

solitudes, seemed to echo back that word. No food—no slumber, until an atonement had been exacted for that deed—and it was fearfully accomplished!

"The guileful savage is still and serpent-like, when he creeps upon the unconscious slumbers of a settlement; but the very breath of his mouths was hushed, that not even a motion of the air might whisper intelligence to them, as we crawled through the silent woods in deep midnight, with hearts strong and nerve by the strength which determined purpose. A deadly hate afforded the avengers of blood. They sprang like panthers upon the wigwams. There was a flash of thirty rifles in the darkness, followed by yells and groans, as the half-wakened Indians rushed from their cabins, many never rose again from that sleep. The ignited roofs blazed high with a red smoky fire, hiding the stars. Beneath their light the wild forms mingling in fierce conflict, with the clashing of steel, and the piercing path-cry; the bright knives glanced in the gloam, crimson with warm gore, and the cry of mercy was drowned in the tumult, or rose unheeded as the blade descended into the victor's heart—pulseless for ever. The air was filled with shouts and curses, with the sharp report of fire-arms, and the ferocious war-whoop of the savage. It seemed as if hell had loosed its howling demons to desecrate that sacred spot. Alas! the promptings of the untrammelled cannot be more ruthless or unsparing than the breasts of men, whose passions are roused to slay; and in one bosom, that night, the demoniac fury had usurped full control.—With a grim smile, I rose from the prostrate body of Oto-wisk, who had fallen by my hand, after a long struggle, covered with ghastly wounds, and gazed with a stern pleasure upon the lifeless author of all this carnage. Not one of his followers escaped—dread, indeed, was the retaliation wreaked upon them through various means. I stood alone in the gray dawn, amidst the smoking ruins of the encampment, and the dead bodies, thickly strewn among the mouldering ashes. I looked up to the pure heaven, from whence the stars, (those silent witnesses of our onslaught) were waning gradually away,—blood had been poured forth like a river since they rose, and, daring to think it an acceptable offering to the Most High, lifted up my hand, as if in prayer, and exclaimed—*Oh! God, she is avenged!*

"Long years have passed since then, and misery has taught me a more lowly lesson.—I have acquired a calm endurance of evil, chas-

tened as my mind has been by sorrow. I have lived to wonder at the blindness which could imagine the creator of all things, rejoiced at that sacrifice of human life—the God of peace and love; but the young wait not for scruples when they obey the dictates of ungovernable animosity.

"I turned away to follow in the footsteps of my friends, but a weary, objectless blank, corroded my once happy heart, and I flew with loathing from the presence of my kind, to brood in solitude over my loss; gradually my thoughts were weaned from the world and its worthless pursuits. I grew fond of loneliness, and the many manifestations of an overruling providence, revealed in the mighty scheme of creation, ever at work in the untrodden wilds and lairs of the moss-grown forest. A feeling almost of peace sometimes visits me when I sit, as I do now, and watch the majestic stars through the leaves, in the long, solemn night whose silence is unbroken, save by the murmured plash of waters which soothes my fevered brain; and I have shed tears—blessed tears, for they yielded a holy balm, such as I had seldom known. My thoughts have caught an elevated tone from contemplation, and become less absorbed in selfish regret while musing upon the mysteries of the natural world;—those vast elements whose operations are so palpable in the primeval fastnesses of the wilderness. Here, where the trunks of the lofty trees stand pillared around, and the leaf-wove arches mock the mimicry of human art, is a fit temple for man's homage. Moved by the eloquence which breathes, as it were, in praise of the *Eternal*, from every leaf and living thing. I have knelt down and prayed for strength and an unsullied intellect, that I might endure with fortitude, the dispensations of an inscrutable judge—not that one pang should be spared; why should foolish man deride heaven by vain supplication, questioning the unalterable decrees of the great God? and my spirit seems refreshed by earnest devotion. A long period has elapsed since I came here, and many winters have whitened the earth unnoted in their succession, but they have left their withering effects upon me, for my limbs are stiffening with age, and my hair is a lighter gray. Yet, until this day, I have not beheld the face of man, and your presence has unsealed a fountain of memories and old associations, which I had imagined forever dry; it will be many days ere I can calm my unsettled feelings or reduce them to their ordinary current. Go now, my son,' conclu-