

intoxicating spirits, and the dignity of the chief was often clouded over by drunkenness. On one occasion, Colonel Bird had gone to another part of the country, forty or fifty miles distant, on business, and had left the care of his plantation to an overseer. The tobacco had attained some size, and a long drought coming on, there was a prospect of the crop being much injured. One day when Silouée came to the plantation, the overseer expressed great regret that the tobacco was taking so much harm; "Indeed," continued he, "it will be entirely lost, if we have not rain soon."

"Well," said the Indian, "what will you give me if I bring you rain?"

"*You* bring rain!" said the overseer, laughing.

"Me can," said the Indian. "Give me two bottles rum,—only two, and me bring rain enough."

The overseer cast his eyes towards the heavens, but could discern no appearance that foretold rain. To gratify the Indian, he promised to give him the two bottles of rum when Colonel Bird arrived, in case the rain should come speedily, and save the crop of tobacco.

Silouée now fell to pow-wowing with all his might, making grimaces, contorting his body, and uttering strange, unintelligible ejaculations.

It was a hot, close day, and it so happened that towards evening, the sky, which had been clear for some weeks, clouded over, and the appearance of the heavens was strongly in favour of rain. Before midnight thunder was heard, and heavy showers of rain watered the Colonel's plantation thoroughly; whilst it was remarked that the showers were so partial, that the neighbouring plantations were left almost as dry as they were before. The Indian waited quietly till the rain was over, and then walked away: a few days after the Colonel returned to the plantation, and when Silouée heard of his arrival, he went immediately to visit him.

"Master Bird," said he, "me come for my two bottles rum."