

During the performance of these different acts he had kept his seat in the canoe calmly smoking his pipe; he now arose, and stepped forth, but as he approached the council lodge, he kicked the robes to one side, saying, "I have not come amongst you, my relatives, to be treated with so much honor and deference. I have come that you may treat me as you have treated my child, that I may follow him to the land of spirits."

These words only made the sorrow of the Dakotas still more poignant; to think that they had killed the child of one who was their relative by blood, and who had never raised his arm against their tribe.

Omig-aun-dib repeated his offer of self-sacrifice in public council, but it was of course refused, and with great difficulty he was at last induced to accept presents as a covering for his child's grave, and a child was given to him to adopt instead of the one which had been killed. With this reparation he returned to his village. . . .

The breach between the two tribes became widened by almost daily bloody encounters, and the relationship existing between them became at last to be almost forgotten, though to the present day the occasional short terms of peace which have occurred between the two tribes, have generally been first brought about by the mixed bloods of either tribe who could approach one another with greater confidence than those entirely unconnected by blood.