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From Hogg's Instructor.

SUNBEAM.

A TALE OF WHITES AND INDIANS.

Major Romily, the commandant of Fort Lille, looked perplexed and disappointed as he swept the expanse of the Prairie du Chien with his prospect, or steadily gazed upon the Mississippi, where its bend first allowed of a view of the voyagers of the Wisconsin. It was only in the Major's eye, however, and in an almost imperceptible motion of the muscles of his grave face, that you could discover any emotion; for he was commandant, of a lonely frontier Fort, and he knew that the preservation of the confidence and discipline of the troops depended much upon his own apparent confidence, and so he subdued the expression of his feelings. He was perplexed, however; and those well acquainted with his habits and character could also discover he was uneasy. Major Romily's fear was not of a personal character, nor did they refer in any way to the situation of his command for hunters clad in their half civilised, half Indian costume, and soldiers in their light easy undress, lounged within and around the stockade of the fort, in the perfect indifference and listlessness of safety, which, had there been danger, would have been exchanged for the marked and regulated movements of courageous caution. Beside the Major were clustered the few officers of the fort, and a peculiarly graceful and and handsome Indian, who, as the old man turned ever and anon to him, answered him with a few expressive words and graceful unstudied gestures, and then gazed with his burning black eyes upon the river and the prairie.

'You brought this missive from Fort Winnebagoe,' and are certain that the delegation promised to be in Fort Lille at yesterday's sundown? said the commandant anxiously to the native.

Weekau saw the canoes ready to dance on the waters and the chiefs shaking hands two days ago, said the redskin.

Then can't thou tell me why they tarry.

The Chippewa and Necotah young men are out looking for scalps, said the native, coldly; perhaps they have been so blind that they did not see the difference between a Longknife's and a Paunt's.

The old chief of the Nacotahs, and the Whitebear of the Ojibewas, who smokes his pipe by the waters of the Great Lake, shall cut their hair and send their squaws to weep, if such is the case, said the major, warmly, betrayed into a momentary forgetfulness by his feelings.

But Weekau knows that his brothers love Dr. Wilman. They will not take his scalp, he continued, checking himself, and smiling at his own vehemence.

The Green Maple is good, said Weekau, gravely, he drives away the sick spirit from the redskin, and the redskin loves him; but he sits in the canoe with Whiteblanket, and Whiteblanket is a liar.

There was an extraordinary vehemence observable in the tones or gestures of the native as he delivered the last words, but the vivid and marked expression and contempt that overspread his beautiful and manly face struck Major Romily and his officers with awe.

Then you consider the Doctor to be in danger from his companionship with this Whiteblanket? said the Major gravely.

There is a village on the banks of the Wisconsin, said Weekau, in a low impressive tone, where flowers and rocks and tall green trees wave over the wigwams of a tribe.—Whiteblanket will visit it as he did seventeen suns since, and Redbird is neither blind nor weak yet. As he spok, the native seated himself, and drew his buffalo robe over his head as a sign that he did not wish to be interrogated any farther. There was some recollections of the past over which he wished to brood, and the white officers were not slow to observe that his ruminations had some reference to Whiteblanket.

Major Romily did not feel easily under the circumstances which his conversation with Weekau had elicited. The fact of Chippewas and Nacotahs being on the war path was sufficiently embarrassing without the equivocal companionship of a man who was evidently an object of dislike to the Winnebagors and Sioux, and he consequently determined to make an effort to rescue the government commissioner on Indian affairs, Dr Wilman from his perilous situation.

I do not like this delay in a man who is proverbially punctual, nor these hints from an Indian who is also proverbially cautious and taciturn; said Major Romily, turning to a manly-looking youth who with folded arms and grave face, had listened to the preceding conversation.

Nor I, major, said the young man, quietly. Dr. Wilman knows the temper and character of the natives too well to provoke their passions knowingly; but this Whiteblanket—seems to have purchased backwood outlawry long ago. I feel for the good old man thro' this voyager, not from any personal cause.

We must try and protect his person, then, Mr. Parkes, said the major emphatically; and as I know none so competent as you are, to undertake the mission, I contemplate I shall feel obliged by your acceptance of the hazardous duty.

