SITTING BULL

...KS WITH THE SIGNAL REPORTER AND UNBURDENS A GRIEF OR TWO

. steamer Behan arrieved at Fort Pierre last Friday nine-tenths . the populace on this side of the river ran down to the bank with field glasses. And all this because they wished to know if Sitting Bull and his friends were on board. On Saturday morning the boat steamed over to this side and remained all day. Hundreds went up to the landing and viewed the noble red men. They were in charge of Lieut. Davis and twenty-five soldiers of the fifteenth Infantry from Fort Randall. The festive copper colored gentry ran off and on the baat at will and a party of maidens made coffee and filthy cooking bread, on the shore. The steamer left Fort Randall with 153 on board. During the trip thrae children died (one being "buried" in the branches of a tree at Fort G orge Island.) and one was born. The trip up was delsyed on account of the sarcity of wood.

On Saturday morning a Signal reporter repaired to the landing in company with Major Ledwich, who was acquainted with Grant Marsh, the Behan's captian, and went on board. Through the knidness of Lieut. Davis, the great and broken-down chief appeared in the cabin, accompanied by LeClair, an interpreter. He had on a "biled" white shirt which reached down to his knees, a "daisy" pair of moccasins, pants and blanket. His face had the appearance of a pot of Chinese vermillion, with which it was painted and he wamred his hands on the stove and eyed the reporter with a sort of here's-the-sideshow-go-ahead-with-the-interview look. The reporter announced that he waspleased to meet Mr. Bull and that he hoped he was in good health, to which he replied that he didn'd know whether he was or not. This came near staggering the newspaper man, but he braced up and asked Mr. Bull where he would prefer to reside, Fort Randall or Standing Rock. The answer cam back as he wiped a tear out of his eye; "I don't care where I live now, Any place will suit me."

He appeared broken down, coughed and heaved a sigh about the size of a flour barrel. The reporter asked if he had anything to say to the white people, through the medium of the newspaper. He replied: "I like all the big men of the white race and think they are my friends, but there are some low-lived white men in the land. I want you to say that I signed the Sioux treaty by force. I wasn't in favor of it and would not have signed it, had I not been compelled to."

At this juncture the scribe shook hands with him and thanked him for the talk. He then wrote his name twice"at a dollar per line" in a bold plain hand. He has been taught to write his name and takes about five minutes to the task. Although he usually chops up cigars and smokes them in a pipe, he lit one on this occasion as did everybody in the cabin the smoke from the cigars of peace floating toward the Great Father above. The newspaper man walked away, catching a last glimpse of S. Bull Esq., standing on deck eyeing the crowd of onlookers beneath.

He was in a happy mood although he had two wives on board. Where the rest were could not be learned. His father, mother and son were also along and passed their time in smoking and talking. Altogether, it was a delightful informal reception and the host acquitted himself admirably. Come again, bright Bull and bring all the two-year-olds with you.

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