

TALES

OF THE

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

A Legend of the Saline River.

MANY years since—long before the habitations of the white men had reached the banks of the Mississippi, a tribe of Indians resided upon the Platte, near its junction with the Saline or Salt River. Amongst these was one, the chief warrior of his nation, celebrated throughout the neighbouring country for his fierce and unsparing disposition. For ever engaged either in plotting the destruction of his enemies or in leading his warriors from village to village, carrying death to their inhabitants, and desolation to their homes; his name was a terror to both young and old. Not a hostile settlement within many miles but mourned for a son or brother who had fallen beneath his relentless arm; not a brook but had run red with the blood of his victims.

Fearful as he was to the hostile tribes he was no less dreaded by his own people, who, though they gloried in him as their leader, shrunk from all fellowship with him. His lodge was deserted, and even in the midst of his own nation he was alone; yet one there was who never shunned him, never feared his violence, but who loved him and clung to him in spite of his rugged nature. Beautiful and graceful as one of the fawns of the prairie, she had many admirers; but when the Black Wolf, for so