In September, 1933, the Chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology turned over to the writer the Manuscript of E.H. Allison, requesting that the manuscript be checked against contemporary records and documents with a view to determining its authenticity, truthfulness, and accuracy.

The information specifically desired was: Was Allison the person he claimed he was; did he do the things he claimed that he did; and if so, was the narrative set forth in his manuscript a true and accurate account of the events leading up to the surrender of Sitting Bull.

The original manuscript was checked against contemporary records and documents, and found to be truthful, authentic and accurate.

A verbatim copy of the manuscript is given on the right hand pages of the following, and the extracts from contemporary documents and accounts on the left hand pages.

This work was completed and filed with the Bureau of American Ethnology October 11, 1933.

John G. Carter.
1880.  Page, Ms.  Occurrence.

Aug. 1, (2-5)  Proposes surrender of Sitting Bull to Gall at Frenchman’s Creek. Gall invites him to Woody Mountains.

Sep. 1, (6)  Discloses plan to Brotherton, at Fort Buford, who authorizes him to negotiate with Sitting Bull.


Sep. 5, (6-9)  Arrives at Wolf Point, and turns north.

Sep. 9, (13)  Arrives at Sitting Bull’s camp in Woody Mountains.

Sep. 13, (13)  Leaves Fort Buford. Gall promises to meet him on Missouri 22 days hence, bringing 300 lodges.

Oct. 15, (13)  Date approx. Arrives at Fort Buford. Discovers that Terry has rebuked Brotherton for sending him on mission.

Oct. 16, (13)  Date approx. Leaves Fort Buford on steamer for Fort Yates.

Oct. 20, (14)  At Bismarck. Orders from Terry to return to Fort Buford.

Oct. 22, (14)  Date approx. At Fort Buford. Ordered to proceed on mission.

Oct. 25, (16)  Starts for Gall’s camp on Missouri River.

Oct. 27, (16)  At Poplar. Receives message from Gall that he and Sitting Bull are encamped on Missouri at Frenchman’s Creek.

Nov. 3, (16)  Date approx. Arrives at hostile camp on Frenchman’s Creek. Finds camp has been attacked by Blackfeet.

Nov. 4, (23)  Date approx. Leaves for Fort Buford with 30 lodges of Sioux, sent in by Gall to surrender as evidence of good faith.

Nov. 13, (34)  Date approx. Turns over 30 lodges of Sioux to Brotherton at Fort Buford.

Nov. 20, (35)  Leaves Fort Buford for Sitting Bull’s camp.

Nov. 22, (35)  Arrives at Poplar. Is there advised that Gall has seceded from Sitting Bull’s camp, taking with him 400 lodges.

Nov. 25, (35)  Gall arrives at Poplar to give himself up. Sitting Bull with 340 lodges returns, apparently, to Woody Mountains.


Dec. 1, (37)  Negotiations begun and continued with Sitting Bull, including three visits to his camp and councils at trading post.

Dec. 10, (38)  Starts with Sitting Bull’s camp for Missouri River.

Dec. 11, (38)  Arrives with Sitting Bull’s camp at Missouri River, and they camp at mouth of Porcupine Creek. Plenty of buffalo.

Dec. 21, (37)  Date approx. Calls for three delegates to go with him to Fort Buford. Patriarch Crow and two others volunteer.

Dec. 23, (39)  Date approx. They start for Fort Buford with delegates. Stop at Poplar and see Gall. Trouble there because Yanktons try to get Gall’s people to stay there with them.

Dec. 34, (39)  Arrive at Fort Buford. Advises Brotherton to send 5 more companies to Poplar to overawe Agency Indians there. Done.

1881.


Jan. 8, (46)  --- --- --- (47)  Terry regards Allison’s work as completed.

July(19) (47)  Sitting Bull and 35 families surrender to Brotherton at Fort Buford.
E.H. ALLISON. Name not in index, or biography, of Montana, its story and biography, etc., by Tom Stout. But a WILLIAM ALLISON and WILLIAM ALLISON junior, who were miners and prospectors are given.

Daniel A.C. Flowerree. Born, Ralls County, Missouri, May 19, 1835. Went to California in 1853. Left California in 1855 and joined the Walker Expedition in Nicaragua. Remained quietly at his home in Missouri from 1857 to 1884. Then went to Montana, by way of the Salt Lake city route, arriving at Virginia City, Montana, in 1865. Moved to Last Chance Gulch (Helena, Montana) the same year. In 1865 introduced a herd of cattle into Montana, brought from Missouri. During the Seventies introduced many hundreds of cattle brought up over the old cattle trails from Texas, and also bought cattle and horses from Oregon. In time his herds covered a vast area of leased and patented lands in Lewis and Clark, Teton, Cascade, and other counties. Married Miss Elizabeth Wethers. Four children by this marriage. She died in 1883. On February 4, 1885, married Miss Elizabeth Cornelius. One child, Dan Flowerree, by this marriage. D.A.C. Flowerree died at Atlanta, Georgia, November 22, 1912. (Extracted from Montana, its story and biography, etc., 3 vols., by Tom Stout; Vol. 2, p. 583).

Dan Fleury, who had a big gambling saloon and later went into the cattle business. (Reminiscences of Alexander Toponce, p. 90).

Flowerree's name was often pronounced Fleury by old timers. J.G.C.

October 12, 1880, Companies B and F, 11th Infantry, Captain O.B. Read established Camp Poplar River, Mont., arriving that day from Fort Custer. (Report Sec'y War, 1881, v. 1, p. 54, 89).

The hostiles arriving from Sitting Bull's camp, during the fall of 1880, as it was impossible for me to govern them with what force was at my command, damaged and stole from the agency Indians until the ones the least disposed to disorderly conduct joined with them, and it was with the utmost caution that the work was carried on. But for the patience and bold front presented by the few here we would undoubtedly have had serious trouble. On the 13th day of October, 1880, Capt. O.B. Read arrived here with two companies of the Eleventh United States Infantry, and from that on we were at least enabled to compel the hostiles to stop their regular demands for provisions; although they had never been successful in obtaining this, it was decidedly unpleasant to have them flourishing their guns at times when we knew we were powerless. (Report of Agent N.S. Porter, Fort Peck, Aug. 27, 1881, Reps. Comm. Ind. Aff. 1881, p. 132).
SURRENDER OF SITTING BULL

In the summer of 1880 Cox and Flower, owners of the "Circle F" brand on the Sun River range in Montana, determined to drive a large herd of cattle down the Milk River trail for shipment at Bismarck, N. Dak. It was a dangerous undertaking, for the Milk River valley was known to be the hunting ground of the hostile Sioux, who, after the battle of the Little Big Horn, had taken refuge in the North West Territory.

On the other hand, the excellent grazing, together with an abundance of wood and water, were considerations which outweighed any apprehensions of danger from Indians. Accordingly a bunch of 1,200 head of steers were rounded up and started down the Milk river trail, handled by 13 cow-boys under the charge of J.R. Cox, one of the owners, and William Flower, son of the other member of the firm, with Bill Norris as guide and a colored man as cook and tepster (sic) in charge of the solitary mess wagon. When the outfit reached Fort Belknap and were about to enter territory of uncertain hospitality I was engaged as interpreter and scout. Before accepting the responsibility, however, I exacted from every member of the party a promise of strict obedience to my orders in the event of meeting or having any trouble with Indians. The entire valley of the Milk river and about 75 miles of the Missouri valley from the mouth of Milk river to the mouth of Poplar creek was considered hostile country.

At the mouth of Poplar creek there was a small Military post which at that time was garrisoned by two Companies of the 11th U.S. Inf. with Captain O.B. Read in command.

Leaving Fort Belknap we proceeded down the river by easy stages, driving only about 10 miles a day, and had reached a point near the mouth of Frenchman's creek at about 10 o'clock in the morning of the 1st day of August 1880, when we found ourselves completely surrounded by savages, evidently preparing to attack our party. They occupied every hill top and eminence (sic) within a radius of about 1,000 yards, and numbered 350 warriors while there was only 17 of us. We had already halted and begun preparations for dinner. Of course there was some excitement and some of the cow-boys proposed to open fire on the Indians at once. Such action would have been worse than madness, it would have been suicide. But something had to be done and done quickly, so first reminding the men of their promise to obey me I directed them to continue preparations (sic) for dinner, and proceed deliberately to put up the cook tent as if nothing unusual was expected to happen, and while two of the men were partially rounding up the herd 5 or 6 were told to lie down on the grass assuming a careless attitude in plain view of the Indians and I cautioned them all particularly to make no show whatever of alarm.

I explained to the men that I would ride out and meet the Indians and do all I could to avert trouble; that I would probably invite a number of the leading warriors to dinner, and if they saw me returning with any number of the Indians to be sure and maintain
I was a visitor at Sitting Bull's camp, on Mushroom Creek, Wooden
Mountains, Northwest Territory, on July 30, 1879. —-
Gall, a restless vagabond, who looked like a horse-stealing gypsy,
and was by repute a double-dealing, skulking rascal. Sitting Bull
 told him plainly that he must choose between the Teton camp and
the American Agencies; since then he has remained comparatively
quiet. (War Path and Bivouac, by John F. Finerty, pp. 353 and 361).

The principal warrior chiefs of the hostile Indians were "Gall,"
"Crow King" and "Black Moon," Huncpapa Sioux; "Low Dog," "Crazy Horse,"
and "Big Road," Ogallala Sioux; "Spotted Eagle," Sans-Arc Sioux;
"Hump" of the Minneconjous, and "White Bull" and "Little Horse" of
the Cheyennes. To these belong the chief honors of conducting the
battle. However, "Gall," "Crow King" and "Crazy Horse" were the ruling
spirits. —- "Sitting Bull," a Huncpapa Sioux Indian, was the chief
of the hostile camp; he had about sixty lodges of followers on whom he
could at all times depend. He was the host of the Hostiles, and as
such received and entertained their visitors. These visitors gave him
many presents, and he was thus enabled to make many presents in return.
All visitors paid tribute to him, so he gave liberally to the most
influential, the chiefs, i.e., he "put it where it would do the most
good." In this way he became known as the chief of the hostile camp,
and the camp was generally known as "Sitting Bull's camp" or "outfit."
----- Chief Gall was born about 1840, of Huncpapa parents. Until Sitting
Bull's surrender, 1881, Gall never lived at the agencies, but was some-
times a guest. When 25 years old he was noted for his bravery and
daring. He was besides so subtle and crafty that in 1886 the military
authorities offered a reward for his body, dead or alive; an outrage
had been committed, which, for daring and craftiness, it was thought no
other Indian was equal to. (Custer's Last Battle, by Brig. Gen. Edward
S. Godfrey, Contributions, Historical Society of Montana, v. 9, pp. 157
and 158).
an appearance of indifference (sic). Selecting the largest group of savages I then rode at a slow canter toward them with my winchester rifle resting across my saddle bow. Within hailing distance I greeted them in their own language "Ha'o! mi takuva pi" (Hail! my kinmen.) "I am glad to know that I am meeting friends and relatives, is my elder brother The Gall with you?" "Yes" they replied, and while a warrior hurriedly went for that chief I dismounted and stood calmly awaiting his arrival. I felt great relief when I learned that Chief Gall was with them for I had known him many years, and in 1868 he had made me his brother by adopting me into his tribe. He soon rode up to where I was standing and leaping to the ground he advanced and shook my hand. He was evidently surprised at meeting me but after keenly scrutinizing me he waved his hand in the direction of the herd of cattle and asked if the herd belonged to me. I had not time to formulate answers to possible questions that might be asked, and here was one at the very outset to which I must unhesitatingly reply. My answer was an inspiration. "No," said I,

"they belong to the Great Mother of the Red Coats" That reply, no doubt, saved the lives of 17 men, and to the owners of the Circle F brand it saved 1,300 head of cattle. I explained to Chief Gall that an Agent of the British (sic) Government had bought the cattle, and knowing that I was a friend of the Sioux Indians and master of their language had employed me to see that the herd was safely conducted through the Milk river Valley, and that in anticipation of our meeting some of the friends of the Queen - the Sioux - I was provided with 2 caddies of tobacco and a quantity of sugar and coffee to give them as a token of friendship and esteem, and I asked him to select 13 leading warriors and go with me to the camp where the cook was preparing dinner for them, after partaking of which they would receive the tobacco, sugar and coffee to be distributed to the warriors. I think the Chief doubted my story, but he had no way of disproving it, and he knew that the Canadians often did buy cattle in Montana, and having taken refuge on British (sic) soil it would bring disaster upon them to molest persons or property under the protection of that government, his countenance showed plainly that he was disappointed (sic), but he accepted with good grace my invitation to dinner, and after selecting warriors included in the invitation he or-

dered the others to raise the siege (sic) and repair to a place of rendezvous on the Milk river half a mile below our camp.

