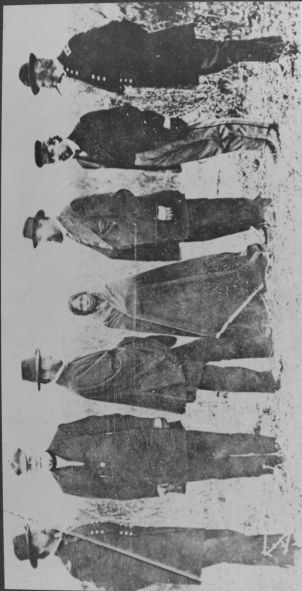


Henry M. Stanley  
1841-1904

The British-born journalist who reported the 1867 peace councils for the *St. Louis Missouri Democrat*.



THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS

Left to right: A. H. Terry, W. S. Harney, W. T. Sherman (not with the commission at Medicine Lodge), Sioux squaw, N. G. Taylor, S. F. Tappan, C. C. Augur. Picture taken at Fort Laramie.—N. S. Signal Corps collection in the National Archives.

# THE KANSAS HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

Volume XXXIII

Autumn, 1967

No. 3

## A British Journalist Reports the Medicine Lodge Peace Councils of 1867

### I. INTRODUCTION

IN THE fall of 1867, after an unsuccessful spring military maneuver against the Plains Indians, and a summer of bloody skirmishing between reds and whites, the United States government made a determined effort to quiet the warring tribes through negotiation. Earlier efforts had been made to sign peace treaties with northern Indians on the Platte in western Nebraska, but these were not successful. The peace commissioners, appointed by the President and congress, then moved down into Kansas where a grand council was planned on the Medicine Lodge river in the area of the present city of Medicine Lodge.

Accompanying the commissioners was a large press corps among whom was young Henry M. Stanley, acting as special correspondent for the *St. Louis Daily Missouri Democrat*. Born John Rowlands in Wales, Stanley had migrated to America in 1859 at the age of 18. He was adopted by Henry Morton Stanley, a New Orleans merchant whose name he took, and shortly thereafter began a life of adventure. He served on both the Union and Confederate sides in the Civil War and then traveled to Asia Minor as a newspaper reporter. In the spring of 1867 he followed the unsuccessful campaign of Maj. Gen. Winfield S. Hancock, and in early fall was present at the negotiations on the Platte. He was not, therefore, foreign to the ways of the Indians or conditions on the Plains.

Long after Stanley had become famous for locating Dr. David Livingstone in the African interior, his Kansas letters to the *Democrat* were republished in volume one of his two-volume *My Early Travels and Adventures in America and Asia* (London, Sampson Low, Marston and Company, Ltd., 1895). For the next three quarters of a century this publication served as the only source of Stan-

ley's Indian letters outside of the original newspaper itself. Unfortunately, the 1895 version was not complete; some letters were omitted and of those included nearly all were severely edited.

Now, in this year which marks the 100th anniversary of the Medicine Lodge councils the letters are republished here as they appeared in the *Democrat*, October 19-November 2, 1867. Obvious errors have been corrected. Letters written from the Hancock expedition and the Platte councils have not been included; only the series directly relating to the Medicine Lodge councils appears here. No attempt has been made to tell the complete story of the Medicine Lodge treaties for that has been done in Douglas C. Jones' recent book, *The Treaty of Medicine Lodge* (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1966).

## II. THE LETTERS

The United States peace commissioners arrived at Fort Larned from Fort Harker at 2 P. M. on October 12, 1867. Stanley apparently sent a letter to the *Democrat* describing their reception at Harker but it was not published. His next letter, from Larned, appeared in the *Democrat* on October 19:

### PEACE COMMISSION ON THE MARCH.

ARRIVAL AT HARKER—SALUTE AND SERENADE—MARCH TO CAMP—GLORIOUS TIMES—CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GENTILES—BUSINESS—A LETTER—THE MARCH—ANOTHER LETTER—VERY INTERESTING—ARRIVAL AT LARNED.

---

[Special Correspondence of the Missouri Democrat.]

FORT LARNED, Oct. 13, 1867.

### RECEPTION AT FORT HARKER.

You have already received in a former letter of mine the gracious reception we met at Harker. Did I tell you of the thundering salute that greeted our awaking in the morning? Have I already informed you how they serenaded us up to a late hour? How the ladies at Harker—bless them—did their utmost for our comfort. If so then I will not repeat the tale.

### OFF WESTWARD.

About 2 P. M. the train of ten ambulances, containing the Commissioners and the press gang—a battery of catlin [gatling] guns of the 4th artillery, and thirty wagons, containing stores, roll off west-

ward, escorted by three companies of the 7th cavalry, commanded by Major Allen.<sup>1</sup>

#### THE PERSONAL.

In the ambulances are Generals [Alfred H.] Terry, [William S.] Harney, J. R. [James A.] Hardie, Senator [John B.] Henderson [of Missouri], Commissioner [of Indian Affairs, Nathaniel G.] Taylor, Colonel [Samuel F.] Tappan, Governor [Samuel J.] Crawford [of Kansas], ex-Lieutenant Governor [Joseph P.] Root [of Kansas], Senator [Edmund G.] Ross [of Kansas], A. S. H. White, Secretary Commission; John D. Howland, *Harper's Weekly*; [Solomon T.] Bulkley, *New York Herald*; S. F. Hall, *Chicago Tribune*; Geo. Center Brown, *Cincinnati Commercial*; H. I. [J.] Budd, *Cincinnati Gazette*; Wm. Fayel, *St. Louis Republican*; George Willis, phonographer; [Milton W.] Reynolds, editor [Lawrence] *Kansas State Journal*, correspondent *Chicago Times*, one from the *Chicago Republican*, one from the *Leavenworth Bulletin*, and your own inimitable "Stanley."

A march of one mile, across the Smoky river, and we camp. We have gained a start.

#### COMPLIMENT TO "REGULARS."

The reason that we have such an escort may be seen by reading the subjoined letter:

MEDICINE LODGE CREEK, Oct. 5, 1867.

SIR: I have the honor to inform you, that as far as I am concerned, I feel perfectly safe among these Indians without soldiers, yet, if the honorable commissioners feel otherwise, it might be better to have an escort with them, and in this event I would suggest that you bring regulars, and in number not exceeding two hundred. I make this suggestion for the reason that the strictest military discipline will have to be enforced while these soldiers are among the Indians. This discipline is not often found outside the regular army. It would be wiser to come without any soldiers, than to come with a few; hence I name two hundred as a sufficient number for an escort, and few enough not to alarm the Indians. I will meet you at Fort Larned, and will have some of the chiefs of each tribe with me. Do not leave that post until I get there.

Your obedient servant,

THOS. MURPHY

Superintendent of Indian Affairs.<sup>2</sup>

HON. N. G. TAYLOR, Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

1. Not Major Allen but Maj. Joel H. Elliott, Seventh cavalry. The only Major Allen in the U. S. Army in 1867 was Harvey A. Allen, Second artillery.—Douglas C. Jones, *The Treaty of Medicine Lodge*, p. 39; *Official Army Register for 1867*, p. 135.

2. Murphy was in charge of the Central Superintendency which included most of the Indians in Kansas.

## A PICTURE.

Just one mile away to the northward across the river, stands Fort Harker, looking this evening like a city with its row of tents dwindling down to the size of head stones laid with regularity by an experienced sexton. A tall, strong flagstaff towers above all the buildings, and even from here the beautiful American flag can be seen waving and flapping protectingly from its peak. A low ridge intervening between the fort and our camp prevents us from seeing the garrison moving about, but along the road which ascends the hill, come trooping some cavalry advancing towards us. They halt at the river and allow their horses to drink, and then retire with the same steady gait and discipline as they advanced. Well, our camp is situated on the brow of the hill looking lovingly across the river, and into the old fort,<sup>3</sup> now dilapidated, and only distinguishable from where we stand by two solitary adobe chimneys which last winter saw a group of exiled soldiers begging them for the friendly warmth of their homely hearths. At the west end of our camp are the tents of three companies of the 7th cavalry under the command of Major Allen. The wagons of their regiment are clustered near loaded with green, red and blue blankets, gaudy printed calico, blue cloth, work-house hats, beads and silver medals for the friendly chiefs that we intend to visit. Then comes the artillery, two catlin [gatling] guns belonging to battery B, 4th artillery commanded by Capt. [Charles C.] Parsons. The tents of the artillerists flank the north side of the battery and therefore were parallel with the other tents. Eastward are ranged the ambulances, ten in number. These, while on the march, contain the commissioners and the members of the press. The whole camp is flanked at the eastern end by the tents of the commissioners. Those exposed to the everlasting shrieking wind sway like drunken beings, their flaps like human arms beating to the fierce whistling gusts which threaten momentarily to give way before its power. Like the impetuous Provençal Mistraon or the Levanter this American simoom<sup>4</sup> comes down upon this exposed spot without a warning, sometimes leveling every forward object to the ground. It is the first thing the residents at Fort Harker will complain of.

3. Fort Ellsworth, established in 1864 a mile southeast of the town of Kanopolis, was renamed Fort Harker in November, 1866, and moved to the present site of Kanopolis in January, 1867.

4. A desert wind.

## THE COMMISSIONERS IN COUNCIL.

Fronting their tent in a social circle, even while the wind is making such a terrible racket, the commissioners, now composed of Henderson, Taylor, Harney, Tappan, Terry and J. B. [sic] Hardie, discuss the long mooted and most detested Indian question. Like philosophers, like astute geometricians do these gentlemen look the question in the face patiently and kindly. Though their efforts fall in perfecting a peace between the white and red men, no person catching a glance at this extemporaneous council would attach blame to them. This knotty enigma, which grew more knotty and warty day by day, is gradually being unraveled, and now bare lines, straight facts easy to be satisfied are all that is left. Just look with me between the wheels of this wagon, at the circle, examine each feature and tell me what you see.

## HARNEY.

We will first take Harney, who is now bending forward, seated on his camp-stool, his broad face marked with the traces of busy years; his kindly blue eye beams brighter now, as he is engaged in an animated discussion; he lifts a forefinger to emphasise a point. When he stands erect he towers above all like Saul the chosen of Israel. It does not require a remarkable degree of acuteness to see that underneath that calm, smiling, venerable exterior of Harney, there lies a wonderful power of vitality and passion not quite dead. Really, a goodly man, a tried soldier and a gentleman.<sup>5</sup>

## THE SENATOR.

Opposite Harney, you will see another Missourian of Pike county, John B. Henderson, known here as Senator Henderson. He is the business man of the commission. He is forever endeavoring to sift evidence concerning the Indians we intend to visit. One of forcible utterance in speech, possessed of a dogged perseverance to obtain light upon a dubious subject; never forgetful of Western interests; a cool head, courteous in deportment, patient, affable to all, ever eager to oblige and always thoughtful of the wants of others. Any points that are necessary for publication, we all feel an inclination to ask Senator Henderson about.

## SANBORN.

On the Senator's right sits [John B.] Sanborn, a general<sup>6</sup> who has

5. Brigadier General (Bvt. Maj. Gen.) Harney had retired from the army in 1863 after 45 years service.

6. Sanborn, a civilian in 1867, had served as a brigadier general of volunteers during the war.

served with some distinction on many a hard field. A gaitulous, good natured and jovial gentleman, fond of good living and good company, an air of bonhomme all about him. Pleasant to converse with, free of access, and pretty thoroughly posted on Indian matters. Those are the prominent points of Sanborn. The general has been selected on account of his tact in business to superintend the movements of the commission.

#### TAPPAN.

On the Senator's left sits Col. Tappan, of Colorado, an agreeable companion, always smiling, but a gentle man of few words. He is also very well acquainted with Indian affairs.<sup>7</sup>

#### PRESIDENT TAYLOR.

And there is Commissioner N. G. Taylor, the president of the commission, a man of large brain, full of philanthropic ideas relative to the poor Indian. He is undoubtedly earnest in his opinions. Formerly a Methodist minister, he has turned his attention to secular matters devoting his life to an improvement of the social status of the American aboriginal.

#### TERRY.

And lastly there is Terry, the gallant and genial; his praises and his good deeds have been recorded by nobler pens than mine, and therefore I will not essay the task. The country remembers him.<sup>8</sup>

#### SHERMAN

is mysteriously absent. A telegram recalled him to Washington.<sup>9</sup>

#### SYMPOSIUM.

But the council is ended now, and they all adjourn for supper. The press-gang follow and enter the tent. The cook, Ernest Michael, formerly employed at the Southern Hotel, has spread himself out. Why, here are excellent viands, food fit for the gods—delicious ham, unctuous sardines, assorted pickles, loaf sugar and ranche butter, Switzer cheese and light bread, tea and coffee, cakes and pies, excellently cooked and temptingly provided. Crimini! Cri! here is a feast spread out in the most *recherche* manner in the most heaven-forsaken spot of Kansas. Annoyances vanish; smiles

7. Tappan, a lieutenant colonel of John M. Chivington's First Colorado cavalry, had presided over a military commission which investigated the Sand Creek massacre of November, 1864.

8. Brigadier General (Bvt. Maj. Gen.) Terry was one of the two military men on active status who were members of the commission at Medicine Lodge.

9. Lt. Gen. William T. Sherman had been appointed a member of the commission by President Johnson. When he was ordered to Washington he was replaced by Col. (Bvt. Maj. Gen.) Christopher C. Augur.

reign instead. Jokes and repartees are freely exchanged through the exhilarating influence of hot Bohea and strong Java coffee. I say Java because it was so good, even excelling in my opinion the best Mocha I ever drank in an Egyptian kahn. Who would not sell a farm and become a reporter?

#### A NIGHT.

But such a night as we passed the first on the march. Till almost dawn, we, the press gang, enlivened the long night hours with songs and glees. Jack Howland—the skillful, amusing, entertaining, good hearted, brave Jack Howland, the artist of Harper's *Weekly* told funny stories, and Chamberlain, our worthy caterer, sang funnier songs. Witty, hilarious eccentric, but gentlemanly, Brown, of the Cincinnati *Commercial* exerted himself to the utmost to make everybody agreeable. Jovial Budd, of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, strained himself in cudgeling his brains to propound a conundrum *en passant*. I may remark that Budd can write a letter; a good letter; an entertaining one; not ponderous nor tiresome. He never drives his readers crazy with theorizing, nor does he inflict a stale pun. Fayel enjoyed himself like a philosopher of Samos. Fayel, the correspondent of the *Republican*, has a fund of dry humor underneath his waistcoat, and some common sense, a qualification rarely met with in a literary Gitano camp. Bulkley, of the *Herald*, almost fell into convulsions with laughing at everybody's eccentricities. Bulkley is the best fellow out of Jericho, always polite, never sulky. Good souls, all of them, but I am getting prosy, and must turn my attention to business:

#### TO LARNED.

We started next morning, the 9th inst., on our march to Larned. Sanborn is on horse, moving about, directing the movements, and having heard the order march, the train is in motion. We present quite an imposing appearance, and with the formidable number of newspaper correspondents, the expedition to the Indian sachems becomes important.

The following letter you will find very interesting as it contains in detail some valuable information:

#### COL. MURPHY'S REPORT.

MEDICINE LODGE CREEK, Oct. 5, 1867.

SIR: Having been selected by the Hon. Peace Commission to proceed to the Indian country and put myself in communication with the Indians of the Plains, Cheyennes, Arrapahoes and Apaches, with a view of congregating them at some point near, at south of Fort Larned, there to await the arrival

of the commissioners at Full Moon in October, and, if possible, have the Indians, now on the warpath, come in and cease fighting, I have the honor to report that I have now completed this duty, and for a more full report of my operations in endeavoring to carry out your wishes, I respectfully refer you to my correspondence with you on this subject, and for your future information I now state, that I have at this time assembled at this place the following number of Indians:

Arapahoes, number of lodges .....	171
Apaches .....	85
Cheyennes .....	25
Kiowas .....	150
<hr/>	
Making in all .....	431

Little Big Mouth of the Arapahoes, who has 21 lodges, is far away south and will not be here with his lodges, but is represented. The Cheyennes sent in word last night that they were moving their whole village, numbering some 200 lodges, and would be here in a few days. The Comanches who, I am informed number 100 lodges, are in camp about thirty miles below here, and would be present now, but that they have made some arrangements with Colonel [Jesse H.] Leavenworth,<sup>10</sup> and were waiting to see him. They sent me word to that effect yesterday, and also, that they would be here in two days.

We count now on the ground 431 lodges. Those coming in and who will be represented, 421 lodges; making in all 852. Averaging each lodge at six persons we have over five thousand Indians.

In the performance of this service both myself and those with me have taken considerable risk so far as our persons and lives were concerned. We were compelled to go into their country in order to gather the Indians together, or go home and abandon the whole project. And in order to make our mission a success were obliged to come without soldiers. These Indians have been so often deceived by whites and sought by soldiers, that they are very suspicious of the former, and cannot see why people calling themselves friends of the Indians, cannot come among them without bringing their enemies—the soldiers, with them. So far our mission has been a perfect success, and I hope the honorable Commission will crown our efforts by making with the Indians such a treaty as will insure peace in the future to the Indians, and security to the frontiersman and pioneer.

I had considerable difficulty in getting communication to the camps of the hostile Cheyennes. I sent first Mr. Isaac N. Butterfield, who knew many of them, with a half bred Cheyenne. The half bred lost his way, and Mr. Butterfield was shot at in the camps of the Arapahoes, by a returning band of hostile Cheyennes. His horse, saddle, bridle and pistol were taken from him. The other messenger sent out, for one reason and another, failed to reach them, and until Roman Nose and White Beard, with ten of the warriors made a dash into our camp, I was unable to talk with them. Since that talk the Cheyennes have been gathering in their war parties, and as they say are "shoving" for peace. Everything now looks well. Respectfully,

THOS. MURPHY.

10. Leavenworth was agent to the Kiowas and Comanches.

October 5, 1867.

OFF FOR MEDICINE LODGE CREEK.

The country through which we are traveling has been so elaborately described in my letters entitled "On the war-path," that it is useless for me to dilate upon its beauties. If we come across new scenery or interesting objects your readers shall have the benefit of knowing all about it.

