

The avalanche in thunders dread,  
The might of man indignant scorns;  
The wild volcanic furnace red  
Above thee ever burns;  
And o'er the vast Siberian wild,  
Thou sleepest still a new born child.

Thou art too pure for subject earth  
And thou has made thy loved abode,—  
In giant regions of the North,  
Where foot hath never trod;  
There thou hast pitch'd thy thousand tents,  
And reared thy deathless monuments—

Where thou ne'er feel'st the bosom throb—  
The heart give forth the crimson flood—  
And where thine ever-spotless robe,  
May not be stained with blood,  
Nor Death's high feast, nor scattered arms  
Bedim the lustre of thy charms.

Emblem of God! effulgent snow!  
The beautiful, unspotted vast—  
Unto the fair green earth below  
Thou comest on the blast;  
O! thou may'st shame the purest heart—  
For Purity itself thou art!

#### INDIAN ADVENTURE.

Mr. Hearne, in his journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean, quotes a singular narrative of the adventures of a poor Indian woman, that his party met with in the course of their route. One day, in January, when they were hunting, they saw the track of a strange snow-shoe, which they followed; and at a considerable distance came to a little hut, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. As they found that she understood their language, they carried her with them to their tents. On examination she proved to be one of the Western Dogrib Indians, who had been taken prisoner by the Athapuscow Indians, in the summer; when the Indians that took her prisoner were near this part, she had escaped from them, with an intent to return to her own country; but the distance being so great, and having, after she was taken prisoner, been carried in a canoe the whole way, the turnings and windings of the rivers and lakes were so numerous that she forgot the track; so she built the hut in which she was found, to protect her from the weather, during the winter, and here she had resided from the first setting in of the fall.

From her account of moons past since her escape, it appeared that she had been near seven months without seeing a human face; during all which time, she had supported herself very well by snaring partridges, rabbits and squirrels: she had also killed two or three beavers, and some porcupines; that she did not seem to be in want, as she had a small stock of provisions by her when she was discovered, and was in good health and condition, and one of the finest Indian women in North America.

The methods practised by this poor creature to procure a livelihood, were truly admirable, and are great proofs that necessity is the mother of invention.—When the few deer sinews that she had an opportunity of taking with her were all expended in making snares, and sewing her clothing, she had nothing to supply their place but the sinews of the rabbit legs and feet; these she twisted together for that purpose, with great dexterity and success. The animals which she caught in those snares not only furnished her with a comfortable subsistence, but of the skins she made a suit of neat and warm clothing, for the winter. It is scarcely possible to conceive that a person in her forlorn situation, could be

so composed, as to be capable of contriving or executing any thing that was not absolutely necessary to her existence; but there were sufficient proofs that she had extended her care much farther, as all her clothing, besides being calculated for real service, showed great taste, and exhibited no little variety of ornament. The materials, though rude, were very curiously wrought, and so judiciously placed, as to make the whole of her garb have a very pleasing, though rather romantic appearance.

Her leisure from hunting had been employed in twisting the inner rind or bark of willows into small lines, like net twine, of which she had some hundred fathoms by her; with this she intended to make a fishing net, as soon as the spring advanced. It is of the inner bark of willows twisted in this manner, that the Dogrib Indians make their fishing nets; and they are much preferable to those made by the Northern Indians.

Five or six inches of an iron hoop, made into a knife, and the shank of an arrow head of iron, which served her as an awl, were all the metals this poor woman had with her when she eloped; and with these implements she had made herself complete snow-shoes, and several other useful articles.

Her method of making a fire was equally singular and curious, having no other materials for that purpose than two hard sulphurous stones. These by long friction and hard knocking, produced a few sparks, which had at length communicated to some touch-wood; but as this method was attended with great trouble, and not always with success, she did not suffer her fire to go out all the winter.

The singularity of the circumstance, the comeliness of her person, and her approved accomplishments, occasioned a strong contest between several of the Indians of the party who should have her for a wife; and the poor girl was actually won and lost at wrestling, by nearly a score of different men, the same evening. When the Athapuscow Indians took this woman prisoner, they, according to the universal custom of those savages, surprised her and her party in the night, and killed every soul in the tent, except herself and three other young women. Among those whom they killed were her father, mother, and husband. Her young child, four or five months old, she concealed in a bundle of clothing, and took with her, undiscovered, in the night; but when she arrived at the place where the Athapuscow Indians had left their wives (which was not far distant,) they then began to examine her bundle, and finding the child, one of the women took it from her and killed it on the spot.

This last piece of barbarity gave her such a disgust to those Indians, that notwithstanding the man who took care of her, treated her in every respect as his wife, and was, she said, remarkably kind to, and even fond of her, so far was she from being able to reconcile herself to any of the tribe, that she rather chose to expose herself to misery and want than live in ease and affluence among persons who had so cruelly murdered her infant.

#### THE WATER LILY.

— The Water-Lilies, that are serene in clear water, but no less serene among the black and scowling waves.—LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE.

O! beautiful thou art,  
Thou sculpture-like and stately River Queen!  
Crowning the depths, as with the light serene  
Of a pure heart.

Bright Lily of the wave,  
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,  
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave  
Dwelt in thy cell: