

"The Shawanoe was a generous foe," sighed Laurente, remembering how he had stood her protector on the esplanade of Malden.

"He was the greatest chief of his race," admitted Labadie, heartily. "His love of country made him a statesman and a patriot, and had he succeeded in driving the white settlers back over the Alleghanies, he might have founded a government stronger than the Indian empires of Mexico and Peru. I have something more to tell you. As we fought our way through a party of savages, I found my bridle grasped by a half-breed. Loath to gratify my hatred by killing the fellow, I beat him off with the butt of my pistol, for the man was James Blue Jacket. The tide of the struggle separated us, yet involuntarily I followed him with my eyes. His capture by our brave fellows seemed certain, when, like a fiend from the Inferno, a tall chief crowned with eagle's feathers leaped from the edge of a neighboring beech grove. Disregarding the white men as though they were the withered leaves from the trees, he dashed toward La Salle with demoniacal fury and hurled his tomahawk. Before it struck, however, from the grasses of the swamp, like a wild and beautiful lynx, a young Indian in war-dress arose between the two men and received the fatal blow.

"A horde of Shawanoes rallied round the sachem; but he rushed from the field, followed by their hoarse cry of, 'Elskwatawa, Elskwatawa!'

"Blue Jacket, after bending to see if the lithe brave was indeed dead, caught a riderless horse as it galloped near, and rode off like the wind. When the