

of intelligence with his father, who sat directly opposite, any stronger exhibition of natural feeling being strictly prohibited by the mournful occasion of their meeting. And now a loud wailing and wild burst of lamentation was heard from without, as the news of their patriarch's decease spread rapidly among the thronged assemblage, manifesting a universal grief for the loss they had sustained; for these simple people regarded old Tonea as the father of the nation, nor could the disseverment of the nearest ties of kindred have been attended with stronger evidence of affection, than an event which they conceived to be the greatest calamity that could have befallen the tribe. No, never more in the council hall will that venerable, white-haired warrior stir them with his eloquence, or instruct them with his wisdom. Never more in the "warm summer time," will he sit, as of yore, under the shadow of the broad oak, and bless his children, dancing in the calm twilight, or by the light of the silvery moon; nor will they see him smile with the joy of peace, as when the maidens would gather around, decking him with sweet flowers and lifting up their voices in a song to his praise.—Never more, when the snows fell, and the cold air drove the hunters to the shelter of their wigwams and the blazing fire, would they listen to Tonea as he rehearsed the legendary tales of ancient times—the warlike deeds of their ancestors, until each youth, roused at the relation, longed to be a man that he might prove himself a warrior's child; and the maidens were taught to choose husbands among the just and brave, that they might be the mothers of heroes.

These reflections forced the big tears from many an iron-hearted warrior, who turned aside that men might not see how weak grief could make an Indian brave; but the women, less regardful of appearances, let their tears flow on without concealment or shame. Who says that an Indian does not weep? The white man, if he feigns not sorrow, is conscious of a feeling which tells him there is a sacredness in woe that shuns observation as profanity, which seeks to hide itself from the eye of strangers with a show of dissembling, a hollow garniture, often lacerating the torn heart it covers—such is an Indian's grief. Think you that cold studied look—that stern indifference of manner, is an evidence of apathy and indolence? Ah! have we not often observed the native turn suddenly away from the unfeeling jest of the stranger, with a curl of quiet scorn upon his lip? Have we not heard the contemptuous com-

ment, the sarcastic laugh which followed some intrusion of white men into their unpretending abodes, treating the innuities as children, forsooth! with their arrogant condescension—their unsolicited patronage; and we have blushed involuntarily for human nature and our countrymen. Go, spoiled child of fortune or artificial habit, snap for a time the heavy chains that bind you, with giant strength, to those dens where men smile and cheat by rule, growing infamous in multitude. Go and look upon the pure unhackneyed face of nature; visit the wigwam of the red-man, *if you can find one*, and study, in their frugality and contentment, a lesson of wisdom, more serviceable than a volume of thread-bare precepts. There will ye find an only practical illustration of that beautiful and true moral of the poet—

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

When the first violence of their sorrow had somewhat subsided, the chief drew his father aside and acquainted him with the circumstances attending his capture; to all of which Pansaway listened with deep attention, until his son came to mention the ambush at the bridge, its success, the grief of the *Open-Heart*—meaning his preserver—with his offer to assist in obtaining the release of the *Sun-Beam*; when the warrior uttered the usual expression of surprise—"Ugh!" but said nothing. However, when Argimou concluded by informing him that two of his enemies, the ruthless destroyers of his people, were within a short distance, he started up, half drawing the long knife at his side, while a gleam of furious wrath darted from his swarthy face. But his kindling passion was restrained by the arm and gesture of his son, who stood with fearless but reverential dignity before him, while he spoke thus:

"Hear me, my father! Argimou has not the wisdom of his parent, nor is his heart as strong; but the same rain that waters the oak makes the small plant glad. So does the Great Spirit shed the knowledge of good equally upon the grown man and the little child. The pale-faces would, long ago, have dug the grave of Argimou had not one man with a generous word saved his life, that the son might look upon his father's face again, and be happy. That man is brave and without deceit. For his kindness, I call him Brother; for his virtues—*The open-heart!* My father knows that there are good men among all the red tribes, and why may there not be a few also among the Anglesheou? True, they are our enemies and have done us much evil; but if he saw the