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sport, was most expected, they led the Indian warrior to the pile. His conduct on this occasion afforded another proof of what precept and example may do, when acting upon indomitable pride and a wild spirit of chivalry. Not a muscle of his face was relaxed; his demeanour was as calm as if he had been about the ordinary avocations of peace. In the midst of tortures, which were refinements on the barbarities of Sergius and Procopius, and the inquisitions of Spain and Goa, not a muscle of his face was seen to move involuntarily. He sung his boastful war-song, in which he recounted the brave actions he had performed at the expense of his captors, the stratagems by which he had surprised and destroyed them—the barbarous methods by which he had put his prisoners to death, in tones as steady and full as if he had been paying a tribute to the beauty of his mistress. The inflexions of his voice were as numerous and as easily noted as ever, and the roll of his eye was as steady and undisturbed.

The following is a literal translation of his death-song :

THE LITTLE FOX'S DEATH-SONG.

"Down I took my spear—my tough spear;
Down I took my bow—my good bow;
Fill'd my quiver with sharp arrows,
Slung my hatchet to my shoulder,
Forth I wander'd to the wild wood.
Who comes yonder?
Ha! I know him by his feather—
Leader of the Iroquoise.
And he comes to dip that feather
In a vanquish'd Huron's blood.

"Then I pois'd my tough ash spear;
Then I bent my pride of bows;
From my quiver drew an arrow,—
Rais'd my war-cry;—ha! he falls.
From his crest I took the feather;
From his crown I tore the scalp-lock.
Shout his friends their cry of vengeance!
What avails it? Are they eagles?
Naught else can o'ertake the Huron.

"Why should I fear to die?
I never told a lie:
Kind have I been to father and to mother.
I never turned my back upon a foe.
I slew my people's enemies—
Why should I fear to die?