

elicism; their course was impeded by no hostility from the tribes among whom they wandered.

The encroachments of the whites had read a salutary lesson even to the most reckless, and in many instances had prepared the minds of the chiefs to receive with favour overtures of peace, and for many days it seemed as if their peaceful mission would meet with success.

Three moons had passed since they had left the village of their tribe, and it only remained for them to visit the Mohegan nation, their own peculiar foes, before they turned their steps homewards.

It was that most delicious season, known as the "Indian summer," and the forest trees, partially stripped of their summer verdure, permitted the softened rays of the day-god, to shine upon the path of the Indians, as they slowly threaded their way to the village of the Mohegans. The scene was one of peace, and all nature smiled, but the heart of the old man was burdened with the weight of some approaching, though undefined evil.

Night had closed when they reached the skirts of the encampment, and folding their robes around them, they lay down to rest until day, the habits of the tribe permitting no stranger to enter after the sun had set.

With early morn the Indians arose from their sylvan couch, and entering the village, demanded an audience of the chiefs.

The council-fire was kindled, and around it were grouped a circle of swarthy figures, motionless as if carved in stone. No eye moved in recognition of the aged chieftain, whose knife had often crossed the blades of the tribe in deadly strife, but a smile, as of triumph, for a moment illumined the countenance of him who seemed the greatest of the tribe, when his eye fell upon the noble form of the young warrior.

The old man looked upon each for a moment, and his eye sparkled with something of the fire of youth, when he saw himself circled by those who had ever been the most deadly foes of his nation, but the proud light was quenched when he thought of his mission, and turning to the most aged of the group, he told of the vision he had seen and of the warning of the Spirit.

"Let the chief of the Mohegans listen," he said, "not to the words of Wa-na-ta, but to the warning of the Great Spirit of the red-man. Let there be peace among the children of the forest, for the pale-face cometh, followed by a thousand warriors, and their scalps will be trophies meet for the firdles of the Indian braves. Wa-na-ta has belts of rampum for the chiefs of the Mohegans, and his young men will bring presents to the women of the tribe. The red-men are brothers—let them shed no more the blood of their noble race, or their children will be banished from the lands where sleep the bones of their sires."

"Is the heart of the white-head of the colour of his hair?" said the Mohegan chief. "Does he fear that the Mohegans, who go on the war-path when the sun has again risen, will quench the fires in the wigwam of his people?"

"The sachem of the Mohegans is a coward," said the son of Wa-na-ta, and speaks with the tongue of venom, because the arm of the white-head is weak with age. Will my father come to his lodge among his tribe, and let his people know that the breast of the Mohegan is full of hate, and his young men will meet them in battle, though the ruin of the red-man should follow the gleaming of their flashing tomahawks."

The old chief motioned silence, and was about to speak, but his son turned proudly round, and walked towards the forest, slowly followed by his melancholy sire, when the Mohegan chief drew his bow-string, and sped an arrow at the back of the retiring warrior, but the eye of the old man was turned upon him, and he sprang between the deadly arrow and his son, and received its point in his breast. He fell, and with his expiring breath bade his son flee and save himself from the treacherous Mohegan; but the words came even then too late,—the tomahawk of the young chief had already winged its unerring flight at the brain of the murderer, who staggered beneath the blow, and sank to the earth beside his victim—youth and age alike laid prostrate—each the victim of the angry passions of his race—the one of treachery—the other of revenge.

The son of Wa-na-ta was agile and swift of foot, and he reached in safety the lodges of his nation, but it was only to lead his followers to battle against the Mohegans, and to drink deep of revenge for the slaughter of his sire. The feud lasted for years, and was closed only with the annihilation of the tribes that waged it.

Need we wonder if the warning of the Spirit was neglected—that the Indians, inured to battle, would not be turned from the war-path by the visioned dream of one who already filled a bloody grave. Alas, no! The warning of a mightier than he has been unheeded, and myriads to whom the light of truth is unveiled shun it as if pestilence instead of health were mingled with its rays. Thus it has been, is now, and will ever be. Danger which menaces the world in general is individually and generally unheeded, and though we all confess that we err, we scarcely attempt to turn the vessel in which our safety is embarked from the dangerous shoals which threaten her with hopeless wreck, and ourselves with destruction.

Time wore on, and the dream and the warning were scarcely remembered in the tales of the oldest of the tribes; but the knife of the Indian was steeped in the blood of his fated kind; and the fulfilment