# The Invisible Avenger

In the valley of Pinklawla, nature is exhibited in her greatest beauty and sublimity. The Valley is a perfect plane, and can be approached only through a narrow passage between two stupendous hills, being with the exception of this portal, surrounded with mountains of various heights, all of them of inaccessible steepness on the sides that encompass the Valley. Rills of chrystal brightness gush from the sides, some murmering thro' the cleft rocks, whilst others tumble with uninterrupted fall from the most elevated precipices, as if in haste to kiss the flowers below. Over the bosom of the smiling valley they take their devious courses, but often checkering it with much of the regularity of art. Flowers of figure and complexion spread their gay beauties, and shed odour on the breeze; whilst the towering Magnolia, the branching Elm, and other growth, of subordinate dignity, cast over the plain a pleasing diversity of shade, giving to the whole Valley the appearance of an extensive garden arranged with order and cultivated with delightful taste.

But the scene changes abruptly as the admi=
=rer elevates his eye. A different prospect opens
on his view, and all those placid & agreeable
feelings excited by the Beautiful, are suddenly
banished by the contemplation of the wild and
terrible. "Hills peep o'er hills and Alps on
Alps arise" The rugged and awful precipices—
the large rocks frowning over them — the frag=
=ments of broken mountains piled in disjointed
ruin, fill the mind of the beholder with in=
=discribable emotions. But how are these sensa=
=tions augmented as he stands on the sum=
=mit of these shapeless masses of magnificence!
The prospect seems infinite — creation lies at
his feet! The Eagle, wheeling high over all,
throws clouds of shadows from his sweeping
pinions — at his scream, the deer trembles, &
letting his branching antlers fall upon his
neck, he bounds down dangerous declivities
and lights in the Valley below.

The loveliness of Pinklawla, however,
and the sublimity of the surrounding scenery,
have long been unenjoyed by the wild and untu=
=tored sons of the forest. The boldest of their
race fear to rove among the sweets, or to scale
the peaks; for Superstition has throned upon
the summit of those mountains, a malignant
spirit, the implacable foe to the Mus-co-gees,
and all who dare to print their feet upon
the forbidden Valley, or draw a bow at the
deer upon the mountains, are transfixed
by the fierce arrow of the invisible en=
=emy.

Many years ago, when the most aged in the Nation, first slung their quivers on their shoulders and stretched their light limbs in the chace, there appeared suddenly, in a neighboring Village to Pinklawla, a youthful hunter of great Elegance of person and of warlike mind; but whence he came, and the purpose of his visit, were secrets which could not be extorted from him by threats, nor obtained by seductive bribes. He concealed his real name, and under the assumed one of Tal-lal-la, joined in the hunts. Few were swifter in the chace than him, and not unfrequently his superior skill and agility triumphed over the boasted strength of the renowned, in manly sports. But it was in the use of the Bow, that he chiefly excelled. His skill exceeded all that was known in story — his arrows, commissioned with death, were as unerring as Fate's. He was noble in all eyes, and there was something in his martial mien that said, he was one born to add to the stories of a nation's fame.

Yoholo, the King of the Tribe, dwelt in this Town. He was a stern-visaged and iron-hearted Chief. He was renowned for his fierceness in battle, but his wars were oftener waged for the gratification of malignant passions than for the fame of his people. His personal achievements were not so glorious as ferocious, and treachery dishonored the most of his exploits. Unknown to pitty, he was the Moloch of his race, wild, terrible and vengeful, less the warior than the Demon of Cruelty —

But tho' many a guilty deed of blood was his, and his heart a pandamonium of remorseless passions, yet was he the father of a beautiful daughter, the loveliest in many lands. The wind never blew upon an Indian maid the superior Sy-lo-na. She inherited none of her fathers qualities, but all the elegance and excellence for which her mother was famed, when in her young days she leaped with an exhuberance of life, like the fawn upon mountain, or skimmed her light canoe upon the glassy surface of the sleeping Bay. The form of Sy-lo-na was sylph-like, and flexile as the reed, and her smoothe round face shone like the dawn of morning. Perrenial smiles played upon her nut-brown cheeks, and there was a fire in her black eye that sparkled with mirth, and worked mischief to the hearts of the hunters. But their glances were never directed by art - she was nature's child, and all the loveliness of nature was expressed in her coral features. She was the perfection of Indian beauty, and to gaze upon her was to feel its power. Yet it was not merely the grace of form and the charms of face that made her the theme of all praise and the idol of all hearts. Beauty is but a gliding meteor; a falling star - brilliant for a while, but vanishing directly; and if this Indian Maiden had possessed nothing more, she would have been unworthy the homage she received from the wariors. She was, however, raised above her sex, not in personal attractions, more, than in those pleasing qualities of the mind & heart, without which Beauty is valueless, and often a light that leads

