

—“Huron and pale-face—all the same in the ground—all the same before God!” said the chief earnestly.

“Not the same here on the earth though!” said the scout, clinging to the idea of the superiority of his race.

“No? Indian tell truth! Indian don’t steal; he loves God and prays to him; what more pale-face?”

For a moment the scout was silent; at length he said: “True, Huron, but the pale face is richer and stronger; he builds splendid cities, makes fine houses, wears rich clothes, drinks costly wines.” The scout ceased as he caught the meaning glance of the Huron’s eye. But that look passed away in a moment, and Ahasistari said solemnly:

“What good all that—there and *there*?” as he pointed to the earth, and then to the sky. The scout was silent, and the chief, turning away, said: “Let us go!”

“Yes, it is time to dig their graves;” and the two entered the forest.

“It shall be,” said Ahasistari, “where the foot of the Mohawk shall not tread upon them.”