With the 13 Indians I returned to the camp where I informed the cowboys of what had transpired. Dinner was soon ready and our savage guests fell to and ate as only Indians can, after which the Tobacco, sugar and coffee was taken from the wagon and formally presented by me to Chief Gall as the representative of his people. This done the 13 took their departure, Gall alone remaining behind in response to a sign from me that I wished to hold further communication with him. It was at that interview that I laid the plan for the surrender to the United States Army of Sitting Bull and his entire band of Hunkpapa Sioux, holding out as an inducement for the active assistance of Chief Gall his appointment by the U.S. authorities as head chief of that band. He bound himself by no
In a communication dated February 4, 1880, I had the honor to call the attention of the Commissioner to certain information which I was in receipt of, indicating a disposition on the part of Sitting Bull and his followers to come to an amicable arrangement with the United States Government, and also asking permission to visit him by authority. In reply thereto I was ordered to abstain from any communication with him, as the Government did not wish to make any terms. Of course that ended the matter; but I am convinced that at that time a lasting treaty could have been made. Subsequently Sitting Bull sent me, in token of friendship, a pipe and hatchet, which were to be given me in case terms could be made, otherwise to be returned. Under the circumstances I had to reject the peace offering, since which time I have heard nothing from them directly, although I see by the public journals that bands of them are delivering themselves up at the different military posts, and I learn that Sitting Bull and a few of his followers are somewhere in the vicinity of Milk River. (Report of Agent W.L. Lincoln, Fort Belknap, Aug. 11, 1880, Reps. Comm. Ind. Aff. 1880, p. 116).


David H. Brotherton is the Major of the 7th Infantry, having commenced his career in the regular army in July, 1854, after graduating at the Military Academy at West Point. He was distinguished at different times for gallant conduct during the war of the rebellion, and particularly in the battle of Valverde, N.M. In his knowledge and judgment of Indian affairs he stands pre-eminent; and in the general management of the wild and untamed tribes, he has no superior among the field officers in this department. During the past winter, and up to the present time, it has been his decree to take an active part in negotiating with and forcing Sitting Bull and his followers to this final surrender. It was Major Brotherton who compelled the surrender of "Crow King, chief warrior of Sitting Bull's tribes," last January, at Fort Buford. (Western Blue Book, N.Y. 1881, Campaigns of Custer and Surrender of Sitting Bull, Walker, p.81).

I desire to invite special attention to the services rendered by Major Brotherton, of the Seventh Infantry, and by Major Ilges, of the Fifth Infantry, and the officers and men under his command. To Major Brotherton is due the credit of having originally suggested the course of action which resulted in the surrender or capture of Sitting Bull and his adherents. During the progress of the negotiations which brought these Indians back to our soil he displayed the utmost patience, tact and discretion; he was unwearied in his efforts to accomplish the results desired, and no term less strong than "invaluable" would fitly characterize the service which he rendered. --- Major Ilge's conduct deserves special commendation. Rendering an intelligent obedience to the instructions which he had received from these headquarters, he made every reasonable effort to induce the Indians who had gathered at Poplar River to surrender; but when these efforts had failed he struck promptly and effectively. He shares with Major Brotherton the honor of having brought the war to a conclusion. (Gen. Terry's Report. Report Sec'y of War, 1881, v. 1, p. 108).

The above named are the only persons commended by General Terry in his report on the surrender of Sitting Bull.

J.G.C.
promise, but invited me to visit his camp which he said was in Ruined Timber a mountain jungle about 30 miles from Woody mountain where there was a trading post and a small garrison of Mounted Police, adding that he would return in a few days to Canada where I would find him if I visited the camp. We shook hands and parted, and soon we saw the entire band of 350 warriors as they filed by our camp on their way to the Buffalo range in the foothills of the Little Rockies some 50 miles away. I continued with the herd until it reached Fort Buford 65 miles east of Camp Poplar creek, about the 1st of September when the danger being past and as there was no longer need of my services, I severed my connection with the cattle co. and presented myself to Major D.H. Brotherton, commander of the Fort, to whom I reported the facts regarding my talk with Chief Gall, and communicated to him my plan for bringing Sitting Bull and his people into Fort Buford. He saw at once the practicability (sic) and probability of success of my plan, and seized the opportunity of securing the surrender of the famous Prophet of the Sioux nation, and immediately authorized me to begin the work by starting at once for Sitting Bull's camp, leaving me to conduct the negotiations in such manner as circumstances and my own judgment might dictate. I lost no time in preparation and the following morning found me on the way to Ruined Timber distant from Fort Buford about 330 miles. My route lay along the Missouri river west from Buford 90 miles to Wolf Point where I turned due north for Woody Mountain in Canada. Here I had to cross a plain 110 miles in width with no wood and but little water. The entire distance seems to be a vast, undulating plain, but in reality, while crossing that plain I was ascending the Woody Mountain range; The western terminus (sic) of the plain being at the summit of the Mountain. I met with no adventures during the 3 days occupied in crossing this plain. It was altogether a lonesome journey. The only thing noticeable (sic) was the total absence of any kind of game whatever, not a jack rabbit, nor even a coyote (sic) crossed my path. My thoughts were fully occupied with the work I had undertaken, the chances of success or failure, the danger awaiting me when I should attempt to enter the camp of the notorious Sitting Bull. But I had no thought of turning back. For 20 years the U.S. government had vainly tried to bring these same Indians into the Agencies. Every possible means had been employed. Famous Indian diplomats, preachers, priests, lawyers and whole armies had been employed, costing millions of dollars and hundreds of human lives, but Sitting Bull with his formidable band (of) hostile Sioux were still on the war path, a constant menace to the pioneer settlers in North Western Dakota and an insurmountable barrier to the settlement of Millions of acres in Northern Montana including the rich valley of the Milk river. And I had undertaken to do that which had baffled all others. It was the one opportunity of my life and I determined to succeed or perish in the attempt. The sun was almost down on the evening of the 4th day out from Buford when I reached the northern extremity of the plain, or, as it is sometimes called, "the jumping off place." Here I found myself on the summit of the Woody, the sky was clear and the time - evening - favorable for making observations.
On the 7th of May last a man named Allison, who had been arrested and
confined in the guard-house at Grand River by some of my predecessors
(when this agency was located there) for stealing two cases of tobacco,
made his appearance at this agency. I was informed that, the tobacco
having been recovered, and that, owing to the great distance from the
seat of justice where it would have been necessary for Government
officers and employes to attend as witnesses for his prosecution, it
was deemed for the best interest of the service to banish Allison from
the reservation, and forever prohibit his return, as a punishment for
his offense; whereupon he was accordingly removed and ordered to never
return; all of which was communicated to me by my immediate predecessor.
Having found Mr. Allison upon the reservation at the date mentioned,
and discovered him intriguing with the Indians to induce them to re-
quest his appointment as interpreter, I at once ordered him to leave
the reservation, which order he evaded by invoking the power of Captain
Poland to aid him to remain. Captain Poland took him under his protect-
ion, employing him as his servant, and in answer to my communications
of the 7th and 8th of May last, requesting a guard for Allison's re-
moval, replied refusing the same, and informing me that he had employed
him as before stated, and was only awaiting proper orders to appoint
him as his Indian interpreter, which, I believe, he subsequently
obtained, and has so appointed and retains him in that position. I
consider Mr. Allison a very unfit and unsafe person to be permitted
to remain in the Indian country. The facts herein stated are known to
many of the Indians, and have not resulted in favorably impressing them
with your agent's ability, not that of the Indian Department, to en-
force obedience to orders. ---- I regret to have to report that Captain
Poland, with his interpreter, Allison, carries on an unwarrantable
and prejudicial intercourse with the Indians under my charge, which the
interest of the service demands should cease. I therefore respectfully
recommend that such measures be adopted as will specifically define
the jurisdiction and authority of commanding officers at this agency,
Aided by an excellent pair of field (sic) glasses I scanned the Northern slope and the valley below, but for a long time could discover no trace of either Indians or Whites. Finally, when the night shades began to lower, a faint cloudbank appeared became visible, forming over what appeared to be a little valley lying between two spurs of the Mountain, and distant about 10 miles. Training my glasses upon the spot I could discern in the gathering darkness, objects which had the appearance of cloud shadows (sic) on the hillside (sic) moving down into the valley, I had found the camp, the objects on the hillsides (sic) were the ponies being brought into camp for the night and the cloud like appearance was smoke which the still night air held suspended over the valley. After carefully noting the direction I set out on foot, leading my horse, determined to reach the camp that night. The difficulty of the task can only be realized (9) by one who has himself traversed a mountain jungle. It was after midnight when passing over the brow of a long, low ridge I came in view of the camp, laid out in irregular, zig-zag fashion along the banks of a small mountain stream. Light was shining through many of the canvass (sic) tepees where fires, at that late hour, were still burning brightly within. Many of the Indians had not yet retired, and low murmur was audible, the hum of human voices reaching where I stood regarding the scene below. I halted on the ridge just a moment, to breathe and think of something to say that would aid me in obtaining a friendly reception. There were many Indians in the camp whom I had known, and some whom I had personally befriended years before when they had visited the old Grand river trading post, others were there whom I had known at the Standing Rock and Cheyenne River Agencies before they were Indian Agents starved them into joining Sitting Bull. How would they receive me? was the all important question. But I had little time for reflection. Mounting my horse I rode at a rapid walk toward the camp and had approached within about 30 steps of the outer line of tepees when I was discovered by a watch-man who came rapidly towards me, his rifle in his hands ready for use. I reined in my horse and awaited his approach. He came and stood by my horse and looking up through the darkness asked: "Who are you and where have you come from?" I simply replied by asking him to point out to me the Lung's tepee, but he only repeated his question. I then told him that the Lung was my relative and that I came all the way from Dakota to visit him. Turning his face partly away he muttered: "I wonder who he is, whoever he is he speaks the language of a friend," and then turning to me and pointing to a tepee only 50 steps away he said: "That is Lung's tepee." "There is where I am going" I said, and giving my horse the rein I was soon at the door of the tepee indicated. Dismounting and taking the end of my lariat in my hand I entered, Indian fashion, without the trouble of announcement. I found Lung and his wife still up and was given a hearty welcome. Lung was anxious to hear from his friends and relatives in Dakota and plied me with questions concerning them while his wife prepared something for me to eat and a young nephew took care of my horse. In less than 10 minutes the tepee was filled with Indians eager to hear news from their friends and relatives at the Agencies in Dakota. I was gratifying their wishes as best I could when I heard my Indian name - Ho-ghan - (10) called by a voice which I recognized as belonging to Chief Gall. I
and that no Indian interpreters be employed nor retained, and no intercourse had with the Indians, without the consent and approval of the United States Indian agent in charge. (Report of Agent John Burke, Standing Rock, Sept. 1, 1875, Reps. Comm. Ind. Aff. 1875, pp. 347 and 348).

