He made treaties, but they were with the Santees and northern tribes. He scorned to deal with the whites. There was nothing of the traitor about the man. He dia not profess open friendship to maetris eminty. Te tat not as politic, pe haps, as Spotted Tail or Red Cloud, but the Government never miscalculated on his hatred.
rie wsked no quarter. in 1875, when he was appealed to for concessions recarding the 3 lack Hills country, he sent the following characteristic answer benck to the comission that awaited his coline at the red cloud agency:
made me who gent you? if He asks me to cone to see iinia, I will co; but the Big Chief of the white men must come see we. Iwill not $\mathrm{g}_{\mathrm{o}}$ to the reservation. I have no land to sell. There is plenty of gone for us. "e have encugh ammunition. (e don't vant any wite men here."

These are the words attributed to eittine Bull on that memorable occasion by daptain Bourke, and they are too characteristic to be erroneous. hapoleon's message to the lope was not more axacting; but ruin, exile and death followed in both cases. Little did ifting ull realize in 1875 that he would bo soon be driven fron the lands secured to hir and his people bolem treaty with the * Great Pather at ashineton. The massacre of 1806 was already bearine its fruit. Ton years fron its date found Zittine Jull and the warriors who had paricipated in that butchery wanderers and asylum seekers. They were no longer huntine, but hunted. Crook's coluan of darine, dashing soldiers had invaded the country from the south, and swept hill and valley in their nothward march. Like the voice that was forever sounding in the ear of the Wandering Jew, an irresistible force commanded Cheyenne and Sioux to "hove |on!耳ove on:" They stopped to cive battle when pressed and weary, but they gained only temporary respite. From the platte river valley to the Powder $V^{\text {fled the Indian, and hot in his wake went the blue coats with their death- }}$ dealing magazine fins and howitzers. Onward, through the rich valleys of the Fongue, affrightife the antelope and driving the buffalo before them, still fled sioux and heyenne. The pursuers slackened not their pace. From the north, over the very trails the Indians were taking, came a new and unthought of danger-Terry and Gibbon, and Custer and Reno and Benteen: The armies of the Great Pather were merciless. The natural instincts of the savace were nomadic but rest was as necessary to him as it was to his civilized brother. In the face of all the threatened dangers he could not pause to rest. The edict was "Move on: Love on:"

There was no return. Death and Devastation was behind; the Sword and Destruction in front. To the redman the case was desperate. In the words of liacbeth there was "No flying hence nor tarrying here." $\frac{2}{}$ No wonder, then, that, like the cry of the Scotch monster, the savace wail went up,

Blow, wint come, wrack;
At least, we'll die with harness on our back.'
Six thousand hostijes were in the panting army movinc northward toward the less inhospitabje possessions of the Znclish queen. Thousands more would join them on the may and the year 1878 found the hostile bands under


