

INDIAN MANNERS AND CHARACTER.
We have several times noticed the recent grand assembly of many Indian Tribes at Fort Laramie. The following is the latest of the series of articles descriptive of the scene, written by the Editor of the St. Louis Republican, who was present.

TREATY GROUND, NEAR FORT LARAMIE,
1. T., Sept. 9, 1851.

THE CHEYENNE SOLDIERS.

In the afternoon, about a hundred of the soldiers of the Cheyennes came into the camp. These are the young men of the nation. They are formed into companies, with a head or principal, and other subordinates, officers, and in organization and purposes resemble our volunteers. Their principal head is usually a well known brave, and when with the nation, traveling or hunting, they constitute the guard, scouts, &c. They form the war parties, and often go to war upon their own hook, sometimes without the knowledge or consent of the chiefs. They are so numerous, and so well bandied together, that the chiefs can do nothing with them.

In this case, about one-third of them were mounted on horseback—the others were on foot—and the first intimation we had of their approach, was their shouts and yells, as they came over the plains, from the Cheyenne village. They came as a war party, their horses were painted in the most approved style, their manes and tails in various colors, and on the hips and shoulders the rider had painted his "war."

This "war" is a history of the feats which the Indian has performed. Every scalp he may have taken, or enemy he has slain, is represented by a hand, or some other symbol, painted on his horse. Stealing horses is a great feat, and every horse that has been stolen is marked by an emblem somewhat resembling a horse's hoof.

All the Indians were painted in their war costume, and dressed in the best possible manner, armed, some with guns, some with lances, and others with bows and arrows. Their horsemen and footmen apparently mingled in a confused mass, but it could soon be seen that there was order in all their movements. They would fire their guns, shout their war, give a shout, make a charge, and then the horsemen from the center would rush out around and through the footmen, indicating the manner of protecting their men when too closely pressed. These exhibitions of the wild and savage mode of warfare are exciting beyond description, and when the Indian enters into it—when there are a number of them together—the whoops and yells seem to stir up every element of his wild nature. Nothing in the trappings and excitement of war among civilized men, is more exhilarating than the peculiar whoop and yell of savage warfare. There followed in the distance a crowd of squaws and children, contributing to the wildness of the scene by their songs and wailings.

This company came thundering down the plain, dashing through the lines of the military sentinels, and brought up in the enclosure prepared for the Council. Here they went through various manoeuvres, and I must say that they performed them with most soldierlike precision. How they ever ran through each a series of twistings and turnings, and avoided being trampled on by the horses, and by each other, I could scarcely understand, although looking on all the time. At intervals we had dances and songs, and then the counting of "woos." Counting "woos" is common with all the tribes. After a dance and a song, the Indians form in a semicircle; an Indian, who has "woos" to count, goes into the center, and tells all the feats he has done. He commences with his first act, and goes through, giving the time and the circumstances under which he did it, and with what nation. Told in this public manner, he is liable to expose if he tells an untruth, and being detected in a lie when counting "woos," would forever disgrace him in his own and all other tribes. For each "woo" the drummers give one rap on their drum, and thus on until the Indian repeats his whole history. On this occasion, some counted from twenty-five to thirty "woos."

In the evening the Sioux had a dog feast, which made some of the whites who participated in it quite sick, possibly from excess of eating.

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THE CROW INDIANS.

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In front rode the two principal chiefs, each carrying a highly ornamented pipe, behind them the remainder of the party with their arms, and in the rear a few squaws. Neither these men, nor any of their tribe, had ever before been so far East of their own grounds, and they were now in the midst of their enemies—those tribes with whom they have been at war for unknown years. Their coming was unexpected, and we called out the Indians from all the surrounding villages. The whole plain seemed alive with the moving masses of red-skins. Amidst it all, the Crows seemed the least disturbed or alarmed. Col. Mitchell met them, the chiefs dismounted, made a short speech in reply to the Colonel, smoked all round, and then he assigned them a camp ground near his own, and invited the chiefs and principal men to attend the Council that morning. The young men now took charge of the horses and the preparations of the camp.

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Colonel Mitchell then informed them, through their interpreters, that he had submitted to them all the propositions he had made, and he was now prepared to hear what they thought of them—if they had talked and smoked the matter over among themselves. He would first hear from the Sioux.

Terre Blue Brave, an old but very good chief, after selecting his interpreters, addressed the commissioners:—
"Father, you and the whites have a great deal of sense, and you and our Grand Father have put yourselves to a great deal of trouble to come out here to see us. But we are all glad in our hearts that you have come. We know you want to do us good, and the whites, and we want to be at peace. I and my band, the Brules, have heard all you have said, and we have talked together about it. Some things you propose are very well, but in some things we don't agree with you. We are a large band, and we claim half of all the country; but, we don't care for that, for we can hunt any where. But we have decided differently from you, Father, about this chief for the nation. We want a chief for each band, it will be much better for you and the whites. Then we will make soldiers of our young men, and we will make them good men to the whites and other Indians. But, Father, we can't make one chief. We are a poor people, and want very much to see the presents you told us were coming.

