

FLAT MOUTH'S SPEECH.

“‘You call us children. We are not children, but men. When I think of the condition of my people I can hardly refrain from tears. It is so melancholy that even the trees weep over it. When I heard that you were coming to visit us, I felt inclined to go and meet you. I hoped that you would bring us relief. But if you did not furnish some relief, I thought I should go farther, to the people who wear big hats, in hopes of obtaining that relief from them, which the Long Knives [Americans] have so often promised.

“‘Our great father promised us, when we smoked the pipe with the Sioux at Prairie du Chien in 1825, and at Fond du Lac in 1826, that the first party who crossed the line, and broke the treaty, should be punished. This promise has not been fulfilled. Not a year has passed but some of our young men, our wives, and our children have fallen, and the blood that has begun to flow will not soon stop. I do not expect this year will close before more of my young men will fall. When my son was killed, about a year since, I determined not to lay down any arms as long as I can see the light of the sun. I do not think the Great Spirit ever made us to sit still and see our young men, our wives, and our children murdered.

“‘Since we have listened to the Long Knives, we have not prospered. They are not willing we should go ourselves, and flog our enemies, nor do they fulfil their promise and do it for us.’

“‘The medals of each chief and a string of wampum were now brought forth stained with vermilion.

“‘See our medals,’ and holding them up by the strings, he continued: ‘These and all your letters are stained with blood. I return them all to you to make them bright.