We arrived at Fort Larned on the 12th inst., and we now strike for Medicine Lodge Creek, 80 miles southwest from this spot.

STANLEY.

Stanley's next letter was undated but when it was written he had arrived at the council site on Medicine Lodge river. It appeared in the *Democrat* on October 21, 1867:

THE PEACE COMMISSION.

THE MARCH FROM LARNED TO MEDICINE CREEK.

CHANGES AT LARNED—VISIT TO THE FORT—"BIG INDIANS"—EFFECT OF FIRE-WATER—WYNCOOP AND HIS NARROW ESCAPE—CROSSING THE ARKANSAS—GRAND REINFORCEMENT—MULTITUDES OF BUFFALOES—HARPER'S SPECIAL ARTIST—GENERAL AUGUR—THE RESERVATION QUESTION—ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT ENCAMPMENT OF SOUTHERN INDIANS—RECEPTION—SILLY BUMMERS—SATANTA'S OUTBURST—MEDICINE MAKING—THE TRIBES AND CHIEFS—PRELIMINARY COUNCIL.

[Special Dispatch to the Missouri Democrat.]

IMPROVEMENTS AT LARNED.

On the 12th we arrived at Larned. A complete change has been effected since Hancock's army swept by in pursuit of "Roman Nose" and "Tall Bull's" <sup>11</sup> legions. The shabby, dilapidated vermin-breeding adobe and wooden houses have been torn down, and new and stately buildings of hewn sandstone are in their stead. The comfort of the troops has been taken into consideration by the architect and builder. The fort is now garrisoned by six companies of infantry and one company of cavalry. Major [Meredith H.] Kidd<sup>12</sup> is the commandant.

11. Roman Nose and Tall Bull were leaders of the Cheyennes' elite warrior society, the Dog Soldiers. Roman Nose was killed the first day of the Battle of Beecher Island, September 17, 1868, and Tall Bull was killed at the Battle of Summit Springs, July 11, 1869.

12. Kidd was assigned to the 10th cavalry. From 1893 to 1895 he was a member of the commission to the Five Civilized Tribes otherwise known as the Dawes commission.

## VISIT TO THE FORT.

Generals Harney and Sanborn paid a visit to the fort, accompanied by the correspondents. Like many other institutions this place has also a whole squad of "bummers," who seemingly do nothing but imbibe a wretched infusion of rye and smoke "Virginity" and "Bird's Eye" tobacco. These gentlemen (?) gathered around the new arrivals, and did their "level best" to stare them out of countenance. But, being public characters, they stood it pretty well.

## "BIG INGINS."

While we were in the private room of the sutler, discussing the merits of some of Hohnecke's beer, a number of Indians walked in, led by the redoubtable Satanta<sup>13</sup> himself, followed by Little Raven,<sup>14</sup> head sachem of the Arapahoes; Sitemgear, or Stumbling Bear, a Kiowa chief, and two noble Apache chiefs.

## SATANTA, OR WHITE BEAR,

Seemed beside himself with joy on recognizing your correspondent, and gave him a gigantic bear's hug. He was introduced to the other members of the press who looked upon him with some awe, having heard so much of his ferocity and boldness. By his defiant and independent bearing, he attracted all eyes. A solid chest, a large head, with busy, glittering orbs; fine ears, not too large; long, wavy shining black hair; straight, broad nose, with expanded nostrils; heavy jawbones, large mouth, square chin, and short, muscular neck. He is little above the ordinary height. His person is compact throughout. Agile and strong, he would certainly be a most formidable enemy to encounter alone on the prairie, especially with the words of "Wild Bill" ringing in the ears, "that man has killed more white men than any other Indian on the plains, and he boasts of it."

## LITTLE RAVEN.

Is a fat, good-natured, peaceable looking cacique; one who doubtless loves to smoke his pipe peacefully in his lodge, surrounded by his dusky concubines; one who would prefer to be at peace because it required exertion to go to war. There was one

13. Satanta, a Kiowa chief second only to Satank and Lone Wolf, was an extremely bold and able leader. He was called "Orator of the Plains" for his eloquence in council. He committed suicide October 11, 1878, in the Texas state penitentiary while serving life imprisonment for murder.

14. Little Raven, an Arapaho chief, successfully guided his people toward peace for 22 years after the signing of the treaty at Medicine Lodge. He died at Cantonment, Okla., in the winter of 1889.

APACHE CHIEF,<sup>15</sup>

a tall, wiry fellow, and, if I may trust to my knowledge of physiognomy, a cunning unprincipled Indian.

## A LITTLE FIRE-WATER

was given to them, which opened their hearts, like a knife opening a bivalve. Recklessness mounted every feature, and all reserve was swept away. For the nonce White Bear, ever ready with his tomahawk, allowed his enmity of the pale-face to sleep, and laughed like a child.

Three of the reporters were introduced to

## MAJOR WYNKOOP,

the agent for the Cheyenne and Sioux.<sup>16</sup> The major is a genial soul and a polished gentleman. He is a skillful concoctor of drinkable beverages, and in his company we whiled away a social hour.

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

The major narrowly escaped with his life two or three days ago at the camps of the Indians now on Medicine Lodge Creek. Roman Nose, with ten warriors, rode up to the lodge in which Wynkoop was then staying. Wynkoop heard that Roman Nose, a Sioux [Cheyenne] sachem, had threatened his life, and was even then hurrying to his lodge for that purpose. Though there were three or four thousand warriors then at the camp, kindly disposed towards the "Tall Chief," Wynkoop, still it was evident that Roman Nose, with his fierce eloquence, could command aid, and carry his point. Behind the lodge was a racing horse, which he quickly mounted, and putting spurs to him, left the village at the very moment Roman Nose had a revolver drawn on him. The animosity of this chief towards Wynkoop originated from a suspicion that he entertained that Major Wynkoop—then agent—was the very person who informed Hancock of the whereabouts of his people's lodges, thus causing their entire destruction.<sup>17</sup>

It is thought best to relieve the major from his agency, as he has lost the confidence of Sioux and Cheyennes, for whom he was agent, and the Peace Commissioners have held several sessions in discussion of the plan.

15. The Apaches at the councils were a branch known as Kiowa-Apache but were commonly referred to as Plains Apache.

16. Edward W. Wynkoop was an early Kansas Free-Soil settler. In 1858 he was appointed sheriff of Arapaho county, then in Kansas, in which Denver was located. During the Civil War he was an officer in the First Colorado infantry (later cavalry). His close association with the affairs which led to the Sand Creek massacre caused him eventually to resign from the army and seek appointment as agent to the Cheyenne and Arapaho tribes which post he held from 1866 to 1868. He died in New Mexico on September 11, 1891, after a long and adventurous career on the frontier.—Edward E. Wynkoop, "Edward Wanshear Wynkoop," *Kansas Historical Collections*, v. 13, pp. 71-79.

17. In later letters Stanley relates the circumstances alluded to here.

## THE ARKANSAS.

After we had glanced over the fort we started for camp, and for the first time, crossed the the celebrated Arkansas river, three miles south of Fort Larned. At this point the river was very shallow, at no place over two feet in depth. The southern banks of the river were covered with luxuriant grass, into which the pedestrian sunk up to the midriff. The mules, on being released from the harness, plunged into it, and reveled in the rich pasture, constantly braying their intense delight, and rearing their heels at each greedy fellow who would insist upon a too near neighborhood.

## HAPPY REINFORCEMENT.

Here our train was increased by sixty wagons, containing stores and presents. The number of wagons and ambulances with the expedition is now one hundred and sixty-five. Six mules to each wagon, and two hundred cavalry horses, makes the number of animals twelve hundred and fifty. The number of men on this trip, including the camp followers and scavengers, is six hundred. Thus when on the march we present quite a formidable appearance.

In our company are now Col. Cravenworth [Leavenworth?], Major Wynkoop, Superintendent Murphy, Col. Rankin,<sup>18</sup> Capt. John W. Smith, interpreter, with a host of camp followers, who pretend to have special commissions, but who really follow out of mere curiosity, and to live on the bountiful rations doled out by the Commission. They all live sumptuously, with no expense to themselves. It is rather an imposition on good nature.

## TEN THOUSAND BUFFALOES.

On our first day's march south from the Arkansas river, we saw about ten thousand buffaloes. In herds of about a thousand they grazed, with sentinals and videttes marching isolated far away from the herds watching our advance suspiciously and snorting their alarm to the main body.

At night we fared on buffalo. Jack Howland, Harper's artist, mounted on a bay nag, brought down a fine buffalo expressly for the Bohemians' mess.

## THE ARTIST FOR HARPER'S.

Jack is a fine fellow, and is rapidly becoming acclimated in the West. He has traveled for that enterprising paper, *Harper's Weekly*, from Montana to Chihuahua, from San Francisco through Arizona, New Mexico to Texas. The Rio Colorado, Rio Grande

18. This may have been Capt. (Bvt. Lt. Col.) William G. Rankin, 31st infantry.

Del Norte, Rio Pecos and the Rio Gila he has traversed from their mouths to their rise in the Rocky Mountains. The Mexican language is as familiar to him as the English; and it was with a feeling akin to gratitude to "our special artist" that we ate the rare delicious steaks cut from the hump of the slain buffalo. That night was a pleasant one, long to be remembered, for we invited to the feast several supernumerary strangers who were around, and passed the night chanting and story telling.

#### PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

The next day we came to a place where the prairie was on fire. Stretching before us in a long, and seemingly impenetrable column, was a gloomy funeral pall of smoke, raising its voluminous front up to the very heavens. But through the smoke, through the fire we traveled, lost for a short time to each other, and our advent from the cloud was hailed by gratified expressions.

#### GENERAL AUGUR

caught up with us at night. He was ordered by the President to join the Indian Commission vice General Sherman, the latter having received a telegram to return to Washington. The press has already conceived an opinion as to the reasons of his recall, and all doubts upon this subject have been satisfied by this time.<sup>19</sup>

#### THE PROPOSED RESERVATION.

This country, through which we travel south of the Arkansas, has been selected by the Commissioners for the Indian reservation. There is a serious difficulty arising against this course. The State of Kansas stretches away over one hundred miles to the southward of Medicine Lodge creek,<sup>20</sup> and this portion south of the Arkansas is about as fertile a country as the State can boast of. The representation of the State, now with the commissioners, object to this division of their State, and therefore that proposition will fall to the ground. The reservation must be selected somewhere in the neighborhood of the salt plain, and no collision between the authorities can take place.

#### GREAT INDIAN ENCAMPMENT.

Monday morning about ten o'clock we came in sight of the great encampment of the Southern Indians. A natural basin, through which meandered Medicine Lodge creek, with its banks extensively

19. It was popularly supposed that Sherman had been recalled because of his blunt and outspoken manner at the Platte river councils.

20. Actually the southern Kansas border is less than 20 miles south of the council site on Medicine Lodge river.

wooded, was the place selected for their winter camp. The basin, hedged in commanding elevations, was intersected by small undulating hills, deep ravines, pyramidal mounds. On the western right was the Arapahoe camp, consisting of 171 lodges. Next to these, and close to the creek, almost buried in a dense grove of fine timber, was the camp of the Camanches, numbering 100 lodges; adjoining which was the Kiowa camp, 150 lodges. At the western extremity of the basin were the camps of the Apaches, numbering 85 lodges, and the Cheyennes, 250 lodges.

Thousands of ponies covered the adjacent hills, while in the valley grazed the cattle, making the whole resemble a cluster of villages. All these camps were pitched so as to form a circle, in the center of which sported the boys and girls, and little papooses in a complete state of nudity.

#### RECEPTION.

Thousands of warriors, braves, young bucks, papooses, damsels and squaws, from the different villages, hurried up to satisfy their curiosity, viewing the commissioners. The escorts were all left to come on after us in an hour or so. This was a wise plan, as so many treacherous deeds have been done whenever the troops have come up, that the Indians have come to regard the whites as snakes. By this seeming confidence, this apparent trust in their good faith, we found all the Indians there expectant and willing to see us. During the march, though, several little things occurred which many feared would disturb the general serenity. The graceless, vagabondish followers, who insisted on joining the expedition at Fort Larned, on the pretence that they were relatives to some commissioners or that they knew some Indian agents who were going there, or that they had especial commissions for some business not down on the list of commissions issued; shot down buffaloes simply that they might boast that they killed one. This multitude of bummers not only entailed expense upon the Government at the rate of a good round sum per diem, but by their indiscriminate shooting and reckless use of firearms fostered ill-will between the Indians and the whites at a time when so much tact and diplomacy were needed to reconcile both parties. Satanta, never backward of speech to assert his rights, burst forth at last, and said:

"Have the white men become children, that they should kill meat and not eat? When the red men kill, they do so that they might live."

This speech produced the desired result. Two or three of them

were put under arrest, and the Major commanding the batallion was also arrested for not preventing the shooting. Satanta is no doublefaced Janus that can talk with a forked tongue.

#### MAKING MEDICINE.

When we arrived at the camp, the Indians were engaged in the important ceremony of "making medicine." Shields of tanned buffalo hides were slung on poles, facing the sun, to propitiate it. The unsophisticated aboriginals believe that the sun will aid them by turning their shields towards it while it shines, and covering them by night from dew. The medicine man, whom they revere so much, whom they regard as prophet, priest and king, is absent, engaged in devout incantations. In a previous letter I have fully described his powers and his authority, and all other Indian ceremonies, that it is hardly necessary to repeat it.

#### THE TRIBES AND CHIEFS.

There are five thousand Indians present, and the chiefs representing them are named as follows:

##### CAMANCHES.

Parry-wah-sahmer, or Young Bear, head Chief of the Camanches; Tip-pah-pen-nov-aly, or Painted Lips; Ponen-e-weh-tone you, or Iron Mountain; Para-er-ehve, or Wise Shield; Za-nah-weah, or Without Wealth—100 lodges.

##### KIOWAS.

Satanta, or White Bear, head sachem; Black Eagle, Sitemgear, Stumbling Bear, Satank, or Sitting Bear,<sup>21</sup> Ton-a-enko, (Kicking Bird),<sup>22</sup> Sitting Man—150 lodges.

##### ARAPAHOES.

Little Raven, head sachem; Spotted Wolf, Stome, Yellow Bear, Powder Face, Ice—171 lodges.

##### APACHES.

Wolf Sleeve, head sachem; Poor Bear, Iron Shirt, Crow—85 lodges.

##### CHEYENNES.

Black Kettle, head sachem of the Cheyenne Nation;<sup>23</sup> Big Jake,

21. Satank, or Setangra, a noted Kiowa chief and medicine man, was also leader of the tribe's principal warrior society. In 1867 he was about 47 years old. Later he was killed trying to escape from the Texas state penitentiary where he, with Satanta, had been imprisoned for murder.

22. Kicking Bird, long a peaceful and courageous leader of the Kiowas, established the first school for his tribe in 1873. He was poisoned and died on May 5, 1875.

23. It was Black Kettle's camp which was attacked by Chivington in the Sand Creek massacre. Black Kettle was killed at the Battle of the Washita on November 27, 1868.

Bull Bear, chief of the Dog Soldiers, Tall Bull, Heap of Birds, Slim Face, Black White Man, Grey Head—250 lodges. Medicine Arrow, their peace chief is absent, and Bull Bear has been substituted for Black Kettle.

#### PRELIMINARY COUNCIL.

We are camped within half a mile of the Indian villages. After a cursory glance at the neighborhood, a preliminary council was held at noon in front of our tents with the Arapahoe and Cheyenne chiefs. At this council there were several gray heads, and men afflicted with various distempers.

When all were seated, Commissioner Taylor asked, were all the Cheyennes present. He was answered, "No. Most of the Cheyennes are on the south bank of the Cimmaron, with Medicine Arrow."

The Commissioner then said, "Tell these men here present that the Great Father has heard there is trouble, and he has sent us to look for ourselves and see what the matter is, and to make peace if possible; that we have a good many military men with us to protect us as we are traveling through a wild country. We have heard that there is trouble North and we must be there by the new moon, so it is important that we should be as expeditious as possible down here, that we may keep our word up there. We have made peace with the Ogalallas and Brules, and we hope to make a full and lasting peace with you. How soon can your people be here?"

[At this point the departure of the courier makes it necessary to break off short. Will resume in my next.]

STANLEY.

The reporter failed to record the Cheyenne chiefs' response to Taylor's question in his next letter which was published in the *Democrat* on October 23, 1867:

#### THE PEACE COMMISSION INDIAN "TALKS."

ANOTHER COUNCIL—FOUR TRIBES REPRESENTED—DISTRIBUTION OF CLOTHING—INCIDENTS OF THE COUNCIL—WYNKOOP'S TESTIMONY—THE CAUSE OF THE WAR—MORE ABOUT HANCOCK'S EXPEDITION—COMMENTS.

---

[Special Correspondence *Missouri Democrat*.]

MEDICINE LODGE, October 17.

#### THE COUNCIL.

A council was held this morning at which the commissioners, Col.

Leavenworth, Col. Wynkoop, Dr. Root, A. S. H. White, and the reporters were present, with twenty-five chiefs of the Kiowas, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Apaches and Camanches. In the front row sat Kicking Bird, Little Raven, Spotted Wolf, Fishermore, Heap of Birds, Black Kettle, Elk Poor Bear, Satanta, Satauk [Satank] and Mrs. Adams,<sup>24</sup> interpreter for the Arapahoes.

#### THE INTERPRETER.

This woman came in dressed in crimson petticoat, black cloth cloak, and a small coquettish velvet hat, decorated with a white ostrich feather. She appears intelligent and rather refined. She speaks fluently the English, Kiowa and Arapahoe language.

#### EXHORTATION.

Before the council commenced the village crier, in a loud voice, gave command to the nations sitting around "to be good, and behave themselves."

At this period

#### FISHERMORE,

The Kiowa's council orator, stepped up, his dirty face beaming with joy, and loudly shouting out "a-how, a-how," insisted upon shaking hands with all. Fishermore is a stout Indian of ponderous proportions, and speaks five languages. He is a favorite with all the tribes. When the calumet came to him he directed the stem north, south, east and west, and then took three deliberate whiffs and passed it to his neighbor.