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Pointed Bear, a Yankton, next spoke, but seemed to speak in derision. He said—
"Father, this is the third time I have met the whites. We don't understand their manners, nor their words. We know it is all very good, and for our good, but we don't understand it all. We suppose the half-bred understands it, and we leave them to speak for us."

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The cannon was fired this morning, and the flag raised for the assembling of the council, at 9 o'clock. About that hour, it was announced that the Crows were coming in, conducted by Mr. Melhorn, their interpreter. Col. Mitchell and party went out and met them beyond our encampment. This is the finest delegation of Indians we have yet seen, and although they were just from a journey of nearly eight hundred miles, they made a most splendid appearance. They were all mounted. Their horses, though jaded and reduced by the long trip, still showed mettle, and many of them were beautiful animals. The Crow Indian rides better than any other. He sits on his horse with apparent ease and elegance. They are dressed with more taste, and their dresses, especially the head dress of the chiefs, made more display than any of the other tribes. They came down the plain in a solid column, singing their national songs.

In front rode the two principal chiefs, each carrying a highly ornamented pipe, behind them the remainder of the party with their arms, and in the rear a few squaws. Neither these men, nor any of their tribe, had ever before been so far East of their own grounds, and they were now in the midst of their enemies—those tribes with whom they have been at war for unknown years. Their coming was unexpected, and we called out the Indians from all the surrounding villages. The whole plain seemed alive with the moving masses of red-skins. Amidst it all, the Crows seemed the least disturbed or alarmed. Col. Mitchell met them, the chiefs dismounted, made a short speech in reply to the Colonel, smoked all round, and then he assigned them a camp ground near his own, and invited the chiefs and principal men to attend the Council that morning. The young men now took charge of the horses and the preparations of the camp.

Here the proceedings were interrupted by a chief of the Sioux, one of the Black Feet band, who insisted on making a speech.

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IN COUNCIL.

The Indians were late in assembling, and the council consisted of nearly the same persons as previously noted. The Crow chiefs were assigned a place within the circle, and soon after they were seated, most of the chiefs and principal men of each tribe came up and presented the pipe and smoked with them.

Colonel Mitchell then informed them, through their interpreters, that he had submitted to them all the propositions he had made, and he was now prepared to hear what they thought of them—if they had talked and smoked the matter over among themselves. He would first hear from the Sioux.

Terre Blue Brave, an old but very good chief, after selecting his interpreters, addressed the commissioners:—
"Father, you and the whites have a great deal of sense, and you and our Grand Father have put yourselves to a great deal of trouble to come out here to see us. But we are all glad in our hearts that you have come. We know you want to do us good, and the whites, and we want to be at peace. I and my band, the Brules, have heard all you have said, and we have talked together about it. Some things you propose are very well, but in some things we don't agree with you. We are a large band, and we claim half of all the country; but, we don't care for that, for we can hunt any where. But we have decided differently from you, Father, about this chief for the nation. We want a chief for each band, it will be much better for you and the whites. Then we will make soldiers of our young men, and we will make them good men to the whites and other Indians. But, Father, we can't make one chief. We are a poor people, and want very much to see the presents you told us were coming.

Big Yankton, another Sioux, who is very well like some of our Sioux, made the same, every day orators, followed. He never lets an opportunity escape him to make a speech, and seldom speaks much to the point.
"Father, you tell us to behave ourselves on the roads and make peace. I am willing to shake hands and make peace with all the whites and the Indians. Your white people travel the roads and they have destroyed our grass and timber, and we can't hunt where we used to go, we used to own all this country and went where we pleased; now we are surrounded by other Indians, and the whites pass through our country. The game is going away, and I should like to see the time when you will give us horses, cattle and fowls, as the white men have.

Pointed Bear, a Yankton, next spoke, but seemed to speak in derision. He said—
"Father, this is the third time I have met the whites. We don't understand their manners, nor their words. We know it is all very good, and for our good, but we don't understand it all. We suppose the half-bred understands it, and we leave them to speak for us."

Several other Sioux Indians spoke, but all of them were of the same import—mere begging speeches. They were all very poor, very hungry, and hoped the goods would soon be here.

Col. Mitchell then called upon the Cheyennes, and Bark, or the Bear's Father, said:—
"Grand Father and Father—I am glad to see so many Indians and whites meeting in peace. It makes my heart glad, and I shall be more happy at home. I am glad you have taken pity on us, and come to see us. The buffalo used to be plenty in our country, but it