Charles Parker bowed at the conclusion of the major's complimentary request, and undertook the commission of anything likely to conduce to Dr. Wilman's safety. In a short time, accompanied by Weekau and an old weather-beaten wiry Canadian named Bonbouche, the young adventurer skimmed over the waters of the Mississippi, and, reaching the confluence of the Wisconsin, began to pull along the margin of its dark brown waters.

The scenery on the Wisconsin is exceedingly irregular—sometimes stretching up into high green bluffs, sometimes towering into broken rocky tree-clad promontories,—and sometimes sloping away in undulating low sandy banks. Bonbouche and Weekau were both adepts at the use of the paddles, and Charles Parker was second to none in Indian accomplishments. As they danced along the waters with a soft and measured motion, the young man took every opportunity of making himself familiar with the Indian, and the free and open advances of one so warm and earnest in his nature soon produced a corresponding sympathy in Weekau. Weekau was a perfect Apollo in form and feature: the symmetry and beauty of his person was so striking that nature seemed to have formed him for an Indian chief All his movements were regulated by a perfection of easy dignity that long study in kingly palace and lordly hall could never have obtained, and his beautiful and handsome garments were arranged with an elegant negligence that would have defied Parisian competition. He was nearly forty years of age, and yet he would have passed for quite a youth had it not been for the matured dignity that enshrined his thoughtful, handsome face. It was said amongst the Nacoathis who brought peltries to Fort Lillie, that he was head chief of the Hawchungerahs or Winnebagues, who dwelt by the waters of Fox River; that he had rescued a white man seventeen suns ago from their young men, who had caught him trapping on their hunting-grounds, and that the white man had stung him like an ingrate viper, and that a cloud had passed over his brow since that time. It is true that Weekau was an anomaly as an Indian chief—he had no squaw, no wigwam, no ties that bound him to his tribe beyond those which had existed independent of himself. He was constantly roaming from fort to fort, manifesting a marked preference for the haunts of white men, yet exhibiting a taciturn, calm demeanour, and at the same time restlessness of scrutiny in his observation of strangers, that it was hard to reconcile in one character. In his youth he had often visited the village of Redbird, and it was whispered that Wah-to-wah, Redbird's daughter, was the star that attracted him to the chief's wigwam. But years had passed since then, Wah-to-wah was dead, and it was observed that Weekau would rather ride for a long summer's day over the arid prairie than pass her father's village on the river, until now, when his repugnance at once seemed to have vanished.

The bark canoe skimmed over the water like an aquatic bird, and the regular strokes of Bonbouche and Weekau fell simultaneously on the dark river, and flocks of fowls rose screaming in the silent solitude as it swept along. Charles Parkes was young and hopeful, and his heart was open to every beautiful impression in nature—the trees and balmy air, the rippling waters, and the silence, only broken by the scream of the startled birds, subdued his spirit to that sdecies of repose which tropical luxury and associations cause to fall on a sensitive temperament; he floated over face of the Wisconsin unconscious of his mission, forgetful of caution or its ministrant danger, and alive to nothing save a sense of undefinable felicity, when the shrill boding scream of Indian women startle him from his reverie. In a moment the young man had aroused himself to a consciousness of his position and the recollection of the responsibility involved in his conduct, and commanding Bonbouche to resume his fear-suspended paddles, he urged him to pull for his life.

Pull *pour la mort*, dat is for the scalp-knife and tomback, muttered the Canadian between his teeth. Dem *enfans du diable*, dat is them Redskins, hold carnival at de stake jus now, and perhaps old Bonbouche be broiled.

You would not make a very delightful bonbouche in that case, said Charles with a smile, for he knew that the querulous old man was as brave as General Jackson, and had every confidence in his fidelity; so, if you fear the torch and an angry squaw, we'll push to the shore and you may take to the woods, while Weekau and I push on for the village of Redbird.

A vigorous stroke and a grunt was all the Canadian vouchsafed for answer, and in a few seconds after, the village, with its wigwams, shaded with pine and red beech, was before them. Weekau laid his paddle in the bottom of the canoe and drew his buffalo robe over his head, while Charles, seizing some drooping festoons of sassafras, steadied the bark and leaped on shore.

