

injunctions to keep the middle channel, and let the current drift them down. Thus they floated one summer's night beneath a calm, bright moon, which showed in marked and almost supernatural relief the vast flotilla with its freight of sleeping braves and one single wakeful object, the maiden silent, and almost motionless. Beyond the shaded mazes of the river a sound at length broke the stillness as though a wind among the trees were commingled with the surf. The sound grew louder, and the maiden shook her loosened locks, pausing but a moment but to hearken, and then resumed her task. Then the mirrored surface of the stream began to change, a thousand ripples played about the fleet, a thousand mimic whirlpools twirling round and round, with bits of sticks and leaves, and tiny flakes of foam. Then rose before them, like the mighty spirit of the river, a great white sheet of foam, sending clouds of spray and mist aloft into the clear night air, and then a single chieftain woke. At his cry a hundred men sprang up, and every arm was strained to reach the shore, but all too late,—the piercing cry of agony was hushed forever in the roaring of the falls. The maiden's wild and joyful chaunt was also silenced, but her father and her tribe were saved!

Among the archives of the Algonquin race, this is almost a solitary sample of a plain, unvarnished tale, but all true Indian stories have their own peculiar beauties, and in almost every instance there is a ghost-like character, which marks this class of legendry, and renders it so utterly distinct from that of any other people that it must hereafter cause regret that no skilful hand has sought to bring together the scattered corner-stones of many an intellectual castle which the poet and the painter might adorn. I do not think, indeed, that from the Indian period of our history we can glean the nuclei for our most noble, intellectual fabrics; but, apart from other objects, it would certainly seem wise, in an age of active, mental competition, to cherish whatever partakes of pleasing novelty or is calculated to suggest new trains of thought. To him whose object is to secure the people's favor, or to purchase vulgar pleasures, it would be useless to suggest that the study of humanity produces knowledge, and that knowledge of every kind is power. But the poet and the pure ideal