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a camping ground, with a view to greater security against their Indian enemies.

That evening, after we had gone into camp, and everybody had satisfied their hunger by a / ⁶⁸ bounteous supply of buffalo meat, I called a council of the chiefs, and asked them to select three braves to go at once with me as delegates, on a visit to Fort Buford, my object being, as I told them, to convince them that their treatment by Major Brotherton would be good. I desired, also, that they receive confirmation from the lips of Major Brotherton himself, of all the representations that I had made them, concerning their surrender.

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Sitting Bull then called for three volunteers to go with me; but for a long time there was no response. Finally, after the assembled warriors had smoked their pipes in silence for full twenty minutes, causing a feeling of portentous gloom to pervade the atmosphere of the council lodge, suddenly, a tall, athletic warrior sprang to his feet, and taking a position in the center of the lodge, and facing me, gesticulating excitedly, he said: "I am the Patriarch Crow! My kinsmen, you all know me; you have never known me as the friend/ of the white man; you know that I have always hastened into the thickest of the fight, when the white man was our foe, nor did I withhold my hand when they cried for mercy, and the fact that we are now on our way to Fort Buford, to sue for peace, was not of my choosing; but when, eleven days ago, the chiefs of this band decided upon this course, that day I forgot that the white man was my enemy; that day, Patriarch Crow, the white man's enemy, died, and to-day, Patriarch Crow, the white man's friend lives, and he it is who speaks these words, and since volunteers were never lacking for deeds of war, neither shall they be lacking when called for a mission of peace. I go with my