

in arrest, and deposed him, and the Indians in majority sustained me,

Reports of the trouble pending having reached Washington, orders to the frontier posts were sent out by Gen. Sheridan commanding the Army, to hold themselves in readiness to march for the agency on a moments notice,

I wired Washington to keep the troops away, that it was a row among ourselves, and to be settled at home, that the advance of the troop would loose me the backing of the friendlies, and I won out, but was credited with having gone crazy at the time.

I admit that it was a very close call for the lives of myself and ten white employes and their families that day, but I had studied the psychology of the Indian, I felt that they could be trusted under mutual confidence far more than the average white man.

The Indians call the President the Great Father or Grand father, hence the agent is called the Father, "Ate", and I tried to be such to them, and considered them "my people", hence have always been their friend.

The deposing of Red Cloud that day, forms when written up, with the details, and side issues an interesting pen picture, the faithfullness of the native police etc.

When I started in that day, I had opposed to my fifty native police, Red Clouds native soldier bands numbering a thousand, but opposed them the "friendlies" brought to my backing their native soldiers.

I never blamed Red Cloud, why should I, I represented the oppression of an alien race. I would have done the same in his place.

But it was my duty to adopt severe measures in paving the way to civilization, their future destiny.

By the way Mrs. McG is writing up my old reminiscences, she has reached three hundred and fifty pages, and what will she do with it.

Yours truly,

*W. M. Gregory*