

that he could in a day, if he wished, put a stop to all this work, but he does not do it; therefore I believe that proper representation has not been made. We believe that Captain Clifford, our present agent, has done all that he could do for us. We have listened to him like a people with tied hands. We took his advice and made a treaty with the Sioux, but never believed that they would adhere to it. Before agents were sent to us we could hold our own against the Sioux, but now when we listen to the whites we have to sit in our villages, listen to their insults, and have our young men killed and our horses stolen, within sight of our lodges. The Sioux will never listen to the "Great Father" until the soldiers stick their bayonets in their ears and make them. * *

Crow's Breast: It is now twenty winters since I have taken the whites by the hand and listened to the officers sent by the "Great Father." Our agent holds us in his hands, and we listen to what he says. The "Great Father" seems to be trying to buy the good will of the Sioux, by giving them everything they want, but it does no good, and they still continue their depredations all the year round, and are as bad as ever they were. If the "Great Father" wants to be obeyed by the Sioux, he must give them some prompt punishment. We are Indians and know how to deal with Indians. They will not keep peace until they are severely punished. Either keep them a year without provisions or gifts, or cut off some camp, killing all and the rest will then listen.* *

We understand that the ammunition sent us was to defend ourselves against the Sioux. We are slow to go to war, but we are quick when our friends are in danger, and if at such a time we had to come to our agent for ammunition our friends might get killed before we could render them any assistance. We would like to get more ammunition, and would instruct our young men not to waste it, and we understand that it is not to be used in hunting. Ammunition is our life. To-day, luckily, the Sioux retired as our young men were loading their last cartridge. Whenever we go out to hunt game we expect to see an enemy. Things have been quiet for a long time since the treaty, but this is the time of year when we are always hemmed in and harassed by our enemies; but we must starve in camp if our young men do not risk their lives in hunting for meat.

The reasons which have already been given for providing for friendly Indians in cases of misfortune, even beyond the exact letter of treaty stipulations, apply with