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The First and Last Sacrifice.

AN ADVENTURE AT MURDER CREEK.

[A Tale of the Wilderness.]

MAY 18. It was towards the latter end of May that I set out from New Orleans, with the intention of proceeding over-land to Savannah. I knew the fatigue I should have to undergo, the delays I should experience, and the possible dangers I might encounter; but I had heard and read so much of what there was to excite admiration in the regions through which I should pass, as well as to gratify curiosity in the scenes of savage life I should behold, that I willingly consented to pay the price of such gratifications. My imagination kindled at the thought of traversing a space of many hundred miles, through gloomy forests of pine, oak, and cedar, over wide-spread swamps, across flooded creeks, and amid tribes of Indians, still roaming their native wilds, proud and fearless hunters of the woods, or lingering on the confines of barbaric life, till the full tide of civilization should sweep away all the ancient landmarks of their race. My fancy was bewildered with a thousand dreamy visions of strange adventures and of perilous escapes of romantic hardships by night, when camping out in the woods, and of ceaseless novelties by day, to gaze and wonder at, in the sublime desolation of stupendous wildernesses. I pictured to myself the path of the hurricane, sweeping before it for miles, trees of mightiest growth, and covering the earth with their majestic ruins—the fierce wolf, and the pouncing panther—the rattlesnake and the alligator—with all that poetical ardour of mind which revels in the exciting conceptions of untamed danger. To me there was something inexpressibly fascinating in the idea of plunging into the depths of awful solitude, where nature reigned alone; where the breeze was perfumed with odours scattered by her hand only—where the sparkling fire flies danced and glittered before the traveler's eyes like feebly lit lamps, and where birds of unknown song and plumage made the air vocal with their wild melodies; in short, where man, who in towns and cities is everything, would be nothing.

Animated with these feelings, and excited by the anticipation which they inspired, I left New Orleans any thing but reluctant to exchange, for a time at least, its beautiful orange groves and fertile plains, clothed with rich vegetation, and the waters of the great stream, the Mississippi—whose course of three hundred miles, here terminated in bleak pine-barrens and arid sand-hills—for green savannahs, freshets, log-houses, wig-wags, and Indians with their tomahawks and scalping-knives. But it is not my purpose to dwell upon these topics, neither do I propose to relate all that befel me on my journey, or describe all the impressions produced by what I saw. I shall confine myself to the details of a single incident.

The moon was shining gloriously, when, on the 12th night from my leaving New Orleans, I approached a deep glen, known by the name of Murder Creek. It had received this fearful appellation in consequence of a tragical event which occurred there some twenty years ago. A party of whites, consisting of about thirty persons, including several women and children, who were camping out during the night, were suddenly surprised by the Indians, and every one of them butchered and scalped. I had made a fatiguing day's journey not so much on account of the distance I had traversed, as from the circumstance of having met with two or three large swamps, in which my horse frequently stuck so fast that I was afraid I should be compelled to leave him to his fate, and scramble my way out, as well as I could, over trunks of fallen trees. Weary, cold, wet, (for the day had been hot, the night was sharp and chilly, and I had waded knee deep through one of the flooded creeks,) and hungry withal, I made up my mind to spread my blanket, kindle my fire, and after cooking my bacon, and making my coffee, to sleep till dawn beneath the thick branches of the lofty trees which overshadowed me. Having secured my horse by a little fence of saplings, and given him his supper of Indian corn leaves, the only substitute for hay, (a sufficient supply of which I had carried behind me tied on his back,) I prepared my own meal. While I was eating it with a relish I might have envied, had I been partaking of more costly viands, and watching the beautiful corruscations of light produced by myriads of fire-flies sparkling evanescent lustre in the deep gloom of the surrounding forest, beyond whose surface the moon's pale beams could not penetrate, I was suddenly started by the loud sharp clicking of a rattlesnake. I sprang up, and, by the light of my fire, perceived the reptile gliding away into the thick underwood, not more than three or four yards from where I had been sitting. I had my

stout staff of iron-wood in my hand, and with one well-aimed blow laid the creature dead before me. It was nearly seven feet long, its tail, which I cut off, consisted of twenty joints or rattles. I was not sorry I had succeeded in despatching it; for though my blazing fire was, I knew, sufficient to protect me from its near approach, yet I doubt if I should have composed myself to sleep quite so comfortably, had it escaped into the thicket.