#### SUITING THE INDIAN.

When all were ready, Commissioner Taylor said that he had distributed twenty suits of clothes to the Arapahoe runners; he was ready to distribute twenty suits to each of the different tribes, and if they could agree upon terms of peace at the general council, he had many more presents to give away.

The clothes were immediately brought in the center and distributed around.

#### COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

The Commissioners were called to order, and the meeting was organized. Commissioner Taylor said:

#### MR. TAYLOR'S TALK.

"We understand that you are tired of staying here, and in the

24. Mrs. Margaret Adams, a 30-year-old French-Canadian and Arapaho, had been brought to the council by Little Raven to interpret for him. She had at one time been married to Thomas Fitzpatrick, the mountain man.

talk yesterday you requested us to defer the council for eight sleeps. To that proposition we assented, supposing that you would all be willing to wait. We have found, however, that delay does not please some, the Arapahoes, Apaches, Camanches and Kiowas having waited here so long; therefore we have agreed to hold the general council at your village, when the council circle is prepared."

McCLOSKEY.<sup>25</sup>

At this juncture McCloskey said that if the commission excused him, he would go and bring the Camanches to the council, that they might also hear the proposition of the commission.

ARRIVALS.

Ten Bears, head chief of the Camanches, Iron Mountain, Little Horn, son of Ten Bears, were introduced to the commission. Powerful warriors! I thought of the wonderful stories of Mayne Reid,<sup>26</sup> and other authors, and the various battles said to have taken place between this warlike nation and the invincible Texan Rangers. When they were seated, McCloskey, their interpreter, related the late talk to them. They were all well pleased.

MR. TAYLOR

again spoke: "My friends, these commissioners have come from Washington to make peace with all of you. We desire to make treaties with you all together. Now, we are anxious, therefore, that all of you chiefs should agree together upon what day the grand council takes place. We are also anxious to have it over as soon as possible, that we may do justice to the northern Indians.<sup>27</sup> If you can agree among yourselves upon what day you will hold the council, we will be willing to treat with you, but if not, we must treat with each tribe as they are ready. We are done, and we hope the chiefs will let us know upon what they agree."

BLACK EAGLE

rose and said: I know Generals Sanborn and Harney of old—when there was no blood on the path; when the whole country was all white. I speak for the Kiowas now. We would like to stop until four sleeps have passed before we speak."

25. Philip McCusker, interpreter for the Comanches.

26. Reid, an Englishman, was author of many tales of adventure described as "very readable and healthy in tone, though extravagant in incident." He was born in 1815 and died in 1883.—*The Encyclopedia Americana* (1949), v. 23, p. 930.

27. After the Medicine Lodge councils were concluded the peace commission planned to return to the Platte and resume negotiations with the northern plains tribes.

## THE CAMANCHE CHIEF, TEN BEARS.

A good natured old warrior, who had the honor of once being introduced to President Lincoln, said: "I had a talk with the Great Father himself when I was at Washington. I am willing to repeat it here. Since I have made peace with the white men I have received many presents, and my heart has been made glad. My young men look upon you with gladness. I have not much to say, except it be to say that we are willing to travel any road you lay out for us." Then the

## KIOWA CHIEF

said: "We would like to hold the council to-morrow, and then wait four days before receiving the goods."

## SATANTA

said: "I don't want to say anything at this talk. I will say what I have to say at the grand council."

## TEN BEARS,

angry at this vacillation of the Kiowas, here made the remark, "What I say is law for the Camanches, but it takes half a dozen to speak for the Kiowas."

## AGREEMENT.

After a few more retorts of this kind, it was finally agreed that the Camanches and Kiowas should meet in grand council after the night.

## POOR BEAR,

An Apache chief, stepped up and after a long pause said: "When the grass was green I was on the Ouachita, and I heard that the commissioners wanted to see me. I am glad. The Apaches, though few, are all here. I have been here some time. I would like to get my annuity goods as soon as possible, as I understood they were here. I will wait four days for the talk. I have spoken."

After this speech

## SATANTA

Stood up before the warriors who had gathered together to witness the ceremony of the pow-wow. There were fully five hundred of them splendidly dressed in the most gorgeous Indian costume. His remarks were universally applauded, if one might judge by the frequent bursts of gratified ugh, ugh.

Satanta's style of delivery is well calculated to please a savage

multitude. Presenting a formidable appearance himself, and gifted with native eloquence, he commands all attention. His name is a thing to swear by. His many acts of prowess the young Indian maidens sing, while the young braves endeavor to emulate.

A portion of his remarks I took down in shorthand, of which the following is a true copy:

"Anitate y ben antema, usebah ghis eiek men a yu tah durpus cabeleh inst ma den y cat ah damht abu echan arabeuyshtabelunyan"—(loud "ugh!" "ugh!")

BLACK KETTLE, CHIEF OF THE CHEYENNES,

Got up now, and addressed the multitude of Indians present as follows:

"We were once friends with the whites, but you nudged us out of the way by your intrigues, and now when we are in council you keep nudging each other. Why don't you talk, and go straight, and let all be well? I am pleased with all that has been said."

LITTLE RAVEN

Followed in the same vein, appealing to them "to behave themselves and be good."

ADJOURNMENT.

The council was then adjourned, to meet again on the morning of the fifth day in grand and solemn council at the council place specially prepared for the occasion.

INCIDENTAL.

Senator Henderson is remarkable for his business like faculties. He urged upon Taylor to make the "talks" as short as possible, while Taylor, out of pure habit alone, enlarged and explained, thus making the pow-wow tediously and unnecessarily long.

While the talk was being interpreted, the honorable gentlemen were engaged in different things. Harney, with head erect, watched with interest each dusky and painted face of the Indians around the tent. Sanborn picked his teeth, and tried to break forth into one of his usual horse laughs. Tappan read Indian reports about the destruction of the Indian village.

Henderson, with eye-glass in his hand, seemed buried in deep study.

Terry busied himself in printing alphabetical letters, and Augur whittled away with energy.

Leavenworth examined his children, and made by-signals to old Satank, the oldest chief of the Kiowa nation. Under the table sat

Commissioner Taylor's papoose, making wry faces at some pretty squaws sitting astride, behind some aspiring youths on ponies, in the background. The correspondents sat *a la Turque* on the ground, their pencils flying with lightning speed over the paper.

#### GRAY-HEAD.

At dusk Gray-Head came to camp from the war path with fifty Dog Soldiers. His band looked ferocious enough, and just the kind that a person might expect to see on the war path.

#### CURIOUS.

Gray-Head presented the following letter to General Harney.

HEADQUARTERS, COTTONWOOD SPRINGS,  
July 15, 1858,

This is to show that the bearer, Gray-Head, a chief of the Cheyennes, has voluntarily visited my camp and made promises of peace toward the whites. And believing that these promises are made in good faith, I commend him to the friendship of our people and the troops.

W. S. HARNEY,  
Brigadier General U. S. A.

#### BLACK KETTLE

Lately received a message from Medicine Arrows' band that if he did not make his appearance at their camp on a certain day, they would come in and kill all his horses.

#### THE CAUSE OF THE INDIAN WAR.

Towards night Colonel Wynkoop was called up before the commission to testify as to the cause of this Indian war, which he gave in the following manner:

#### COL. WYNKOOP'S TESTIMONY ABOUT THE SAND CREEK MASSACRE.

Wynkoop said that Governor [John] Evans [of Colorado] blamed him for bringing the Indians to Sand creek, but Wynkoop insisted that he should see them, as the Cheyennes were desirous for peace, and he had brought them to Sand creek for that purpose. The massacre took place two days after he had left Fort Lyon, of which he was in command. Directly after the massacre two hundred Sioux Indians went on the war path, attacked Mexican trains, killing every one they came across, and since that massacre the Indians have been on the war-path.

(In answer to a question which Henderson asked, Wynkoop said Chivington's reply at the council in Denver was, that his business was to kill Indians, and not to make peace with them.)

After Sand creek the Indians were at war everywhere, mostly

on the Platte. Property was destroyed, horses were stolen, and emigrants were killed, &c., &c.

Some annuity goods which Commissioner Goodall bought in New York, three-point blankets, which are used as wrappers, and which were charged in the bill at \$13 per pair, were the most worthless things that I ever saw. The Indians told me that they would not have taken those goods from anybody else but myself. It was a most shameless affair. They were not only killed, but the friendliest were cheated, &c., &c.

Concerning the disposition of the Sioux, I will state that they were under the impression, previous to the destruction of that Cheyenne village by Hancock, that as the Cheyennes had made peace, they will also. I asked Pawnee-killer, a Sioux chief, and he said the[y] said the same thing.

The Mexican killed at Fort Zarah was killed by an Indian, who was under the influence of liquor. But the Indians generally were satisfied with keeping the peace, and save that murder at Zarah, they had kept it. They had certainly done nothing after the treaty was made, in '65, until Hancock made his appearance with his army. There was a report that the Indians had run off stock near Fort Wallace. General Hancock has various statements from his officers of several depredations, but these could not be fixed upon any particular band. I know of one affair, viz., a young chief attempted to run off some stage horses, but he did not succeed.

#### CONCERNING HANCOCK'S EXPEDITION.

The first I knew of the expedition, I received a communication from him dated Leavenworth; stating that he was coming with a large body of troops. He intended to make peace, but at the same time was prepared for war. He also wished me to accompany him on his expedition. He stated that he was going to make a demand for the parties who committed the depredations on the Smoky Hill, and also for the Indian who killed the New Mexicans at Zarah. I received another letter, stating that his orders from Sherman were not to make the demands.

As soon as I received this communication I sent out runners to gather in the chiefs. When Hancock arrived at Larned, they had not reached there. But two days afterward seven arrived. Amongst them were Tall Bull, White Horse and Bull Bear, chiefs of the Dog band. The night of their arrival a council was held, and Gen. Hancock made a speech. [You have already received and published it.] After him Tall Bull spoke, and said that his tribe were at peace,

and he wished to remain so, they hoped he would not go to their village, as he could not have any more to say to them there than where he was. General Hancock answered that he was going to see them at their village on the morrow.

The next day he started for the village. That night we camped twenty-three miles from the fort. The day after we met a body of Indians on the Plains. As soon as they saw us they started to run away but Edward Guerrier<sup>28</sup> made signs with his horse that we were peaceable. So they came back. Hancock told them he wished to see them at the village that night and talk with them, to which they agreed.

Roman Nose and his party started back towards their village. The troops took up the line of march for it. Bull Bear remained behind with the column, and he then told me that it would produce no good to march up to the village; that the women and children would be afraid. This I communicated to General Hancock; but he did not agree with that view of it.

They still marched on, and at last camped within three hundred yards east of the village. About five P. M. Hancock sent interpreters to fetch the chiefs to the council. They returned immediately, and informed Hancock that the women and children had fled. He then sent them back, and ordered them to send the head men to him. Bull Bear and Tall Bull came accordingly. General Hancock appeared very angry, and asked them why they had acted so mean towards him.

About eleven o'clock that night Guerrier returned from the camp, and stated that the chiefs had come back from the pursuit of their women.

Hancock sent for me, and told me when I reached his tent that he had ordered General Custar<sup>29</sup> to surround the camp and retain all that were found in it. He asked me my opinion upon the order. I told him that if there were only ten men found there, when they saw the cavalry they would have a fight. Hancock said it mattered not. The cavalry marched up and surrounded the camp. A little while after that, Gen. Hancock ordered Gen. Custar to pursue the Indians and bring them back. Custar immediately started in pursuit.

About two A. M. Hancock stated in my presence that he intended to burn the village next morning, as he considered that they had

28. One of Hancock's scouts.

29. Lt. Col. (Bvt. Maj. Gen.) George A. Custer of the Seventh cavalry. Most newspapers of the time spelled his name Custar.

acted treacherously towards him, and they deserved punishment. Upon hearing this, I wrote him a letter urging him to do nothing rash, but to ponder well on what he was about to do. Hancock did not burn that village however, next morning, as he promised. I also urged General Smith<sup>30</sup> to endeavor to show the General that it would be wrong to burn the village. General Smith did so.

The night of the 16th [of April] a courier came from General Custar, bearing a letter stating that two men had been killed and burned and Lookout station<sup>31</sup> destroyed, on the Smoky Hill. That same night General Hancock gave orders to General Smith to burn the village next morning.

The next day as the troops were leaving Pawnee Fork,<sup>32</sup> the order of General Hancock was obeyed. The village was set on fire, and everything in it was burned.

A courier was dispatched to the commandants of Forts Larned and Dodge, ordering them to prevent the Indians from crossing the Arkansas river. Two days after that a party of Indians were intercepted at Cimmaron crossing, and ten killed.

The old Indian and young girl who had been in the deserted village, and who had been taken to Fort Dodge by General Hancock, died a few days after the expedition left, at that post.

In answer to a question by General Sanborn, as to whether he (Wynkoop) had any idea who had committed the outrage upon her, Wynkoop said: I firmly believe that the soldiers ravished the child. It was the conclusion I arrived at when I heard that she was ravished. It is my belief now.

The Cheyennes I have seen lately gave me to understand that the war this summer was in retaliation for the destruction of their village by General Hancock.

#### COMMENTS.

There are several little inaccuracies in Col. Wynkoop's testimony, as I was with Hancock and I know whereof I speak.

First. War was already declared when Hancock appeared with his army.

Second. He did not burn the village until the 19th, four days after his arrival at Pawnee Fork, and not until he had received positive proofs that the Indians were at war. Nor did he then burn it until he had counseled with his officers.

30. Col. (Bvt. Maj. Gen.) Andrew J. Smith, commander of the Seventh cavalry, was acting as commanding officer (in his brevet rank) of the District of the Upper Arkansas with headquarters at Fort Harker.

31. A stage station south of Fort Hays on the Smoky Hill route.

32. Pawnee river, a tributary of the Arkansas, on which Fort Larned is located.

Third. The soldiers were not the persons who violated the young girl found at the Cheyenne village.

The readers of the *Democrat* cannot have forgotten how graphically and distinctly "Hancock's expedition on the warpath" was described by the special correspondent

STANLEY.

After writing his communique Stanley and his newspaper friends visited the Arapaho camp. He described the visit in his next letter which was published in the *Democrat* of October 25, 1867:

#### THE PEACE COMMISSION.

SCENES AT THE ARAPAHO VILLAGE—THE CORRESPONDENTS IN THE ARAPAHO VILLAGE—GRAND WAR DANCE—THE PRESS TENT—BROADWAY—SATANTA'S PAPOOSE—JULIA BENT—PAWNEES ON THE RAMPAGE—TESTIMONY OF MAJOR DOUGLASS—HIS CONDUCT AND ITS RESULTS.

[Special Correspondence Missouri Democrat.]

SCHOW-AS-OCH, OR MEDICINE LODGE  
CREEK, October 18th, 1867.

#### BOHEMIAN ENTERPRISE.

Last night, the party of correspondents connected with this expedition resolved to go in a body to the camp of the Arapahoes, to witness a grand war-dance. Through the camps of the infantry, cavalry and the mule-whackers we plunged, and out into the Egyptian darkness, without one friendly light to guide us on our way. Through the crackling ferns and dry stalks. Down ravines and unceremoniously into slimy marshes, over a long blackened ridge of scorched prairie, and plump against an Indian vedette.

#### AN ARAPAHO VILLAGE.

We thus found ourselves in the Arrapahoe village, a fearful din of tom-toms, beating of gongs, tin kettles, howlings of the watchful Indian dogs, shrill singing of children, of squaws, the guttural voices of braves and the energetic jingling of brass bells. Directing our steps, over the offal and refuse of the village, towards the lodge from which the sounds proceeded, we found ourselves before a chief's wigwam.

#### LODGE SCENE.

Peeping in, without so much as asking permission, we saw seated around a fire, built in the center of the lodge, a double

circle of Indians. The first was composed of warriors, mostly young, chanting lustily, while a few were beating tom-toms with all their might, one especially endeavoring to outrival the rest by his ferocity of countenance, the ludicrous interest in the ceremony which beamed in his features, the pomposity of his bearing, and the exhilarating beat of his drum. Next to those engaged in gong beatings were three youngsters holding a string of brass bells, and jingling them in harmony with the voices of the squaws, that rose high and clear on the night air. The squaws occupied the rear circle, joining in the chorus with all their might, their flashing, dark eyes lit with excitement. A louder beat of the gong, a shriller cry, a fiercer jingling of bells, and four warriors leaped up with the animated tones and commenced dancing, each one adding his voice to the swelling chorus, singing his "eya-eya-oooh-eya-oooh-eya-woo-woo-o-oo-ah," which closed the first performance.

#### JOINING IN THE DANCE.

On the commencement of the second tune, four correspondents, Willis the phonographer, Hall of the *Chicago Tribune*, Smoot of the surveying party, and Fayel of the *Republican*, partaking of the intense excitement, joined in the war dance, and flung their heels after the manner of dancing dervishes until the perspiration rolled down their bodies in living streams. This extravagant show of excitement on the part of Bohemians, quite melted the hearts of the dusky warriors. They embraced each other, and tears rolled down the cheeks of the spectators who were tenderly affected by the scene.

This war-dance lasted until midnight, and when we parted there were eternal protestations of love and friendship on both sides.

#### THE LOST ARAPAHO CHILD.

In Little Raven's lodge I encountered the young brave, the lost Arapaho child, Wilson Graham, whom Sherman found dressed as a gymnast in a circus—the boy who accompanied Hancock on his expedition, and who was left by that General at Fort Larned, to be delivered over to his kindred. Two months ago his friends applied for him, when he was given up with great regret, having made many friends during his sojourn among the whites. This boy is rapidly forgetting the English language. He is efficient in the use of the bow and arrow, and has acquired prominence among his many playmates on account of his varied accomplishments. His feats of leaping and wrestling command the respect of the

Arapaho elders. His knowledge of the English language is a source of constant admiration, and his many-bladed jack-knife is an object of envy to his brother braves.

#### OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

To illustrate how peaceably inclined the much abused Indian is, I will relate an incident which occurred during our visit to the village. "Our Special Artist" had buckled to a strangled waist a very fine navy revolver. While our artist was engaged in trading beads and paint for a bow and arrow, an Indian *gamin*, a reckless urchin, having not the fear of a pale face in his bosom, and utterly regardless of the result of his indiscretion, put forth his digits in a very sly manner and abstracted "Our Special Artist's" fine navy revolver, and sneaked away with his plunder under his blanket. When the artist recovered himself and stood up he found too late that his "peace-maker" was gone. Great was his dismay, unutterable his anger, indescribable his woe. He scratched his head for light on this most *dark* subject, but no light came. He looked to the right, to the left, to the front and rear, he saw nothing but profound darkness, and the outlines of a lodge with a few human forms near it. He inquired of his confreres about what was the best thing to do in the premises. A legal fledgling, who for the nonce belonged to our fraternity, remembering his legal education, uttered a few latin quotations, which translated into English, meant "Go and inform the chief, Little Raven." Acting upon this sententious advice, the artist forthwith proceeded to the chief's lodge, and made him acquainted with his loss. Little Raven was very sorry, and offered one of his own in its place. He also promised to have a thorough search instituted for the weapon, and, if recovered, returned to its rightful owner. "Our Special Artist" returned to his camp loaded with compliments and Indian curiosities.

#### THE PRESS TENT

is the Bourse, the exchange, which every one disposed for argument enters. Commissioners, officers, soldiers, bull-whackers, mule-drivers, Indian chiefs, squaws and papooses pass in and out the whole day long. Itinerant pretenders, interested Indian agents, political aspirants, reliable interpreters and *soi-disant* correspondents love its cool shade and merry, jovial inmates. Those who have the entree to the "press tent" consider themselves highly honored with such aristocratic acquaintances, and forthwith reckon up how many papers they will buy which mentions their names that they may preserve them and hand them down to their posterity.

Colored scavatores also darken the entrance with their presence now and then, listening to the elegant debates carried on with animation, upon the topics of the day.

The scholastic portion of the "press-gang" dive deeply into the classics frequently, and then all the little world stands back astonished at the learning displayed; the romantic members giving full rein to their vivid imaginations, soar away on eagle's pinions beyond the ethereal dome above, and come down again gently gliding, sailing over regions unknown to the dull few till they alight on mother earth, and find themselves only in the press-tent, but still admired by the wondering crowd around.

Our matter-of-fact reporters delight in ridiculing both, but still, between themselves, discuss the merits of the Indian question. One has for his standard, "my policy," which he is consistently defending with facts. The others have no policy whatever, but content themselves with reporting facts, leaving the public to draw their own conclusions. There is also one who talks "in whisper." (?) His whispers are louder than a clown's; his laugh can be heard a mile off, but all declare him the best fellow in existence. The commissioners make much of him, the redskins laugh at him, while he remains a target for all their shafts.

#### THE ARAFAHO BROADWAY.

Outside our tent is the promenade, the Broadway of the camp. The most motley set of people saunter up and down. Unbaptised red-skins with unpronounceable names—self-betitled chiefs who will swear to you that they are the biggest chiefs in America, air their feathers, war paint and gaudily dressed carcasses. Unchristianly "woa-woa chiefs" (whites) in their enormous felt hats, heavy top-boots and plaid shirts. Bewhiskered long-haired hangers on, with knife and pistol slung to their waists, follow copper colored squaws clad in dingy gray blankets. Naked boys and girls of aboriginal parentage greedily look on at the delicious viands in course of preparation by our *chef-de-cuisine*, with watery eyes and greedy stare. On the other side of our Broadway are piles of annuity goods in plethoric bales and capacious boxes, slaughtered beeves, around which congregate the cooks of the different messes, waiting for their portion of the meat.

#### SATANTA'S CHILD.

Forming a group by themselves, chatting incessantly, are a lot of young officers, their attention divided between Satanta's favorite papoose Saliaso, and Miss Julia Bent, daughter of Colonel [William]

Bent. Saliaso is mounted on a magnificent pony, dressed in the most elegant manner, with blue jacket decorated with a cavalry captain's epaulettes, rows of bright buttons, armlets of beaten silver, and a gold ring or two. From his neck hang necklaces of pearl like shell, a grizzly bear's claw, and a long silver cross. Leggings of the most fancy style encase his legs, while his feet are covered with the most exquisite moccasins. Waving masses of raven black hair are confined behind the ears, exposing a tall forehead of clear olive complexion. His features indicate intelligence. An aquiline nose, with finely arched nostrils, a well cut mouth, not too large, and an oval chin, make up the picture of Saliaso, or "Flying Eagle," the pride of the Kiowa nation, and their future chief. He is about twelve years old and is a perfect young Adonis.

#### MISS JULIA BENT

was dressed in a long "smock frock" of blue cloth, adorned with six rows of elk teeth sown across the bosom. She is of medium height, and rather coarse features, but has a charming, ringing laugh, which in a measure atones for other drawbacks to an otherwise interesting figure. Her feet are of the most diminutive size, and a peep at her trim ankles might drive an anchorite insane. She is very modest, and is evidently regarded as a treasure. She appears to be about fifteen years old. George and Charley Bent are also in the camp.

#### THE COUNCIL.

There is very little news afloat. The grand council comes off tomorrow, and we are all bracing ourselves for the task.

#### PONIES STOLEN.

Last night the Arapahoes lost a hundred head of ponies. It is presumed that they were stolen by the Pawnees. Testimony was taken this morning, but nothing was elicited further than the supposition given.

#### MAJOR DOUGLASS' TESTIMONY.

Yesterday Major Henry Douglass, former commandant of Fort Dodge,<sup>33</sup> was examined relative to what he knew of the origin of the Kiowa troubles. Being sworn, he testified as follows:

The information which I sent to the War Department concerning Indian raids and their dissatisfaction with Colonel Leavenworth, I received from traders and interpreters. All the leading chiefs were dissatisfied with him. They have affixed their names to a letter sent to me, containing a list of their grievances.

33. Major Douglass was assigned to the Third infantry.

I held several councils with Satanta, the great Chief of the Kiowas, and Tonamko, the second in importance, in which they stated over and over that their agent did not treat them well; that he refused to give them annuity goods when due, as per treaty.

Colonel David Butterfield<sup>34</sup> and Charley Rath, a trader at Zarah, have issued guns, pistols and ammunition, the consequence of which was that before Hancock appeared with his army, Satanta openly boasted that they had plenty of arms and ammunition, and were not afraid of the whites.

The accounts of the depredations committed by the Kiowas, before Hancock came along, were based upon affidavits, and I believed them to be true, and therefore transmitted them to General Hancock. The Kiowas brought three women—the Misses Box, daughters of farmer John Box, of Texas—to me at Fort Dodge, and upon payment of money and provisions, they were given up.

Question by Sanborn. Do you not think that these Indians made that boast of cleaning out the whites in a joke?

Before an answer could be given General Harney said I never knew the Indians to jest. In their boasts there is always a meaning.

According to information received by me, the Kiowas scalped seventeen colored soldiers and stole two hundred head of horses early in February, 1867. They also abused Major Page,<sup>35</sup> an officer of the United States regular army, in the month of March.

#### COMMENTS.

It seems that these statements of Major Douglass, which he sent to General Hancock, were the main causes of the expedition being sent to the West; and yet, in a cross-examination which he underwent, he deliberately said that he would not believe [Fred] Jones, his interpreter, unless some person was there to check him; that he did not believe those statements when he sent them, but would not contradict them though he received contradictory proofs strong as Holy Writ. Major Page denied his being abused by the Kiowas twenty-four hours before Douglass sent his dispatches to Hancock stating that Page was abused. Douglass never saw the scalps of these colored soldiers, but still he sent the account of the deed to Hancock.

STANLEY.

Henry Stanley's next letter appeared in the same issue of the *Western Missouri Democrat*, October 25, 1867, directly following:

34. David A. Butterfield, the stagecoach and freighting king.

35. Capt. (Bvt. Maj.) John H. Page, Third infantry, reportedly had been threatened by Indians near Fort Dodge.

## THE GRAND COUNCIL.

AN AMPHITHEATER IN A GROVE—THE COUNCIL PERSONAGES—SENATOR HENDERSON'S SPEECH TO THE INDIANS—REPLIES OF THE CHIEFS GRAY HEAD, SATANTA, TEN BEARS, TOOSI-A-WAY, AND POOR BEAR—A PRESENT FOR A. J.—ADJOURNMENT.

---

[Special Correspondence of the Missouri Democrat.]

MEDICINE LODGE CREEK, Oct. 19, 1867.

## THE COUNCIL SCENE.

A vast amphitheater had been cleared in the center of a grove of tall elms as the place where the grand council should be held. Logs had been arranged so as to seat the principal chiefs of the Southern Nations. Tables were erected for the accommodation of the various correspondents. Before these tables were the seats ranged in a semi-circle for the commissioners. Facing the commissioners were a few of the most select chiefs of the different tribes. Beyond all were the ponies of the chiefs, forming a splendid background to a picture. Above the space allotted to the commissioners and the press were placed boughs to shelter them from the sun.

## THE COUNCIL OPENS.

At ten A. M. the council was opened by Fishermore, the lusty crier of the Kiowa nation, exclaiming loudly and counseling the tribes to do right above all things. Satanta, their chief, sits proudly on a camp chair, and behind him are his band of principal warriors. Little Raven aspires to be next in importance. He is seated on a stool, a fat, short, asthmatic fellow, but possessing features stamped with native dignity. Near him sits Mrs. Virginia Adams,<sup>96</sup> dressed in a new crimson gown, specially worn for this important occasion. She is the interpretress for the Arapahoes—a pleasant faced, intelligent woman enough, bearing about her face indications of her origin and descent.

The commissioners look amiable and are dressed in their best—Sanborn especially. He sports a suit of purple cloth, and laughs immoderately; whether at his jokes or appearance it is impossible to state. He looks around for applause—none greets him; but a certain air of scorn is visible upon the taciturn face of Satanta. Harney is dressed in full uniform, and looks the warrior chief. Taylor is quiet, and dignified. Augur and Terry appear gentlemanly.

<sup>96</sup> Stanley was writing about Margaret Adams. Virginia was her 13-year-old daughter.

## COMMISSIONER TAYLOR.

Looking around, Commissioner Taylor found that all was ready. Telling the interpreter that he was going to speak, he rose and thus addressed the assemblage of chiefs:

We have selected a great peace man—a member of the peace council at Washington—to tell you what we have to say. Listen to him. [Cries of "ow-how-ugh."]

Senator John B. Henderson then rose and addressed the chiefs in the following manner:

## SENATOR HENDERSON'S SPEECH.

Our friends, of the Cheyenne, Comanche, Apache, Kiowa and Arapahoe nations, the government of the United States and the Great Father has sent us seven commissioners to come here and have a talk with you. Two years ago the government entered into a treaty with you at the mouth of the little Arkansas,<sup>37</sup> and we hoped then that there would be no war between us. We are sorry to be disappointed. During the last year we heard several times that persons belonging to your tribes were committing war against us. We heard that they were attacking peaceable persons engaged in building our railroads, that they were scalping women and children. These reports made the hearts of our people very sad. Some of our people said that you commenced the war. Some of them denied that you commenced it. Some of our people said that you and other Indians were going to wage a general war against the whites; others denied the charge. In this conflict of opinion we could not find the truth, and therefore the Great Father has sent us here to hear from your own lips what were those wrongs that prompted you to commit those deeds, if you had committed those acts of violence. We do not like war, because it brings bloodshed to both sides; but we do like brave men, and they should speak the truth, for it is an evidence of their courage. We now again ask you to state to us, if you have at any time since the treaty committed violence.

What has the government done of which you complain? If soldiers have done wrong to you, tell us when and where, and who are the guilty parties. If these agents whom we have put here to protect you have cheated and defrauded you, be not afraid to tell us. We have come to hear all your complaints and to correct all your wrongs. We have full power to do these things, and we pledge

37. Treaties of peace had been signed near the present site of Wichita with the Cheyenne, Arapahoe, Apache, Comanche, and Kiowa Indians on October 14, 17, and 18, 1865. Many of the 1867 signatories were also present at the earlier councils.



LITTLE RAVEN  
Arapaho



BLACK KETTLE  
Cheyenne

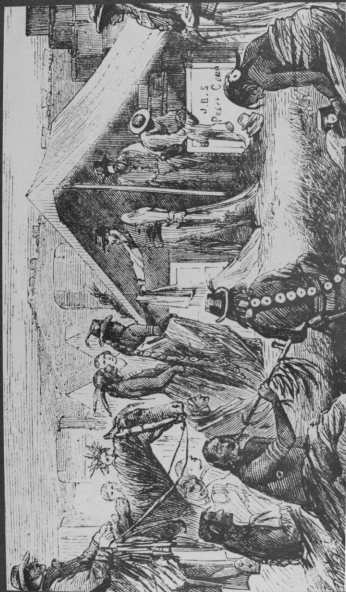


TEN BEARS  
Comanche

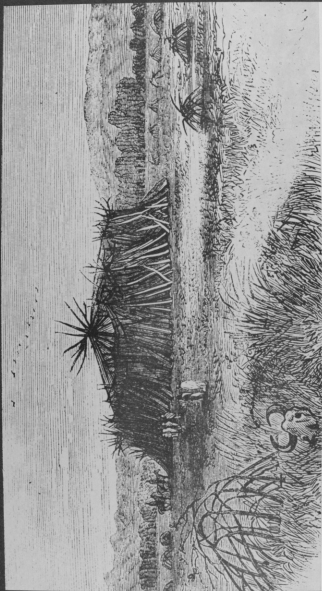


SATANTA  
Kiowa

Photos of Black Kettle courtesy of the Oklahoma Historical Society; Ten Bears and Satanta, Smithsonian Office of Anthropology, Bureau of American Ethnology.



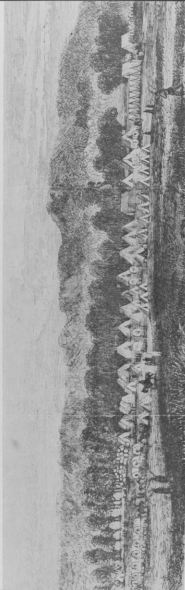
"Issue of Clothing to the Comanche Indians," at the Medicine Lodge treaties. From a sketch by James E. Taylor in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, November 23, 1867.



"The Great Medicine Lodge on Medicine Lodge Creek, Near the Council Grounds, Kansas." From a sketch by James E. Taylor in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, November 23, 1867.



"Indian Lodge at Medicine Creek, Kansas—Scene of the Late Indian Peace Council." From a sketch by John Howland in *Harper's Weekly*, November 16, 1867.



"The Encampment [t of the] Peace Commissioners," during the Medicine Lodge treaties. From a sketch by James E. Taylor in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, November 23, 1867.

you our sacred honor to do so. For anything that you may say in this council you shall not be harmed. Before we proceed to inform you what we are authorized to do for you, we desire to hear fully from your own lips what you have done, what you have suffered and what you want. We say, however, that we intend to do justice to the red man. If we have harmed him, we will correct it; if the red man has harmed us, we believe he is brave and generous enough to acknowledge it, and to cease from doing any more wrong. At present we have only to say that we are greatly rejoiced to see our red brethren so well disposed towards peace. We are especially glad because we as individuals would give them all the comforts of civilization, religion and wealth, and now we are authorized by the Great Father to provide for them comfortable homes upon our richest agricultural lands. We are authorized to build for the Indian school-houses and churches, and provide teachers to educate his children. We can furnish him with agricultural implements to work, and domestic cattle, sheep and hogs to stock his farm. We now cease and shall wait to hear what you have to say, and after we have heard it, we will tell you the road to go. We are now anxious to hear from you.

#### GRAYHEAD

Got up and said that as there were only two of the Cheyennes present they could not speak until the rest were present.

#### SATANTA

Became uneasy, buried his hands in the ground, and rubbed sand over them, after which he went round shaking hands with all, and then stood in the circle dignified and ready with his speech.

#### SATANTA'S SPEECH.

The commissioners have come from afar to listen to our grievances. My heart is glad, and I shall hide nothing from you. I understood that you were coming down here to see us. I moved away from those disposed to war, and I also came from afar to see you. The Kiowas and Camanches have not been fighting. We were away down South when we heard that you were coming to see us.

The Cheyennes are those who have been fighting with you. They did it in broad daylight, so that all could see them. If I had been fighting I would have done so also. Two years ago I made peace with General Harney, Sanborn and Colonel Leavenworth at the mouth of the Little Arkansas. That peace I have never broken.

When the grass was growing this spring, a large body of soldiers came along on the Santa Fe road. I had not done anything, and therefore, was not afraid.

All the chiefs of the Kiowas, Camanches and Arapahoes are here to-day. They have come to listen to the good word. We have been waiting here a long time to see you, and we are getting tired. All the land south of the Arkansas belongs to the Kiowas and Comanches, and I don't want to give away any of it. I love the land and the buffalo, and will not part with any. I want you to understand also that Kiowas don't want to fight, and have not been fighting since we made the treaty. I hear a good deal of fine talk from these gentlemen, but they never do what they say. I don't want any of these medicine homes built in the country; I want the paposes brought up just exactly as I am. When I make peace, it is a long and lasting one; there is no end to it. We thank you for your presents.

All these chiefs and head men feel happy. They will do what you want. They know that you are doing the best you can. I and they will do so also. There is one big chief lately died—Jim Pockmark, of the Caddoes—he was a great peace-maker, and we are sorry he is dead.

When I look upon you I know you are all big chiefs. While you are in the country we go to sleep happy and are not afraid. I have heard that you intend to settle us on a reservation near the mountains. I don't want to settle there. I love to roam over the wide prairie and when I do it, I feel free and happy, but when we settle down, we grow pale and die.

Hearken well to what I say. I have laid aside my lance, my bow and my shield, and yet I feel safe in your presence. I have told you the truth. I have no little lies hid about me, but I don't know how it is with the commissioners; are they as clear as I am? A long time ago this land belonged to our fathers, but when I go up to the river I see a camp of soldiers, and they are cutting my wood down, or killing my buffalo. I don't like that, and when I see it my heart feels like bursting with sorrow. I have spoken.

Satanta's speech produced a rather blank look upon the faces of the peace commissioners. Satanta has a knack of saying boldly what he needs, regardless of what anybody thinks. On the close of his speech he sat down, and wrapped a crimson blanket around his form.

