

of his children and sufferings of his people. Who can forget the passionate cry, uttered by the captive warrior soon after his surrender -- the despairing cry of a heart broken by the misfortunes of his people:

"What law have I broken? Is it wrong for me to love my own? Is it wicked for me, because my skin is red? because I am a Sioux? because I was born where my fathers lived? because I would die for my people and my country?" Continuing in this mournful strain, the fallen leader said: "What treaties have the whites made that the Red Men have broken? Not one. What treaties have the White Men made with the Red Men that they have kept? Not one. When I was a boy, the Sioux owned all the world. The sun rose and set on our lands. We have sent 10,000 warriors to battle. Where all those warriors now? Who slew them? Where are our lands? What white man can say I ever stold his lands or one penny of his money? What white woman, however lonely when a captive, was ever insulted by me? Yet they say I am a bad Indian. What white man has ever seen me drunk? Who has ever come to me hungry and gone away unfed? Who has ever seen me beat my wives or abuse my children?"

Sad utterances of a dethroned king! For the sake of his famine-stricken people and starving children he endured the humiliation -- greater than death to his imperious soul -- of surrendering to the enemies, over whom he had once signally triumphed in battle.