

“We are not as yours, who can make palisades and houses, and amulets: ye are a wonderful nation. But this our country is large; it feeds thousands of deer, and there are none like the Algonkins in the killing of stags. I give you, then, these many pelts of buckskin which will make leggins and moccasins for your women to embroider, and here is fawn skin for white pouches of braves and for your feet at the dances. Our swamps are fat with nations of beaver, and as we slay them we tell them their skins shall be beds and robes for our friends the Nephews of the Thunder, and then they die gladly. Therefore, Nephews of the Thunder, I give you this hill of beaver-skins. Also for the warriors I give these bark parcels of war-paint from the lake where the Bright One placed it—Onomening. And from the shore of the mighty Salt Lake we bring you these strings of shell wampum which is precious. Hang it in the house of your Council that it may say to you whenever you are gathered together, ‘What is more beautiful than *peace*.’ And to thee, Awitharoa, I give this axe of the sharp green copper we have brought from the Sorcerers of the Sun-set. It is full of magic for cutting of trees and slaying of foes.”