Logan's Revenge
is not what it once was; for its glory has been dimmed; its original powers weakened: it is a flesh-cased gem, which, by its flashings in the surrounding darkness, betokens its pristine brilliancy: it is a bright star, disturbed and wandering in erratic courses.

Whoever would claim the title of wise man, must understand himself. A clear comprehension of the Me must be gained, though the search lead through the regions of ideal speculation and the measured off grounds of logical analysis; for until this knowledge is obtained, man will be often at a loss in applying his powers; and cannot range himself in that higher community of intellect which disregards the boundaries of years and ages; but dwells in all time. If the half of life's small sum of days be spent before this knowledge is possessed, there is a gain, for then the ways of life become broader and higher, and from thence onward can be culled the choicest flowers of thought whose bloom fades not, neither are their leaves ever blighted. And truth, once full-formed and beautiful, but now smoothed about with the garments of error, will gradually reveal its glories, will reunite its links severed by evil. Grasp the ideal Me, and you will have reached the shaft that leads down to mines where treasures lie unveiled as yet to the gaze of mortals; will have obtained the sword to cut the Gordian knot of many difficulties; will have stepped upon the lower rounds of a ladder whose top is in the purest light; will have struck upon a path which winds up the mount of excellence; will have kindled a flame whose radiance mingles congenially with that which streams from heaven.

LOGAN'S REVENGE.

It was midnight—yet the Mingo chieftain tarried. The assembled warriors became impatient. The council-fire began to wane. Silence, gloomy, awful silence reigned over that daring band, met for the deep study of revenge. There, with sullen determination pictured in each countenance, mingled the stern Shawnee with the cruel Delaware; their past hostility towards each other was forgotten, in the all-absorbing thought, vengeance upon the white man!

But suddenly a footstep was heard, and quick a dusky form emerged from the deep-tangled forest; with rapid strides it hastened towards the council-fire; and, as it approached, the clear voice of the Indian sentinel was heard exclaiming, "Who comes?" and a deep voice replied, "Logan, the Mingo chief, once the friend of the white man, but now come to plot with my brothers schemes of revenge;" then proudly did they welcome the Indian warrior. Slowly and sadly he looked round upon them; at length, shaking off, as it were, the heavy burden that almost crushed his heart, he spoke:—

"Warriors, arm for fight! Logan must be avenged!" Up sprang that
savage troop; they seized the deadly tomahawk, and, shouting loud their battle-cry, demanded to be led to the conflict. A smile, such as the Indian alone can wear, played upon the countenance of that old man, as he saw his braves thus gather round him. With the air of one used to command, he waved his sword and all was still again. Logan trembled as he spoke. His murdered family, wrapt in their bloody blankets, seemed to haunt his memory; he heard, as it were, the dying groans of his loved ones borne past him on the wings of the wind; and as they hurried by, they whispered in his ear, “Will the Mingo chieftain go unavenged?” he was silent for a moment, then turning himself he prayed to the Great Spirit for vengeance. To his warriors thus he exclaimed: “Tell me, ye assembled braves, who is there to mourn for Logan? who is there to strew the wild flowers upon my grave when I am gone to the spirit land?” and mournfully they answered, “None.” They continued in deep council, until the dawn in the east warned them of the near approach of day.

Time passed on: night again spread her sable mantle over a slumbering world. Sleep waved her magic wand, and bade weary mortals rest; the voice of revelry and song had died away; all was still and gloomy as the grave: darkness, with its mysterious influence, brooded over the earth.

But soon the scene was changed: dark and ominous clouds darted athwart the heavens; and, ever and anon, the angry peals of thunder broke the fearful stillness of the midnight hour; the lurid flash of the lightning’s glare served but to render the succeeding darkness doubly terrible. Such a night seemed well suited for deeds of blood, rapine, and death. As the midnight grew old, and the storm increased in its fury, while huge masses of clouds tossed wildly through the sky, there might have been seen by the lightning’s flash, the forms of many Indian warriors, winding their way cautiously through the dark forest. They moved on in silence, with firm and fixed resolves: suddenly they halted; no word was spoken, but with a wave of their chieftain’s hand they disappeared in the thick underwood. For a moment the warrior stood silent, wrapt, as it were, in deep thought; perhaps he was thinking of the dead; but soon the thunder’s voice, as it swept past, roused him from his reverie; with quick and noiseless step he emerged from the forest, and sped away to the nearest hill; having gained its summit, he looked down upon the habitations of the white man, which the lightning rendered so distinctly visible, with a heart exulting in his fiendish purpose; a wild fire seemed to sparkle in his eye, as thus he stood wrapped in dark and gloomy meditations; from between his clenched teeth he muttered, “The hour of retribution has come! Logan shall be avenged!” then quickly he vanished, and uttering a low, shrill whistle, soon his dark comrades gathered round him; he bade them follow where he led; like night, moved on those dark and threatening warriors; with stealthy step they approached their unsuspecting prey; then, shouting their fierce war-hoop, on they rushed like the impetuous avalanche. Roused by the well-known cry, the pale-
faces seized their weapons, and, with dreadful desperation, they met the coming foe. Fierce raged the combat; no quarter was asked, no quarter was given; death or victory was the watchword; the groans of the wounded and dying fell heedless upon the ear; hand to hand, each man grappled with his foe. Where the blows fell the thickest and most deadly; where the leaden messengers of death did the most terrible execution; there might have been seen the haughty form of Logan, dealing around him death and destruction; like an untamed lion loosed among the foe, majestic, yet terrible, he raged; the huge piles of the dead told well where he had fought; the moans of the dying were music to his warlike soul.

At length, as if weary of the work of death, (for well he might be,) and his men falling fast by his side, in triumph, he exclaimed, "Logan is avenged!" and back he sped with his savage clan into their native wilds.

Logan had now fully glutted his vengeance. He was satisfied. His war-hoop and battle-cry, as they echoed upon the stilly air, made the white men tremble; they knew the cause and cruelty that roused his vengeance, and the piles of the dead told them he was terribly avenged!

TRUE ESTIMATE OF SELF.

"Hominem imperito nunquam quidquam injustius, Qui, nisi quod ipse fecit, nihil rectum putat."

THAT being, to whom alone intellect is given, has within him exalting and ennobling principles, which have obtained for him the mastery over other creatures, and raised him above the sensual pleasures of passion and appetite to the cultivation of those powers which give him his peculiar distinction. This strength is mind—a power invisible. The possession of this alone determined the position he should occupy—his rank as designed by the Creator.

While man should be conscious of these gifts, and well acquainted with his capacities, never is he excusable for arrogating to himself what he does not possess. He should seek to know himself; acquaintance with truth is never objectionable. This knowledge gives him a right conception of his imperfections as well as of his abilities. While it gives that confidence which is necessary for the proper use and improvement of those powers with which he is endowed, he is humbled by the gradual discovery of the limitation of these endowments. It is not until he becomes wise that he suspects himself a fool, nor is he fully aware of his ignorance until he has attained his maximum in knowledge. It was not until Newton had surpassed his age, and had robbed the solar system of its mysteries, and defined the laws which regulate the heavens, that he conceived an ocean of knowledge to be extended before him, while he could collect but a few drops along the shore.