

feelings, sincerely grieved over the loss of their friends and humiliated by their crushing defeat, they surrendered their cherished guns and submitted themselves and their fate to the Great Chief Miles.

Outside of the causes which led to it, and outside the murder of Sitting Bull, for the killing of that chief can hardly be described in any other word, there has never been a great Indian campaign more admirably conducted. Had it not been for the insane folly of Big Foot's band of zealots, which caused the fight at Wounded Knee, there would have remained but little for adverse criticism.

When the surrender had been completed, a "grand review" was held in order that the conquered tribes might be impressed, one would think, with the ease with which their extermination/p.590/could have been effected. In the snow and cold of a Dakota winter, the infantry regiments, the battallions of cavalry, and the squadrons of light artillery countermarched in the presence of their commander. The Indians stood in grim silence, looking on. The next day occurred a scene which in its grim humor surpasses any occurrence recorded in the history of Indian warfare. Imitating the whites, the Indian marshaled their broken forces, hitched their lean and half-starved ponies to their wagons, loaded in their wives and children, and in silence filed in a forlorn review in the presence of their captain. It was as if they wished to show what a poor and weak remnant it was over which the white man boasted his power.

Twenty-five or thirty of the leading chiefs have been taken on to Washington to visit the Great Father and lay before him the grievance of their people. The sense of justice latent in this nation has been aroused in the Indian's behalf. Let us hope that while it does not lead to a false and childish sentimentalism in his treatment, it may secure such changes in the method of treatment as will secure truth and uprightness in carrying out the promises made.