After I had finished my supper, and replenished my fire with fuel, so laid on as to prevent its burning away too rapidly, I spread my blanket, arranged my saddle-bags for bolster and pillow, and laid me down. But there was, if I may so express myself, an oppressive stillness around, which kept me awake for some time. Humboldt speaks of the deep impression made by nature whenever man finds himself in company with her alone; and this impression I had frequently felt during the day, when, look where I would, my eyes rested upon no object which linked me with my fellow creatures; but, at this moment, it was not only more intense—it partook of emotions which, in their character, were both awful and melancholy.—The solitude of night, even in a crowded city, is solemnly impressive. What then must it be, when it deepens the solitude of the wilderness—when, to the consciousness of utter loneliness are added that visible gloom which contracts the boundaries of sight, and those audible sounds which proclaim the surrounding desolation? The air was loaded with these sounds that told the dismal tale, and fancy clothed them all in its own livery. As I lay gazing at the quiet moon, the trickling murmur of innumerable springs flowing over pebbly beds, or through channels fringed with rank herbage—the din of the distant waterfalls—the roar of some cataract—the howl of the wolf—the deep hoarse croak of the frogs in the neighboring swamps—and the drowsy buzz of insects wheeling, fluttering, and dancing in the moonbeams, seemed to invade my ears with incessant and confused repetition. Nor could I wholly dismiss from my thoughts all recollection of the event which had given to the place its ominous name—the Murder Creek; for, not a hundred yards from me, the blackened stump of a tree still marked the spot which had witnessed the frightful massacre.

Insensibly, however, sleep began to steal over me, and I was sinking into repose, when I heard a rustling among the bushes, and the quick tread of feet. I turned my head in the direction of the sound, and saw an Indian seated on the stump I have just mentioned, gazing steadily at me. I neither spoke nor moved; and he was equally silent and motionless. I do not think that he was aware that I was awake and looking at him. He was tall, of a robust make, and his attitude, as he sat, full of that native grace and dignity which have so frequently been described as peculiar to some tribes of these children of the woods. His dress was eloquent and picturesque, consisting of a sort of loose gown of red and blue cotton, with the hem highly ornamented, and fastened round the waist by a richly embroidered belt, in which were his tomahawk, scalping-knife, and shot-pouch. On his legs he wore moccasins of brown deer-skin, and from his neck hung a profusion of silver ornaments, some shaped like circular plates, and others of the form of shining crescents. Over his shoulders hung his quiver and sheaf of arrows, and on his head he wore a white cotton turban, from behind which nodded a small plume of black feathers. In his hand he held a gun, and athwart his body, obliquely, crossing his left shoulder, and hanging below his right, his bow was slung.

I had full leisure to note all these things, for there he sat, the moon's light falling brightly and silently upon him. There he sat, and his eye was as brightly and as silently upon me. It was like fascination. I could only look at him, and breathe softly, as if I feared to disturb the warrior. I doubted whether I had indeed heard his approach, or whether the form I beheld had not grown like a vision upon my sight. In this manner I lay for nearly half an hour, (such at least seemed the time to me,) till my eyeballs ached with gazing; and still the figure was there, while not a muscle of his face or body betrayed by its motion that it was a living man I gazed upon. I closed my eyes for a moment, to relieve the intolerable pain they felt; but when I opened them again the Indian had disappeared. I was now convinced I had been mocked by a waking dream; for awake I was, and had been all the time. I was convinced, too, that what I had mistaken for the rustling among the bushes and the quick tread of feet, was nothing more than the impression of those confused sounds I have described, to which that stealing slumber of the senses which precedes sleep had imparted its own vague qualities. Had his feet been shod with moccasins of the cygnet's down,

I must have heard their tread as he retired, had the form been real.

