

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. There is nothing in the trappings and excitement of war among civilized men, that is more enlivening than the peculiar whoop and yells 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 their drill with most soldierlike precision. How they ever ran through such 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 "coos".

- Counting "coos" is common with all the tribes. After a dance and a song, the Indians form in a semicircle an Indian, who has "coos" to count, goes into the centre, 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 exposure if he tells an untruth, and being detected in a lie when counting "coos", would forever disgrace him with his own and all other tribes. For each "coos", 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 "coos".

This evening they presented to Col. Mitchell two men who had been selected to form a part of the delegation to go east - Little Chief and Ride-on-the-Clouds. The Colonel made them some presents, and

*Ride on the Clouds?
Little Chief*