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estray. As yet, Sylona, knew nothing of love. Though wooed by Chiefs of every rank, she was still unwon by any. Happy in herself, her heart was as free as the wind that sported in her un=-bound tresses. But it may not always be so. The time will come when her bosom shall sigh like the breeze in her own little valley of flowers, and the mountain scenery, now so delightful to her feelings, will be less pleasing than the cypress grove.

When the fame of Tal-lal-la (the eccen=-tric stranger) reached the ears of the King, the young hero was invited to the Royal Wigwam, where he was received with becoming honor & hospitality. His lofty demeanor pleased Go-ho-lo; but it pleased his dark eyed daughter more. In her view he seemed to posses all that the heart might desire. His tall figure and his valiant look were just such she had often heard of in the ancient stories of her people, but which she had never met with, in real life. He fully satisfied all the exalted notions which her youthful imagination had pictured of human excellence — But who may this young sojourner be? This was a question which he would not answer. Of the name of his Tribe and the rank of his family it was in vain to enquire; and why he concealed them, only exci=-ted curiosity which was not to be gratified. It was observable, that when questioned upon these points by the King, his eyes would assume a wilder appearance - his cheeks redden with a deeper glow, and his whole countenance exhibit a fierce=

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fierceness that seemed unnatural to such beau=
=tiful regularity of features. His stay in the
Royal Wigwam was not protracted. It being his
first visit to the King, he remained but a short
time, but long enough, however, to leave his
image impressed upon the yielding heart of
Sy-lo-na. After his departure, this unaffected
maiden thought that the hours glided not so swiftly
as they were wont to do — she felt like a fettered
bird in her own habitation, and the evening song
which she chaunted so cheerfully to the setting sun
was now sung in a sadder strain. It was
evident that she loved Tallalla. Indians are
more the creatures of feeling and less of calcu=
=lation than the whites, and consequently do not
as the latter, grow in love by dull degrees; they
contract it instantaneously and feel it violently.
So with this artless maiden. She who had so
often laughed at the passion, and wondered
what the hunters & warriors meant when they talked
of love, now felt its full force and all of its dis=
quieting apprehensions. She loved, but knew
nothing of the history of the object of her heart,
yet gladly would she follow him, no matter
where and share his destiny, no matter what;
she would ply her delicate hands in beading
his moccasins — feathering his arrows and dress=
=ing his provisions — the loveliest habitation
in the woods with him, would be to her a
citadel of joy. And will he not return again?
This question naturally forced itself upon her
mind, and her fears answered Never; but
they were groundless. He has seen her once,

and he will see her again. The traveller may throw upon Jessamin flowers a careless look and pass them by, but who will be satisfied with a transient glance at the vermilion Rose, nor turn his eye for a fuller gaze? It was not for one with a heart fervid & impetuous as Tallalla's, to view Sylona unmoved by the power of her beauty. He loved her at the first glance of her black eye with all the ardor of her own affection. Her charms threw a spell over his soul - a tie as indissoluble, as the binding influence of the Pleiades. The next morning he was again at the Royal Wigwam. he saw Sylona, and the passion that he felt warmly, he declared boldly.

Time glided on, and every day contributed to strengthen the attachment which had been so suddenly formed between this youthful couple. Few ever loved with more romantic enthusiasm, and if united in marriage, none had a fairer prospect of enjoying all the happiness of that state without its alloy, for there seemed to be such a similarity in their tastes and desires, and the very pulses of their hearts beat so in unison, that it was almost impossible that aught could arise to mar the felicity which the society of each was capable of imparting to the other. They were rarely ever separated during Tallalla's stay in the Village. They frolicked together in the vallies, together chased the roe upon the hills and danced with each other in the Green-Corn revel. The observing eye of Yo-ho-lo, noticed the growth of their passion

