

Mercury, February 25, 1822.

"There was a time when we did not know the whites—our wants were then fewer than they are now. They were always within our control—we had then seen nothing which we could not get. But since our intercourse with the whites (who have caused such a destruction of our game) when we could lie down to sleep and we awoke we would find the buffalo feeding around our camp—but now we are killing them for their skins, and feeding the wolves with their flesh to make our children cry over their bones."

PAWNEE LOUP CHIEF.

OTTOE PARTIZANS.

O'MAHA CHIEF

My Great Father—I have heard some of your chiefs, who purposed to send some good people among us to learn us to live as you do; but I do not wish to tell a lie—I am only one man and will not presume, at this distance from my people, to speak for them on a subject with which they are entirely unacquainted—I am afraid it is too soon for us to attempt to change habits: We have too much game in our country—we feed too plentifully on the buffalo to bruise our hands with the instruments of agriculture.

I am full of peace, my Great Father, and the wicked have disturbed my repose. They have been plotting against me, and my two brothers, and since more of my brothers, those whose deaths are still unrevengeed. They have been roving up the Missouri, and although they have been driven off, they have left words they wrote on the land like hungry dogs, and like serpents creeping through the grass, and like the wind passing over the country. I am almost the only red left. I suppose to wait, but, when every wild creature over their bones brings to my ears their cries for revenge? I am almost alone, my Great Father, and my brothers, and am afraid to neglect their bones, which have been thrown to the winds, and I am almost alone, and I must not allow to avenge their death. I am afraid to wait, my Great Father, and I am in haste to go, and I am almost alone, and you will give some arms to my Father to place in the hands of my Father to enable him to avenge the deaths of his children. Since I have known my Father! I have obeyed his commands and when I did not leave my place, and when he would do with them as he pleased.

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fection. I am still green, but am afraid to die without the fame of my father. I wish you would be so good as to give me a mark to attend to the attention of my people, that when I return home I may bring to their recollection the deeds of my father and my claim to distinction; since I left home I have been much affected; death sought me, but I clung to my father and he kept it off. I have now grown fat and am in hopes to return to my nation. There is my child, (pointing to the *Big Elk*), who has no claim to inheritance from *Elk*. Father. I am now following behind him, and treading upon his heels, in hopes that you and my Father here will take pity and recollect who my father was.

*Pointing to Major O'Fallon.
†Pointing to Major O'Fallon.

ABORIGINAL ELOQUENCE.

gation of Indians, under Maj. O'Fallon, to President of the United States in Council, 4th of February, 1822.

Great Father;

[illegible]

It is too soon, my Great Father, to send these good men among us—we are not starving yet—we wish you to permit us to enjoy the chase until the game of our country is exhausted—until the wild animals become extinct. Let us exhaust our present resources.

^aPointing to Major O'Fallon.

[Transcription Column 1]

From the National Intelligencer.

ABORIGINAL ELOQUENCE

Speeches of several of the Chiefs of the
Delegation of Indians, under Maj. O'Fallon, to
The President of the United States in Council,
On the 4th of February, 1822.

THE PAWNEE CHIEF.

My Great Father:

I have travelled a great distance to see you
— I have seen you and my heart rejoices. I
have heard your words — they have entered
one ear and shall not escape the other, and I
will carry them to my people as pure as they
came from your mouth.

My Great Father: I am going to speak the
truth. The Great Spirit looks down upon us,
and I call Him to witness all that may pass be-
-tween us on this occasion. If I am here now
and have seen your people, your houses, your
vessels on the big lake, and a great many won-
-derful things far beyond my comprehension,
which appear to have been made by the Great
Spirit and placed in your hands, I am indebted
to my Father here, who invited me from
home, under whose wings I have been protec-
-ted.* Yes, my Great Father, I have travelled
with your chief: I have followed him, and
trod in his tracks; but there is still another
Great Father to whom I am much indebted — it
is the Father of us all. Him who made us and
placed us on this earth. I feel grateful to the
Great Spirit for strengthening my heart for
such an undertaking, and for preserving the

