

the Indian as Conrad related, with as much brevity as possible, the ungenial tale of disaster and ultimate defeat, of which he was the bearer. He forgot for a moment his native stoicism in the excess of his disappointment, and uttering a sharp cry of vexation, he raised his tomahawk, and drove it furiously into the trunk of a tree beside him, and came to a sudden halt. The men gathered up round the leader, wondering at the cause of the unusual sound, but the latter would vouchsafe no explanation then, and merely said, in a peremptory manner :

"Let us halt here, *Braves*. Otarcha is sick, and cannot travel further to-day ; by his father's grave, he is a sick man."

Offering no remark, the warriors set about preparing the bivouac, during which the leader remained standing with his arms folded and his back against a tree, entirely absorbed in the gloom of his thoughts.

As soon as the arrangements were completed, he beckoned a warrior, and desired him to call the band together, and when all were assembled before him, he looked up and said with intense bitterness and irony, and in the most measured accents :

"Go, *Braves*, and cover your faces with black paint ; the Yengies have been worsted by the spawn of Onanthio. The great war-canoes ye saw and