The Cambridge Chronicle.

"UNCOMPROMISING HOSTILITY TO THE RE-ELECTION OF MARTIN VAN BUREN."

NEW SERIES—VOL. 2. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 20, 1839. NUMBER 41.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

E. RICHARDSON HOOPER.

TERMS.

THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE is published every *Saturday Morning*, at TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS per annum payable half yearly, *in advance*. Subscriptions will not be taken for less than six months. No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publisher; and the failure to order a discontinuance previously to the expiration of the time already subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

Single papers can be had at this Office, for six and a quarter cents, each.

☞ *Advertisements not exceeding Fourteen Lines* will be inserted three times for one dollar: and twenty five cents for every subsequent insertion.— Larger ones in proportion.

In cases where the number of insertions is not limited, advertisements will be continued until direction to omit them is received, and charged accordingly.

☞ *All letters addressed to the Editor, must be post paid*

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

From Burton's Magazine.

PONTIAC, THE OTTAWA.

AN INDIAN TALE.

BY J. MILTON SANDERS.

CHAPTER I.

"CURSE the pale faces!" exclaimed a tall Indian who stood upon a ledge of rocks which jutted over a dark ravine, down which the mountain current whirled with the rapidity of an arrow, sounding like the deep and dull rumbling of distant thunder, and throwing up the spray in hazy wreaths which almost reached the ledge upon which the Indians stood.

"Curse the pale faces! dost thou think I can be subdued by the cubs whose dams I prostrated at my feet!" He who spoke was a tall Indian of a herculean mould, with a high and expansive forehead, and a pair of dark eyes, which glistened like the mountain tiger's as he spoke. His features were sharp & sternly set, while his shaggy eyebrows were naturally drawn down over his eyes, which gave to his features an ascetic expression not very prepossessing. The Indian to whom he addressed the expression, was a small man, with a narrow receding forehead, dark fiery eyes, and a countenance the unnatural distortions of which when he spoke, would lead a physiognomist into the indubitable belief that this delectable individual might be one of that number whose qualms of conscience for evil deeds might be too frequent. The large Indian gritted his teeth as he finished speaking, and brandished his tomahawk towards fort Duquesne with a fearful vigor, with the dark scowl upon his face, caused the smaller Indian to recoil with fear.

"'Tis even so," at length spoke the latter, in a dry guttural voice. "The cubs have grown in strength, till they have risen to sweep us from the earth; already have they encroached into our hunting grounds, and our game is daily becoming less beneath their fiery weapons.

"Let them grow! the taller the tree grows, the easier 'tis blown down by the wind," said Pontiac, (for it was he,) who gazed so intently in the direction of fort Duquesne, as not to observe the countenance of the dwarf Pishairo, which assumed a sinister smile, while his small bright eyes glittered like the enraged snake when he watches in the grass for his prey.—"'Tis said the pale warrior would wed the daughter of Pontiac; has the news yet reached the ear of our sachem?"

"The sachem glared upon the dwarf as if he would fathom his inmost thoughts, while the bitter smile which had spread over his features suddenly passed off, and a demure composure was the only expression observable. "Hast thou been among the pale faces contrary to my wishes? if so, better hadst thou be a snake than Pishairo," said the chief sternly through his clenched teeth, as he continued gazing upon the countenance of the dwarf. "Speak! how comest thou by this idle talk, which would better become one of thy own kind than me?"

"I have sought thee, Pontiac, for my breast is burdened with news. Listen! As the sun was sinking behind the mountain, and ere the birds had ceased their warbling, I beheld the pale face in his canoe, which he plied silently, scarcely disturbing the dark shadows in the waters as he passed; he landed, and with the stealthiness of the wild cat, when he crawls upon his prey, he mounted the green bank which rises by thy mountain wigwam; he gained the top—a low cry, and thy dark-eyed daughter——"

The fierce sachem sprang upon his feet, and fixing his fiery eyes upon the dwarf, drew back his long spear, as if in the act of hurling it, while the informant crouched closer to the rock beneath which he sat.

