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the Indians. Of the warriors, his people, he speaks with the authority of a Robert Peel, to their chiefs with that of a Richelieu. This does not really express the extent of his influence, for behind Peel and Richelieu there were traitors and in front of them were factions. SB has no traitors in his camp; there are none to be jealous of him. He does not assert himself over strongly. He does not interfere with the rights or duties of others. His power consists in the universal confidence which is given to his judgment, which he seldom denotes until he is asked for an expression of it. It has been, so far, so accurate, it has guided his people so well, he has been caught in so few mistakes and he has saved even his ablest and oldest chiefs from so many evil consequences of their own misjudgment, that to-day his word among them all is worth more than the united voices of the rest of the camp. He speaks; they listen and they obey. Now let us hear what his explanation will be?

"You say you are no chief?" "No!" with considerable hauteur.

"Are you a head soldier?" "I am nothing - neither a chief nor a soldier." "What, nothing?" "Nothing."

"What, then, makes the warriors of your camp, the great chiefs who are here along with you, look up to you so, why do they think so much of you?" SB's lips curled with a proud smile. "Oh, I used to be a kind of a chief; but the Americans made me go away from my father's hunting ground."

"You do not love the Americans?" You should have seen this savage's lips. "I saw to-day that all the warriors around you clapped their hands and cried out when you spoke. What you said appeared to please them. They liked you. They seemed to think that what you said was right for them to say. If you are not a great chief, why do these men think so much of you?"