food was nearly exhausted, and there was consequent suffering from hunger and like the Israelites of old, they began to murmur. On our third day's march, I was riding by the side of Sitting Bull, just in the rear of the main body, when my name was