

the fate of her husband, the constant gnawings of hunger, the sudden transfer of a carefully reared lady from all the surroundings of refinement to the loathsome, sickening, debasing life of the wildest savages; imagine her longing, mourning retrospect during those dreary months,—cold, in a starving condition; her dreams of happy childhood and joyous youth on the romantic shores of Lake Simcoe, where, under the best form of government now in existence, she had doubtless mingled with the Indians who dwell there on an equal footing with all other nationalities, creeds, and colors, “none daring to make them afraid,” and be thankful that the lines have fallen to you in pleasanter places.

Early History
for Ida

The Attack at

My Husband's
Creek—

Beginning of n

Plan for Little b
to Escap

Continuation of
Weariness
Chief's Pi

Powder River—A
rel—My Li

The Storm—Arri
ness shown