

behind them their braves, and behind these the multitude of their women and children; while on the side towards the land sat the statesmen and warriors of the Hochelagans, and behind them their women and children. It was easy to distinguish the two races, if only by their ornaments and feathers, for those of the Nation of the Town were rich and well-made, while those of the Wilderness were clumsy and scant. A long and solemn silence was their first tribute of respect to each other.

Awitharoa, Peace-Chief of Hochelaga, at length rose, lit the fire of hospitality, and, lifting the brilliant-feathered Calumet between his outstretched hands, presented it first reverently in turn to the gods of the East, the South, the West and the North, passed it to Nikona, the oldest of the People of the Northern Lights, and, facing the assembly under the boughs of the Pine above them, addressed the guest tribe:

“People of the Night-dawn!”

He checked his utterance. A muttering roll was heard in the sky. A high-piled cloud appeared over the woods, advancing rapidly eastward. In it all saw some vivid portent. The Algonkins discovered it as the mighty bird, the Ahnemeekee, fraught with magic and mishap,