

Early the next morning, the Patriarch Crow compelled Sitting Bull to remove his tepee to a small opening in the timber, three hundred yards away from the main camp, which being done, he then mounted his horse, and riding up and down through the camp, he called on all who were cowards, to remove their tepees to the opening, with Sitting Bull, but those who<sup>83</sup> were not cowards, should remain where they were. Forty-three families, all told, took their place in the opening, leaving about three hundred with Patriarch Crow, who then told Sitting Bull to go, and not to halt until he had crossed the Canadian border; and he went, and soon disappeared in the wind driven snows of the north. Patriarch Crow then commanded the initial movement toward Fort Buford, and encamped, where I met him in the evening, about three miles below the mouth of Milk River, they having made only about six miles on this first days' march under the new, self-appointed chief.

The march from that point to Fort Buford was uninterrupted, but was necessarily slow, in consequence of the deep snows and extreme cold weather. At a point thirty miles west of Wolf Point, I was met by a train of thirty government wagons and sleighs, sent out by Major Brotherton. These<sup>84</sup> / proved of valuable service, and greatly expedited our march, enabling us to reach Buford on about the tenth of February, where the hostiles under the Patriarch Crow, formally surrendered to Major Brotherton, and were placed, with the Chief Gall's band, in winter camp, to await transportation in the spring to Standing Rock Agency.

I now proposed to make one more trip to Woody Mountain, for Sitting Bull, but General Terry regarded the work as completed. All of the hostiles, with the exception of the small number of forty-three