## LITTLE RAVEN

said that he had nothing to say, as his young men had been dispatched after the Pawnee horse thieves. "G-d d--n them mean squaws!" said he. After Little Raven delivered himself of his wrathful speech,

## OLD PARRY-WAH-SAH-MEE, OR TEN BEARS,

Chief of the Camanches, after putting on his spectacles, commenced in a shrill voice, as follows:

Of myself I have no wisdom, but I expect to get some from you—it will go right down my throat. I am willing to do what you say.

After saying which the old chief hobbled around the circle and shook hands with the commissioners with as much gravity and unimpressibility as a Turk.

## TOOSH-A-WAY,

Another Camanche chief, stood up, and in a calm, argumentative voice, said:

I have come from away down South to see and hear you. A long time ago the band of Penekdahty Camanches<sup>38</sup> were the strongest band in the nation. The Great Father sent a big chief down to us, and promised medicines, houses and many other things. A great great many years have gone by, but those things have never come. My band is dwindling away fast. My young men are a scoff and a by-word among the other nations. I shall wait till next spring to see if these things shall be given us; if they are not, I and my young men will return with our wild brothers to live on the prairie. I have tried the life the Great Father told me to follow. He told me my young men would become strong, but every spring their numbers are less. I am tired of it. Do what you have promised us and all will be well. I have said it.

## POOR BEAR,

Chief of the Apaches, a poor looking, superannuated warrior, next got up, and in a hurried manner said, "Some time ago the President sent for me. I went to see him, and heard what he had to say. I remember it well. What he told me I repeated to the Apache braves. What I promised to him I and my young men have kept, even until this hour. Many whites travel the Santa Fe road but no Apaches have troubled them, for I am chief among the warriors and I know what I say. My young men recognize me alone as chief, and they listen and obey. At my bidding they came with

<sup>38</sup> Probably *Pesateka* (Honey Eater) Comanches, known to settlers as eastern or southern Comanches.

their squaws and papooses to listen to your good words. We will listen attentively to them and will follow the straight road. I am very tired of staying here. I wish you would get through as soon as possible, and let me and my braves go to our homes south. As we have never broken any treaties I think we might get our annuity goods without delay. Since I was a child I loved the pale face, and until my departure to the happy lands I hope to follow in their footsteps. I have said it."

#### A GIFT FOR THE GREAT PEACE CHIEF.

After delivering his speech in a very effective manner so far as regards delivery, he said he had some presents to give the "Great Peace Chief of Washington." A shield was brought to him by a select warrior, which he presented to the commissioner with these words: "I have slain many an enemy, this shield has saved me many a time from death. When my foe saw this shield he trembled, and I triumphed—go you and do the same.

#### ADJOURNMENT.

This ended the first day's proceedings, after which the council adjourned to meet again at the same spot, at the same hour, next day. The Arapahoes and Cheyennes could give no definite answer, as their principal chiefs were not present.

The Camanche and Apaches will doubtless accede to the wishes of the commissioners.

STANLEY.

The next installment of Stanley's daily communications appeared in the *Democrat* of October 28, 1867:

#### THE PEACE COMMISSION.

#### SECOND SESSION OF THE GRAND COUNCIL.

ARRIVAL OF OSAGE CHIEFS—INDIAN SPEECHES—SENATOR HENDERSON PROPOSES THE TREATY—ITS FAVORABLE RECEPTION BY THE KIWAS AND CAMANCHES—PRESENTS.

[Special Correspondence of the Missouri Democrat.]

MEDICINE LODGE CREEK, Oct. 20, 1867.

#### ARRIVAL OF OSAGE CHIEFS.

Before the council commenced, twelve Osage chiefs made their appearance at the council ground. They had been traveling for ten days to see the commissioners. They appeared very tired and hun-

gry. Their ponies were also lame from excessive traveling and had buckskin wrapped around their feet. "Little Bear," the principal chief, requested an introduction to the commissioners. After a shake of the hand all around, he said that he had come from the Osage reservation to see the great peace chiefs.

TEN BEARS, CAMANCHE CHIEF,

Said: My people do not trouble the white man at all; but two years ago, on this road, your soldiers commenced killing my young men, and on the Canadian, also. My young men returned the fire, and fought your soldiers. Your men then attacked our villages; we retorted as well as we could, but we finally made peace, and there was an end of it. We have been at peace since.

DON'T WANT "MEDICINE HOUSES."

There is one thing which is not good in your speeches; that is, building us medicine houses. We don't want any. I want to live and die as I was brought up. I love the open prairie, and I wish you would not insist on putting us on a reservation. We prefer to roam over the prairie when we want to do so. If the Texans were kept from our country, then we might live upon a reserve, but this country is so small we cannot live upon it. The best of my lands the Texans have taken, and I am left to shift as I can best do. If you have any good words from the Great Father I shall be happy to hear it. I love to get presents, for it reminds me that the Great Father has not forgotten his friends the Camanches. I want my country to be pure and clean."

Another shaking of the hands and then Ten Bears sat down, and was followed by

SATANTA,

who spoke as follows:

"The Kiowas have no more to say. We have spoken already. When you issue goods, give all that is our due to us; do not hide any from us. Keep none back. I want all that is mine."

After saying this he went and dragged

BLACK EAGLE

Up before the Commissioners, that he might speak. Black Eagle had nothing to say.

COMMISSIONER TAYLOR

Said that the Council Chief would speak to them their reply and that their annuity goods would be distributed to them the next morn-

ing. Upon hearing this, Satanta seemed to get sulky. Folding his blanket about him he deliberately mounted his horse and rode off. In a short time he returned, and made another speech.

#### SATANTA'S SECOND SPEECH.

"We need two agents—one for the Kiowas and Camanches. There are so many hearts in the two tribes that it requires two. I have no objection to Colonel Leavenworth or anybody else in the commission, but it requires two to distribute our goods properly. For myself and my band, we will take John Tappan, (a cousin of S. F. Tappan;) the other Kiowas may take Leavenworth if they will."

Although he said that he had no objection to Leavenworth, still there was a current of hatred or dislike against him which attracted attention.

Senator Henderson next spoke. His speech is of the greatest importance, and I therefore copied it *verbatim*.

#### SENATOR HENDERSON'S SPEECH.

"To our Kiowa and Comanche friends who spoke to us on yesterday through their chiefs Satanta, Ten Bears and Tooshaway, the Commissioners say they have listened to your words and considered them well.

We are glad to hear you express confidence in us, and to be assured that you will follow the good road we shall give you. We will not abuse that confidence. What we say to you may at first be unpleasant, but if you follow our advice it will bring you good and you will soon be happy.

Through your great chief Satanta, you say you desire to hold this country south of the Arkansas river. By your treaty of the Little Arkansas, two years ago, you received into your country here the Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Apaches. We agreed you might continue to hunt up the Arkansas river. We are still willing to stand by that treaty.

You say you do not like the medicine houses of the whites, but you like the buffalo and the chase, and that you wish to do as your fathers did.

We say to you that the buffalo will not last forever. They are now becoming few and you must know it.

When that day comes, the Indian must change the road his father trod, or he must suffer, and probably die. We tell you that to change will make you better. We wish you to live, and we will now offer you the way.

The whites are settling up all the good lands. They have come

to the Arkansas river. When they come, they drive out the buffalo. If you oppose them, war must come. They are many, and you are few. You may kill some of them; but others will come and take their places. And finally, many of the red man will have been killed and the rest will have no homes. We are your best friends, and now, before all the good lands are taken by whites, we wish to set aside a part of them for your exclusive home. On that home we will build you a house to hold the goods we send you; and when you become hungry and naked, you can go there and be fed and clothed. On that home we will send you a physician to live with you and heal your wounds, and take care of you when you are sick. There we will send you a blacksmith to shoe your ponies, so that they will not get lame. We will send you a farmer to show your people how to grow corn and wheat, and we will send you a mill to make for you meal and flour.

Every year we will send to the warehouse a suit of clothing for each of your men, women and children, so they shall not suffer from cold. We do not ask you to cease hunting the buffalo. You may roam over the broad plains south of the Arkansas river, and hunt the buffalo as you have done in years past, but you must have a place you can call your own. You must have a home where we can send your goods, and where you can go and see your physician when you are sick. You must have a home where all your people who wish may farm, and where you may bury your dead and have your medicine lodges. We propose to make that home on the Red river and around the Wichita mountains, and we have prepared papers for that purpose. Tomorrow morning, at nine o'clock, we want your chiefs and head men to meet us at our camp and sign the papers."

#### SOME CHIEFS ASSENT.

This last speech ended the proceedings for this day. It was understood before the Council broke up that the Kiowa and Camanche Chiefs would be up at our camps, [at] nine o'clock to-morrow to sign the treaty. Thus far so good; though the business of the Commission is not half completed yet.

#### THE CHEYENNE AND ARAPAHO BRAVES

Will be here at the end of three days from date. The proceedings of that council will be more important than any we had yet, as the Cheyennes are those who have been at war. If peace is not made with this tribe then the Peace commission is a failure, and it only remains to carry out the last section of the act of Congress, relating

to the peace commissions, viz: the raising of 4,000 additional troops for the vigorous prosecution of the war.

We have been waiting eight days for the Cheyennes. The Commissioners are tired, and they talk of splitting up the party. One part to go up to Fort Laramie to give presents and make arrangements with the Indians to meet again next spring, another to go up to North Platte to settle with the Ogallalas and Brules, and then they go for dividing, after they have spent already for the government, over \$250,000. Senator Henderson uses all his influence to bind and cement together the commission for the settlement of the Indian question.

#### THE TREATY.

The treaty with the Kiowas and Camanches cannot be made public until the President has proclaimed it. But to satisfy the public it may be well to state that it contemplates no cession of any lands, except the removal of the tribes ten miles southward of Medicine Lodge creek.

#### PRESENTS.

Over \$150,000 worth of provisions have been distributed to the tribes, also two thousand suits of uniform, two thousand blankets, fifty quarter boxes tobacco, twenty bolts of Indian cloth, three bales domestics, one bale linsey, twelve dozen squaw axes, one bale ticking, fifty revolvers (navy size) besides an assortment of beads, butcher knives, thread and needles, brass bells, looking glasses, and sixteen silver medals worth \$250.

STANLEY.

The reporter's short letter of October 21 also appeared in the *Democrat* of October 28, 1867:

#### SIGNING OF THE TREATY.

##### MEDICINE LODGE CREEK, October 21.

The treaty was signed this morning.

##### SPEECHES UTTERED DURING THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY.

Satanta said: This building homes for us is all nonsense; we don't want you to build any for us. We would all die. Look at the Pennektatus.<sup>39</sup> Formerly they were powerful but now they are weak and poor. I want all my land even from the Arkansas south to the Red river. My country is small enough already. If you build us houses the land will be smaller. Why do you insist on this? What good can come of it? I don't understand your reason. Time

<sup>39</sup> See Footnote 38.

enough to build us houses when the buffalo are all gone; but do you tell the Great Father that there is plenty of buffalo yet, and when the buffalo are all gone I will tell him. This trusting to the agents for my food I don't believe in it.

TOOSHAWAY,

Comanche Chief said:

For my tribe, the Camanches, I speak. I like those houses built, but if they are not completed before next summer, I don't want them. So many things have been promised us.

#### TONAENKO'S SPEECH.

Two years ago the whites made a treaty on the Arkansas, that treaty has not been broken by us. It promised annuities—let us have them. I don't see any necessity for making new treaties. You are piling more papers here, one after another. Are you ever going to get through with this talk? When you came here we were glad to see you, because you came with presents, but our squaws and papooses are tired. You told us yesterday, in council, to come up here to sign papers. We have come here, why don't you let us sign?

The following chiefs signed the treaty: Satanta, Satank, Black Eagle, Tonaenko, Fishemore, Manietyon [Mayetin], Sitemgeah [Satingear], Satpaga [Sitparga], Cauvoyn [Corbeau], Satamore, Kiowa chiefs, and ten Comanche chiefs.<sup>40</sup> All the Commissioners signed it and the reporters witnessed it.

STANLEY.

After Stanley's letter of October 21 had been written the Cheyenne chiefs arrived and things promised to be exciting. His next letter, also published in the *Democrat* of October 28, reported the happenings:

#### A SPECIAL COUNCIL

ARRIVAL OF HOSTILE CHIEFS—THEIR PEOPLE "MAKING MEDICINE"—IMPORTANT RELIGIOUS RITES—TIME WANTED—SPICY COLLOQUY BETWEEN THE COMMISSIONERS AND INDIANS—INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENT—LITTLE RAVEN.

[Special Correspondence Missouri Democrat.]

MEDICINE LODGE CREEK, October 22, 1867.

Last night Little Robe, Black Kettle, Minnick and Gray Beard,

40. Signing for the Comanches were: Ten Bears, Painted Lips, Silver Brooch, Standing Feather, Gap in the Woods, Horse's Back, Wolf's Name, Little Horn, Iron Mountain, and Dog Fat.

four chiefs of the great Cheyenne nation, came to camp and said they wished to talk with the Peace chiefs.

Admitted into a special council, they gave their excuses for their non-appearance.

They had advanced one day in their medicine making work. They had three days more; ordinarily it takes four days to renew medicine arrows, but as this was an urgent necessity, they will only take three.

#### TAYLOR

Spoke to them thus: "We are glad to see you; we have been anxiously expecting you. We would like to know how soon your people could be here."

#### LITTLE ROBE

Replied: "It may be four or five nights after this. I was requested by the Cheyenne nation to communicate their wishes to you. I came here for that purpose. If you can detain the chiefs of the other tribes we would be very well pleased, as we have something of importance to discuss in general council. The Cheyenne soldiers have all got together; no more shall leave their village until we arrive there. It has taken us a longer time to collect the men of this nation together, as they were scattered. Do not be in too much of a hurry to leave. We want to see you very bad, and want to shake hands with you. If you have anything very particular to send back to our village, one of our men shall be a runner and start back to-morrow."

#### THE COMMISSIONERS

consulted together about using their influence to request the other tribes to stay till the arrival of the Cheyennes.

General Harney said: "Well, I am in favor of making the tribes to stay."

Henderson: "Well, I suppose that asking us to stay, is to test our endurance."

Harney: "Well, let us show the Cheyennes that we can endure."

Henderson: "We do not see why the Cheyennes could not be here sooner. It does not usually take five days to travel twenty-nine miles."

Augur: "That is not the point, Judge Henderson; it is this—these tribes have engaged in certain ceremonies, and they cannot cut them short any more than a man would leave church to take a drink." [Laughter.]

Henderson: "Many a man has done it, and you know it, general.

I think these men might cut short their ceremonies. I must be home by the 1st of November, and I cannot wait here five days; we have waited here eight days already and they had promised to be here to-night."

Harney: "Well, Judge, you cannot go home. We cannot do without you, and if you go I fear I will have to arrest you." [Great sensation.]

Sanborn: "Tell the chiefs that if they want to see us together, they must be here at the end of three days."

Taylor: "Tell them also that these other tribes have finished their business with us. We can request them to stay but we can do no more. We can tell also that is the Cheyennes' wish."

Little Robe: "We are in as much of a hurry as yourself. We have thrown away one day to please you. You have your engagements, we have ours. We want to do all in our power to meet together. If we can't meet, then we must abide the consequences."

Black Kettle: "I give you my word I will not ask you to stay here six or seven or eight days. When I look to my left I see you, and that you intend to do right; and when I look to my right I see my men, and know that they intend to do right. I want you both to touch and shake hands."

Henderson (to Commissioners): "Ah! I see what is the matter—they are afraid to come in. Tell them, interpreter, that they have our full pardon and forgiveness for past offenses."

Harney: "Oh, no! don't tell them that. I am sure they will come here. I'll bet my life on their keeping their word."

Henderson: "Bah! this medicine is all humbug."

Augur: "Oh, no it ain't, it is life and death with them: it is their religion, and they observe all the ceremonies a great deal better than the whites theirs."

Henderson: "It must be(?). I never knew a white man that would not put aside religion for business."

Taylor (to interpreter): "Tell them that they must send a runner to their villages; that we can wait four days, and that is all."

At this point

#### MURPHY,

of the Central Superintendency, requested to make a remark. On being permitted to do so, he said that Little Raven had informed him that he was ready to go into council and sign a treaty to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock. Little Raven wished to dissolve their confederation with the Cheyennes, and go with the Apache instead.

The Cheyennes had always got them into trouble, and by that trouble had prevented them from getting their annuities. Besides the Cheyennes had made threats against them, and they did not wish to be with them any more. Little Raven also told me to tell you that his young men would be in camp in the morning; they had caught up with the Indians who had stolen their ponies, and had killed some of them, and when they returned to camp tomorrow not to be alarmed, as they would give some startling whoops, yell and fire, and he hoped the soldiers would not get alarmed and fire on them.

"Hurrah!" said Harney. "I hope they killed them all. What were they, Pawnees?"

"No, sir," said Murphy; "they were Kaws."

"Well done," replied Harney; "the Arapahoes ought to have killed them all, darn them!"

I have endeavored to give, in the above, a synopsis, in dialogue form, of the proceedings in the council tent last night. Every one looks with anxiety to the arrival of the Cheyennes, as they are the Indians who have been at war, and we may expect some interesting disclosures when they arrive. It were well for the Commissioners to stay and see this affair out, and do it well. But your correspondent will be at his post.

STANLEY.

Stanley apparently wrote no letter on October 23, but his next appeared in the *Democrat* on November 2, 1867:

THE INDIAN PEACE COMMISSION  
THE LAST OF THE KIWAS  
TREATY WITH THE CHEYENNES

DISTRIBUTION OF ANNUITIES—SPEECH OF SATANK THE OLD KIOWA CHIEF—LONG FAREWELL—OSAGE INDIANS—ARAPAHOES AND CHEYENNES—A TREATY WITH THE APACHES.

[Special Correspondence of the Missouri Democrat.]

COMMISSION CAMP, MEDICINE LODGE CREEK,  
October 24, 1867.

This month is a time of treaty making. Our time is agreeably divided between looking at squaws bedizzened in their artless finery, at nude forms of children romping with infantine glee about the camp, listening to sentimental speeches from the commissioners, and reporting Indian orations. Much breath has been

expended, and many fine poetical sentiments wasted on the prairie air. Councils have broken up time and again with eternal promises of love and friendship on both sides, many a shaking of hands and mysterious gesticulations, the meaning and the true interpretation of which is only known to the favored few.