On an agreement concluded at Standing Rock, between the United States and the Lower Yanktonais, Upper Yanktonais, Unopapas and Blackfeet bands of Sioux, October 11, 1876, as one of the interpreters attesting that the agreement was truthfully interpreted to these Indians, appears the name of E.H. Allison, Interpreter. (Report of the Sioux Commission, Reps. Comm. Ind. Aff. 1876, p. 354).

The commanding officer of the Department of Dakota, Brevet-Major-General Alfred H. Terry, is one of the Brigadier-Generals in the regular army. He entered the volunteer service at the beginning of the late civil war, in 1861, as Colonel of the 2d Connecticut Volunteers. In 1862 he was promoted to a Brigadier-General, and in 1864 to a Major-General of Volunteers, and in 1865 he was made a Brigadier-General in the regular army. --- He has been in command of this military department since 1873, (Western Blue Book, N.Y. 1881, Campaigns of Custer and Surrender of Sitting Bull, Judson Elliott Walker, pp. 76 and 77).

Under these circumstances in September, 1880, Maj. D.H. Brotherton, of the Seventh Infantry, commanding at Fort Buford, reported that the interpreter employed at his post, Mr. E.H. Allison, possessed great influence with the hostile Sioux, and could go among them with safety, and he suggested that Allison should put himself in touch with Sitting Bull and other chiefs, and endeavor to induce them to return to this country and surrender upon the terms upon which other bands of the hostile Sioux had surrendered. (Gen. Terry's report, Report Sec'y of War, 1881, v. 1, p. 100).

W.P. Carlin, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 17th Infantry, was a Brevet-Major-General in the late civil war, and was promoted at different times for gallant and meritorious services in the battles of Chattanooga, Tenn.; Jonesboro', Ga.; and Bentonville, N.C. He entered the regular army from the Military Academy at West Point, in 1850. He has been commanding officer at various military stations in Dakota Territory, and, until quite recently, at Fort Yates, or more generally known to the outside world as Standing Rock Agency. He is a strictly moral and temperate man, and his duties have at times been onerous, but his official career has always been approved by the Lieut.-General and General of the Army. (Western Blue Book, N.Y. 1881, Campaigns of Custer and Surrender of Sitting Bull, Judson Elliott Walker, pp. 78 and 79).
responded promptly by going out where I found that my eyes were so blinded by the glowing fire in the tepee that I could see nothing, but a little way off I could hear the voice of the chief saying: "come this way," and as I approached him, groping my way through the darkness, he added: "I'm going to kill you." "That's easily done," I replied, "I'm here alone and there are a thousand of you." "If you would have a deed done worthy of mention why don't you have one of your little boys, or a squaw kill me! It would surely not be an act of bravery for you to kill me." He laughed and said: "Come with me." I followed him to his tepee where I was provided with a good supper consisting of boil (sic) buffalo tongue and a kind of fried-cake and coffee. I stayed in the camp 3 days during which time I was not favored with an audience (sic) with Sitting Bull, who chose to ignore my presence (sic) in the village. But I accomplished much in the 3 days, kindling in their hearts a desire to go back to their old hunting ground by contrasting their condition as fugitives in a strange land with that of their friends living peacefully in their own country under the protection of the U.S. government. I fully succeeded in persuading Chief Gall to come in and surrender with his entire following, which was fully one half of the whole tribe, and he sealed the compact by presenting me with a fine horse and when I started on my return he accompanied me for about 30 miles, and when we finally (sic) parted he promised to meet me in 32 days from that date, on the Missouri river with 300 lodges. I considered the work well begun and hastened back to Fort Buford where I submitted an official report to Major Brotherton, who I found in a very unhappy frame of mind occasioned by a communication from Department Head Quarters. After Major Brotherton had sent me to the hostile camp he had reported his action to Gen. Terry, the Department Commander, and in reply had received a reprimand for sending a man on so important a mission without first consulting higher authority which made it impossible for Maj. Brotherton to act any further in the premises. He told me, however, that he would telegraph my report to Gen. Terry who, he thought would order the work continued. But on my return to Buford I found 2 telegrams and a letter from Gen. Wm P. Carlin, Commanding Officer at Fort Yates Dak. urging me to return to that post. (I had been for 5 years interpreter for Gen. Carlin) because he found it impossible to get along without me.

I didn't know what to do, I did not feel very good over Gen. Terry's letter to Maj. Brotherton, yet I afterwards realized that it was perfectly just and consistent (sic) with the requirements of the service. On the other hand, Gen. Carlin, whom I esteemed more than anyone I knew, and to whom I was under obligations, was in need of my services, and then there was my agreement to meet Chief Gall. My action was finally determined by the arrival of the Steamer Bachelor on its way down the river to Bismarck, a point within 55 miles of Gen. Carlin's post. I took passage, greatly to the disappointment (sic) of Maj. Brotherton who begged me to stay at least till he could wire my report to Gen. Terry.

The steamer was hailed by a messenger at Fort Stevenson with a telegram from Brotherton for me to look out for a telegram in Bismarck from Gen. Terry. Landing in that city I found the following telegram awaiting me.
Authority to send out Allison for this purpose was given, and he made several visits to those of the hostile Indians who were accessible to him. (Report of Gen. Terry, Report of Sec'y of War, 1881, v. i, p. 100).
"Head Quarters Dep't Dak.
Fort Snelling Minn., Oct. 16, 1880

Mr. E.H. Allison Bismarck Dak.

Await in Bismarck further orders from this office, A.H. Terry
Brig. Gen. Com'dg Dept."

There was a military telegraph line connecting Bismarck with Fort Yates over which I wired Gen. Carlin a brief statement of the work begun and submitted the matter to him as to what I should do. He answered that however much he needed my services the interests of the government would be best served by effecting the surrender of Sitting Bull and advised me to place myself under Gen. Terry's orders. The wires were down east of Bismarck and it was not until the 20th of Oct. that I received the following dispatch.

"Head Qr's Dpt. Dak. Ft Snelling Minn
Oct. 20, 1880

Mr. E.H. Allison, Bismarck, Dak.
Sir: You will proceed with all possible speed back to Fort Buford where you will find specific instructions awaiting you. Relays of horses have been placed on the road.

A.H. Terry
Br'g. Gen. Comd'g"

The distance from Bismarck to Buford was 245 miles which I made in a little less than 35 hours, changing horses 11 times. Reaching Buford I found Maj. Brotherton restored to cheerfulness by the successful termination of his efforts to have me continue the work which gave promise of ending a long and disastrous Indian war.

Acting now under proper authority I deemed it prudent - necessary in fact, to ask that certain conditions be observed by the Military authorities in that Department. First that I should be left free to act on all occasions as my own judgment should dictate, Second, that I should receive the support of the Department Commander in any reasonable and lawful measure that in my judgment became necessary, and thirdly, that no active operations should be carried on by any commander in the field without my knowledge. This was necessary for my own protection while visiting the hostile village.

Receiving assurances that these conditions would be observed I made deliberate and careful preparations for my second visit to the hostiles. I had a wagon loaded with provisions consisting of hard bread, sugar, coffee, bacon and tobacco, and I selected 4 of the best mules in the Quarter Master's stables to draw the wagon. Private Day, of the 7th Inf'ty volunteered (sic) to drive the team, dressed in citizen's clothes. Many of the old timers at the Post tried to persuade him not to go, declaring that he would never come back alive, that it was only the act of a madman to take an outfit like that into the hostile camp; that if I wanted to go alone and sacrifice myself to Indian treachery, why, well and good, but I had no right to sacrifice Private Day and 4 good government mules. But Day was a brave man and proof against their solicitations. It was on the morning of the 25th of October that we pulled out from Buford and reached Camp Poplar Creek in 3 days where I was met by a runner from Chief Gall informing me that I would find the entire band, Sitting Bull and all, at the mouth of Frenchman's Creek 130 miles west. With the runner, whose name "okote" waste, or Good Boy, as guide we continued our journey, making about 30 miles a day, reaching the camp on the 9th day out from Buford. Within
Article 4 of the Treaty of October 17, 1855, between the United States and the Blackfoot and other Indians, provides: That the parties to this treaty agree and consent that the tract of country lying within lines drawn from the Hell Gate or Medidine Rock Passes, in an easterly direction, to the nearest source of the Muscle Shell River, thence down said river to its mouth, thence down the channel of the Missouri River to the mouth of Milk River, thence due north to the forty-ninth parallel, thence due west on said parallel to the main range of the Rocky Mountains, and thence southerly along said range to the place of beginning, shall be the territory of the Blackfoot Nation. — (11 Stat. L., 657-8; II Kappler, Indian Affairs, Laws and Treaties, 737).

An Act of Congress approved April 15, 1874, provides: That the following described tract of country, in the Territory of Montana, be, and the same is hereby, set apart for the use and occupation of the Gros Ventre, Piegan, Blood, Blackfoot, River Crow, and such other Indians as the President may, from time to time, see fit to locate thereon, viz: Commencing at the northwest corner of the Territory of Dakota, being the intersection of the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude and the one hundred and fourth meridian of west longitude; thence south to the south bank of the Missouri River; thence up and along the south bank of said river, to a point opposite the mouth of the Maria's River; thence along the main channel of the Maria's River to Birch Creek; thence up the main channel of Birch Creek to its source; thence west to the summit of the main chain of the Rocky Mountains; thence along the summit of the Rocky Mountains to the northern boundary of Montana; thence along said northern boundary to the place of beginning. (18 Stat. L., 38).

The United States Court of Claims, in finding II, page 2, of its opinion in the Blackfeet case, found as follows: The Blackfoot nation had in earlier times roamed over a vast region of country extending from the north fork of the Saskatchewan River in Canada to the headwaters of the Muscle Shell River, and from the Rocky Mountains on the west to the 106 degree of longitude on the east. (Blackfeet, et al. Indians v. United States, Court of Claims No. E 437, Opinion rendered April 10, 1933, but not reported, pages 2 and 3).

Sitting Bull's camp at the mouth of Frenchman's Creek was well within the limits of the Blackfeet territory. J.G.C.

