In this answer was concentracted all the evasiveness, natural to an Indian.

"What is your feeling toward the Americans now?"

He did not even deign an answer. He touched his hip, where his knife was.

I asked the interpreter to insist on an answer.

"Listen," said Sitting Bull, not changing his posture, but putting his right hand out upon my knee. "I told them to-day what my notions were--that I did not want to go back there. /p.396/ Everytime that I had any difficulty with them they struck me first. I want to live in peace."

"Have you an implacable enmity to the Americans? Would you live with them in peace if they allowed you to do so; or do you think that you can only obtain peace here?"

"The White Mother is good."

"Bet er than the Great Father?"

"Howgh!"

And then after a pause, Sitting Bull continued. "They asked me to-day to give them my horses. I bought my horses, and they are mine. I bought them from men who came up the Missouri in mackinaws. They do not belong to the Government, neither do the rifles. The rifles are also mine. I bought them; I paid for them. Why I should give them up I do not know. I will not give them up."

"Do you really think, do your people believe, that it is wise to reject the proffers that have been made to you by the United States Commissioners? Do not some of you feel as if you were destined to lose your old hunting grounds? Don't you see that you will probably have the same difficulty in Canada that you have had in the United States?"

"The White Mother does not lie."