We have a daily exhibition at our camp of either the Arrapahoe, Kiowa, Camanche, or Apache villages turning out en masse and promenading up and down, followed by hundreds of dogs of all sizes, breeds and colors, howling, yelping, or snarling incessantly. While the Indian boys give eclat to the scene by indulging in sundry war whoops, the little papooses are heard yelling with all their might, their squaws uttering forcible remonstrances at their obstreperous conduct.

#### A LIVELY SCENE.

Two days ago the treaty of peace was signed by the Kiowa and Camanche chiefs.<sup>41</sup> Yesterday was the day of the distribution of presents and annuity goods. The two tribes, numbering about three thousand souls, came up to our camp and seated themselves in great circles around their respective chiefs, the Kiowa circle on one side and the Camanche on the other. The goods were rolled in to the center—boxes of soap, beads, brass bells, long strings of tin cups, dozens of iron pans, bales of red, blue and black blankets, bolts of domestic and printed calico, a pile of revolvers, caps and ammunition, and dozens of packages of butcher knives.

Then the chiefs divesting themselves of their cumbersome robes took out their knives and ripped open the bales. As the bright red blankets are exposed to view, cries of admiration simultaneously burst from all quarters of the savage circle.

Then braves stepped up with beaming faces to receive the blankets and distribute them around, and each squaw, surrounded by a numerous progeny, stretches out her hand for the rich gift. Another brave receives beads, bright buttons and bells, and starts around the circle with the coveted treasure. Another and yet another receives coats, hats and pants, and to each male adult gives his portion. The bolts of gaudy calico are then cut open and three yards are measured off and given to each female over fifteen years old. Over this calico there is a discussion and angry voices are heard. The squaws pick up their ears, a sharp cry is uttered, and the circle is a circle no longer. All, with a rush, hurry to the male

41. Judging from this statement Stanley either misdated this letter which was actually written on October 23 or he started it on the 23d and dated it on the 24th.

disputants and sweep off everything as if by magic. Over the spoils they fight and tug, and several of them turn somersaults in the air, exposing lusty legs and naked hips. Into the midst of this scramble, where their wives have forgotten their maternal dignity, the chiefs dart, plying their thongs without regard to age or sex. Quietness reigns again, but the calico, the beads, the bright buttons and brass bells are all gone. One old deaf squaw, more avaricious than the rest, had pounced upon a sack of brown sugar and had almost dragged it to her place, but as the noise subsided she was seen by a chief with her saccharine plunder, who straightway strides up to the elderly thief and belabors her well with his rawhide. Piercing shrieks are uttered by her, testifying to the energy with which the lash was applied, and her ill luck is a source of amusement to the other offenders. Over \$100,000 worth of goods is reckoned to have been distributed the last two days to the Kiowas and Camanches.

The sight of so many gifts seems to have good effect upon their untutored minds; universal good temper is apparent among them all, and many little presents have been given by them to the commissioners. I am of the opinion, and so are all, that the peace thus so opportunely concluded with them will ultimately prove of great benefit to the West. Satanta cannot now have a shadow of a cause to justify his digging up the hatchet. The lands that they formerly owned they retain for hunting purposes, and a splendid country for agricultural purposes has been given these tribes forever as reservation.

#### LAST SPEECH OF THE KIWAS.

Satank, the old chief of the Kiowa Nation, preparatory to commencing his long journey to Coahuila, rode up to the council tent, accompanied by a few of his best warriors, to take a final leave of those who had been so good to him. Alighting from his gaily caparisoned horse, he turned round to where the peace commissioners stood, and addressed them thus:

"It has made me very glad to meet you, who are the commissioners sent by the Great Father to see us. You have heard much talk by our chiefs, and no doubt are tired of it. Many of them have put themselves forward and filled you with their sayings. I have kept back and said nothing—not that I did not consider myself the principal chief of the Kiowa Nation, but others younger than I desired to talk, and I left it to them.

"Before leaving, however, as I now intend to go, I come to say

that the Kiowas and Camanches have made with you a peace, and they intend to keep it. If it brings prosperity to us, we of course will like it the better. If it brings prosperity or adversity, we will not abandon it. It is our contract, and it shall stand. Our people once carried war against Texas. We thought the Great Father would not be offended for the Texans had gone out from among his people, and become his enemies. You now tell us that they have made peace and returned to the great family. The Kiowas and Camanches will seek no bloody trail in their land. They have pledged their word and that word shall last, unless the whites break their contract and invite the horrors of war. We do not break treaties. We make but few contracts, and them we remember well. The whites make so many that they are liable to forget them. The white chief seems not to be able to govern his braves. The Great Father seems powerless in the face of his children. He sometimes becomes angry when he sees the wrongs of his people committed on the red man, and his voice becomes loud as the roaring winds. But like the wind it soon dies away and leaves the sullen calm of unheeded oppression. We hope now that a better time has come. If all would talk and then do as you have done the sun of peace would shine forever. We have warred against the white man, but never because it gave us pleasure. Before the day of oppression came, no white man came to our villages and went away hungry. It gave us more joy to share with them than it gave him to partake of our hospitality. In the far-distant past there was no suspicion among us. The world seemed large enough for both the red and the white man. Its broad plains seem now to contract, and the white man grows jealous of his red brother.

"The white man once came to trade; he now comes as a soldier. He once put his trust in our friendship and wanted no shield but our fidelity. But now he builds forts and plants big guns on their walls. He once gave us arms, and powder and ball, and bade us hunt the game. We then loved him for his confidence; he now suspects our plighted faith and drives us to be his enemies; he now covers his face with the cloud of jealousy and anger, and tells us to begone, as an offended master speaks to his dog. Look at this medal I wear. By wearing this I have been made poor. Formerly I was rich in horses and lodges—to-day I am the poorest of all. When you put this silver medal on my neck you made me poor.

"We thank the Great Spirit that all these wrongs are now to cease and the old day of peace and friendship to come again.

"You came as friends. You talked as friends. You have partially heard our many complaints. To you they may have seemed trifling. To us they are everything.

"You have not tried, as many have done, to make a new bargain merely to get the advantage.

"You have not asked to make your annuities smaller, but unasked you have made them larger.

"You have not withdrawn a single gift, but you have voluntarily provided mere guaranties of our education and comfort.

"When we saw these things done, we then said among ourselves, these are the men of the post. We at once gave you our hearts. You now have them. You know what is best for us. Do for us what is best. Teach us the road to travel, and we will not depart from it forever.

"For your sakes the green grass shall no more be stained with the red blood of the pale-faces. Your people shall again be our people, and peace shall be between us forever. If wrong comes, we shall look to you for right and justice.

"We know you will not forsake us, and tell your people also to act as you have done, to be as you have been.

"I am old, but still am chief. I shall have soon to go the way of my fathers, but those who come after me will remember this day. It is now treasured up by the old, and will be carried by them to the grave, and then handed down to be kept as a sacred tradition by their children and their childrens' children. And now the time has come that I must go. Good-bye!

"You may never see me more, but remember Satank as the white man's friend."

The above speech is a gem, and is equal to any of Red Jacket's or [John] Logan's.<sup>42</sup> There is a good deal of truth in it which strikes home. This old chief has been a desperate fighter, and only three years ago, he stole up in the dead of night to the fortifications at Larned and shot a sentinel dead at his post. Col. Leavenworth was then commander of the fort, and this act created great alarm to the garrison at the time. But as no more such occurrences happened the affair was soon forgotten.

42. Noted orators of the Seneca and Cayuga tribes.

## THE APACHES.

To-day a treaty of peace with signed with the Apaches.<sup>43</sup>

Their reservation is located near the reservation of the Kiowas and Camanches. Before the treaty of October 17, 1865, this tribe confederated with those two tribes, but by their own request at that treaty, they were numbered with the Arapahoe and Cheyenne tribes, and their former confederation was dissolved in the presence of Harney, Sanborn and Kit Carson. But this union, it seems, did not prove acceptable, for the Arapahoes assumed a belligerent attitude and the Cheyennes dug up the hatchet and broke out into open war. The Apaches, few in number, though the bravest warriors on the Plains, got into trouble. Their annuities were withheld, and finally were reduced to great impoverishment. In spite of all these difficulties, the Apaches still maintained friendly relations with the government even while they found themselves isolated from other tribes.

At the council which they held previous to signing, they declared their intentions of uniting their fortunes with the Kiowas and Camanches. To all the benefits to which those two tribes were entitled according to treaty, the Apaches have also a right, and besides their annuities are allowed the sum of five thousand dollars annually.

## CHARGES BY GOVERNOR CRAWFORD.

Governor Crawford and the other gentleman representing Kansas, have left for home. Before they started Governor Crawford made some very serious charges against the Indian agents, Snow<sup>44</sup> and Leavenworth. Snow he charged with having withheld from the Osage Indians one year's annuities and with living away from his agency. Leavenworth he charged with being "a bad man generally."

## THE OSAGE INDIANS

have sent a delegation of twelve chiefs, under the leadership of Little Bear, to see the Commissioners. The result of the conference is that the Commissioners have told Little Bear that his tribe possesses a reservation too large for their purposes.

These Osages are about three thousand strong, and they possess a tract of land 230 miles in length by 30 miles in width, thus allowing to each soul 1,371 acres. This tribe has already in the treasury of the United States the sum of three hundred thousand dollars, draw-

43. The treaty, though dated October 21, was actually signed on October 25. Therefore, this letter may have been partially written on the latter date.—Jones, *The Treaty of Medicine Lodge*, p. 151. See, also, Footnote 41.

44. George C. Snow, agent to the Osages in Indian territory.

ing five per cent interest per annum. It is now proposed to sell a tract of land on which the whites have encroached already for the distance of four miles on their lands, for their especial benefit, and then to make a law excluding all white men from settling on their lands.

#### THE CHEYENNES.

In two days the Cheyennes it is thought will be in to make a treaty. The Arapahoes have entered into a confederation with the Cheyennes and this treaty to be made will include both tribes and then our business on Medicine Lodge Creek will have been finished.

STANLEY.

The following three letters were all dated October 27. One appeared in the *Democrat* of October 31, while the other two were published on November 2. The first reported the signing of a treaty with the Apaches and may have been written in the midst of his previous letter; perhaps his editor misread Stanley's "25" for "27":

#### FORT HARKER.

TREATY WITH APACHES—CONFEDERATION WITH KIWAS AND CAMANCHES—THE RESERVATION AND INDIAN TERRITORY—APACHES RELATIONS WITH HOSTILE TRIBES—LITTLE RAVEN'S SPEECH—CHEYENNES EXPECTED IN FORCE—AUSPICIOUS INDICATIONS—INTERESTING FACTS PROMISED—AMMUNITION FOR DISTRIBUTION.

[Special Dispatch to the Missouri Democrat.]

MEDICINE LODGE CREEK, October 27.—A treaty has just been concluded with the Apaches, who have entered into a confederation with the Kiowas and Camanches. Where those tribes will be placed on the reservation adopted for agricultural purposes, is situated on the southwest corner of the Indian Territory, in the region known as the Wichita Mountain country.

The Apaches, in lieu of their annual sum of fifteen dollars, receive annually one suit of clothes for each male adult, one flannel dress for each female over twelve years old, and enough material to make each child under twelve a proper covering for the body. Exclusive of this annuity the Apache tribe, consisting of eighty-five lodges under Poor Bear, shall receive the sum of five thousand dollars annually, which, including the twenty-five thousand dollars to be annually paid the Kiowas and Camanches, makes the total sum to be paid this confederation thirty thousand dollars.

Until such time as the Apaches choose to go upon their reservation they are permitted to range at pleasure over the whole Indian territory, stretching from the southeast corner of New Mexico, thence north to the Wichita mountain, thence northerly along the ninety-sixth degree of longitude to the Arkansas river, thence westwardly to the northeast corner of New Mexico—an area of sixty thousand square miles, covered with game of all kinds, and over which roam thousands of buffalo.

Formerly this tribe confederated with Arapahoes and Cheyennes, but owing to the hostile attitude of the latter towards the whites, which prevented them from getting their annuities, they dissolved the compact at this last treaty.

Yesterday Little Raven made a speech exonerating himself from any charges that may be against him. He represented himself as having been the friend of the whites and wished to continue so when the Cheyennes appear. The Arapahoes desire to have a treaty drawn only for themselves. They also wish to dissolve connection with the Cheyennes.

The Cheyennes are expected here to-morrow night, when they will advance with war-whoop and sound of gong. They are coming in force with their wives, children and substance, to the number of four hundred lodges, or about two thousand five hundred souls. Their medicine arrows are renewed with satisfaction, everything is auspicious for a peace council. We have waited thirteen days for this tribe, and will wait for them until Monday noon [October 28]; if they are not here then we will put off. The commissioners will go east.

Gray Head, sub chief of this nation, gave some interesting facts concerning the burning of their village by Hancock, which I will send you by mail. Two wagon loads of ammunition are at Larned, which are to be distributed among the Arapahoes and Cheyennes.

STANLEY.

The following letter may have been written partly on Saturday, and partly on Sunday morning, October 27, 1867. It appeared in the *Democrat* on November 2:

A NORTHER—GRAY HEAD'S STORY—ROMAN NOSE—  
PEACE—A GRAND SCARE.

[Special Correspondence to the Missouri Democrat.]

COMMISSION CAMP,

MEDICINE LODGE CREEK, Oct. 27, 1867.

Tired of the fruitless, tokenless life which we waded through with

many anathemas upon the universal sameness of each passing day, we anxiously looked for an end to this unprofitable existence by an abrupt termination to our dreamy proceedings here by the arrival of the Cheyennes. A change of weather would have been an event worth rejoicing at or a massacre for the sake of indulging in a sensational description of a bloody scene. We hankered for the flesh-pots of St. Louis and we harped upon the joys of city life. But the longest day has an end, and so did we experience an unwelcome termination to paradisaical weather.

This morning dawned clear and bright.<sup>45</sup> The sun came forth in all its royal glory from its purple pavillion. The feathered songsters warbled sweet melodies in the groves hard by; the zephyrs lightly sighed. Nature was radiant. Towards noon a gradual change passed over all. A tempest was brooding in the western horizon. Men called it a "norther." Banks of black clouds lay piled one upon another, and out of their depths others rose higher and higher, until the whole firmament was completely overshadowed. As if self-traction [?], the prairie for ten miles around leaped into flame, and its lurid light framed [?] the long [word illegible] murky clouds that hung low, in the west with reddish streaks, which added to the gloomy beauty of the skies. Far behind the struggling tempest the setting sun was casting its evening rays through the restless heavens shooting out his vivid light on either side of the rising storm, flinging his silver lining around the wrathful elements and breaking out into sparkling flashes upon the quartz rocks south of the Nes-cot-ong-wa. For awhile the storm seemed spell-bound while the erratic lightning shot lambent flames around. Another moment, and the storm has burst. It hurries along the earth with speed; it drives a funeral pall of smoke and a long wave of crimson flame towards our camp; an icy chill heralds its approach; a moaning sound is heard in the air, and then a cloud of sand obscures every object from view. The tents reel and stagger, and full well we know the tempest—the "Norther" of the plains is upon us. For ten hours it has lasted already. Summer is turned into winter. Fire has become absolutely necessary. Overcoats are in requisition, and warm gloves are in high demand. We bribe our chef de cuisine to make us a cup of hot steaming coffee, and while we sip delicious draughts of this decoction of Rio and inhale its delicate aroma, the cheery song is heard from one of our light-hearted mess, and the blinding, chilly storm and the gloomy darkness is forgotten.

45. Stanley was probably describing Saturday, October 26, 1867.

Before the storm set in, Gray Head, an old, venerable Cheyenne chief, was requested, through the interpreter, John S. Smith, to state what he knew of the burning of the Cheyenne village by Major General Hancock, last April.

Gray Head was one of the runners who came in yesterday, announcing the day on which the Cheyennes would arrive.

#### GRAY HEAD'S STORY.

The following story of Gray Head will serve to throw light upon the other side of a subject which has lately been in this camp an all-day theme.

"A Tall chief came along the Arkansas road when the grass was not yet green last spring with many soldiers and many big guns. He came as far as Larned. Our chiefs held counsel together, and they said he came to war against us. By and by a courier came direct from him inviting us to big council at Larned. Bull Bear, Tall Bull, White Horse, Slim Face and I went with him. The Tall chief had many other great chiefs about him; one a Gray Beard (General A. J. Smith) whom the Tall chief said was next to him. At the council he asked us if we wanted to go to war. He said he was ready to fight us. Tall Bull said that we had been at peace, and that we did not wish war. The white chief said that he was going to visit us in our villages. Then we were afraid. We remembered Chivington, and we asked him not to go there, that we could talk to him where we were as well as at our villages. The next day he started and we chiefs went with him. On the second day I went ahead and told Roman Nose that the white chief was coming. Roman Nose called a lot of his warriors together and went to meet the white chief. When the Tall chief saw us he drew up his soldiers in a long line before us. Then our people got afraid, and ran each way. Some hid themselves in the woods. (On the banks of the Pawnee.) Roman Nose and myself stood still with a few of our young men. We had a white flag up, which we waved above our heads.

"The Tall chief rode towards us and shook hands with the chiefs. I was so afraid that I shook hands with all his chiefs. I kept shaking hands all the while, for by that means I thought I would conciliate them. The white chief said that he was going to our village. He [we?] went straight to our village and told our women that the big chief was coming. Then they were afraid. Some cried out and got ready to go off. Our chiefs did all in their power to keep them in the village. They got their ponies, packed up, and scattered over

the prairie. The papooses were screaming and we had to let them go.

"After this the chiefs were afraid to meet the white chief. They feared he would be angry and kill them all, and they wanted to leave also. But Roman Nose said, No, we will meet him and talk to him. Towards evening the white chief came near our village and camped. Roman Nose went to him and told him that the women and papooses had all gone, because they were afraid. The white chief got angry, and told Roman Nose and Bull Bear to take his horses and bring them back. I went to these chiefs and said good words to them, but they would not come. I told Ed Guerrier to take the chief's horses back to him, and tell him we could not do what he wanted. We next day, while camping, saw the soldiers of the white chief after us. Then the women and papooses commenced to scream, but Roman Nose beat them and made them stop, lest the soldiers should see us. By his orders the Cheyennes made a rush to the Sioux, and laid down. They passed by, and they did not see us. We turned off in another direction, while the soldiers went north towards the Smoky Hill. Some of the Sioux followed them. When we saw these soldiers follow us we knew the white chief came to make war. We held solemn council that night, and the chiefs decided that the white chief only came for war, and Roman Nose said we should go to war also.