life which he gave me. The Great Spirit made us all — he made my skin red, and yours white; he placed us on this earth, and intended that we should live differently from each other. He made the whites to cultivate the earth, and feed on domestic animals; but he made us, red skins, to rove through the uncultivated woods and plains; to feed on wild animals; and to dress with their skins. He also intended that we should go to war — to take scalps — steal horses from and triumph over our enemies — cultivate peace at home, and promote the happiness of each other. I believe there are no people of any color on this earth who do not believe in the Great Spirit — in rewards, and in punishments. We worship him, but we worship him not as you do. We differ from you in appearance and manners as well as in our customs; and we differ from you in our religion; we have no large houses as you have to worship the Great Spirit in; if we had them today we should want others tomorrow, for we have not, like you, a fixed habitation — we have no settled home except our villages, where we remain but two moons in twelve. We, like animals, rove through the country, whilst you whites reside between us and heaven; but still, my Great Father, we love the Great Spirit—we acknowledge his supreme power—our peace, our health, and our happiness depend upon him, and our lives belong to him—he made us and he can destroy us.

My Great Father: Some of your good chiefs, as they are called [missionaries], have proposed to send some of their good people among us to change our habits, to make us work and live like the white people. I will not tell a lie—I am going to tell the truth. You love your country—you love your people—you

love the manner in which they live, and you think your people are brave.—I am like you my Great Father, I love my country. I love my people—I love the manner in which we live and think myself and warriors brave. Spare me then, my Father; let me enjoy my country, and pursue the buffalo, and the beaver, and the other wild animals of our country, and I will trade their skins with your people. I have grown up and lived this long without work—I am in hopes you will suffer me to die without it. We have plenty of buffalo, beaver, deer, and other wild animals—we have also an abundance of horses—we have every thing we want—we have plenty of land, if you will keep your people off of it. My father has a piece on which he lives [Council Bluffs], and we wish him to enjoy it—we have enough without it—but we wish him to live near us to give us good counsel—to keep our hearts and eyes open that we may continue to pursue the right road—the road to happiness. He settles all differences between us and the whites, between the red skins themselves—he makes the whites do justice to the red skins, and the red skins do justice to the whites. He saves the effusion of human blood, and restores peace and happiness of the land. You have already sent us a father; it is enough he knows us and we know him—we have confidence in him—we keep our eye constantly upon him, and since we have heard your words, we will listen more attentively to his.

It is too soon my Great Father, to send those good men among us. We are not starving yet—we wish you to permit us to enjoy the chase until the game of our country is exhausted—until the wild animals become extinct. Let us exhaust our present resources
*Pointing to Major O’Fallon.

[Transcription Column 2]

before you make us and interrupt our happiness—let me continue to live as I have done, and after I have passed to the Good or Evil Spirit from off the wilderness of my present life, the subsistence of my children may become so precarious as to need and embrace the assistance of those good people.

There was a time when we did not know the whites—our wants were then fewer than they are now. They were always within our control—we had then seen nothing which we could not get. Before our intercourse with the whites (who have caused such a destruction in our game) when we could lie down to sleep, and we awoke we would find the buffalo feeding around our camp—but now we are killing them for their skins, and feeding the wolves with their flesh, to make our children cry over their bones.

Here, My Great Father, is a pipe which I present you, as I am accustomed to present pipes to all the red skins in peace with us. It is filled with such tobacco as we were accustomed to smoke before we knew the white people. It is pleasant, and the spontaneous growth of the most remote parts of our country. I know that the robes, leggings, mockasins, bear-claws, etc., are of little value to you, but we wish you to have them deposited and preserved in some conspicuous part of your lodge, so that when we are gone and the sod turned over our bones, if our children should visit this place, as we do now, they may see and recognise with pleasure the deposits of their fathers; and reflect on the times that are past.

Transcribed by Hampton Kennedy for James Monroe's Highland, Spring 2022.

PAWNEE LOUP CHIEF.

My Great Father:

Whenever I see a white man amongst us without a protector, I tremble for him. I am aware of the ungovernable disposition of some of our young men, and when I see an inexperienced white man, I am always afraid they will make me cry. I now begin to love your people & as I love my own people too, I am unwilling that any blood should be spilt between us. You are unacquainted with our fashions, and we are unacquainted with yours; and when any of your people come among us, I am always afraid that they will be struck on the head like dogs, as we should be here amongst you, but for our father in whose tracks we tread. When your people come among us, they should come as we come among you with some one to protect them, whom we know and who knows us. Until this chief came amongst us, three winters since, we roved through the plains only thirsting for each others blood - we were blind - we could not see the right road and we hunted to destroy each other. We were always feeling for obstacles, and every thing we felt we thought one. Our warriors were always going to and coming from war. I myself have killed and scalped in every direction. I have often triumphed over my enemies.

