

their town brought them into direct contact with the white settlements. Their frames, enfeebled by dissipation, were an easy prey to the diseases which followed in the track of the new population. In 1832, the Asiatic cholera found many victims on the Indian Reserve. The Tuteloes, in proportion to their numbers, suffered the most. The greater part of the tribe perished. Those who escaped clung to their habitations a few years longer. But the second visitation of the dreadful plague in 1848 completed the work of the first. The Tutelo nation ceased to exist. The few survivors fled from the Heights to which they have left their name, and took refuge among their Cayuga friends. By intermarriage with these allies, the small remnant was soon absorbed; and in the year 1870, only one Tutelo of the full blood was known to be living, the last survivor of the tribe of stalwart hunters and daring warriors whom Lawson encountered in Carolina a hundred and seventy years before.

This last surviving Tutelo lived among the Cayugas, and was known to them by the name of Nikonha. Okonha in the Cayuga dialect signifies mosquito. *Nikonha* was sometimes, in answer to my inquiries, rendered "mosquito," and sometimes "little," perhaps in the sense of mosquito-like. His Tutelo name was said to be Waskiteng; its meaning could not be ascertained, and it was perhaps merely a corruption of the English word mosquito. At all events, it was by the rather odd cognomen of "Old Mosquito," that he was commonly known among the whites; and he was even so designated, I believe, in the pension list, in which he had a place as having served in the war of 1812. What in common repute was deemed to be the most notable fact in regard to him was his great age. He was considered by far the oldest man on the Reserve. His age was said to exceed a century; and in confirmation of this opinion it was related that he had fought under Brant in the American war of Independence. My friend, Chief George Johnson, the government interpreter, accompanied us to the residence of the old man, a log cabin, built on a small eminence near the centre of the Reserve. His appearance, as we first saw him, basking in the sunshine on the slope before his cabin, confirmed the reports which I had heard, both of his great age and of his marked intelligence. "A wrinkled, smiling countenance, a high forehead, half-shut eyes, white hair, a scanty, stubbly beard, fingers bent with age like a bird's claws," is the description recorded in my note-book. Not only in physiognomy, but also in demeanor and character, he differed strikingly from the grave and composed Iroquois among whom he dwelt. The lively, mirthful disposition of his race survived in full force in its latest member. His replies to our inquiries were intermingled with many jocose remarks, and much good-humored laughter.

He was married to a Cayuga wife, and for many years had spoken only the language of her people. But he had not forgotten his proper speech, and readily gave us the Tutelo renderings of nearly a hundred words. At that time my only knowledge of the Tuteloes had been derived from the few notices comprised in Gallatin's Synopsis of the Indian Tribes, where