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The message to President Hayes, beginning "Great Father! and beloved Chief Magistrate!" goes on to invite the Pres, to share SB's tipi, and rather sagely declares that

"Between us two it might improve the case
Could we but see each other face to face,--
Commissioners I do not highly rate,--
But let us meet and talk together straight!
I tell you, straight I always do take mine...!"

When we know that SB was a teetotaler, (cf Beede, Johnny Walker, etc)

He then offers water, if liquor will not please, and dwells fondly upon the delicacies of Indian cuisine, the sport of hunting and trapping is recommended (tho it was anything but sport to an Indian), and upon the beauties of wild nature, recommending for amusement the dances of the War dance, sun dance, squaw dance, scalp dance..

He goes on to say he loves the country of the Great Mother, but prefers the lands about Tongue River, and expresses contempt for the silver dollar, which is useless, being too small to make hair-money.

To end the day, SB offers the Pres. repose and a peaceful pipe, and advises him that aboriginal athletic sports will renew him like Antaeus

There seems to have been a change in regulations in Canada since the first edition appeared, for there he complains that "up here, methinks, it is a fearful interval between drinks." And here he offers Pres. liquor.

His sapphic poem is addressed to commissioners, to hurry; to his old companions at arms, now on the way to Washington to interview the Pres., and urges them to claim the right to hunt undisturbed, going into an ecstasy over the "wild excitement of the Indian chase" He says he is satisfied that enough blood has been shed to give him immortal fame..