

—but, like many white folks of eastern climes, they were fanatics in their way, always more willing to render tribute to superstition than to common sense. On one occasion when hard pressed by their enemies, and “forsaken by the deer,” it was resolved to offer a human sacrifice, and so the lots were cast for the selection of the victim. The men were placed on one side and the women on the other, and the lot fell on the latter. Then the squaws were divided into classes according to their tribes and lots continually cast until but two individuals were left—and the lots being cast once more, Minoma the fairest of her race—the blooming daughter of Idaho the head Chief—was selected. An Indian maiden of these tribes considered it the highest honour to be thus sacrificed for the good of her people. The Chief smiled when the lot fell on his only child—he seemed to be insensible to grief, but after events proved that his feelings were the same as would have been those of a “pale face” in the same position. His wife had been slain by his side in battle, and he called his daughter “the dear image of his lost Winona.” The red chief was proud yet meek, brave yet superstitious, stern yet kind, impetuous yet mild—the idol of his friends, and the glory of his race. Another day and he would be childless; and at length the morning of that fatal day arrived, the savage preparations were complete, the plenary festival commenced. The canoe or raft in which the victim was to go over the Falls, laden with a cargo of flowers, fruits and belts of wampum consigned to friends in the unseen world, was tied to a tree at the upper end of what is now called Streets’ Island. The Chiefs met in the Council Chamber and each kissed the devoted maiden on the forehead, and then laid his hands on her head; after which she was led down to the river, between files of women and warriors who bent their heads in reverence as she passed, whilst the children of the tribes strewed flowers in her path. Day began to fade into night, the moon rose as the sun set behind the tall trees of the forest. Two maidens conducted the victim to her seat in the frail canoe and then took leave of

her forever. At a signal from one of the Chiefs the frail bark was cast adrift, and the devoted maiden seizing a paddle guided her course towards the middle of the river and then faced down stream. She then looked once more to the shore, and waved her hand in final adieu. All eyes were fixed on her, but just then another canoe shot forth from the Island and rapidly overtook the former. It was that of Idaho—the maiden’s father. The eyes of father and daughter met for a moment. They clasped hands as the canoes came along side, and in another moment both glided together over the awful Cataract. Let us hope that they dwell in the mansions of bliss. Worse people have borne the name of Christian. Was it not possible that the frail bark guided the loving father and devoted daughter to the Christian’s Heaven?

The tribes bewailed the great Chief and his daughter Minoma for many moons (or months,) and being informed by a Medicine, from the Mohawk, that Idaho had fully appeased the wrath of the Great Spirit, they issued an order that so terrible a sacrifice should never be repeated.

(For the Canadian Literary Journal.)

IDYLS OF THE DOMINION.

BY ALEXANDER M’LACHLAN.

NO. VII.

THE BARN-YARD

The roads are drifted up with snow,
And cold the north-west winds do blow;
No gleam of joy, no sunny ray;
The sky is all one sheet of gray.
The woods are desolate and bare,
No little bird is singing there;
The elms stand with their heads downcast
As if they sigh’d o’er glories past,
And ever as the winds do blow,
They wave their bare arms to and fro,
And rave and moan with faces grim
Like spectres in the twilight dim.
And in the air there’s not a wing
No not one living moving thing—
Excepting when upon their flight
Some snow-birds circle into sight,
Alight a moment on the plain,