

who?
 "Grand Father, you called me here from the Missouri river. I am here, my people are very poor and hungry - we have very little to eat. We have heard all you have said; your words are very good, but we think we should have a hundred wagon loads of goods every year, and more buffalo. We don't want the horses - we have plenty of horses. We want to see the goods."

Beka-chebetha, or Cut Nose, an Arappoahoes, next addressed the Commissioners:

Grand Father, I thank the Great Spirit, the Sun and the Moon, for putting me on this earth. It is a good earth, and I hope there will be no more fighting on it - that the grass will grow and the water fall, and plenty of buffalo. You, Grand Father, are doing well for your children, in coming so far and taking so much trouble about them. I think you will do us all much good; I will go home satisfied. I will sleep sound, and not have to watch my horses in the night, or be afraid for my squaws and children. We have to live on these streams and in the hills, and I would be glad if the whites would pick out a place for themselves and not come into our grounds; but if they must pass through our country, they should give us game for what they drive off. There have been some dogs on the roads; they have committed depredations, and they have been charged upon us; but now they will have to hang their heads and hide themselves. We have chosen our chief as you requested us to do, Father. Whatever he does we will support him in it, and we expect, Father, that the whites will support him.

An old, gray headed Arappahoe chief, Authon-ish-ah, next harangued his tribe, rather than addressed the Commissioners. He said:

"Fathers and children, we give you all up to our white brethren, and now we shall have peace, the pleasantest thing in the world. The