Crow Foot was killed December 15, 1890, with his father, at Grand River, in a fight that resulted in the attempt to arrest Sitting Bull. He was 17 years of age when he died. (The Ghost Dance Religion, by James Mooney, 14 Rep. Bur. Am. Ethn., Pt. 2, pp. 858 and 859).
about 3 miles of the camp we came upon a solitary tepee erected on a little mound just north of the trail. An old squaw stood near the tepee observing our approach, from whom I learned that her son, who was in the tepee, had the day before killed one of the tribe in a quarrel over a horse trade, and in compliance with custom was now performing an act of purification for shedding blood. She also told me that on the preceding night their enemies, the Blackfeet, had made an attack on the camp and run off 36 head of horses, and that a war party was on their trail. All this was unwelcome news, the camp was sure to be in an uproar and the warriors in a frame of mind anything but favorable to my purpose. But this was mild intelligence compared with what we were about to witness in the next 48 hours. It was about 3:00 PM. when we drove into the camp and I was surprised and somewhat puzzled by a pressing invitation which could easily be construed into a command, to make my home in Sitting Bull's lodge, as long as I stayed in camp. I accepted the invitation but stipulated that Chief Gall should superintend the distribution of the provisions which I had in the wagon. To this Sitting Bull readily acceded, and notwithstanding the turbulent condition of the camp I was soon comfortably housed together with the soldier in the tepee of the great Priest and Prophet, Sitting Bull. After an early supper I obtained a private interview with Chief Gall who informed me that he was determined to effect the surrender of the entire band, but to do this more time would be required. He must first go back to Canada to enable Sitting Bull to keep an engagement to meet Major Walsh of the Dominion Army, in council at the Woody Mountain trading post. And to insure success and expedite matters he advised that I should meet him again at Woody Mountain as soon as possible after reporting to Maj. Brotherton at Buford. Considering the circumstances I thought best to acquiesce in this plan, but I explained to him that I was anxious to make some kind of a showing on this trip that would reward Maj. Brotherton for the confidence he had placed in me. The Chief told me to remain in camp 3 days and by that time he would have 20 families ready to send in with me. Satisfied with these arrangements I returned a little after dark to Sitting Bull's tepee where the soldier, who could not speak a word of Indian was having a rather lonesome time of it, and was growing anxious on account of my prolonged absence. We were both very tired and soon lay down to rest, while I engaged the old Priest in conversation.

Sitting Bull's family consisted at that time of his 2 wives, (sisters) his 3 daughters and 3 sons. The eldest being a daughter of 17, the next eldest was also a daughter of 14, the next in respect to age was a son (Ka'gi Sika) Crow Foot, at that time 7 years old. The 2 youngest were twin boys 4 years and a half old. The twins were born about 3 weeks before the Battle of the Little Big Horn. One was named Ichpeya Napapi, from the fact that his mother "fled and abandoned" him at the time of Custer's attack. The mother having carried the other with her in her flight it was named Tuka Napapi, or "Fled with" The accompanying cut shows the arrangement of things in Sitting Bull's lodge at the time of which I write.

(Plan of Sitting Bull's lodge. Not inserted because not material)

I continued in conversation with Sitting Bull till about midnight when I fell asleep, but slept perhaps not more than an hour when I was
During the winter several raids were made on the Piegans by parties of Sioux and many horses stolen. In the pursuit of the thieves, for the purpose of recovering the ponies, there was some fighting. Six Piegans were killed and one Sioux. This caused me much trouble in preventing restless young men from "going to war", as they call it, to get back an equivalent for the lost horses. In two instances some horses were brought back by parties who had gone to hunt at Cypress Mountain. I made it known that all horses thus obtained must be returned when claimed, and this has been done. Six were sent back at one time and eleven at another to their owners in Canada. (Report of Agent John Young, Blackfeet Agency, August 6, 1880. Rep. Comm. Ind. Aff. 1880, p. 108).

While the above report concerns hostilities between the Blackfeet and Sioux during January, February and March, 1880, it also indicates what the state of affairs was between these tribes in November, 1880. J.G.C.

The attack here described is in accordance with the raiding tactics employed by the Piegan, Blood and Blackfoot Indians as related to me by A.C.J. Farrell, who was for a long time well acquainted with these Indians. When a war party, according to Mr. Farrell, was successful in stealing horses from and enemy camp, they at once detached a number of their party, who made off with the stolen horses, making the best speed possible in the direction of their home camp. The main body of the war party remained near the enemy camp to check pursuit and create, if necessary, a diversion. This they did either by attacking the enemy camp; or by entrenching themselves a short distance from it and standing siege for a short time, later withdrawing under cover of night; or by fighting a rearguard action with the enemy pursuers. Thus the members of the war party falling back on the home camp with the booty could continue their retreat unmolested by the enemy. Sitting Bull's Sioux were evidently not familiar with Blackfoot raiding tactics. J.G.C.
awakened by the loud report of fire arms and the simultaneous war cry of contending savages. The camp was instantly in a state of wild confusion, Indian women seized their babes and fled, screaming, they knew not whither, while the warriors, suddenly roused from slumber, seized their arms and flew with the speed of the wind toward that quarter from whence the attack was made by an enemy whose presence (sic) could only be determined by the sharp report and flashes of fire from their guns as they fired in the darkness upon the Sioux camp. Here was an opportunity for the soldier and myself to prove our friendship by aiding in defence (sic) of the camp. Seizing our rifles we hastily joined the warriors, but a few scattering shots delivered in the direction of the enemy turned them away, the firing soon ceased and we all returned to the camp where comparative quiet was restored, but no one slept any more that night. The fact that the soldier and I took part in the defence (sic) was favorably commented on, and it was no doubt well for us that we did, for the Indians are very superstitious and their blood was up, something was the matter. In fact things had been going wrong for several days. There must be a Jonah in the camp, and how easy it would be to find a pair of Jonahs in the persons of the 2 white men. But our prompt action made a favorable impression, and I improved the opportunity by comparing their uncertain, hunted condition with the happy life of their friends in Dakota whose wives and little ones were even then sleeping peacefully in their bed - without fear of being disturbed by prowling bands of Indian foes. A number of warriors followed cautiously after the retreating Blackfeet but failed to come up with them. They returned to camp about 10 in the morning and reported finding blood stained bandages on the trail, so some one must have been wounded. They also reported fresh buffalo sign, and about 30 warriors went out to locate the herd.

About 3 miles west of the camp they found 4 old bulls which they fired upon killing all but one, which, though severely wounded, ran for nearly a mile farther west. It was followed by only one warrior, young Scarlet Plume, who finally killed it near the head of a ravine which opened on the Milk river bottom which at that point was covered with a heavy growth of timber. He had killed his last buffalo. A party of Blackfeet braves concealed in the timber had been watching his movements (sic), and now while he was skinning the animal they approached under cover of the ravine, shot him, took his scalp and made good their escape. His body was found by his father, old Scarlet Thunder, and was brought by him into camp a little before sunset that evening. Then indeed there was weeping and wailing in that camp. I have not command of words to describe the scene that followed. His old mother, his 5 sisters and scores of friends and relatives tore their hair, slashed their limbs with knives till the ground where they stood was wet with their blood, and rent their garments, calling in a loud wailing voice upon the name of the lost son and brother.

It was not a favorable time for negotiations, not a time for anything in fact but silence and obscurity, so with my soldier friend I sought the seclusion of Sitting Bull's tepee where we spent the night in fitful and unrefreshing slumber. Early in the morning I was awakened by Chief Gall, whom I joined in a walk about the camp. He informed me that 30 families had silently taken their departure during
There is no mention made in the Reports of the Secretary of War, or of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs of the surrender of 20 lodges of hostile Sioux, escorted by Allison, at Fort Buford on, or about, November 13, 1880. But General Terry, (see next note), mentions in his report that as a consequence of the Allison negotiations numerous parties of the hostile Indians arrived at Poplar River during the months of November and December, 1880. J.G.C.
the night, and that I would find them in the evening encamped about 20 miles east of the river trail. He further said that 5 women and 9 children belonged to the party, but having no horses, had been left to ride in my wagon. He also informed me that Good Boy, the runner, would return with me to Poplar creek.

After an early breakfast we hitched up the mules, eager to leave a place where our experience (sic) had been altogether unpleasant. I loaned my horse to Good Boy so that he could traverse the bottoms in quest of deer, while I occupied a seat with the driver. The 5 squaws and 9 children climbed into the wagon with their meagre effects and we began moving out of the camp, Good Boy riding just in advance of the mules. We had reached the outskirts of the village and were nearing the ford

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of Frenchman's Creek, which was bordered on either side by a dense growth of willows, when I saw a number of warriors rapidly approaching us from the camp, each one carrying, in addition to his rifle, a stout club. From this I knew they belonged to the soldier band, corresponding to our police. They called to Good Boy to halt, but instead of obeying, he put whip to his horse and quickly disappeared (sic) through the willows at the crossing, but not before one of the Indians, a son of the famous Chief Black Moon, had raised his rifle and sent a bullet flying after him. My soldier friend being unacquainted with Indian customs, supposed we were sure enough attacked and for an instant lost his presence of mind and was about to lash the mules into a run, in the mad hope of escaping from Indians in a ponderous government wagon drawn by 4 equally ponderous mules. I snatched the lines from his hands and reined in the mules at the same time begging Day not to get excited and to put down the whip. He recovered himself instantly, when I handed him the lines and telling him to hold the mules I jumped to the ground and ran up to the brave who had fired the shot, I asked him of the hostile demonstration. He waved me

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angrily away, repeating: "It is not you, it is not you, that man on your horse I wanted. He is himself a soldier of our band and long ago he broke my arm with a blow from his club when I had violated one of our rules by flushing a herd of buffalo, now he is leaving camp without consent and I proposed to retaliate, but he is gone, and now you go!" I obeyed with alacrity, while the warriors turned slowly back to their camp. We were clear of them at last and right glad we were to know it. It was nearly dark when we came up with the 30 lodges sent on by Chief Gall. Good Boy was there with plenty of good venison and laughing heartily at the morning episode which he explained more fully. We returned in

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safety (sic) to Fort Buford, where, I hope, with a pardonable degree of pride, I turned over to Maj. Brotherton the first fruits of my labor, 20 lodges of the hostile Sioux, and submitted an official report of this my 2nd visit to the camp of Sitting Bull. I remained in Buford 5 days preparing for my 3rd trip and believing the work to have reached a stage where I might find it necessary to prolong indefinitely (sic) my stay in the hostile camp, I determined to take with me someone to act in the capacity of courier. For

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this purpose I chose the Post interpreter, George Mulligan with whom I started on the 30th of November, reaching Camp Poplar Creek in 2
As a consequence of Allison's negotiations, numerous parties of the hostile Indians arrived at Poplar River during the month of November and the early part of December, until, finally, a considerable body of them had collected. (Report of General Terry, Report of Sec'y of War, 1881, v. 1, p. 100).

Major Crozier. The Piegans called him Antelope Hen, Awakasee Atoka. (Richard Sanderville, or Chief Bull, a Piegan Indian, from Heart Butte, Montana).

Sitting Bull was a heavy set, muscular man, about five feet eight inches in stature, and at the time of the battle of the Little Big Horn was forty-two years of age. He was the autocrat of the camp - chiefly because he was the host. In council his views had great weight, because he was known as a great medicine man. He was a chief, but not a warrior chief. In the war councils he had a voice and vote the same as any other chief. A short time previous to the battle he had "made medicine," had predicted that the soldiers would all be killed. He took no active part in the battle, but, as was his custom in time of danger, remained in the village "making medicine." Personally, he was regarded by the Agency Indians as a great coward and a very great liar, "a man with a big head and a little heart." (Custer's Last Battle, by Brig. Gen. Edward S. Godfrey, Contributions, Historical Society of Montana, v. 9, p. 158).
days, at this place is situated, besides the small garrison of troops, an Agency for the Upper Yankton Sioux, who number in all about 2,500 souls. From these people I received information that an open rupture had occurred between Chief Gail and Sitting Bull occasioned by the discovery that Chief Gail had instigated the desertion of the 20 lodges whom I had taken to Buford, and concealment being no longer possible, Chief Gail, always prompt to act, had leaped into the midst of the camp and publicly called upon all who acknowledged him as their Chief to separate themselves from the camp and prepare immediately to go with him to Fort Buford.

