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it necessary to extend, indefinitely, my stay in the camp, I determined to take with me some one to act in the capacity of courier, which would enable me to send a report back to Major Brotherton. For this purpose I chose that Post Interpreter, George Mulligan, with whom I started on about the 20th of November, reaching Camp Poplar Creek, sixty-five miles west of Buford, in / ⁴⁹ two ⁷² days. At this place is situated, beside the small garrison of troops, the Fort Peck, or Poplar Creek Agency for the Yanktonia Sioux, who, at that time, numbered, all told, about two thousand five hundred. These were professedly friendly Indians, who belonged properly to the Agencies on the lower Missouri, in Dakota. There is a bit of history connected with the location of these Indians in Montana, that I intend to make the subject of a chapter in a work that I expect to publish in the near future. From these people I received important information, to the effect that an Indian had arrived from Sitting Bull's Camp, who reported that an open rupture had occurred between Chief Gall and Sitting Bull, occasioned by the discovery by some of the adherents of Sitting Bull, that Chief Gall had instigated the desertion of the twenty lodges, who had gone with me to Buford, and concealment being no longer possible, Chief Gall, characteristically 50/ prompt in action, had leaped into the midst of the camp, and publicly called upon all who acknowledged him as their Chief, to separate themselves from the followers of Sitting Bull, and prepare immediately to follow him to Fort Buford. It was a bold thing to do, and the first time in the history of the reign of Sitting Bull, that his authority had been set at defiance. It was clearly a test of supremacy, and Chief Gall came off victorious, taking away from Sitting Bull fully two-thirds of the entire band, with whom he proceeded direct to Poplar Creek, where I awaited his arrival, which took place on the 25th. Sitting Bull was now left with only ~~about~~ three hundred