

the spot where the conflict had taken place.—In an open space enclosed in a circle of trees, where the trampled drift gave evidence of the late struggle, and a few bodies were stiffening in the sharp atmosphere, the indistinct glimmer of a fire threw a wild lurid flash on the objects around, revealing the placid features of the dead, and the movements of several Indians who were passing through the clear space and the forest adjacent. Beside the flame sat a young chief, with his head resting upon his hand, and his body reclining in an attitude of weariness, from unusual exertion and the loss of blood occasioned by a gunshot wound in the leg.

The fiery ardour with which he had prosecuted the strife, nourished by the exciting roar of artillery, the shout of the troops as they rushed to the charge, succeeded as it was, by the cheer of triumph, as the enemy were driven in disorder from the field, had passed away; and acute physical suffering with the loneliness of the scene around, awoke feelings of a melancholy nature, which the presence of the still dead, in their snowy shrouds—mysterious and unearthly as they appeared to the superstitious mind of the Indian, was not calculated to subdue.

Gradually his thoughts wandered from the prospect before him, to another country and a former period. The face of his beloved, as he had last seen her—pale and sorrowful, appeared to grow out of the indistinct gloom, now obscured in a volume of smoke, but again visible as the cloud rolled slowly away, awakening bitter remembrance and painful regrets, which he imagined had long since been banished from his heart; yielding now to their impulsive violence, he buried his face beneath the folds of his blanket and nursed the grief that had fed so long and secretly upon the freshness of his youth.

Suddenly the noise of an approaching footsteps, followed by the fall of some object at his side, startled the chief from his reverie. Looking up, he observed some one retiring in the dark shadow of the trees, and with astonished wonder, lifted from the ground, the necklace of wampum which he had given so long since to the being then uppermost in his thoughts. With a wild foreboding, he held it to the light of the dying fire, and distinctly traced in the peculiar arrangement of the beads, of which it was composed, a confirmation of his fears.—It bore this legend—

*"Peace unto Adela!—his word was truer than the heart of the stranger. The Great*

*Spirit called his child to the land of the just—she has gone!"*

Before many moons had waned, the sachem left forever, the tribe of his adoption, and endeavoured in the prairies of the "far West," amidst its fierce hunters and exciting associations, to subdue his sorrow.

Malsoep sleeps beneath the butternut tree, on the banks of her own bright river, where she had so often sat in the dewy eve, by the side of her false love. The soft breeze parts "the long summer grasses," and the wild bee murmurs his drowsy song over the flowers that bloom in the shade of the o'erarching leaves, as in the old time; but the true and gentle heart that would have joyed with the gladness of her warm youth, in the exceeding beauty of the green earth, lay mouldering below.

Twice has an unseen finger painted the autumn leaf with the hues of the setting sun, since her voice was heard in the dwellings of her people. Yet the Indian maidens pause, and the merry laugh is hushed as they pass that quiet grave, while they speak in whispers of her beauty and broken heart, that trusted in the white man's love; and a lesson is taught them from the memory of her sad history,—never to put faith in the words of the unjust pale-faces.

The following lines suggested by the evidence of premature decay, stamped upon her appearance when I first saw her, prophetic as they proved to be of her untimely departure, may not prove uninteresting to those whose sympathies have been inlisted in the perusal of this true record.

To gaze upon that pallid cheek,  
And that eye's wild mournful light;  
That faultless form, so wan and weak  
With the crush of the spirit's blight.

The raven hair on her youthful brow—  
That register of care;  
In shadowy folds hangs listless now,  
For sorrow's touch is there.

And her plaintive voice is low and sad,  
As she sings by the forest fire;—  
You could not 'wake to accents glad,  
The cords of a breaking lyre!

How could the love of a stranger wring  
From its gushing fount, thy heart's warm  
tears;

Flinging the shade of grief's dark wing  
O'er the cloudless light of thy sunny years?