Remain in the canoe Bonbouche, said the young man, as he possessed himself of a few trinkets, and turned towards the village. If the Indians are hostile and detain me, pull for Fort Winnebagoe, and rouse old Hickory—the Redbird shall rue if he is false. The voyager nodded his head, and Weekau smiled, as Charles walked boldly up the slope from the river.

Charles Parkes was one whose warm imagination, generous sympathies, and dauntless courage, conjoined with a vigorous and well-knit form, was peculiarly fitted for the life of adventure on which he had embarked; and his talents, which were of a high order, and acquirements, which though comparatively unseen, were extensive, would have done honor to any practitioner in the settlements. The young surgeon's dress was almost as picturesque as an Indian's; for his outer garment was a shirt of white linen ornamented with gay amboured work, his nether habiliments were of a clear beautiful blue, his brown moccasins were spangled with particoloured beads and wampum, and around his gay cap of crimson was circled a golden band. He knew that the natives set more account upon the toilet than civilized men would suppose, and he had never intermitted any opportunity of ingratiating himself with them. He was known for many miles round fort Lille, for he had been the means of curing some of the aborigines, by prescribing to them in defiance of the anger of the drum beating medicine men; and wherever he appeared he was respectfully treated, save by his impostor rivals.

Charles Parkes walked up the slope with a bold confident step, and an elastic springy motion, that foretold a mind at ease or careless upon his own account. Before and around him were the wigwams of the village, and old women and children peered with their keen eyes at him from all quarters, but they turned away with a short or recognition as he passed on. Beyond the village, on the prairie, Charles saw the dusky circle of warriors and squaws, which he knew formed the high council of the nation; but he turned to his right hand, and walked towards a solitary wigwam, which stood beneath a beautiful green spreading chestnut, he drew from his breast a flagalet, and began to play a soft and gentle air. The young man looked impatiently towards the door of the dwelling when he had finished the air. It was evident that he was well acquainted with the locality where he now was, and that some of its inhabitants were not unknown to him; but that his mind was not satisfied with the result of his musical effort was also apparent. Sunbeam was not wont to linger thus, he muttered; I will try again. Again the low mellifluous cadence of the clear toned instrument rose and fell as if it wailed in sorrow, and scarcely had the performer executed the first bar, when a girl of surpassing beauty walked with a light but timid motion towards the young man, and seated herself with her face turned away from him, on a flowery bank at his side.

If Weekau was a faultless specimen of manly Indian beauty, the girl who now sat motionless and silent beside the handsome young surgeon was as rare an example of femenine grace and loveliness. Her robes which were as much inclined to the fashion of those worn by Major Romily's lady as Charles's were to Weekau's, were of beautiful texture. Bracelets encircled her finely rounded arms, long pendants of gold hung from her small ears and her luxuriant hair was braided with a silken band. It was beautiful and smoothly braided hair that fell around the neck and shoulders of the maiden and that hair and neck were very fair. There was a tinge of warm rich red pervading the beautifully chiselled face of the girl, and glowing in her arms and neck, but her locks floated like liquid gold, and her eyes were blue.

Charles Parkes gazed for a few moments in admiration upon her soft retiring form, then a serious expression passed over his face, and he seated himself at her side. Sunbeam was wont to smile when Bluebird played, he said gently; to day she turns from Bluebird, and he is sad.

When Bluebird is sad, said the girl in soft musical tones, but without akering her position, It is winter, there is a cloud over Sunbeam, and her heart is cold.

Has Bluebird brought winter, or does the cloud pass from the dark eyes of Shonka? asked the youth eagerly.

Sunbeam loves to hear the voice of the Bluebird, replied the maiden, with an almost imperceptible smile; and Shonka is a dog; but the council has met, and a white man sits bound in the circle.

Charles sprung to his feet, recalled to his duty by these words, and eagerly laying his hand upon Sunbeam's shoulder, while her large liquid eyes now meet his ardent gaze, he said, tell me my own desert queen, is it the Green Maple.

