

that, each time thou comest, one of thy children becomes mine!"

With these words the water-king disappeared in the depths. His adept, however, made up each powder in a separate parcel and went home, where he found his squaw, who had watched all his doings with horror, already dead. Like her, the children were killed one after the other by the water-spirit. The wicked husband and father, who gave way to such bad dreams, was, for a long time, rich, powerful, and respected, a successful hunter, a much-feared warrior, and a terrible magician and prophet, until at length a melancholy fate befel him, and he ended his days in a very wretched manner.

I had already heard on the Mississippi that the Indians have as great affection for their home and scenery as we have, and was told that many Indians, exiled from that river, would return to its banks, and take another longing, lingering glance at it.

At Rivière au Désert I was also assured that the Indians living round Lake Superior are as attached to their Kitchi-Gami as the French Swiss to their Lake of Genève. Mr. Schoolcraft, in his large work on the Indians, tells an affecting story in confirmation of this. Some time back a young girl had carried her dying father from the interior for many miles through the forest, because the old man wished to see the lake once more ere he died.

When the report was spread some years back among the Indians that the United States government had decided on removing all the subjugated Indians from the lake, and settling them in the interior, a great excitement arose among the people, and they