It was a bold thing to do, a test of supremacy and Chief Gail was the victor, taking away from Sitting Bull about 400 lodges with whom he came direct to Poplar Creek where I awaited his arrival which took place on the 35th. Sitting Bull was now left with only about 340 lodges, a force too small to hold out against even their Indian enemies. Therefore, after a long talk with Chief Gail, I determined to push right on to Woody Mountain and press negotiations for surrender. There were grave uncertainties however, as to how I would be received. Their troubles, not the least of which in the estimation of his adherents (sic), was the decline of Sitting Bull's power, might all be dated from my first visit to their camp, and my friend Chief Gail would not be there to protect me from the vengeance of the desperate savages. One thing was certain, Sitting Bull had by this time divined my purpose, and any attempt at concealment would be futile. But the work could not be done by proxy, I had to go on, or sneek back to Buford and own up that I was afraid. Accordingly, after arranging for Chief Gail to await my return to Poplar creek and sending a report to Maj. Brotherton by an Indian, I started across the wide plain for Canada accompanied by Mulligan. Winter had already set in and we had a cold ride across the 110 mile prairie, reaching Woody Mountain trading post on the 37th, where we learned that Sitting Bull's camp was only 18 miles west of the Post. At the suggestion of Major Crozier of the Dominion forces I remained at the Post and sent word to Sitting Bull to meet me there with all of his leading warriors, and to insure their attendance and put them in good humor I sent them notice that I would provide a feast for them. (27)

Sitting Bull met me with a slight exhibition (sic) of friendliness which I thought was reluctantly assumed. Deprived of the council (sic) and support of Chief Gail he seemed not to know what to do. He was constitutionally a coward and fears for his own personal safety (sic) no doubt caused him to waver and withhold his consent to a surrender. And then, too, he was human, and doubtless, coward though he was, his mind was influenced by other considerations than personal fear. His exalted position as Prophet of a people, who in his opinion were the greatest on earth, was fast slipping away from him. And it had been the boast of his life that he would never be dependent on the hated White man. Time and again his warriors had met them in battle and had always been the victors. Must he at last in this same, humiliating (sic) manner surrender himself and become a prisoner in the hands of his hereditary foe? Who can tell the fierce struggle of that moment? The mental anguish endured while he revolved these, to him, mighty questions in his mind? No wonder that he hesitated and asked for a few more days, to think, and talk with his people. I explained to him that his surrender
Among the other Indians present, I particularly noticed in the Uncapapas, No Neck, a fierce-looking savage, who was said to be one of the most potent men in the hostile camp; --- (War Path and Bivouac, by John F. Finerty, pp. 100 and 101).

Strange as it may seem, nearly every hostile village was "divided against itself." That is to say, each village contained two parties, or factions. Grouard says this fact was very patent with the Uncapapas, where Sitting Bull and his immediate family following controlled on the one side, and No Neck and Gall on the other, the latter faction having the slight advantage; but Sitting Bull, being a first-class politician, could hold his own. The cause of these factions was hereditary, growing out of family differences generations back. Four Horns was the hereditary chief of the Uncapapas. His age in 1869 was seventy. His cousin, Black Kettle, was the same age. These two men had reigned since their youth, and were considered the head men of the tribe. Both had been warriors, very fierce. Black Kettle was the greater orator, and in the councils had more to say and carried greater weight than any other man in the tribe. When Grouard was led into the Uncapapa village a captive, the No Neck and Gall faction was the one that wanted to put him to death. The other side, with Sitting Bull at its back, of course opposed the scheme, and the fine Italian hand of the politician is again shown to advantage, for Grouard’s life was spared. Three years later, when Sitting Bull and Grouard quarreled over the arrest of the half-breeds (who had sold the Uncapapas whiskey, and been the cause of so much sorrow and trouble among the red men), nothing would satisfy the revenge of the politician but the blood of the man whose life he had preserved when the boy’s capture was effected. It was then made a family affair, and No Neck and Gall (who three years previous had loudly demanded his death) were now foremost among his champions and protectors. Here is one instance, at least, where factional strife and jealousy saved a life. The Life and Adventures of Frank Grouard, Chief of Scouts, U.S.A., by Joe de Barthes, St. Joseph, Missouri, 1894, pp. 159-160.
must be virtually unconditional, the only thing guaranteed was that their lives should be spared. I was free to express my opinion, however, that they would eventually be treated the same as other Agency Indians, and promising to wait 10 days for a decision I sent Mulligan back to Buford with a report of progress. During the following 10 days, from the 1st to the 10th of Dec., 1880, I visited the camp 3 times, staying over night the first time with Sitting Bull, the second time with No Neck and the third time with Black Bull using every argument and persuasion at my command to induce them to return with me to Buford, and having a better command of Indian than English I believe I waxed eloquent, for while talking to a small assembly in Black Bull's lodge, that Chief confessed that my words, describing their distressed, hunted condition and the hopelessness of their children's future, had moved him to tears, something never before accomplished by a white man. On the morning of the 10th I made an appointment to meet the Indians at the Trader's store there to hear their final decision.

Accordingly about noon on that day they were at the store and ready for council at which, at my request, Major Crozier was present and gave me all the aid in his power, but not until after he withdrew did I finally succeed about 3 o'clock P.M., in getting a promise from Sitting Bull and all the Chieftains (sic) to raise camp the next morning, Dec. 11th and move with me toward Fort Buford. As soon as they had thus decided most of them left at once for their camp to prepare for the morning's march. Sitting Bull with the rest, I having promised to start in time to reach the camp that night and sleep in Sitting Bull's lodge. Five or six of the Indians stayed behind to do some trading, one of them was Black Bull, a Chief noted for bravery, another was the Indian who had fired the shot at Good Boy on the occasion of my second visit to Sitting Bull's camp. After purchasing as much food as I could conveniently pack on my horse and sending a dispatch by a Cree half-breed to Maj. Brotherton, I started on Sitting Bull's trail through the snow to the camp 18 miles away. The snow was deep and my horse was too heavily laden to admit of fast riding, so I was jogging slowly along keeping a sharp lookout from force of habit, and had gone about 9 miles when I discovered an Indian following after me at the highest rate of speed and frantically beckoning me to stop. I halted and waited his approach. It was Black Bull, and he had brought me a dispatch signed by Fred Cadd the Trader and endorsed by Maj. Crozier, warning me that my life was threatened and urging me to return with the bearer who would explain - which he did by informing me that soon after I left the store Black Moon's son gave the trader a dressed deer skin for which he asked for a quantity of sugar, coffee and flour, which having been weighed out to him proved unsatisfactory and he demanded the return of his deer skin. This being refused he flew into a rage and attempted to kill the trader on the spot, but being frustrated in his purpose, (Black Bull modestly refrained from stating the fact that it was he who had saved the trader's life) he declared that though they had cheated him out of his deer skin and prevented his killing the man who cheated him, they could not rob him of vengeance,

for there was one white man whose hot blood should melt the frozen
About the 11th of December, Sitting Bull, with whom the negotiations had been kept up through interpreter Allison, crossed the boundary with the main body of his adherents with the avowed purpose of surrendering at Fort Buford. (Report of General Terry, Report of Sec'y of War, 1881, v. 1, p. 108).
snow before the sun went down, and leaving the store he mounted his horse and rode furiously away on a trail nearly parallel with the one taken by me, and the natural conclusion was that he meant me.

This was perplexing, success within reach, and now this difficulty presents itself. What should I do? I was expected in camp that night, and I had the promise of Sitting Bull and all the leading warriors to start in the morning for the American lines. If I failed to reach the camp that night, they would not move in the morning, our agreement would be void and total failure would probably result. Better go ahead and die than go back and be laughed at. Penciling on the back of the dispatch my determination to go on at all hazard, I sent Black Bull back with it while I slowly and thoughtfully pursued my way to the camp, closely scanning every ravine and bunch of poplar and sage bush that might serve as a hiding place for the enraged warrior. But nothing unusual occurred and I reached the camp in safety (sic). Supper was awaiting me in Sitting Bull's tepee which was to be my home for the next 10 days. While smoking a pipe with the Prophet after supper, I told him what I had heard about the difficulty in the trader's store. Sitting Bull in turn told me that a little while before my arrival the Black Moon's son had returned, his horse wet with sweat and apparently exhausted, which fact was noticed and commented on by several, but the warrior making no statement, they had supposed that the proposed movement (sic) in the morning was all that agitated his mind. While we were yet speaking a little girl came in and told me that her father wanted me to come to his lodge, and immediately went out again. The Prophet told me that the little girl was the daughter of the man we were talking about. So it was the enraged warrior himself who wanted to see me. What for? There was no use trying to evade a meeting and I might as well go and take my medicine at once, so taking my rifle I followed the little girl to her father's lodge. Going in I found the warrior apparently in the best of good humor and filling a pipe for a smoke. He motioned me to a seat where his wife served me with a big hot pancakes and a cup of coffee, and while I was eating, supposing that I knew nothing of his trouble with the trader, he told me all about it, evidently with a desire to conceal nothing, not even his threat of vengeance, and concluded exultingly, while his countenance actually glowed with savage satisfaction, "etóé qtoé owaqan yelo" "That very thing I have done." While my heart was saddened by the thought that some one's life had been sacrificed to the avaricious greed of an Indian trader, yet I was glad to know that I had not been chosen as the object of revenge. Since then I was told that the mail due in Woody Mountain from Fort Walsh that night had failed to arrive, and some days later fragments of human remains, torn and scattered by wolves, revealed the fact that the mail carrier had been killed. The warrior then said that he had sent for me to tell me these things himself and assure me that I need have no fear for my own personal safety (sic) so far as he was concerned. It was his turn to be surprised when I told him how I had heard all about it before I returned to the camp, and when I mentioned the name of Black Bull as being the one who brought me the warning he knashed (sic) his teeth and said: "Only for him I would have killed the real offender". Sunrise the next morning found us moving south, toward the Missouri river, Black Bull and the others having returned from the store
The destitute condition of Sitting Bull's Indians, as early as January, 1880, is shown by the following:
November 29, 1879, the honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs forwarded a telegram saying that if any Sitting Bull Indians came to the agency they must be treated as prisoners of war and surrender their arms and ponies; also, every one of them if fed must be made to earn their rations by work in some capacity for the government. The latter part of January 41 families came here from the north in a destitute and starving condition, who turned over their ponies and guns, and I put them on the list and reported my action February 6, 1880. From that time on to the last of April they kept coming in small parties and turning over their ponies and arms till there were 1,116 in all - 100 men, 209 women, 434 boys, and 374 girls - and they had turned over 43 ponies, 40 guns, and 7 revolvers. Before coming here for two or three months they had been killing and eating their ponies, and most of them came on foot. The ponies were in a starving condition, and had a disease called the scab, --- (Report of Agent N.S. Porter, Fort Peck Agency, August 12, 1880, Rep. Comm. Ind. Aff. 1880, p. 113).