"When the Ottawa sachem discovers Pishairo's tongue forked like the subtle snake's, then let him strike the base blood from his heart," and the dwarf laid his hand upon his bosom, and gazed steadfastly upon the chief, who, after scrutinizing his countenance, which was as expressionless as the cold marble, exclaimed in a voice of passion, "None of the pure blood of Pontiac shall mingle with the base blood of the pale face, unless it be in the struggle for life and death. I have said it! Curse the white race! Were I the father of a thousand daughters, whose eyes were as dark as the night, and whose hair were as beautiful as the raven's plumage, I would lay them all upon the dust and mingle their blood with the dirt ere it should mingle with that cursed race! I will stand in their path, and stop their journey, or, upon the bones of my forefathers, perish," and the chief shook his spear with vehemence towards the dwarf.

"These were words of truth," assented the small man, who still lay close to the rock.

"Pishairo speak," said the sachem in a peremptory tone, which was not to be disobeyed.

"The daughter of the Ottawa sachem gazed into the eyes of the pale face with those of the dove, and her voice was as soft as the nightingale when he sings to his love, as she whispered in a low voice, which reached my ear, 'Thy canoe did not darken the waters last setting sun; no ripple came to the shore from thy paddle; has the daughter of the Ottawa sachem grown cold in thine eye?' Then spoke the pale faced chief, and his voice was like unto the silvery tones of the dark eyed maiden. "The pale face loves the Ottawa maiden, but not for her lands—'tis the *maiden* he wants, and he would take her from this dreary forest to the bright land of his people—would the red maiden follow her pale lover?' and he placed around her neck a chain made from the bright metal, as he drank from her glowing eyes the confession that she would be his own. In a mellow voice he bade her meet him at the next setting sun, and then his canoe went its noiseless way and soon disappeared; these are not forked words."

The eyes of the chief flashed fire, he gritted his teeth, and clenched his spear with the power of a vice, but, with that tact peculiar to him, covered the fury which raged within him under features which indicated nothing more to an observer than their usual stern and determined expression. He strode off, and the features of the dwarf again assumed their usual cunning and sinister expression. The haughty Ottawa sachem had beheld with a jealous eye the daily encroachments of the white race upon the lands owned by his tribe. His foresight told him that the power which a while previously was unlimited among the tribes, was daily becoming weaker—and he already viewed in anticipation the whites as masters of the land of his ancestors, unless he adopted vigorous measures to drive them from it ere they increased to such numbers as would render futile all his attempts to expel them. Already had his name ceased to create that electric effect which it was wont ere the whites came to the country, and he determined, with one sanguinary blow, to regain that mighty influence which he had lost. He was determined that his voiece should again be heard with reverence at the council fire, and that, when in his absence, his belt should summon a host of warriors to his standard, as it formerly did in the days of his glory. It is seldom we see one possessing power once, when levelled to the common standard of a private individual, who is willing to remain so; but with the never-tiring and never-quieted passion *ambition* continually spurring him on, he is never satisfied, never at ease, but unceasingly engaged in plotting and counterplotting for the prize which can never be reached, till at last he expires, a victim to the passion which burns alike in the breast of the savage and the king.

Pontiac still possessed unlimited sway over his own nation—yet the influence of the whites was also felt among his own tribe; they did not obey his wishes with the same alacrity as previous to the appearance of the whites on their soil. The dwarf, who belonged to the Peoria nation, whom the warlike Ottawas had conquered and reduced to slavery, was a *soi distant* chief; but the fate of war had not only reduced him to a private individual, but also to a slave, in which capacity he served under the Ottawa sachem; which, after all, was more compatible with his talent than his former station, which was an hereditary gift. Love and jealousy are passions which rage in a savage with more energy than in a refined breast, and these were at this time the two predominant passions of Pishairo. He had seen Pontiac's beautiful daughter, and to see was to love; he had gazed upon her till he was intoxicated with her charms; long and ardently had he watched her expanding womanhood, and, like the rose bud, so beautiful at first, now that she had expanded to maturity, appeared more lovely still. This amiable lover had beheld the meeting of the preceding evening, and inflamed with jealousy, he sought the chief, whose irritable disposition he knew could be easily fanned into a flame, particularly when the subject was the white aggressors. His object for communicating this intelligence was the reverse of what the chief supposed it, who imagined he had read the countenance of the dwarf.

CHAPTER II.

As the trees were gilded with the last rays of the declining sun, a canoe silently glided towards the bank upon which stood the wigwam of the Ottawa chief. The person who sat in it, and noiselessly plied the paddle, appeared to be aware of his proximity to the hunting ground of the Ottawas, by the many anxious looks which he directed to every tangled coppice which he passed. After reviewing well the woods from the middle of the stream, he turned the prow towards the shore, and with one or two dips of his paddle, the canoe bounded to the land, he sprang out, and drawing it farther upon the bank, stealthily walked up the hill, observing to examine the priming of his pistols, which he carried in his belt, previous to commencing the ascent. He gained the top, and whistling softly, beheld the Ottawa maiden advancing from the direction of her father's wigwam. At this moment an Indian stepped from behind a tree near the white man.