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passion, with more of pleasure than disapprobation; and apparently there was no obstacle in the way of a connection between them which had become indispensible to the happiness of both. But a secret difficulty did exist. Tallalla certainly loved with unaffected sincerity; and felt that without the possession of the object of his affections, his days must flow on in one unebing tide of bitterness; and yet he felt at the same time, that Sylona never could be his. There was a barrier to their union of almost insurmountable magnitude known only to himself. As yet he had not disclosed it to the delighted girl, who fondly anticipated the day as near at hand, when her nuptials would be celebrated, & the joy of her heart completed. She little knew that the prospect of human happiness was like an April day, the brighter the dawn, the greater the certanty of a cloudy noon. This is peculiarly the case in love affairs. The delight that springs from early & reciprocated affection, may be justly compared to the smoothe surface of a summer's sea, or to the the gilded clouds of a brilliant evening whose tranquility and splendor will be destroyed on to morrow with tempest and lightning. Almost all a lover's golden visions perish thus— it was so with this ~~this~~ artless Indian maiden's. At the very time she was mostly flattered with the prospect of realizing the unalloyed felicity which she had pictured in her youthful immagination, an unexpected disclosure by Tallalla of a fearful secret, fatal to the peace of both, extinguished her bright anticipations— ruined her every hope of happiness

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and converted the bosom in which all the delightful feelings of human nature had been cultivated, into a dreary desert — barren of every joy.

Tallalla had for a long time nourished in secret a most deadly hostility to Yoholo. He loathed his very name and almost abhorred the ground he trod upon. His hate increased with his days; it "grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength". Neither the hospitality of the King, nor the love that he bore to the daughter, could mitigate its violence — it was undying and implacable; and he had vowed an hundred times in his mind, to desolate his own bosom by the loss of Sylona, rather than forego the vengeance which he secretly meditated against her father. He would never wed the one, so long as the other lived. This was that fatal barrier to their union; and the effect which the avowal of it had upon the innocent heart of the young Indian girl, may be more readily conceived than discribed. It was a death blow to her every peace of mind. As much as she had been in the society of her lover, she had never discovered in him any other passion than a most unbounded devotion to her, and never dreamed that one who had been so uniformly affectionate, could cherish any other than the kindliest feelings of human nature. It still seemed to her impossible, that a heart so capable of love could hate so intensely — she fain would flatter herself that it was not so. Her father had given no provocation to

anger; was not unfriendly himself, and was ready to bestow his daughter in marriage — for her life she could discover no cause for Tallalla's hostility. Apparently there was no reason for it. But the indignant youth had an all-sufficient one to justify himself in his own conscience. It was in vain that the love-stricken girl expostulated with him against the indulgence of baneful passions. In vain she essayed her every art, to lull his resentment, and lure him from his purpose. Her all cap=tivating society would occasionally soften down his severity; and the mixture of tenderness and grief that flowed from her tongue, would for a while drown the remembrance of his woes, and render of doubtful issue, the conflict in his bosom, between his love for her and his hatred for her father. But all her kind-hearted efforts to allay his enmity, ultimately resulted only in convincing herself, that their loves were ill-starred and that irremediable ruin must be the lot of both.

Sy-lo-na now abandoned herself to inconso=lable grief. The canker of dispair preyed upon her gentle heart; her vivacity forsook her, and health departed with her sinking spirits. A settled melancholly destroyed her beauty-day by day some portion of it disappeared as leaves fall from a decaying flower. But a short time since she grew in loveliness like the Cresent; and tossed her light feet over the plains with bird-like swiftness; but now

sorrow had brought her charms to an early wane, and alienated her feelings from all sport. She no longer appeared at the Ball-Plays of her people, the paragon of her sex, & the pride of the nation, where her smiles imparted ardor to exertion, and her applause was the reward of triumph. A wretched victim to despondency, she remained in her father's wigwam like a stricken deer, lonely & desolate, neither capable of receiving or imparting pleasure. Her altered appear=
=ance and disposition, did not escape the ob=
=servation of Yoholo, who, notwithstanding the ferocity of his nature, tenderly loved his daugh=
=ter, and was deeply affected at the sudden change in her condition. It was evident that this change was the effect of disappointed hopes, and the blood of the King kindled at the idea, that Tallalla, the stranger youth, had wooed & won the the love of Sylona only to desert her. The shortness of his visits which were less frequent than formerly, seemed to confirm this suspicion and the indig=
=nation of Yoholo daily increased.