Under other circumstances, an occurrence like this would have banished sleep for the rest of the night; but in spite of what I felt, and of the musing thoughts that began to throng into my mind, the fatigue of the day's journey sat too heavily upon me to let me keep awake. In the very midst of unquiet and feverish meditations, I fell asleep. How long I continued in that state I cannot say; but it must have been three or four hours, for when I awoke, my night fire was nearly burnt out, and the moon was veiled by black and tempestuous clouds, which had gathered in the sky, threatening a storm. The first object that met my eyes, as I looked around, was the Indian! He was seated in the same attitude as before, but his figure was now only dimly and partially visible, from the long flashes of red dusky light thrown upon it at intervals, by the expiring embers. I started up, grasping my pistols, which lay half-cocked by my side. He arose and slowly advanced towards me. I was on my feet in an instant, and as he came near, I presented my pistol; but with one blow of his tomahawk, given with the rapidity of lightning, he struck it from my hand so violently, that the piece discharged itself as it fell to the ground. The report echoed and re-echoed, peal upon peal, through the surrounding forest. I endeavored to possess myself of the other, when he sprang upon me, seized me by the throat, and with his right hand held aloft his murderous weapon. Expecting the fatal blow to fall, I made signs of submission, and both by my gestures and looks implored his mercy. He surveyed me for an instant without speaking, and then quitted his hold, and stooping down took up my remaining pistol, which he discharged in the air. I saw, by the quick glances of his eyes, that he was looking about to ascertain whether I had any other weapon of defense, and I signified that I had not. He now lighted the pipe of his tomahawk by the embers, gave two or three puffs himself, and passed it to me; I did the same, and from that moment I knew I was safe in his hands. The symbol of peace and hospitality had been reciprocated; the pledge of good faith had been given which no Indian ever violated.

Hitherto not a word had been spoken. I knew none of the Indian dialects, and I was aware that such nation had a language or vocabulary of its own, which, though possessing some common affinities in neighboring tribes, was often so dissimilar, that they were frequently obliged to carry on communication with each other through the medium of interpreters. While, however, I was considering how I should make myself understood, or comprehend the intentions of my mysterious visitor, I was both surprised and delighted to hear him address me in very good English.

"The storm clouds are collected in their strength," said he looking towards the sky. "Get ready. Follow me."

"You speak my language," I exclaimed.

"You hear I do. Get ready, and follow."

"Whither?"

He made no answer, but walked some paces off, in the direction he would go, and then stopped as if waiting for me. I obeyed. In a few minutes my traveling necessities were collected, my horse saddled, and I on his back ready to proceed, which when he saw, he immediately entered a narrow hunter's path that led into the thickest part of the wood. It soon became so dark that I could not see my guide, and he turned back to take the bridle of my horse in his hand. With an unerring and rapid step he kept the path, and with the eyes of a lynx he discerned its course through the intricate windings of the forest. He did not speak; and I was too much absorbed in conjectures as to what might be the issue of this singular adventure, to seek frivolous discourse, while I knew that any attempt to anticipate the issue by questions would be futile. Besides, all fear for my personal safety being allayed, I could hardly say that I now felt a wish to forego the conclusion of a business which had commenced so romantically. We had proceeded in this manner about two miles, when the Indian suddenly stopped, and the next moment I was startled by the report of his musket, which was followed by a loud howl or yell. Before I could enquire the cause of what I heard, I was thrown to the ground by the violent rearing and plunging of my horse; but I soon recovered my feet, and was then enabled to perceive by the faint glimmering of the dawn which now began to penetrate the dark gloom of the gigantic trees, that the Indian was in the act of discharging an arrow at a wolf of prodigious size, which seemed to be on the spring to seize its assailant.—The arrow flew to its mark with a whizzing sound, and the bow went forth a twang, which denoted the strength of the arm which had dispatched it. It struck, and penetrated

the skull of the wolf, quivering in the wound; and the next moment a tremendous blow from the tomahawk, given, as he sprang towards the ferocious animal before it could recover from the stunning shock of the arrow, cleft its head completely in twain. The whole of this did not occupy more than a minute; with such dexterous rapidity did the Indian first discharge his gun, then unsling his bow, and follow up its use by the certain execution of the tomahawk.—Nor was I less astonished, as I looked at the animal, and remarked its dun color, at the extraordinary quickness of vision which the necessity of being constantly on the watch (in their hunting expeditions through the trackless woods) against sudden surprises, either from wild beasts or enemies in ambush, created in these ferocious denizens of their native wilds. Had I been journeying along, with all the advantage of daylight, I scarcely think my eye would have distinguished the wolf from the thick bushes in which it was couched, unless my attention had been excited by some movement on its part; and I could not help testify my amazement at the whole scene. The Indian made no reply, but reloaded his gun, to be ready, if necessary, for another enterprise of the same kind.

