

caught, and thousands of pounds of tallow melted by the heat were ignited and streams of flame like one continued blaze rolled down the ravines spreading in all directions; men, women, and children waded up to their necks in water, and even then the flames would shoot out their forked tongues singing their clothes and hair, a group of mothers with their infant children had gone some distance into the lake, turning their backs to the fire they tried to shield their offspring with their bodies: how holy and sublime is the heroism of woman when her timidity is overcome by maternal love! every eye anxiously watched the progress of the flames. When the Indians saw the booty they expected to have plundered consumed before their eyes, their rage knew no bounds, their attention having been drawn towards the burning property of the hunters they made strenuous efforts to save the immense quantity of skins, but without success and thus for a short time the despairing wretches who seemed now only to have a choice of death were forgotten, but finding themselves defeated in this project they fell upon their victims with redoubled fury, many in their eagerness crossed the burning soil and thus became a prey to the element they themselves had brought into existence. The lives of the poor creatures in the water were not worth a second's purchase, they awaited death in silence; at this moment the hunters who under cover of the smoke had come down from the hills, unexpectedly fell upon the Indians, firing into them a volley that decimated their ranks, and immediately attacked them with the butt end of their rifles and knives.

The Indians tried in vain to withstand the shock of their impetuous adversaries, their skulls were crushed, and the white glittering steel of the knife buried up to the handle in their panting bosoms, and when rifle and knife failed they seized them by the throat and never released their terrible hold until the current of life had ceased to flow, and the red man's soul had ta'en its flight to the celestial hunting grounds.

The savages, unable to resist such an onset, fled towards the river, and plunging into the water, vainly tried to reach the opposite shore, their heads were a sure

mark for the white man's gun, every bulge from which sent a corpse floating down the stream, few escaped to tell the disasters of the day to the old men and squaws they had left in the Wigwams.

As soon as the battle was ended the remainder of the hunters gathered themselves together to pay the last sad rites to their companions who had fallen. No act can appeal more strongly to the heart of the brave man than that of interring the friends who have fallen by his side, they felt this in its full force, their broad chests heaved with emotion, tears rolled down their rough and weather beaten features and mingled with the dust of those dauntless men who had died in defending their wives and children from the scalping knife of the savage; it is sad to witness the lamentations of the young and beautiful, but a sadder sight to see the strong man weep, and a halo of glory must ever surround the names of those pioneers of civilization in the far North-west, as bright as that which encircles the heroes of Balaklava, or Inkermann. After burying their dead the hunters made preparations for returning home, and the next day with sorrowful hearts departed. There were few amongst the party who had not some dear relation or friend to leave upon the solitary banks of the beautiful little lake now called the Lake of Blood, and to this day the Indians of the surrounding country believe the river is colored with human gore, from whence has arisen its name "Red River."

#### THE COURT AT TUNBRIDGE, IN 1664.

BY MRS. C. G.

The green slopes and beechen groves of Somerhill were basking under the brightness of an unclouded summer sun, and even the gray stone walls of the venerable Hall looked gay and gladsome under its cheering influence. In addition to the innumerable songsters whose melody daily enlivens the flowery thickets by which it is surrounded, there was a swell of sweet and stately music pealing along the trim alleys, accompanied, at intervals, by a measure of harmonious voices, breathing welcome to the fair of the