

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 did not profess open friendship to hide his enmity. He was not as politic, perhaps, as Spotted Tail or Red Cloud, but the Government never miscalculated on his hatred.

He asked no quarter. In 1875, when he was appealed to for concessions regarding the Black Hills country, he sent the following characteristic answer back to the commission that awaited his coming at the Red Cloud agency:

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"Are you the great God who made me; or was it the great God who made me who sent you? If He asks me to come to see Him, I will go; but the Big Chief of the white men must come see Me. I will not go to the reservation. I have no land to sell. There is plenty of game for us. We have enough ammunition. We don't want any white men here."

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These are the words attributed to Sitting Bull on that memorable occasion by Captain Bourke, and they are too characteristic to be erroneous. Napoleon's message to the Pope was not more exacting; but ruin, exile and death followed in both cases. Little did Sitting Bull realize in 1875 that he would so soon be driven from the lands secured to him and his people by solemn treaty with the \* Great Father at Washington. The massacre of 1866 was already bearing its fruit. Ten years from its date found Sitting Bull and the warriors who had participated in that butchery wanderers and asylum seekers. They were no longer hunting, but hunted. Crook's column of daring, dashing soldiers had invaded the country from the south, and swept hill and valley in their northward march. Like the voice that was forever sounding in the ear of the Wandering Jew, an irresistible force commanded Cheyenne and Sioux to "Move on! Move on!" They stopped to give battle when pressed and weary, but they gained only temporary respite. From the Platte river valley to the Powder fled the Indian, and hot in his wake went the blue coats with their death-dealing magazine guns and howitzers. Onward, through the rich valleys of the Tongue, affrighting the antelope and driving the buffalo before them, still fled Sioux and Cheyenne. 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 Father were merciless. The natural instincts of the savage 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! Move on!"

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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 Macbeth there was "No flying hence nor tarrying here." \* No wonder, then, that, like the cry of the Scotch Monster, the savage wail went up,

Blow, wind; come, wrack;  
At least, we'll die with harness on our back.'

Six thousand hostiles were in the panting army moving northward toward the less inhospitable possessions of the English queen. Thousands more would join them on the way and the year 1878 found the hostile bands under

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