We resumed our journey in silence, and having proceeded, as nearly as I could judge, from three to four miles further, we at length came to a small cabin, or wigwam, erected by the side of the path. It was of the simplest construction, consisting merely of a few saplings stuck into the ground, and covered on the top and sides with the bark of the cedar tree. Round the cabin there was about half an acre of ground cleared, which was planted in Indian corn. Here we stopped; for this was the abode of my guide. I dismounted, fastened my horse to a tree, and followed the Indian into the hut, whose only furniture seemed to be a bed of buffalo and wild deer-skins in one corner. I perceived, however, that the walls, so to call them, were hung round with rifles, tomahawks, scalping-knives, shot-pouches, powder-horns, bows, arrows, and deer, buffalo and bear-skins.—But I will not attempt to describe what were my feelings at the moment when I saw and counted on one side of the cabin, no less than fifteen human scalps, denoting by their size and appearance that they had belonged to persons of almost every age, from the child of three years, to the grey victim of three score and ten.—One in particular attracted my attention, from the beauty of its glossy auburn hair, which hung down in profusion, and which had evidently been severed from the head of some wretched female, perhaps young, and lovely, and beloved! I could easily distinguish, too, that all of them were the scalps of white people, who had been slain, I had no doubt, by the being in whose power, utterly helpless and alone, I then was. My heart grew faint and sick at the ghastly array; and I turned from it, but with a resolution to betray, as little as I possibly could, by my manner, the emotion it had excited.

The Indian arose, went forth, and entered the forest; I followed utterly incapable of saying a word. There was something so strange and overpowering in what I had seen and heard, so obscure and exciting in what I might still have to see and hear; it was so impossible for me to enter into the dark feelings of revenge that had been avowed, or applaud the murderous spirit in which they had been appeased by this unrelenting savage; while to rebuke either man or monster would have been at once hazardous and unavailing, that I could only meditate fearfully and silently upon the whole.

The course he now took was indicated by no path, but lay through thick underwood, and among tangled bushes. At the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the cabin, I observed a small stage constructed between four trees standing near each other, and not more than four or five feet from the ground. On this stage I saw a human figure extended, which, as I afterwards discovered, was the body of the Indian's mother. By her side was a red earthen vessel or pitcher, containing the bones of his father, and that "handful of ashes" which he had brought with him from the shores of Lake Ontario, under the impulse of a sentiment so well known to exist among the Indian tribes—the desire of mingling their own dust, in death, with that of their fathers and their kindred. I noticed, however, that my guide passed this simple sylvan sepulchre, without once turning his eyes towards it.

We continued our progress through the forest, and I soon began to perceive we were ascending a rising ground, though the dense foliage which hemmed us in on every side prevented me from distinguishing the height or the extent of the activity. Presently I heard the loud din and roar of waters; and we had proceeded in the direction of the sound, whose increasing noise indicated our gradual approximation to it, for rather more than half a mile, when the Indian stopped, and I found myself all at once on the brink of a tremendous whirlpool. I looked down from a height of nearly two hundred feet

children were born to me—we were one family.

"Did I forget my oath? No. Did I forget the end for which I lived? Never. The day that saw my first-born in its mother's arms saw my first sacrifice to my father's spirit—a white man dead at my feet. Three moons after, another; and in that third moon—a third. There," pointing to the scalps, "there hang the proofs that I do not say the thing which is not."

"Four moons passed, and I returned one evening from hunting, when I found my cabin burnt down. My mother alone sat weeping and lamenting among the ruins. I could not separate the bones of my children and my wife from the common heap of blackened ashes, which marked the spot where my home had stood when I went forth in the morning. I did not weep. But I comforted my mother all that night, and when the sun arose, I said, 'Let us to the wilderness! we are the last of our race.—We are alone, and the desert offers its solitudes for such!'"

"I left forever the Lake of a Thousand Islands, carrying with me only a handful of ashes with which was mingled the dust of my children and my wife. In my progress hither, I visited the great warrior Tecumseh.—He was then about to depart from the borders of Canada, upon a journey of a thousand miles, to invite the Lower Creeks to take up the hatchet in the defense of the British against the Americans and Upper Creeks. I joined him. I was his companion.—I sat with him in the assembly of the great council when, by the power of his talk, he obtained a solemn declaration that they would take up the hatchet at his call. And they did; and I fought by his side when they did. His enemies were the Americans; mine were the whites; and my revenge slaked its thirst in their blood, with the same refreshing sense that I drink of the sparkling waters of the spring, without asking its name. Seven of the scalps you see belonged to those who lay beneath my tomahawk; but my arrows flew thick besides; nor was my gun levelled in vain."

