

-72-31

The next spring I got a chance to make a trip to Fort Peck trading post. One of the Yankton Indians came into our camp from the Yankton tribe at Fort Peck—where their agency was. This trading post wanted to get the Sitting Bull camp trade. The agent had sent things over to Sitting Bull's camp by this Indian. They always sent a large amount of tobacco out for a treat to try and induce the Sitting Bull people to come in. But Sitting Bull had made a treaty with the half-breeds, and therefore, would not make any treaty with the trader at Fort Peck. Through this Indian I sent a note to the trader, telling him what these half-breeds had been doing, the amount of mischief they had done, and asking if it could not be stopped in some way.

110 The Yankton Indian returned to Fort Peck, and I think it was about two weeks before he came back again. When he did, some of the head men of the Yankton tribe came themselves to try and make a treaty with Sitting Bull. They brought me a letter from the agent, asking me to try and bring Sitting Bull in; if not, to come myself; that he wanted to see me. But in * a council they had with these Yanktons, Sitting Bull had promised them he would go in. Sitting Bull always was hostile. He would not think of making a treaty with the whites. He was right on the war-path all the time, so far as the whites were concerned. A short time afterwards we started in—Sitting Bull, Little Assiniboine, Black Shield and his brother-in-law and myself. There were several of us. I can't think of all their names. Fort Peck was more of a trading post than an agency. We reached there the second day after we started. The second evening they rowed us over in boats and swam the horses over. There was nothing done that night between the whites and Indian but I had an opportunity of having quite a long talk with the agent before going to bed, telling him everything that had occurred.

There was a plan on foot then to capture these half-breeds for trading whisky to the Indians. The agent asked me to go with the troops to identify these half-breeds. The next day a big council occurred. Sitting Bull flatly refused to treat or trade with the whites. We only stayed there a couple of nights and one day, and then started back to our camp.

In making my second visit to Fort Peck I had to get away from Sitting Bull without him knowing where I was going; so in order to fool him I told him I was going on the war-path to steal horses. He asked me if I was going by myself, and I told him I was. He wanted to know the direction I was going, and I told him up the Missouri some place, where I could find anything that suited me to make a raid on. *

111 I left camp after dark and rode all that night until the next day about noon, when I reached Fort Peck. I had to go there to get my letter to the commander of the troops that were to go with me. This Frenchman's creek, where these half-breeds were supposed to camp, was about ninety miles from Fort Peck. I had to go right up to Milk river where Frenchman's creek empties into it. I met the troops at the mouth of Frenchman's creek, and we followed up Frenchman's creek to the forks of it, where the half-breeds were camped. There were just about one thousand of them. I went out with the troops through this camp, and picked out the men who had brought the whisky to Sitting Bull's camp. There were about one hundred of these half-breeds whom the troops arrested. They had a lot of others to arrest. They took their horses away from them and what whisky they could find. After everything was through with I told the commander that I would have to have three horses out of the captured animals to take back with me; that I didn't want to go empty-handed to Sitting Bull's camp. He told me to go and help myself; to pick out whatever I wanted.