

called by a young warrior, a member of a flanking party, who were resting on a little hill by the wayside, who stood up and /⁶⁶ beckoned me to come to him. Sitting Bull rode with me to the group, where we halted, and I asked the young man what he wanted. He seemed embarrassed, and stood for nearly a minute, without replying, holding the muzzle of his rifle in his hands, while the butt rested on the ground. At last he said, looking at me, while his lips quivered and his voice trembled with savage emotion, "Where are you taking these people to?" "To Fort Buford," (O-kee-ja-ta) I replied.

→ "Then why don't you feed them, don't you know that they are hungry?" said he. I was about to reply, but Sitting Bull, realizing the situation, adroitly placed himself between me and the speaker, and while indicating by signs that I should move on, he himself engaged the young man in conversation, and when a little later, he overtook me, he simply said, "The young man's heart is bad; his little sister is crying for food." Only for the intervention of Sitting Bull, I have no doubt/⁶⁷ but the young man would have attempted my life. On other occasions, I narrowly escaped death at the hands of the turbulent and ungovernable savages; but as this is not intended as a history of my own adventures, but of the surrender of Sitting Bull, I will hasten on.

Our course was down the Rock Creek Valley for the first seven days, when we turned east and crossed over to the Porcupine Creek, which we followed for three days, to its confluence with the Milk River, distant only three miles from the great Missouri. Here we found buffalo in great numbers; there being within a radius of thirty miles, no less than thirty-five thousand. Here I determined to improve the opportunity for getting in a good supply of food and robes for the destitute Indians, and accordingly advised the head men to choose