

interpreter which was the great chief, and he pointed to the dirtiest, most scowling, and savage-looking man in the crowd, who was lying on a pile of brush in the centre, as if, as I found to be the fact, he was alone on his side of the question to be settled. All others had agreed, before my arrival, to release the prisoner. As they resumed business, a dead silence occurred of some minutes, all waiting for his final answer. At length he rose up with impetuosity, as if shot with a gun. His blanket, innocent of water since he owned it, was drawn over his left shoulder and around his body, his right arm swinging in the air, his eyes flashing like lightning, his brow scowled as if a thundergust had settled on it, and his long hair literally snapping in the air, from the quick motion of his head. I thought of Hercules with every hair a serpent, and every serpent hissing.

“He came forward, as is their custom, and shook hands with the agent, and all the whites present, and then stepping back a short distance, orator-like, to give himself room for motion, and swinging his right arm, said, addressing the agent:—

“‘My father! I don’t keep this prisoner out of any ill-will to you, nor out of any ill-will to my Great Father at Washington; nor out of ill-will to these men [gracefully waving his hand back and around the circle], but I hate the Sioux. They have killed my relatives, and I’ll have revenge. You call me chief, and so I am, by nature, as well as by office, and I challenge any of these men to dispute my title to it. If I am chief, then my word is law, otherwise you might as well put this medal [showing the one received from Governor Cass] upon an old woman.’ He then threw himself upon a pile of brush. Finally, he arose again, but a little milder in manner, said:—

“‘My father! for your sake, and for the sake of these men [waving his hand around the circle], I’ll give up the