Bill Ellsworth, a white man, and an old time resident on the Blackfoot Indian Reservation in Montana, gave me the following information concerning the precautions taken by the Piegan Indians when moving camp through hostile or doubtful territory, and upon the Old North Trail. Two parties of scouts were sent in advance, one on the left and one on the right of the head of the main column of the camp on march. Two parties of scouts also took position on the left and right of the rear of the column. The advance scouts approached each ridge afoot, leaving their horses on the down slope of the ridge, nearest the approaching column. When these scouts were satisfied the way was clear, they proceeded to the next ridge, but if not, they signaled the main column. The scouts on the rear flanks took like precautions, and advanced after the column only as the forward scouts advanced. The main column was always kept thus in the center of the four parties of scouts, who covered its front, rear, and both flanks, and the column never crossed a ridge without first knowing what was on the other side.

U.G.C.

He proceeded to the mouth of Milk River and established his camp. Finding game in that vicinity his people engaged in hunting. (Report of General Terry, Report of Sec'y of War, 1881, v. 1, p. 106).
during the night. Having barely enough horses to pack their effects nearly all the able bodied men and women were afoot. The order of march being, first 3 mounted warriors, one keeping the proposed line of march, the others acting as flankers observing a distance of about half a mile to the right and left of the centre (sic) guide. Next in line of march, and immediately preceding (sic) the main body, were about 50 warriors afoot, and armed for action, moving, however, without any more display of military order than would a herd of so many cattle. Then followed the camp proper, men, women and children leading and driving the ponies all heavily laden with camp equipage, not even the little colts nor the dogs were exempt from burden, and all in an indescribable state of disorder. Bringing up the rear was a guard of about 75 warriors mounted on the best horses. From this company, at intervals of about a mile small detachments of 5 or 6 were sent ahead, riding swiftly on either flank until they reached a point a mile or two in advance of the main column, when, taking a position on some knoll, they would dismount, and sitting down in the snow, fill a pipe for a smoke, while their ponies foraged in the snow for the nutritious buffalo grass. Here they would remain till the rear guard came up when they would rejoin them. In the mean time another party of flankers had gone out, and so on all day long. Our progress was necessarily slow, making an average of about 12 miles a day. As for myself, I rode with the main body usually, and sometimes with the rear guard, always speaking words of encouragement to the feeble and cheering the little ones with a promise of good things when we should reach Fort Buford. The weather was not extremely 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 soon exhausted and there was consequent suffering from hunger, and like the Israelites of old they began to murmur. On the 3rd days march I was riding by the side of Sitting Bull just in the rear of the main body when my name was called by a young warrior, a member of the flanking party, who stood on a little mound to the left of the line of march and 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 stood for nearly a minute, holding the muzzle of his rifle in his hands while the butt rested on the ground, before he answered, at last, looking at me while his lips quivered and his voice trembled with emotion, he said: "Where are you taking these people to?" "To Fort Buford" I answered. "Then," said he, "why don't you feed them, don't you know that they are hungry?". I was about to reply, but Sitting Bull, realizing the situation, adroitly placed himself between me and the speaker, and indicating by a sign that I should move on he 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 the young man would have attempted my life. On other occasions I narrowly escaped death at the hands of the turbulent and ungovernable savages. Our course for 7 days was down Rock creek when we crossed over east to the Porcupine which we followed 3 days to its mouth in the Milk river 3 miles from the Missouri. Here we found buffalo in great numbers, and I determined to improve the opportunity...
Crow King was in importance to Sitting Bull among the Sioux warriors as Sheridan was to Grant in the late War of the Rebellion. (Western Blue Book, N.Y. 1881, Campaigns of Custer and Surrender of Sitting Bull, Judson Elliott Walker, p. 59).

From this point he (i.e. Sitting Bull) sent a number of his chiefs and soldiers to Buford to continue his negotiations for surrender and to make various excuses for not coming in at once. These Indians arrived at Buford on the 24th of December. The principal reasons given by them for not surrendering immediately was that the Indians collected at Poplar River were very averse to a surrender, as were a portion of those who were at Milk River, and that should the two camps unite those who were averse would form a majority of the whole. They desired that the camp at Poplar River should be gotten out of the way so that "the road might be clear" for them. It was the opinion...
(37) for getting in a supply of food and robes for the destitute Indians. Placing the camp in a position favorable for defence (sic) against Indian enemies and after everybody had satisfied their hunger with choice parts of the buffalo, I called a council of the head men and asked them to select three braves to go at once with me to Fort Buford, my object being, as I told them, to convince them that their treatment by Maj. Brotherton would be good, and I wanted them to receive confirmation, from the lips of Maj. Brotherton himself, of all the representations I had made them concerning their surrender. Sitting Bull then called for three volunteers but for a long time there was no response. Finally, after the assembled warriors had smoked their pipes in silence for full 30 minutes, causing a feeling of portentous gloom to pervade the atmosphere of the council lodge, a tall, athletic warrior sprang suddenly to his feet, and taking a position in the center of the lodge, and gesticulating excitedly, he said: "I am 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 (36) to sue for peace was not of my choosing. But when, eleven days ago, the Chiefs of this nation decided upon this course, that day I forgot that the white man was my enemy; that day Patriarch Crow, the scourge of the white man, died, and today 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 friend to Fort Buford, Who will be the next to speak?" He then came and taking my hand sat down by my side, great drops of sweat rolling off his face.

I regret that I have not the power of language to do justice to the noble character of that untutored savage, wrapped up in that red skin were all the elements of greatness. Self sacrifice, patriotism and a moral courage that was sublime. When we remember the conditions under which he came into existence, enronied by a very atmosphere of strife, listening always to the din of clashing arms and opening his eyes only to look upon scenes of blood, we must appreciate the strength of character and nobility (sic) of mind that determined his action. Though a leading warrior, and always foremost in battle he was (39) never before known to make a public speech, and I had his assurance that I was the first white man with whom he had ever shaken hands. He afterwards proved of invaluable service, but has since died at the Standing Rock Agency, where he was known, through the misinterpretation of his name, as the Crow King. Two others immediately volunteered, and the next morning, leaving the camp where they were for the first time in 5 years in the midst of buffalo, we started for Buford reaching that place Christmas eve, December 24, 1880. We had stopped on our way at Poplar creek where I had a talk with Chief Call who told me that the Yankton chiefs were urging his people not to go to Buford, but to enroll themselves in their bands and remain at Poplar creek Agency, dwelling upon the fact as an inducement that there they were nearer the buffalo range than they would be if they went to the lower country. And he feared if measures were not taken to restrain the Yanktons, when the time came to move on to Buford, many of his people
of Allison that should measures be taken to capture or to compel the surrender of the Poplar River camp no evil effect would be produced upon the minds of the Indians at Milk River; that they would understand that such action was taken in consequence of their desire that the way should be cleared for them. It was in consequence of these representations that Major Ilges was directed to take efficient measures to enforce a surrender. (Report of General Terry, Report of Sec'y of War, 1881, v. 1, pp. 106 and 107).

As a consequence of Allison's negotiations, numerous parties of the hostile Indians arrived at Poplar River during the month of November and the early part of December, until, finally, a considerable body of them had been collected. When they first arrived they professed the most peaceable sentiments, and announced their intention to proceed on to Fort Buford and surrender to the commanding officer of that post, but as their numbers were increased by successive arrivals they became turbulent and arrogant; they no longer held out promises to surrender; they even assumed a threatening attitude towards the garrison. Under these circumstances it became necessary to re-enforce the troops at the post. Therefore Captain Bell, Seventh Cavalry, with his own company and thirty men from the companies of the Seventh Infantry at Fort Buford, was sent from that post to Poplar River, and Major Ilges with five companies of the Fifth Infantry, was sent to the same place from Fort Keogh. Captain Bell arrived on the 15th, Major Ilges on the 24th of December. Major Ilges immediately assumed command. (Report of General Terry, Report of Sec'y of War, 1881, v. 1, pp. 100 and 101).

On the morning of the 31st of December, being then in possession of your telegram of the 28th (same month), informing me that the former instructions given by the department commander were revoked and authorizing me "to compel the surrender of The Gall and his people by such means as to me may seem best adapted to that end," I sent for Gall, The Crow, and all the headmen of the hostile camp. They met me, about 60 in number, fully armed, at the agency building, and in the presence of my officers and the United States Indian agent, Mr. Porter. Scout Allison, with the two emissaries of Sitting Bull, on return trip from Fort Buford, were invited to be present, and upon my request, Crow King, the head soldier, gave the hostiles a description of his visit to Fort Buford; the good words that had been spoken there to him, and he advised them to go there at once; that such was the wish of Sitting Bull, for whom he was acting and speaking. I then insisted that the Gall and the Crow should get their people ready to move to Fort Buford on the morning of the 2d instant, promising them assistance in rations and transportation. They did not decline to go ultimately, but said it was too cold to travel at that time, and the Crow terminated the interview abruptly by telling me I had said enough to him. They fully understood my demand for removal on the 3d instant, and also, that I would move against them on that day to compel surrender with force in case of refusal on their part. (Report of Major Guido Ilges, Report of Sec'y of War, 1881, v. 1, p. 102. Report dated Poplar Creek, Montana, January 31, 1881).

Major Ilges arrived in December, and after trying all peaceable measures to induce the hostiles to surrender, he was compelled on the 3d day of January to attack their camp, which was then directly opposite the
would refuse to go any further. All this I reported to Major Brotherton, and advised that the two companies at Poplar Creek be reinforced by at least 5 companies, which was done, 3 companies being sent from Fort (40) and (41) on one sheet, typewritten.

Keogh, Montana and two from Buford; all under the command of Major Guido Ilges. My object in having the garrison at Poplar Creek reinforced was to overawe the agency Indian and prevent their interference at the hostiles and if possible effect the surrender of the hostiles themselves. Too much cannot be said in praise of the action of the officers and men who had engaged in that campaign. They had to encounter not only the hostile savages but the cold of Montana weather. Among the officers who were engaged in that campaign were some who are well known in army circles in Washington., Capt. H.O.S. Heistand, who at that time, however, was a Second Lieutenant in the 11th Infantry, was an active participant in all negotiations (sic) with the hostile Indians (sic) on that most memorable campaign, earning the highest praise and deserving it from his superior officers. Capt. Irvin was no less deserving of commendation. Dr. C.S. Black, I also remember as taking a prominent part in the action against the Sioux.

