

ively decking all nature in spangles, women and children disappeared to their wigwams, while their dusky protectors seated themselves 'round the great fire, the red flashes of which fell brightly on the strongly bound prisoners, proud and defiant, awaiting their doom.

Only one more night and the mild rays of the moon would fall on good and bad alike—would gaze on the beautiful, bright colored path over the dark and fearful abyss they were so soon to follow to the Happy Hunting Ground. The breaking of the waves against the rocks on the shore, the melancholy cry of the night bird, like soft music, partially subdued their tortured spirits, and each recalled with fond longing the memory of a distant home now lying in ashes, and the sound of some voice now silent, whose tones would go with them to the Manitou's home.

Calm night, our soothing mother, bringing rest to all, freed them at last from the insulting taunts of their savage guards as their swarthy forms were swallowed up in the surrounding darkness.

Oh! how many heartfelt and anxious prayers have been sent, Niagara, to rise on thy light mist to realms above.

The Indian's simple supplication, so full of hope and faith, needed not the assistance of other creeds to be heard by ~~his~~ Great Manitou. And if thou dost pray sincerely for strength, Grey Eagle, unflinchingly to stand thy torture and joyfully to take thy final leap, it will be given thee.