

"Who is our Great Father? What is he? Is it true that he sent you here to settle our troubles? The cause of our troubles is the Powder River road running north, and the Smoky Hill road on the south. In that little space of country between the Smoky Hill and Platte River there is game. That is what we have to live upon. By stopping these roads I know you can get peace. If the Great Father stops the Powder River road, I know that your people can travel this road, (U.P.R.R.) without being molested. There is not many of us here, but what there is of us we are not guilty of these troubles alone.

"If you tell the truth you ought to be able to furnish us with ammunition. I have seen you. I hope to be able to go back and sleep in peace.

"Take pity upon us and the traders. We want to get our trade back."

Following him came Turkey Foot, the leader of the Plum Creek raiders.

"My friends, you that are here, are you chiefs? Is it true that the Great Father sent you here? Will the white people that travel this road (U. P. R. R.) and the Arkansas road listen to what you say? If so, then listen unto me. Tell the Great Father to stop these roads--the one on the Smoky Hill, and the Powder River road. All the tribes around this country are our relations. They have intermarried/p.205/with each other. They are all one flesh. Let the traders come back; they are our friends. I have spoken."

After this warrior came Big Mouth, a jovial, jolly Indian, who loves good living, and fire-water. Next to Santanta, he is the best Indian orator living. Big Mouth is an appropriate name, for that very useful part of the human body is in him of extraordinary capacity. His remarks were listened to with great attention.

"My friends, and you, my people, open wide your ears and listen. Towards the north there are a great many Ogallallas, south there are Ogallallas, and I with my people stand between. But I am strong and bold. I wish to succeed in establishing peace between my people and the pale-faces. This day,