

Thursday--the day that was to witness the Grand Council held between the Red warriors of the Ogalallas, Brules, Cheyennes, and pale-faces, dawned gloomily enough, and a drizzling rain set in. But the Indians were impatient, and, rain or no rain, the council must be convened.

The Indians had been dissipating the night previous. Some reckless white had supplied them with whisky, which had plunged many of them into forgetfulness of the scenes about to be enacted. Two hundred dollars reward was offered for the name of the man who had supplied the liquor. No informer could be found, but marital law was established over/pl99/the denizens of this town, and each saloon and bar had a guard placed over it, and neither white, red, nor black man could get liquor of any kind. Sherman is a man who can act promptly on occasion.

At noon the council was convened. Two large wigwams converted into one were to hold the hostile chiefs of the Brules, Ogallallas, and Cheyennes, and the Peace Commissioners.

On one side sat Spotted Tail, Man-afraid-of-his-Horses, Man-that-walks-under-the-Ground, Pawnee Killer, Standing Elk, Swift Bear, Black Bear, Turkey Foot, Cut Nose, Whistler, Big Mouth, Cold Face, Crazy Lodge, and several other minor chiefs. Facing them were Generals Sherman, Harney, Terry, and Sanborn, Commissioner Taylor, Colonels Tappan, Dodge, and Wolcott, Senator Henderson, and several representatives of the press.

The chiefs formed separate circles, and smoked the tribal "pipes of peace." Big Mouth and other chief handed their pipes around to the Peace Commissioners, who inhaled with befitting gravity three distinct whiffs from each. This important ceremony over, Leon Fallardy, interpreter, announced that the chiefs were ready.

Then Swift Bear commenced his oration as follows:-

"My friends and all you chiefs that are here to-day, whatever you say shall be made known all over the country. It makes my heart glad to see you