"Ah, Pishairo, thou art here agreeably to thy promise," exclaimed the white man, as he grasped the Indian's hand, "and thou hast talked with the sachem's daughter—how can I reward thee?"

"Reward!" exclaimed the dwarf, as his features assumed the sardonic expression peculiar to them when he was over excited. "Thinkest thou a Peoria sachem *asks* reward? he *takes* it."

"This language is enigmatical; explain thyself, warrior," said the white man, whose face slightly reddened. "How couldst thou *take* thy reward unless I chose to give it?"

The dwarf burst out into a hysterical laugh. "Does the eagle ask the hawk for his prey? No! he pounces upon him and *takes* him'—and the dwarf walked off laughing immoderately.

The white man gazed after him, but the Indian maiden was in his arms ere he could give vent to an expression of anger. He imprinted a kiss on her forehead, and his eyes immediately lost their expression of anger with which he gazed at the dwarf.

"Is the Ottawa maiden ready to go to the land of the white man's people?"

The girl hung her head, and then looking him in the face with eyes beaming love, she answered, "The Ottawa maiden is ready to leave her people, and follow her white warrior to his bright land."

"Then we will hasten ere ——" and turning around, the white man beheld himself surrounded with Indians, who stood as many as the trees. He seized the maiden with the left hand, and with his right drew a pistol, which he discharged at the nearest Indian! they rushed on him, but with his knife, which he brandished in the air with herculean strength, he kept the warriors at bay, and slowly retreated towards the boat; thrice did they rush up, and thrice did he repel them; but finally he was overpowered by the savages, thrown upon the ground, and bound. The maiden was led to her lodge, and the white man borne to the densest part of the woods, where were erected the tents of the warriors. He was taken to a spacious tent, in which sat Pontiac and all of his oldest chiefs. A low guttural interjection from each man as he passed, indicated their knowledge of his capture; & then all were as silent and motionless as statues. The sachem motioned with his hand, and the white man was untied, and stood amongst them. The chief arose to address him, and from a spark of joy which appeared to twinkle in his eyes, it was evident he was striving to master feelings of exultation, which were so intense as almost to overcome him. The white man folded his arms, and looked steadfastly in the eyes of Pontiac as he spoke; and from the fearless manner in which he bore himself, it was evident that he could be no uncommon person. The sachem spoke slowly and distinctly, and his words embodied that sarcasm which strikes to the soul of the addressed.

"White man, listen! The red man and the white man were friends: they sat at the same council fire, and they slept upon the same blanket; they walked the same path, and they smoked together the same pipe; they ate of the same venison, and there was peace! White man, listen! Ye grew in strength, (for then ye were weak) till, like the tall oak, ye fain would spread your branches over the other trees, to guard them from the storm; ye are now grown high, but beware!—none but the tallest trees are stricken by the fire of the clouds. (Every warrior grunted a commendation.) Ye grew in strength till the land which you hunted upon grew small in your eyes, and then ye would have ours. Ye taught our young warriors to drink the fire water, which drove them mad, and they were no longer warriors. Is this all? No! Not content with our lands, ye would steal upon our hunting grounds to carry off our daughter; what does the pale face merit?" The sachem's eyes twinkled like two stars as he gazed around upon the rows of warriors.

"Curse the wild cat! he would prey upon his red brothers," said a clear eyed old warrior, whose scalp lock was blanched with years.

"And merits burning at the stake," said another, whose locks were no less white.

"And his bones cast to the dogs—curse him!" exclaimed a third.

"Curse him!" reiterated the rest in a low tone, as they involuntarily tightened their grasps around their tomahawk handles—"can the white chief find his tongue?"

The prisoner already knew of the mighty scheme against the whites which the sachem was projecting by his dutiful slave Pishairo, and he felt that his only chance for life would be to obtain, if possible, a protraction of his execution. He spoke firmly and frankly, and admitted what they already suspected. There was no cringing beneath the stern and steady gaze of Pontiac, but he threw it back by one equally stern and defying; he spoke with powerful, energy, for he was pleading for life; he described in glowing colors the impression the first sight of his daughter had upon him, and that he was resolved to wed her in order to cement the bonds of friendship firmer between the white and red men.