"Two days afterwards a Cheyenne runner came into our camp, and said that the white chief had burned our village. Then the chiefs got angry, and resolved to go to war."

Question by Sanborn. "Did you leave any of your people in the village?"

Gray Head. "Yes, one old man with his knee broken and a little Cheyenne girl who was not right in her mind. She would not come with us, and we had to leave her there."

Sanborn. "Was she hurt by any one before you left?"

Gray Head. "I was the last one that left the village, and she was not hurt then."

Sanborn. "Are you sure that she was a Cheyenne?"

Gray Head. "Did I not know her parents; did I not see her as she grew up, day by day?"

This ended Gray Head's plain story of facts concerning the burning of his village. Throughout it bears the stamp of truth and ingenuousness. It must be admitted that General Hancock was deceived for a purpose:

First by Major Douglass, who sent official information relative to sundry depredations said to have been committed by Indians; the massacre of seventeen colored soldiers; and a meditated confederation of the five tribes of Indians—Cheyennes, Sioux, Arapahoes, Camanches and Kiowas.

Second, by interpreters, who wished to curry favor with the General, and to give him some good cause for war.

Third, by interpreters who said that the girl captured by the village was either a white or a half-breed.

It is proposed to compromise the affair by paying the Cheyennes the sum of \$100,000, the entire value of the village and property burnt. It is also proposed to turn over to them the forty-five lodges which Hancock ordered to be stored at Fort Dodge. Exclusive of all these, the accrued annuities are stored here ready for distribution, amounting to some eighty thousand dollars' worth. There are also five thousand dollars' worth of presents to be given to the Cheyennes.

Yet we have been delayed nine days on their account; runners have been dispatched time and time again with most pathetic messages of love and regard—manifold promises of presents and wishes for peace. The major part of the chiefs reply in the same strain, but Roman Nose remains stern and indifferent to all promises. Only a warrior—a common brave in his tribe—by his very recklessness and audacity he has more influence to-day over the Cheyennes than any chief. His promise to his chiefs at Pawnee Fork was, "I will talk once more to the white chief, (Hancock,) and if he will not listen, this knife shall be wet with his best blood." By the utmost combined exertions of the head men this desperate threat was prevented from being carried into execution. His reply to the proffered condolences of the Peace Commissioners is: "I am but a brave, let the chiefs speak. I will obey." Having lost faith in the whites since the massacre of his people at Sand Creek by Chivington he stands aloof from messengers and the soothing words of his chiefs; and the young men, always emulating bold deeds, follow him en masse. They are not quite assured that we will not repeat that sanguinary deed of Sand Creek, or some such action as that of the destruction of their villages. Their medicine business some of the commissioners are disposed to believe is a pretense to gain time. The military portion of them place implicit reliance on their words of peace. Harney stakes his life on their honor, while Henderson believes the medicine arrow "all poppy-cock."

## THE CHEYENNES

are a keen, shrewd, diplomatic nation. When once assured that we mean to make peace they will come in and ratify it.

Since April 19, a memorable day to them, a detachment of them went to the mountains and hewed down eight thousand tall saplings, in daily peril of their lives killed over four thousand buffalo, skinned them, and converted their hides into lodges. They have now four hundred new lodges, and plenty of robes to sell. This is an evidence of their industry.

Another band has roamed from the Arkansas river, up the Republican and along the Platte, killing, mutilating and destroying as they went, pillaging trains, burning ranches, attacking forts, abducting women and children, and creating constant alarm through a country eighty thousand square miles in extent.

Who then will not pause and consider a little, even amid the fret, and fever and bustle of political life, how much better it is to make peace with such a tribe, than waging war against them?

Although we have strong hopes of making peace with this warlike nation, all fears of personal safety are not banished from the mind. Not quite five paces to our right is the commissioner's tent. A lively discussion is going on as to whether the Cheyennes will make peace, or not. The time is night, of pitchy darkness. Commissioner Taylor argues, "but look for an instant at the provocation which they have received," to which Sanborn replies: "Oh, pshaw, have they not retaliated in full," and chiming in with a clincher, Senator Henderson's voice is heard "to be sure; have we not thousands of dollars worth of presents to give them?" The city reader will suppose that everybody was satisfied after that. Not so. Harney redoubled his pickets, and ordered vigilance, while the careless sang, "Away with retrospects and dark forebodings. If we die, why we'll die with merry morals on our tongues. Let us sleep." STANLEY.

The reporter's third letter dated October 27 was published immediately following the above, in the *Democrat* of November 2, 1867:  
ARRIVAL OF THE CHEYENNES—GRAND DISPLAY—EXCITING SCENES—  
PREDATORY KAWS—PURSUIT—A FRIEND TO GENERAL HARNEY.

[Special Correspondence of the Missouri Democrat.]

MEDICINE LODGE CREEK,  
Sunday, October 27, 1867.

## INDIAN SUMMER.

To-day has been throughout a beautiful day—a real Indian summer's day. Over the dark green foliage of the woods bordering the

pellucid waters of this creek, a filmy haze swam in the air. Out of the earth issued a vapor, in which distant objects seemed to float and assume monstrous proportions. It was a day which invited rest.

#### EXCITING NEWS.

About ten A. M. the whole camp was considerably exercised over the news that the Cheyennes were coming. The news spread like wildfire throughout the camp. Every one, from the commissioners down to the janny driver, was on the alert. The teamsters clambered on top of the ambulances to catch a view of the long-expected Cheyennes. The Arapaho, Camanche and Kiowa criers passed through the camps warning every one to his wigwam, something after the manner and style of the ancient Israelite criers. "To your wigwams, oh ye Arapahoes, ye Kiowa braves, and Camanche warriors. To your wigwams, the dreaded Cheyennes are coming!" Away skedaddled the papooses and squaws, and ingloriously the braves ran, each to his camp. The vaunted Kiowa, the terrible Camanche and the redoubtable Arapaho paled before the echoed name of the invincible

#### CHEYENNES, THE SCOURGE OF THE PLAINS.

In a second, almost, our camp was deserted of the Indians. The Cheyennes were coming! "What will they do?" "Will they fight?" "Let's get ready!" And with such words as these we got ready; loaded our rifles, our revolvers and our "deringers," and then awaited their coming with what patience we could command.

#### ARRIVAL.

An hour elapsed, and between the ravine which divided the odd looking plateaus from each other a cloud of sand was seen rising into small spiral columns, "for sure the Cheyennes are coming." A few moments pass and we see emerging from under the cloud of sand several dark forms. But they descend into the valley and we are prevented from seeing them again by the clump of timber. Dinner is piped, and we leave the scene to attend to that most necessary meal. "The Cheyennes are coming," shouts a gaddling gaberlunzje of the camp, and we hastily rush out to view the approach of the dusky caballeros. Simultaneously with that movement their voices are heard breaking out into a chant, and away to the right of the timber is seen a column of the long-expected Cheyennes on the double trot. At the same moment Black Kettle is seen making his way towards us on a full gallop, his horse covered with foam. The Commissioners meet him, and

## BLACK KETTLE,

the head chief, informs them that all his tribe are approaching. The blow of a bugle, and the peculiar exciting shout of the Indian is heard nearer, and a second column of a hundred men is seen issuing from the timber. Black Kettle gallops back to meet them and a third, a fourth, and a fifth column emerges into view. A wave of Black Kettle's hand, and the four last columns debouch to the left, swinging into divisions, marching obliquely on the double trot, in most admirable order. Another wave and they all approach

## IN LINE OF BATTLE,

singing as they come. The first column swings around on the left flank and dash down towards us to the rear of the Arapaho warriors, drawn up under the leadership of Little Raven, on the hill, expectant and ready for demonstrations. On the left, posted on a hill, are the Kiowa and Comanche warriors, under Satanta, looking with jealous eyes upon this magnificent display of the Cheyennes. Up to within fifty paces the Cheyennes ride and then halt in a long line two files deep. The chiefs advance twenty paces nearer, and the commissioners direct their steps towards them.

## HAND SHAKING.

Then commences the shaking of hands, Taylor taking the lead. This ceremony is concluded, which General Harney declares upon his honor is very wearisome. Soft words pass between the two high parties, and they separate, the Cheyennes to their camping ground, and the commissioners to their tents. To show you what sort of an impression the meeting made upon the great Peace Commissioners I subjoin the following conversation:

General Harney: "Well, by God, I am glad that this wearisome task is over."

Augur, "So am I."

Harney, "Let's go and wash our hands."

Terry, "I wonder if these fellows have got the itch."

Harney, "Gad, shouldn't wonder."

We will leave the august representatives of the government of the United States while we take the thread of the story.

The Cheyennes undoubtedly presented a fine appearance. For this

## GRAND OCCASION

They had arrayed themselves in their most gorgeous costumes. All the silver in the tribe seemed to be conspicuously displayed on the breasts of the chivalry of the nation, the "Dog soldiers." The Cheyennes who thus made their appearance numbered fully 500 stout men, the rank and file of the power of the nations. Within about an hour after their arrival another

## EXCITING SCENE

occurred. A few miserable Kaws, desirous of increasing the wealth of their tribe by capturing a few horses, made a raid on the Arapahoe shekels. Some Arapaho braves discovered them in the act of driving away their stock, upon which they gave instant pursuit. The Cheyenne Dog soldiers having buried the hatchet, galloped to the scene of action, and prevented the deeds of blood about to be committed. The Kiowas, the Camanches and the Apaches, urged on by curiosity, also galloped up, until over fifteen hundred warriors were assembled. Imagine for one instant so large a body, dressed in the most fantastic manner, their dresses made of every color, riding the sinewy, fleet mustangs of the prairie, galloping in every direction, giving utterance to their quick, yelling whoops, and you may form a better idea of the scene we witnessed, than I can give by attempting a description of the subject. It was exciting in the extreme. Suffice it to state the Kaws were not killed, they were merely driven ignominiously away with a significant warning.

## AT DUSK

The Cheyennes again visited our camp, and were regaled with a plentitude of coffee and hard-tack, after which they expressed themselves satisfied with their treatment. Early next morning they would be willing to hold a pow-wow, and make a lasting peace, which should prove beneficial to both.

Before departing to their village, they presented General Harney with a pony.

The Cheyennes number about 2000 souls. Medicine Arrow and Roman Nose are absent, and neither will be present at the council. To-morrow I shall have, I expect, enough items to form another letter.

STANLEY.

The signing of the treaty with the Cheyennes and Arapahos had been announced in a special dispatch which appeared in the *Democrat* on November 1, 1867:

JUNCTION CITY.  
PEACE WITH THE INDIANS.

TREATY WITH CHEYENNES AND ARAPAHOS CONCLUDED—THE CHEYENNE RESERVATION—ARAPAHOE RESERVATION NOT YET LOCATED—MOVEMENTS OF COMMISSIONERS.

[Special Dispatch to the Missouri Democrat.]

MEDICINE LODGE CREEK, Oct. 28, via JUNCTION CITY, KANSAS, Oct. 31.—A treaty of peace has been concluded with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. The reservation of the Cheyenne covers an area of nine thousand square miles, and is bounded east by Arkansas river, south and west by the Cimarrone, north by Kansas.

Peace has been declared with all the southern Indians.

The Arapaho reservation is not definitely located as yet, but Little Raven signed the treaty leaving the reservation to be settled at some future time.

We go from here to North Platte via St. Louis. The commissioners will be in St. Louis at ten A. M.; Friday, Nov. 1. STANLEY.

The *Democrat's* special correspondent reported the events leading up to the treaty signing in his next and final Kansas letter which was erroneously dated October 22 when it appeared in the issue of November 2, 1867. It probably was written October 28:

A RACE FOR LIFE—THE GRAND COUNCIL—THE CHEYENNES AND ARAPAHOS SIGN THE TREATY OF PEACE—SUMMARY OF THE TREATY.

[Special Correspondence of the Missouri Democrat.]

MEDICINE LODGE CREEK, October 22 [28].

AN INCIDENT.

I had forgotten in my letter of yesterday to record an amusing incident which occurred yesterday, and which was caused by the abrupt appearance of the Cheyennes.

About a dozen young fellows, composed of two artists and [a] wild, hair-brained correspondent, the Washington papoose and other bloods disposed for a lark, determined to travel to see the famous Medicine Lodge. This party was gotten up under the auspices of that Bohemian who, by the bye, was a source of constant caricature, a target at which the wit of his messmates might fly arrows without the guilt of murder, and a subject of lawful merriment at all times. At his manifold queer oddities we exhausted our risibilities. On all subjects he was pretty sound though flighty, but in the acquisition of facts to fill a letter he generally lost his moor-

ings. He had one besetting sin, also distorting misjudgment in one solitary matter, viz: a distortion of FACTS, and he may as well deserve to be the subject of a laughable incident as any that ever wore cap and bells.

Forth they started in high spirits, with laughter ringing syllables on their lips. Our reporter on his sorrel nag rode as proud as Don Quixote on his Rosinante, up and down, bobbety, bobbety bump. Nothing unusual occurred on their journey thither. They found the Medicine Lodge standing isolated on the prairie about three miles from camp, a vast circle surrounded by boughs bound together by raw-hide. Long poles extended all around, and were tied in the center with strong lariats, forming beams to bear a roof made of branches, when the great ceremony day should arrive. Rags, tin pots, pieces of hide &c., were hung on branches and on every projecting point. In the center of the amphitheater was a buffalo head covered with a blue cloth. Thus it will be perceived that this was a place where the medicine ceremonies of the Indians were carried on. After examining everything, our journalistic friend perceived a large gourd covered with hide, which he swore could not be bartered away from him for a hundred dollar bill.

#### ALARM.

While he was commenting in a learned manner upon Indian lore and mythology to his interested listeners, one of the party shouted out, "Boys, there is the Cheyennes down upon us!"

"What! ah! Cheyennes, say you?" demanded he of the quill. "Aye, by gemini!" he said, as his quick eye caught a long line of Indians on the bluffs, and a small detachment galloping towards him. Trooper never mounted steed with half the celerity our wandering friends mounted theirs. Away they galloped, over level plain, through tangled grass and groves of timber, until they reached the meandering Nescotongwa, on whose banks the Camanches had camped. The excitement they found prevailing there but added to the fright already received. "Vamos, vamos! Cheyenne-heap; Cheyenne mucho fight! Campo!" were the cries wafted to them by the friendly squaws. "Oh, my G-d!" cried the Washington papoose. "I will give one hundred dollars to any one who will change horses with me." Poor boy! one thousand dollars would not have purchased a horse then. Life was precious. The papoose, like Richard of Gloucester, shouts in vain. "Come on," is the only response borne back to him by his fleeing comrades. "The Cheyennes are coming!" and onward they plunged, forgetful of friend-

ship. Precious life was at stake! These brave caballeros frightened out of their wits by a maneuver of dreaded Cheyennes, arrived in camp with staring eyes and colorless faces, and announced the welcome tidings that the Cheyennes were coming. Our friend of the quill, who rode the sorrel nag "with sickle hams and singular obliquities," who thought of possessing a curiosity, at which the world should stand back astonished, had dropped his goard covered with hide, and made all haste to come away. He thinks the Cheyennes the most formidable fire-eating Indians on the plains. Neither of the party is ever likely to forget their hasty flight and little adventure on Medicine Lodge creek.

#### CHEYENNES TO THE COUNCIL.

Ten o'clock this morning the Cheyennes, according to their promise of yester eve, came to the council. This, of course, was to be the most important council of all. The Cheyennes had been at war—it was desirous to make peace. They gathered in numbers—chiefs, braves, and warriors, old and young.

#### THE COUNCIL CONVENES.

The spokesman of the nation, while the chiefs were seated in a semi-circle, delivered a long harrangue to them, urging on them forbearance, picturing the blessings of peace and the horrors of war, to which they listened with open ears.

The five principal chiefs, Black Kettle, Big Jake, Big Head, Tall Bull and White Horse were also presented, and occupied the front circle. Behind these came

#### THE CHIVALRY,

the famous Dog soldiers, a band of braves with iron hearts and desperate looking physiognomies—modern Spartans, who knew how to die but not to be led captive; the same people who, when at Sand creek their best warriors fell, stabbed themselves rather than be taken captives. So the story goes.

#### BRAVES

Sitting astride their ponies, watching with fierce eyes every movement that is going on, their heads adorned with nodding plumes, their breasts with large silver crosses, their faces painted red, blue, black or yellow, they present in my mind the safe-guard of a nation, the forlorn hope of the Indians. In this band, haughty and obstinate, are to be found the best representative of the American aboriginal, who are still extant. Even now, their hands are on their gleaming

tomahawks, ready to ply with certain aim whenever summoned by the swarthy chiefs, who squatted on the ground, gravely inhale the calumet preparatory to the opening of the grand council.

These plumed riders are the celebrated "Dog soldiers," the elite of the Cheyenne nation, who look with scorn and contempt upon all other bands. None but warriors tried can enter the ranks of this band. They are allowed to enter any council of the tribe they please, they are a privileged set. Their wishes are consulted upon any subject connected with affairs of the government of the tribe.

#### A CHIEF OF THE DOG SOLDIERS

Was absent when Hancock swept along the Arkansas river last spring. With a few of his choicest warriors he had gone on the war path against the Utes, the hereditary enemies of his tribe. He started on his return after Hancock destroyed the village.

#### ANTICIPATIONS.

The Chief White Buffalo was flushed with victory; to his girdle hung several reeking scalps. He threaded with unwearied patience his long way across the plains to his village on the banks of the Pawnee, followed by his trusty band. He thought of his gentle wife and little paposes, and as he thought shot wistful glances towards the hill which shut the village from his view. He pictured to himself the triumph he would receive upon displaying his ghastly trophies, and then fancied the walls of his cone-like lodge hung with them. The hill was in sight, from the top of which the village could be seen. He spurred onward, and at last gained its summit.