Early one morning the King ordered the Chiefs to prepare for a hunt, the day was to be spent in an excursion in the forest near the hills of Pinklawla where game mostly abounded. Tallalla appeared at the Royal wigwam, equipped for the chase, and expressed his desire to accompany the party. His request was denied. "Boy", said the the incensed King, "you have bruised the flower that

that I have reared, and you should restore its bloom — My daughter pines with love — stay with her to day and if on my return at noon, you choose not to chaunt with her the marriage song, you must depart hence for your native land". The rash and impetuous Tallalla replied "Never will I depart hence until the ghost of my Father is appeased — nor until I drink the blood of his murderer, will I wed Sylona" — "And who of my tribe is his murderer?" — enquired the King. Tallalla answered "Yoholo, look in my face — dost thou not know these features — I inherited them from one whom you once knew". The astonished King gazed upon the youth, and recognised the son of his ancient foe, whom he had treacherously slain. The guilty Yoholo, unarmed, and conscious of his perilous situation, would have gladly purchased safety by dishonorable flight; but the avenging youth seized him by the throat and was just aiming a fatal blow at his temple, when the uplifted Tomahawk was suddenly arrested, by the interference of the still-beloved Sylona, who, hearing part of the dispute and anticipating the result, had rushed timely between them; and droping on her knees, implored her lover, in terms of the most pathetic anguish, to spare ~~her~~ father's life, and if a victim was necessary to satisfy vengeance, in pitty to her disconsolate condition, to let the fatal weapon fall upon her head; "for it will be mercy to me" she exclaimed, and it is all the return I ask for the love which I have ever borne thee. The appeal had the desired effect in saving the life of Yoholo; but it worked woe to Tallalla. He was soon surrounded by the hunters, and bound as a prisoner,

was led in the presence of the exasparated King. This sudden reverse of fortune afflicted Sylona even more than it did the unfortunate Tallalla himself; for she now discovered that in saving the life of one whom she tenderly loved, she had in consequence doomed to death, another whom she loved no less. It was invain that she sued for pardon of her lover; the tears that melted his heart, had no softning influence on the feelings of her infuriated parent; they fell as dews of night upon a rock — "We will pursue our purposed hunt in the forest" (said Yoholo, to his party,) and then addressing himself to Tallalla, he continued, "and as for you boy, you must prepare to die — on my return, the flames shall mar thy young beauty and punish thy presumption".

Whoever has seen an Indian Council House will be apt to remember that it contains no windows, and only one place of enterance. Thither Tallalla was conducted; and being bound to a post erected in the centre of the building, two guards were stationed at the door. The King and his party now departed for the hunt. Doubtless the unhappy prisoner deplored him of his weakness in being melted from his purpose by a woman's tears; but seeing no possibility of escape, he resigned himself with the becoming fortitude of a warrior to the fate that awaited him; consoling himself in the reflection that his tormentors should never wring from his lips one expression of complaint or groan of

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agony—his firmness would please the ghost of father, and the maids of his own land would chaunt his praises. But still the failure of his long meditated vengeance, weighed oppressively on his heart. At any other time or under different circumstances, death would have worn no terrors to one, who, young as he was had braved it in many forms, but it was a bitter thing to contribute with his life to the malignant gratification of his father's murderer—the thought would impart sadness to the death-song of the proudest spirit. The morning passed off heavily with him. But not so with the exulting party in the forest. With active limbs and bounding hearts they pursued, over hills and dales the swift-footed deer. Their well-directed arrows goaded the flanks of the flying game and many a noble stag fell with the fatal shafts. Unusual success attended the hunt; none were willing to abandon it; and it was not until the sun had sunk among the tops of the tall pines that they gathered their spoils and started for the village. In the eagerness of pursuit thro' the day they had forgot Tallalla; but now the joy they anticipated in the torture of their victim, accelerated their pace homeward. Some of them had become widely separated in the chase, but before the close of daylight all of them had reached the village with the exception of the King and one of his Chiefs. These however were soon expected. Joy was seen in every countenance; the neighboring hollows rang with the whoops of mirth, and the

village was made alive with the dreadful preparations for the death of the prisoner. Nothing was wanting to crown the happi-ness of the day except an order from Yohola to begin the sacrifice. As yet he had not arrived. This delay became irksome to the impatient Chiefs. Hour after hour succeeded, and still he was not to be seen. His ab-sence began to excite apprehensions, that some evil had befallen him. The chief who was supposed to be in his company had returned and brought no other tidings, than, that about the setting of the sun, he parted with the King, who was impetuously pursuing a deer toward the entrance into the valley of Pinklawla. This intelligence confirmed the general conjecture, that he had entered the for-bidden valley, and had fallen a victim to the malignant Spirit that dwelt upon the moun-tains. His fate was lamented by some, but as he was feared more than he was beloved by his peo-ple, and the present being no time for lamen-tations - the grief even of his friends was mit-igated by the anticipated pleasure in torturing Tallalla. The prevailing malignity against this young unfortunate warrior, was not so much excited by his hostility to the King as by envy of his increasing fame. He had out-striped the most of the hunters in achieve-ments, and by his personal attractions had won Sylona, for whose love all were contending, or had fruitlessly contended. And what can generate more demonic hatred than rivalry

