

As the dampness of night fled from before the rays of the morning sun it revealed a cooler, calmer crowd around the big wigwam.

In sight of the great waters, and almost deafened by its thundering, warning voice, Sachems, Chiefs and Warriors were quietly and orderly assembled. Directly in front were placed the securely bound prisoners, surrounded by aspiring young braves, too willing to show their skill in throwing arrows and tomahawks as near as possible to the captives' heads, delighting the dusky children, who with the women formed the outside circle.

For several minutes the pipe, with the sweet-scented kinny-kinick, was passed from one to another in silence. Not a word escaped them, the Chiefs vying with each other in betraying no symptom of idle curiosity or impatience. At length a Chief turned his eyes slowly towards the old Sachem, and in a low voice, with great delicacy in excluding all inquisitiveness, addressed him:

"Our father sent us the wampum; we are here, when our father speaks his childrens' ears are open,"—again resuming the pipe with due and becoming solemnity.

After a moment's silence, during which the children even became mute, the Sachem arose with dignity and commenced his brief story in a solemn, serious manner, becoming himself and the occasion.

"'Tis well; my childrens' ears shall drink no lies.