

and twenty of his warriors set out for the Pend d'Oreille camp.

When arriving there the Indians were astonished to behold their trusted brave, Alexander, leading the Crow warriors armed to the teeth, up to the lodge of their chief, who was soon surrounded by his brave Pend d'Oreilles in such overwhelming numbers that there was no escape or even hope to escape for the Crows. Red Owl dismounted and asked Alexander which was his chief. The person being pointed out Red Owl addressed him: "Chief of the Canoe Indians, your braves captured a band of horses from my people. Among them was my war, and I love him, for he was the gift of my father. I desire the horse and have brought you as good to replace him." Our chief, who did not like to part with the horse, and who perfectly knew the advantage he possessed, bent his head in silence. Red Owl repeated his speech, but our chief gave no reply but stood in stolid silence. "Chief of the Pend d'Oreilles," exclaimed Red Owl, "twice have I spoken to you, and you gave me no answer. I repeat it again for the third time!" We were listening to the conversation, continued Big Canoe, and as young as I was; I could not but admire the brave Crow; surrounded as he was with his followers by implacable enemies, only awaiting the signal to begin the slaughter. But the brave bearing of the Crow, and his indifferant manner won the respect of us all, and we could not help but admire him; and to such an extent did this feeling prevail that a murmur of applause went around when the Crow concluded his last sentence,