

which was a pile of tobacco, a part of which was to be smoked on the occasion, and the residue presented to the Indians at the close of the council. The chiefs appeared *en costume sans culottes, sans* everything save the "breech cloth." The leader,* a tall, muscular fellow of thirty years, with the devil in his ugly face, was an exception. He wore, beside the breech cloth, a single eagle's feather, gracefully attached to the top of his head, a red coat with narrow skirts, and two gold epaulets of a British Major General. "Uncle Sam" dispensed no such favors to his red children. Gov. Cass explained the object of his mission to be the cultivation of friendship between them and their deadly Sioux enemies, and also between all the red children and their Great Father, the President. To this end our Government had planted military posts among the Sioux on the Mississippi, and wished to do the same at that point. The Governor also explained that, although by the treaty of Greenville, the territory at the Sault belonged to us—it having previously been purchased of their fathers, once by the great King of the Way-we-te-go-che, or Frenchmen, and subsequently by the Sagonash, or Englishmen—yet he was willing to pay them also for what he wished, a parcel four miles square.

The chiefs were surly and taciturn, and argument and coaxing were of no avail, and Governor Cass was compelled to tell them, that as sure as the sun should rise on the morrow, so surely would their Father the President establish the proposed military post. The Governor advised them to listen to friendly counsel, and avail themselves of the last opportunity for obtaining compensation. Here the Governor paused for a reply, and ordered his interpreter, William Riley, to light the pipe. Having smoked thereof, it was offered to the chief, who refused it, and committed the grossest political insult known to the savage code, by kicking over the pile of tobacco, and rushing out with his train of chieftains.

The Indians walked rapidly up the river about half a mile,

*Sas-sa-ba was the name of this chief: see Smith's *Life and Times of Gen. Cass*, p. 128. Having lost a brother, who fought under Tecumseh, at the Thames, he ever after cherished an implacable enmity against the Americans. He was accidentally drowned, while under the influence of liquor, near Sault Ste. Marie, September 25, 1822.