

notice, was marked by the most ruthless scenes of savage massacre, on the part of their enemies, that ever disgraced the most barbarous hordes of the human species. The year preceding that in which the narrative properly commences, the Red Indians had attacked the villages of the Miamaes, and been repulsed with great slaughter; and in their turn, they were now attacked, and experienced a cruel retaliation.

The fell purpose of the Miamaes was accomplished by means of an artful snare into which they had drawn their enemies. By the success of the stratagem which they had practised, they had been enabled to attack the capital of the red men, in the absence of the chief and his chosen warriors; and the sanguinary result, was without parallel in the traditionary annals of the tribe. The whole of the women and children, with several of the most aged warriors of Ortawee, were savagely slaughtered. The red warriors, left in the capital by reason of their great age, were incapable of offering resistance, and were engaged in offices which should have rendered their persons inviolable. When the enemy entered the seat of their chiefs, the red men were occupied in the performance of the simple rites which their religion enjoined, and which had hitherto commanded the respect or fear of the most relentless of the Miamae warriors. Thus, the violation of their religious rites, and the success of the stratagem by which their enemies eluded the vigilance of the scouts that watched the passes in the mountains, the two grand incentives to action and revenge in the breast of a savage, wrought more strongly upon the minds of the red warriors, than either the massacre of their women and their children, or the series of defeats which had already depopulated the fairest portion of their country.

As it was while the red tribe was smarting under the recent gashes of the tomahawk of the Miamaes, that the remarkable Europeans, whose history is interwoven with the calamitous tale of that unhappy race, will also first come under our notice, we may properly take up, the regular course of transactions, with the consequences which immediately followed that important event in their history.

The chief and his warriors returned to their capital, unacquainted with the calamity which had befallen them. But, as they descended the hill which overlooked their late happy homes, all their fears were at once awakened. They saw the

smoke of no fire. No sounds of joy, no voice of wife and children, greeted their approach. They looked for the infants and their mothers whom they should have met, where they had embraced them as they departed, but none came out to welcome them. A step further, and they knew that they were bereaved of the partners of their bosoms—that they were childless. The blood of their wives, and that of their offspring stained the ground.

But not a murmur escaped their lips; nor was a sigh of regret heard; nor did a troubled look betray the emotions that filled their breasts.

When they entered the village, they dispersed every man to his former home; and each seated himself upon his own blood-stained mat, apparently indifferent, that other mats were without their occupants, the wigwam without its former tenants. One sat down by the side of the mat that his wife had so recently occupied, and another by that upon which his children lay when he departed. No tender caresses greeted them now; no children's fondness rewarded their toils; yet, they betrayed no disappointment, no emotion.

The late suitor for the hand of a young and beautiful maiden, entered the habitation which had so recently beheld the interchange of their chaste loves. The mat of his affianced bride was still there. The eager eye of the warrior would have found blood. She should yet be pure. But his search was in vain. She was the Miamae's prisoner. Yet none could have perceived that any passion burned within him.

For some days every warrior was engaged in his ordinary occupation, or in the useful application of what he had taken in the chase, with seemingly as much indifference as on any former occasion.

CHAPTER II.

"We hold divided councils."

RICHARD III.

"Good reasons must, of force, give way to better."
JULIUS CÆSAR.

The time having elapsed that it was usual for the Red Indians to employ themselves in domestic engagements, before their accustomed assembly in council, after all similar excursions to that which had been the cause of their dire calamity, the council summoned, and their national hall, as was usual on such occasions, was filled with their orators, their warriors, and such of their young men as had accompanied the expedition.