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Four Horns and Black Moon. O took my seat, The council was opened with songs and dances, noisy, joyful, and very wild, in which the warriors alone took part. Then Four Horns lighted his calumet of peace; he presented it first solemnly to the Great Spirit, imploring his light and favor, and then offered it to the four cardinal points, to the sun and the earth, as witnesses to the action of the council. Then he himself passed the calumet from mouth to mouth. I was the first to receive it, with my interpreter, and every chief was placed according to the rank that he held in the tribe. Each one took a few puffs. When the ceremony of the calumet was finished, the head chief addressed me, saying, "Speak, Black-robe, my ears are open to hear your words." All this was done with the greatest gravity and amid a profound silence."

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Father De Smet then arose and lifted his hands to heaven and offered a prayer to the Great Spirit, imploring his blessing upon this solemn occasion. Then for an hour he talked to them of his mission; the purely disinterested motives that had brought him there; the wish of the Great Father for peace; the atrocious crimes that had been committed on both sides; the readiness of the Great Father to aid them, and the uselessness of contending against his strength, so many times greater than their own. These points were discussed at considerable length. Four chiefs spoke, but Father De Smet gives us only the speech of Black Moon, which, he says, was essentially the same as the others. With all the solemnity and stately form of Indian ceremony, "he rose, calumet in hand, and addressing his people, said: "Lend an ear to my words." Then he raised the calumet solemnly to heaven and lowered it to the earth; thus invoking, by the Indian interpretation, heaven and earth as witnesses. At his request I touched the calumet with my lips, putting my right hand on the stem. Then he said in a loud voice: 'The Black-robe has made a long journey to come to us; his presence among us makes us very glad, and with all my heart I wish to welcome him to my country. I can understand all the words that the Black-robe has just said to us; they are good and filled with truth. I shall lay them up in my memory! Still, our hearts are sore; they have received deep wounds. These wounds have yet to be healed. A cruel war has desolated and impoverished our country; the desolating torch of war was not kindled by us; it was the Sioux east of us and the Cheyennes south of us who raised the war first, to revenge themselves for the white man's cruelties and injustice. We have been forced to take part, for we too have been victims of his rapacity and wrong-doing. Today, when we ride over our plains we find them spotted here and there with blood; and these are not the bloodstains of buffalo and deer killed in the chase, but those of our own comrades or of white men sacrificed to vengeance. The buffalo, the elk, the antelope, the bighorn and the deer have quitted our immense plains; we hardly find them any more, except at intervals, and always less numerous. May it not be the odor of human blood that puts them to fight?

"I will say further—against our will the whites are interlacing our country with their highways of transportation and emigration; they build forts at various points and mount thunders upon them. They kill our animals, and more than they need. They are cruel to our people, maltreat and massacre them without reason, or for the slightest cause, even when they are searching for food, for animals and roots, to nourish their wives and children. They cut down our forests in spite of us and without paying us their value. They are ruining our land. We are opposed to having these big roads which drive the buffalo from our country. This soil is ours and we are determined not to yield to an inch of it. Here our fathers were born and are buried. We desire,