

the Crows are less civilized than the majority of the Sioux, take less interest in schools and missions, are more immoral sexually and cling more to their native costumes and manners. This

adherence to savagery may seem deplorable to the philanthropist, but was a high recommendation in our eyes as painters and we entered eagerly into our studies of their picturesque life.



THE LAST BUFFALO.

Cheyenne and Arapahoe, Pawnee and Sioux,  
Comanche and Kiowa, Blackfoot and Crow,  
Their tepees lay scattered wherever grass  
grew,  
Their pony-tracks showed by each river's  
smooth flow.  
Here lay their domain, no environment bound  
them,  
Barbaric and cunning, and free as the birds,  
And there on the prairies, beyond and around  
them  
The buffaloes wandered in numberless herds.  
Strange cattle who fed on a thousand green  
hills,  
Cow, calf and huge bulls with their thick  
streaming manes;  
They cropped the rich grass and drank deep of  
the rills  
In the tortuous streams intersecting the  
plains;  
And rumblingly there, from the hollow ground  
under,  
When the mighty mass moved, a low echo  
began,  
That wavered and gathered and swelled into  
thunder,  
While trembled the earth where the buffaloes  
ran.  
Thus roved the swart bison in days long ago,  
And there the red Indian dwelt by his side,  
And there by the warrior's lance and the  
bow,  
In hundreds and thousands the buffaloes  
died.  
And still through the march of the seasons, un-  
ceasing  
The buffaloes mingled and multiplied more  
In dense, thronging bands on the prairie in-  
creasing  
Like the green-bladed grass or the sands by  
the shore.

But down in their ranks rode the white man at  
last,  
With his rifle in hand, riding westward for  
gold,  
While hordes of hide-hunters came following  
fast,  
More fierce than the redskins that chased  
them of old.  
And the wild western steppe was an altar of  
slaughter,  
And the stain of those days with dark mam-  
mon abides,  
When the rivers ran blood, and when blood ran  
like water,  
For a million of buffaloes slain for their hides.  
And there in the sunshine the ravens flew down,  
And perched and sat silent on ominous bones,  
Grave kings of destruction, sans scepter and  
crown,  
Who mockingly ruled from their ossified  
thrones.  
For out through the distance, far spreading  
and reaching,  
As white as the wings of the sea-faring gulls,  
The horns and the heads of the bison lay  
bleaching,  
And made of the land a Golgotha of skulls.  
The tepees have vanished—the savage moves on,  
From the graves of his chiefs to the slow  
sinking sun;  
The realm that he owned to the stranger has  
gone,  
And the day of his race, like a story is done;  
And safe from the clutches of sordid-souled  
schemer,  
Far hid in some nook of the mountainous  
lands,  
Black-browed and defiant, and sad as a  
dreamer,  
Alone in his might the last buffalo stands.  
ERNEST MC GAFFERY.