

course, they may say that these exceptions are made in favor of the ignorant. But have not many intelligent people, adherents of Worcester and Webster, disputed for a long time past, over the standard of pronunciation as set up by their champions. Such a system would mar the symmetry of the language in no small degree. The roots and derivations would be lost, and that instinctive glance by which scholars divine the meaning of a word would then be a blank. It is well enough that we let the fossils of scholarship contend whether we shall read it as *Cæsar* or "Sayzar," as *Cicero* or "Kikero," but wide-awake, progressing people ought to study the finer shades of the meaning of our words as they are, and not seek to deform by tearing them to pieces, and putting them together in grotesque shapes. Gentlemen, you have undertaken a big job, and it will be some time before a popular edition of the reform spelling book goes to press.

C.

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*THE LAST CASSANGE.*

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**F**RRIEND, canst thy eye follow the winding course of yonder valley? Canst thou see by the side of yon rugged cliff the curling smoke as it rises from the wigwam beneath? 'Tis there that Lunawawa and his shattered band have halted for a night's repose. 'Tis there that the Sage of the forest will dance in the light of the autumn moon. This night Lunawawa will speak with the Great Spirit that the dead may be avenged. Ere now he has felt the loss of brave men, and still thinks that the name of his people is great and terrible. And in his secluded camp he will dream of the far-famed hunting ground beyond.

Alas, but he is ignorant of the fate that

hovers o'er his last retreat; for Ponkana one moon ago broke the last tie of a sacred treaty, and with his former treachery, let loose his fury upon an innocent and helpless people.

Lunawawa and the remains of his scattered people have now assembled on the banks of the famed Tulare; there to protect the graves of their forefathers to the end. Brave hearts are there but they are few. That we may sympathize with those oppressed, say that we remove to yonder bluff that overlooks their last retreat. \* \* \*

But hark! what can that doleful thumping mean? Is it the festal drum? Ah! yes, and they have lit the torch to see the spoils of victory. But as they turn their faces to the sparkling vault above, canst see the marks of woe upon the brow? What can that moaning be? Is it the wind among the stalwart pines; or the lonely Lunawawa overcome with grief at his misfortunes? It is, it is the Lunawawa.

\* \* \* Hush! that dance so wild has ceased; the sound of the kettle-drum has died away in the distance. They glance at each other, their bows are in their hands, their arrows upon the string. Is it we that have caused the change in this devotion? Nay, but look across the yawning chasm; but listen to the horrid howling as they rush to the encounter. Ponkana has found the trail of the fugitives and now dares them in their protection. Lunawawa and his men with a cry of despair rush to their outposts only to find Ponkana smiling at their folly. \* \* \* \*

The moon has shone upon the last Cassange. The threatened blast has fallen and the savage horde have feasted their fangs in the last chief Lunawawa. Solitude and horror now cover the burial place of their forefathers. Their daring and valliant deeds will no longer be sung as proof of their former greatness. C.