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lodges, altogether too small a force to expect to successfully defend themselves against even their Indian enemies. I, therefore, after a long talk with Chief Gall, determined to push right on to Woody Mountain and press negotiations while circumstances seemed to promise success. There /⁵¹ were grave uncertainties, however, as to how I would be received. Their troubles, not the least of which, in the estimation of his adherents, was the decline of Sitting Bull's power, might all be dated ~~from~~ my first visit to their camp, and my friend, the Gall, 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 real purpose, and any attempt at concealment would be futile. But the work could not be done by proxy, so I had to go on, or sneak back to Buford and own up that I was afraid to go on with the work, and subject myself to the tantalizing "I told you so" of the knowing one, whose name is legion, and whose home is everywhere. Accordingly, after arranging with The Gall to remain with his band at Poplar Creek till my return, and sending a report to Major Brotherton, by an Indian, I continued, accompanied by Mulligan, to Woody Mountain. /⁵² Winter had already set in, and we had a cold ride across the hundred and ten mile prairie, reaching the Woody Mountain Trading Post on the 27th of November, where we learned that Sitting Bull's camp was distant only eighteen miles. Major Crozier of the Dominion forces, was in command of the small garrison of Mounted Police, stationed at the Trading Post, and at His suggestion, I remained at the Post, and sent word, by an Indian, to Sitting Bull, to meet me there with all of his leading warriors, and with a view of putting them in good humor, I purchased from the trader a large quantity of provisions, which I had cooked, and