

acknowledged. A knife is placed in her hand, while a deafening yell of triumph bursts from the excited squaws, as this their great high priestess, as they deem her, advances to the criminal. But it is not to shed the heart's blood of the Mohawk girl, but to sever the thongs that bind her to the deadly stake, for which that glittering blade is drawn, and to bid her depart in peace whithersoever she would go.

Then, turning to the Bald Eagle, she thus addresses him: "At the dead of night, when the path of light spanned the sky, a vision stood before mine eyes. It came from the Great and Good Spirit, and bade me to set free the last of a murdered race, whose sun had gone down in blood shed by my hand and by the hands of my people. The vision told me that if I did this my path should henceforth be peace, and that I should go to the better land and be at rest if I did this good deed." She then laid her hands on the head of the young Mohawk, blessed her, and, enveloping herself in the dark mantle, slowly retired back to her solitary tent once more.