

the beaver in new forests and by streams you have never heard of, much less seen. The Beavers will go westward to the great Bay, and will bring bear and buckskin to the market, as well as beaver. I, Black John, will buy all you have. I will move my little cabin to the Moskuwa, for it is too much on the main trail now, and too many white men come to rob me of my goods. I will give you blankets for your squaws, and seed, so that you may grow maize like the Iroquois and have food for the winter-time. Then if the Iroquois want war you will be able to give it. You can join with the Ottawas, the Ojibways, the Mississagas, the Crows, the Dacotahs, against them. There is glory in that. There is no glory in killing each other. The scalp of a Beaver should never hang from the belt of a Fox."

These remarks of the trader were received with applause. One after the other the older chiefs, and then the younger, arose, and expressed their satisfaction.

"We will become a great nation," affirmed Crowfoot.

"Yes; you will be like the Iroquois, and greater. They will hear you coming and will flee. Their scalps will hang from your girdles. The French, too, will be pleased. They will reward you with powder, and guns, and brandy."

The red men grunted with delight, and uttered frequently their "ough" of approval. Young braves stalked majestically to and fro looking to the south, as if the future lay for them in the country of the Iroquois.