

3--Hunting Sitting Bull

starve, and year by year the danger becomes greater from the constant encroachment of the whites, who insist upon settling upon the land guaranteed to us by solemn treaty. Let us go to war and force back the settlements of these intruders, or if we must die, let us die like men and warriors, not like dogs.

Let the great people of America say whether or not the Indian is logical in his savage way, or whether or not the premises from which he argues are sound. None will dispute that his country has been overrun, and taken from him for less than "a mess of pottage;" and few will deny that the game on which he depends for subsistence is recklessly destroyed by the white men, so that in a few years more it will have entirely ceased to exist. None but Indian agents, and their abettors will deny the fact that, with but few exceptions, all such agents retire from their positions enriched by the spoils from the agencies, and that, although exposures of these frauds have been made over and over again, none of these government agents are ever brought to punishment or made to disgorge their ill-gotten gains, whilst the Indians are left to suffer for the actual necessities of life. When, then, the Indian, driven to desperation by neglect or want and his sense of wrong, goes to war (and even a Christian will fight before he will starve), the army is called to whip "these wards of the nation" into subjection, and when the task is successfully accomplished, as it always is in the end, the same old round of deceit and fraud commences again, and continues till the next war opens; but all the blame for these expensive wars is laid upon the military, supposed, by the "Indian ring," to be so bloodthirsty as never to be contented unless engaged in the delightful (?) task of chasing roving bands of Indians for thousands