

(ORIGINAL.)

THE INDIAN'S DREAM.

THE WARNING—THE FULFILMENT—AND THE MORAL.

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds."

INTRODUCTORY.

It is written in the "Book of books," and no man may gainsay its truth, that, "one generation passeth away and another cometh!" but, alas, for the forest warrior—the Indian brave—each newer generation hath fewer feelings akin to his. It would indeed seem that his is a doomed race—doomed to an oblivion that futurity may never fathom—for, even now, but little remains to trace his early career. His own traditions are so imbued with the sublimity of his character, and blended with the natural poetry of his tongue, that they cannot be said to bear the impress of that unbiassed truth, so necessary to an impartial record; and although the pages of history will tell that such a people did once exist, it will only be to cause a wonder at their utter extinction. There will be nought to record the lofty independence of the natural lord of the prairie and the wild, or to distinguish him from the common herd of untamed barbarians, who have fallen before the all-grasping power of the European world.

We could weep—a solace in affliction which no Indian knew—when our minds dwell on the destruction of a race, the wild nobility of whose untutored souls shames the degeneracy of civilized man! Weep, that no hand was stretched out to save, while yet the task was not altogether without hope. Aye, we could almost mourn the proud independence we admire—mourn that it should have caused the annihilation of the glorious beings it adorned—although in our "heart of hearts" we feel, that it was not for him—the wandering "stoic of the wood," to stoop—to tyrannic circumstance, or

"Like the willow, bend to every breeze,"
To mix his blood with that of his pale-faced betrayer, and hold by sufferance, the land it was his right to rule! Better it is, that remembrance only—dim and clouded though that remembrance be—should shed a halo around the fast-fading relics of the "lost tribes."

Oh! for a wizard pen, with power to trace in characters that would endure forever, the forest

sachem, in all the proud simplicity of his "primeval grandeur," that ages yet enrobed in the mystery of the future, might read, in the stern lineaments of his changeless countenance, the high souled patriotism, that spurned existence, if not shared with the sole dominion of the land sanctified by their father's graves. Alas! for the desecration of the melancholy remnants of a people so magnificent in their barbaric integrity. Their tombs are neglected in the temples which Mammon hath erected over the places, where rest the bones of their forgotten sires, and the pathways of their hunting grounds—the home of the bounding elk—changed into busy marts, are thronged with the pliant worshippers of the drossy God!

THE WARNING.

Twilight was lingering in the west, and the departing ray gilded the tops of the lofty pines, while they were rocked by the breeze that played among their rich and gorgeous foliage. No sound disturbed the silence which reigned supreme, save the distant hum of the mighty cataract, whose thunders were heard far in the echoing distance. The scene was near an Indian village, which stood on the borders of a beautiful river, on which a number of light canoes were dancing, manned by the fearless hands of the Indian boys, too young to accompany their fathers on the war-path, or to hunt the wild monarchs of the forest game.

Beyond the village pale, removed from the noise of the Indian boys, a worn out warrior had raised his tent. Wa-na-ta had been a leader of the braves of his nation, before the frost of so many winters had changed his hair to snow. Fearless and noble as the untamed lion, his moccasin had never left its home turned print upon the war-path till his girdle was circled with scalp of his foes.

Wa-na-ta sat in the tent his hand had raised, and his heart was big, while memory dwelt on the proud deeds his arm had achieved for the glory of his tribe; but his face showed nought of the swelling thoughts