

natives of the tribe, and that his sacrifice would not furnish the proper atonement. For several days the matter was debated, and no decision was arrived at. While it was undetermined, he continued to hope for the best, and his friendly informant kept him constantly advised of all was arrived at. At first he reflected upon the propriety of his leaving the country, and escaping from the danger. But his circumstances, together with the hope of a favorable issue of the question in the council, induced him to remain. He had erected a small house, which he was occupying with his wife and two children, one an infant; and it was idle to think of removing them without exciting observation, and perhaps causing a sacrifice of all. As the council continued its session for several days, his hopes of a favorable decision brightened. He, however, kept the whole matter to himself, not even mentioning it to his wife, and prepared himself for any emergency which might befall him. One night, after he had retired to bed, he was awoken by the sound of the death whoop at a short distance from his house. He then, for the first time, communicated to his wife his fears that a party were approaching to take his life. He enjoined it upon her to remain quiet with her children in the room where they slept, while he would receive the council in an adjoining one, and endeavor to avert their determination, trusting to Providence for the result. He met the Indians at the door, and seated them in the outer room. There were eighteen, and all chief or head-men of the nation. The senior chief informed him that they had come to sacrifice him for the murder of their brother, and that he must now prepare to die. He replied to them at length, claiming that he was an adopted son of the Oneidas; that it was unjust to require his blood for the wrong committed by a wicked white man; that he was not ready to die, and that he could not leave his wife and children unprovided for. The council listened to him with profound gravity and attention, and when he sat down, one of the chiefs replied to him. He rejoined, and used every argument his ingenuity could devise in order to reverse their sentence. The debate continued a long time, and the hope of escape grew fainter and fainter as it proceeded. At length he had nearly abandoned himself to the doom they had resolved upon, when he heard the pattering of a footstep without the door. All eyes were fixed upon the door. It opened, and a squaw entered. She was the wife of the senior chief, and at the time of Mr. Dean's adoption into the tribe in his boyhood, she had taken him as her son. The entrance of a woman into a solemn council, was, by Indian etiquette, at war with all propriety. She, however, took her place near the door, and all looked on in silence. A moment after, another footstep was heard,