

my pilgrimage whereupon the ink has faded and left no traces of its record. When I came upon man's path, they gazed upon my aspect, as though a spirit from another world had come to trouble them, and they called me "*The Unknown*," for I had passed from the country of my birth and travelled among strange lands, and so the history of my youth was a sealed volume to mankind.

"Sit down on this rock. It lifts its head like truth, ever constant, though the winds of ages, perchance, have swept over it, leaving their hoary traces on its brow. Time, with its scathing sword, will lay all living things in the earth that nourished their existence, but this rock will stand, as a monument, amidst the strife and turmoil of future years.

"The vision of that one dark hour is painted, as with an artist's pencil, freshly and vividly upon my recollection. Yon gloomy savage stands with folded arms and scornful lips, while the long streaming elf hair waves wildly in the fitful wind which gushed through the overhanging branches, and seemed to nurse the flame that kindled in his fierce, gleaming eyeballs, whene'er he looked upon his captive.— And she—my own—my noble one, was bowed in silence, and a fearful calm seemed to freeze the pulse of every sense; and every chiselled feature of that perfect face, which grew cold and lifeless as the grave, beneath the demon scowl that sought to wither all with its scorching, remorseless hate. They stood—the blood hound and his prey—the murderer and his victim, and the keen knife reposed upon the ground beneath, as though appealing to the sunbeams that kissed its blade, for mercy to the lamb whose life was asked as a sacrifice on the bloody altar of revenge. 'Child to the pale-faced fool,' said Oto-wisk, 'hear me once more, 'ere the tongue that answers quivers from its torn roots, and yields a morsel for yon Indian dog. Ha! ha!—does the white blood run back to its fountain, like a stream to its forest, when the Great Spirit rides upon an unbridled wind? Child, I tell thee, the way of the war-path is very long, but the grass shall never grow upon it; for the blood of a Yengie is poison to the earth, and it shall run like water in our trail. The edge of this knife shall revel in the flesh of thy race as it shall in thine. There are tablets of the birch bark for an Indian scribe, and there is a white bosom for a warrior to score his hate upon. Ha!—can I not rouse thee?' yelled the savage, as he seized Theresa's tresses in his unhallowed grasp, and drew the back of the blade across her forehead, but she moved not,

nor gave any manifestation of horror. As the demon paused, and a shade of awe passed over his swarthy face; but as he strove to shake off the feeling which possessed him, a stream of red blood stole down Theresa's noble cheek, from a scratch of the knife's point, and pattered on the ground beneath. Fired by the sight, the savage sprang upon her, with a yell of fury, buried his weapon in her breast! Again and again the steel descended into her young heart, with inconceivable rapidity. Oh God! that shriek still rings in my ear, like a concentration of all misery and helplessness. Her fair head fell to the ground, stained with the bubbling stream that crimsoned o'er her neck and shoulders. I strove to burst my bonds, and cursed and swore with fury and despair; and there the loved, the beautiful, lay a corse before me, and I was helpless as a child. With devilish frenzy he tore garments from her form, marring every limb with gashes, till the whole was one mutilated mass of fearful horror. I saw it all, and strove to shut my eyes, but still some damned attraction fastened them upon the unholy deed ensuing before me, till over-strung nerve and natural excitement produced their exhausted effects, and I sunk into a deep swoon—where it had been death.'

"After this recital, the thoughts of the seer closed again wandered, and his words were weak and unconnected, while his limbs shook as under the influence of an ague fit; at length he said in a deep hollow voice—

"There runs not one drop of that chaste blood in the veins of any human being. I desire they were to allow me to survive! It may be they were terrified at my ravings, for when I awoke from that trance, my reason was unsettled in its throne forever. Whatever it was that checked their blood-stained hands, I was set free to liberty. Had they known the tortures of their ing death their barbarity had bequeathed me more dreadful, aye—a thousand times, than the most acute bodily suffering, which even their heathenish cruelty could devise, perchance they would have slaughtered me in mercy. The steel was my soul—what were all that earth contained unto me now? when she, who had been my light, the essence of my existence was dead, murdered before my eyes; even the green leaves seemed dripping with blood. Then suddenly one thought rushed into my brain, and made the arteries swell and bound with a fierce current again. "Vengeance!" I cried, springing through the wild forest with unweary speed; and a hundred voices, from its most