

is eternal, and incapable of reproducing her own species; she has often been seen by the medicine men, and is about as large as the end of the little finger! Her mate is a serpent, whose fiery tongue destroys the young ones as they are hatched, and the fiery noise darts through the skies."

¶ "The rock on which I sit to write," concludes the letter written by Catlin on the day of his arrival at the Red Pipestone Quarry, "is the summit of a precipice thirty feet high, extending two miles in length and much of the way polished, as if a liquid glazing had been poured over its surface. Not far from us, in the solid rock, are the deep impressed 'footsteps of the Great Spirit' (in the form of a track of a large bird), where he formerly stood when the blood of the buffaloes that he was devouring ran into the rocks and turned them red. At a few yards from us leaps a beautiful little stream from the top of the precipice into a deep basin below. Here, amid rocks of the loveliest hues, but wildest contour, is seen the poor Indian performing ablution; and at a little distance beyond, on the plain, at the base of five huge granite boulders, he is humbly propitiating the guardian spirits of the place, by sacrifices of tobacco, entreating for permission to take away a small piece of the red stone for a pipe. Far-

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