

attends the "surround," the "dash," the "pursuit" of the huge animal, having just enough danger to give the keenest zest to the labor. There is still left in the civilized man enough of the savage to enjoy a buffalo hunt. What, then, should be expected of an Indian. I have endeavored to keep most prominently before their minds by repeating at almost every council, that the most important of all matters for their consideration was the one of settling down and engaging in the quiet pursuits of agriculture; that the ground would yield every laborer subsistence when buffalo shall have disappeared from the face of the earth; and that although the men of to-day might not live to see the time when the chase would no longer yield them support, the lesson of the past ten years had taught them that buffalo have disappeared from sections that then abounded with them; that the inroads of the white man through their country would continue, and probably increase, and that no power on earth was strong enough to beat them back; and that it was their duty to educate their children in the profession which their own judgment now told them was the only one upon which they could depend when they too become men, to save their race from perishing and being forgotten.

Last season some of the Lower Brule band planted on old land belonging to the Yancton reservation. The result of their summer's labor was a yield of about 2,000 bushels of corn. This was their first attempt at farming, and the production seemed to surprise the Indians; they seemed to look upon it with perfect wonder; it seemed to them an almost inexhaustible amount, and they held councils and debated how they could best dispose of it. The news of their success soon spread to the neighboring bands, and they very soon found a way to get rid of it. I exerted myself to induce them to permit me to freight it to this place and store it for winter use. This some allowed me to do, but the majority ate and gave away all before winter fully set in. Some of the Lower Yanctonai and Two Kettle bands planted here last season also. It was very late before any work was undertaken by them, and but little was produced. There was then neither a team nor an employe under my charge at this place, and what was done was through the individual generosity of F. J. Dewitt, esq., and cost the government nothing. The Indians were then encouraged