

a prisoner, he is in other respects treated with every kindness consistent with his being kept in strict bondage. The captor will sooner forego food, sooner endure privation himself, than his prisoner shall suffer from want of any thing which he can supply. This is not from benevolence, however; the interests of his revenge require that the victim shall approach the stake where his malice is to be glutted, with unwasted strength and undimmed energy.

The morning of the day destined to be the most eventful of our lives was ushered in with the roll of the *chick-acoue*, or Indian drum, and the shouts of the multitude preparing the faggots. After each had been furnished with a bowl of porridge, we were carried before the great "witenagemote." It being summer, and the weather very warm, the council of ancients was not held in a cabin, according to their usual custom, and which they prefer, but under an immense oak—the monarch, or at least a Piercy, or St. Maur of the forest, which cast a shade over half the spacious lawn sloping to the St. Charles. Under other circumstances, and viewed in the absence of other excitement than that which should be suggested by the landscape alone, the scene would have been one of extraordinary beauty, as it still was of thrilling interest. I have not—never had the ability to describe natural scenery, for mine is a homely and uneducated pen. Now, when one writes upon the wonders and beauties of creation, he should write with a feather plucked from the wing of a seraph. God has shed a large portion of his majesty, and sublimity, and glory, upon the things of the terrestrial world, and thence it is that whatever is written upon these things should be the aspirations of a spirit imbued with living fire. He that writes of natural scenery—he that attempts to develop and unfold the beauties of the world around him to faculties less astute, must be quick to feel the evanescent pulse of the life that lives in lakes—waterfalls—corn-fields—oceans—mountains. Above all, he should be imbued with a sincere and ardent love of God. A devout Christian would, I am persuaded, do the picture much better than an infidel. He will *feel*, the other only see.

We found the Indians seated in their usual fashion in circles around the oak. The chiefs and most distinguished warriors of the nation occupied the first circle. They sat