

and bid him go to his home in peace. Silouée was his guide and protector, and not till they came in sight of Colonel Bird's tent did he leave him. As they parted, Silouée's last words to his friend were, "When you see poor Indian in fear of death from cruel white men, remember Silouée."

The strong tendency to superstition in the Indian mind furnishes a powerful inducement to the more bold and crafty amongst them, to assume the character of pow-wows, medicine-men, and even prophets.

Every thing amongst the Indians of great efficacy and power, in short, every thing that is inexplicable, is a "medicine," and "medicine men" are held in almost as great respect as the warriors and braves. "Medicine men" are a sort of jugglers, and they affect much mystery in preparing and administering their nostrums. Incredible stories are related of their powers and performances, many of which we presume never took place, except in the imaginations of the ignorant hunters and trappers who were imposed on by the dexterity of these audacious quacks.

A *medicine* is also a charm which every Indian who has arrived at the age of manhood carries about him. It is usually the dried skin of some animal, such as a beaver, an otter, a fox, weasel, raven, or some other bird; but whatever it may be, it is preserved by them with the most superstitious care; in no instance have they been tempted to sell a "medicine" to the white man, however great the price offered; and at their death it is invariably buried with its owner.

Some years after Colonel Bird's life had been saved by Silouée, he became a Virginian planter, and took up his residence near the James river, where he cultivated tobacco. Silouée, we have already stated, was a *pow-wow*; he retained his friendship for Colonel Bird, of whom he was now a near neighbour. Like many of his nation, he had, by his intercourse with white men, acquired a great taste for "strong waters," as they call