

"Pretty Plume" is really a handsome and queenly-looking squaw, and if she were a white woman, and favored with the usual facilities for an education and moral training, etc., etc., she would be a reigning belle in society. The chief claims that white people induced his daughter to elope, and before he had surrendered, some scalawag had led him to believe (at least he so pretended) that our officers at "Fort Yates" had her confined in irons, and in one of his statements regarding his surrender, he said he did not want to come in to surrender, but came to see his girl who was in irons at "Standing Rock Agency," and now wants the government to let him go back; but as we have said before, he makes a great many statements, and as a general thing no two are alike.

All there is about it, nothing but starvation and nakedness among his people ever forced him and his remnant band of followers to come in and surrender. He made up his mind to take the step he did, not because he wanted to, but because he and his people were starved out. There was no game, no, nothing, absolutely nothing, for them to live on.

He had wandered around and over a desolate country, where thousands of buffalo and antelope once roamed, and now not a track to be seen. Eighteen or twenty years he/p.94/ has waged unceasing warfare against the whites, and it is admitted, not only by his own people, but by our military authorities, and Western men generally, who have had means of knowing the facts, that he is the boldest, most malignant and artful of all the cunning war chiefs, from the Rio Grande to the Northern boundary line. But the chief has surrendered, thus relinquishing all his rights to the sturdy peioeer and ranchmen of the Western plains.

In order that you may form an idea of an Indian chant, poetry and the "prayer of a squaw," we furnish the exact words, as translated by an interpreter soon after the final surrender of the chief:

Be brave, my friends, be brave.
The white men have brought us food;
They will not hurt us;
Their hearts are full of pity for us,