The girl raised her eyes to the sun, which was now considerably below the zenith, and pointing to a bluff near the point, where it would set, answered, When the last streak of day lingered on the peak of yon bluff, Green Maple and his people pulled up the river, he would not sleep in Redbird's lodge, for he was angry because Redbird had seized upon one of his Friends; he would not pull towards Fort Lille, because he wanted many warriors to punish Redbird; and Sunbeam's gladness went away with him.

But your grandfather will not slay this man? said Charles. Redbird has not a wolf's heart?

But he has a redman's memory and a cougar's courage, said the maiden, and a sigh stole from her as she spoke.

Will Sunbeam listen to the voice of Bluebird when the stars are out, asked the youth as he seized her hand.

She bent her head as if she was considering and beat for a few seconds with her little foot on the ground, then rising and smiling, without uttering a word, she sped towards the wigwam and left her white lover alone.

Charles Parkes loved this fair young girl as fondly, purely, and exaltedly as if she had been bred in the most accomplished circles. From the day that he had visited her grandfather, and had administered to him for a virulent disease, he had found the chain tightening that bound him to the lovely young Indian, and as he now hurried towards the council he felt that he must soon provide for her a home.

Charles strode with a bold and easy carriage into the centre of the circle of dusky warriors, and, walking towards the prisoner, he first bowed respectfully to the chiefs and aged braves, and then confronted the unfortunate man.

The prisoner was a tall athletic white man, whose muscular strength, daring blue eye, and compressed lips, gave index of a prompt and hardy hunter, his shirt and leggings of brown leather fitted closely to his powerful frame, and his mocassins of untanned buffalo hide, were bound by thongs above his ancles, his brown hair was streaked with grey, and curled round his massive head; and although his hands were tied behind his back, he maintained a daring and audacious look. He took no notice of the young surgeon further than a half astonished stare; and confronted the old chief. Redbird, with a dauntless eye. I tell ye, chiefs and warriors of the Winnebagoes, he said, with a curl on his lip that Redbird is loosing his cunning, I am not Whiteblanket. The redskins on the lakes call me Bigbeaver, because I am industrious, and I am called John among my people.

Redbird is not a mole, said the old chief calmly; I see Whiteblanket before me.

This springald, said the prisoner, nodding his head towards Charles 'will tell you that one man's word is as good as another's, and that if Redbird will not consent to let me go he is worse than a thieving Ojibewa.'

Redbird never tells lies, said Charles, sternly, for he was offended at the tone and manner of the prisoner; and if you have broken Indian laws you are amenable to Indian justice. A grunt of approbation from the redmen, who understood him, followed the young man's words, and he perceived that unless he could influence Redbird to let him be conveyed to fort Lille, the prisoner's doom was sealed.

Redbird had once a child, said the old chief, in a sad low tone, in answer to the young man's appeals, said she was beautiful and her voice was so soft that her name was Wa-to-Wah. Redbird had a friend, a young and beautiful chief, whose lodge is on Fox river, and he came again and again to my lodge for the voice of Wa-to-Wah was sweeter to him than the west wind that blows over the prairie in summer. One day my young men caught a white man trapping upon our hunting grounds, and when they would have taken his scalp he slew two of them, but the others brought him to our village a prisoner The kindred of Hawkeye and Antelope would have slain him at the stake, but Weekau cut his bonds and pointed to a canoe on the River. The white man went away, but my lodge was no more glad, for he had stolen Wah-to wah. Twelve moths after she came to me again, weak, and weary, for she had travelled across the prairie without parched corn, dried flesh, or water, and she laid the little Sunbeam at my feet and died. Whiteblanket killed Wah-to-wah, for he did not bring her back to Redbird, but sent her, without a guide and trailworn, to be buried among her people; therefore Whiteblanket must die.

The young man had listened with various emotions to the words of the aged Indian: and now, when the prisoner before him was identified as the ingrate white, he forgot that he was anything but the father of Sunbeam. Urging upon the chiefs the necessity of further investigation, he could produce no commutation save the delay necessary to prepare for Whiteblanket's immolation, and accordingly the prisoner was removed bound to a solitary lodge.