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in love and fame? The venomed adder may forego his vengeance, but Envy never will. There was now no difficulty in the way of their proceeding immediately to the sacrifise. The dreadful implements were in readenefs and the fire was blazing. One of the Chiefs, distinguished for his skill in punishing, and known as Tallalla's most implacable foe, was deputed to begin the tor=ture, and a flash of hell illumined his dark countenance as he hastily advanced to the Council House for the purpose of leading forth his victim to the flames. Alas! there was no one there to sympathise with the prisoner, or to plead for his pardon; and O ween, he little wanted the sym=pathies of any; for he has escaped from his bonds, and who would find him now, must seek him on the mountain tops, and not in the Council House.

When the Chiefs discovered themselves baffled in their bloody-minded sport by the flight of the victim, a simultaneous curse of indignation burst from their lips. Death the most excruciating was threatened the two centinels who were stationed at the door of the Council House, if the prisoner was not over=taken and brought back. But these guards kenew not whither to pursue, and were as ignorant of the manner of Tallalla's escape as the disappointed party themselves. They protested that they had remained constantly at the entrance of the house, and within their knowledge, no one had either passed in or come out of the building. The declaration was certainly true; for they remembered nothing of what

happened whilst their senses were drowned in intoxicating draughts. The faithful hearted Sylona, had so successfully administered to their ungovernable appetites for ardent drink, as to stretch them nerveless in sleep; and as they lay snoring on the ground, she entered the building and leading out her lover by the hand, pointed to the declining sun and told him to depart in silence. He departed accordingly; but not unac=-companied; for his beloved deliverer followed in his flying footsteps. The horrible sufferings which were to have terminated the life of the one, and would have imbittered the existence of the other, were now avoided; and the joy of being together again in freedom, inspired the tender Sylona with necessary fortitude & strength for the flight, whilst it obliterated from the heart of Tallalla its corroding passions. With both, the remembrance of past woes, was extinguished in the prospect of future happiness and glory. New hopes dawned upon the ill-fated pair. The star was vanished, that had shed its malig=-nant influence on their fortunes, and a planet of brighter destiny beamed upon them. On they now journied through the forest. Daylight soon closed in. Over hills and vallies, and winding round many a dismal morass, they toiled on their way, with no light to guide them but the evening Star. Their rout was gloomy and circuitous. As the frighted deer sprang from their lairs, the startled Sylona trembled in her knees and her heart throbbed with alarm. Tallalla himself was not free from the fear of pursuit, but

woe to the one who shall come within the reach of his arrows. As they were just emer=
=ging from a dark and tangled swamp, they heard or fancied that they heard the tread of human footsteps in their rear; they stoped to listen, and on looking back, discovered within a few paces a solitary warrior of gigantic size, who in an imperious manner, demanded of them their names. The timid maiden was too much terrified to ~~know~~ recognise the voice of her father. It was Yoholô who spoke, and Tal=
lalla knew him. He had not fallen by the Spirit on the mountain as had ben conjectured, but belated in the chase, he had missed his homeward path, and was now wandering at random thro' the woods in search of a habit=
ation. It was a most unexpected meeting to Tallalla. All the vengeful blood of his na=
=ture crowded on his heart. Casting his blanket from his shoulders, he said in an elevated tone "My name is Tallalla - who art thou?" No reply was made - each bent his bow; but the shaft of the young aven=
=ger flew first, and his enemy fell. The dews of night and the dews of death, min=
gled on Yoholo's brow.