#### DISMAY.

He looked around, rubbed his eyes, he could see nothing. A deep and incomprehensible dread took possession of him. What had become of his home, his wife and children—his grey haired father and his nation? Whither had they gone? If they were still alive; and while agitated by these conflicting thoughts, he galloped down the hill to solve at once his doubts and fears. Oh, well; what did he find? He found his home a ruined place—the wigwams of his people in ashes and his people gone he knew not whither. What was to be done? The chief veiled his sorrow and his agony, girded his loins tighter and followed fast on the trail of his people. On the third day he came up with them and heard the story: "A white chief came along with many soldiers, and burned the village." Blame not, then, the unfortunate Cheyennes, if in any part of this letter you find enough to judge them obstinate. They have had reason—twice deceived and twice suffered.

## OPENING OF THE COUNCIL.

When quietness was restored all around, Commissioner Taylor announced the council in session, and requested interpreters Smith and Mrs. McAdams, interpreters of the Arapahoes, to inform their respective tribes that as the joint council of the Cheyenne and Arapaho chiefs was opened, he would state that

SENATOR HENDERSON,

one of the great council at Washington, had been chosen to deliver the words of the Peace Commission.

"Our friends, the chiefs and the head men of the Cheyenne and Arapaho nations:

"We come out among you to determine the most important question in human affairs, that of peace or war. Three of us are appointed by the Great Father at Washington, and four of us by the great council. Two years ago, at the mouth of the Little Arkansas, we made peace with you and wished it to last forever, but bad men on one side or the other broke the peace. We believe that falsehood was brought to us about your people in regard to your feelings and intentions, and, no doubt, falsehoods were carried to you in reference to the feelings of the whites. We have among us wicked men who wish to profit by the calamities of both sides. And these bad men continually seek war. Many tell you lies to excite you, and in the same way to us. We now think these bad men told wicked lies to General Hancock, and caused him to march with his soldiers last spring into this country. The great council and the Great Father both asked him for the reasons of his march, and he informed them that you had broken the peace, and he said that you had committed many outrageous acts upon our people before he had commenced his march. Some of our people said that General Hancock was right, some said that he was wrong. Some said that you wanted war and proposed that we should send soldiers among you to cover the plains like grass. Others said that peace commissioners, and not soldiers, should be sent among you to talk with you.

"Those of us who wanted the commissioners were in the majority, and we are those commissioners. We are now ready to hear your complaints and take them to Washington, that the President and council may redress them. We do not want war, but we have to accept it sometimes, when we cannot have honorable peace. Some of our bad people mock and scoff at us because we want to have peace with the red man. Perhaps some of your young braves with more blood than brains, will oppose your making peace with us,

contrary to the express wishes of the nation. Such men on both sides must be cast away; their councils are black with death. Why should we war against each other? The world is large enough for us all. Peace makes us happy and war brings sorrow to the lodge of the red man and the house of the white man.

"War long continued must result [in] total destruction to the Indian, because his numbers are less. As long as the buffalo ranges on the Plains, we are willing that you should hunt him, as long as you keep to the treaties made at the Little Arkansas. But the herds of buffalo are becoming fewer and thinner every year. You can see this for yourselves, therefore you should prepare for the day when he shall cease to be. When that day comes, we want you to be prepared to live. In lieu of the buffalo you must have herds of oxen and flocks of sheep and droves of hogs, like the white man. In order to have them you must now select a rich piece of land for a reservation, that it may be set aside for you before the white man settles upon it. We will help you select it, and we pledge our words and the honor of our Great Father that it shall be set aside for you. On that reservation we will build a house to store your goods that shall be sent to you every year. Your agent shall be sent among you, to live with you, that he may hear your complaints. At the same place you will have your trading houses; also, a physician to cure you of sickness; also, a farmer to cultivate your soil. We will send you a mill to grind your corn, and teachers to educate your children. In addition to these things the Great Father will send you every year such other things as you may need. Now, in return for this, we only ask that you will not molest our railroads, (cries of ha-ow-how); that our white settlers be permitted to live in peace; that our stage coaches, mule trains, and other wagons may pass along the Cimarrone and other roads without being attacked.

"In other words, we propose a firm and lasting peace. We want the red and white man to be friends for ever. If one of our people break the peace you must tell your agent, and we will see you righted. If any of your people break the peace, deliver him up to your agent, that he may be punished according to the laws of the Great Council. If he be innocent no harm will be done him. When we have written down this peace, we must trust each other as friends. We must cast aside suspicion, and defend each other from harm. [Smiles, and universal cries of ugh, how?] We have now done, and wait to hear your reply."

The steatite hookah, quaintly decorated, was passed around, after which the Cheyennes made answer that as the Arapahos had

been at peace, they ought to speak first; that before giving a decided answer, they would like to hear from them first.

LITTLE RAVEN,

Chief of the Arapahoes, then got up and addressed the assembled chiefs and commissioners as follows:

"I am glad to see my brothers of the Cheyennes present. We Arapahoes have been waiting a long time to see you, and I hope you will sign the peace which we wish. We should not go to war with the whites, they have been very kind to us, they give us warm clothes, and good food. They don't want to go to war. Theres the Utes, make war upon them as much as you please, they are your enemies, the whites are your friends. I have heard that you have been offended at me for protecting some whites who fled from your way to my camp for protection. Would you have me behave like a dog? Would you not have done so also? Do not be children, but be men and consider this thing well, and you will find nothing to blame.

"And now, you commissioners, I hope that what you have said is the truth. But you should also tell your young men at these forts on the Arkansas roads their duty. They are mostly children, and you must not allow them to run wild, for that provokes war. Keep them within bounds. Tell the white settlers, also, to behave themselves, and then there will be peace. And now that I see all the Cheyennes, let me congratulate you upon your success. It will be a good thing to tell the whites in the States. The news of peace will make their hearts glad. You have done a wise thing in not mentioning anything about the mules they have taken from the whites. Let the Cheyennes have them.

"I and my nation have been driven from near the mountains and our country. I hear the whites are getting much gold, cutting fine timber. I make no fuss about it.

"Let me have my reservation near Fort Lyon. Keep the whites away from it.

"This winter when the annuities are sent to us, send out ammunition and guns that we may hunt game. You will by that means convince all my people that you will do right.

"Even if you ever want a railroad to go through, I am willing. There shall be no noise about it. Let the medicine lodges (schools) be built on our reservation. By the time my tribe settles down, I shall be in my grave, but these young men, it will do them good.

"By placing my reservation apart from the rest, you cannot pos-

sibly attach any blame to my young men, should any thing be wrong. My hands, and those of my people shall be clean and white.

"We shall want a trader at our village who will do right. I believe it is the traders that do all the mischief. You should caution them. They are very dishonest people, and you should warn them to do right lest evil should come. I have spoken."

The old gentleman, having finished, walked around the Peace Commission, and after saying his genial How to each sat down.

Little Raven was followed next by

#### BUFFALO CHIEF.

A Cheyenne chief rose next and said he wanted to talk to Henderson alone. Henderson sat in front of all, and the chief addressed him in the quick, vigorous spasmodic manner of the Cheyennes.

"I ask you if it is as you say. Have you come from the Great Father with these good words. Are you to make peace to with us?" (On being told that he was, he continued.)

"Well, then, I take you by the hand, and my soldiers shall take you also. Here you are chiefs. You sit in the front; your soldiers at your backs. Here I am chief, my young men are all around me. You spoke about the railroads; well, we will hold it together. We will both have a right in it. I believe you are sent by the Great Father to make peace with us. We sprung from the prairie, we live by it, we prefer to do so, and, as yet, we do not want the blessings of civilization. We do not claim this country south of the Arkansas, but that country between the Arkansas and the Platte is ours. We are willing, when we desire to live as you do, to take your advice about that, but until then we will take our chances. It were well that those on the Arkansas road were out of the country, that we might roam over the country as formerly; the bones of our forefathers may rest then. You think that you are doing a great deal for us by giving these presents to us, but we prefer to live as formerly. If you gave us all the goods you could give, yet we would prefer our own life. You give us presents and then take our land; that produces war. I introduce to your notice Colonel David Butterfield. I want him for our trader. He is a good man. I have said all."

This was the last speech delivered by anybody. It was the speech of a Cheyenne chief, a tribe which had been at war all summer, and had now come at the invitation of the commission to ratify a peace. They had been conquerors, and we wished for peace. They did not wish any peace, but, since we asked it they, as brave

men, were willing to accord it. As a recompense for this action we might, if we chose, build them schools, but they could not occupy them. They preferred the life they led, the wild, free, roving life of nomadic tribes, here to-day and there to-morrow.

After this speech they started to leave without signing the treaty. John S. Smith was in a perfect state of living excitement. Hither and thither he flew in pursuit of the Indians, and by his industrious efforts,

#### SIGNING.

The following chiefs were induced to sign: Bull Bear, Black Kettle, Little Bear, Spotted Elk, Buffalo Chief, Slim Face, Gray Head, Little Rock, Whirlwind, Tall Bull, White Horse and Little Robe, all Cheyenne chiefs.<sup>46</sup> The following Arapaho chiefs, as it was a joint treaty, then signed these were Little Raven, Yellow Bear, Storm, White Rabbit, Spotted Wolf, Big Mouth, Young Colt and Tall Bear.

It took a long time to convince Little Robe and Bull Bear of the propriety of signing the treaty of peace. "One is enough to sign for our nation" said they; but by dint of infinite coaxing they finally consented.

#### SUMMARY OF THE TREATY WITH THE CHEYENNES AND ARAPAHOS.

Subjoined is a summary by Senator Henderson: By the treaty of 1861, concluded at Fort Laramie with the Sioux, the Crows, the Assinaboines, Gros Ventres, Arickarees and Mandans, Blackfeet, Bloods, Pequins, Cheyennes and Arapahoes and others, the Cheyenne and Arapaho reservation commenced at the forks of the Platte, and continued up the North Platte to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, thence southwardly along the summit of said mountains to the Arkansas river, thence down the Arkansas to a point thereon due south of the forks of the Platte, and thence south [north] to the place of beginning.

By examining the map it will be seen that this reservation covered the larger part of the present State of Colorado, a larger portion of Western Kansas, and a part of Decotah. By the said treaty, as originally made, the United States was to pay the said tribes (all combined), \$50,000 per annum for fifty years. When it went to the Senate, that body struck out "fifty years" and inserted twenty

46. Other Cheyenne signers were Curly Hair and Heap of Birds.

years, and for a further period of five years, if the President so willed it.<sup>47</sup>

By the year 1861 the gold mines of Colorado had been developed to such an extent as to make it absolutely necessary to obtain the right of the Cheyennes and the Arapahoes to the lands on which not only mining operations were being conducted, but even the city of Denver and other important towns had been built.

Hence, a treaty was concluded on the 18th of February, 1861, with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, at Fort Wise, in Kansas, by which they ceded all their lands, except a small reservation lying on both sides of the Arkansas river, southeast of Denver, between the Purgatory river on the south and the Sandy Fork of the Arkansas on the north. The said district includes Fort Lyon and the post of Reynolds, recently established. They deny consenting to the treaty.

After the terrible massacre by Chivington at Sand Creek, in November, 1864, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes were driven out, and in October, 1865, after a most terrible, and to us disastrous and extensive war, the commissioners, Sanborn, Harney and others who were appointed to hunt them up and endeavor to make a peace with them, found them at the mouth of the Little Arkansas, below Fort Zarah.

It was thought best to remove them to a reservation as far as possible from the Colorado people, who seemed to be so much excited and embittered against them. The district selected for them commenced at the mouth of Red creek, where it empties into the Arkansas river, and extending up that creek to its source, passed westwardly to the Cimirone river, opposite the mouth of Buffalo creek, which is about the meridian of Fort Larned, thence north to the Arkansas river, and then down that stream to the place of beginning. It will be observed that the reservation included about 70 miles of Southern Kansas, lying between the longitude of Fort Larned on the west, and the Arkansas river on the east. When this treaty went to the Senate it was amended so as to require the President to designate for said tribes a reservation, no part of which

47. Either Stanley or Henderson erred. The treaty referred to was signed in 1851 by the Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Crow, Assinaboines, Gros-Ventres, Mandans, and Arickaras (Arikaras). The portion of the treaty outlining the Cheyenne-Arapaho reservation read as follows: "The territory of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, commencing at the Red Butte, or the place where the road leaves the north fork of the Platte River; thence up the north fork of the Platte River to its source; thence along the main range of the Rocky Mountains to the head-waters of the Arkansas River; thence down the Arkansas River to the crossing of the Santa Fe road; thence in a northwesterly direction to the forks of the Platte River, and thence up the Platte River to the place of beginning." The term of the annuity payments was ten years not twenty.—Charles J. Kappler, ed., "Indian Affairs, Laws and Treaties," Senate Doc. No. 319, 58th Cong., 2d Sess. (1903-1904), pp. 594, 595.

should be in the State of Kansas, and no part of it to be on other Indian lands, unless the tribes interested should consent.

In said treaty it was stipulated that the Indians should not be required to remove to their new reservations till conflicting titles had been adjusted. Those titles have not been settled as yet. It was further stipulated that the Indians should be permitted "to range at pleasure throughout the unsettled portions of that part of the country they claim as originally theirs, which lies between the Arkansas and Platte rivers." The country referred to, of course, is that described by the treaty of 1861, herein before alluded to. It was further agreed to pay them an annuity of \$20 per capita prior to their locating permanently on their reservation, and \$40 per head after they should have settled thereon.

The two tribes were estimated at 2500. After the treaty had been signed, the Apaches were incorporated with them, and received into all the benefits of their treaty, they numbering about 700 persons.

Since General Hancock marched on the Cheyenne village, in April, 1867, war has been waged by the Cheyenne in a most relentless manner. They take upon themselves the responsibility of all that has since been done, and expressly exempt other tribes.

The treaty just concluded leaves out the Apaches; who prefer a confederation with the Kiowas and Camanches.

The reservation given drops off all lands lying in Kansas, and extends the Southern boundary as defined by the treaty of 1865 from Red creek down to the Cimarone river, sometimes called the Red Fork of the Arkansas. Hence it is bounded, east by the Arkansas river, south and west by the Cimarone river and north by Kansas, comprising eight or nine thousand square miles.

It is agreed to build for them an agency house and other necessary buildings for a physician, farmer, miller, school teacher, blacksmith, &c. Also it is stipulated to give them each a suit of good substantial woolen clothing each year or the necessary material to make it; and in addition thereto, to expend thirty [twenty] thousand dollars annually for their benefit in such articles as they may need.

The Cheyennes positively refuse as yet to yield the right to hunt north of the Arkansas and south of the South Platte. They are willing to yield it whenever the buffalo leave it, but not before unless they shall previously try to live by agriculture.

They agree, however, to take the right subject to the terms of the treaty of 1865, that is to carry the permit of their agent and keep

away ten miles from roads and forts. They withdraw all opposition to white settlements, and agree to protect and defend the white man as they would their brother. They withdraw all opposition to the Cimarone road to New Mexico and to the Smoky Hill and Platte railroads and all other roads.

All they ask is a hunting right, and they are willing that any conditions be imposed to keep the peace, but for the commissioners to have demanded an absolute concession of this right would have been to continue the war.

If white settlements drive away the buffalo, they say they will not want to hunt, but they cannot imagine why the white man would forbid them hunting on an unoccupied country filled with game.

They said: "Give them the right to hunt and the white man might fill up the remainder of the treaty, and whatever it might be, they would abide by it and be his eternal friend."

To the commissioners' assertion that the game would soon be gone, they answered invariably that when gone on account of settlements, railroads, or any other cause, they would cease to ask the privilege.

#### DISTRIBUTION OF PRESENTS.

The presents and annuity goods, which lay piled up near the watchful, prudent Colonel Chamberlain's tent, were then sorted out for distribution.

The Cheyennes and Arapahoes hurried up from the council tent, and with their wives and little ones squatted down on the ground in two vast circles. The chiefs of their respective tribes marched up the center with eyes beaming with good temper and excitement. Ripping up the huge bales, and knocking off the lids of the boxes, the various goods were exposed to view, eliciting from the many thousand Indians present guttural expressions of pleasure. The red blankets and variegated beads seemed to be special objects of their desire. Each chief endeavored to allay all envious feelings that might be created by the fairness and impartiality, with which they doled out each article. In an incredibly short space of time, fifty thousand dollars' worth of goods were distributed between the Cheyennes and Arapahoe tribes, which caused universal satisfaction to all parties.

#### WAR DANCE.

At night the Arapaho braves treated us to a war dance, a description of which I have already given in a former letter.

## THE COMMISSIONERS

thus far have been eminently successful in their work.

Commissioner Taylor, Senator Henderson, and Generals Harney and Sanborn, have shown themselves well adapted to the task of making peace with the warlike tribes of the South. Mr. Taylor, especially, has manifested an ardent sympathy with the poor, persecuted Indian. The Indians are quick to discern kindly feelings, and they will long remember the uniform kindness of the "Great Peace chief," of Washington.

During his many years of arduous service on the plains General Harney became thoroughly initiated into the feelings, superstitions and ceremonies of the Indians of North America, and his experience thus gained proved an important aid in this last great work of reconciliation with the powerful Cheyennes. The General was the recipient of a fine pony from the Cheyennes, as a testimony of the great esteem in which the old veteran of the West was regarded by them.

General Sanborn, through his long experience on the border, aided in a very material manner towards effacing from the memory of the eight thousand warriors then and there assembled the wrongs they had silently endured for months, and towards effecting a lasting peace.

Senator Henderson also, with his keen knowledge of the world, and business ability, was a very efficient auxiliary of the peace commissioners. He drew up the several treaties that were to heal up old wounds and reconcile both white and red man to inevitable fate.

## PEACE

has been concluded with all the Southern tribes. Civilization is now on the move, and westward the Star of Empire will again resume its march, unimpeded in the great work of

## PROGRESS.

Universal malediction light upon the man who will cause the Indian to dig up his hatchet, and all blessings shower upon those who keep the peace.

To-morrow we start on our journey to North Platte via St. Louis to finish the work in the North, so propitiously begun in the South.

STANLEY.