

and hoise was banished from among them, and, crossing themselves, they listened with that fearful deference of attention—the general effect produced on credulous minds by whatever savours of the wonderful. I used to particularly remark the impression it made on the Indians of the party attached to us.

These savages “albeit unused to the melting mood,” would, while seated smoking round their camp fires, be attentively mute. And many a swarthy visage, strongly marked with that harsh ferocity of feature—the never varying character of an Indian physiognomy, have I observed to relax some of its scowling fierceness, as its owner, charmed by the entrancing melody, yet partly intimidated by its doubtful origin, turned him cautiously to cast a wild but keen enquiring glance up the supposed haunted valley,—as parts of it lay clearly exposed in the moonlight, and others from their depth and closeness were masses of shade, impervious to its flickering radiance,—probably expecting to behold the Manitou, or Spirit of the place, engaged in producing the sweet sounds which literally possessed the power to “tame his savage breast.”

As it regarded myself, I must affirm that the sensations I experienced, though they materially differed from the superstitious reverence displayed by the Canadians, and the silently expressive astonishment of our uncivilized allies;—yet were tinctured with an enthusiasm far above the power of language to define. They were indeed delicious moments in which I listened to the more than mortal minstrelsy which rose thus on the stillness of night, and flung its fascination over the lonely wilds around.

It seemed to commence with a soft, seraphic sweetness,