

from themselves, he tried to suit his actions to his words. His voice was last heard on the brink of the precipice, as if in a deadly contest.

When the sachem and the other chiefs agreed the Manitou had taken what he wanted, and given the rest back to his sorrowful children, Black Snake was not there. When the pine cones were piled high on the big fire, and Grey Eagle was proclaimed War-Chief, and the wolf as a totem thereafter to the mingled tribes of Great Oak's and Grey Eagle's people, and was marked indelibly on each warrior, Black Snake was not there. When the feast and dance commenced and the now animated Fawn, in the presence of all the chiefs, gave her wampum to Grey Eagle, and the night wore away with wild festivities, as chief after chief silently disappeared, as they had appeared, in the dark winding paths over the hills and around marshes to their distant homes; and peace and happiness again spread around old Niagara, while the sassafras' fragrant smoke from their cheerful wigwams mingling with the cataract's cloudy mist, rose like incense to their Manitou, Black Snake still was not there; and only for the Swaying Reed wandering up and down the vine tangled banks, ever looking among the rocks, and listening for a well remembered step, or some mimic note of the departed brave, he would have passed from their memories as he had from the sight of the noble and generous wolf tribe created and loved of the Great Manitou of Niagara.