A demoniacal smile spread over the features of the sachem when the white man had finished speaking; he drew himself up to his full height, and fiercely demanded the war club—should be passed around, which was soon done, and it was decided that the prisoner should be burned at the stake the following morning. He was taken to a wigwam and firmly bound, and four lynx-eyed warriors were stationed over him, who had mingled their blood, and swore to take the life of any one of their number who should be so unfortunate as to fall asleep.

The prisoner was the young commander of Fort Duquesne, who had a short time previous left his native country, buoyant with hope, but in an unlucky moment beheld the pretty Indian maiden, whose native charms captivated him. None of the Indians were aware of the rank of their prisoner save Pontiac, and a very few of the veteran chiefs and warriors, who were all anxious for his death, more that the news might intimidate the soldiers of the fort, than for the heinousness of the crime of striving to steal a girl.

About midnight, a messenger stood before the lodge of Pishairo, who was tossing about on his blanket, a prey to the burning thoughts which tortured his brain. The Indian tore away the rude screen from before the place of entrance, and bade the dwarf arise and proceed to the council house, whither he repaired instantly. Pontiac sat at the farther end of the house, and at each side of him four chiefs, whose hair were snowy with age, and like all grave counsellors, when on duty, they sat stern and motionles, with the exception of their lips, which slightly moved as the smoke from them curled in thick wreaths over their heads.

"Pishairo!" The dwarf stood motionless, in a listening attitude.

"Pishairo has his ears sharpened," said he, in a firm tone.

"Listen," said the sachem; "travel with the wings of the dove to fort Duquesne, and bear its commanding chief this belt; look upon it! 'tis a broad one! the wampum is RED. It speaks of war! Tell him the red men would have him leave his fort, and march his men from our soil ere to-morrow's sun climbs the sky, or their great chief, who is our prisoner, shall be burned at the stake. Listen! tell him the red warriors await his answer, in numbers as many as the leaves upon the trees—hasten."

The aged chiefs granted an assent; the dwarf received the belt and departed. Ere he had proceeded half a mile, a messenger overtook him, with orders from the sapient council to return. The dwarf measured the distance to the council house, and then turned back, and his eyes assumed a diabolical expression, and his eyes rolled with rage. The chiefs still occupied their seats, and appeared to take no farther notice of his return than by puffing larger volumes of smoke from their lips. Pontiac fixed his eyes upon the dwarf's countenance, and the gaze appeared to read the inmost thoughts which worked so wildly and energetically in his breast; his own countenance was as unmoved and expressionless as if he slept.

"Will the panther degrade himself and be a fox?" at length the sachem thundered out.

The dwarf laid his hand on his heart, and then throwing out his arms, exclaimed, "If the Ottawa sachem thinks the panther could be a fox, let him treat him as one."

"Fidelity lurks not in the fox, yet it is with the Peoria warrior, said an old counsellor.

"Methinks Pishairo is no snake," grumbled another.

A writhing smile played upon the sachem's face, as he respectfully nodded to the old men who spoke, and bade the dwarf depart, nor tarry on his way.

CHAPTER III.

