

cried out the Menomonees; 'here is plenty of water, if you dare to come down and get it.' And they did go down many times. These taunts, and their great necessity, made that narrow way the scene of many desperate sallies, but all to no purpose. The besiegers were too strong.

"The heat of a burning sun, and the dreadful suffering for the want of water became intolerable. Some rain fell once, but it was only a partial relief for those who were perishing in sight of that sparkling water which was almost within reach. At length one of the youngest chiefs, after fasting strictly for ten days,^{*} thus addressed his companions: 'Listen!—last night there stood by me the form of a young man clothed in white, who said, 'I was alive once—was dead, and now live forever; only trust in me, now and always, and I will deliver you. Fear not. At midnight I will cast a deep sleep upon your enemies. Then go forth boldly and silently, and you shall escape.'

"Thus encouraged, and knowing this to be a direct revelation, the besieged warriors decided to leave the fort. That night an unusual silence pervaded the entire host of their enemies, who had been before so wakeful. So in silent, stealthy lines, the wearied people passed out and fled. Only a few, who disbelieved the vision, preferred to remain, and they were massacred with fiercer barbarity than ever, when next morning the besieging tribes awoke from their strange slumbers to find that their prey was gone."

^{*}The Indian custom when desirous of supernatural direction. C. D. R.