

thorpe's and Georgia's historians, who preserve for us the story of that visit to London, in some cases enriched with a reproduction of the portrait of Toma-chi-chi and his young nephew painted at this time by Verilst (who, with probably the best intentions in the world, has certainly painted some of his own nationality into these dark faces). tell us also of the young Creek's death. He fell in the very year of Robert's return, fighting for his English brothers against the Yamassee Indians at Lake Francis di Papa.

He died in his young manhood; and she whose soul he had boldly claimed for his soul's twin may have lived to an old age, the head of a noble English family. Yet, we may hope that when these two spirits came once more into their native realm, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, where none saith aught of Indian or white man, they found each other once more and were content.

Of Alata's after history, nothing is known. We are not told whether or no she led her people in battle, married a man of her own race, and bred up warriors for the chieftainship after her. The only trace that is left us of this strong soul, mocked by the dancing false light of a passion that was an ambition, an ambition that was a passion, is a great mound upon the bank of a North Georgia stream. Dwellers in the little town across the river call this sepulchral mound, "The grave of the Indian princess"; and investigators have found that she who lies there was in her lifetime called Alata Anawaqua.

Tall forest-trees grow above that breast, the