Tallalla was right in not disclosing to Sylona the fate of her father. She believed that the slain warrior was one of their hostile pur=
=suers, and believing that others were not distant behind, she urged her lover to hasten his flight. Fear nerved her limbs, and she felt able to keep

in his steps. Their pace was redoubled. On they moved, little regarding opposing difficulties, until the weary maiden overcome by exertion, found that rest was indispensible. As they seated themselves by the side of a large rock, to recruit her exhausted strength, the moon rose in its full-orbed glory, and discovered to their view, but a short distance off, the mountains surrounding the valley of Pinklawla. This created much additional uneasiness in the bosom of the agitated girl. "We must change the direction of our journey," she said, "and avoid the arrows of the malignant Spirit - Upon yonder summits abides the unappeasable ghost of Ethelgar, the wrathful King of the Choctaws. He was a distracted man in battle, and never could be taken, until my father lured him by professions of peace into yonder valley and had him bound as a prisoner. You may have heard the story. But my father has rued in bitterness the day he gave his body to the kites, for his spirit flew upon those mou=
=ntains at his death, and has ever since sent down barbed arrows on our hunters below. The bones of our bravest warriors lie in that valley; no one hants there now, and my father warned me never to approach the accursed ground. Let us then turn our direction westward, where there are but few habitations and game abounds" ——
This story Tallalla had frequently heard before; but its repetition at this particular time, under existing melancholly circumstances, brought cloudy feelings on his soul. He remained for a while sile=
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silent and motionless, indulging in gloomy meditate=
=ons; and when pressed by his beloved to speak,
he addressed her in language illy suited to
allay her fears. "We will sleep to night" said he,
"upon those mountains, Sylona. The Spirit that in=
=habits there will never harm one so innocent and
beautiful as thee; and not being myself one of thy
tribe, it can have no anger against Tallalla—
It befits us then to seek those heights as a place
of refuge— thither our enemies dare not pursue us,
and we may remain in security until thy renova=
=ted health and strength enable you to prosecute
with me our long journey to my native land."
—These words fell heavily on her heart, and crushed at
once all hopes of ever realizing the happiness which
she had been vainly dreaming of. She felt that the
attempt to climb these mountains was inevitable
death; and she left no argument or art unapayed
to dissuade her lover from the rash design. But
her pleadings nothing availed; for Tallalla re=
=mained unshaken in his determination to ascend
out of the reach of his foes— he would sleep upon
the mountain top, even tho' it might be the eternal
sleep. And will the maiden accompany him?
Ask whether the magnet will forsake the pole.
The sunflower may turn from the beams it
worships, but never will a woman from the
lord of her heart. With Sylona it was death to
go, but it was worse to stay. As they arose to renew
their journey, she pointed to the heavens, & said,
"Dost thou not my beloved see yon gathering tempest?
—that is the frowning of Ethelgar's ghost— let us not
go."—— "I fear no visionary shapes," Tallalla re=
=plied

replied "ghastly spectres, nor the storm-fiend shall prevent my soaring this night to the Eagle's eyrie". And so saying, he seized his bride by the hand, as if influenced by some supernatural power, and rapidly advanced to the foot of the mountains, madly courting the destiny that seemed to await him. They had not printed the second track in their ascent, before the storm which had been sitting in sullen silence on the sum=mits, burst forth in all its terror & deluging fury. The waters came rushing in torrents over the rocks; the valley rang with the thunders, and the fires of the tempest blazed upon the adamant. The whole Heavens scow=led with every horror, and the mad whirlwind seemed to threaten the destruction of the very mass of mountains themselves. The scene was terrible to behold, and was more than the gentle soul of Sylona could bear—her heart died within her and she sank senseless in the arms of her lover.

When the distressed Sylona awoke from her state of insensibility, the storm had passed by—the morning broke in splendor, and she found herself on the top of one of the loft=iest mountains that encompass the valley of Penklawla. She had been carried there by the malignant spirit—he had borne her unhurt through storm & tempest, and he now claimed her for his bride, But who was that malignant spirit?— ~~for that~~ ~~so terrible on the mountains~~, It was no other,

than Tallalla himself. He prest his Muscogee beauty to his heart, and kissing off the tear that glistened in her melting eye, felt ample reward for toils & dangers past. And now, victorious over all oppo=sing difficulties, he spoke in her aston=ished ear. "I, am he, the avenging one, who hath dwelt on these mountains since the death of my father; and in vengeance of his murder, hath rained death on thy warriors in the valley below. My name is Sa-mo-ni, son of Othelgar, the wrathful King of the Choctaws."

After a short time, our youthful hero saw the ghost of his father in a dream, who told him, that vengeance was satisfied. He arose, and departed by the light of the moon for his native land, bearing with him his beautiful bride, and leaving behind the popular superstition, that the Valley of Pinklawla is guarded by an <u>Invisible Avenger.</u>