

The death of the brave Wolfe is nobly sketched. The march of the forces, the charge, the repulse, the wounded, the dying, the dead, the fierce carnage, are all ably portrayed. Quite a romantic tinge is given to this epic:—A pale face, while walking in the woods, is seized by an Indian brave, who spares his life until the morn shall have unfolded itself. The captive, overcome by awe, is unable to rise: his captor deems him dead, but having doubts about it, takes him home with him,

“Where squaws attend to cure him for the gauntlet race.”

He recovers in time, and is then led forth to the stake. He is bound; the faggots are piled around him: a moment more and the match will be applied. Smiles play upon his face; no remorse, agony or terror is depicted there. But why are his bonds suddenly loosened and he set free?—Has succour come? No: all round him are the horrible forms of the fiendish red men. No friends’ willing hands are engaged in freeing him: it is done at the command of the mighty chief, who, all at once, takes a strong liking for the brave youth who scorns fear. He would have him supply the place of a long lost son who was killed in battle years before. The rescued captive grasps the proffered hand of the old chief and swears obedience to his will. Time rolls on. The white man becomes attached to his friend the chief, who makes all things pleasant and agreeable for him. But alas! in an evil day intelligence comes to the tribe of a battle soon to be fought. Edward will have to fight against his own father and his hosts, or engage in conflict with his lately found friends. He goes to battle with the Indians against his own flesh and blood.

Five hundred braves arose on a morning fine, “drest in their war paint,” sang their battle song, and then marched on to the field of battle. When they reached the place

“Where soon conflicting foes would tread the gory ground,”

the aged chief said unto his protege, after wiping away a tear that, unbidden, coursed down his swarthy cheek, for “a father’s love had triumphed o’er his pride:”

“Art thou, pale face, thy father’s only son,
And dost think he lives for thee to seek?”

“My chief, I am my father’s only son,
And fondly do I hope his race of life’s not run.”

The old man’s face was clouded for a moment by a look of sadness; but he gained the mastery over his feelings. Said he:

* * * * “Thou art free!

Go to thy people—see thy father soon,
That his heart may rejoice when he shall see
The sun at morning rise, and spring-time’s blooming tree.”

A vivid picture is drawn of the battle. The old Indian mows his enemies down like grass; but at length the hero of a “hundred fights” lies bleeding on the ground. No more will he handle club and tomahawk; he is dead.

Of course Edward has felt the mystic power of Cupid’s winged shafts. During the long years of absence, which some affirm “makes