By day-brake next morning, the warriors of the surrounding tribes poured in form all directions, till the woods were filled with them. The large council house was occupied by the old men, while the young warriors went through their war dance, and excited each other's passions with songs of the white aggressors, and tales of their own chivalrous feats. At the council, the Ottawa sachem exerted his talents with the most skilful success. With a profound knowledge of the character of the members of the several tribes who sat before him, he spoke words which, to them, were as fire; nothing was left unsaid to arouse their passions against the whites. With oratorical powers, which could not be commanded by a white man, and an energy of gesture, which was natural, he panted in vivid colors to their imaginations the usurpations of the white race since their arrival on the soil; how they had taken possession of their hunting grounds, and destroyed their game, and finally tried to steal away their children to make them slaves. He appealed to their prejudices and to their passions; and to render them more sanguine of success, promised them the assistance of the Great Spirit, who, he said, had visited him in a dream, and declared he would assist their cause, which was the holy one of freedom. The old warriors grasped their weapons, and, with suppressed interjections of rage, shook them in the air. During this excitement a small man entered, and took his way through the rows of warriors, till he stood before the orator. It was Pishairo; he bore on the point of a long pole the war belt which he had received of Pontiac the previous evening; it was stripped of all its wampum, and was bare! The sachem snatched it from the pole, and held it before the excited members of the council, while his countenance was distored with passion. The effect was instantaneous; the whole council arouse with one burst of rage, and rushed out of the door, followed by Pontiac, who tore the belt to a thousand pieces, as he strode after them. The young warriors deserted the painted pole around which they danced, and with a wild yell crowded forward at the heels of the host which rushed forward with the irresitible impetus of the mountain torrent. They arrived at the wigwam where the prisoner lay, which they tore to pieces, and unbinding him, they bore him to the stake amid the deafening yells of the young warriors, while hundreds crowded in with arms full of dry faggots. The white man tried to speak, but his voice was drowned amid the loud curses of his enemies, whose fists and spear handles were as busy as their tongues. His clothes were instantly torn from him in rags, and his body was painted black, a buffalo thong was tied around his neck, and fastened to the stake, leaving a line long enough for him to move freely. The faggots were piled around at the distance of six feet, and a warrior stood with a torch to light them, when a shrill cry was heard, and the daughter of Pontiac sprang over the dry wood, and threw herself upon the breast of her lover, which she clung to as a drowning man to a straw. The warriors looked upon this sight, which was so suddenly and unexpectedly presented them, with astonishment; but there was no gaze of pity mingled with those looks—no compassion for her distress; they curled their lips with rage, which soon broke out in yells of impatience. Pontiac drew back a moment with surprise, and then, with the fury of a demon, he grashed his tomahawk, and rushed upon his daughter to dash out her brains, when his arm was caught by Pishairo, the violent and secret lover of the maiden. With a thundering exclamation of contempt, the sachem seized the dwarf, as if he had been the smallest infant, and hurled him far over the heads of the warriors. The Indian sprang upon his feet, and stung with rage, rushed at Pontiac, whom he reached in time to suspend a second blow, when a famous chief of another tribe interfered, and saved the life of the maiden. She was torn from the prisoner, and borne back to her wigwam, the faggots were fired, and the dreadful work commenced. At this moment, a discharge of rifles burst upon the astonished warriors, and many of them were laid low with the dead; but the rest, who were excited to phrenzy, fought like lions. Before the English could load their guns, the Indians, led by Pontiac, were among them with the dreadful tomahawk, which they wielded with their usuall force and success. The battle was now hand, and each man was engaged in a struggle which was for life or death. During this time, the Indian maiden rushed through the burning faggots and cut the cord which bound her lover, who joined his people, now losing ground beneath the desperation of the Indians. Long and deadly was the contest, but finally the whites were forced to give way before the fury of the savages. They retreated with tolerable order, under the example of their naked and blackened commander who had lost none of his bravery with his clothes. They regained their boast, and after striving once more to gain an advantage, without success, paddled off, followed by the curses of the warriors, whose rage was none appeased by being deprived of the consoling sight of a prisoner burnt at the stake. Pontiac mounted a log, and in a few moments succeded in fanning their already excited passions to a furious flame, and then the whole savage host marched for Fort Duquesne, as the exciting war song, from a thousand voices, swelled upon the air.

CHAPTER IV.

AMONG the warriors was a Chippewa chief, named Minavana, gifted with a powerful eloquence, which, with an indomitable disposition, rendered him a formidable rival of the Ottawa sachem. The Chippewas were at that time the strongest with the single exception of the Ottawas, of the tribes inhabiting that vast wilderness stretching between the lakes and the Ohio river. This chief beheld, with a jealous eye, the ascending influence of the Ottawa sachem, whose power he imagined was on the ebb, and with all the secret intrigue which he possessed, caballed against Pontiac. But these intrigues did not escape the wily sachem's notice, who, by means of some of the Chippewa's own warriors, received daily information of the progress of his plots.