"When the Warrior perished, the hope perished with him of the gathering of the Indian nations in some spot where the white people would not follow, and where we might live as our fathers had done. Tecumseh fell. I left my brethren, and I built my cabin in the woods."

"It was the season of the green corn, when the thanks-offering is made to the Great Spirit, that a white man came to my door. He had lost his path, and the sun was going down.—My mother shook, for the fear of death was upon her. She spoke to me. Her words were like the hurricane that sweeps through the forest, and opens for itself a way among the hills. The stranger was the same that had found my father defenceless and asleep, and who shot him as he slept. Come with me and learn the rest."

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into the deep ravine below, through which the vexed stream bellowed and whirled till it escaped through another chasm, and plunged into the recesses of the wood. It was an awful moment! The profound gloom of the place—the uproar of the eddying vortex beneath—the dark and rugged abyss which yawned before me, where huge trees might be seen tossing and writhing about like things of life tormented by the angry spirit of the waters—the unknown purpose of the being who had brought me hither and who stood by my side in sullen silence, prophetic, to my mind, of a thousand horrible imaginings.—formed altogether a combination of circumstances that might have summoned fear into a bolder heart than mine was at that instant. At length the Indian spoke.

"Do you mark that cedar, shooting out midway from the rock? Hither I brought the white man, who doomed me to be born on a father's grave. I said to him, 'You slow my father! He shook, as my mother had done; for the fear of death was upon him. My father's blood has left a stain upon you which must be washed out in these dark waters.' He would have fled to the woods, like a wounded panther; but I grasped him thus, (winding his sinewy arm tightly round me,) and cried, 'Come with me to the Spirit World and hear me tell my father how I have clothed myself, as with a robe, in the blood of white men, to revenge his death. Come and see him smile upon me, when I point to the blood of his slayer!'"

"How he shrieked when I sprang with him into the abyss! He rolled from me, and I heard the plunge of his body into the roaring gulf below, but the Great Spirit spread forth that cedar, to catch me in my own descent, for I lay in its green arms, as the young bird in its sheltered nest. Why was I kept from my father? I could not go to him. The branches clung to me, and from the depths of the forest there came a voice on the wind, saying, 'Return!' I planted my foot on the rock; at one bound I clutched you to my breast; I swung myself on that jutting crag, and reached the spot where now I stand."

As he spoke these words he quitted his hold of me, to my infinite relief. We were so near the edge of the precipice, and his manner was so energetic, I might say almost convulsed, from the recollection of his consuming animating act of revenge, that I felt no small alarm lest an accidental movement should precipitate us both into the frightful chasm, independently of a very uncomfortable misgiving as to what his real intentions might be, while holding me so firmly. In either case, I should have had no faith in the Great Spirit spreading the cedar to catch me in my descent; while if I had found myself in its "green arms," I should certainly have remained there till doomsday, provided I had only my own agility to trust to for swinging myself out of them.—But in what a situation was I actually placed! In such a spot, and with a being whose motives I was not only still unable to fathom, but whose wild caprice perhaps might urge him to, I knew not what, if I spoke one unguarded word. After a short pause, however, I ventured to address him; but while I cautiously gave expression to an opinion from which, if confirmed, I looked, to extract consolation for myself, I took especial care to shape what I said as much to his taste as I could possibly make it.

"And thus the oath of your childhood was satisfied. You had not only avenged your father's death upon the race of white men, but you had offered up his murderer, as a last sacrifice to his memory, and your vengeance!"

"A last sacrifice!" he exclaimed, his features brightening with exultation. "Why was I bid to return, if the great purpose for which I had lived was completed? In my cabin, I can count five scalps of white men struck by this arm since the murderer sunk beneath these waters. 'But,' he continued with a stern solemnity of manner, 'this day sees the last. I have lived long enough; else—'"

and he fixed his eyes steadily upon me, "you had not lived to hear me say so. I tracked you last night from the going down of the sun.—Twice my gun was levelled; twice I drew my arrow's head to its point; once my hatchet glittered in the moon. But my arm failed me, and there was sadness over my spirits. I watched you as you slept. Not even the thought that so my father slept, could make me strike. I left you; and in the deep forest cast myself to the earth, to ask the Great Spirit what he would have me do, if it was to be that I could not shed your blood. A voice like that which said 'Return,' came again on the wind. I heard it. I obeyed it. Follow, and behold my last sacrifice."

