

your chief. Five times have I visited this land, and never returned with sorrow or pain. Misfortunes do not flourish particularly in our path. They grow everywhere; and what a misfortune that I could not have died this day instead of the chief that lies before us. The trifling loss my nation would have sustained in my death would have been doubly paid for by the honours of my burial. They would have wiped off everything like regret. Instead of being covered with a cloud of sorrow, my warriors would have felt the sunshine of joy in their hearts. To me it would have been a most glorious occurrence. Hereafter, when I die at home, at the Omaha village on the Missouri, instead of a noble grave and a grand procession, the rolling music and the thundering cannon, with a flag waving at my head, I shall be wrapped in a robe, an old robe perhaps, and hoisted on a slender scaffold to the whistling winds, soon to be blown down to the earth, my flesh to be devoured by the wolves, and my bones to be rattled on the plains by the wild beasts. Chief of the warriors! your labours have not been in vain; your attention to our dead chief shall not be forgotten. My nation shall know the respect that is paid over the dead. When I return to my people, I will echo the sound of your guns."

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THE great attention which has of late been given to the native tribes of the Pacific coast is traceable to the ethnological research and special investigation undertaken by a committee of the British Association for the advancement of Science, under a grant of money made for that purpose. The philological and mythological part of the work has been commenced by Dr. W. T. Tolmie and Professor George Dawson, in connection with the geological and natural history survey of Canada. Dr. Franz Boas is conducting the work for the committee, among the tribes; and in United States Territory and