

the confidence of their followers in battle. Indeed he directs the events of war and peace with the skill of a Senate and the authority of a President united in one man. The arrangements for the talk between the Commission and the Indians were as simple as the most carping critic could desire. The largest room at the post was selected, and tables were placed for the members of the Commission and the two press correspondents who accompanied it. On the opposite side of the room buffalo robes were laid for the accommodation of the Indians. The apartment was just large enough for the Commission, its guests, and the chief. At three o'clock Sitting Bull entered, followed by Spotted Eagle and the rest of his train. Now, for the first time was visible to white men since the beginning of the late Indian wars the most noted Indian of the period, and now was made real Cooper's often derided vision of an Indian's face. Neither ignorance nor cruelty, nor outrages as barbarous as any displayed in savage history has detracted in the least from the expression of manhood and womanliness combined in Sitting Bull's physiognomy. Less rude than Satantah, less sharp than Spotted Tail's, more intelligent than Red Cloud's, his features like Goethe's made music to the senses. He wore a quiet ironical smile. His black hair streamed down along his beardless and swarthy cheeks over clean cut ears, not burdened with ornaments. His red mourning handkerchief was replaced by a wolf-skin cap. His shirt was a black calico speckled with white dots. His blanket wrapped negligently around him revealed below its edge a pair of rich beaded moccasins, the only finery he wore. Silent, stately and impressive, this model aboriginal leader, this scoundrelly "medicine man," this rascally foe and treacherous friend; this model, in sooth, of Machiavelli's own sort, squatted himself on a buffalo robe next the wall, and took out his pipe and smoked it, and expressed with his insolent manner the following sentiment:—"This Commission which has come to interview me can go to the devil."

The war chief Spotted Eagle, who sat next to the old Chief Sitting Bull, was a far more engaging and brilliant figure to the eye. He was naked to the waist, a belt full of Winchester rifle cartridges was slung over his bronze shoulders, his muscular breast and arms were daubed with white paint, his hair was knotted in front—the knot thrust through with an eagle's

feather—he wore a charm around his neck adorned with pendant plumes, he carried a lance with three projecting knifeblades attached to the staff near the top, forming a lance and a tomahawk in one. His waist and legs were swathed in a superb buffalo robe of almost silken texture. He fondled his knife. His every movement was graceful, defiant, lofty.

The Commissioners, who had taken their seats behind the table which intervened between them and the Indians, presented a very dignified appearance. The interpreters, one employed by the Commissioners and two by Sitting Bull, sat near. The utmost pains had been taken by the Commissioners to secure accuracy, by coaching the interpreters before the conference. The address was read sentence by sentence by General Terry, and translated in due order by his interpreter. In it he signified to the hostile Indians the desire of their Great Father the President for them to lay down their arms and return peaceably and quietly to the States. The past should then all be forgotten; no punishment would be doled out; but they would be provided with farms and cattle by which to gain their livelihood. The faces of the assembled Indians during the delivery of this address were as impenetrable as granite. There were two exceptions. Once a smile of more than ordinary significance curled the lips of Sitting Bull, and once the right eye of Spotted Eagle actually winked derision toward Colonel McLeod.

But until the finish all the Indians continued to smoke, smoke, smoke. Then, while Colonel McLeod sat in his chair and Major Walsh rested on the corner of a table, Sitting Bull, Spotted Eagle, and the rest continued to smoke. They smoked, they smoked, until the room reeked. They smoked as if they were smoking for their lives. Yet while they smoked their visages were as unreadable as the face of the Sphinx, and, although everybody felt some thing unpropitious in the air, no one would have ventured a prophecy until Sitting Bull arose, in his barbaric grandeur, and said:—

#### SITTING BULL'S SPEECH.

"For sixty-four years you have kept me and my people and treated me bad. What have we done that you should want us? We have done nothing. It is the people on your side that have started us to do all these depredations. We could not go anywhere else, so we took refuge in this country of the British. It was on