OTTOE PARTIZANS

My Great Father:

I am brave, and if I had not been brave I should not have followed my Father here. I have killed my enemies, I have taken their horses, and although I love and respect my father, and will do any thing he tells me, I will not submit to an insult from any one. If my

enemies, of any nation should strike me, I will
rise in the might of my strength and avenge
the spirits of my dead.

OMAHA CHIEF

My Great Father:

Look at me — look at me, my father, my
hands are unstained with your blood — my
people have never struck the whites, and the
whites have never struck them. It is not the
case with other red skins. Mine is the only
nation that has spared the long knives. I am a
chief, but not the only one in my nation; there
are other chiefs who raise their crests by my
side I have always been the friend of the long
knives and before this chief* (Major O’F.)
came amongst us, I suffered much in support
of the whites. I was often reproached for be-
-ing a friend, but when my father came a-
-mongst us he strengthened my arms and I soon
towered over the rest.

My Great Father — I have heard some of
your chiefs, who purpose to send some good
people among us to learn us to live as you do;
but I do not wish to tell a lie — I am only one
man and will not presume, at this distance
from my people, to speak for them on a sub-
-ject with which they are entirely unacquainted
— I am afraid it is too soon for us to attempt
to change habits: We have too much game in
our country — we feed too plentifully on the
buffaloe [buffalo] to bruise our hands with the instru-
-ments of agriculture.

The Great Spirit made my skin red, and he
made us to live as we do now; and I believe
that when the Great Spirit placed us upon this
earth He consulted our happiness. We love
our country — we love our customs and habits.

Transcribed by Hampton Kennedy for James Monroe’s Highland, Spring 2022.

I wish that you would permit us to enjoy them as long as I live. When we become hungry naked — when the game of our country becomes exhausted, and misery encompasses our families, then, and not till then, do I want those good people among us. Then they may lend us a helping hand - then show us the wealth of the earth - the advantages and sustenance to be derived from its culture.

I am fond of peace, my Great Father, but the Sioux have disturbed my repose. They have struck upon me and killed two of my brothers, and since more of my bravest warriors, whose deaths are still unrevengeed. Those Sioux live high up the Missouri, and although they have seen my Father and heard his words they rove on the land like hungry wolves, and, like serpents creeping [creeping] through the grass, they disturb the unsuspected stranger passing through the country. I am almost the only red skin opposed to war — but, my Father, what should I do to satisfy the dead, when every wind coming over their bones brings to my ears their cries for revenge? I am constantly disturbed by the recollection of my brothers, and am afraid to neglect their bones, which have been thrown to the winds, and lie uncovered and exposed to the sun — I must not be slow to avenge their death; I am forced to war my Great Father, and I am in hopes you will assist me; I am in hopes that you will give some arms to my Father to place in the hands of my bravest to enable them to defend their wives and children. Since I have known my Father I have obeyed his commands and when I die I will leave my children to him that he may do with them as he pleases.

O MAHA PARTISAN.

Transcribed by Hampton Kennedy for James Monroe's Highland, Spring 2022.

My Great Father:

My Father was a chief, but he grew old, and became dry like grass, and passed away, leaving the roots from which I sprung up, and have grown so large without one marke [mark] of dis-

[Transcription Column 3]

-tinction. I am still green, but am afraid to die without the fame of my father, I wish you would be so good as to give me a mark to attract the attention of my people, that when I return home I may bring to their recollection the deeds of my father and my claims to distinction! since I left home I have been much afflicted; death sought me, but I clung to my father and he kept it off* I have now grown fat and am in hopes to return to my nation. There is my chief, (pointing to the Big Elk,) who has no claim no inheritance from his father. I am now following behind him, and treading upon his heels, in hopes that you and my Father here** will take pity [pity] and recollect who my father was.

*Pointing to Major O'Fallon.

**Pointing to Major O'Fallon.