

in peace. But the chiefs would not hear the words of the Raven. The Stag said, 'Kill!' and the war chiefs shouted, 'Kill!' and where are they now? Their wigwams are empty, and their women have none to bring in the deer for food. The Great Spirit is angry."

The Raven then took his seat; but, as he anticipated, no one rose to speak after him. The depression was too general; and the fact that, had the Raven's advice been followed, the evils would have been avoided, was too manifest for anyone to attempt to utter a word.

After a profound silence of some minutes' duration, the Raven again rose.

"What will my brothers do? The flying fires will burn down our village, and there is no retreat. The guns that shoot without loading carry very far. We are as water before them. We are in the hands of the white chief, and our bones will feed the crows. What will my brothers do?"

There was still a profound silence, and then he continued, "The Raven is a great chief, and he will tell them what to do. The Raven has stood by the side of the little White Bird, and the great white chief will listen to his voice. He will say, 'Let there be peace between us. The men who would have harmed the little White Bird are dead; there is no more cause of quarrel. Let us bury the hatchet. Take horses and cattle for your journey, and forgive us if we have done wrong.' If the white men were on the plains, the Raven would say, 'Let my young men charge'; but they hold the pass, and the guns that shoot without loading are too strong. Have I spoken well?"

There was a low murmur of applause. The feeling that the position of the white men was impregnable was general; and they all felt convinced that those terrible enemies would devise