

Those who held us pretended to be very anxious about our welfare, and said our condition was a great mystery. We tried to speak and clear up this mystery, but were laughed at and treated as children. So things went on from year to year. Other treaties were made, and it was all the same. Rations were further reduced, and we were starving. Sufficient food was not given us, and no means to get food from the land were provided. Rations were further reduced. A family got for two weeks what was not enough for one week.

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"What did we eat when that was gone? The people were desperate from starvation--they had no hope. They did not think of fighting; what good would it do? They might die like men, but what would the women*and children do? Some say they saw the Son of God; others did not see Him. I did not see Him. If He had come He would do some great things as He had done before. We doubted it, because we had saw neither Him or His works. Then, Gen. Crook came. His words sounded well; but how could we know that a new treaty would be kept any better than the old one? For that reason we did not care to sign. He promised to see that his promise would be kept. He, at least, had never lied to us. His words gave the people hope. They signed. They hoped. He died. Their hope died with him. Despair came again. The people were counted, and wrongly counted. Our rations were again reduced. The white men seized on the land we sold them through Gen. Crook, but our pay was as distant as ever. The man who counted us said we were feasting and wasting food. Where did he see this?

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"How can we eat or waste what we have not? We felt that we were mocked in our misery. We had no newspapers, and no one to speak for us. We had no redress. Our rations were again reduced. You, who eat three times a day and see your children well and happy around you, can't understand what starving Indians feel. We were faint with hunger and maddened by despair. We held our dying children and felt their little bodies tremble as their souls went out and left only a dead weight in our hands. They were not very heavy, but we ourselves were very faint, and the dead weighed us down. There was no hope on earth, and God seemed to have forgotten us. Some one had again been talking of the * Son of God, and said He had come. The people did not know; they did not care. They snatched at the hope. They screamed like crazy men to Him for mercy. They caught at the promise they heard He had made.

"The white men were frightened, and called for soldiers, We had begged for life, and the white men thought we wanted theirs. We heard that soldiers were coming. We did not fear. We hoped that we could tell them our troubles and get help. A white man said the soldiers meant to kill us. We did not believe it, but some were frightened and ran away to the badlands. The soldiers came. They said: 'Don't be afraid; we come to make peace, and not war.' It was true. They brought us food, and did not threaten us. If the Messiah has really come it must be in this way. The people prayed for life, and the army brought it. The Black Robe (Father Jule) went into the badlands and brought in some Indians to talk to Gen. Brooke. The General was very kind to them, and quieted their fears, and was a real friend. He sent out Indians to call in the other Indians from the badlands. I sent all my horses and all my young men to help Gen. Brooke save the Indians. Am I not right when I say that he will know how to settle this trouble? He has settled it.