

who, arrayed in their festal ornaments, sat in numbers on the slope before the gate shaping pipes, mending nets and bows, chaffing, and overlooking the busy fields.

Awitharoa, standing within the top of the town wall, on its platform of defence, above the gate, surveyed them. The sun was well risen, and the brilliant moving scene before his eyes, with the forest fringing it round, had a great fascination in that land where men were so few and solitudes so complete. The Peace-Chief delighted in the numbers and comfort of his people. No poor and no greed nor avarice were known here. These fields belonged to no one proprietor: their fruits, the product of the united labor, were the common property of all. None could go hungry while a handful of corn was to be found in Hochelaga. The aged, the brave and the wise were looked up to, but otherwise all were equals as a single family and old and young were all to Awitharoa his children. He called Hiawatha. The young runner sprang up the nearest ladder to his side.

"Hochelaga is a happy people!" the Chief exclaimed.

But even as he began to speak his voice dropped.