We now descended the eminence on which we were standing, and again proceeded along the intricate path which conducted us back to the cabin. When we entered it, he invited me to eat, by pointing to the repast which was still spread upon the ground; but I declined. He then motioned me

that I should sit; and taking the hint from his own inflexible silence, I did so without uttering a word, but watching with intense anxiety all his movements. Divesting himself of his robe and turban, he put on a splendid dress of ceremony; after which taking down the fifteen scalps, which were all strung upon a twisted cord, made from the bark of a tree, he suspended them round his neck. The one from which hung those long glossy tresses of auburn was in front, and spread itself with mournful luxuriance over his breast. Thus accoutred, and with his musket in one hand, and his hatchet in the other, besides the tomahawk, shot-pouch, powder-horn, and scalping-knife, which were stuck in his belt, he turned to me and said, "Follow; bring with you the buffalo-hide on which you sit."

I did so, though with some difficulty; for the hide was both heavy and cumbersome to carry. We were now once more in the forest, and in the same track as when we set forth for the whirlpool. The Indian instead of striding along with a quick elastic step, walked at a slow measured pace, but with great dignity of carriage.—We had proceeded about a hundred yards when he began a wild melancholy chant, in his native tongue; and it was then, for the first time the horrid idea flashed across my mind, that he was about to immolate himself. Good God! and was I to witness the appalling ceremony, in the wilderness, from which it seemed impossible, utterly impossible, I could ever extricate myself! What, then, might be my own fate? To perish in these woods, perhaps, by the slow torture of famine, or fall a prey to some savage animal or noxious reptile.

We arrived at a small stage on which lay the body of the Indian's mother. Here he stopped—ascended it; laid down his gun and hatchet, took from me the buffalo hide, spread it carefully by his mother, and placed on the other side the earthen vessel containing the bones of his father, and the handful of ashes with which was mingled the dust of his wife and children. He next seated himself between them on the buffalo skin; and surely, whatever else I may forget in this world, while I remember any thing, I can never forget either the sublime expression of his countenance at that moment, or the horror of his appearance, with the scalps round his neck! For, now, by the light which fell upon them, as I stood beneath, I could distinguish the black clotted blood that stiffened the hair at the roots. Longer silence became insupportable—impossible; that which had hitherto kept me silent—my own safety—now with an equally irresistible impulse stirring me to speech.

"It is not your own death," I exclaimed, "that you call your last sacrifice!"

He smiled; but made no answer. "In mercy, then," I added, half frantically, "destroy me first; for here in this wilderness, I must perish when you are dead!"

He shook his head and pointed upwards. "No!" said he. "Watch the green leaves, and walk with the wind. Speak no more. But when I am in the spirit World, cover me with the buffalo robe and go."

I stood aghast, motionless, and scarcely able to breathe, while the Indian was as calm and unperturbed as if he were only laying down to sleep. He now began again his funeral chant or death song, in a low wailing tone, so full of mournful expression, that though there was something monotonous in its character, it brought tears into my eyes. But, as it grew louder and bolder from the animating theme—the deeds of prowess he had performed, and the white men he had slain,—till at last, it swelled into a terrific yell, as he recounted the death of his father's murderer, which echoed through the surrounding solitude like frightful howlings, my blood seemed to chill and curdle. Hitherto he had spoken in a language unknown to me, and I only judged of import from the expressive sympathy of his features. But suddenly he stopped; and then, in a gentle, murmuring voice, resumed his dirge in English.

"I am the last of my race! I am the last of my race! The life-stream that fills my veins is like the river that goes to the ocean and is lost! I had a father, I had a mother; I had a wife, I had children. I have no father, I have no mother; I have no wife, I have no children. I am the last of my race. I have no kindred. The white man came, who slew my father, and the fathers of my father. The white man came who burned my cabin on the Lake of the Thousand Islands! I brought the wild deer home from the chase but my wife and children could be gathered in the pain of my hand. I had no tear to mingle with those of my mother which fell upon their ashes! I fled to the wilderness, and carried with me the bones and dust of those that were—My father's blood was on my lips when I came from the womb; the white man's blood is on my hatchet which goes with me to the grave. I have done well; for the Great Spirit has called me: I shall not die like the

CONCLUDED ON THE FOURTH PAGE.