

and animals, which before were only sleek and round, now were poor and emaciated. He saw sickness lay his children on beds of leaves, and pains rack their bones; he saw their lives, lives of fatigue and danger; and their deaths, deaths of doubt and agony. He saw their spirits again in the mist of the Falls, and heard the music of their voices, while their bodies lay in the sacred shed. Still death came not to him. He had now lived so long, that his throat was worn out, and he could no longer enjoy life, but he was unable to die. His teeth had rotted out, and had been renewed a hundred times; his tongue had been repeatedly chafed out, and replaced; and of eyes, blue, white, and grey, he had had very many pair. Finding that life was a gift which he could not part with easily, perhaps, not without some stratagem, he called to him one of his people—it was not his son, nor his son's son; no, nor one of the twentieth generation—all these had passed away.

“Go,” said he, “to the river of the Bear Lake, and fetch me a man of the Little Wise People.* Let it be one with a brown ring round

* Little Wise People, the Beavers, so called by the Assiniboins. The Indians, though they kill this animal whenever they can, nevertheless esteem him scarcely inferior to man in wisdom. A bit of his skin, or his paw, or any part of him, is esteemed a very powerful “medicine” or amulet.