

strong, but I will do nothing out of the way. My Great Father has sent you here. We have come here to meet you to-day as invited by Spotted Tail and Swift Bear. I am red-skinned man. I am poor. You are rich. When you come to ~~our villages~~ we always share with you. Where is the living (present) I am going to get? What/p.214/ am I to do? This day I ramble around with nowhere to go. I cannot make powder nor can I make ball.

I am not a chief, but I am a warrior. My Great Grandfather may have some idea in his head, but I am a warrior; I may have some also. I am not alone here. I have plenty of braves with me. When we meet in large councils we always do something. Those people from whom I came have been doing very wrong this summer, but we heard that you were going to make peace. I came here. I was raised upon buffalo meat. I want to live upon it. After a battle, when two nations ~~meet and they shake hands~~, they ought to be at peace. I have said it."

X It will be seen by the above speeches that the cry is for ammunition and for peace.

Pawnee Killer had a good idea when he said: "After a battle, when two nations meet and shake hands, they ought to be at peace." And now the council proposes to wait till the first of November before they will make peace. The Indian chiefs have humiliated themselves already; they have begged in an abject manner, and they feel it. Frowns are seen upon their features, and still the Commissioners deliberate. Harney proposes to give them powder and lead; the others demure. Look at the Indians. Pawnee Killer creeps away, and disappears under the flaps of the wigwam. He hurries to his tent. He comes out, his face painted a fiery red. His faithful horse stands near, the lariat is cut, and with one/p.215/spring Pawnee Killer is mounted, heading directly for the bluffs north of the North Platte.