

that the whole tribe was in motion, when Patriarch Crow rode furiously into their midst, calling loudly for his four brothers and their friends to rally around him. He was quickly surrounded by an eager multitude, anxious to hear what he would say. He declared to them that the fugitives were <sup>81</sup> cowards who had run without reason; that they had fled before they knew what the firing was about. He denounced them all for allowing their fears to get the better of their reason, and sarcastically inquired how many of them were wounded, and how many had been slain, defending the camp. He then declared that since not one of them had had the courage to protest against this unreasonable, cowardly flight, therefore, not one of them was worthy of chieftainship. That whoever he might be, who had heretofore assumed that honor, he must now, and forever after, be silent; for the time had now come when the voice of the Patriarch Crow should be heard, and that he would be obeyed, none who knew him would doubt, and then calling upon all in whose hearts his words had found lodgment to follow him. He then rode rapidly to the head of the flying column, followed by all the warriors who had heard him and together, they compelled everyone to come back and <sup>82</sup> re-occupy the camp they had so recently deserted.

The next act of Patriarch Crow, I suspect was prompted by his ambition to succeed permanently to the chieftainship, and believing that this could be more easily accomplished by destroying entirely the influence of Sitting Bull, and driving him back to Canada, which would leave him, Patriarch Crow, without a rival in that division of the tribe. Be that as it may, I could not be otherwise than well pleased with what he did, considering all the circumstances.