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MUCH has been written of the oratorical powers of the Indian chiefs, and of the florid style used in their speeches, a style infused by their contact with nature, and the objects of their daily intercourse with God's creation. Such language is by many looked upon as the creation of the brain of a Fennimore Cooper, or similar writer on Indian lore ; but truth is often stranger than fiction, and there are stored up in the archives of this continent, speeches by Indian chiefs, on special occasions, equal to those of any white man in beauty and argument. Not long ago the writer accidentally came upon one of these ; and its composition is of such a beautiful nature that it is worthy of insertion in a publication devoted to Indian lore and history. In 1811, Black Buffalo, a Sioux chief, was present with his band at a treaty being held with the United States authorities at Portage des Sioux, and died suddenly whilst the treaty was pending. He was buried with the honours of war by Colonel James Miller, commanding the escort, and Mr. Walsh, the Secretary of the Commission, took down the oration delivered over the grave, after the firing, by Big Elk, the chief succeeding the deceased. Big Elk's address was as follows :

“ Do not grieve ; misfortunes happen to the best of men. Death will come, and always comes out of season. It is the command of the Great Spirit, and all nations and people must obey. What is past and cannot be prevented, should not be grieved for. Be not discouraged that in visiting your father (the Commissioner) you have lost