The sun was high in the heavens, when the host of warriors reached a ravine, formed by a mountain torrent, which, for ages, had rolled down the path. Here they encamped for the night, and after placing sentinels around the neighborhood of the camps, the Ottawa sachem took his spear, and strode up the mountain side. He went alone—there was no human being to whom he could communicate his secret project, for there was no red man whose mind appeared to him gigantic enough to share his ambitious schemes. He strode up the mountain, looking upon either side, as he held his spear ready to strike into any of the wild animals, which, at that time, inhabited the mountainous countries in great numbers. The sun was now sinking behind a bed of clouds at the far west the birds were singing their evening songs; the wind was lulled to sleep, and even the stern sachem's breast was influenced by the repose around him; his fierce spirit was calmed, and as he sat on a high rock; overlooking the whole country, he reasoned dispassionately on the probable chance of his succeeding in his bold design of driving the whites from his country.—"Then again," said he, "will I be the sole king of this broad and blooming hunting ground: there will be no white men to teach our warriors cowardice, nor to create dissatisfaction among our young men. All will be as it were in the olden times ere the pale faces visited our shores; and when the sachem's runners were not treated with contempt." The sachem's voice sank lower, but he was so absorbed in his ambitious thoughts, as not to observe two individuals who stood upon a rock just above him. They gazed eagerly upon him, and then spoke earnestly but in a tone sufficiently low as not to reach the ear of the dreaded chief. The smaller warrior, who was the dwarf Pishairo, stealthily disappointed behind the rock; the other, who was the Chippewa sachem Minavana, made a noise which attracted the attention of Pontiac, and then appeared to be looking in another direction, apparently unconscious of his proximity to the Ottawa.

"The Chippewa sachem is a panther in the fight," said Pontiac, in a tone of commendation.

The Chippewa turned around, and, apparently surprised, saluted the sachem with dignity and marked respect.

"Would the sapient Pontiac practice his spear upon the heart of the bloody panther ere he plants it in the white man's?" said the Chippewa, with a deferential inclination of the head, as he strode to the rock upon which sat the Ottawa. "I have sought thee eagerly; the pale face warriors are upon our grounds, and our young warriors pant for battle—they want Pontiac."

The Ottawa sprang to his feet, and followed Minavana. They would their way around huge rocks—now upon the edge of a frowning precipice, where one false step would hurl them to atoms, and then at the bottom where rocks rose above them, like the towers of some tremendous castle, but they trod their way with a precision which could not be learned but by one who had spent years among the mountains. They finally reached a deep ravine, half way to the encampment of the Indian army. The rocks rose high on each side, leaving a space between them of but a few feet. The Ottawa walked some distance before, wholly occupied in anticipating the battle, in which he hoped to be a formidable participator, while walking, he heard a voice, and turning around, the Chippewa chief was no where to be seen; but in the gloom of the evening, he beheld a party of his warriors, armed alone with knives; they slowly advanced, dispersing, apparently with a view of taking him alive. The Ottawa hurled his spear in the breast of one, and, with his war cry, attacked them with a fury which was irresistible; he broke through them, and leaving four of their number dead, bounded down the mountain side; a shrill yell before him, by its peculiar tone, informed him a Chippewa was near; he drew his knife, and bounded forward—the sachem Minavana stood before him.

"Curse thy false heart, Chippewa, thou art a squaw!" and with one jump, they stood facing each other, their eyes gleaming hate; and their lips curled with the scorn with which they pretended to view each other.

"Thou art but a little girl, Ottawa, when the Chippewa sachem stands before thee," and with these approbious epithets, they fought with fury. Their physical powers were well matched, but the dread in which the Chippewa held Pontiac, might have weakened his energies, and he appeared to quail beneath the glare of the Ottawa's eye; but he fought with the desperation which his situation required. They were now locked in each other's firm embrace, and, after writhing awhile, they fell from the rock upon which they fought, upon a ledge a few feet below. They sprung upon their feet, and stood a moment to regain energy for their last struggle. They viewed each other with gestures of scorn.

"The Ottawa squaw can't fight—his arms are too weak," panted the Chippewa in a contemptuous tone, while he knew he had been worsted in the skuffle.

"The Chippewa is a fox, he is unworthy to live among warriors," cried the other, and with drawn knives they again rushed at each other; and the Chippewa, who was the most excited by the other's taunting language, threw himself off his guard, and received the Ottawa's knife, which penetrated to his heart. Pontiac tore from his head the scalp; and went his way to the camp. The war song rang upon his ear, and the young warriors were dancing around the painted war pole, while the old men had already assembled in the council house, and with impatience awaited the presence of their sachems. Pontiac entered with the reeking scalp of Minavana in his hand; he took his station at the head of the council house, and held up before them the scalp, from which yet dropped the warm blood. The house was now full to overflowing, the young warriors had ceased their dance, and repaired to the council *en masse* to hear of the next day's operation; every wigwam was deserted, and all the warriors choked up that spacious yet temporary house, till there was not room for one more spectator. With his usual strength of voice, the Ottawa sachem recounted to the listening multitude the manner in which