I had reached Poplar Creek with Patriarch Crow and the two other delegates on the First of January and was present at the Council held with the hostile Sioux when Major Ilges demanded their surrender. No definite action followed the Council and the following morning, Jan. 3d, Chief Gall came over from his camp bringing me a beautiful black ponny as a present and while standing by the pony's side, explaining its merits, he saw the entire military force, cavalry, infantry and artillery under arms and moving towards the river in the direction of his camp. He divined their intention and said to me: "These soldiers are coming to attack my camp." Yes, I replied; quick mount and go. You must not allow one of your men to lift a gun, but as soon as possible display a white flag and surrender. I will see that you are sent to Major Brotherton. Without a word he threw himself on the back of the little animal and was away with the speed of the wind. Calling Patriarch Crow, I climbed with him to the top of the trader's store, where we could watch the movements of the troops and the camp in the timber across the river. Our interest was centered in the movements of Chief Gall, for everything depended on his ability to reach the camp before the Indians (sic) were aroused by the approach of the troops. He got there none too soon, for as he disappeared in the timber which hid the tepees from view the troops formed on the ice in line of battle and wheeling the two pieces of artillery into position began the attack upon the camp. I have never ceased to wonder at the influence exerted by Chief Gall over his people which enabled him to hold them from a desperate resistance (sic). He soon reappeared squarely in front of the troops waving a piece of white muslin. Firing ceased and the soldiers took possession of the camp. The surrender of Chief Gall and his band virtually completed the work which I had undertaken. At least, it simplified that which was to follow. Every obstacle in the way of bringing in the remainder of the hostiles was thus removed, but the fugitives from Gall's camp fled westward (43) up the Missouri valley toward Sitting Bull's camp. My position on the roof with Patriarch Crow enabled me to see the fugitives as they flew
agency on the south bank of the Missouri River. He captured about 100
men, 300 women and children. (Report of Agent N.S. Porter, Fort Peck
January 3, 1881, Maj. Guido Ilges, Fifth Infantry, with Companies A,
B, C, F and G, Fifth Infantry, Troop F, Seventh Cavalry, and detachment
Seventh Infantry, marched from Camp Poplar River, Mont., against a band
of hostile Indians encamped about two miles to the south-east of the
latter post, on the south bank of the Missouri River, and after an
engagement, in which 8 of the hostiles were killed, compelled their
surrender, capturing 305 Indians, about 200 ponies, 69 guns, and burning
60 of their lodges. On the 6th of January these Indians, together with
163 ponies, were sent from Camp Poplar River under guard (Troop F,
Seventh Cavalry) to Fort Buford, arriving there January 10, 1881.
I think about 60 of the hostiles escaped during and after the engagement,
some of whom have joined Sitting Bull's followers. (Report of Major
Guido Ilges, Poplar River, January 31, 1881, Report of Sec'y of War,
1881, v. 1, p. 103).
In addition to the foregoing, I desire to say that Messrs. Joseph S.
Culbertson, of Saint Paul, and Charles S. Diehl, of Chicago, the two
citizen volunteers, and all the Indian guides and scouts behaved
gallantly. (Report of Major Guido Ilges, Poplar Creek, January 31,
It seems that after the capture of the Indians, at Poplar River, the
division of sentiment in the camp at Milk River became more marked,
the majority of the people there still wishing to surrender, but a
large minority wishing to return to the British provinces. This
division culminated in the middle of January in the retreat of Sitting
Bull with forty lodges, leaving behind him about sixty lodges under
the leadership of Crow King. (Report of General Terry, Report of Sec'y
of War, 1881, v. 1, p. 107).

In the capture of "Chief Gaul," Major Guido Ilges is entitled to great
credit for his personal bravery and endurance in the field, the
thermometer varying from 33 to 44 degrees below zero, also, the officers
and men alike under his command. Major Ilges is a Prussian by birth,
and was commissioned in the regular army in 1861. In the civil war he
was distinguished for gallantry and meritorious services in the battles
of the "Wilderness" and "Spottsylvania," Va., for which he received
promotion at the respective times. He is one of the bravest and most
conscientious officers on the frontier, and the people of the North-
west extend him a hearty vote of thanks. (Western Blue Book, N.Y., 1881,
Campaigns of Custer and Surrender of Sitting Bull, Judson Elliott Walker,
p. 83).
past the opening in the timber that skirted the bank of the river. This was a most important discovery. These Indians would go to Sitting Bull's camp, and being ignorant of the real situation their report would certainly stampede the entire camp, and drive them back across the Canadian line, in which case I might as well give up all hope of ever getting them on this side again. Prompt and energetic action alone would avert the threatened misfortune. Patriarch Crow, by the kind treatment given him at Buford was completely won over and I felt that I could rely on him in this emergency. He saw and understood the situation as well as I, and when I urged him to fly to the camp and do what he could to prevent a stampede, he was ready to go, and being assured that I would follow as soon as possible, he mounted his horse, and saying that I would find either the camp or his dead body at the mouth of Milk river, he galloped swiftly away. I stayed 3 days at Poplar creek assisting in the removal of Chief Gall's band to Buford, transportation having been furnished by an order from Gen. Terry. The weather becoming intensely cold there was great suffering among the women and children, many of them freezing their feet, hands and faces, but all received excellent care as soon as they reached Fort Buford. When I finally started again for Sitting Bull's camp I went in a government sleigh with the dauntless Day again as teamster, and this time I was accompanied by Mr. Charles Diehl (Diehl) of the Chicago Times. On the evening of the 3rd day out from Poplar creek we stopped for the night in a deserted cabin in the woods by the river. Near by I found a camp of 4 lodges who, the day before had left Sitting Bull's camp. From them I learned that the fugitives from Poplar creek had reached the camp and spread the news of the attack on Chief Gall's band, alarming the Indians who, with Sitting Bull in the lead, began a hasty retreat northward, so that the whole tribe was in motion when Patriarch Crow rode furiously into their midst calling loudly for his 4 brothers and their friends to rally around him. He was quickly surrounded by an eager multitude anxious to hear what he had to say. He declared to them that the fugitives were 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 overcome their reason and sarcastically inquired how many had been wounded and how many slain while defending the camp. He then declared that since not one of them had had the courage to protest this cowardly flight not one of them was worthy of Chieftainship. That whoever he might be who had heretofore assumed that honor must now and forever after be silent, for the time had now come when the voice of 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 rode rapidly to the head of the flying column and compelled everyone to come back and reoccupy the camp they had so recently deserted. The next act of Patriarch Crow, I suspect, was prompted by a desire to succeed permanently to the Chieftainship. Considering all the circumstances, however, I was well pleased with his action. Early the next morning he compelled Sitting Bull to remove his lodge to a small opening in the timber 300 yards away from the main camp, when he mounted his horse and riding up and down through the camp calling upon all who were cowards to remove their tepees to the opening with Sitting
On the morning of the 17th instant I was informed by courier from scout Allison, who had meanwhile proceeded to the vicinity of Sitting Bull’s camp, that the latter with 43 lodges had escaped across the lines, taking his leave on Milk River, on the 11th instant, also that the balance of his followers, 51 lodges, under the leadership of Crow King, were making their way to Wolf Point en route to Fort Buford, for the purpose of surrendering to the commanding officer of that post. Accompanied by First Lieutenant Woodruff and two enlisted men of the Fifth Infantry, I started on the 18th instant for Wolf Point, arriving there the same evening. Here I ascertained that Allison with his Indians was still 25 miles distant and above, unable to move beyond a few miles daily by reason of scarcity of food and horses. As the prompt transport of these people to Buford seemed to me of the utmost importance, I purchased some articles of subsistence for them, and forwarded the same in small quantities to their camp, from time to time. (Report of Major Guido Ilges, Poplar Creek, January 31, 1881, Report of Sec’y of War, 1881, v. 1, p. 104).


These latter (the sixty lodges under Crow King) began to move towards Fort Buford, but their progress was very slow; they were nearly destitute of food, they had but few horses, they were half naked, and the cold was excessive. Every effort was made by Major Ilges to relieve their necessities; rations were sent to them, and all the horses and wagons which could be spared for the purpose were sent out for the conveyance of the women and children. They numbered 325 souls. Finally these Indians as well as those captured at Poplar River, were safely conveyed to Buford. They arrived in a deplorable condition, but Major Brotherton made the most strenuous exertion to prevent further suffering. (Report of General Terry, Report of Sec’y of War, 1881, v. 1, p. 107).


Fort Buford, D.T., July 14, 1881.—Gen. A.H. Terry, Commanding Department of Dakota, Fort Snelling: Just received despatch from Legare, dated 13th inst., says he is en route with Sitting Bull, Four Horns and Red Thunder; in all, 6 chiefs, 40 families – about 200 in all, men, women and children. He says they came from Lake Qu’Appelle, starving. Will send in this morning to meet them with rations. Messenger says they are about sixty miles out. (Signed) D.H. Brotherton, Maj. 7th Infantry, Com.


Bull, but the brave should remain where they were. Forty three families joined Sitting Bull, leaving about 300 with Patriarch Crow, who then told Sitting Bull to go, and not to halt till he had crossed the line into Canada. And go he did, and soon disappeared (sic) 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 3 miles below the mouth of Milk river, they having made only about 6 miles on this first day's march under their new and self appointed Chief. The march from that point to Buford was uninterrupted but necessarily slow on account of deep snow and extreme cold weather. 30 miles west of Wolf Point we were met by 36 wagons and sleighs sent out by Maj. Brotherton which greatly expedited our march, enabling us to reach Buford on the 10th of February where Patriarch Crow formally surrendered his band to the Commanding Officer, who placed them with 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 for Sitting Bull, but General Terry regarded the work as completed. Sitting Bull was left with only 43 families, and his power for evil being destroyed, it was a matter of indifference (sic) if he himself ever came in. This view was also held by General Sheridan, therefore no further steps were taken to induce him to surrender, save word that I sent him by an Indian that if he would follow his people he would receive the same treatment accorded them. This course he was finally compelled to take, arriving in Buford in July with about 35 families, a few families having remained, and still remain in Canada. The others had previously been removed to Standing Rock, to which place we followed with Sitting Bull and my work was done.

E.H. ALLISON
Scout

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE
Sl. Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.
Boston, October 8, 1897

Mr. E.H. Allison,
Dear Sir:—

I have just finished a consideration of your MS. "The Surrender of Sitting Bull" which you so kindly forwarded at Mr. Wellman's recommendation to our Mr. Chapple who referred it to me. I find it necessary to return it enclosed for the reason of its length. We are running at present as many serials as it is policy for us to do, being a young magazine, and therefore debars us from considering it serially.

Trusting that we may be favored with further work of yours, I remain,

Very respectfully yours,
A.W. TARBEELL

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John Buckman, a Gros Ventre of the Prairie (Atsina) Indian told the writer of this note, at Fort Belknap, Montana, in 1909, the following: That the Atsina never tortured prisoners of war, because they never took any. Any man who was big enough, old enough and able enough to bear arms and go into battle, was big enough to kill, if the battle went against him, and he was unable to escape. Small children and women might be spared, but if spared were adopted by the Atsina, whereupon they had the same rights to food, shelter and protection from the tribe as were had by any other Atsina. This is believed to be true of all the Plains Tribes. Thus when the Sioux surrendered to
References to E.H. Allison in the Card Index, Library, Office of Indian Affairs.


2. Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1876, p. 354.


(1988—Copy of above for sale by Smith Book Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, $15.00)

Reference to Sitting Bull in Card Index, Library, Office of Indian Affairs.

4. Sitting Bull by Stanley Vestal. Family of: Father; Returns Again (Jumping Bull); Mother; Mixed Day (Her Holy Door) Wives; Light Hair, Scarlet Woman, Snow on Her; Son; Crowfoot; Daughter; Her Many Horses; Brother in Law; Makes Room for Him, (Welcome)


Pages 89, 90 and 91: Walker's account of meeting Sitting Bull through good offices of scout Allison on board the steamer General Sherman, en route from Fort Buford to Standing Rock Agency.

(89) The writer considered his mission and interview with the chief too important to "get left," and at once mounted a chair in the front end of the cabin, and looking over the surging crowd, at last caught a glimpse of a row of six Indians, all sitting at the left side of the cabin, with scout Allison standing beside Sitting Bull. I succeeded in getting through the crowd and reaching the point where Allison stood, who at once gave me a formal introduction to "Chief Sitting Bull," who sat in a chair at the head of the row. Mr. Allison knowing that I was concluding my last chapter of this book, was, in his always courteous manner, very obliging to me, and took special pains to tell the chief that I was the "white chief of a book," and an old Indian trader.

(90) In turning to Sitting Bull, I asked Allison if he "Bull," would take good care of my photograph, whose reply was, "Yes, he is glad to get it and will take good care of it."

