

Wahata-uh, an Arrickaree chief, after shaking hands all around, a universal custom, and selecting his interpreter, addressed Col. Mitchell.

Grand Father, your talk is very good. My ears and the ears of my people have not been on the ground. They have been open and we feel good in our hearts at what you have told us. The ground is not now as it used to be. We come here a long way off from the Missouri river. We come hungry for we are very poor and could find no buffalo, but we found friends and they gave us something to eat. This made our hearts glad. We are poor and live far away, but we will do the best we can to satisfy our Great Father. We hope he will send us more buffalo.

Wash-Ah-Wee-Ha, a Shoshonee, next spoke:

Grand Father, <sup>I</sup> have come a great distance to see you and hear you. I threw my family too, away, to come and listen, and I am glad and my people are glad that we have come. Our hearts are full; all our hearts are full of your words. We will talk them over again.

Here the council broke up. At the expense of the loss of my dinner, I spent the evening witnessing a scalp peace made between the Cheyennes and Snakes, of which I will give an account hereafter.

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The Mo. Rep. of St. Louis, Nov. 2, 1851.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

Treaty Ground, near Fort Laramie,  
I.T., Sept. 9th, 1851.

Today was spent rather uninterestingly. In the morning Col. Mitchell and myself went to the Sioux villages, across the Platte, to visit some of the Chiefs, at their invitation. On arriving, we found them in council among themselves, on the subject of the treaty, and we would not interrupt them.

In the afternoon, about a hundred of the soldiers of the Cheyennes came into camp. These soldiers are the young men of the nation. They