

Then one of the Indian chiefs rose and said: "You chiefs that are here to-day, and all you soldiers, listen unto me, for there is no fun in what I have to say to you. My Great Father did not send you here for nothing, therefore we will listen unto you. The Great Father has made roads stretching east and west. Those roads are the cause of all our troubles. We have no objection to this road (U.P.R.R.), but we object to those on the Powder River and the Smoky Hill. The country where we live is overrun by whites. All our game is gone. This is the cause of great trouble.

"I have been a friend to the whites, and am now. One of these roads runs by Powder River, the other up the Smoky Hill. I object to those--we all object to them. Let my Great Father know this; you can read and write; be sure and let him know. The country across the river (Platte) belongs to the whites; this belongs to us (north of the Platte). When we see game there, we want to have the ^{p.202}privilege of going after game. I want these roads stopped just where they are, or turned in some other direction. We will then live peacefully together.

"Last spring I told that man (General Sanborn) there was plenty of game in this country yet. The time has not come for us yet to go a-farming. When the game is all gone, I will let him know that we are willing.

"If you stop your roads we can get our game.--That Powder River country belongs to us (~~Bois~~ Sioux), the Smoky Hill belongs to the other tribe (Cheyennes). When we make peace we will stick together. Give these men something. They have travelled far; make their hearts glad. Give them something to wear, give them ammunition to kill game; by doing this you will make all the tribes feel glad. I hope that you will let these men trade with us as before, and that you will let the trader come to our camps as formerly.

"My friends, help us; take pity on us. If you intend to make us presents, give them to us, and we will thank you. I have spoken."