(91) In writing Sitting Bull has received some instructions at various times from Mr. Allison, a worthy and trusted scout who has been in government employ a number of years, and having the confidence of the officers in this department. He is a man of fine education, having been raised and schooled in Central New York, near Utica, and later years has been in government employ as scout, and interpreter of the Sioux language.

(63) (Crow King's surrender). Yet there was a ludicrous element in the pathetic affair.

(84) The picture of the defeated savages surrendering their arms and ponies to their powerful captors, and gravely dictating the terms of surrender, demanding cattle and sheep in payment for their ponies, is a singular one; and a somewhat ridiculous effect of the policy of the Government in treating the savages like spoiled children. "I'll be good, if you'll give me a stick of candy; if you don't, I'll be terribly naughty," is the childlike argument employed by the anomalous creations of nature, alternately known as wards and dependents of the Government, and anon figuring as "prisoners of war."
the white men, and found that they were not to be put to death, they came at once to the logical conclusion, logical to them at least, that they had been taken in by their conquerors on terms of equal footing. They therefore demanded, as equals, from their conquerors, food, shelter and provision for future security and support, as a matter of course. The Sioux were not familiar with the status of "prisoner of war," never having had occasion to take any themselves. J.G.C.

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Fort Qu'Appelle. Named after Rivier Qui Appelle, most likely. "In olden times, the shores of this river were haunted by a spirit, whose voice, resembling that of a human being, was often heard wailing during the night. So said the Natives, and the Voyageurs called it Rivier Qui Appelle," Masson, I, p. 274. From footnote 16, p. 300, Henry-Thompson Journals, Elliott Coues Edition.
Judging by the communications printed in these columns and other letters received, there seems to be quite a divergence of opinion about the facts of Sitting Bull's Canadian adventure. We are, therefore, glad to have with us in this issue a man who is doubtless closer to the subject than any one else, Major Harwood Steele, son of the late Inspector "Sam" Steele of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Our thanks are hereby extended to Major Steele for his forthright exposition on the subject.

Montreal, Canada.

As to the statements of Inspector Parsons (Adventure, November 1st, 1932): My father was regimental sergeant-major with Colonel Macleod, officer commanding the North-West Mounted Police, when they met Generals Terry and Lawrence, the American officers sent to treat with Sitting Bull, at Fort Walsh, in 1877, soon after the arrival of the Sioux in Canada. And, as Inspector (in which rank he was commissioned in 1878), he remained in almost constant contact with the chief till he left the country in 1881.

But he was not the man who "arrested" Sitting Bull and escorted him to the border, as stated by Inspector Parsons. Nor was he, then or at any other time, what the Inspector picturesquely calls a "grizzled old frontiersman", for these very simple reasons: When he joined, in 1873, he was only 22 (the youngest sergeant-major the Force ever had); he said "Goodby" to Sitting Bull when only 30; and, till a few months before his death in 1919, at the comparatively early age of 88, there was not a grey hair in his head.

Next, he did not indulge in a drinking bout with Terry and Lawrence. British non-commissioned officers aren't allowed, and have no chance, to do any such thing with commissioned officers. Then Generals Terry and Lawrence, in my father's own words, were "smart soldiers, very punctilious in their bearing towards us," and, therefore, not likely to engage in a drinking bout with foreign soldiers of any rank or age, least of all with very young foreign N.C.O.'s, like my father. Furthermore, heavy drinking was so taboo in the Force that my father could not have held his job or gained his subsequent advancement if inclined that way. Sam Steele was no prude, but was dead against immorality in any form, severely punished drunkenness, never overindulged, and for the last 16 years of his life totally abstained from alcohol and tobacco.

In short, all Inspector Parsons' very nice little paragraph is based on misinformation.

What, then, is true? Just this: During those four years of contact with Sitting Bull, my father shared with his comrades (notably Colonels Macleod and Irvine, Superintendents Walsh and Crozier) the hard work of watching the Sioux and gradually preparing them to return to the United States. The credit for this - a truly great feat, of which more later - belongs to no individual but to the Force as a whole. Then, at the time of Sitting Bull's call at Fort Qu'appelle, to make his final effort to secure a Canadian reserve, my father told the chief that his only course was to surrender, and passed him on to the late Inspector A.R. Macdonnell.

This last scene is still glossed over by historians, either because they read only the official reports, prefer to dwell on the apparently more exciting phases of Sitting Bull's Canadian visit or have a tomahawk to grind. Yet it is well worth preservation. In "Fifty Years in Canada", my father describes it thus:

"When the pow-wow (at Qu'appelle) was over, a messenger was sent to Mr. Dewdney, the Indian commissioner, to let him know that Sitting Bull was with us. He came up and saw him and arranged to feed his band as far as Wood Mountain, and I provided an escort to go with them and issue the rations as required."
Through the efforts of the scout, Louis Legare, mainly, the once powerful chieftain of the Sioux was induced to come into the lines and surrender to the military, kind treatment and immunity from punishment for his past misdeeds having been previously guaranteed him. With the last remnant of his people, some two hundred souls, old men, women and children, the old war-chief arrived at Fort Buford, at noon, on July 19th, 1881. At the head of the mournful cortège rode Sitting Bull, Four Horns, Red Thunder and other sub-chiefs, on their war ponies, and following came six army wagons loaded with the squaws and children, and behind them came twenty-five of Louis Legare's Red River carts, containing their baggage. (Western Blue Book, N.Y. 1881, Campaigns of Custer and Surrender of Sitting Bull, Judson Elliott Walker, pp. 73 and 74).
"They departed at once and when they reached Wood Mountain the supplies were exhausted. Sitting Bull went to Inspector A.R. Macdonnell and demanded more food, which was refused him. The chief threatened to take it by force but he was reckoning with the wrong man, Macdonnell told him that he would ration him and his men with bullets. The chief exclaimed -

''I am thrown away!"

'No,' said Macdonnell, 'you are not thrown away; you are given good advice, which is that if you require food you must return to your own reservation in the United States, where you will be well treated.'

This was the last of it; the chief accepted the situation and the next day accompanied Macdonnell to Poplar River, where he handed over his rifle to Major Brotherton, United States Army, in token of surrender, and the remainder of the band went in with Mr. Louis Legare, who supplied carts and food at the expense of the American Government.

This surrender ended our troubles with Sitting Bull and his Sioux, and I may say in connection with it that not one word appeared in the official reports of the year to say that Macdonnell had even seen the chief; and an officer who was many hundreds of miles away and Mr. Legare, the trader, who certainly did not supply the Indians for love, were honourably mentioned.

The officer was one of the best fellows in the Force and Legare a good citizen, but they had, at the actual surrender, nothing whatever to do with inducing the Sioux to return to their homes in the United States. This honour belongs to Macdonnell."

Turning, now, to Mr. Horton. (Adventure, January 1st, 1933): Readers of his letter, in which he checked up Inspector Parsons' statements, will recall that it agrees substantially with what I have just said. But it is hardly adequate and in other respects is off the trail. The following statements, especially, require comment: "I can find nothing (in "Forty Years in Canada") indicating that Sitting Bull or any of his chiefs or followers were ever arrested in Canada. There was never any need to arrest them, for Sitting Bull was decidedly on his best behavior while here, as he hoped to remain in Canada and had petitioned the Dominion Government for a reservation . . . With the exception of the small flares of rebellion in 1870 and 1885, there has never been trouble with the Indians of Canada."

These remarks are only partly accurate and, as such, are apt (quite unintentionally) to leave the casual reader with the impression that the Sioux and other Indians dealt with by the Force were not really hard to control. "Forty Years in Canada" does not pretend to cover the Sioux and other Indian problems in full; and to get the whole picture you must turn to other sources, the reports of United States and Canadian officers and of the Mounted Police.

From these it is clear that the Sioux certainly were on their best behavior while in Canada - bitter experience having taught them that if they returned to the United States they could expect only a continuation of the policy which had robbed them of everything but their lives and had driven them to "massacre" Custer. On entering Canada, they pathetically told Inspector Walsh that they simply wanted to find "peace in the Land of the Great Mother, a place where they could lie down and feel safe." And they tried hard, throughout their stay, to demonstrate that, if only treated decently, they too could be "good Indians."

At the same time, as unwanted, destitute outlaws in an strange land, among hereditary Indian enemies and unfriendly whites, with American troops waiting (they believed) to take a bloody revenge for Custer's defeat, they were potentially very dangerous, for in sheer desperation they might have done almost anything. Often, their natural turbulence flashed out, creating very difficult situations, and they were so closely watched and, when necessary, so firmly handled that, if never formally under arrest, they might just as well have been.
One little-known example: Some Sioux bucks audaciously helped themselves to a bunch of Police horses - tail-twisting de luxe! Inspector Allen, with a few redcoats, entered Sitting Bull's camp, demanded their return, and reminded the chief that such things were not done in the Queen's country. Sitting Bull testily challenged him to take away the horses if he dared. Allen instantly replied -
"I'd take away the very horse you're riding, if I knew it were stolen!"
Sitting Bull said fiercely -
"It is stolen!"
Whereupon Allen, without a moment's hesitation, lifted the outraged chief from the saddle, dropped him to the ground and led off the horse!
The party made good their retreat. But the Sioux were frantic with rage. For many hours thereafter, their yelling, firing hundreds besieged the Police in their small fort at Wood End. Fortunately, Sitting Bull at last cooled down and called off his braves without actually attacking. But it was a very near thing, which might have set the whole North-West ablaze.
It is to be remembered that the Force was then organized only four years and ridiculously weak in numbers - only 300, of whom no more than half were available for duty in the critical border area - yet was responsible for the control of 17,000 Canadian Indians and from 1,300 to 10,000 Sioux! Moreover, it was entirely "on its own", for there was then no railway in Canada west of the Great Lakes, and Canadian troops, for several reasons, could not be sent to the scene of action via the American lines; hence, had serious difficulties arisen, no reinforcements could have reached the Force for many months.
Naturally, the question arises: How did they do it? How, without bloodshed, did this absurdly small corps pacify and win over so many restless Canadian Indians, win over and finally get rid of the numerous, ferocious Sioux? The answer is simple: The redcoats gave them justice and understanding, fed, clothed and nursed them, so that even the Sioux, smarting though they were with memories of innumerable wrongs inflicted on them by the whites, were kept in hand. Decent treatment (something new) - that was the secret.
Even Sitting Bull (for all his occasional outbursts) was won over. For instance, bearing Macdonnell no ill-will, he presented him, on parting, with a beautiful Indian dress belonging to his daughter, which Mrs. Macdonnell (now Carstairs) still treasures in affectionate remembrance of the much-maligned old chief.
It would be pleasant to be able to say that the pledge given Sitting Bull by Macdonnell on behalf of the United States - that if the Sioux returned to the United States they would be well treated - was faithfully kept. But it became only another promise broken by the Stone-hearts. The territory left to them by previous treaties was soon cut in half and their rations were
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reduced at a time when crop-failure, cattle-disease and pestilence had already beaten these unfortunate, once happy Indians to the ground. The result - a fanatical turning to a great religious revival, and its unnecessary suppression with a severity which caused the death of Sitting Bull and nearly 300 Sioux.
I wish that it might have been found possible to grant that last request for a Canadian reserve to Sitting Bull, whom even his bitterest foes now acknowledge to have been the last great leader of his people, and a fighter who had justice on his side. Of course, for many obvious reasons, this could not be done. All the same, it's interesting to speculate on what would have been the outcome, for Sitting Bull, the Sioux and North America, had he remained in Canada. - HARWOOD STEELE