It was night, and the canoe with Bonbouche and Weekau, sitting like listening statues lay close to the shores of the Wisconsin. At the same time Charles Parkes and Sunbeam were conversing beneath the trysting chestnut tree. He had apprised the gentle girl of her relationship to the prisoner, and urged the necessity of some means of rescue, and they were anxiously debating upon the probability of saving him. Before the lodge where he was confined, Shonka, a reputed lover of Sunbeam, stood a watchful sentinel, the girl walked towards the young Indian with graceful steps, and speaking to him in her blandest accents soon distracted his thoughts from the object of his guard. It was but the work of a few minutes for Charles Parkes to cut a large opening in the bark wall of the lodge, towards which he had stealthily crawled, and to burst the prisoners loods. The white man, who seemed well acquainted with Indian life and habits, silently followed his young deliverer. They reached the canoe; and yet the young surgeon imitating the scream of a startled whippoor-will as a signal to announce his safety to Sunbeam, seated himself in the canoe followed by Whiteblanket. They pulled with slow and measured strokes down the dark stream, for the way was not so plain as at mid day, and the sun was just rising when they left the Wisconsin, and turned up the stream of the Mississippi.

Weekau and Whiteblanket had never spoken a syllable during the night, but when the morning dawned they confronted each other; and the involuntary start of the white man and the deep gutteral, 'hugh' of the redskin shewed that this was not their first meeting. Scarcely had the recognition taken place, when, by a sudden and powerful action, Weekau threw the canoe over, and clinging to the stranger, while Bonbouche and Charles swam to the shore, detained him in the stream. Whiteblanket was courageous and powerful, and he struck at the Indian with fearful force and energy in the water, but he was unarmed and his foe was implacable. In a short time after the catastrophe Weekau leaped with a yell from the bloodstained water, and shook aloft a blood-scalp. He planted his bow on the grave of Wah-to-wah and hung the white man's scalp upon it to dry. And when the vengeance of the States government pursued Redbird for the detention of their agent Weekau and his band journed with him beyond the Mississippi.

There was one however, who did not go with the old man, for her heart was with the Bluebird. The young man bore her with him when he removed from the fort to a rising settlement and often, in after times would she weep when her husband would discourse of her father's deathless devotion to Weekau and when her eye would flash at the white man's disregard for the scaredness of the Indian's home.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.—Dr. Beattie, in a letter written to Sir Wm. Forbes, expresses the following opinion of the charecter of the Christian religion.

"The Christian religion, according to my creed, is a very simple thing; intelligible to the meanest capacity, and what, if we are at the pains to join practice to knowledge, we make ourselves thoroughly acquainted with, without turning over many books. It is the distinguishing excellency of this religion, that it is entirely popular and fitted both in its doctrines and evidencie, to all conditions and capacitie of reasonable creatures—a character which does not belong to any other religious or philosophical system that ever appeared in the world. I wonder to see so many men eminent both for their piety and and for their capacity, laboring to make a *mystery* of this divine institution. If God vouchsafes to reveal himself to mankind, can we suppose that he chooses to do it in such a manner as that none but the leaned and the contemplativ can understand him? The generality of mankind can never, in any possible circumstances, have leisure or capacity for learning or contemplation. If, therefore, we make Christianity a mystery, we exclube the greater part of mankind from a knowledge of it; which is directly contrary to the intention of the Author, as is plain from his explicit delarations. In a word, I am perfectly convinced, that an intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures, particularly the gospel, is all that is necessary to our accomplishment in true Christian knowledge. I have looked into some systems of Theology; but I never read one of them to an end, because I found I could never reap any instruction from them. To darken what is clear, wrapping it up in the veil of system and science, was all the purpose thrt the best of them seemed to answer."

HOW MUCH IS A "HORSE-POWER"—We have heard this question asked a great many times The Scientific American says, what is generally considered as constituting a "horse power" is a power sufficient to raise one hundred and thirty pounds one hundred feet in one minute.

The nearest guess we ever knew a man to make, was made by a man who was tumbled bodily out of a second story window, and—when picking himself up, said he—"rather guessed he *wasn't wanted there*." He must have been a Yankee. Nothin else Jun—his arms wes *lame*!

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