

virtue.

And so he was slaughtered triumphantly, by his own fireside in his old age, among those who relied upon him, and loved him while his voice was for peace, by members of his own tribe wearing the uniform of our own government.

When the future historian writes the history of the red men of the forest and the prairie the name of our great departed Sioux chief will appear among such noble characters as Massasoit, Uncas, Pontiac and Tecumseh. He was shot and buried, not like a great chief but like a dog, but let those who scoff remember that

'In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, - O wondrous thought!
Before the judgment-day,
And stand with glory wrapped around.'

Sept. 13, 1891.

C. N. Herreid.