

## THE THREE HALOS

'In the last *American Almanac*, in an article on 'Atmospheric Electricity,' it is related that, some twenty years since, during a violent snow-storm, three men were seen crossing one of our Eastern rivers upon a bridge, each with a circle of light about his head.'

NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

## I.

THE river roared and foamed below,  
And wildly beat the drifting snow,  
As passed three men, with toiling tread,  
Each with bright beams around his head.

## II.

So walked, with way-worn feet, and slow,  
The saints, long centuries ago,  
With glories which the artists old  
Have shadowed forth by rays of gold.

## III.

Had the old ages come again?  
And walked the saints once more with men?  
Whose touch should make the suffering whole—  
Whose voice should rouse the lifeless soul?

## IV.

These flaming halos might not stay;  
The brilliant promise passed away;  
The earth is waiting now, as then,  
The voice to rouse the souls of men.

## V.

But let us idly wait no more,  
But gather strength like theirs of yore,  
And with a saintly zeal and faith,  
Pursue the CHRIST of Nazareth:

## VI.

With eyes that never look behind,  
With love that grasps all human-kind,  
And souls left open to admit  
The impulse of the INFINITE.

## VII.

Thus shall old ages come again,  
And saints shall walk once more with men;  
Their faces luminous with truth,  
And holiness, and endless youth.

## THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP: A SENECA LEGEND.

BY CHARLES ALDRICH.

'Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind.'

A SHORT distance below the Indian village of Cold Spring, in the county of Cattaraugus, State of New-York, and about a mile from the Alleghany River, there is a small lake or pond, formed of the waters of an extensive marsh. The lake is filled with decaying vegetable matter, and, having no outlet, its waters become stagnant and discolored. Their sombre hue impresses one with the idea that they are almost or quite fathomless. At times strange lights may be seen floating above the surface, and gliding about in various directions. Though easily accounted for upon scientific principles, they have ever been regarded by the unlettered red-man with feelings of superstitious dread. The aborigines have a curious legend concerning this strange 'will-o'-the-wisp,' which was once related to me by an old copper-colored friend, as we were seated upon a little knoll at the southern extremity of the lake. Years have passed since its narration, but if my memory serves me correctly, its substance was as follows:

Many hundreds of moons since, long before the pale-faces were known to the red-man, a small tribe of Indians dwelt upon the beautiful savannah at Brady's-Bend, about seventy miles above the present city of Pittsburgh. They were peaceable, industrious, and subsisted by agriculture, and the simple arts of peace, and not, like many of their neighbors, by the shedding of blood in hunting and war. They delighted in athletic sports, and games of various kinds, and were noted for their skill in the feats of dexterity customary among the Indians. They frequently invited the members of other tribes to compete with them at their festive gatherings. On one of these occasions a sad accident occurred, by which a Seneca warrior lost his life. Though purely an accident, this affair exasperated his friends, who determined to wreak a fearful revenge upon their peaceful neighbors.

Accordingly, a band of Senecas armed themselves for the war-path, and, floating down the majestic Alleghany to the ill-fated village, attacked it with unrelenting fury. An indiscriminate slaughter of old and young, male and female ensued. Only one of the tribe, a dark-eyed, beautiful maiden was saved from the general destruction. She had been seen and admired on a previous occasion by a young Seneca brave, who successfully exerted himself to bear her away unhurt from the scene of slaughter.

When the marauding party returned, the Indian girl, sorrowful and weeping, was carried to the northern home of her captor. In a few days she found herself among his friends at *Che-au-shung-gau-tau*, (Cold-spring,) who sought by every means in their power to dispel the