

could not get. But since our intercourse with the *whites*, who have caused such a destruction of our game, our situation is changed. We could lie down to sleep, and when we awoke, we could 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, (handing it to the president) as I am accustomed to present pipes to all red skins in peace with us. It is filled with such tobacco, as we smoked before we knew the white people. I know, that the buffalo robes, leggins, (gaiters) moccasins, bears’ claws, &c. are of little value to you;—but we wish to have them deposited and preserved in some conspicuous place in 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 recognize with pleasure the deposits of their fathers, and reflect on the times that are past.”

*Anecdote of a Pawnee Brave.**

“ The facts in the following anecdote of a Pawnee Brave, son of *Old Knife*, one of the

* The *Braves* are warriors, who have distinguished themselves in battle, and stand highest in the estimation of the tribe.