

Whoever tells you I killed the Yellow Hair is a liar.' And the chief tossed his head impatiently so as to dismiss a subject that evidently annoyed him; but he was getting interested, and we soon had him talking earnestly about the Sioux and the treatment that they received at the hands of the United States government. He spoke slowly and deliberately of the wrongs that had been heaped upon his people, by the lawless element who had invariably formed the vanguard of civilization in the settlement of the Northwestern country. He complained that the whites had never kept their word with the Indians and had robbed them systematically of all they possessed, commencing by their lands and ending by the wholesale destruction of the buffaloes, which formed from time immemorial, their only means of sustenance. He would say nothing against the soldiers who fought bravely but who were sent to uphold wicked people who were continually encroaching upon the rights of the Indians, and who never missed an occasion of shooting them down.

"I then introduced to Sitting Bull two Indian chiefs of the Iroquois and Abenakis tribes, who had come from their neighboring reservations at Caughnawaga and St. Francis to see the great chief of the Sioux nation. Sitting Bull received them kindly but had to speak to them through the interpreter, their languages having no analogy with that of the Sioux. To the Iroquois he said:

"My fathers met your fathers in battle. Long, long ago, they fought together, when your fathers attempted to invade our lands on the great river -- the Mississippi. There was a big fight, and your fathers went back to their wigwams after having found their masters.'

"To the chief of the Abenakis he offered his right hand and