

foot. It was too late. Even in the pangs of death the Indian's mind was set on saving his scalp from the hands of the conquerors; with his last strength he rolled himself into the river, and his huge body was borne away by the current as Andrew got to the shore dripping and bleeding.

While this struggle was going on, the white men had killed all the Indians but one, losing three of their own number, so the victory was signally complete. Seldom, in this kind of fighting, were so many lives lost out of the number on either side. It is said that the slain Indians were all brothers of Bigfoot, and almost as gigantic in stature; but this is a feature of the story so very likely to be added after the model of those good old nursery tales which were great favourites with the simple backwoodsmen, that we may suspect it to be not altogether undue to their imagination.

Andrew Poe recovered from his wounds, and lived for half a century yet to tell of the terrible hug from which he had so narrowly escaped. The old man was fond of acting the combat with such earnestness and so violent bodily exertions, that the sight is described as having been painful to look on. Not many years ago the Indian's tomahawk was still in the possession of his son, who, though himself a deacon and a man of peace, was none the less proud to exhibit this token of his father's prowess; and in a country where there are so few antiquities, it is not likely to be lost sight of by the family.

The death of Bigfoot and his comrades was a great blow to their tribe, as they were all distinguished warriors. Nor was it all gain to the settlers. The whole tribe of the Wyandots were known for their comparative kindness to the white men who fell into their hands, but Bigfoot had been specially remarkable for something of that chivalrous disposition which so well became his strength and courage. He had helped to